Faithless Foreign Lover.

A VALLEY OF MOST RARE BEAUTY.

Climbing the Indian Trail That Leads to

the Top of Stony Man.

AN ASCENT BY BALLOON PROPOSED

[WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.]

LL in long hay he stood

and raked, and I stood

by and asked: "Was

Evelyn Belle truly such

"She wur thet, indeed.

stranger, I mind her

comin' down the old lene

thar singin' an' smilin'

ter husself. Thar wern't

anything wrong them

days. It war a purty

thing ter see her ridin'

astraddle er the young

colts, an' dashin' over

ther fields an' fences

erround. She didn't

seem ter keer-she didn't, far nothin."

thur in the woods back er the

wur nobody but Evelyn an' the' dogs, out

in ther middle o' thet night, by her

He Paused on the Rickety Top Rail,

lone se'f, huntin' coons. She wur brave es

pearin' ter me he didn't do the squar' thing.

Evelyn she jus' believe'd ev'ything he hed

tur say, like er foolish thing; an' I wur glad when thet old surveyin' corps went

away from 'bout heah. It's-it's metty hot,

"Yes; but did you never hear auything o

A SAD, SAD STORY.

"No, on'y he sent Evelyn a novel call 'Vaginny of Vaginny.' I think it wur

upon. For Evelyn Belle lay there at the

foot of Stony Man, a small, blue gash in her temple, whence a puddle of blood had oozed,

quite dead.
"And do you not miss your daughter

The sun went down on my mistake

Those words had hurt him, and he did not auswer, but cried like a child. I went be-

ore him over the fence, and stopped to look

back, for he had paused on the rickety old

top-rail, his brows knit, his manner changed

the whole man wrought out of himself. Slowly he raised his arm and his weather-

beaten eyelids upward, and exclaimed, in a husky sort of whisper that went through

LAST ACT OF THE TRAGEDY.

It is singular and most remarkable in-deed, this I am telling. Little did he know

what was occurring that very hour-aye, perhaps, that minute. It is a month since

my interview with that old man, and it was

many miles from there that yesterday I sat

on the piazza surrounding a beautiful old-world home and learned of the last act of

this tragedy. Someone handed me a paper printed on the morning after my interview

with the old man, and called attention to

"Suicide of a Young Surveyor .- George

K-shot himself through the head in his room at the hotel yesterday evening just as

the sun was going down. No reason is as-

I cannot say whether it was the result of

emorse or no. Nor do I claim that the

more of such in this sad world than is

The Old Augusta Meeting House.

freamt of, if two and two could be put to-

gether; but it is so remarkable that at the

were all written about, what volumes they

POVERTY IN A LAND OF BEAUTY,

From tragedy and the narrative to simple

descriptive is an abrupt transition, vet we

must turn again to the lovely country in

which we found the father of that unjortu

nate girl. His little home nestles at the foot of a spur o the big Massanutton

Mountain, which separates the Page Valley

from the Shenandoah, and to people who

have traveled this section of Virginia

valley in all the country; that here the su

shines sweetest and the moon softest; that

the birds sing sweetest and winds blow

For this is the impression invariably car

need not be said that it is the most beautiful

would make!

happening was at all unusual, for there i

Before my God, stranger, I would like

sin't it?"

him after he went away?"

story runneth thus:

very much?"

ter kill thet map!"

this paragraph:

a beautiful girl?"

"She is desperately in love with Durand, and I know that she has a nature that will hesitate at nothing. The only thing that I fear is that she will exonerate the man by taking all the guilt on her own shoulders. She left the hotel on the night of the murder, lost her diamond earring, and then boldly denies having left her room. You must admit it is very strange." She is a strange woman, a strange

study," said the doctor slowly, leaning back in his chair and puffing his smoke up to the ceiling. "She puzzles even men," he said, after a pause, and in a low voice, as if speaking to himself. "I thought I knew down to the last fiber of humanity; but what means the change? From boisterousmess to calm, from childish agitation to dignity. It is two distinct women. Yes, my friend," he concluded, with a sigh, "I am puzzled. "Might not her ailment urge her into

crime?" I asked. 'A woman is all ailment, my friend; the best woman is wise this minute to be a fool the next. But what is her ailment? I do not know. I find nothing; lungs, heart, everything is healthy so far as I can discover. She is nervous, but that means nothing. She is not insane. What then? I cannot say. She should be happy; if she killed herself to morrow I should not be Who can read a woman?" he surprised. added, with a slight frown, staring thought-fully at the ashy end of his cigar. "Bah! It is a conundrum, and I give it up." He

looked toward me with a smile,
"But, doctor, if she is capable of killing herself, she is also capable of murdering "It is not my place to condemn her, and

so I prefer to think well of her. One thing I feel sure, if she loves this Durand, she is too proud to marry a man charged with

"There you make a mistake, doctor, According to my belief, even if she is innocent, she will be only too happy to vindicate her love, and show its intensity by marrying the man against whom all the world has It she knows of his guilt, the desire will be stronger, for she will marry him that she may not be forced to testify against

'Ah! You think so!" exclaimed the doctor after a long pause, during which time he had been staring at my face without seeing

"I am sure of it! And if she is not a partner, she has witnessed the crime. She was out at the time of the murder; she was near the scene of murder, for the fragment of fine black stuff that we discovered on the blackberry bushes belonged to a shawl that I saw on a chair in her room. She participated in the crime or she witnessed it!"

"Ah! You think so!" again said the doctor, in a mechanical voice, and without re-laxing in his stare. "It is bad!" he added,

with a deep sigh.
"Rather good, Doctor, very good. For it I can find her in one of her hysterical moods, I feel sure that I can so work on her feelings that she will tell me all she knows."
"She is not that kind of a woman."

"You forget the kind of man she has to I answered proudly. deal with. Fox is equal to the emergency. Beside, she has already made me her confidant. She has told me items of her family history which, both as a detective and as a man, must not reveal even to you."

I was amused by the good doctor's sur-

prise, which was plain to me, despite his strong effort to control it. His pride was evidently hurt that I should have succeeded when be-the world reader-had failed. "And she has been robbed, too," he said, after a panse, "of jewelry and of papers. It

is very strange. Very cunning," I answered, scornfully. "t is a good story to lead me off the scent."
Then she must deliberately lie," said the tor, thoughtfully. "Bah! I can make hing of it.

