

## A STUPENDOUS RIFT.

THE CANON OF THE COLORADO,  
FIVE HUNDRED MILES LONG.

A Maximum Depth of 6,500 Feet, and  
an Average That Exceeds 3,000—  
A Muddy Ribbon in  
the Depths.

(Cor. Boston Transcript.)

Probably few rivers are less generally known than the "Colorado of the West." Rising in Colorado and Wyoming, it runs through a country of peering beauty—through pleasant valleys, rocky mountains, high plateaus and arid deserts, finally debouching into the California gulf, nearly 5,000 miles from its starting place. It drains an area of nearly 100,000 square miles. It is the river of canons. From the junction of the Green and Grand rivers to Col. Colo it has but few breaks in what forms probably the most stupendous rift in the world. Five hundred miles in length is the cut, with a maximum depth of 6,500 feet, and an average that exceeds 3,000. Americans are apt to overlook their own country and travel to other lands in search of the picturesque. To the geologist, the earnest student of nature, the artist, or to the mere sight-seer, this country offers inducements unparalleled.

Looking south across the House Rock valley, in northern Arizona, one notices a few broken bluffs, about ten miles distant, apparently about twenty feet high. Only five or six of these are scattered at irregular intervals. There lies the canon. Riding across the level plain toward the bluffs, one finds it hard to conceive how such a canon can exist, with so few signs of its existence. Here and there we are obliged to make long detours to avoid yawning crevasses that streams have worn on their downward rush to the Colorado. The country here, probably, escaped the grand glacial epoch that elsewhere harrowed this continent level, and filled up the post-tertiary wash outs. Until we come within half a mile of the canon we get no hint of its existence. Gradually it unfolds to meet our gaze, until on its brink it awes our sublimity bursts upon us. As we walk out upon a projecting tongue of rock, we gradually, dimly, begin to appreciate the chasm. Great rock walls around us on every side stretch downward, seemingly fathomless.

Far below, looking like a muddy ribbon, lies the river. At first sight the mind is incapable of grasping the dimensions of this gorge. Then we have seen declared, "That can't be the Colorado, for the Colorado is a good 200 yards across, and that creek isn't over six feet at most." Far below us floats lazily a bald eagle, so far that he resembles a mere speck, and yet he isn't half-way down. A stone about as large as one's fist turns the course of the river at a certain point. Were we down there, we should find that stone to be about three times as large as the Boston post-office.

On the loose soil of the banks grow thousands of century plants, with tall stalks, reminding me of the pictures of the Jewish candlesticks I used to see in the big Bible at home when a youngster. Pulling up one of these, we send it whirling down into the abyss. It grows smaller and smaller until it vanishes, and presently a puff of dust announces it has struck. And yet these "yant" often measure six feet across.

Opposite where we stand is the mouth of the Colorado Chiquito. Where it enters the parent canon it is of the same depth as the latter, and yet it starts some 300 miles away, and up about 100 miles distant flows on top of the ground. The walls of these canons furnish the most magnificent rock paintings I ever beheld. Black and gray porphyry, white and pink limestone, broad and narrow-veined marble, sandstone from vermilion to light gray, and sturdy old granite, blend their many strata in colors no painter dare imitate. At sunset and sunrise, when the sunbeams strike slantingly across the rocky face, the effect is indescribable. It is as if the gates of heaven were thrown open, and the city, with its taper walls and dazzling gateways, shone before us.

Probably long before the earliest date of human history this river fretted and chafed its rocky banks. While Europe was plunged in ignorant night, this country saw the growth of a civilization second only to that of today. While the Old World nations were yet in their infancy, the dwellers on the banks of this stream were adept in casting metals in archaic molds, in sculpture in gold and silver, and in mosaic painting. Their feather paintings have never been equalled. The river witnessed their southern migration and saw the sacred fire die from the estufas on its banks. It saw the whirlwind of northern tribes, that swung like a whip upon the Moquis and Zunis and forced them to dwell in forts; that chased the mild Cocomecs till, in despair, they found refuge in the deepest canons and breaks, where a wretched remnant still exist.

