DESERET EVENING NEWS: SATURDAY, DECEMBER 21, 1901.

AMUSEMENTS IN THE SULTAN'S CAPITAL.

HARACTERISTIC of this land of yesterday is the professional story-teller and his deeply interested audience, to be frequently met in the crowded streets, especially in the vicinity of the market place toward the ose of an afternoon. Diversions are few in the lives of these poor people, and to them the oft-told "entertainments"-a la the Thousand and One of Queen Scheherezade-take the place of matinees and operas, in fact of every other form of amusement open to happier citizens of the United States. After trudging from their cheerless homes to market in the dim light of the early morning and haggling over their paltry wares through the heat of the day, it is natural and good that they should indulge in a quiet resting time and a diversion of the thoughts before starting on the weary return.

Like public performers everywhere, the modern story teller has assistants and summoners to his entertainments. Instead of advance agents, supes, bill stickers, etc., the star performer goes about with only a slim chorus. Music there must be, because each pause in the narrative, however slight, is marked by two or three beats on the tightly stretched string of some queer instrument, or twangs with a palmetto plec trum-loud or soft, martial or tender, according to the subject of discourse at that particular point. There is usually a player on the native banjo, another man who keeps time on the tambourine, and a third who beats with his fin-gers on the one-sided, earthernware drum. The poorest professional, who cannot afford to share his wanty carn-ings with assistants, has at least a twostringed banjo, played by himself.

First, the story teller selects some comparatively sheltered nook in the thoroughfare, and calls attention to himself by yelling, over and over, at the top of his lungs, some such announce-ment as this: "In the name of the prophet! Blessed be Allah! The greatest story teller in the whole earth will now begin a wonderful tale of mystery, enchantment and deeds of valor. Neglect him not, Oh, ye true believers, for he hath marvels to unforld." When a crowd has gathered-the first comersquatting in a circle, the later ones standing behind-he first takes up a collection, and if the amount of money donated does not come up to his expec-tations, refuses to tell a word until more is contributed. He is conspicu-ously attired in a tattered brown jellab, (a woolen cloak, round and hooded), sandaled feet and a camel's hair cord tightly bound around his shaven and wrinkled skull. Waving bare arms and sinewy legs, wild keen features, skin the color of an ancient pack-saddle, and flashing eyes complete his por-trait. Nobody believes a word of the monstrous fictions he relates, yet they accept it all with child-like credulity and the absorbing interest with which some other people devour yellow-cov-ered literature of the "blood and thun-der" order. The motly audience gaze



SANTA CLAUS' CHRISTMAS MORNING REMINDER,

of love and life, of beautiful women and deeds of valor, of charms and miracles

or scraping upon the violin. According to the best of Moorish belief, he is the one man in the world of whom to learn of love and life, of beautiful women and -one step further for liberty—one blow of the sword-and the battle would be won, the hero freed and the charming der order. The motify auterice gaze open-mouthed, every eye riveted upon the realistic semi-acting of the per-former, who punetuates his harsh and gutteral Maghreb by pounding his drum

ings: and when the chief performer is satisfied that not another copper is to be gleaned in that field, his story is re-sumed and brought to a speedy con-

recognized as such by any premoter of the ring in America. It takes place anythe ring in America, it takes pince any-where in the open-generally in the market-square, as affording more room. The audience forms in a large circle, several rows deep, the first two rows squatting on their heels, the rest stand-ing. In the open space within are two performers who first roles a bird of the performers, who first relate a history of themselves and their glorious achievements before crowned Sultans and dis-unguished audience elsewhers, com-posed entirely of Magi and other filus-trious personages. If their statements are to be relied upon. Then follow various acrobatic performinees, such as furning somersaults, standing upon their own heads and upon each others. their own heads and upon each others, playing tag, irlpping one another and constantly tumbling heels over head, The spectators are never enthusiastic, and the will performers watch for such and the willy performers watch for such favorable moments to pass the hat as when some surprising tumble has tem-porarily dispelled the reigning melan-choly of the faces. Doys may some-times laugh and applaud, but the ut-most sign of approval on the part of their elders is a distortion of the fea-times may smiles. tures into grim smiles. The real center of every town is its