He again sank into a perplexed silence. taring at him I remembered a little incilent of the morning, and so I said, sud-

Doctor, will you please minutely describe the head covering of the murdered weman? The reason of the question I will 'Have I not already told you? A black

straw hat, tied under the chin with a blue ribbon, and attached to the hat spotted veil.' 'You said nothing of the veil in your de-

"Then I am a pudding-head. For look you, the veil attracted my particular notice r to discover the situation of the wound I had to move it aside. It was just over the wound and was thick with blood. I now produced the hat discovered by the wharfinger.

"Is this the article?" "This is the article or its ghost!" he said agerly. "Where did you find it?" eagerly. "Where did you and it?" I told him, and he agreed with my expla-

nation of the discovery. "It seems as if nourder will out, my

friend," he said, slowly and solemnly. is very strange, very wonderful!"

"And very lucky, doctor. I have sent down to the city to discover the whereabouts of the woman, Ella Constant. If she has disappeared from the city, and if we can trace her here on the evening of the murder, we shall have made up our case. am willing to wager that the girl will be traced to this place when she mysteriously vanishes. As to the murderer or murderers, I am equally certain, and in a couple of days, my good doctor, you will see justice vindicated by one who has not been fairly treated. They may ruin Lecoq Fox's chances, but they can't rob him of his talents, as Mr Durand will find, even though he takes to

his heels to avoid me !" We discussed the subject for an hour or so more without striking on anything of value, and then, with many apologies for lack of conveniences, we drank a parting glass of wine and the doctor showed me to cozy little bed room on the floor above. I intended to do many things before I went to bed-for one thing look over carefully the fragments of letters that I had found at Durand's house, and piece them together in proper sequence; but I was tired, and had en and drank too much. I kicked off my clothes, and crept into bed, and, though slept, I was offlicted with a nightmare all night. It was dream after dream, and I must have got up and walked in my sleep, for when I waked in the morning I had my clothes on, and my polished boots were covered with mud, I know I dreamed of the murder all night, and jumbled things together most beautifully. What I remem-bered most vividly in the morning was a curious dream fancy about the good doctor. I dreamed I saw him g in his shirtsleeves in the below, intently studying a big book, with a spray of golden rod fastened fan-tastically on his shirt front. I dreamed there was a tap on the door, and that he hastily jumped up and opened it, and welcomed into the room the pretty black-haired ady whom I had met on the veranda of the hotel. The young woman wore a hig spray the doctor but his arm around her waist and kissed her gently on both cheeks. I then dreamed they held a long whispered conversation, of which I only caught a few disconnected words. Toward the end of the dialogue, however, I caught a sentence which I afterward repeated and repeated in my sleep in the most meaningless and idiotic manner. I dreamed the black-haired woman

"Golden rod in the window means tran quillity; asters, danger."
"As usual, my dear!" nodded the doctor

"Golden rod, tranquillity; asters, danger." In my sleep the phrase fascinated me ever afterward, throughout the night, I kept repeating, as it by machinery:
"Golden rod, tranquillity; asters, danger!"

CHAPTER VI.

What recalled this phase of my dream to my memory was the following trifle: On entering the sitting room next morning, I saw a gorgeous spray of golden rod in a vase on the little round table in one of the windows. This brought my dream to me like a flash, and for the time being I was mightily

preparing breakfast. He greeted me most cordially. The breakfast hour was still some three-quarters of an hour distant, and, not to disturb my host, and at the same time to begin my day's work, I went out into the open air and walked in the direction of the hotel to receive the report of Policeman Blind, who had presumably watched all night, and to dismiss him for a few hours' night, and to dismiss him for a few hours needed sleep. He had nothing very valuable to report. Guests, male and female, had left the hotel and returned to it, but not the particular woman whom he had been ordered to watch. A light had burned in her room all night, and all night the shadow of a woman sitting in an arm-chair had been thrown on the down-drawn curtain. The shadow had not moved for hours, and it was still visible until the sun rose and swallowed the night shadows. I glanced up at the room; it was over the veranda roof, but saw nothing, of course, but the down-drawn curtain. Just above this room was an open window and in it was a spray of golden rod. While I was gazing at it I caught a glimpse through the open window of a pretty-faced, black-haired maiden, who was none other than the woman I had met the day before on the veranda.
A charming, innocent face, but I could not

dream. dream.
"Golden rod tranquillity; asters, danger!"
I repeated aloud, and thoughtfully.
"Were you there?" asked Policeman
Blind; his foolish face filled with astonish-

admit it just then for I again thought of my

"What do you mean?" I asked with dignity. "Why, sir," he answered, "while I was watching here last night a woman came out of the hotel, and as she was muffled up so I of the hotel, and as she was muffled up so I couldn't see her face. I thought first it was the woman I was set to watch. It was a black, dark night, and I followed the muffled-up figure for a space. It came down the road and was met by a man in a big overcont, with the high collar pulled about his ears and face. The two walked back toward the hotel talking in whispers. They storged at the hotel starts and I heard the stopped at the hotel steps, and I heard the woman say:

"Golden rod in the window means tranquillity; asters danger." quillity; asters danger."

"As usual, my dear Joan. Golden rod tranquillity; asters danger." The woman entered the hotel again and the man passed down the road; but somehow or other the thing stuck in my memory, and as I watched I kept repeating, "Golden rod tranquillity; asters danger," like a machine.
"He called her Joan?"

"Yes, and that is what proved to me she wasn't the woman I was watching; for you said her name was Amelia—Amelia Glaye!" "Would you know the man again?"

"No; for I didn't particularly notice him and then, I wasn't told to watch any man!" The fellow's stupidity was exasperating but with our police system run by politiclans, and merit and skill deliberately kept in the background, what can you expect? I dismissed the man until evening, and then, with a last glance at the open window

trotted back to the doctor's cottage. I put a different interpretation on my dream now, and saw in it more truth than nightmare. The hard nut I was at that moment trying my teeth on was: Did the doctor surreptitiously meet the black-haired maiden, and if so, what was the cause of the midnight meeting? Was the black-haired woman's named Joan, and who was she, and what was her antecedents? Was this last discovery connected with the murder that I had determined to unravel? These questions were more easily asked than answered, but though the log was deepening around me I did not despair. For one thing, I deter-mined to keep an unblinking and pro-fessional eye on the doctor and his doings without letting him suspect.

