

Democratic Watchman

Bellefonte, Pa., May 1, 1903

On the Yellowstone Trail.

In the early days of the park a belt line trail was established which took in all the star attractions of the region—the hot springs, the principal geyser groups, the lake, the canon, and the cataracts.

The belt road, which is the tourist route, is some one hundred and fifty miles in circuit. The four-horse stages, which are airy and commodious, are scheduled to cover about forty miles a day, leaving ample time for luncheon and sight-seeing.

Arrayed in dusters, hired of a thrifty woman at Mammoth Hot Springs, the tourist takes his seat in the coach to which he has been assigned. The same persons will occupy it to the end of the five days' journey; so let us hope that he brings with him or falls among companions of gentle speech, and capable of understanding the "various languages" with which Nature speaks to those who in the love of her "hold communion with her visible forms"—nowhere more varied and eloquent than here.

The first day on the road is a succession of delightful surprises. Hot springs we have seen; geysers we knew by hearsay, and can now know by guidebook; but why had no one told us what other treasures were in store? This crystalline mountain air, spiced with the breath of the pines and frosty in the early August mornings, was not this worth a line? Those far northwestern views across the high plains to Electric Peak and its giant brown brothers eleven thousand feet high, with snowfields whitening every ravine—why was the tenderfoot not prepared for sensations like these? And these patches of sky at the roadside—no, it is the richer blue of the gentian, the prize of many a long ramble and hard climb among the Eastern woods in autumn, but here purpling the meadows in mid-August that touch the park with color in its brief summer.

From November till May the snow lies thickly in the woods, and even from June to mid-September, the tourist season, the nights are often frosty, though the blazing sun makes the dusty noon torrid enough. Gentian and painted cup, larkspur and columbine, daisy, buttercup, and forget-me-not—these are some of the flowers that sprout from the soil in the region we were to visit as a dying volcano.

What we find is a garden of life—not merely the vegetable life of these virgin forests, unscathed by ax or fire, whose blessed board of snow is fed out all through the parched earth to feed the sources of the noble rivers Missouri and Columbia, but the life of animals, abounding, free and delightfully fearless. Man, with his gun sealed, his dog muzzled and chained, and his small boy left home, has lost most of his terrors for the folks in fur. The shy coyote lurks in the edge of the wood to see our caravan pass, the gray badger eyes us from the prairie, the red fox comes to the trunk along the streams showing fresh signs of the beaver's carpentry, and—look! there are two black heads now rippling the surface of the lake which their industry has produced by throwing a dam across the stream! Our boyhood friend, the woodchuck, hops down to the roadside as if to pass the time of day with the traveler through these lonely places, and scampering ground squirrels and many sorts of spry little gophers go briskly about their work or play without concerning themselves on our account.

The larger animals are seen more rarely. Deer feed along the edge of the forest and come down to drink at the streams with little timidity. The elk are very numerous, but seem to prefer their own society to that of the tourist. In the remote southern range of the park a herd of buffalo still runs wild, carefully guarded against the poacher, and the wolf and mountain lion may be encountered in the wilderness by those who seek with diligence.

of crumbling lime. This glittering pavement is pierced with many holes, which afford a variety of strange phenomena. There are dry vents or "fumeroles," from which steam escapes under tremendous pressure. There are funnel-shaped basins twenty feet across, apparently lined with pearl and rimmed with coral, and brimming with vibrant water of heavenly blue which shades to a velvety black in the cavernous central shaft—such is "The Morning-Glory" and many another quiet pool of the same exquisite design.

Other active springs livelier but less lovely abound in all the geyser basins. They are "Punch Bowls," "Frying Pans," "Tink Wells," etc., most of which have a sulphurous smell and infernal coloring and bear the devil's name. In places the surface of the siliceous crust is broken by huge knobs of the same formation. Some of these excrescences are only low mounds, others are conical, some are like turrets, and everyone is the crater of a water-volcano. Here at last is the home of the geyser. A geyser—the word means "gusher" and comes from Iceland, where the first specimen was discovered—is an intermittent spouting hot spring. The essential features are a rock crevice or subterranean tube self-lined with silica, a internal heat.

Bunsen's theory of geysers, showing how water heated in perpendicular tubes produces a sudden excess of agitation which blows out the water-plug, may be studied in the encyclopedias at home—not by the tourist, who day amid these miracles of power and beauty is all too brief.

Fifteen great geysers and scores of every minor grade are active in the Upper Basin. Each is named from some characteristic of its crater or its jet—"Castles," "Lions," "Giants," "Splendid," "Grand," "Oblong," "Economic" (which swallows its water after each eruption), "Fan," "Comet," "Riverside," "Grotto," "Sawmill," and, most admired of all, "Old Faithful."

Each geyser is a law unto itself. Two of them may be within a few rods of each other, and one may be in violent action without provoking any sign of agitation in the other. Some have eruptions at regular intervals of several days; others are absolutely irregular; still others, like Old Faithful, keep time almost to the minute.

Old Faithful is at the southern extremity of the Upper Basin, with the dark forest just beyond. It has built up a cone of white about its orifice, and the beautifully beaded bowl of many colors which stand beside it are constantly refilled from its hot sulphurous flood. In the depths of the tube rumblings are heard, and gusts of ill-smelling steam are belched up. The tumult increases until the spray is tossed above the rim of the crater. The daring spectators who have been looking into its black throat draw back, none too soon, for a splendid force which seems just suited to the task begins to lift a column of water two or three feet thick. By successive impulses it is raised to its full height, more than one hundred and fifty feet, and stands there for three minutes glistening in the light, its robe of steam fluttering about it, and then comes thundering down to run in a little sudden, and boiling foam down the slope to the Firehole River. Once in sixty-five minutes this is repeated day and night, summer and winter, and more than one million five hundred thousand gallons of hot sulphur water spring from the bosom of this perennial fountain at every hourly eruption.

