

ENFOLDINGS.

The snow-flake that softly, all night, is whitening tree-top and pathway;
The avalanche suddenly rushing with darkness and death to the hamlet.

The ray stealing in through the lattice to waken the day-loving baby;
The pitiless horror of light in the sun-smitten reach of the desert.

The seed with its pregnant surprise of welcome young leaflet and blossom;
The despair of the wilderness tangle, and trencherous thicket of forest.

The happy west wind as it startles some moon-laden flower from its dreaming;
The hurricane crashing its way through the homes and the life of the valley.

The play of the jets of flame when the children laugh out on the hearth-stone;
The town or the prairie consumed in a terrible, blissing combustion.

The glide of a wave on the sands with its myriad sparkle in breaking;
The roar and the fury of ocean, a limitless maelstrom of ruin.

The leaping of heart unto heart with bliss that can never be spoken;
The passion that maddens, and shows how God may be thrust from his creatures.

For this do I tremble and start when the rose on the vine taps my shoulder—
For this when the storm beats me down my soul groweth bolder and bolder.

—MARY MAPES DODGE, in the Century.

LEADVILLE.

We left the "Queen City of the Plains" for Leadville with many precautions from our friends. "Wear your overcoat," said one. "Put on your flannels," said another, and one especially inspiring piece of advice was to take some extra pocket-handkerchiefs for the nose bleed. By invitation we joined a party of travelling railroad agents, who were gathered from all parts of the United States, and we found them a jolly party. The Detroit *Free Press* man was there too, and no one contributed more to the pleasure of the occasion than Mr. Chester. The genial agent of the U. P. R. R. took the party in charge and put us over the road in good style. I had heard and read a great deal about the canons (pronounced canyons) of the Rocky Mountains, and was prepared to see much that was grand and beautiful, but the reality exceeded my wildest dream. The Platte Canon, through which the South Park Railroad winds its tortuous course, is noted for its varied beauty, and the first thing to think about was a good position to view it. A friend who "knew the ropes" hinted that the platform of the rear car was the only place to see a canon from, and we accordingly "froze" to a couple of camp stools and took up our position in the desired spot. We saw nothing of special note until reaching the mountains, except the exuberance of beautiful plants and flowers, growing more and more brilliant as we continued our ascent; one plant called "Snow on the Mountains" that is cultivated with much care in the east, here covers hundreds of acres of ground; the Prickly Pear and some other varieties of cacti were also very plentiful. Soon we entered the canon and all eyes were busy conveying the impressions of the moment to the astonished mind. Towering on each side of us rose the rocky walls of the canon, rugged and bare, the deep crevasses in the face of the rocks, and the numerous bold projections, creating a wonderful play of light and shade; now rising abruptly for a thousand feet and more, then suddenly dropping to a few hundreds, and every moment assuming new and fantastic shapes. The terrible grandeur of some portions of the canon is indescribable, the rocks seem to close behind you, above you, and to shut you into the frightful gorge. The busy world is left behind, and but for the two thin steel lines of the little three-foot track stretching behind us, and the snorting of our "Little Giant engine" the awful loneliness of the mighty chasm would be overwhelming. The turbulent Platte river rushes to the plains through the canon, forming a succession of beautiful cascades, sometimes on one side of us and then on the other, as the railroad crosses and recrosses to find a foothold on the rocks. At times the canon walls are hundreds of feet apart; then suddenly narrowing to forty or fifty feet they seem to bar further progress, when "Presto, change!" we dash into a beautiful little park, full of "conifers" of various kinds and teaming with wild flowers.

After our senses had recovered somewhat their equilibrium, we began to wonder how it was possible to put a railroad through such a place, and to admire the pluck and enterprise that achieved this difficult feat of engineering.

It is said that one of the laborers who was employed in the construction of the road, stated as his opinion that "the Lord didn't make the Platte canon; it was a freak of nature"—a quaint remark and, to a certain extent, expressive. The curves and grades of the road bed will give some idea of the difficulty of its construction, especially if it is kept in mind that the canon was impassable, even on foot, before the construction of the railway. The grades run as high as 158 feet to the mile, and the curvature in places reaches 28 degrees; in one place a "reverse curve" of 23 and 26 degrees makes things lively. In fact, it is a sort of gigantic "whip cracking," with a sleeping-car for a lash.

