

Bellefonte, Pa., April 24, 1903.

GRAMPER.

Grandfather's old an' rhemuaticky some, Thick in his hearin' an' failin' in sight Can't chew no more of his bread than the

But he's a hustler, is gramper, all right, Up an' a-comin' an' chipper an' gay, If he can't do a day's work he has found He can be useful in many's the way-Fixin' an' patchin' an' putterin' round

If there's a fence board that's anywhere down. Gramper's on hand, with a hatchet an' nail. Drives the old mare in the buckboard to

town, Solders the leak in the tin milkin' pail; Cuts up the early pertaters fer seed;

Sees that the straps in the harness is sound: Does fer the wimmen folks all that they

Fixin' an' patchin' an' putterin' round

Grandfather's old, but there's lots he can do-Busiest man on the homestead, you bet! Done his day's work, but he ain't no ways through,

Good for the chores o' the eventide yet. Rest time's a-comin', though; soon he will sleep

Soundly enough in the cemetery ground : But t'will be lonesome. We'll miss him Fixin' an' patchin' an' putterin' round. -Chicago Daily News.

THE WRONG ENVELOPE.

My Dear Irene: I answer your letter at once, for you seem anxious for an immediate reply though there seems nothing to say. To plunge right into business, I don't know the intentions of the Rev. Richard Stirling. I wish Aunt Clara hadn't been so communicative. There was nothing to tell you, and what did she go and hew didn't tell her." ing to tell you, and what did she go and tell it for? He calls here, I admit, about once a week, loans me books, sings duets with me and discusses art topics, etc, etc. Of course you know that the Mrs. Armstrong who lives on Summit avenue is his sister. She and I have been associated in ran as follows: club work, and we are very good friends. She was anxious that we should meet, and

seems pleased at our friendship.
You asked me point blank if I am in love thinks it is only an innocent friendship. Understand me, he is not a flirt. If Aunt Clara said so she ought to be ashamed of herself. She quizzed me dreadfully just before she left home, but I told her n ing but that the Rev. Richard and I are

very good friends. suspects-no one does-that the real I-or

that you liked him. In fact you said so things over. the first time you saw him. I'm not half good enough for him, even if he contemplated matrimony, which I am sure is not the case. His heart is bound up in those early fathers (I almost said "Drat the early fathers!") Wouldn't he be horrified if he heard that? Thank goodness, he can't hear anything contained in this insane letter. Of course, you'll never tell Aunt Clara the least inkling of what I have told you. I mean about my attitude toward Mr. Stirling. I am foolish, perhaps to tell you but you asked a plain question. Besides, you have always been my confidante, and I yours. Didn't you tell me about Jack Mayhew, when I was a school girl in short dresses? Keep Aunt Clara with you as good care of the dogs.

Yours with much love

KATHERINE EARLE.

P. S.-Don't let Aunt Clara wheedle any thing out of you. Perhaps you would better not tell her that you have a letter from me. She is such a goose about me that if she thought I wanted Mr. Sterling she would set about getting him for me. Love KATHY.

To Mrs. John F. Mayhew. The Croft, Stamford, Conn.

The Rev. Richard Stirling came in from a round of pastoral calls, and mounted the stairs to his study. He was more fatigued that many a day laborer. He found pastoral calls much the hardest part of his work, and as he sat down in his favorite chair and turned up the gas he found himself thinking that the early fathers did not have pastoral calls to make. They did not attend afternoon teas where young ladies squabbled over ecclesiastical embroidery. He found that the luxurious rectory, presided over by an elderly cousin, who the widow of a bishop, lacked something. For a while he sat trying to think what it was; presently his thoughts crystalized into this sentence: "I believe I take life too strenuously. I need some one to make fun of me, someone who would call me Dick. Nonsense," he added quickly, and put his hand out for the article he was preparing upon "The Celibacy of the Clergy." As he did so his eyes fell upon a pile of letters. which had been put on his desk during his