market place, where caravans arrive and whence they depart, where the peo-ple meet and mingle and the great religious and political movements are fanned and fed which from time to time have convulsed the empire. Cer-tainly it is the most interesting place to strangers. Bales of strange mer-chandise are being moved, camels are unloaded and donkeys loaded, greenturbaned merchanis make rounds of in-spection, men on horeback, in volum-inous white robes, with yellow slippers dangling straight down on each side of the clumsy saddle, pick their way hither and thither through the crowd. Here and there are water-sellers, carrying upon their backs great leaky skins flabbily bulging with water and ringing small bells to attract attention. Shoebilly small bells to attract attention. Shoe-makers squat cross-legged, sewing and hammering upon slippers and standals only. Barbers ply their trade in the open air, growing rich on market days upon "country custom." Their office is of double nature, for, **4** in the old days, they bleed as well as shave. They use no lather, only water; and the cus-tomer sits on the ground, in front, while with razor, more or less keen, the barber removes his hair-the head, of-tener than the beard, being shorn. In bleeding they make an incision at the base of the skull, cutting to the bone. Bread-sellers crouch against walls and door-ways, indifferent, as are their cus-tomers, to the triffing facts of dust and fleas. Funeral processions pass on the run-for the dead Moslem thus arrives at paradise more quickly. Snake-charmers, with hideous cobrasde-capellos around about their filthy bodies saunter through the throng no-body paying any attention to the repwhich wriggle about alarmingly and dart out vicious tongues. Necroand dart our victous tongues, restor-mancers, who really cat fire, are com-mon in these streets as patent medi-cine fakirs at home. Half-grown ne-groes from the Soudan are attired in nothing but scant breech clouts of untanned hyde, in marked contrast to the stately Moors and Arabs in flowing

tainment which goes by the name of the motley throng are the negress "circus," but which would hardly be slaves who were born in the jungles the motley throng are the negress slaves who were born in the jungles below Sahara. They are indescribably ugly, with short, puffy bodies, tremen-dous heads and huse necks, lips like edonized conch-shells and nostrils back timost in a line with the facial angle. They wear haiks of blue and white check, which intensify the tuster of their coal-black skins. Some of them are velled, with an air of monumental skittishness, but besides the haik, lit-tle can be said of the rest of their costhe can be said of the rest of their cos-tume. Some wear men's cast-off trousers, others cavalry boots, or anything else they can lay hands on; but as a rule, they are bare from the knees down, exhibiting huge feet like the claws of some unclean beast. Hundreds of these slaves may always be seen in the market place, either as helpers, or on errands for their masters, or buying the fowls to be beheaded in the revolding "Negress sacrifices," It is with difficulty that they are kept within the bounds of even African Meas of decency. When not singing wild of decency. When not singing wild songs of the jungles, they are generally fighting one another, often literally making the wool fly in their jealous rage