Old Faithful is only one and not the largest of the matched group. But it is the most perfect type of geyser, and had it no companions its display were worth the pains of the long journey. Seen at dawn, when the plume of steam floats in the frosty air five hundred feet above its crystal staff, or seen at noon with the rainbows playing in its glistening shower, or seen at dusk when the sunset tints its white about its orifice, and the beautifully beaded bowl of many colors which stand beside it are constantly refilled from its hot sulphurous flood. In the depths of the tube rumblings are heard, and gusts of ill-smelling steam are belched up. The tumult increases until the spray is tossed above the rim of the crater. The daring spectators who have been looking into its black throat draw back, none too soon, for a splendid force which seems just suited to the task begins to lift a column of water two or three feet thick. By successive impulses it is raised to its full height, more than one hundred and fifty feet, and stands there for three minutes glistening in the light, its robe of steam fluttering about it, and then comes thundering down to run in a little sudden, and boiling foam down the slope to the Firehole River. Once in sixty-five minutes this is repeated day and night, summer and winter, and more than one million five hundred thousand gallons of hot sulphur water spring from the bosom of this perennial fountain at every hourly eruption.

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Identified by Wooden Leg. Captain Lord (Retired) Probably Drowned Himself a Year Ago.

The body of Capt. Thomas W. Lord, United States army (retired), who disappeared December 20th, 1901, leaving a note saying he intended to end his life, was found floating in the Soconas river opposite Marshall hall, about 16 miles from Washington just returned from Hong Kong on Friday.

Owing to the corrosive effect of the water the body was quasi-petified and beyond identification so far as facial appearance was concerned. Not a shred of clothing was on the body, which bore unmistakable signs of having been in the water over a year.

The body was seen by the pursuer on a river steamer. As soon as the report was received, Commodore Sutton was sent down the river on the police boat Vigilant.

Photographer Johnson, who went along identified the body as that of Captain Lord by the cork leg found in the vicinity of where the discovery was made. The leg had recently become loosened from the body. It was identified as being the one Captain Lord wore and like a duplicate at the house of Mrs. Susan Magruder, 937 New York avenue, where Captain Lord boarded for many years before he disappeared.

By an act of the Legislature, approved March 27th, 1903, and recently signed by the governor, the law relative to marriage licenses has been amended as follows: The application must state A—B, of full age and never heretofore married, and C—D, likewise of full age and never heretofore married. But, if either of said parties be not of the full age of 21 years, then, in lieu of the words "of full age," his or her age shall be stated, and the fact of consent of parents or guardians shall likewise be stated; and, if either of the said parties shall have been married previously to the issuing of such license, then, in lieu of the words "never previously married," the number of times he or she shall have been previously married, and the mode by which said prior marriage or marriages was or were dissolved shall be stated, and, if by divorce, the cause for which such divorce shall have been granted.

QUICK ARREST.—J. A. Guldridge of Verbena, Ala., was twice in the hospital from a severe case of piles causing 24 tumors. After doctors and all remedies failed, Bucklen's Arnica Salve quickly arrested further inflammation and cured him. It conquers aches and kills pain. 25c. at Green's Pharmacy.

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Medical. EVERY WALK IN LIFE. BELLEFONTE CITIZENS APPRECIATE "THE LITTLE CONQUEROR."

Every class of citizens has sick kidneys. The busy business man rushing through life on the run fails to realize the constant strain he daily puts upon his kidneys. The mechanic forced to assume unaccustomed positions, stooping and straining at his work, does not know that his backache is simply kidney ache. The clerk on his feet, the street-car men subject to constant jarring all have backache from the kidneys. Women at play overtax their kidneys and give them more work than they can do. "Is a fortunate thing the kidney man who when in trouble; that they cry out for help. Don't neglect the warning. Don't neglect a bad back; a lame weak or aching back if neglected means future trouble, kidney trouble, urinary trouble, Doan's Kidney Pills cure every form of kidney ill. Cure a bad back and make it always well. Doan's Kidney Pills are endorsed by people you know. Read what a Bellefonte citizen says:

B. H. Shaffer, a Howard street (Smith says: "I was much troubled with backache and a lameness just over my hips and when I took cold there was always a dull ache in the sections. The lameness in my loins was very inconvenient for I could not move quickly without having sharp twinges through me and if bending forward I could hardly straighten. I learned about Doan's Kidney Pills from a friend who had used them in his drug store and took them. They banished the pain and lameness."

Doan's Kidney Pills for sale by all dealers. Price 50 cents. Mailed by Foster, Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y., sole agents for the U. S. Remember the name—Doan's—and take no substitute.

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OUR Hardware consists of an assortment of Tools, Cutlery, Garden Tools, Shovels, Rakes, Wire Screenings, Poultry Netting, Locks and all kinds of Builder's Hardware.

STOVES.—We have just received a full line of the Prizer Ranges. We consider these stoves of the best make. For style they are unsurpassed, in weight they are the heaviest. The flues are large, with well regulated dampers making them one of the best working stoves in the market. Everything that is modern is found in these stoves. We ask you to come and see them for yourselves. The prices are the lowest, considering quality, etc.

TINNING.—Our tinning is up to date. We are prepared to do all kinds of work in this line. For spouting and roofing we use none but the best materials and the best workmen.

PAINTS, OILS, GLASS.—We have also a full line of paints, oils, varnishes and glass at the lowest prices. WE ask the public to come and see our stock. We will be pleased to quote prices at any time. It is our desire to deal fair, as we wish to continue in business.

GREEN'S PHARMACY Bush House Block, BELLEFONTE, PA. 44-26-1v

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