Dr. Brandt was waiting breakfast for me, and he good naturedly grumbled at my delay, especially as the "omelet soufflee" was in danger of spoiling. I was as hungry as a hunter, and, as an appetizing odor was all around me, I temporarily forgot my profession to ply my knife and fork like a man. I was not tempted by the arry omelet, which the doctor said was "light as a woman's sigh," but I hung on the solids, especially the mushrooms on toast and the Hamburg steak. My host talked gaily, but his humor was forced; every now and then he unconsciously stopped speaking for a second or so, and his attitude and expression suggested that he was listening. He talked on indiferent subjects, and I purposely followed his lead to see how long it would be before he referred to the murder. Once when he was giving me an elaborate account of Heidelperg he suddenly broke off to ask:

'Dia you sleep well, my friend?" When I answered, "sound as a top," a cloud seemed to lift from before his face. "The waves plash, plash, plash ever," he said, "and I feared the sound might disturb

It did me at first." "I like the sound, doctor. But what a wonderful place this is for golden rods and asters." I continued innocently. "The fields round about here this morning are all gold and white. I shall take a big batch back to

the city with me when I go.' 'Shall you go soon?" "I shall send a description of the man

Durand down to headquarters, or, rather, to be exact, I sent the description down last night by one of my assistants." "So! You have assistants here?" he asked in surprise. "I thought it was your pride to

unravel the mystery alone." "I cannot be everywhere, and so I have a man watching the hotel, and two or three others in different situations." I exaggerated for a special reason of my

"Have you received any fresh informa-This time his anxiety was badly con-

cealed. "Enough, doctor, to warrant me in the belief that the murder hides a greater mys-tery than I at first suspected. The man Durand could tell a great deal, but just now he is out of my grasp. The mature and pretty Amelia Glaye could tell me a great deal, and I shall pay her another visit to-day; but I now believe there are other people mixed up in the crime who could tell

me a great deal if they wished." "You know them, my friend?" "I will discover them in good time. the present moment the woman Amelia Glaye interests me most; she and the woman

I said this at random, but with deliberation, and was rewarded by seeing the doctor drop the spoonful of cream that he was raising to his lips. He quickly recovered, but not before I congratulated myself on

my subtle diplomacy.
"Who is Joan?" he asked calmly. "You shall hear all in good time, doctor. Just now I am working to surprise you.' "Lecoq Fox," he nodded approvingly. "You deserve the name. Ah! but the guilty rould tremble if they knew you were their track. I am proud to call you friend. Joan!" he murmurred, thoughtfully.

is a pretty name!"
"And the maiden that bears it is also pretty!" I answered, again at random, but

with inspiration.

This time my host was entirely unmoved. "Detectives are lucky men," he said, chucking gayly. "Lecoq Fox and the da-mozelle Joan! If I were younger, I could envy you."

I exerted all my skill to draw him out, but he was either too ignorant or too cun-ning to fall into the trap. After the one success I scored, he defied me with his inughing good humor, assumed of course. He indulged in a smiling discourse on the word "Joan," quoted Latin, Greek, German and Sanscrit or all I know, and ealightened me on a wonderful page of religious history. For a time interest absorbed sus-picion, and I joined in his laughter till my

ides sched.

But I had work to do. I parted with the doctor and devoted a couple of the morning hours to the runaway Durand, I questioned everybody within a radius of a quarter of a mile, but not a single individual could give me the smallest item of information. No one bad seen Durand, no one knew that he had gone away. No one remembered to have seen him on the day before, but I soon dis-covered that everybody suspected him of having a hand in the crime. He had spoken freely to his criends of his love affair; he had called Ella Constant, the murdered woman, a "leech," a "curse of his life," and an obstacle to a rich marriage. I also learned that he was head and ears in debt, and that the one

dream of his life was the making of money without work. As I delved deeper into this unsavory history I discovered that the man Durand had spoken of his conquest on the heart of Amelia Glaye, and even went so far as to assert that he preferred the "dear old sedate lady to all the giddy girls in the place." Everybody called him good-natured, but they spoiled the compliment by adding that he was reckless, and that, when under the influence of wine, of which he was unwisely fond, he was more of a wild animal than a reasoning man.

than a reasoning man.

This was all very satisfactory as far as it went, and confirmed me in the belief that Cyril Durand played the principal part in the tragedy. But where did my friend, the doctor, come in? It did not want any very fine received to a view at the conclusion. fine reasoning to arrive at the conclusion that both Cyril Durand and Amelia Glave were interested in removing the persistent Ella Constant out of their path. But what interest had Dr. Brandt in it? He discovered the crime and notified the authorities. He had assisted justice by removing a couple jewels from the dead body, a very valuable assistance as I was soon to discover, and through his energy the lost diamond earring of Mrs. Glaye had been found. So far as the crime was concerned, every action of his had been that of an flonest, conscientions man. But what was the meaning of his mysterious meeting with the woman called "Joan?" For my own sotisfaction I determined to find out at once. The woman had entered the hotel, and consequently her name would be found on the "guests'" book. The intention was no sooner formed than I trotted over to the hotel and consulted the register of names. The result? The name "Joan" was only conspicuous by its absence. There was "Ione," Amelia, Berabsence. There was "Ione," Amelia, Ber-tha, Frances and so on, but not an approach to a Joan. The clerk could give me no information, and so, for the present, I was compelled to rest in ignorance. While I was leaning on the desk speaking to the clerk the pretty black haired woman of the verands came tripping downstairs dressed as for a walk. But she did not leave the hotel; she tripped to the desk, received a couple of letters and then tripped upstairs

"Who is that pretty woman?" I asked the clerk, after be had given his black mustache its most fascinating curve.
"Miss Ione Grande," he answered, gazing

"Any of her folks here?"