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Moorish soldiers scurry by .- barefooted, bare-legged, proverty stricken and hungary, but always on the rush, and commanding respect by reason of their long guns. Genuine Bedouins of the desert on skinny steeds magnifi-cently caparisoned, dash recklessly through the thickest of the throng, unthrough the thickest of the throng, un-mindful on whom they may trample. Khabyles, with leather aprons and shaven heads, present a study of Af-rican hill-men. They are the artisans of the country and are always accom-panled by their hardy wives, who work at everything beside their husbands. Khabyle women wear but a single gar-ment-a streight scant chemise reaching ment-a streight scant chemise reaching to the bare feet, girded at the waist with a brightly-colored sash. Tall, powerfully built Reefans, with brutal, forbidding faces, stand in slient groups, always by themselves, regarding the world with proud, fearless eyes. They are the mountaineers of Morocco, as well as the pirates whose "day" is not altouethor past. Like mountaineers the world over, the race has proved uncon-querable and for a thousand years those that hold the rocky fastnesses of the coast have defied successive sultans. coast have defied successive sultans. No contrast can be more strikist that that between their aspect and the de-precating, timid manner of the perse-cuted Jews, and the dreamy, passive, indifferent air of the Moors, who are merely enduring the ills of this life while waiting for the better life of Al-lah's paradise. Above everything else in the market place you are constantly in the market place you are constantly aware of the ill-smelling, mangy, motheaten comels, evidently poorly fed and badly treated, but all, even when at rest, wearing the bright dyed, curiously woven trappings to which their drivers attach the loads. Some of them are standing, some kneeling, others lying down with legs stretched out in everybody's way; but all are chewing their cuds with a funny, sideway motion of the jaws and wear expressions of unutterable weariness and misery on their wrinkled faces .- Fannie B. Ward, to the Christmas "News" from the City of

who does that sort of thing. It was a fair fight and a hard one. The Rockefeller wagons carried the

PIANIST

ing

gether and we would not make one | from my playing relating to conception, Liszt." This was doubtless hyperbole, but nevertheless significant as express-ing the enthusiasm of pianists uni-not a good model to follow. In early ersally conceded to be of the highest years I was not patient enough to make haste slowly'-thoroughly to develop in an orderly, logical and pro-"There have been other great planists some of whom are now living, but must dissent from those writers who gressive way. I was impatient for immediate results and took short cuts, so to speak, and jumped through sheer force of will to the goal of my ambi-tion. I wish now that I had pro-gressed by logical steps instead of by leaps. It is true that I have been successful, but I do not advise you to affirm that any of these can be placed upon a level with Liszt. Those who make this assertion are too young to have heard Liszt other than in his de-clining years, and it is unjust to com-pare the playing of one who has long follow my way, for you lack my perince passed his prime with that of one who is still in it. sonality "In the year 1873 Rubenstein told Liszt's entrance into the priesthood was the natural result of his religious Theodore Thomas that it was fully fervor. He had periods of great con-trition of soul. While they lasted he would seek solitude, and going fre-quently to church would throw himself worth while to make a trip to Europe to hear Liszt play; but he added:-'Make haste and go at once; he is al-ready beginning to break up, and his quently to church would throw himself upon the flagstone before a picture of the Madonna and remain for hours so deeply absorbed as to be utterly un-conscious of events occurring in his laying is not up to the standard of former years, although his personality is as attractive as ever." Nevertheless he used to tell his pupils:-"You are to learn all you can presence.

War Against Rockefeller.

Innkeeper Melin is Now Disposed to Let the Oil Magnate Have His Own Way.

fronting on the Sleepy Hollow road, stands a one-storied frame building, which a sign designates as "John Melin's Inn."

From the back windows of the main room there is a magnificent view of the Hudson, as it makes a brave curve in its seaward course; off to the right lles the old Sleepy Hollow cemetery, from the front one may look down on the village of Mt. Pleasant, a part of arrytown, and up to the Poncantico dills.

The inn stands almost at the junction of three roads, and so insignificant is the little building set in the side of the hill and partly concealed by a few houses that it cannot be seen until one has approached within a few yards of it by the highways.

Just around the turn of one of these roads begins the front lawn of one of Melin's neighbors. Indeed if the house were situated like the inn, only the width of the Sleepy Hollow road would separate them. But the front lawn of Melin's neighbor happens to be a half mile long, and altogether some 1,500 acres lie about the house.

