Paradise of the Hunters.

The Oven Is Out-of-Doors

rived."

The Roman church has a stone cathedrala at Chicoutimi, besides other solid structures. A Canadian author tells of going on a long hunt into the backwoods, and coming out of a shaggy forest upon a clearing, where a massive church lifted its cross to the sun. You cannot doubt his experience. No wilderness is too remote for substantials Cathelia massays.

Where French and Sootch Bloods Meet.

Voiture drivers with their board vehicles

Fanciful Forms of the-dista.

the Saguenay mist but fantastic essence of departed Endian? It writhes over the white man's fireship with such contempt of the white man's haste. It is always lurk-

the white man's haste. It is always turk-ing ready to encompass him and no war-whoop is more childing than its silent breath after midnight.

The Saguenay has become a highway of

The Saguenay has become a mghway or tourists, who come and go briefly; for how few of them care anything about the people of those remote settlements. Rafts of logs float down. Steamers bring the world and

fever of progress,
MARY HARTWELL CATHERWOOD.

MAP OF ROME IN MARBLE.

More Fragments of a Slab That Is Invalu

Catholic masonry.

rensures.

Lakes Above Its Level Ever-Threaten a Johnstown Flood.

A MIGHTY ENGINEERING PROJECT.

Five Hundred Miles of Paved Streets Swept, Every Morning.

THE CITY'S COSMOPOLITAN CHARACTERS

CORRESPONDENCE OF THE DISPATOR.) MEXICO CITY, June 17.



HE city of Mexico is the nearest heaven of the great capitals of the world. It is more than a mile straight up in the air above London, Berlin, Paris or Washington, and it is hemmed in by great mountains which kiss the sky with their frosty lips some two or three miles higher. Here among these

little, eval-shaped valley, about 45 miles long, and some 30 miles wide at the center, which contains half a dozen great lakes, one rising above another, and the level of nearly all being higher than that of the spot on which this great city stands. Mexico was built by the Artecs, and they chose a swamp for a foundation. The Spaniards, when they little, oval-shaped valley, about 45 mileslong, foundation. The Spaniards, when they rebuilt the city, stuck to the old site, and with high ground all around, this great Mexican metropolis stands upon a slimy cose of black mud, so soft that two feet below the surface the water is found, and so that piles may be driven down, going into the earth easier and easier as they go,

A Model of Cleanliness. Tise crust of earth on which the town is nilt seems to be solid, but builders tell me they dare not attempt to make deep founda-tions, and it may be that the city is built ever a great subterranean lake. Consider-



A Mexican Dandy

ng this fact it is a greater wonder tha Venice or Amsterdam, and it is a model in the shape of good pavements, solid build-ings and excessive cleanliness. There is no town in the United States which has cleaner streets than this great Mexican capital, and their condition is even better than that of the streets of Washington at the time of a beginning of a new Congress, when the street-cleaners are doing their work well in the hope of holding on to their job. This cleanliness of Mexico is all the more

This cleanliness of Mexico is all the more wonderful from the fact that the city has no system of severage or dualnage. For more than 300 years the people have lived and died and have east their garbage and their offal into its cesspools. Ten generations of men and women have poured the constant filth of their daily life and an enormous husiness into its soil and all the refuse and the standard and the second into the soil and all the refuse and the second are sinking into waste of 600,000 people are sinking into it to-day. It is, indeed, a wonder that this city is not a mighty

Hospital of Dead and Dying.

According to the ordinary rules of munic pal health its whole population ought to die ff every year, and one would think that the phoid fever and diphtheria would leave e rest of the world for Mexico. The sun and the air, however, fight them, and for the better classes Mexico is a city of life rather than one of death. The life insurance com-penies of New York which have agencies here find that the death rate is very low among the insurable people, and the high death rate of Mexico City comes from the poor Indians, who sleep on the ground satu-rated with this foulest debris of ages, with slimy water two feet below them and with nothing between them and the earth except nothing between them and the earth except size ecitor clothes and the red blanket which form their costumes by day and by night. These die more rapidly than is generally known. The better classes sleep on the sec-end floors and their health is generally good.

ond floors and their health is generally good.

The question of the drainage of Maxico, has been discussed for generations, and it is one of the great problems of to-day. This little vailey has no outlet, and the city is in its lowest part. Lake Texcoco, which at this time is only two feet lower than the level of the city, has an area of 67 square miles, and it rises during the wet season. Several

Has Overflown the City,

and within only a few years back I am told the whole town was covered with three feet of water. One inundation lasted for five years, and the waters were finally carried off by an earthquake, sinking through the crack caused by it. The other lakes are higher than Tescoco, and one of them is 29 feet above the city. A Johnstown flood here would do an immense deal more damage than it did in Pennsylvania, and in coming into the city I rode by a great cut which as Spanish engineer made nearly 300 years ago with the aim of dvaining the lakes and the with the aim of draining the lakes and the calley and carrying the water off into the Gaif of Mexico. A change of government occurred while the work was in operation, and it was family abandoned.