"No, she is a sort of confidential companion and friend of Mrs. Glaye. Waits on the elder lady, who is an invalid." "Come here with her?" "No; succeeded a woman who was as ugly

"A quiet, lady-like creature."
"A patient, amiable angel," said the young clerk enthusiastically.
"Very attentive to her mistress?"

"Wearing her life out by humoring the whims of an eccentric. Up with the old lady every night in the week or very near." "The mistress seems to be very quiet." "You should have lived here for the last four weeks!" said the clerk dryly. "Hys-

teries and a million contradictory orders a day. But she pays well for it and it is none of my business." I had a burning desire to become more closely acquainted with the fascinating Ione Grande, and so I slipped up the stairs and tapped on the door of Mrs. Glave's sitting room. As I expected, it was opened by the charming Ione. "I would like to see Mrs. Glaye."
"Impossible just now," she said softly, gliding into the hall and closing the door

after her. "She has been very nervous; awake all night, and she is peacefully sleeping now. If you would come to the hote parlor and deliver the message to me. I will aithfully report it to Mrs. Glave, Or if this s impossible, you might call in a couple of nours, when she will probably be awake." It was a soft, sweet voice, a soft, sweet manner, and if purity and innocence were

ever written on the face of a woman, they were written in that of Miss Jone Grande. "If it is no trouble I will follow you to She led the way to a buge room, richly furnished, and stood with one white hand on the table gazing inquisitively at me. Save

the table gazing inquisitively at me. Save ourselves, the room was empty.

"You have heard of the murder that was tell she wur mos' out o' her head," and the committed here?" I asked, keeping a protessional eye and ear widely open.

That one moonlit night she mounted a gether in it, and he does this in a very it has haunted me ever since. It was hor
That one moonlit night she mounted a gether in it, and he does this in a very curious way.

He passes the thin strip of metal into

You will then be rejoiced to hear that I upon a thing it had been afraid to look am Detective Felix Fox, sent down discover the guilty parties." The little eyebrows were still inquisitively raised, as if the little head was puzzling it-

self to discover what bearing the announce ment had on her. "You know, Miss Grande, that in working out a case like this a detective is frequently compelled to ask questions that at surface

"I did not know it," she said, with a fascinating little smile, "and I thank you for telling me. Am I to be asked impertinent

"I came to see Mrs. Glaye; but you could help me considerably with a little infor-

"What am I to tell? I fear you will find me a very useless witness."
"Let me judge. You know that Mrs. Glaye went out on the night of the murder, and that it was a very unusual thing for her to do. I understand that you offered to ac-

company her and she refus "As she had the right to do." "You saw her when she returned?" "Necessarily."

"She was excited?" "Panting as one out of breath from a long walk or a struggle." "Hysterical is the word that will save me from a false interpretation of a kind lady's

condition. "Yet you noticed and were surprised the condition?" "I noticed it, but was not surprised." she

answered quietly. "I was not interested in it further than its effect on Mrs. Glaye's health." "You called the doctor?"

"Yes; but she had regained her calmness before he came. I never saw her so calm since I first knew her "You have been with her long?"

"A little over three weeks. By your personal questions I begin to fear that you suspect me," she said, with what I can only call the whisper of a light laugh. "It is not

"And it is not true. Professionally I am only interested in Mrs. Glaye." She had the most attractive smile I ever saw, and rewarded my implied compliment by flinging a coquettish one at me.
"My mind is relieved!"

"Then we will continue the inquisition. You are sequainted with Mr. Durand?" "He does not even know my name." "Yet you must have seen him."

"Only transiently as the visitor of Mrs. Glaye. At such times I am not in her "He visited her frequently?" "She was a great temptation to a reckless young man without money." This with icy disdain. "It was rumored that he was in love with the daughter. Mrs. Glaye never attempted to conceal that it was she with

he was in love." "He intended to marry her?" "He never spoke to me; I can only say that she intended to marry him." [To be continued next Sunday.]

HOW THE ANCIENTS SWORE

Derivation of the Everyday Express By Jiminy-Onthe for Ludies.

Among the ancient Romans it was considered the thing for each man to have some particular god to habitually awear by. ome swore by Jupiter, others by Mars, others still by Minerva, and so on. Castor and Pollux were usually appealed to as the "Twins"—"By Gemini!"—the phrase whence we get our exclamation, "By It was thought very improper for Roman It was thought very improper for Roman ladies to swear by the male gods, but they were permitted to take the names of the Twins in vain, and also especially that of Venus. In moments of great aggravation they might go so far as to cry "Mecastor!"—
"By Castor!" The Greeks awore by the cabbage, which was the most prized of

cabbage, which was the most prized of vegetables.

VIRGINIA SKETCHES. side, and I should not care to meet those hungry, welfish eyes in the dead of night, and en the mountain tops. THE TRADITIONAL CHURCH MOUSE. Sad Story of Evelyn Belle and Her

The TRADITIONAL CHURCH MOUSE.

There is a little church standing here, on the old Valley turnpike, which bears an interesting story. It is the old Augusta meeting house, and was surrounded by a large breastwork in the days before the Indians were driven westward. But my story is not with the pioneer times, nor of the past. To-day, this very hour, up among the rafters of that church live one of the most ancient and interesting families there is, perhaps, on the face of the globe. Think of it! Up among the rafters father, mother, grandfather, grandmother and the greatgreat and noble ancestry for generations untold have here lived and thrived. What they live upon, whether it be bats or owls, they live upon, whether it be bats or owls or the nightly offerings of some ghostly pre-decessor, has been all mystery to the good people of the Shenandosh. But there to-day the lean old mother suckles a brood of five strapping young ones. Here is the original, traditional church mouse; but "I'll be gol-durned," quoth the rustic, "ef the' ain't the fattes' church mice the' is in the land." fattes' church mice the' is in the land." I said it was a mystery about the manner of their livelihood, but it is no longer. In the yard without there is a burying ground, and the bones of hundreds of old Christians repose there, or at least did. For leading from the old church there is a hole down and down through many cavernous underground paysagagars and these areas areas and these areas areas and these areas and these areas areas areas and these areas areas and these areas areas areas areas and these areas ar ground passageways, and there every night the feast is spread, and this ancient family ather around and raise their eyes in thanks. They are not poor, nor will they ever be a long as the old graveyard is being repleu-ished. Think! think of having your big toe nibbled off, then served up in nibbles and passed around until all have nibbled

