

MOUNT TACOMA.

The Grandeur of Washington Territory's Matchless Mountain.

There is a certain unequalled majesty in the lofty ranges of the Rocky mountains of Colorado. In Alaska are mountain peaks of matchless beauty. Shasta, Hood, Adams, St. Helens, and Baker are stately peaks which excite the admiration of every beholder, but this view of Tacoma is entirely unique and has a strange grandeur all its own.

We stand upon the brink of a cliff of naked rock, bare of vegetation, grim and stern, extending down almost perpendicularly 2,500 feet. The opposite wall slopes steeply up, covered with a dense growth of forest trees. In the bottom of the gorge swiftly flow the turbid waters of the north fork of the Puyallup River.

The stream is fifty feet in width, but in that abyssal depth it looks to be but a puling brook. Mountain eagles dart through the air to and from their nests upon the crags. Looking toward the West the canon stretches away for miles, down which the river winds its way, glistening in the sunlight like a little stream of molten silver. Turning and looking to the east you see that the canon abruptly terminates two miles away, where sits the mighty mass of Mount Tacoma. From the dome of the mountain extend two great arms or ridges of basaltic rock capped with sharp peaks. Down their sides run vertical columns forming numerous gorges, which are filled with snow and ice. From these gorges run many streams, little mountain torrents up there, but as they rush down rivulet unites rivulet, stream mingles with stream until three foaming cascades plunge into a great basin. Out of this basin flows a large stream, which soon leaps into a narrow gorge of rock and disappears, but the breeze leads to our ears in scolding notes the roar of its numerous cataracts—this is Lost River.

Funny Incidents About Authors.

My half hour chat with an experienced publisher like Mr. Osgood brought out a number of funny incidents of authors. I told me of a well known contemporary to whom the United States postal service is a perpetual reign of terror, bringing down upon his defenseless head an avalanche of amateur MSS., which he is ever asked to read, criticize, correct and bring up to a literary standard, who has recourse to sending them on to publishers, returning to the author the formula: "I have taken the liberty to send your MSS. to the publisher."

To distinguished authors the mail has really become a terror. Dr. Holmes has regaled the public with many marvellous chapters from his experience, and has given many a useful hint to his brethren who are similarly afflicted. Mr. Longfellow was a saint and took the trials imposed upon him by people who certainly revered him, if they were not even terrified of him, in an angelic fashion that we all marvel at rather than follow. But to reconcile courtesy and candor is a more difficult task than any other form of sailing through the modern Scylla and Charybdis. Dr. Holmes says that he has one varying form for the acknowledgment of the first books of young authors sent him, something to the effect that "I do not wait to open the volume before I take my pen to thank you," after which obviously he is saved the trouble of opening it at all.

Look at the matter as one will, there is little excuse in all this. It is not genius, per talent, nor even tenacity of ability that imposes itself with such relentless anarchy. Among all the sufferers no one is perhaps more diligently imposed upon than the editor. It seems to be in the nature of a popular belief that his mission in life is to engage in the personal service of literary adventurers. Not a day but that brings him more or less letters in which the "huswagnon and struggling" woman—or 99 times out of 100 it is a woman and not a man who is the imposer and relentless "devastator of a day"—in which the woman sets forth her autobiography and her aspirations in equal length and in equally appalling dimensions.

The Sea Gulls and the Pelicans.

Two immense pelicans found their way in through the golden gate one morning, and immediately commenced fishing operations off Fort Point. They were apparently very successful for a while, and had it all their own way. Their sense of sight must be exceedingly keen, as they rose in the air to quite a height, then gracefully circled about until they saw a fish, when they suddenly descended, and, like a flash, thrust their bills into the briny deep, seldom failing to secure a catch. They evidently thought they had a good thing of it, but as with moths sometimes, the good thing did not last long. A small flock of voracious sea gulls observed the pelicans at work, and flew toward them to share in the plunder. As soon as a pelican lowered for a fish and caught it, the sea gulls swarmed about the fisher, and with ear-splitting clatter attempted to seize the game, in which they were usually successful. Other gulls, attracted by the struggle, continued to gather, until a large space in the bay was literally covered with them. Some sharp practice then commenced, forcibly reminding the observer that "the struggle for existence" was as bitter on sea as on land. At times a pelican would rise with its plunder and soar away up in the air to enjoy it, but 100 gulls followed in close pursuit, and being evidently swifter in flight than the pursued, soon overtook the larger bird, and encircling it literally tore the fish to pieces. The struggle lasted quite a while, the gulls in the meantime screaming themselves hoarse. They kept worrying and attacking the pelican until the latter seemed to leave disgust, and sought peace from their tormentors by flying out to sea. The sea gulls set as if they had a monopoly of the bay, and every intruder from the ocean is jealously watched, and either driven out or actually worried to death.