He opened the first letter and his eyes fell upon his own name. He recognized the writing at once, but nevertheless he read it through to the signature. He read it a second time, put it down, then took it up again and read it for the third time. His face, usually pale, turned red. Presently he turned to the desk, took up a pen

and wrote : My Dear Mrs. Mayhew: Evidently Miss Earle has slipped your letter into an envelope intended for me. She was to write me today about a list of books for our girls' club. I send the letter to you at once, hoping it will reach you before you let her never know it. May I ask you to let me never know it. May I ask you to let me for I was getting tired of platonic business. I wonder who is surprised now? If you her of the interchange of letters? I have a never come home I shall know that you very good reason for making the request, which I may explain to you later.

mail box, instead of intrusting it to his man. When he returned he trifled with his dinner, and before the dessert came in he begged the bishop's widow to excuse

When the study door was closed behind him he spent the evening pacing the floor and sitting before his desk, gazing at the envelope andressed in Katharine Earle's

On the following day the evening mail brought him a letter addressed in writing so much like Miss Earle's that the color flared into his face. He hurriedly tore the envelope open. A sheet in Miss Earle's writing fell to the floor. He did not pick it up, but turned to Mrs. Mayhew's let-

My Dear Mr. Stirling: Thank you so much for your haste in returning poor Katherine's letter. I had just read the note she intended for you, when yours came. Of course, as you say, she slipped the wrong letters into the envelopes. I shall never tell her of her mistake. Let me thank you for your haste and delicacy in this unfortunate matter.

Most sincerely yours, IRENE EARLE MAYHEW.

Mr. Stirling picked Miss Earle's letter

from the floor:
My Dear Mr. Stirling: I send you the book list, regretting that it is so meagre. I hope to supplement it when I hear from Miss Gresham, who, as I think I told you, is working with a Girl's Friendly Society in New York. In the meantime I trust that this list may be of some use to you.

Mrs. Armstrong has just dropped in, and she bids me tell you that her musicale must be postponed till next week. She hopes it will not prevent your coming.

Please let me know if I can be of any

further assistance with the books. Sincerely yours, KATHARINE H. EARLE.

To Rev. Richard Stirling, Montclair, N.

Miss Earle was dressing for dinner the next day when a letter from Mr. Stirling was carried to her. If she expected some communication about library books or sew-

My Dear Miss Earle-I hoped to see you today, but some parish duties make it im-possible for me to leave town. I hope you will be at home on Monday afternoon, for with Mr. Stirling. I will be frank with I wish to tell you something which vitally you and tell you that I am. Cui bono? I concerns my happiness, and, I venture to you and tell you that I am. Cui bono? I concerns my happiness, and, I venture to don't believe that he has matrimony in his mind at all. Ours is a sort of intellectual- the 3:11 train, and I hope to find you in musical-artistic flirtation, and probably he the library waiting for me. If you shall happened to wear that gray gown you wore last week, so much the better.

Faithfully yours, RICHARD STIRLING.

Dearest Irene-Prepare for great news very good friends.
N. B.—He says I am an inspiration to him. The goodness only knows what he sees in me. I'm such a humbug, musical- and find that I was dreaming. I know you ly and artistically that a man of his calibre will be pleased, for you have a high opinshould see right through me. He never ion of Richard. I call him Dick, and he likes it. Fancy it! Would you have is it me?-is a domestic, old fashioned wom- thought that I would dare do it? We are an, who would rather order my own to be married two months from yesterday, house than write papers for a club. Really Feb. 1st. It will be a brief engagement, I am one of the women who ought to wear aprons and make puddings. If I told peothis they would think I was doing it ber. This morning I caught her singing an old love tune. She blushed like a girl when There is no sense in running on in this I came in upon her. She is planning my fashion. I write merely to tell you that trousseau; nothing too good for me, now you need not foster any hope of having a that I am to marry a clergyman. Come up a day at least as soon as you can, and talk Affectionately,

> My Dearest Girl-Just a word to say that I hope the bridal bouquet will turn up all right. I saw it packed and properly addressed. I can't think of any last thing that has been left undone. If you can wire me at once. I am hoping for a fair day to-morrow. "Happy is the bride," etc. Not that you and I need mind if the skies are gray. It seems like a dream, almost, that after noon tomorrow I shall have the

KATHERINE.

right to carry you away. I have a great secret to tell you, but I shall keep it till we have been married exactly a year and a day. No amount of long as you can. Emma does very nicely, and the new second girl bids fair to be a treasure. Tell Aunt Clara that we take treasure. Tell Aunt Clara that we take treasure. RICHARD.