The two ends of the train are continually in sight of each other, and anon this a good story is told. One of the conductors informed an in-

quisitive tourist that at a certain station the curve was very sharp, and that a passenger at the rear of the train could hand the engineer a cigar. The I. T. kept a keen look-out for the station, but was disappointed to find that though a wonderful curve, the two ends of the train were a long way apart. "Here," said he to the conductor, "didn't you say that at this station a passenger standing on the rear platform could hand the engineer a cigar?" "Certainly," was the answer, there's plenty of time, we stop here for five minutes for water." After passing out of the canon we climbed a succession of hills, sometimes seeing the track in three or four places at once in most astonishing positions. It is the crookedest kind of a railway, and in one place goes ten miles around to reach a point five miles away. Without any warning we saw stretched out below us, on the left, one of the most beautiful panoramas. We were on Kenosha summit, 10,200 feet above sea level, and I think the highest railroad track in the world; beautiful South Park with its 14,000,000 acres of grazing lands lay before us, the Platte river like a silver thread winds through it, while the great Continental Divide with its snow-clad peaks, forms the background to the picture; from some of the mountains surrounding this Park more than 200 peaks over 13,000 feet high, can be seen at once upon a fine day. At Como, a station in South Park, we stepped for dinner and sat down to a square meal made more enjoyable by the cool mountain air. Stoves were in full blast and overcoats not to be despised at all. Towards evening we ran into Leadville and put up for the night. I omitted to state that before reaching Leadville, one of the party was attacked with the "nose bleed" in consequence of the altitude, and received much loud sympathy from the company. The *Free Press* man wanted to put cold water down his back, and altogether he received a good deal of good-humored chaff. The principal mine that I had the pleasure of visiting in Leadville was the "Morning Star," a description of which will suffice for all the rest, as they are so much alike. This mine is on Carbonate Hill, looking down upon and affording a splendid view of the city and the massive mountains in the distance. After interviewing the hole in the ground that it was necessary to descend in order to reach the recesses of the mine, the courage of the majority of our party evaporated. The few of us whose curiosity was greater than our fears put on miners' suits, and taking candles in our hands began the descent. Down, down we went hundreds of feet into the bowels of the earth, and followed our guide through the many drifts of the mine. Here we were in Aladdin's cave, sure enough, minus the glitter, for a dirtier hole in the ground would be hard to imagine, we went from drift to drift, down into caverns and up into caves, until we were utterly bewildered by the labyrinth of passages. Millions of dollars have been taken out of these mines, yet still there seems to be no end. All the passages were lined with heavy timber supporting cross-beams which keep up the roof; tramways run through the passages on which the precious ore is carried to the "eye" of the mine and hoisted to the surface by powerful engines. In every direction men were digging out the "soft carbonates" or blasting out the "hard carbonates." After much hard climbing, crawling through narrow places, etc., we reached a sort of pocket in which some miners were hard at work, and requested the use of a "pick" as we desired samples of ore of our own digging. We were informed that all new workmen paid a footing. Having gone through the ceremony of becoming a miner, by the expenditure of a quarter dollar, we obtained some fine specimens as souvenirs of the occasion. Crawling around a mine by the light of a flickering candle is not very exhilarating, but it seemed to strike one of the railroad agents who accompanied us as being the acme of misery, if we should judge by his anxiety to get out, and his doleful expression of misery, as he capped the climax by suddenly sitting down and moaning, "If ever I get out of here may I be forgiven if I ever go into another mine!" We encouraged him and cheered him up, but his only consolation was that he had paid his insurance policy before he left home.

It was a tedious climb to the top, but we arrived at the surface quite satisfied with our trip and with enlarged ideas of the mining interests of Leadville.

The "Dump" or waste from the mines on Carbonate Hill forms a series of miniature mountains, from the top of which the best possible view is obtained of the city. When the mines are exhausted (which can occur only in the dim future, for new mines are daily discovered) these dumps will be a new and profitable field for industry, as they doubtless could be worked over with profit. The output of bullion from Leadville for 1880, was something like \$17,000,000, and some single wagon loads of "pay dirt" have been valued as high as \$6,000; although the ore is so valuable the most of it would not be recognized by the uninitiated from common sand or rock, as the case might be. I send you by the same mail as this letter a sample of the celebrated "soft carbonates" of Leadville. It is so soft that I mined it with my fingers. The sample is from the "Morning Star" mine, and is said to be worth ninety ounces to the ton.