It is impossible to see Melin's little inn from the front porch, window or cupola of the palace of the Pocantico hills, and this might be the reason why John Melin and his next door neighbor, John D. Rockefeller, are not neighborly-but it isn't. The reason is that Mi Rockefeller sought to get possession of Melin's place and the innkceper not only frustrated him, but carried the war into the enemy's country and beat out the Rockefeller candidate at the

last election. Melin, the innkeeper, had the advan-tage of being the first on the ground. For seventeen years his thirst quenching establishment has been a familiar landmark in the neighborhood, and the smiling Swede and his wife, who together run the place, are known to every one in the countryside for miles

around. Melin-"the only man that ever beat the Rockefellers," as he is locally described-is a big, broad shouldered, slow moving, heavy built Swede. Shrewdness and good nature beam from his pleasant grey-blue eyes. His speech is slow and mild, and what he says is characterized by a well consays is characterized by a well con-

sidered common sense. The man's whole personality breathes forth personal independence combined with a tolerant charity for others. One

with a tolerant charity for others. One can see that his fifty-five years have mellowed instead of hardened him. He would rather be friendly with the whole world than quarrel with any one, but there is that in the square jaw and heavy set over the tole of wine parheavy set eyes that tells of grim per-sistence to be apprehended, once he is in a quarrel. He would fight without bitterness, perhaps, but with tenacity. And that is what he has done in his dif-ference with John D. Rockefeller. "He fight me an' so I fight him back."

says Melin. "I guess he's a pretty good man, Rockefeller. He does plenty good around here. I got nothing against him but when he fight me I fight him back,

guess." The trouble betwen the two arose over their both wanting the same thing. Mella is by no means rich, but he has a habit of holding to what he gets and he habit of holding to what he gets and he already had that which the other John wanted, the little six square rod plot of ground with the roadside inn on it. Possibly Mr. Rockefeller wished that

particular spot to put up an arbor, or a lodge, or a barn on; possibly he only use of money have got enough votes to

the floor.' On a small piece of sloping ground, | wanted to get rid of the inn. At any rate he went about it in the wrong way. "If he came to me, man to man," says John Melin, "I most likely sell him my place right off. I sel it to him for less than I get offered afterward, too.' But the millionaire din't go to the inn-keeper with a man-to-man pro-position. He sent an agent. The He sent an agent.

agent made an offer. Melin refused it. He made a better offer. Melin still refused that. He went away. Another agent came. This one made still better offer. Melin questioned a still better offer. him shrewdly as to whom he was act powerful Standard Oil Co. Melin, to ing for. The agent went away. In a them, was the modern St. George, who, single handed and alone, had chopped few days still another man came offering about twice as much as the place was worth. Melin was bored. He off the grasping tentacles of the Pocan-tico hills' dragon and had forced it to flee from the limits of the Mount Pleasasked the agent to have a drink and ant corporation.

"I guess I keep my own place my-self," he said emphatically self," he said emphatically. The agents reported back to Mr. Rockefeller and it is a fair guess that

he was surprised. Shortly after, pri-vate detectives appeared in the neighborhood and took more than a friendly interest in John Melin's inn.

Their interest culminated in the ar rest of Melin and the closing of the bar When Melin, out on bail, returned to the place, another agent came to hin with an offer. The agent didn't get the place. But he got out alive, and that was something.

Rockefeller get my place. Maybe I go back to Sweden then for a visit. I don't know. Anyhow, I win this time. Oh, I work hard for Hutton, and I got sick, too, but I win the fight."-Cleveland They got Melin's license away-" give them an old one," he explains glee. fully, though he doesn't explains give-good that did him and he decided to fight. Everyone advised him to give in an't sell the place. "Rockefeller has \$1,000,000 for every Plain Dealer,

"You \$10 you can raise," people said. DIAMOND FOUND IN BACK YARD. can't beat him.'

place.