The present Government has given a contract for another immense canal to drain these lakes, and hundreds of men are now

at work on them under American engineers. A big out is being made through the mount A big out is being made torough the mountains and within two or three years at the farthest Mexico City will be out of danger and a vast amount of land now covered with water will be reclaimed. Plans for the sewering of the city are now under conideration, and this canal will, I under-and, he is or 20 feet below the present

The Whole City May Sink A very important question will be as to whether the city will not sink, when the vast amount of water which is found under at every point is removed, and whether such a drainage would not be more disas-trous than a great earthquake. The ex-pense of this danal, so one of the engineers His me, Will be \$5,000,000 or \$8,000,000 and its construction is one of the big engineer-ing projects of the world to-day. This exhowever, is a bagatelle in comparison of the loss by a single inundation. Dur-ing the great flood of 1640 it is estimated that \$40,000,000 of property was destroyed and the Mexico of that time was not more than one-sifth the size in wealth or in population of the Mexico of to-day. In the days of Montesums the lakes surrounded the city.

ABOVE A GREAT CITY Since then they have steadily receded, but the floods may yet come. It is only by dikes and by this Spanish out that the city has been saved several times in the past.

From the above, it might be thought that Mexico was a sort of a second Rotterdam. It is nothing of the kind. Ite 500 miles of streets are as dry as a bone, and the source.

By persons under the charge of polloemen, and every bit of dirt is picked up from the principal streets till they are as clean as a Japanese parlor. These streets of Mexico are well paved and improvements are going on steadily. Not long ago some of the streets were laid with Trinidad asphalt, and this pavement is far better fitted for Mexico than Washington. Others of the streets are their building like that which the Shah Jehan and Akbar had at Delhi in India, and like than Washington. Others of the streets are their buildings it has been alwadered by streets were laid with Trinicad asphalt, and this pavement is far better fitted for Mexico than Washington. Others of the streets are paved with Nicholson blocks and a great many have the old cobble-stones of years ago. The streets are everywhere wide, and on the whole Mexico is a beautiful capital. Take a stand with me on the spire of the



great cathedral which faces the plaza in the center of Mexico. We have pulled the rope at the little side door and have paid our fee to the dark-haired, big-eyed, cream-

The Asteen Sacrificed Their Victims, And upon the great altar which in the days And upon the great altar which in the days of Montesums lay only 50 feet below where we were sitting, 60,000 slaves were sacrificed in one year. In that long, low building there in front of us you may see the wonderfully carved stone upon which the victims lay when the sharp obsidian knife was plunged into their vitals, and there is the great stone pot which was used to catch their blood as it flowed down the tranch from the altan. It was on that altar that Montesuma stood with Cortes when he took him up here to show him his fair city, and the Mexico of the Aztecs three hundred odd years ago, covered very much the same

the Mexico of the Astecs three hundred odd years ago, covered very much the same ground as does the Mexico of to-day.

What a beautiful site for a city!

Mountains on every side of you rise into-the skies making a natural series of fortifi-cations. A great plain of the richest green stretching out on all sides from the vast net-work of buildings until it is lost in the heavy blue of the mountain side. Silvery lakes sparkle like shields of diamonds off in the distance. The great volcances of Popo-

Bring your eyes nearer home and take a look at the city below. It is as big as St. Louis, and Minneapolis and St. Paul could be lost in its borders. Its form is that of be lost in its borders. Its form is that of one of the great cities of Spain, its streets cross one another at right angles, and the center of the network of squares is the plane filled with green trees which lie at our feet. There are a number of these spots of green squares through the network, and there as the right is the long strip of forest where fashionshle Mexico walks foren hour or so on Sunday and where there is music every afternoon the year round.

Further on is the wide evenue known as the Pasco, where you may see any after-

the Paseo, where you may see any afternon as gay a set of turnouts as you will
find in Hyde park or the Bois de Boulogne,
and all around and below you is the great
checkerboard of Mexico Oity. Suppose
yourself hanging still in a balloon above a
five thousand acre farm. Let this farm be
divided up into little square fields and pave
these fields with brick, and make the fields
let but at different levels and you have an flat but at different levels, and you have an idea of how Mexico looks from the skies. The roofs of all the house-are flat.

Not a Chimney to Be Seen. There is not a chimney in the whole city, and you could number the furnaces and the cooking and heating stoves on the fingers of one hand. The Mexican capital does all of its heating by charcoal, and a base-burner would be as much of a wonder here as a fivelegged calt. If you will take your glass you will note that each field is made up of houses and that each of the houses has a

These are

great well or hole in its center.

the paties or courts around which every

Some Mexican Types. Mexican house is built, and which in many Mexican house is built, and which in many cases, constitutes the only garden of the family. Where there are horses this is sometimes used for the storing of the carriages and you note that all the houses stand close up to the street and that the most of them are of less than three stories. On the tops of many of them you see white and gay-colored patches floating to and fro in the breeze. These are family washings, which are usually dried on the roofs, and those great spires and domes which spring up on every side of you are the buildings of the church, which are fewer now than ever-sbefore, and which a few years ago were the richest and most important buildings of the Churches.

Confiscation of the Churches.