Gambling in every shape is carried on unblushingly in Leadville; the monotonous song of the keno caller is heard incessantly, night and day, by every passing pedestrian, and gambling houses for every grade of society, and to suit every pocket are to be found in profusion. A fine-looking but dissipated young fellow, who, I was told, had "made his pile" in the mines

and gambled it away again, heard me express some curiosity about the gambling houses of the city, and offered to "show me around." I embraced the opportunity and was surprised at the facilities afforded the miners and others to lose their money. At the "Monarch" (a second-grade house) we found a large room occupied by eager keno players of the lower classes, who were conning their buttons and cards in hope that they had the winning numbers. In another room three faro tables were in full blast, surrounded by rough miners who placed their money on the table as stolidly as if they were paying for bread, one lucky fellow won \$30 while we were looking on and he immediately wanted to treat the whole crowd. One gambling house we visited was a very swell affair, indeed. It was splendidly furnished and luxuriantly carpeted, and the gambling tons were of the most expensive nature. A magnificent sideboard stood at one end of the room, on which were all sorts of liquor, cigars, etc., free to guests and offered with a hearty "Help yourselves, gentlemen." It was gently hinted to me that "tenderfeet" (i. e. new comers) always were lucky, but I did not bite at the bait. We are all aware that gambling exists in most large cities, but here in Leadville it flaunts itself, and is not at all screened from public gaze.

I returned to Denver via the Rio Grande in order to pass through the Royal Gorge of the Arkansas, a terrific chasm with walls over 2,000 feet high, with the bright exception of the six miles through this gorge the scenery is tame in comparison to the Platte canon, and for the last 100 miles is very monotonous. We leave here shortly for Estes Park, "the Gem of the Rockies," and in my next I expect to give you some account of the Park. By the way in my last letter you make me say that Long's Peak is south from Denver and Pike's Peak north. It may be an error in my manuscript, but I think your typo has reversed the order of things. At any rate, Long's Peak is north and Pike's south. Yours truly.

CANADA.

INTEMPERATE SHOPPING.

The awful prevalence of the vice of shopping among women is one of those signs of the times which lead the thoughtful patriot almost to despair of the future of our country. Few persons have any idea of the extent to which our people are addicted to this purse-destroying vice. Statistics show that of every 1,000 women between the age of 15 and 45 no less than 693 are habitual shoppers, and of these more than one-half notoriously shop to what would be universally considered excess. Even girls younger than 8 are frequently found shopping. Mothers have actually been known to teach girls of tender years to shop by urging them to "play store" with one another and to go through the ghastly mockery of buying useless things with unconvertible pin currency. When these children grow a little larger and go to school, their mothers supply them with pocket money and abet them in going into shops and openly buying ribbons and things. It is now a difficult task to find, even in a retired country farm-house, a girl who is absolutely uncontaminated by shopping; for, although there may be a farm-house remote from all kinds of shops, nevertheless the tempter, in the shape of the pedler, will search out the innocent farmer's daughter, and with his wily ways lead her to make the steps in a career of headlong shopping. The husbands that have been made desolate by wives whose passion for shopping has mastered them are almost without number. The amount of money annually spent in shopping by the women of America is so enormous that in comparison with it the amount spent by men for whiskey seems too trifling to deserve notice. How to fight this terrible vice is a question to which there has hitherto been no satisfactory answer. We cannot look to legislation for any relief. Neither can we hope for anything from the efforts of professional anti-shopping lecturers. These misguided women take the extreme ground that all shopping is a sin per se, and denounce every shop-keeper as a fiend incarnate. They insist that the moderate shopper is as bad as the woman who wallows in shopping, and that she who buys a calico dress is as bad as she who buys forty yards of trimmings or insertion. If one of these lecturers happens to be an eloquent woman, a reformed shopper, with fund of comic anecdotes and pathetic stories illustrative of the follies and miseries of shopping, she is moderately sure to draw an audience, but she produces little or no effect in reclaiming confirmed shoppers. Sometimes the lecturer may induce a few women to sign the total abstinence shopping pledge, but of the signers nearly every one relapses when the excitement of the lecture has been forgotten. The truth is that people will not be brought to regard total abstinence from shopping in any and all circumstances as a Christian duty.