One night, nigh unter seedin' time, las' sufficiently. fall, my wife, Mandy, woke me up an' call WAY UP ON STONY MAN. thet thar was somebody huntin' coous over Up the water course and up the moun-tains back of Luray to Stony Man is a ro-mantic ride, and there is, perhaps, one of thicket, an' when I went, lo! thar he most beautiful views in the world. The Valley of Virginia in its entirety stretches beneath and before you, the mountains look like hills, and the tiniest specks imaginable are the cities of Winchester and Staunton. But people quickly tire of the descriptive, and nothing more need be said than that if the view at Harper's Ferry is worth a voyage across the Atlantic, surely this is worth a trip from the moon. Few heretofore have ever been able to make the ascent of these mountains, but now a pretty road is taking the place of the old Indian trail, and no one goes to Luray but who wishes to climb

one goes to Luray but who wishes to climb Stony Man.

Up on the top of it all there is being erect-ed a number of novel cottages and a hotel which promises much. But most unique of all is to be the method of transportation to and from Stony Man. You are to be whirled up and up in a balloon, and landed on the tip of the highest mount. But when you get there and learn the traditions of the place, you must go and sit some bright night by the lower crag, which will be pointed out to you, until the night is half gone, and hear that little, shrill, jangled cry float up on the wind from the gorge beneath, and think of the beautiful Evelyn Belle.

Some say it is the wind, but the wind never sounds that way. WILMER WELLINGTON.

TESTING THE COINS.

lion, she wur, an' sir, as good hearted as How Uncle Sam's Assayer Gets the Average an angel. She would er been livin' yet but fur thet English fellar. The dog-goned fellar made her believe he wur agoin' ter marry her. I dunno what he did, but Metal of a Sliver Dollar. Washington Star. J

From every tresh lot of silver dollars made a few are sent to the Government assayer at Washington for testing. Weighing is but a matter of scales, but it is decreed that the dollar, for instance, must be exactly ninetenths silver, the remaining tenth being copper, and a variation of not more than 114 grains in the quantity of the noble metal is allowed. First, the silver dollar has to be rolled out thin in a machine, because when the coin is made the silver in it has a tendency to go toward the middle, so that the metal on the outside is not so fine as within. But the assayer must discover the average fineness of the piece in order to

which the dollar has been rolled through a little contrivance operated by a crapk that is turned by the hand. The strip comes out punched as full of holes as it can be, while hundreds of small circular disks about the size of a gold quarter fall out of the holes thus made into a tiny box below. Next the disks are taken out of the drawer and mixed up; a few of them are taken from the lot and hey, representing the average of silver, are subjected to chemical analysis,

LIONS AND LOCOMOTIVES.

They Cannot Exist Together, So the King Bensts Must Go.

The lions of India appear to be going the way of the great bustard and the dodo, says the London Daily News, and the reason is found in the extension of railways, for the monarch of the forest chares with Mr. Ruskin a mortal antipathy to the smoke and screams of locomotives. Within the memory of many persons lions were commo enough in Rajputana, and even now the roa of one may be heard occasionally in the wild est parts of Central India; but the new railway from Nagpur is now being constructed through this country, and this is practically a notice to quit served upon the few remain

ng lions in the central provinces. Practically the only lions now remaining that are worth mentioning seem to be the race existing in Kattywar, which was visited by Prince Albert Victor the other day. Their numbers remain, it is believed, pretty tationary.

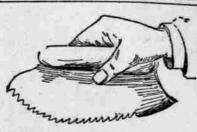
A DIAMOND IS USEFUL.

The Renson a St. Louis Drummer Has fo Wearing a Cheap Sparkler.

A St. Louis drummer, says the Globe Democrat, says he has found by experience that a small diamond worn in the necktienot in the shirt front-served as a badge of respectability wherever he went. If he went into a restaurant and found that he had forgotten his pocket-book he was never asked to leave his watch until he could pay his bill, and he was never asked to pay in advance by an hotel clerk if he went to the hotel withaut baggage. In short, wherever he went that little \$60 diamond proclaimed that there was a man who was not pressed for money and who could be trusted.

USEFUL IN THE KITCHEN. Very Simple Arrangement for Scraping Ment and Scaling Fish. st, Louis Post-Dispatch.]

The accompanying sketch illustrates ver thoroughly a simple and novel kitchen utensil, with which meat can be finely scraped and which also serves for the scaling hour of our conversation out there in the fields, George K— sent himself to his account with a pistol ball. If such things holder, the lower part is sharp,



toothed. Readers can easily see how this unique device must be handled. If used for scraping and chopping meat this must be first cut in thin slices. Then hold the piece of meat with your left hand and with the right scrape the meat with the scraper, applying a slight pressure. Chapped meat ried away by the visitor. But over in the ried away by the visitor. But over in the in mountains yonder there are bare driven fields and stubby trees, and lank poverty-ridden people, who, they say, live mostly on berries in summer, and tie their dogs at night that they themselves may get what persimmons fall during autumn months, and then in winter they starve, and yet somehow manage to live. One such did I see yesterday picking berries by the roadplying a slight pressure. Chopped meat prepared in this way is much looser and more juicy and perfectly free from fibers, which is not the case with meat that the butcher chops for us. In scaling fish the in-strument is used in much the same manner, being scraped against the layers of scales.

PYRAMIDS OF SNOW.

Beautiful Mount Shasta and the Other Oregon Earth Giants.

THE SOURCE OF THE SACRAMENTO.

Wonders of Crater Lake, in Which no Line Has Reached a Bottom.