"All right," said Melin, his big jaw setting firmly. "I try it any way." The Anti-Saloon league took up the Geologists have just about made up their minds that diamonds will never be found in this country in any considcase against Melin, and it was tried in White Plains. It cost him \$800 to de fend the case, but he won, and John erable quantities. Every now and then John a gem of this kind turns up in an ac-Melin's inn opened again. It has been idental sort of way in one place or anopen ever since. other, and suggestions of diamond

Its popularity has increased locally but of the hundreds of men employed on the Rockefeller estate, none buys fields offer themselves to imaginative people. Why, it is urged, should not beer there. Still, the innkeeper did the United States, so rich in almost good business, and was satisfied. His chance to get back at his rich neighbor His

everything else, possess this kind of came last month. mineral wealth, Iddden away in some The Rockefellers take a great interest unsuspected locality? in road building. John D, and his broth-Such a thing is possible, but unlikely. er William, have built at their own expense, many miles of roadway for the Geologically nearly the whole of this country has been pretty well explored and there does not seem to be any prospublic good. It is important to their interests that the road commissioner:

should be in sympathy with them. They did not like the road commissioner, William Hutton, and secured workmen, named Roose. Hutton though a Democrat, is an old friend of Melin, who is a stanch Republican. One day he came into Melin's place,

much defected: "The Rockefellers are going to beat me. John." he said.

"Don't let them," said Melin. "Fight

"What's the use?" said Hutton. "What's the use?" said Hutton. "they've got all their workmen's votes." "All right," said Melin; "If you won't Presumably the gr n was contained or-iginally in this earth, a portion of which was placed close to the house, where fight 'em, I'll fight 'em for you." He threw himself heart and soul into vater dripped upon it from the overanging roof.

By and by a little girl came out of the campaign. There was nothing at stake for him, but he wanted to beat John D. Rockefeller. Night and day he the house into the garden. It had been raining hard and she noticed near the

At 6 o'clock in the morning he was on the road, and often would be still at work at midnight. His wife tooked af-ter the inn while he traveled around getting votes for Hutton. Meanwhile the Rockefellers were working hard for

worked

possibly more.-Saturday Evening Post.

LISZT, THE WORLD'S GREAT Rockefeller laborers to register, and af-terward to vote. But when the count

was over John D. Rockefeller's man was beaten by twenty-four votes. "When Hutton got the news," says Melin in relating his victory, "he come to my place an' he throw his arms 'round' me an' I throw my arms 'roun' him, an' he says, 'John, you did it; you Liszt, the world's greatest planist, so we are informed by Mason, one of his pupils, never took any pay

from his pupils, neither would he bind man coming here tomorrow who says himself to give regular lessons at stated the can play Beethoven's Sonata in B can have anything I got; an' I say, 'I don't want it,' an' we both dance on himself to give regular lessons at stated periods. He wished to avoid obligations as far as possible, and to feel free to Probably Melin was the happiest man in the township that night. For sev-eral days following the inn was a sort of ratification hall. The successful canleave Weimar for short periods when so inclined-in other words, to go and come as he liked. His idea was that the pudidates lost no time in congratulating pils whom he accepted should all be far Melin, not only because he had been the one man who had brought victory to enough advanced to practice and prethem, but also because in their election he had brought to himself a greater tri-umph than had come to any of them. He had beaten John D. Rockefeller. To the projudiced minds of many of pare themselves without routine instruction, and he expected them to be ready whenever he gave them an opportunity to play. The musical opporthese partisans Melln's victory took on tunities of Weimar were such as to afa gigantic significance, and they talked in large phrases of the humble citizen ford ample encouragement to any seriwho had defeated the aims of the most ous minded young student. Many dis-

tinguished musicians, poets and literary men were constantly coming to visit Liszt. He was fond of entertaining, and liked to have his pupils at hand so that they might join him in entertaining and paying attention to his guests.