> My Dear, My Better Half-I am so sorry that I could not get home in time to celebrate our anniversary yesterday. Father is still in a very critical condition, though the physicians have some hope that he will pull through. It did not seem safe to leave him, and mother depends upon me

for everything. I hope you received my telegram yesterday at noon; also the roses. I tried to get them as much like your bridal ones as possible. It has been a very short year, dear, and it scares me to think at this rate we will have but a short time together before we reach our threescore-and-ten. Be assured that the first minute the doctor pronounces father out of danger I will fly back to you. My heart is in the dear rectory. I used to think it a gloomy house before you

came here.

Now, I will keep my promise to tell you that great secret, since we have been married a year and a day. Just a year and two months ago you sent me a letter intended for Irene, in which you confessed your hopeless love for me. You slipped it into my envelope, and in hers you put a prim little note about some books for the girls' club. I wrote Irene post-haste, sending her the letter, and conjuring her never to let you know what you had done. As soon as she assured me that she hadn't and wouldn't, I wrote you a note, asking an audience on the following Monday, when I proposed in due form, as you may remember. It was a bona fide declaration, for by that time I saw that I had been in love with you much of the time when I thought we were simply good friends. It might have taken me longer to find it out if you had not made that mistake with the letters. So that's the secret. As ever, Your most devoted

Dear Boy-Is that all you have to tell? Bless you I put Irene's letter in your envelope on purpose, as the cook says. I held hers back a little so you would have time to write ber and keep her from telling me fore eating. This rule persisted in day of my mistake. I thought it quite time after day, month after month, the comknow her mistake. Of course, she need that something brought you to your senses, are properly shocked. Probably Aunt Clara wouldn't take me back if she knew Sincerely yours,

RICHARD STIRLING.

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Mr. Stirling put on his hat and overcoat

Sincerely yours,

RICHARD stirling put on his hat and overcoat

Sincerely yours,

RICHARD stirling put on his hat and overcoat

the truth, and I shall be thrown on the closely together, it is agen of purest azure. It is safer to fill botted with chipped ice. It is safer to fill botted with chipped

and went out and dropped the letter in the if I loved you, and I answered her ques-With much love. KATHERINE.

P. S.—The flowers were lovely. I almost cried over them; it was so beautiful of you to get them just like my bridal roses. I put on my wedding gown and veil and walked up and down the study, carrying my bouquet and humming the march from Lohengrin, just like a goose. Oh, I almost forgot this: In looking for that sermon you wrote I found a paper of yours on "The Celibacy of the Clergy." am using it for curl papers.

KATHERINE.

You baggage! But I will forgive you.

Magnanimously,

DICK.

Bridge Builders Dangers

-By Adelaide P. Rouse in The Pilgrim

High Above the Water They Face Death at Every

The interesting article is from the pen of Cleveland Moffett, the well known writer: As I went time and again to the great East River bridge the new one whose steel tow-ers were drawing to full height in the last few months I found myself under a growing impression that here at last was a business with not only danger in it, but fear of danger. Divers and steeple climbers I had seen who pronounced their work perfectly safe (though I knew better) the balloonists of the same mind about perils of the air; there were none, they de-clared, though I had a list of deaths to prove the contrary. And so on with others. But here on the bridge were men who showed by little things (and sometimes admitted) that they were afraid of the black ribbed monster. And it seemed to me that they were men with the best kind of grit in them, for although they were not afraid of their fear, and they stuck to their job week after week, month after month, facing the same peril until—

I came upon this fear of the bridge the very first time I sought leave to go upon the unfinished structure. It was in a little shanty of an office on the Brooklyn side, where after some talk I suggested to an assistant engineer, bent over his plans, that I would like to take a picture or two from the top of the tower. That seemed a simple enough thing.