STREAMS THAT DELIGHT SPORTSMEN

CORRESPONDENCE OF THE DISPATOR 1

PORTLAND, ORE., June 17. With the exception of the Canadian Pacific and the Rio Grande, there is no railway on this continent which offers to tourists such a unique and imposing variety of mountain and forest scenery as the Oregon and California, or Shasta route, which connects San Francisco with Portland. For many hours after leaving Sacramento the train follows the banks of the Sacramento river, whose water in this upper part is as clear as the Rhine in Switzerland. No fewer than 18 times does the train cross the winding river, which at every turn offers a new picturesque view. But it is not until Mt. Shasta comes

into view that the real grandeur of this route is made evident. Mr. Bryce in his "American Commonwealth" insinuates that there is little fine scenery in this country; but if there is another railroad in the world which skirts the base of an isolated snow mountain over 14,000 feet in height, and so vast in circumference that it takes the train five or six hours to get around it, I have not seen it or heard of it. And Shasta is only one of half a dozen snow peaks which may be admired on this route and its continuation north to Tacoma and Seattle.

A WONDERFUL SERIES. There is something absolutely unique about what may be called the Oregon system of mountain peaks (since Oregon once embraced all this region), beginning with Shasta (14,440 feet) in Northern California, Shasta (14,440 feet) in Northern California, and including the Three Sisters (8,500 feet), Mt. Jefferson (9,000 feet) and Mt. Hood (11,200 feet), in Oregon, and Mts. St. Helens (9,750 feet), Adams (9,570 feet), and Tacoma (14,444) in Washington. Elsewhere—as in Switzerland, or along the Canadian Pacific Railway—snow peaks are always adjacent or tumbled together in irregular groups; and this is the case away irregular groups; and this is the case even

in the Sierra Nevada of Central California. But the "Oregon" earth giants, from Shasta to Tacoma, are all isolated peaks separated by many miles from other peaks, with only a low range of mountains to con-nect them; and this gives them a grandeur and individuality which is lacking in peaks that simply form one of an irregular group. As Mr. Joaquin Miller poetically puts it: "Here the shining pyramids of white, start-ing sudden and solitary from the great black sea of firs, standing as supporting pillars to the dome of intense blue sky, startle, thrill and delight you, though you have stood un-moved before the sublimest scenes on

GRANDER THAN MT. WHITNEY. It is owing to this isolation that Shasta is the grandest mountain in California, Mt. Whitney is several hundred feet higher, but it stands in a region where there are 100 peaks each over 13,000 feet in height, and therefore is not able to assert itself properly. Moreover, Whitney is several hundred miles further south, where the solar heat disposes of the snow fields every summer

and does not compel them to seek the valley in the shape of glaciers; whereas Shasta has five glaciers, one of which is more than three miles long. Jefferson, Hood and Ta-coma also have some fine glaciers, easily As compared with the mountains of Switzerland, Shasta has this advantage, that, whereas the former rarely, even in summer, have the advantage of standing out against a clear, blue sky, which adds so very much to the sublimity of the scene, Shasta rears

after month into the cloudless azure. Late in summer, however, it loses some of its grandeur through the melting of most of te snow fields; and in this respect Mt Hood is superior to Shasta, as it keeps its snow mantle throughout the usual Oregon sum-

VOLCANIC HEAT INSIDE. Besides the California sun, the snows o Shasta have another enemy in the internal volcanic heat which has not yet subsided. Shasta has its big craters, and there are a score of smaller ones in the lower neighbor-ing cones. A few hundred feet below the summit there is a hot sulphur spring, to whose heat John Muir and Jerome Fay, being caught in a snow storm in 1875, owed the preservation of their lives.

One of the best ways to realize the great height of Shasta is by noting the very long time the sun lingers on the mountain side after it has set at Sissons, in Strawberry Valley-fully half an hour. After it has gone down, on dark nights in May, a soli-tary star will arise immediately over the summit, looking at first as if some venturesome climber had started a fire. Dwarfed by the distance, one does not realize how jagged are the ridges of Shasta until the evening sun casts their gray silhouettes on the adjacent white snow fields.

One of the most interesting places of this vicinity is the source of the Sacramento river. About a mile from Stssons at a place to which steps lead down from the railway tracks, the water rushes out from severa springs in a great volume, forming immediately a trout brook of respectable size, which hurries away in the new daylight as if glad to have escaped its subterranean source. FROM MT. SHASTA'S WEALTH OF SNOW,

These springs issue from under Mt. Shasta and doubtless owe their being to the melting of snow and glacier ice by the internal volcanic heat—a worthy origin of so romantic a river as the Sacramento. Near these springs is a valuable iron water spring which is a most valuable possession, now that Sissons is getting to be a regular resort for the San Franciscans, Portlanders and Eastern tourists, not only on account of the view of Shasts, but because of the beautiful forest scenery and the excellent trout fishing in the neighboring McCloud river. Six large rivers and many smaller ones are born of Shasta and neighboring peaks, and it is these icy streams that the trout and the salmon delight in. The Sacramento itself, however, does not afford any sport in this

vicinity. After leaving Sissons, Shada still remains in sight for some time, for it takes time even for a railway to get away from a mountain of which it has been remarked that "If it could be sawed off at the 4,000-foot level, or 500 feet above the valley, the oval plan thus made would be 80 miles in circumference." Some of the views of Shasta after leaving Sissons are even grander than at that station, and in certain atmospheric conditions the snow cone may be seen floating, as it were, on a mystic haze

A DIFFERENCE IN RAIN. Passing on it becomes obvious at once that the chief difference between Oregon and California is comprised in the word rain. Shortly after crossing the Oregon line evi-

dence begins to multiply that we have en-tered the rain belt. There are more deciduous trees, more ferns and mosses, more underbrush in the pine forests, and, most significant of all, more rivers. California has in its whole coast line of 700 miles only one navigable river, while Oregon, with a coast line of only 350 miles, has four navigable rivers—the Rogue, the Umpqua, the Willamette and the Columbia, with many smaller ones. The Willamette has some tributaries which alone would make the fortune of several counties in Southern California where nothing can be done without irrigation, whereas in Oregon no one but vegetable gardeners ever think of such a thing. One of these tributaries is the Pudding river, along the banks of which many charming scenes may derbrush in the pine forests, and, most sig-

be taken in, and which is full of fish which, however, have the peculiarity that they never take a balt. In the Santiam and some of the other rivers the fishing is elegant, and the creeks are full of trout and of crawfish, which are delicious, and of which I have caught as many as a hundred in an hour with three strings and three pieces of bee!. A !avorite form of picnicking in Oregon is to take a saucepan and salt, catch a few hun-dred of these tender, juicy crawfish, boil them and enjoy a feast fit for prelates.