The Government now owns these and not the priests. They are allowed to use them only on sufferance, and when they were cononly on sufferance, and when they were confiscated it is said they were worth millions, and that the Government then took from the church property to the amount of \$300,000. This building upon which we are standing cost \$2,000,000 to build, and its roots are shingled with enough brick to pave a town of 10,000 people. Bricks are the shingles of Mexico. They are fastened

ABOVE A GREAT CITY

the floods may yet come. It is only by dikes and by this Spanish out that the city has been saved several times in the past. From the above, it might be thought that he above it might be thought that the above it might be thought that he above it might be thought that the above it might be above it i

their buildings it has been plundered by the unbeliever. After all, however, it

the unbeliever. After all, however, it stands only as a monument of retributive justice. Akbar plundered the people, the Church plundered the Indians and then the Mexicans or Indians under a pure Indian leader, President Juarez, plundered it.

It was right here that Cortes despoiled the Aztees, and that long, low, two-story building which faces the Plaza and which looks more like a great stable than anything else is the National Palace where the Senate of Mexico is now sitting, and in thing else is the National Palace where the Senate of Mexico is now sitting, and in which the Treasury and the Government offices are located. There was the palace of Montezuma, and that site formed the residence of the successors of Cortes. Back of it is the postoffice, and further on is that beehive of ant-like men and wamen, the great market of the City of Mexico, which is as much a sight to-day as it was when the Spaniards entered it and described its wonders. At your feet is the market for flowers and dozens of men under big lats and pretty girls under no hats at all, are there telling the most beautiful of full-blown roses for almost nothing and you can huy a \$20 bouquet for 25 cents.

Its Cosmopolitan-Characters.

Come down from the cathedral and take a walk along the streets. The crowd which moves with and by you is as cosmopolitan as that of any European capital. You are in the Calle de San Francisco where the foreign shops are located and near the principal hotels. Here are Frenchmen, Englishcipal hotels. Here are Frenchmen, Englishmen, Germans, Spaniards and Americans, and mixed with them are the diverse elements of the great Mexican people. A swell carriage with great coach horses dashes by you, its silver-mounted harness glistening in the sunlight, and its coachman wearing a gorgeous sembrero and his pants lined with silven. It contains the wife and daughter of a rich hacendado who are going to take their afternoon ride on the Paseo.

daughter of a rich hacendado who are going to take their afternoon ride on the Pasco. Behind them rides a rich Spaniard in Mexican costume, with saddle, hat and harness as gorgeous in their gold and silver as money can buy, and at the side of the street runs a half a dozen little burros with great bales of hay almost hiding their little bodies from view, while in their rear is a poor Indian driving them with a like bundle of hay fastenessed on to his back and held there by a strap that comes over the front of the fore-head.

The Brigand and the Dude

Hereds a brigand-like peon from the country in a blanket as red as the cpal which chines out of its diamond setting on the neektle of the American dude at his side, and you note that his feet are dirty with miles of travel, as they show out through his leather sandals. There are two ladies in black on their way to the cathedral to make said the wounder one casts a six business. lakes sparkle like shields of diamonds off in the distance. The great volcances of Poposatspeti and Ixtaccinuati look down upon you from their caps of perpetual mow, "Danais in silvery streams border the outskirts of the city, and away over there at its edge the vast clump of green trees which in hundreds of acres of forests surpround what was once the summer home of the great Monteaumain which is now the summer residence of President Diaz, the "Castle of Chapultapea, the White-House-of Mexico."

There are water carriers and peddlers; millionaires and paupers; the rich and the poor; the great and the small—all mixed up together in one of the most picturesque and the most delightful conglomerations you will find anywhere in the world. Every way your eye turns it meets a new eight and exerciting is strange. everything is strange. You glance about you in bewilderment and wonder where you are. You put your hand to your head and almost ask when the curtain will fall-end-hide the great show from view.

Scenes in Wonderland. As you go on you are accosted by-pedediers and good-natured highwaymen in big hate and red blankets, who offer to sell you opals and queerly carved canes, and little Indians in ragged clothes thrust boxes of matches into your face and beg you to buy. The newsboy is here in all his glory, and a dark-faced old man looks out of the stray gray looks which fringe his wrinkled face under his broad-brimmed hat and asks alms.

under his broad-brimmed hat and asks alms.
You give him a copper and he hobbles off
happy, and makes you feel like a benovelent prince.

And so you go on along the street of the
silversmiths, by jewelry stores, whose gold,
diamonds and rubles flash their multitudinous rays back at the setting sun, by
drygoods windows, whose stocks of Parismade goods are as gay as those of Fifth avenue, and on down to aread store and of the renue, and on down to aread store and of the rewith their portels of carved stone admit you to the big palace of the Emperor Iturbide. which like all things imperial in this country of Mexico has fallen from its high estate and is now turned into an immens hotel. FRANK G. CARPENTER.

DIVING FOR PINK PEARL

The Experts Rarely Able to Stay Unde

Water-More Than Four Minutes. The divers in the land of the pink pear are not a long-lived race. Even after many years of constant practice, they can only reas a rule, though there have been divers so accustomed to the work, and so suited for it, that they could remain four minutes under water; but these are exceptions to the general rule, and so long a submersion is always attended with considerable risk.

attended with considerable risk.