"Think you can keep your head up there?" said he, with a sharp look. I told him I had climbed to a steeple

top.
"Yes. But you were lashed fast then in a swing and had a rope to hold on to. Here you have got to climb up by yourself without anything to hold on to, and it's twice as high as the average steeple. The saddles are 340 feet above the river.''

'Saddles?'' I queried. "That's what we call 'em. They're beds of steel on top of the towers for the cables to rest on-nice little beds weighing thirty six tons each."

"Oh !" said I. "How did you get them up? "Swing 'em up with steam derricks and cables. Guess you wouldn't care for that job, hanging out on one of those booms by

your eyelashes." He smiled. "Perhaps not," I admitted. "But I'd like to watch it." He said I must see something with more

authority and turned to his plans. He was "You don't feel in danger yourself, do you," I persisted, "when you go up?"
"Don't, eh?" he answered. "Well, I

nearly got cut in two the other day by a plate washer. It fell more than 100 feet plate washer. It fell more than 100 feet painted white, which notifies us that we painted white I was standing on. Then he explained what havoc a small piece of iron-some stray bolt or hammer—can work after a long drop.
"The plate washer," said he, "weighed only two pounds and a half when it began

to fall, but it weighed as much as you do when it struck-and you're a fair size." "Is that true—I mean a statement based on calculation." said I, "or is it a joke?"

"It's based on the laws of gravitation," he answered, "and it's no joke for the man who gets hit. Say why don't you go down in the yard and look around a little?"

I told him I would and presently went down into the yard, a noisy, confusing place where the wind was humming through forest of scaffolding that held the bare black roadway skeleton one hundred feet over head. It was a long sheet of iron resting on a long street of wood, with timber and steel built up in X's on X's, the whole thing rising in an easy slant to yonder grim tower that loomed heavy and ugly against the sky, a huge bowlegged H, with the upper half stretched to a great length and each leg piled up with more black H's held by two enormous ones between. It looked for all the world as if it had come ready made in a box and had been jointed together like children's blocks, which is about the truth, for this great bridge was finished on paper, then in all its parts, before ever a beam of it saw the East river. As I drew near its feet (which could take a row of house, between heel and toe) I had the illusion, due to bigness and height, that the whole tower was rocking toward me under the hurrying clouds, and at first I did not see the workmen swarming over it, they were so tiny. But they were making noise enough,

hoisting and shouting. There was the ring of hammers, the chunk-chunk of the engines, the hiss of the steam, the mellow sound of planks falling on planks and the angry clash of metal. Presently far up the sides of the tower I made out painters daugling on scaffolding or crawling out on girders, busy with scrapers and brushes. And higher still I saw the glow of red hot iron, where the riveters were working. And at the very top I watched black dots of men swing out over the gulf on the monster derrick booms or haul on the guiding lines. And from time to time the signal bell would send its impatient call to the throttle man below, six strokes, four strokes or one stroke, telling him what to do with his engine and to

these workmen, with their striking and

Drinking Water.

A beginning of kidney trouble lies in the fact that people, especially women, do not drink enough water. A tumbler of water sipped in the morning immediately on rising and another at night are recommended by physicians. Try to drink as little water as possible with meals, but take a glassful half an hour to an hour bewill improve and the general kewise. Water drunk with meals plexion will improve and the general health likewise. Water drunk with meals should be sipped as well as taken sparing-Ice water ought never to be taken with one's meals and as little as possible tion which calls it back to the glittering ing of immense "cradles" of timber, which between meals. One never knows what is plain, for set in this acre-slab of marble is will be filled with stone and lowered into between meals. One never knows what is plain, for set in this acre-slab of marble is

On the Yellowstone Trail.