Cashmere's Capital and Its People.

Cashmere, which has just been devastated by an earthquake, is a kingdom in the northwest part of India, including the vale of Kashmir, the most famous by the poet Moore. Cashmere, the capital, has a population of about 135,000. It extends about four miles along both sides of a deep and placid stream, about 300 feet wide. From its delightful situation and innumerable canals, Cashmere has been called the Venice of Asia, but the city is, for the most part, extremely filthy. The houses, which are generally dilapidated, are built of thin bricks, with timber frames, many of them three stories high. Sixty houses, persons can worship in the mosque. The capital is the center of the shawl manufacture of Cashmere.

The men are tall, robust, well-formed, and industrious; the women famous for their beauty and fine complexions. They are a gay people, fond of pleasure, literature and poetry, but are represented by many travelers as perfidious in cunning and avarice, and notoriously addicted to the practice of infanticide. Notwithstanding the beauty of their vale, the population, since the beginning of the present century, has been reduced from 800,000 to 300,000 by pestilence, famine and earthquakes. Under the treaty of Lahore, in 1846, the British government came into control, but immediately sold the country for \$3,750,000. The present ruler, by a compact made at the time of the purchase, is to be assisted by the British in defending himself against his enemies.

Nearest the Pole.  
The farthest point north ever reached by man was by Lieut. Lockwood, a member of the Greely expedition, who went 82 degrees 24 minutes, or within 458 miles of the pole.

Calculata is now the second largest tea exporting city in the world, the leader being Foochow.

## Gordon's Queer Religious Views.

(Foreign Letter.)

Gen. Gordon had queer religious views. He held that the fruit of the original apple eaten by Eve still affected the blood, and contended that the virus could only be subdued and counteracted by frequent participation in the sacrament and wine of the sacrament. But so material a view did he take of this rite that he thought the more a man could ingest, in quantity, of the consecrated food the better would be his chances of expurgating from his physical organism the poisonous corpuscles of the forbidden apple.

Having foreseen that there would be little or no opportunity of receiving the sacrament in the Sudan, Gordon resolved to take as much as possible of the sacred elements before starting. He therefore occupied himself the Saturday before his last Sunday in England in ascertaining the hours at which communion would be administered in the various churches within reach of the place where he then was, and, rising early Sunday morning, he went from church to church in turn, partaking of the sacrament in each, and thus received the elements some half-dozen times in succession, beginning at 6 o'clock a. m. and ending at midday.

A Crab Race.

"I saw a crab race once," put in one of the listeners. "It was on the west coast of England. There had been a good deal of discussion in London as to whether crabs had any sense and some one suggested that a trial be made, and a good deal of cash changed hands on the result. The trial was to test the homing instinct. A man by the name of Carew, a sporting character, made a wager that crabs dropped overboard ten miles from where they were caught would find their way back within five days. I heard afterward that he won over \$500 on it, and it was tested in this way. Five bushels of crabs were caught at a certain place and all marked and dropped over ten miles down the coast. In three days some of the marked crabs were back, and in less than a week they were caught every day, showing that they could find their way back with just the same ease as a pigeon. I heard later that the sporting man had a sure thing, as he had hired some crabbers to try the same thing a month before."

The Key of Death.

In the arsenal at Venice there is still preserved a small golden key, which bears the name of the "Key of Death." It was an instrument invented in the fifteenth century by an Algerine named Tebaldo, who, being at his girl's and while toying carelessly with it, he would turn the handle, when a needle of exquisite fineness was shot from it, which would bury itself unfeeling in the flesh of the person whom he wished to kill. The needle was tipped with a deadly poison. It was not until Tebaldo's victims could be counted by the score that his secret was discovered.

The young man who sets out in life with a keen wit, a poor opinion of human nature, and a delight in saying a good thing at anybody's cost, will soon find that he wields as cruel and deadly a weapon as this famous "Key of Death," which will not only wound others, but poison his own life, and leave him to a solitary, miserable old age.

Chinese "White Wax" Industry.