A stone attached to a rope carries the diver like an arrow shot from a bow down to his work; a simple piece of cord, supposed to be always in the hand of the hauler, keeps up communication with him. As soon as his work is done he twitches the signal cord, and should be drawn up without a moment's hesitation. This is, of course, a much slower matter than his descent. The stone and the man's weight, which act so wonderfully in favor of his descent, are just as much against him as he rises, and the least negligence on the part of the hauler is fatal. These men are not always on the alert, and it not infrequently the hauler is intal. These men are not always on the alert, and it not infrequently happens that, either because the signal is not given soon enough, or because the diver has been too suddenly overtaken to give any, or because it is not answered instantly, lives are lost. Paralysis or suffocation su-

DOESN'T SPOUT WATER.

The Fountains Pictured With the White

Are in Imagination Only. "You know that a whale has got to breathe same as a man, though he can hold breathe same as a man, though he can hold his breath a mighty sight longer under water," says an old whaler in the Boston Herald, "They breathe through their spout holes and the water spouts that you see in pictures coming out of the heads of whales are all put in by green hands. Only a gust of warm, moist air comes out of a whale's spout hole, which is his nostril. It comes out with a woo-shoo, like an exhaust steam pipe, and turns white in Arctic air, as a horse snort does in a cold day here."

A CHARMING RESORT FOR SUMMER

Steamers carry tourists no farther than Chicoutimi; but here the hunter's outing really begins. Young English fellows rush on board, evidently sent out by those maritime provnices which furnish the cream of English Canada. They are in hunting dresses and leggins, brown and exuberantly well, loaded with tackle and hunting traps, rolls of birch bark, and bags of unknown treasures. ON THE SAGUENAY, June 17. - The voyager up the Saguemay begins his ex-ploring at the spot where one of the earliest French colonies was planted. "At Tadaussae," says Parkham, "at the mouth of the Saguenay, under the shadow of sav-age and inaccessible rocks, feathered with age and inaccessible works, feathered with pine firs and birch trees, were built a cluster of wooden buts and storehouses, and 16 men were left to gather the expected harvest-of furs."

"And here they would have died of hunger in the winter," says Garneau, "had they not been received into the cabins of the savages."

"I say," says the biggest and handsomest one of them, following the steward with some game in his hands, "have this dressed for my supper, will you? I want it well done, you know. I want it hung directly."

Chicoutimi is a lumber town like St. Alexis; but the rawest of new Canadian towns has at once a mellow old beauty derived from the invariable Norman pattern of the houses. Turn a Yankee loose in the

they not been received into the cabins of the savages."

This first attempt at settlement, about the year 1602, was repeated later, and often, before any firm establishment was made. Yet in 1617 Tadanssac was the most important trading post on the St. Lawrence, outranking Quebec and Montreal. In that year the first mass was said there in a chapel built of branches, "while two soldiers kept flies off the priest with green boughs." No flies sally out from Tadaussac to afflict the tourist now; but this may be because the steamer arrives there at night, both going to and returning from the Saguenay. You must step off and remain through daylight if you would see that summer resort which.

Las grown has grown

The Oven is out-of-Doors.

The Oven is Out-of-Doors.

No cheap, mean carpets degrade the clean floors. Neither is heat allowed unseasonably to enter this house, which may be built front, a constellation—the dipper. Voices come down from invisible hotels and make cheer on the high landing. Summer costumes move about there, and though you get an impression that the resorters have to climb ladders up the hills, they are so merry at their clattering that it seems the most agreeable exercise in the world.

But by sunshine Tadaussac is not formidable. Here the St. Lawrence river is so many miles wide that two hours' steaming are required to cross it, and the heights are the beginning of that sublime cleft which seems to have opened betwixt mountain ridges to let out the Saguenay.

Swarming to Tadaussac come the hunter, the priest who loves to fish, the member of Parliament and his family, the Canadian and American tourist of every variety. Many praffs this rugged spot to the smooth drives, the easy boating and gipsy-like village of Melicite Indians, to say nothing of the country cottages and hotels as Cacountry of the priest who loves and paddle in the priest who loves to fish, the member of Parliament and his family, the Canadian and American tourist of every variety.

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Swarming to Tadaussae come the hunter, the priest who loves to fish, the member of Parliament and his family, the Canadian and American tourist of every variety. Many prafer this sugged spot to the smooth drives, the easy boating and gipsy-like village of Melicite Indians, to say nothing of country cottages and hotels, at Cacouna Bay, on the opposite side of the St. Lawrence. Perhaps few of all these passers who care to recall the fact that Champlain retreated to Tadaussae after the starving fort of Quebec was first taken by Kirke. But nearly everyone will straggle into the old church, built in the seventeenth century, containing among its venerable objects an image of the child Jesus, presented by Louis XIV.

The River Flows Black.

tury, containing among its venerable objects an image of the child Jesus, presented by Leuis XIV.

The River Flows Black

Soundings at the mouth of the Saguenay reveal the fact that its bed is far below the bed of the river into which it flows. St. Lawrence water is a limpid blue-green. The water of the Saguenay, swelling and billowing around a steamer, looks black as ink, except when the sunlight strikes through its salty mottles, or where it foams like clear ale upon its own pebbles.

