

e bees, and then fell fast asleep, leav-ne sheep to wander where they would. One moonlight night, when Ursela and the gentle breeze playing with her hair, there was a slight rustle among onshes. The branches were pushed and the bead of a beautiful woman ap-d and a pair of laughing blue eyes d with admiration on the sleeping. A moment later a quick step was

14

0

Carl and the second

A measure, beast and river spell (Three letters do the same as well) This "King of shreds and patches." How oftentimes some wicked wag would make his majesty a peg On which to hang some puny pun Or table he would fish up; An article he got from one Made royalty a Bishop: A Prelate of tyramic ways-And yet to mame him is no praise. Though fame be but a bubble. Of ion will and lofty mind, He was but one among mankind, Tet when reversed his double. W. WILSON. 1596-OURTAILMENT. "Paulywas born on the first of May," Said a couisin of his, to Sam, one day; "An ominous sign of couning glory." "O yes," said Sam, all a leer analign, "A very ominous May day sign "Rooms to let in the upper story."

E'en youth to be entire; But, if the heart keep righteous have, There are states far more dire.

1599-DECAPITATION.

If you are in the last, Let no one all you thence, Tear has no power to cast On innocence.

If you are in the last, Stand like a wall of rock Gainst error's cruel blast, Or totals shock. BITTER SWEET

1600-THERHOUSE AND ITS OWNER.

1600-THERIOUSE AND ITS OWNER. A poor but very skillful scamstress lived in an old tumble-down house in a certain city. So old and deispidisted was the house that it detracted much from the beauty of the street on which it was situated, and many times had people in the vicinity urged. her to have it taken down; but it was her home, and if that was demolished she was too poor to buy another. It is true her great skill with the needle brought her a constant income, but that must be used in helping her only son through college. What re-marks might be made, applicable to the lady and her house, being complimentary to the one, and uncomplimentary to the othert, ETHYL.

1601-TRANSPOSITION. way to the first, man, of what are you think

for the cockle-shell boat is fast sink The hole in its side now the salt waves in

drinking, Away, though the winds and the wave loudly roat.

Now pull with a will, boys, and-pul gether, True sailors will stop not for wind nor for

weather; The boat skims the foam as though lighten Hurrahi we are all nos and safe on the

1602-MUTATION.

A song arises on the air, Like a gind lack chroling into the skyn And the voices soft, and pure, and race, Blend like colors "serich" and fair; And they tremble a moment, suspen

Then fade, and sink and dia

But in that moment, uncerthly bright, While the song hung like a quivoring I seemed to see the cathedral, dight With hues of blue and gold and white.

LANDING THE TROU Feat to be Proud of if the Fish Is the Rocky Mountain Kind. AN EXPERIENCE IN COLORADO.

Some Adventures of a Journey on Foot Across the Continent.

THE WEATHER AND THE FINE SCENERY

of the range, some 20 miles away.

(WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.) ITH an increased and decidedly irksome load I walked south from Denver, planning to reach Colorado Springs as speedily as possible, and thence make numerous side tours; but at Acequia (a town named after the Spanish irrigating ditch, and popularly pronounced Saky) an

tell "t'other from which," so exactly were they of a size. Away up on the headwaters, back of Pike's Peak, in a rough and track-less wilderness, a few days later, I found much larger trout. The Rocky Mountain trout are not nearly so beautiful as the princes of the Maine and New Hampshire brooks, of which they looked like a blurred and faded reprint, but none the less they are famous sport. famous sport.

A Big Ditch for Irrigation. Near the northern end of this canon is the beginning of a most remarkable canal-the "high-line" irrigating ditch. This canal had then a total length of 83 miles, a width of 20 feet, and carries 1,184 cubic feet of

Trout Hishing. water per second past a given point. For miles its bed is hewn from the living rock, accidental chat with miles its bed is hewn from the living rock, and in one point in the canon it runs through the heart of a great mountain of red granite by a tunnel 700 feet long, 20 wide and 10 high. In Colorado, as in New Mexico, Ar-izona, and much more of the vast South-west, the rainfall is too slight to nourish the crops, and the necessity for irrigation has led to the construction of countless thousands of miles of ditches to bring water to the thirsty fields. the section foreman threw me a fortnight out of my course. He said there were "trout over behind yan hog-backs"-

pointing to a long, rocky wall at the foot, Trout? Trout? Why, for three years 1

to the thirsty fields. After a long and glorious mingling with the trout of the South Elatte, I finally got back to the little rancho on Plum creek, had been fairly starving for a bout with those beauties-s hunger which the catfish and "lamplighters" of Ohio had utterly failed to satisfy. Hardly pausing to thank the herald of joyful tidings, I took a bee-line across the rough plain at a five-mile gait, forgetful of dinner, my load-and, in-deed, of everything save my polka-dotted tidols over yonder.