THE RECORD OF RAINFALL,

The rain to which Oregon owes its numer the southern as in the northern part of the State. There is a gradual transition from 32 inches at Jacksonville to 38 at Salem, 53 at Portland and 72 at Astoria. The Roque River Valley has been described as "a compromise between the droughts of California and the great rain of the Willamette Valley." Grapes are raised here equal to the best in California, and the peaches have been known to tetch higher prices in the San Francisco markets than the California

varieties. Melons are also raised here in great abundance. The large lakes, the Upper and Lower Klamath, will in course of time become the popular resorts of Oregonians, and some miles north of the Upper Klamath is Crater Lake, which, although much smaller, is by the Oregonian considered the greatest curi-oait; on the Pacific coast, and which used to be, and still is, regarded as holy ground by the Indians of the neighborhood. Local authorities tell us that "in the past none but medicing was visited;" medicine men visited it, and when one of the tribe felt called to become a teacher, he spent several weeks at the lake in prayer to the Shabulah Tyee."

WONDERFUL CRATER LAKE.

Crater Lake lies in the heart of the Cascade Mountains, and at so great an eleva-tion—6.257 leet—as to be rendered inacces-sible, except in summer, by the depth of the snow in the surrounding forests. In the older guide books Crater Lake is put down as Mystic Lake. Mystic it certainly is, but its present name is preferable, because more definite, for Crater Lake is really a body of water which, like Tahoe, fills up a volcanic orifice. orifice. And a most gigantic crater it was, for the circumference of the lake is more than 20 miles. There is only one place where one can climb down to the water: the rest of the shore consists of precipitous walls from 1,500 to 3,000 feet in height, which are less slanting than they appear in photographs.

These high walls, which are mirrored in the water with their fringe of trees, effectually shut out the mountain breezes, so that the water is placed and rarely ruffled. There is something mysterious about this water, for it has no visible or discoverable inlet or outlet, and yet it is always clear and sweet. Fish, however, do not inhabit it, probably because none have succeeded in getting there; and even water fowl, it is said, avoid this solitary silent mountain In the middle of the lake stands an island.

about three miles long, of volcanic origin, rising to a point 845 feet high and ending in a crater 475 feet in diameter. OF UNFATHOMABLE DEPTH.

There are caves along the shores which may have some connection with the water supply as a current is observable near them. The depth of the lake has never been ascertained, but it has been sounded for 2,000 feet without reaching bottom. A few years ago an effort was made to have the Crater Lakeregion reserved as the Oregon National Park, and in 1888 a bill to this effect passed the United States Senate. As there is much valuable timber in the neighboring mountain ranges and much fine grazing land, there is reason to believe that a branch road will ere long connect Crater Lake with the Oregon and California Railroad, and when that is built every visitor to the Pacific coast will feel that he can no more afford to miss this lake than the other two scenic wonders of Oregon, the Columbia river and

Mt. Hood. Going southward toward Portland the wonderful fertility of the Willamette Valley is what chiefly arrests the attention of tonr ists. Wood being cheaper than coal in this region, the train frequently stops to get a fresh load of fuel from the huge piles of timber which at intervals extend along the oad, sometimes a quarter of a mile without

GIANT STALKS OF WHEAT. During these stops some young man m be seen running to a neighboring wheat field or oat field to compare height with the stalks -sometimes to his disadvantage. But these rich agricultural lands were all taken up long ago, and the immigrant with a slender purse and a desire for Government land has

to seek a region more remote from the rail-

way. The towns along this route, including Roseburg, Eugene, Albany, Salem and Oregon City, have not grown as fast during the last ten years as Portland, or as the towns of Washington and California, but the inhabitants confidently believe that their day will come when the more sensa tional California and Washington towns have passed through their boom period, and they modestly claim that they prefer steady and slow growth to a boom which too often becomes a retrograde boomerang. At Oregon City, tourists should be on the lookout for the falls of the Willamette, below which the Indians formerly used to spear salmon, but which now serve the most prosaic purpose of furnishing water power to the woolen mills on the spot and electric power to Portland, 12 miles away.

HENRY T. FINCK.

HIGHEST EVER PAID. One of Melssonier's Famous Canvases Solls

for \$50,000 France. Pall Mall Budget.] There is nothing like art as an invest-

nent-if you only know what to buy and when to sell. Here, for instance, is Meissoneir's "1814," which, as reported from Paris, was purchased the other day from M. Delahaute by a dealer for 500,000 francs and immediately resold to M. Chauchard, formerly manager of the Louvre drapery shop, for 850,000 francs. This amount (\$165,000) is not only the highest price ever riven for a picture by a living artist, but, n proportion to the size of the work, is the ighest price ever given for any picture by

any artist living or dead.

The Blenheim Raphael in the National Gallery fetched £14 per square inch; the Terburg, £24; the tiny Correggio, £29. But "1814," which is 30 inches by 20, has fetched £58 per square inch, thus beating by £2 the inch Mr. Ruskin's Meissonier (12 inches by 9), which sold at Christie's in 1882 for £6,090, or £56 per square inch.

CHEATING THE WIND.

The Broad Headgear is Being Superseded by Narrower and Firmer Articles.

The Season 1 Everyone knows what havor the fresh winds play with the broad trimmed hats, which they turn and twist as if Boress wished to get a full view of the fair wearer's face. And as he plays his pranks mostly



at this time of year our present model hat, with narrowed brim has doubtless been introduced to baffle his rough play. The fine straw is trimmed with striped colored velvet. Three large puffs, the front one almost touching the hair, are gracefully placed diagonally across the hat.

NAMES IN ENGLAND.

Tourists Mustn't Expect to Pronounce Them as They're Spelled.

SOME VERY AMUSING INSTANCES.

An Election Affected by the Unfortunate Mouthing of a Word.

HINTS FOR EUROPEAN TRAVELERS

[WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.]

When the long-looked-for tide of republicanism sweeps over conservative England, an effort will no doubt be made to reform the spelling and pronunciation of British proper names. Until that somewhat doubtful epoch arrives, however, the average foreigner will have to wrestle as best he can with the extraordinary orthography which now distinguishes the parent country.