This mountain looked gulf is by no means a river of islands like the St. Lawrence. It lies smooth, deep, savagely dark, glassing heights whose shadows creep out and creep out until they nearly cover the surface. Neither is it full of ports. There are no breaks and bays and coves for convenient landing until that huge square side lake called Ha-Ha Bay is reached. Well might the first explorers burst into a shouting lauch when they found this splendid one. the first explorers burst into a shouting laugh when they found this splendid open-ing among cliffs. It lets you out of the

Beside the foaming little river—and per-paps this is the reason they called it Ha-Ha haps this is the reason they called it Ha-Ha also, for nothing makes a man so cheerful as his ready dinner—they see a camp of Montaignais Indians, just squatting around the kettle. No gong has to be sounded for these ravenous voyagers; and the Frenchmen who ventured first on this continent were always so well bred that they were received without question in the best Indian society. A chief rises to meet them and make them free of the hotch-potch in the kettle; the voiceless dogs snuff around their heels; pappooses regard them with stolid gaze. But best welcome of all, a bronzed maid brings a biroh bark platter heaped with blueberries fresher than the first leaves of spring, sweeter than honey, wilder than deer fiesh; in short, such aboriginal blueberries as can be found nowhere-but at Ha-Ha Bay.

The hills here slope down to a beach; grass grows in the seams of their rock-payed sides. A trout stream called Ha-Ha river makes descent over stones from the west. And as soon as you land the woody odor of hlucherries meets you not such blucherries. blueberries meets you; not such blueberries as come to market, all bruised and bleeding their freshness away; but the virgin fruit, each berry yet in its veil of mist, a huge complete globe. I always had a contempt for blueberries until I saw them at Ha-Ha

What the Explorers Saw.

What the Explorers Saw.

Picture the earliest explorers of thisriven. They elimb the granite hill-breasts
—do these explorers; we will say it is about
sunset, and the bay behind them is a vision
of rising mist and silver afterglow. In alt
their lives they never tasted such freshness
in the air before. It is heaven only to
breathe there. But men are so strangely
constituted that air is no stay to their
stomachs. They must have bread; brawn if
they can get it, and fish or wild fowl whereever that is to be had. These explorers are
very hungry; too hungry to wait for fish orvery hungry; too hungry to wait for fish or

The Blueberries Still Popular.

A couple of centuries have passed since that eccasion, yet newcomers continue to seek this heavenly spot and the native hand, continues to fill them up with blueberries. Though a man of average appetite usually prevents one or two crates being shipped during his stay, the steamers are loaded with coffin-shaped boxes all season. A New York club is said to have five or six lakes among the hills. Traces of it may be found in excellent coffee, imported by a member in excellent coffee, imported by a member of the club. The Canadian habitant knows nothing about coffee. His beverage is tea, made almost strong enough to float him on

mowshoes.
Voiture drivers whisk around St. phonse wharf, ready to stow you into their covered buckboards for a spin among the heights or a gallop to St. Alexis, a mile or so distant at the other corner of the bay. In Canadian cities the cabmen call their carriages wagons. But when you penetrate the wilderness on any kind of wheeled vehicle it is sure to be a voiture. St. Alexis would be named Lumberville with us. See what it is to be brought up by the picturesque; Roman Church the names of saints are scattered over a whole country, reminding the workman at his roughest labor of good men and women who made life sublime.

The Smell of New Engage.

what it is to be brought up by the picturesque; Roman Church the names of saints are scattered over a whole country, reminding the workman at his roughest labor of good men and women who made life sublime.

The Smell of New Bumber.

The sound of the sawmill is heard at St. Alexis, and your chariot winds in and out among blocks of piled boards. You begin to realize here that the Saguenay is a lumber of the plan was the steamer carries you on the Chicoutimi. Tugs meet you, towing great fleets of logs inclosed in a boom. Logs are the aristocrats of the wilderness. To see the aristocrats of the wilderness. To see the Bound and rolling on the swells of the Saguenay, their rinds indifferent to its salty bite, is to be deeply impressed with the original dignity of trees. I do not see

A FARM FOR BEAVERS.

how men can live among them and in the odor of fresh-sawed lumber, without growing into stalwart and wholesome manhood. Sawdust, like tawny lines of a mane, or like long, tremulous strokes of a brank dipped in umber, streaks the river for miles, and lightens its smoke-pearl surface. Nearly all the habitants on the upper Saguenay are lumbermen. Trees rise up the mountain slopes until they stand like ranks of needles, so diminished by distance, so straight and distinct. The white birch—that bride of a Canadian forest—or first-communicant is a better name, for slim and white and veiled in shimmering leaves she shows herself in processions—is more beautiful than you ever find her elsewhere.

Paradise of the Hunters. Big Money Promised by a Novel Industry Down in Georgia.

SUBSTITUTE FOR SEAL FUR

To Be Obtained By Cultivating the Curious Little Builders.

EFFECT OF CLOSING THE BERING-SEA-

Bascom, GA., June 17. ESTERDAY while roaming through this picturesque portion of Georgia I had the felicity of making the ac-quaintance of an old fisherman who has searched the streams of the State for 40 years. He sailed under the unique cogno-men of "Mud Cat" Williame, but was a good fellow notwithstanding. During the conversation

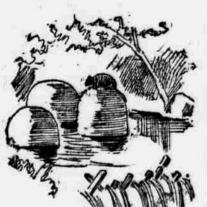
he told me of a beaver farm-belonging to Dick Kilgore and kindly ccepted my invitation to visit it. "Dick's going to make a pile of mone this year," he observed, "on account of this country and England getting together and

agreeing to a closed season in Bering Sea. You see there will not be any seal skins for market next season, and beaver skins, which make a splendid substitute, will be which make a splendin substitute, will be largely used and will bring about \$10 a skin in New York. Dick has about 200 beavers, young and old, but there are not more than 20 to be killed for their skins this year. It's a new industry, an experiment with him, and he don't want to kill any except the surplus males for the present."