But Melin himself has no such notions. He understands how much the Rockefellers have done for the com-munity. Now that he has won his fight "He had only three pupils at the time of which I write, namely, Karl Klindworth, from Hanover; Dionys Pruckner, he is thinking of giving up the place. He talks of this entirely without rancor. from Munich, and the American whose He taiks of this entriety without randof. His view is that it has been a give-and-take, fair fight between himself and Mr. Rockefeller, and he harbors no resentment at the thought that in the musical memories are here presented. Joachim Raff, however, we regarded as one of us, for, although not at the time a pupil of Liszt, he had been in former end his millionaire neighbor will get his years, and was now constantly in asso ciation with the master, acting fro ciation with the master, acting fre-quently in the capacity of private secre-tary. Hans von Bulow had left Wel-mar not long before my arrival, and was then on his first regular concert tour. Later he returned occasionally for short visits, and I became well ac-quainted with him. We constituted, as it more a family for while we had our "I work here for seventeen years in-side," he says, "and I get very tired. Maybe I sell out after while, and then

it were, a family, for while we had our own apartments in the city, we all enjoyed the freedom of the two lower rooms in Liszt's home, and were at liberty to come and go as we liked. Regularly on every Sunday at eleven o'clock with rare exceptions, the famous Weimar String Quartet played for an hour and a half or so in these rooms, and Liszt frequently joined them in concert-

ed music, old and new. "As I remember his hands," continues Mr. Mason, "his fingers were lean and thin, but they did not impress me as being very long, and he did not have such a remarkable stretch on the keyboard as one might imagine. He was always neatly dressed, generally appearing in a long frock coat, until he became the Abbe Liszt, after which he wore the dis-

Abbe Liszt, after which he wore the dis-tinctive black gown. His general man-ner and his face were most expressive of his feelings, and his features lighted up when he spoke. His smile was sim-ply charming. His face was peculiar. One could hardly call it handsome, yet there was in it a subtle something that was reset attractive, and his whole was most attractive, and his whole manner had a fascination which it is

dollars' worth of these gems per an-num appears to be about all we can "I remember little incidents which reasonably expect as an output. The only diamond of considerable are in themselves trivial, but which lliustrate some character trait. One day Liszt was reading a letter in which a musician was referred to as a certain size that we produced last year weigh-ed four and a half karats and was ed four and it hait karats and was found almost thirty miles south of Birmingham, Ala., under rather odd circumstances. It turned up in a back yard garden where some earth had been put in to fill up a few holes. Mr. So-and-so. He read that phrase over two or three times, and then sub-stituted his own name for that of the sufficient and own hands for third of the musician mentioned, and repeated several times, "A certain Mr. Liszt, a certain Mr. Liszt, a certain Mr. Liszt," adding:---"T don't know that I should object to being called 'a certain Mr. Liszt.'" As he said this his face had Liszt." As he said this his face had an expression of curiosity, as though he were wondering whether he really would be offended or not. But at the same time there was in his face that look of kindness I saw there so often, and I really believe he would not have feit injured by such reference to him-self. There was nothing petty in his facility."

steps a particularly bright pebble, which had been washed clean by the rain. Securing it she took it to her mother and later it was identified as a real diamond of remarkably pure wat-er. Experts state that it would yield a cut stone of one karat and a half or feelings."

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On one occasion, however, Mr. Mason saw Lisst grow very much excited ever what he considered an imposition.

Liszt had invited Mr. Mason and other youngsters to his house one even-'Boys," he had said,"there is a young flat, opus 106. I want you all then to

be here The hour came, and so did the man. He proved to be a Hungarian, whose name Mr. Mason has meritoriously forgotten.

He sat down and began to play in a conveniently slow tempo the bold chords with which the sonata opens. He had not progressed more than half a page when Liszt stopped him, and seating himself at the piano, played in the correct tempo, which was much faster, to show him how the work should be interpreted.

"It is nonsense for you to go through the sonata in that fashion." said Liszt, as he rose from the plano and left the

When the young man left I went out with him, partly because I felt sorry for him, he had made such a flasco, and partly because I wished to impress upon him the fact that Liszt could play the whole movement in the tempo in which he began it. As I was walking along with him, he said: "I'm out of money; won't you lend me three louis d'or

A day or two later Mr. Mason told Liszt by the merest chance that the hero of the opus 106 flasco had tried to borrow money of him. "B-r-r! What?" exclaimed Liszt. Then he jumped up, walked across the room, seized a long pipe that hung from a nall on the wall, and, brandishing it as if it were a stick, stamped up and down the room in al-most childish indignation, exclaiming: "Drel louis d'or! Drei louis d'or!