Fond of the Pigs.

Not long ago a French steamer, the Arctic trading from Havre, was wrecked in the Straits of Magellan, but the passengers were saved. A monkey named Felix was rescued, and taken possession of, by a farmer who lived near Punta Arenas, and was carried to his rescuer's farm.

Almost the only other animals that he found here were the farmer's pigs, about forty in number, great and small, and to these pigs Felix took a very strong liking. He played and ate with them, and followed them wherever they went, riding on the back of one or another of them.

The herd of pigs travelled at their will about the farm, and whether it rained or shone, whether it was hot or cold, and even in summer there are some very cold winds at the Straits of Magellan, Felix always set out in the morning on the back of one of his favorites.

At evening he drove the pigs home, performing this duty much better and more swiftly than a man could have done it. If any one attempted to catch one of the pigs, Felix flew into a violent rage. Next morn'g, cakes and sweetmeats would tempt him to leave the herd and enter his master's house.

Winter came at last, and as, at this season, the primitive farmers of the region make no provision for their swine, the pigs left the buildings, and lived in a perfectly wild state. Felix went away with them, but when they were brought in in the spring, he had disappeared. He had, without a doubt, died of cold.

People who are asked to identify themselves often attempt it in original fashions, leading to absurd results. A gentleman who presented a check at a bank where he was unknown, was told that he must at least produce some possession bearing his name—perhaps a letter or a handkerchief. In triumphant relief, he pulled out his handkerchief, and lo! it was one belonging to a friend, and marked with his name in full.

A Texan gentleman had been spending a few days in New York, and being in need of money, he applied to a Broadway bank to cash a draft.

"What is your name?" asked the paying teller.

"Colonel Sumpter Blank, sir, of Austin, Travis County, Texas."

"You will have to be identified, Colonel."

"This was a necessity the colonel had not taken into consideration. He knew of nobody who could identify him, and was about to leave the bank, when a happy thought occurred to him. He took from his breast pocket a photograph of himself, and, holding it out to the bank official, said, 'There, sir, I guess that settles it.'"

"Of course that's your photograph, but how does that identify you?"

"Well, sir, will you please tell me how I could have my photograph taken if I wasn't myself?"

A Little Girl's Logic.

A little girl six years old was on a visit to her grandfather, who was a New England divine, celebrated for his logical powers.

"Uncle Robert says,"

"What does he say, my dear?"

"Why, he says the moon is made of green cheese. It isn't at all, is it?"

"Well, child, suppose you find out yours-elf."

"How can I, grandpa?"

"Get your bible and see what it says."

"Where shall I begin?"

"Begin at the beginning."

"The child sat down to read the Bible. Before she had got more than half through the second chapter of Genesis and had read about the creation of the stars and animals, she came back to her grandfather, her eyes all bright with the excitement of discovery.

"I've found it, grandpa. It isn't true, for God made the moon before he made any cows."

A Good Story of a Hostess.

A good story is told of a hostess at a recent fashionable luncheon. She ordered to be placed among the table decorations a set of salts of exceedingly handsome and novel design, which coming from a very dear friend, were among the most highly prized of her wedding gifts. One of the servants placed the name cards against them. One of the guests, after admiring the salt, and supposing from the card resting against it, that it was intended for a favor, took it up and put it in her pocket, and most of the other guests, one by one, followed her example, while the dismayed hostess, utterly unable to understand the meaning of such proceedings, looked on in speechless surprise. When her guests departed she counted her treasures, and found that she had but two left. The next day came the explanation. A polite note was received from a lady who had been present, saying she had neglected to take her favor, mentioning it, and asking her to kindly send it. It was sent.

Boys, Obey Your Parents.

"Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is a man he will get there," said Alpha to Omega, misquoting a well-known authority.

"Now, I knew a boy who neglected his books, played truant two or three days a week, annexed damaged tinware to the candle appendages of strange canines, went fishing on the Sabbath, crawled under circus tents, and gave his parents no end of trouble and anxiety, and what do you suppose was the fate of that boy?"

"Drowned while boating on Sunday, or is serving a term in the penitentiary," ventured Omega.

"Now, nothing of the kind," said Alpha. "He is a member of the State Legislature, and last week he lost a cool \$50,000 in wheat deal. Boys who are inclined to be wicked should be warned by fate."

A Misunderstanding.

"I've come to clean out your saloon, boss," said a colored man to Hans Spiegel.