A View of the Farm.

A drive of ten miles through the swamps along Briar creek and the Kilgore place, or Beaver Dam Hollow, was reached.

"Now here's the farm," said Williams, pointing to the creek across which every few yards were roughdams, and above them, in the almost still water, were mounds of earth, rocks and sticks coming out a few feet above the surface of the water.
"You, know beavers don't show ther



selves much in the day. They do their work at night. Dick owns about 1,000 acres running up and down the creek. He has the land posted and keeps everybody off, but it is not fanced. Fences would not keep the beavers in, but there is no danger of them going off, for this is a natural home for them, and every beaver here knows old Dick. He feeds them every night, and they come when he calls just like hogs."

Kilgore has been a farmer down here for years, and beavers have been in the creek for all time, but it was not until recently that he began to protect and care for them with a view to making beaver raising a regular business.

Dyeing the Gealskins.

Beaver skins sent to London and properly dyed a seal brown are splendid imitations of the seal. The seal fur is naturally a gray. They are sent to London and there dyed a seal brown. The reason I say send beaver skins to London is because that is the only place in the world, it seems, that furs can be properly dyed. However, the fur of the beaver is naturally a reddish brown, and is a beautiful fur just as it is.

But to the farm. The beaver is a queer little animal. When full grown it weighs from fifty to sixty pounds. Its hind less Voitare drivers with their board vehicles spin about ready to carry you' to the falls. Chicoutimi is built on the true Canadian plan for a village; a single street fellowing the winding of the river, beginning with the church and ending with the mills.

The Saguenay is a world of mists, and steamer navigation there depends on the rising or lowering of fog. Sometimes with its lights hung around it, a boat lies still a whole night, lost from the earth in cloudland; in weird breathing damp, through which sound comes as if accending from some lower world. from fifty to sixty pounds. Its hind legs are its principal propellers, both when it is in and out of the water. The hind feet are webbed and the front ones have claws, I have seen fogs in-many places, but-never elsewhere such silver mist as rolls upward from the Saguenay, in angel shapes, in vast temple pillars and ourtains, in steamers across mountain fronts. If there were such which are about as convenient to the beaver as a monkey's hands are to him. They can as a monkey's hands are to him. They can carry stones and sticks about in them with ease. In the water, especially, a beaver can earry a quantity of freight, for he swims with his hind feet and carries his load in his mouth and claws.

Just after dark Mr. Kilgore went down to the edge of the stream to feed the heavers.

eavers.
"I don't often feed them in summer, said, "for they get all they want along the

banks of the stream."

The Beaver's Food Supply.

"They eat bank off the trees, and at this season there is an abundance of fresh, tender bark and grasses and roots. In the winter they lay up a supply of food for themselves along the banks and in their holes in the dams, which they build of roots and sticks and stones. I find them nearly all the time in winter, when they flock together and unite in building dams, but in summer they scatter—every fellow is for himself—and I only call them up occasionally, just enough to keep them tame."

But there were a dozen romping about in the stream then, and in a few minutes quite a number had gathered. Among them were take it away again three times a week until the season closes. Then winter shuts up that primitive land to its own resources; such resources of ice, snow and mountain air as we never have south of the St. Law-

renee.

I am free to confess that I love French habitants. Their race, their history, their picturesque present, their eternal satisfaction and completeness, compel my heart. Will they ever be infused with American push and restlessness? Will they come under the United States Government and learn to add the Fourth of July to St. John's Day? When we have them let us never mention the word enterprise on Canadian ground. It is such a blessing to have a race of restful people near at hand, among whom we can sometimes plunge to cool the fever of progress. the stream then, and in a few minutes quite a number had gathered. Among them were a score or more of little fellows born only a month ago. The females have from two to six young each annually, and as a consequence the families increase very rapidly. A mixture of green food and a little grain was thrown out on the ground to the herd of little animals, and they scampered around and picked it up like so many hogs. Some of them would gather up an ear of corn or a young corn stalk and dive off with it into the stream. They would scamper off if you tried. No catch one.

Almost Human Intelligence

More Fragments of a Slab That Is Invaluable to Archeologists.

A beaver seems to be almost human in intelligence. They actually gnaw down young trees, drag them into a stream and let them float down, swimming with them to the place they want to build a dam. Then they on the facade of one of the municipal buildings erected by the Emperor Augustus of Rome was affixed a great marble slab, on which the map of Rome with all its streets, temples, public buildings and gardens were traced in deeply indented lines. A large part of this map was dug up during excavations made on the site of the forum of Augustus many years ago, and 25 more fragments of this marble plan of Rome have just been found in the excavations for the works of the Tiber embankment on the other side of Rome and across the river. The story how these fragments got so far away from the ruins to which they belonged is a curious one.