From the mouth of the Hudson to the days' journey. The tourist leaves New York on Monday morning; Tuesday morning brings him to Chicago, and the same evening in Saint Paul he boards the Pacific Express on the northern Pacific Railroad. All day Wednesday you watch from your speeding Pullman the noble panorama of the Northwest, the Minnesota wheat lands, the North Dakota cattle ranges, and the sculptured buttes of "the bad lands." sunset your train is rushing westward along the banks of a muddy river. It is the Yellowstone. All night the train the removstone. All night the train keeps the river company, until early on Thursday morning at Livingston, Mont., your car is left standing on a siding, while the other coaches are hurried on over the Rockies and the Cascades to the Pacific coast, a thousand miles beyond. At Livingston the Yellowstone river,

pouring out of the heart of the mountains, makes its great bend toward the eastward and sets off to join the Missouri some three hundred miles away. Looking southward from the railway station, the tourist sees the wall of snow-capped peaks which guards the boundaries of the National Park. Soon his car is attached to the train on the "Park branch." and the last stage of the journey is begun. The railroad follows the river into the Gate of the Mountains, across the smiling Paradise valley, past of the old-time prairie schooner, threads the lower canon and treads on the towering Emigrant peak, the landmark the foot of Cinnabar mountain. The changing grandeur of the scenes keeps us silent and wide-eyed. We pass the Devil's Slide, two parallel dikes of trap rock running up and down the mountain side with a smooth track between them, down which Milton's Satan might have coasted like a boy on a cellar door. Some fifty miles from Livingston, where the spur leaves the main line, is Gardiner, the terminus of the Park branch. Here we are transferred to the six-horse stage-coaches of the Yellowstone National Park Transportation company, or to the conveyance of the Wylie Permanent Camps, according to our plan

for making the circuit of the park. Access to the park is free to all, and many persons go through it on horseback or in their private vehicles, pitching their tents at night at one of the designated camping places. Others patronize the Wylie company, which operates a circuit of stages, and which entertains its guests very comfortably in neat hotels of canvas. Most tourists, however, take the regulation trip in the stages of the Yellowstone National Park Transportation company, and stop at the substantial frame hotels of the Yellowstone National Park Association, which accommodate from one hundred and twenty-five to two hundred and fifty guests. This trip occupies five and one half days and introduces you to all the leading sights. The expense for transportation, lodging, and meals is a trifle under fifty dollars. By the Wylie outfit the expense

is fully one-fourth less.

We mount the top of the big yellow tally-ho at Gardiner. The cowboy driver cracks his whip and the six bronchos jump into their collars. They have a stiff pull of two or three miles up the Gardiner bowlders, eagles sail far overhead or settle upon the nest which caps a striking pin-nacle on the edge of the canon, more like. a stout mast than a shaft of living rock.

which is superbly engineered and thor-There is no fence or barrier-wall about its two-hundred-and-twenty.mile boundary, and the white mileposts lettered in black, with the distances and the altitudes, are often the only sign of the government's presence and care, though a colored cavalryman escorts the stages from Gardiner to the first hotel, showing in every movement and feature his importance as the liv-

ing representative of Uncle Sam. The mileposts declare that the toiling coach has climbed a thousand feet above Gardiner, and we are six thousand two hundred feet above sea level, when suddenly the driver's whip cracks, the broncos spring forward past a row of red-roofed barracks, with the stars and strips flying above them and a cannon planted in front. It is Fort Yellowstone, the headquarters of the superintendent of the park, and the military post of the two companies of troopers who patrol the reservation. The fort—looking strangely like a group of boarding houses—faces a level space of several acres, hemmed in by mountains. Near by on the right is the great red mass of the hotel, flanked by the smaller buildings of the settlement-the photograph gallery (with its fence palings of elk antlers), post office, store, laundry, lodgings for the road builders, and a curio shop or two. Farther yet to the south, a thousand feet distant, is something new and strange. The surface of the plain begins to show white through its covering of Curious conical forms stand upon green. it, the hillside beyond is here white and glistening, there tawny, and seems to be cut into giant steps, while from the sides and summit thin white wreaths and curls of steam rise continually and float away in the clear air. These steps are the famous terraces, and the floating vapors come from the Mammoth Hot Spring, which crowns this hill of lime of its own building two hundred feet above the surrounding plain.