(Arkansas Traveler.)  
The British consular agent at Chung King, Mr. Hosie, has made a tour through certain districts of China for the purpose of gaining information concerning insect white wax. He has found the substance to be the product of minute brown, lice-like insects, which exist, together with a small black beetle, in excrescences or galls attached to the boughs and twigs of an evergreen, called by the Chinese "the insect tree." In May these galls are collected and placed on the wax tree, usually a stump from which rises numerous sprouts. The creatures soon deposit a white coating on the boughs and twigs, which often reaches a thickness of a quarter of an inch in ninety or a hundred days. The branches are then lopped off, and the wax is carefully removed by scraping and boiling. The material is then pressed into molds, and becomes the white wax of commerce, used chiefly for candles.

Gold Found Everywhere.

(Scientific American.)  
It has long been well understood that gold is the most universally distributed of metals, being found in all parts of the world, but most readers will probably be surprised at a statement recently made by Professor A. E. Foote, of Philadelphia, to the effect that there is more gold in the clay under the city of Philadelphia than would equal the entire valuation of the city. In 1812 men made 60 cents a day washing the sands near Chester, on the Delaware river, where William Penn first landed, and quite recently several dollars' worth of gold in grains were taken from a well 150 feet deep within twenty miles of Philadelphia.

A Perfect Thief-Proof Fence.

(Chicago Times.)  
A large landholder in England has planted an immense fruit farm, 40,000 plum trees being one of the items set out. In order to make a perfect thief-proof fence he has surrounded the farm with cottonwood poplars set only a foot and a half apart. By the time the fruit trees are in bearing the trunks of the trees will touch each other. Then he proposes to head off eighteen feet from the ground, and keep the sprouts cut back to this point every two or three years thereafter. In this way he expects to have a living wall eighteen feet high that will at least last as long as the fruit trees in the orchard last.

Cork Plantations.

(Chicago Herald.)  
In Sardinia, Sicily, and the region around Naples, large cork plantations are being destroyed in the improvident haste of their owners to realize profit from the superior quality of tannin afforded by the bark and from the wood. The French have planted this valuable oak largely in Algeria, where there is now over 500,000 acres in good condition. The number of trees in Spain is also increasing. It continues to grow for 150 years, and reaches the height of some fifty feet. The wood is not valuable except for fuel. It is thought that the tree would thrive in California.

Still an Open Question.

(Chicago Journal.)  
As they left the church he resolved that he would put the important question on the way home. "Shall we cross the square, Miss Clara," he asked with infinite tenderness, "or shall we go round it?" "Oh, I think we had better cut across it," said Miss Clara; "it's much nearer that way." The important question is still an open question.

Teachers of Bee Keeping.  
In Germany teachers employed by the government travel from place to place and give instruction in bee keeping.

## THE SWELL AND THE WATER.

Cutting a Kite-dancer Figure—Trying to Catch the Eye of the Water.

(Brooklyn Eagle.)

Of all the curious fashions, that which encourages you to wear high silk hats and shooting blouses in the streets of New York is the most absurd. The average cigarette smoking and spindle-legged young clerk is apparently never happy as when he can get on a plaited blouse and bind it by a belt around his waist. The blouses are of dark blue, pepper and salt, drab and sometimes almost white in color, and are the most ridiculous garments for city use imaginable. They are accepted as the proper racket for shooting and touring in England, but the Anglo-American dukes believe that they are fit for anything here. A high hat and a short coat is bad enough in any instance, but when a man wanders around in business hours in a beaver hat and blouse he cuts about as ridiculous a figure as he will can.

One man who is particularly fond of this style of attire is in the dry goods business in Worth street. He has a suit made of very high drab material, patent leather pumps, red hose, plaited blouse and silk hat. He thus goes about attending to business wearing ball room slippers, a hat intended for mourning wear and a shooting jacket. He is a pudgy, fat and bubbly young person with a scowl that is intended to be intense, haughty, and ends by being weakly peevish. He came into the Astor house dining room on the second floor and strolled down between the tables with an air of ineffable contentment. His usual toilet was variegated by the acquisition of large red gloves. His mustache was waxed and an eye-glass dangled over the front of his shooting blouse. After staring at everybody in the room he sat down at one of the tables near the window, apparently unmoved by the carcasses and contemptuous eyes which greeted his arrival on every side.