In the sixteenth century, during the reign of Pope Paul III., excavations were commenced near the site of the wall on which the plan was known to have been

licious.

While Mr. Kilgore has never yet shipped any large number of skins, by next year he will have something like 200 or 300. As it costs practically nothing to raise beavers, the business should be a paying one.

E. W. S.

A Woman's Life Saved at Hillsboro, Pa. A Woman's Life Saved at Hillsboro, Pa.

A neighbor woman was afflicted with cramp colic. My wife thought it would cost her life. She gave the woman Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy according to directions and it gave perfect satisfaction. I do heartily recommend it to do all it is recommended to do, and feel thankful for the good it has done. JOSEPH BERKEY, Hillsboro, Somerset county, Pa.



Or CAPTAIN AND CAPTAIN'S WIFE, AN AMERICAN SERIAL STORY,

WHIPPING TOR STEEL DISTANCE

BY JULES VERNE.

The versatile French Writer who first became famous through his "Around the World in Eighty Days."

CHAPTER-L

THE DECADNAUGHTA There are two chances to one that friends who are about to be separated by a long voyage will never see each other again— those who are left behind may be missing upon the return; those who set out may never come back again. But no such thought as this bothered the heads of the seamen who were busily engaged in getting the Dreadnaught ready for sea on the morning of March 15, 1875. On that day the Dreadnaught, John Allaire, master, was to set sail from the port of San Diego, Cal., on a voyage through the seas of the Northern

The Dreadnaught, a three-master of 900 tonnage, belonged to that type of clipper-built ships which the Americans use so advantageously in their foreign trade and which in point of speed nearly rival the best steamers in their merchant marine. Such a finely built vessel was the Dreadnaught, and so admirably commanded that not a man of her crew would have consented to ship on any other vessel, even with the assurance of higher pay. Every heart throbbed, every breast was filled with that two-fold confidence based upon the certainty of having shipped on a good vessel under a good searthin.

good captain.

The Dreadnaught was about to leave port on her first voyage, excepting, of course, her trial trip, for account of her owners, the shipping house of Hollister & Co., of San shipping house of Hollister & Co., of San Diego. Her port of destination was to be Calcutta, which she was to reach by way of Singapore, with a cargo of American manufactured goods, and upon her return voyage she was to bring a consignment of East Indian merchandise for one of the Californian

Captain John Allaire was a young man, just 29, with an open, manly dountenance,

at became known that he had put John Allaire in command of the Dreadnaught. It was not surprising, therefore, that on this par-ticular morning, March 15, a vast concourse of people, many of them personal friends of people, many of them personal friends and all of them admirers of the young captain, should have collected on the wharves of the Pacific Coast Steamship Company to give him a parting cheer.

The crew of the Dreadnaught was made

The crew of the Dreadnaught was made up of ten able seamen, and master and mate. The sallors were all natives or residents of San Diego, experienced men and glad of an opportunity to cerve under Captain Allaire. The mate was an excellent officer, Roderick Shelton by name Although he was Allaire's senior by five or six years, this fact didn't gall him the least bit, nor did an explore or is low thought even. years, this fact didn't gall him the least bit, nor did an envious or jealous thought ever enter his mind. He was the first to acknowledge that Allaire was the man for the post. They had been messmates for years, and had learned to appreciate each other. Besides, whatever William Hollister did was well done. Rod Shelton and his men were devoted to him, body and soul. Most of the crew had already shipped on some one or other of his vessels, and officers and men were really like one family.

men were really like one family.

So favorable, therefore, was the outlook that but one thought seemed to be uppermost in the minds of the fathers and mothers, most in the minds of the fathers and mothers, wives and sweethearts, who congregated on the wharf to bid goodbyto the fortunate seamen, and that was, it would be but a matter of six months, a flying trip between California and India, an excursion from San Diego to Calcutta, and not one of those commercial or exploring expeditions which keep a ship at sea for years, exposed to the most dangerons waters of both hemispheres. This crew knew what such expeditions were, and their families had often seen them sail away under conditions well qualified to cause-grave apprehensions.

The work of getting the Dreadnaught ready for sea was nearly completed. The ship was lying pretty well out in the harbor, so that when the time should come for her



full of force and decision. He was endowed to a high degree with moral courage, so superior to physical courage, as Napoleon called it, that is to say, the kind which can calmly face the unforeseen and gather strength in emergencies. It would be difficult to imagine a finer specimen of physical manhood. The flash of his dark eyes, the ruddy cheeks, the broad shoulders and arched chest, the great strength of his hands, the springy, chastic tread, all betokened the presence of an iron will inside of an iron body. And yet John Allaire was generous to a fault, ready almost instinctively to sacrifice his life for a fellow creature. He had so much of the heroic in him that it seemed only a matter of course for him to perform a brave act, and he had given an earnest of this while still a lad by saving the lives of several of his playmates. full of force and decision. He was engiven an earnest of this while still a lad by saving the lives of several of his playmates. In after years this instinctive devotion ripened into a matter of faith with him and set its indelible impress upon the man's

character.
John Allaire had taken a wife a few years John Allaire had taken a wife after years previous to the sailing of the Dreadnaught—a Miss Molilie Manson, an orphan, belonging to one of the best families of San Diego. The young girl's fortune was a modest one, but quite in keeping with the young man's position—that of mate on one of the Hollister fleet of merchantmen. But there was good reason to assume that Molly would some day or another inherit a large fortune from a rich uncle, Edward Manson, who was a large land speculator and mill owner in the western part of Tennessee. In the meantime there were two people to support—yes, three, for little Walter—Walt as a pet name—had come into the world the first year of their marriage, therefore, the captain—and the captain's wife agreed with him—couldn't think of giving up the sea just yet. Later he would determine what would be the best thing for him to do, either after Molly had become an heiress or he had grown rich in the service of Hollister & Co.