Rooms assigned and luncheon disposed of, the sight-seeing begins. The great white sugar-loaf, forty feet high, called "Liberty Cap," and the smaller "Giant's Thumb" are the crumbling monuments in lime to two ancient and played-out hot springs, which have left their dead craters standing alone. The terraces are more beautiful on closer acquaintance. What appeared at a distance to be steps are shelllike bowls, formed by the precipitation of the lime carried in solution in the hot the shifting quick sand.

Water and denosited as it cools. They

Southern Pacific engineers believe the shade off from sparkling white through cream, and sulphur yellow, to other, reds and browns, with delicate flutings and bead-work. The group of terraces bear the names of heathen divinities-Minerva. Jupiter, Cleopatra-was she not "divine"

The form of the "Pulpit Terrace," bordered with a fluting of stalacitites, explains its name. The "Angel Terrace" is of almost unearthly beauty, its snowy bowls being seen through the whitened branches of the lime-killed pines, which still stand in ghostly grace. From the rear we may reach the summit of the terraced elevation and walked out upon the level white "formation." The glare of the sun is almost intolerable, and the unshielded eye turns for relief to the somber pine-clad mountains close at hand. But there is a fascina-

the center the dark blue water gushes up from the depths in a swelling, throbbing tide, which raises the surface of the pool like the jeweled boss on some gigantic shield. The exquisite tints of the desert. This is all easy railroad build-blue and white, the silvery cascades of ing. At the edge of the lake is Little warm water that leap down the hillsides. waving their vaporous banners, the coral-like terraces—themselves like cataracts in stone—with the ancient mountains stand-inland an artesian well furnishes water for ing guard around, and a sense of mysterious world building forces working here through the ages of ages—these manifestations of beauty, grandeur, and power throng in upon the spectator, and transport obtained, but it was so muddy it could not

him with wonder and praise. Mammoth Hot Springs (altitude six thousand two hundred and fifteen feet) is entered. Areas were encountered where the headquarters of the military and of the the salt and sand made an apparently solid transportation company. The post office is here, and here most tourists enter and leave plie driver would sink only a couple of the park, after making the circuit. Fort inches at a stroke. Again, the pile might ellowstone is to be honored this month | go through the crust and sink out of sight April, 1903) by the presence of President at the second stroke. In other places the Roosevelt, who visits the park two months | mud was so soft that it would not bear the in advance of the tourist season in order to have rest and seclusion. The two remain-ing articles of this series will describe the geysers, and endeavor to convey some faint appreciation of the glories of the great fall id the Grand Canon of the Yellowstone.

Sinking Sands.

Engineers Find Two Seemingly Bottomless Pits in the Great Salt Lake. Engine and Cars Engulfed. Troubles Which the Central Pacific People are Experiencing in Building the Lucin Cut-Off. Millions Have Been Spent.

Into the capacious maws of two quagmires in the Great Salt Lake have disappeared recently a locomotive, more than a score of cars, section after section of railroad embankment and track and several human beings, says the New York Herald. Still the voracity of those maws, which may be the openings of subterranean, outlets of the lake, have not been appeased. In its attempt to build its "Lucin cutoff" across Salt Lake the Central Pacific has developed another mystery in that weird, mysterious inland sea. Seemingly

bottomless pits of shifting quick sand have been encountered. Mountains of rock have been dumped into the pits, but the sands ers, with their supervising officials. are still treacherous and yielding. Time and again an embankment has been built is laid on them, and the donkey engine, across, only to be swallowed up in a night. with its pile driver, is pushed along. Be-