He screwed the single glass to his eye, picked up the bill of fare and read it by the eye that was unimpaired by the glass. The water was a tall, suave, bald, dexterous and polite Alsatian. He bent with an assumption of the most profound respect over the young man, who awaited his order. He waited a long while while the scowl scanned the prices marked opposite the various dishes, and then straightening up moved to a distance about ten feet away, and stood looking at the howling swell before him. The swell—so far as he evidently thought himself—motioned with his finger to the waiter, but that functionary appeared not to see him. He was looking about ten feet over the guest's head. Then the guest tried to catch some other waiter's eye. In vain. They, too, all pretended not to see him. Then he whistled at one would to a dog, but though it attracted the attention of everybody in the room not a waiter answered.

Presently the big Alsatian moved over to the table where the dry goods man sat, smoothed the cloth and stepped away again just as the "swell" began to tell him what he wanted. There is no question that a waiter can make it very uncomfortable for a diner if he wishes to. This particular waiter had laid himself out to annoy the fat man in the shooting jacket, and he met with extreme success. He excited the admiration of all the other waiters by the deftness with which he hung around the man's table and yet never gave him an opportunity to tell him what he wanted, and when the conglomerate specimen of swiftness rose, discomfited and stamped out of the room, the business men who were dining there smiled indulgently on the tall waiter and did not feel like cursing him in the least for his impertinence.

A Lost Art Thought to Be Found.

(The Observer.)  
A Uica gentleman of leisure believes that he has discovered the lost secret of making violins, that probably originated in England in the twelfth century, and which has immortalized the names of Amatis at Brescia, Stradivari and the Guarneris at Cremona, and Steiner in the Tyrol. He has made sixteen violins and over 200 experiments, and can now construct a violin with the tones of a flute or any other that may be desired. He displays all former theories that attribute the excellence of old instruments to the lacquer, varnish, singing woods, etc., and finds that scientific principles and sound wood are the basis of all perfect instruments. A prominent manufacturer has already offered him \$10,000 for the secret, but he is not quite ready to sell it.

Safety and Danger.

(Philadelphia Call.)  
First Hen—There comes the woman to drive us out of her garden.  
Second Hen—Yes, and she's picking up a stone, too! Let's fly out, quick!  
First Hen—No, no, stay here.  
Second Hen—But she's aiming right for us.  
First Hen—Yes, and if we should move we might get hit.

An Uncertain Boundary Line.

(Exchange.)  
The treaty between England and Russia, made in 1823, for the purpose of defining the boundary between Alaska and the Northwest territory, is reported by an officer of the coast survey to be so faulty in scientific precision that there are grave doubts whether a considerable extent of border territory belongs to England or the United States.

A Good Fire-Escape Idea.

(Exchange.)  
A fire escape idea, and a good one, is seen in Massachusetts hotels. All the staircases and landings are marked out plainly by red lights. The bewildered traveler, in case of alarm, has not to grope about or lose precious time in talking the wrong turning for the stairs. They are always to be discovered by the red lanterns.

Italian Coral.

(Chicago Herald.)  
The Italian coral fisheries employ 4,900 fishermen, who annually secure 56,000 kilograms of coral, valued at \$540,000. The manufacture of this coral into beads and crosses, in which form it finds its way to every part of the world, adds millions every year to the wealth of the Italian people.

An Old Astronomical Chart.

In the largest library in the world, in Paris, there is a Chinese chart of the heavens made about 600 years before Christ. In this chart 1,400 stars are found to be correctly inserted, as corroborated by the scientists of the present day.

Healthy Troops.

The Dominion Sanitary Journal says that in forty days there were only three deaths from disease among the Dominion troops, numbering 5,000, engaged in putting down the rebellion.

Josh Billings: Ophynuns kant be worth much; if they was, people wouldn't always be so anxious to give them away.

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