Anyway, his career has been a brilliant

Anyway, his career has been a brilliant Anyway, his career has been a brillians one, and he now found himself captain of a splendid clipper ship at an age when most of his associates were nothing more than first and second mates. But the fact is, his splendid qualifications were universally conceded, and it would have been hard to find a ceded, and it would have been hard to find a more popular man than Captain Allaire, either in San Diego or in any other Califor-nian port. The personal bravery displayed by him in rescuing a shipwrecked erew on one occasion, and in his skill and tenseity of purpose in effecting the salvage of a val-uable cargo abandoned by master and sea-men had made his name known to merchants and shippers all along the coast.

The firm of Hollister & Co., offered him

The firm of Hollister & Co. offered him the command of the Dreadnaught, which was all ready to be launched. Allaire had accepted without the slightest hesitation, for he felt that he was qualified to fill the position, and had been thereupon authorized to pick his officers and seamen, such was the perfect confidence which the house had in him. It was under these circumstances that the Dreadnaught was about to make her first voyage under the command of Captain John Allaire.

of Captain John Allaire.

The sailing of this splendid new clipper ship was quite an event. The firm of Hollister & Co. very justly enjoyed the reputation of being one of the wealthiest and most reputable shipping houses in San Diego, thanks to the wise administration of its affairs by William Hollister, a man respected by his competitors and beloved by his friends. Everyone was delighted when

to weigh anchor she would stand in need of to weigh anchor she would stand in need of no tug to tow her through the narrows. As a good breeze was blowing off shore, all she would have to do would be to trim sails and get away. Captain Allairs couldn't have wished for better weather or more favorable wind to carry him out of these waters, which glistened in the morning sun far beyond the Coronado Isles.

yond the Coronado Isles.

By 10 o'clock every man was at his post.

There were to be no more permits to go ashore. It might almost be said that the voyage had actually begun. Several yawls had come up alongside the ship at the starboard indder to take off those who had gone board ladder to take off those who had gone on board to bid friends or relatives a last goodby. Among these were Andrew Hollister, senior partner of the firm of Hollister & Co., and Mrs. Allaire, followed by a servant in charge of little Walt. With the captain's wife were Lewis Barker and his wife Kate, Molly's first cousin. The mate, Rod Shelton, not having any family, had no parting scenes to go through with; but he was more than cortain that Mr. Hollister and Captain John's wife would not fasil to wish him good speed and safe return.

and Captain John's wife would not fasil to wish him good speed and safe return.

Just then Shelton was standing on the forecastle, where half a dozen men were already at the capstan weighing anchor, and the click of the capstan pawls could be heard. The Dreadnaught had already swung around a little and the cable had begun to creak in the hawsehole. The national colors were flying from the mizzen peak, and from the main truck was displayed the house flag, bearing the initials of Andrew Hollister & Co. The sails were lossened and all ready to be hoisted the moment the ship should get a little headway under the pressure of her forestay sails and flos.

Stending on the quarter deck, with his watchful eye taking note of everything ge-

watchful eye taking note of everything go-ing on about him, was John Allalre, listen-ing to the last instructions of Mr. Andrew Hollister, in reference to the vessel and her

cargo.

As the merchant handed the ship's pe-pers and the bills of lading to the young cuptain, he said:

'John, if circumstances should require

"John, if circumstances should require you to modify your course, act according to your best judgment, and let me hear from you from the first place you touch at. Perhaps you may touch at the Phillippines, for I don't suppose you intend to pass through Torres Strait?"

"No, Mr. Hollister," replied Captain John, 'T have no notion of risking the Dreadnaught in the dangerous seas north of Australia. My route will be the Sandwich Islands, the Marianas, Mindanao of the Philippines, the Celebes and Macassar Strait, in order to reach Singapore through the Java Sea. It's plain sailing from this point to Calcutta. I don't think that any winds that I may meet with in the West Pacific will force me to change this course. However, should you want to telegraph me, be kind enough to address me either at Mindanao, where I may touch, or at Singapore, "Very well, John, and don't neglect to advise me at the very earliest possible mo-

"Very well, John, and don't neglect to advise me at the very earliest possible moment of market prices in Calcutta. It may be that your report would lead me to make some changes with respect to the Dreadnaught's cargo on her return trip."

"You may rely upon me, Mr. Hollister," replied Allaire,
At this moment Shelton approached:
"The anchor's strip, captain."
"And the ebb?"

'And the abb?'

"Is making itself felt."
"Stand by, then!" "Stand by, then!"
Then, turning to Mr. Hollister, Captain