The embankment has at times appeared The embankment has at times appeared to be solid and a temporary track has been dumped over the side for the permanent laid upon it. At the first weight of the cars the track has settled. Sometimes the crew has been successful in getting the train off safely. At other times cars have an instant a train carrying 2,000,000 pounds been lost, while within the last ten days the track settled so suddenly that a locomotive and several cars pitched into the water. The fireman was killed and the engine driver was injured, while the locomotive disappeared toward the interior of the earth

William Hood, chief engineer of the Southern Pacific road, is on the ground with other engineers, striving to solve the problem. Some of the engineers say privately that the case is hopeless and that the track can not be made safe, at no matter what expense.

According to the best information obof two or three miles up the Gardiner canon to the park plateau. The mountains round are forested thickly with pines, the little river brawls and leaps among its thin estimated, while with good luck from this time on the work on the lake portion of the undertaking cannot cost less than \$4,000,000. The cut-off extends from Ogden to Lu-

cin, in the extreme western part of Utah, Soon after leaving the railway the road, and, with the exception of a few miles east The distance across the lake is about

twenty-eight miles. This work is now completed with the exception of about ten miles where the present great trouble is experienced.

The Lucin end of the new road reaches the lake at Strong's Point, as the shore extends into the water there for some distance. The roadbed is continued into the lake for about four miles and the rest of the distance to the promontory is trestled, excepting for ten miles, where the quagmire has retarded the work.

One ''quag'' is about half way between the western-shore and the promontory. From the Ogden side the roadbed is built into the lake for about six miles, and trestle work extends for the rest of the distance to the promontory. That side of the lake also has a quagmire, and although the road is completed and trains run across it, the trestle work keeps sinking rapidly and the

road has to be re-built regularly. There are consequently two quagmires. One is half way across Bear river bay and the other is in the middle of North Arm, where the road crosses it. It is in North Arm that most of the trouble has occurred. Piles of no matter what length driven into the lake bottom go down hard for about sixty feet and then, having apparently pierced some outer crust, drop out of sight. The first accident there occurred last fall when two gravel cars were lost by the company. Roadbed after roadbed disappeared and other cars and an engine have been drawn into the place as the result of sink-

ing tracks. It was in the eastern quagmire that the most recent serious accident occurred. A construction train was passing over the temporary track when the roadbed sagged suddenly on one side, derailing the engine and overturning it into the water, while several cars were dragged after it. The fireman was killed and the engine driver was badly injured.

Several theories have been advanced as to the cause and extent of these quick sands. It has been a current belief for many years that the Great Salt Lake coutained subterranean outlets. Several rivers pour into it, while the only apparent outlet is through evaporation. Many persons are convinced that the cut-off is being built over two of these subterranean outlets, which are covered at the mouth by

eastern quagmire is the result of the washing down for centuries of silt from the Bear river. This has filled in a deep canyon. and they believe persistence will result in finding the solid bottom. While they do not offer to explain the other quagmire, they believe the same result may be obtained there.

The greatest difficulty is expected in the western quagmire, which is now giving most trouble. Here the wind sweeps the entire length of the lake and the waves are high. The water is thirty feet deep. It is girl the intention to build ten miles of trestle run. across this portion, but so far the foundation has not been secured.

The engineers have decided on an experiment which they hope will solve the problem. They have started on the build-

essary to carry on the work. Leaving Og-den for six miles the road runs through a beautiful farming country, but the rest of the seven miles to the lake shore is across mountain, which is cut through, the steam the 1,000 or more men and the twenty-four be used.

weight of the construction train without some device to aid in the support. In such a case planks were laid eight feet to the south of the permanent roadbed, a temporary track laid, and light cars of rock were sent out to be dumped over the side, forming the permanent roadbed.

When the water was reached the temporary track was extended by sand bags. These were loaded on rafts and poled out to the place desired. There they were piled into piers and timber stringers were placed across, the track being laid on these. It was in this way that the first quagmire was reached.