Americans are particularly "disgruntled" by these English names. The child of Columbia is taught economy of the alphabet as well as of the pocket book. He thinks it a positive sin to spell a name "Worcester" or "Gloucester" and pronounce it "Woester" or "Gloster." The idea of a man writing himself "Cholmondeley" and expecting the world to call him "Chumley," is too much for the letter-sparring Westerner. But John Bull accepts this ridiculous system of nomenclature with the utmost good humor, and even takes pride in the stumbling block he has created for those not reared in Merrie England.

And these names of places and great families prove a veritable stumbling block to the uninitiated. Take for instance the sad mistakes which Mr. Steelrail, of Pitts-burg, and M. Jacques Bonbomme, of Montours, and M. Jacques Bonbomme, of Mont-martre, are bound to make when they start on their tour through Great Britain. It is just possible that these distinguished citizens may obtain an audience with the Most Noble Marquis, who is now Prime Minister. If they are so lucky they must not call him "Lord Salisbury," but rather "Lord Sawls-berry.' Do they wend their way to Epsom Downs to witness the greatest hore was Downs to witness the greatest horse race in the world? If so, it were well to remember that the name of that race is "Darby," not Derby. Is Oxford, that "city of palaces." the object of their desires? Then let them note carefully that pronunciation and spelling do not walk hand in hand by the banks of Isis. For instance, Magdalen College, Joseph Addison's alma mater, is called "Maudlin College;" alma mater, is called "Maudlin College; and Caius, another famous college of the university, is always pronounced "Keys." In the metropolis it is just as bad. Good Mr. Steelrail, of Pittsburg; worthy M. Bonhomme, from Montmartre, don't, unless you want to give the cabmen fits, pronounce Marylebone or Holborn as they are written. Marylebone is "Marrabun," and Holborn

SOME FAMILY NAMES. Suppose our voyagers have the entree to good society, It is necessary that they good society. It is necessary that they should learn how to pronounce the great family names. Here is a list, over which it may pay them to ponder, Grosvenor, is pronounced "Grovenor;" Colquhoun is Cohoon; and Knollys "Knowles." St. Leger, St. John, and St. Clair, are respectively "Sallinger," "Sinjin," and "Sinclair." Beauchamp must be called "Beecham," and Brougham, "Broom." On this side of the Atlantic it may surprise many to learn that Bulwer is called "Buller;" and Cowper, "Cooper."
Majoribanks, in an English mouth, is abbreviated to "Marchbanks; while Cockburn and Wemyss become "Coburn" and "Weems."

If M. Bonhomme and his transoceanic

friends visit the country houses after the London season they will have to open their ears very wide in order to catch the pronunciation of many historic halls and eastles. Mr. Gladstone's place in Wales is, as everybody knows, Hawarden Castle. But this Hawarden is pronounced "Harden," although Lord Hawarden, a prominent Irish peer, is called "Haywardea." Then the magnificent home of the Duke of Rutland, eauvoir Castle, in Lin of as "Beaver," which seems a meaningless corruption of a fine old Norman name. Among the shires and country towns the ease is quiet as bad. "Norwich" one mus call "Norridge;" Cirencester is pronounced "Sissister;" while Abergavenny and Bol

ingbroke are turned into "Abergenny" and

"Bullingbrook," Then one must say "Bark-shire" and "Darlyshire;" and instead of

Alnwick and Berwick-speak of "Annick" and "Berrick." AN ENGLISH ELECTION STORY. Some years ago a near relative of the writer happened to be wooing the gentle parliamentary electors of Warwickshire. The campaign brought the future M. P. to a certain quarter of the shire, whereof the 'squire and overlord was one Sir Stuke-ley Shuckburgh. Sir Stukeley was a fine young fellow, and the Shuckburghs have lived at Shuckburgh since Edward the Confessor's time. But unfortunately there was a Dowager Lady Shuckburgh who was touchy in the extreme. The canvassing M. P. was a good Tory, so Shuckburgh's gates were open to him; but on the very first day of his visit he spoiled all by pronouncing the name of his host as it was spelled. It seemed that Shuckburgh was not called Shuckburgh, but "Shuckbro'." This ap-

parently trivial mistake so incensed old Dame S. that the Shuckburgh interest was lost to the Tory cause at election time. It will thus be seen that the oreigner has no easy time with England's big names. By the time M. Jacques Bonhomme and the aforesaid Mr. Steelrail, of Pittsburg, get through their study of English proper

names they will be very fairly tired. BRENAN.

MYSTERIES OF AMBER. How Bugs and Lizards Were Imprisoned in

It Centuries Ago. Washington Evening Star.] Amber has only recently come to be understood. The ancients regarded it as altogether mysterious and even magical. They found that it was rendered electrical by friction so as to attract light substances, and our word "electricity" comes from the Greek name for amber, which was "electron."

A favorite puzzle with them was how the in-

sects so frequently found inclosed in amber came to be so situated. I have myself seen a chunk of very transparent amber in which a small lizard with five legs was encased, looking as it it might have been alive yesterday, though doubtless it had been dead for thousands of years. The mystery regarding this sort of phenomenon is easily enough explained when it is understood that amber is actually the fossil gum of an extinct kind of cone bearing tree. of an extruct kind of code opering tree. In the process of hardening it imprisoned the flies and other creatures preserved in the chunks of it that are found to-day. The finest specimen of amber in Europe is a cup made of that material now at the Brighton Museum, England. Amber now is worth from \$2 to \$50 a pound, according to its quality. The most important uses

to its quality. The most important uses made of it is for meerschaum and other pipes. [WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.]

A light is drifting down the bay, His jacket is passing fast away Into the twilight shadows gray. She walks the lone and silent beach,

And sees, where far beyond her read Beyond the echo of love's speech, Beyond the touch of friendly hand Out from the safety of the land, His boat goes, ably trimmed and m

Out, out she sails to meet her fate Not so the yachteman, glad, elater He has escaped, at any rate. For on the sands his fate is left— The web she spun with fingers deft Like spider's thread, is rent and cleft

Far, far recedes the shadowy shore The lonely light is seen no more— You've read such things as this bel MADRIJER S. BRID