The point is, however, that Liszt regarded the man as an artistic impostor. He had sent word to Liszt that he could play the great Beethoven sonata, not an inconsiderable feat in those days. He had been received on that basis. He had falled miserably. To this artistic imposition he had added the effrontery of endeavoring to borrow money from one whom he had met under Liszt's roof.

Not only was Liszt scrupulously care-Not only was hist screphindary care ful in his dress, but he exacted simil-ar care from his pupils. Mr. Mason, be-ing nearstyhied all his life, used to wear eyeglasses, which he preferred to spectacles. Eyeglasses were not in vogue in Germany at that time, and were considered a form of affectation. One den Lies sold to bis pupil: One day Liszt said to his pupil:

"Mason, I don't like to see you wear-ing those glasses. I shall send my op-tician to fit your eyes with spectacles." Sure enough, about a week later there came a knock at Mr. Mason's door, and the optician presented himself, saying he had come at the command of Dr. Liszt to examine his eyes and fit a pair of spectacles to them.

"As I was evidently to have no say in the matter, I submitted, and a few days later I received two pairs, one in a green and one in a red case. I thought them extremely unbecoming, but I was very particular to put them on when-ever I went to see Liszt."

Not long afterward Liszt went to Paris, and when his pupils called to see him after his return, and he was talking about his experiences there, he said casually:

"By the way, Mason, I find that gentlemen in Paris are wearing eyeglasses now-in fact, they are considered quite comme il faut-so I have no objection to you wearing yours."

Time and again at Weimar Mr. Mason heard Liszt play. There is abso-lutely no doubt in his mind that he was lutely no doubt in his mind that he was the greatest planist of the nineteenth century. Liszt was what the Germans call an Erscheinung-an epoch making genius. Taussig is reported to have said of him:--"Liszt dwells alone upon a solitary mountain top, and none of up can enwoach him." Rubenstein us can approach him." Rubenstein said to Mr. William Steinway in the year 1878:- "Put all the rest of us to

S. P. CREASINGER.

President of the Red Cloud Mining Company of Los Angeles, California.

This company, of which he is president, has its machinery nearly ready for operation, and will mill 200 tons of ors every twenty-four hours. There are 62 mines in the group running heavily in gold. The company have fine machinery, consisting of a 100-ton smelter, Cornish rolls, stamps, Lane mills, concentrators, etc., etc. The dividend of this company will be far above the average of gold

The dividend of this company will be far above the average of gold mines owing to the large amount of ore, its high grade, and the good machinery for extracting the gold. There is yet some stock for sale in this company at fifty cents a share, and parties wishing stock in one of the best mining properties can send New York draft, P. O. order, or registered letter, writing name in full. Stock in a good gold mine means a good dividend for life. Nothing could be better, and you would have but a short time to wait for divi-dends. dends

Mr. Creasinger is owner of Matillija Hot Springs in Ventura Co., California. This is a most beautiful health and pleasure resort, where many hundreds of people go annually. For rheumatism and stomach trouble the Hot Baths, with the Fountain of Life Spring Water brings about wonderful results in health. Mr. Creasinger is largely engaged in real estate, buying, selling and exchanging is largely engaged in real estate, buying, selling and

Mr. Creasinger is largely engaged in real estate, buying, selling and exchanging; also lending money, and ladies who loan money through this office receive one per cent a month interest, and interest is paid every month, and principal when desired. It matters not where you live, you can send it in N. Y. draft, P. O. order or registered letter, and its receipt will be acknowledged the day it is received. Address, S. P. Creasinger, 218 South Broadway, Los Angeles, Cal. You will always find S. P. Creasinger there looking after the inter-est of the office, where he has been successfully engaged for eighteen years.

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