In deeper water this method was unavailing, and the pile drivers came into service. The stern wheel steamer Promontory, 127 feet long and with eighteen inches draught, is used to tow scows carrying pile drivers out into the lake. These drivers were stationed at intervals of a mile. As soon as a platform could be built on the piles the drivers were raised on to them by their own power and the building was pushed along.

For the convenience of the men a boarding house was built six miles out in the lake, accessible only by boat. On this artificial island live several hundred labor-

As the piles are driven a temporary track roadbed. When all is ready for unloading, the engine begins winding a cable, of rock is unloaded. In this way a permanent roadbed twenty-four feet wide and fifteen feet high has been built from the eastern shore across to the promontory. Forces of graders and track layers follow, and in a short time the construction trains are running over the regular roadbed.

Dr. Lorenz to Stay a Month

Treatment of Lolita Armour Will Take That Long. Dr. Adolf Lorenz, the noted Viennese surgeon, who arrived at New York on

Tuesday of last week on the Lahn, Wednesday morning for Chicago, where he will remove the cast from the body of his little patient, Lolita Armour, and give the after treatment which is to bring her leg into a normal position.

"I am quite confident that my little patient is cured," said Dr. Lorenz. "When I left this country last November it was agreed that Mr. Armour and his family would visit me in Vienna, where the final treatment would be applied to the little girl. When the time arrived for them to however, her parents trip would discomfort her.

"It would have been a hardship to the little one to undertake so long a journey. So when they wrote me of the situation of affairs it was decided that I should go to Chicago to treat her.

"I will first remove the cast and then the after treatment begins. Her leg is now in an abnormal position, and it must gradually be returned to a normal one.
"This will take probably four weeks and

that is the extent of time I shall remain here. The only purpose of my visit this time is to treat the little girl. No; I don't intend to undertake any traveling in the West. I think I did enough of that on my former visit." When asked whether he had any thought of remaining in this country and practic-ing here, Dr. Lorenz laughed genially and

shook his big beard.
"No, no; I do not think so," he said. In speaking of the trip Dr. Lorenz said it was fair and pleasant sailing from Gibraltar to the Azores.
"But from there on," he said, "the

weather was rough and stormy. And for the last two days we had a perfect gale. "I'm not much of a sailor, and although I missed only one meal, and everybody told me I looked well, yet I felt misera-"I sailed from Spain, having gone from

Vienna to Madrid, where I had several pro-fessional duties. I intended to take a trip through historic Spain and afterward to attend the international medical congress in Madrid, but now that, I suppose, will be impossible." In speaking of the reports of the skep-ticism with which his surgical methods were received by surgeons in London, when

he went there on his departure from this country, Dr. Lorenz laughed heartily, saying, the stories were true.
"They were very conservative and high-

ly skeptical," he said, "but not all," he added quickly. "The good surgeous, whom I know well, appreciated my work, with which they are familiar."

She Couldn't Lose.

Mr. Catchpower is a very clean man. His friends often remark how immaculate his linen and how perfect his hands appear, even in the afternoon of a day of Pittsburg service. Mr. Catchpower has been known to cleanse his face and hands as many as

eight times during the day.

"It refreshes me" he explains, "and, besides, I cannot do anything when my hands and face feel sticky with dirt and grease. It is all habit."

At home Mr. Catchpower is just the same—more so if anything. He is hap-piest, his wife says, when he is splashing about in a tub of soapy, tepid water. * * *
A few days ago Mrs. Catchpower employed a new maid-an Irish girl named Maggie -a strong, verdant, willing, good natured girl who was sure to make good in the long

Yesterday Mrs. Catchpower happened to glance into the wash room as she passed and was horrified to see the new servant washing her face and arms with her hus-

band's pet sponge.
"Why, Maggie," she exclaimed. "that's Mr. Catchpower's sponge !" "Shure, I know it, mum," squinting around with her eyes full of soap: "but he's such a clean man, shure, I don't moind

a bit washing afther the loikes iv him !"