The first ray of hope on this dark matter has been afforded by the organization of the "Shopping Woman's Moderation Society." This society owes its origin to several intelligent and upright women who fully recognize the evils of excessive shopping, but who do not consider that shopping in moderation is necessarily wrong. As is well known, the favorite purchase of the confirmed shopper is "trimmings." After the habit of shopping becomes fixed, calico, berege, hosiery, and even gloves, cease to satisfy the victim. She craves the stronger stimulants of "trimmings," and on these she squanders her own or her husband's substance. The "Shopping Woman's Moderation Society" pledges its mem-

bers to abstinence from trimmings, except, when ordered by an experienced family dressmaker, and forbids them even to approach a counter where trimmings are sold. The members of the society also agree to indulge in shopping of any kind only in the afternoon, and never as a mere amusement. The funds of the society will be used to aid such confirmed shoppers as show an earnest desire to reform, and for the relief of distressed and impoverished husbands whose wives have ruined them by excessive shopping, and every member promises, in employing servants, to give the preference to those who do not shop. The influence of a society which thus rejects the extreme measures employed by the professional anti-shopping lecturers, and appeals in a reasonable way to the intelligence of the community, ought to be very great. It will receive the support of the very large class of people who are disgusted with the violence and intolerance of the professional agitators. It is really the first organized effort to meet the evil of excessive shopping which has yet been made.

THE PASHA'S HAREM, TANGIER.

We had brought an interpreter, and knowing that European ladies were sometimes allowed to visit the harem of his eminence, we commissioned our man of words to request this favor. The Pasha, a handsome man of apparently sixty years of age, stepped from an arched doorway, and, with many a flirt and flutter of his voluminous muslin draperies, seated himself on the rug-covered divan at the upper end of the apartment. We rose and made a *salam* respectfully, and Antonio, our courier, made known our petition, adorning it with many flowers of his own imagination. The distinguished guests before him, he informed the Pasha, were of the highest nobility of America, intimate friends of Generals Grant and Washington,—the only two Americans, doubtless, with whose names the Pasha was familiar. Our request was granted, and the lady friend of Washington was led away by a diminutive Nubian in the direction of the seraglio. I entered a beautiful court, surrounded by porticoes supported by antique pillars dug from Roman ruins, and used in the construction of this palace just as the Cordovan Moors utilized the columns of the Caesars in their mosque. A fountain occupied the center of the tile-paved court, an old woman was praying devoutly upon a rug beside it, while, from an alcove across the court issued the musical voices of the ladies of the Pasha. Elegantly dressed in Eastern fashion, in purple, green and gold vests, brocade caftans, and variegated scarfs, with silk handkerchiefs knotted about their black braids, they were seated upon a raised divan and engaged in sifting corn-meal, which lay piled in golden drifts upon a sheet stretched across the floor. They received me cordially, a slave bringing a European chair for me to sit upon. Our medium of conversation was a little broken Spanish and a copious use of the sign-language. A beautiful little boy of three came and regarded me wonderingly. His head was shaved, with the exception of a spot behind one ear, from which depended a single curl—the lock of youth of Egypt; to keep the equilibrium, two large hoop ear-rings, adorned with a single turquoise were inserted in the opposite ear. His name, they told me, was Selim. He received a coin with sublime indifference, and continued his inspection of the strange lady's costume. The Pasha's harem consisted of ladies of varying ages. Here were wrinkled crones,—his matrimonial outfit at the beginning of his uxorious career,—comfortable women in the prime of life, devoted to smoke and sweet meats, and the *odalisques* of sixteen, already two years a wife. They pitied the lonely life in a "harem of one," and felt a strong sympathy for the poor American wives, with no sister favorites to share their solitude and aid them about their household affairs. In this princely house, where there was food and finery enough for all, the bevy of wives seemed to live together with a merry good-fellowship, but we heard of poorer families where the state of affairs was not so paradisaical. On the occasion of a new addition to the seraglio, the elder wives are stripped of their jewelry to bedeck the bride, and loud is the cry of lamentation—Badoura bewailing her bangles, and Zumrroud weeping for her anklets. One of the favorites took me by the hand, and led me over the building—to the Pasha's own apartment, sumptuous with decorated ceilings and rich carpets, to their own plainer rooms, and to the neglected garden, where my guide filled my hands with flowers from the tangled bushes which had covered the walks, and where the bees found the honey with which they had filled the hollow capitals of some carved columns of the arcade. On bidding adieu to the ladies, they exerted themselves with one accord to prevent my departure; the chair was brought forward, I was pushed toward it with gentle insistence, and had quite to tear myself away. As I crossed the pavement, their intention was explained by the appearance of a small Nubian, who darted before me clashing together a pair of tiny coffee-cups, decorated with a red and gold arabesque ornamentation, which gave them a resemblance to Kaga ware. A delicious odor of coffee aided the explanation; they wished me to remain and partake of refreshments. Not wishing to keep the party in the Hall of Judgment longer waiting, and hardly knowing whether it would be etiquette, as it would certainly not be kindness, to eat and drink in their presence during their time of fasting, I declined their courtesy and took my leave.—*The Century*.