"Vot's dot? You glean owt dese saloon, eh? Vell, I guess you don'd could glean owt dese establishments oter you don'd glean em owt purty quick. Dere vos more as a half a dozen or six rowdies tried to glean owt mein saloon von time a couple or two nights ago, und dey go home mit some broken heads. Dot's der kind of a man's vot I am to glean owt."

"But you don't understand me, Foss. Your brother hired me to come down and wash out—"

"Jsh dot so? Vell, go right in und glean him owt. I vos make von schack-ass of mineself."

Quick Promotion.

A Dutchman whose son had been employed in an insurance company's office was met by an acquaintance who inquired, "Well, Mr. Schneider, how is Hans getting along in his new place?"

"Shoost splendid; he vas von of dem directors already."

"A director! I never heard of such rapid advancement—the young man must be a genius."

"He vas; he shoost write a splendid hand!"

"Oh yes, plenty of people write good hands, but you and I Hans was a director?"

"No, he vas 'n' lignantly! 'The direct dem circulars ten hours every day already."

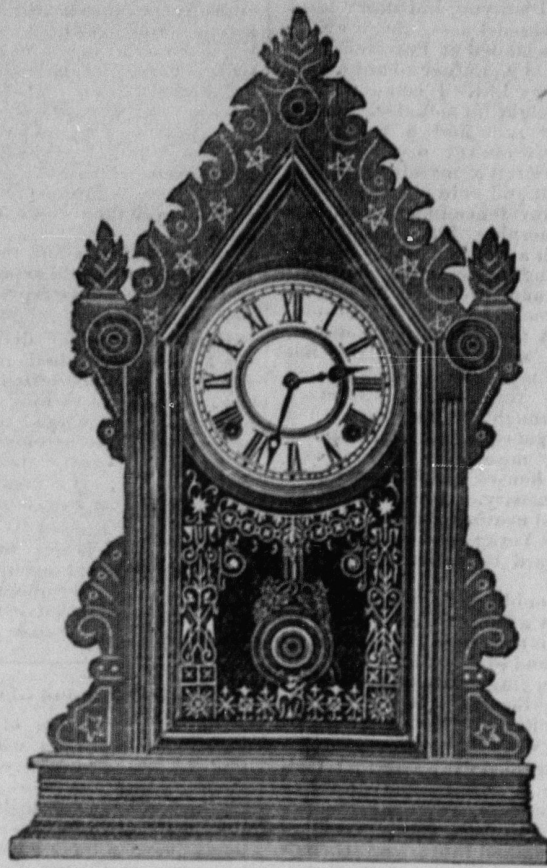
German vs. American Sweets.

A New York firm has received a quantity of saccharine, the invention of a German, that is 250 times sweeter than sugar.

If the inventor wishes to see something 250 times sweeter than his saccharine, let him come to this country and gaze upon a young man's first love. Frothy often a young man's first love is a cigar, or a law suit, but we refer to the eighteen-year-old girl who has robbed him of his appetite, and caused him to scribble her front name on the margins of newspapers and on all the scraps of white paper he finds lying around loose. There are thousands of such chunks of sweetness on this side of the Atlantic Ocean.

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Advertisement for Manitoba. Includes text: 'Low Rates to Pacific Coast.', 'The new agreement between the transcontinental lines authorizes a lower rate to Pacific coast points via the Manitoba-Pacific route than is made via any other line. Frequent excursions. Accommodations first-class. For rates, maps, and other particulars, apply to C. H. WARREN, General Passenger Agent, St. Paul, Minn.', 'MANITOBA', 'ST. PAUL, MINN. RAILROAD'.

Advertisement for Manitoba. Includes text: 'Where Are You Going?', 'When do you start? Where from? How many in your party? What amount of freight or baggage have you? What route do you prefer? Upon receipt of an answer to the above questions you will be furnished free of expense, with the lowest rates, also maps, time tables, or other valuable information which will save trouble, time and money. Agents will call in person where necessary. Parties not ready to answer above questions should cut out and preserve this notice for future reference. It may become useful. Address C. H. WARREN, General Passenger Agent, St. Paul, Minn., or S. L. WARREN, General Eastern Agent, 237 Broadway, New York.', 'Send for free map of Northwest.', 'MANITOBA', 'ST. PAUL, MINN. RAILROAD'.

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For the healthy and healthfulness of its location the Central State Normal School is admirably situated. We will be glad to correspond with any who are interested. Choice rooms reserved on application. STUDENTS PREPARE TO ENTER THE SENIOR CLASS. Address, JAMES ELDON, A. M., PRINCIPAL, CENTRAL STATE NORMAL SCHOOL, LOCK HAVEN, PA.

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