those beauties—s hunger which the catfish and "lamplighters" of Ohio had utterly failed to satisfy. Hardly pausing to thank the herald of joyful tidings, I took a bee-line across the rough plain at a five-mile gait, forgetful of dinner, my load—and, in-deed, of everything save my polka-dotted tidols over yonder. Longer Walle Than It Looked. The-range looked but two or three miles away at the outset; but when I had walked rapidly for three solid hours and the dusk was closing in, it seemed farther away than ever, and the wolf began to gnaw at my The range looked but two or three miles away at the outset; but when I had walked rapidly for three solid hours and the dusk was closing in, it seemed farther away than



evening his 20 acres of corn was absolutely Just in the edge of night I found a

belt. Just in the edge of night 1 found a shabby little cabin on Plumb Creek, whose kindly, inquisitive folk found a good supper and a good bed for me. But my heart sank when they declared with great positiveness that there were no trout within two days' march, and they "reckoned they mout know, bein's they'd lived in them mount'ns goin" or 90 rear." wiped from off the face of the earth, his catwhere the ravenous insects had even grawed half through the sheathing at the bottom of the outer walls of the house! Cutting Off Surplus Baggage.

My writing off Surplus Baggage. My writing kept me busy till within two hours of sunset next day, and then there was a rough 17 miles between me and the necessary postoffice. Over hills and valleys, gullies, irrigating ditches and cactus I stumbled on through the dark, steering by the stars; and at last reached Sedalia, just in time for the mail, but wet, lame and ravenous. A pair of scales showed me that So to-morrow I was to have no trout, but only that pretty tramp back to the railroad. I dreamt that night that a monster trout was swallowing the second foreman; and I heartily wished the dream might come true.

Pike's Peak. Just back of town is a hillock 150 feet higher than the main street, sar-castically known as Mount Washington, be-cause it has just the same altitude above sea-level as the noblest of our Eastern mountains. Not far back into the foot-hills from Colorado Springs begins the Garden of the Gods--as wonderland fitly named. Here, walled in by rock-bound peaks, is a wild glen of 2,000 acrea, and in it amid the murmuring pines a hundred coloasal towers and castles, pin-nacles and battlements hewn by time from the deep-red sandstone. In the center of a great amphithester four titanic crags, blood-hued and radiant, burst from the level ground and soar 300 feet aloft. Their tops are fretted into jagged points, and their sides worn smooth and sheer. One of the strange "monuments" in this "land of the stranding rocks" is a little larger around than a barrel, but 50 feet high. But I do not wish to describe that won-eval so the will realize how little can words give an idea to its radiant glory. Near by, too, are superb waterfalls, beauti-ful cases, and many other delights; and what I fear was almost as interesting to me—trout. <u>C.F. LUMMIS</u>. SEASONS GET MIXED. Winter Lingering in the Lap of Spring Is Nothing in Santiago.

GAS FINDS IN NEBRASKA.

[CORRESPONDENCE OF THE DISPATCES.]

fire Sixty Feet High.

pecting for it.

HARVEST COMES IN SEED-TIME

Sights to Be Seen on a Rambling Trip. Through Chile's Capital.

GREAT EXHIBITION OF MUMMIES

[CORRESPONDENCE OF THE DISPATCH.] SANTIAGO DE CHILE, June 1.-Few cities

can boast of a more delightful climate, finer situation, or grander scenery than this. Though baraly 1,800 feet above the sea, it is far enough from the equator to escape ex-cessive heat, yet not so distant as to be subsibility That the Natural Fuel Exists There in Commercial Quantities-The Story of Two Bubbling Springs-A Bon-OMAHA, June 19 .- We hear from time to time through newspapers of natural gas being discovered in various parts of Col-orado. The accounts are doubtless true,

but somehow after a time we hear no more about them, owing either to the flow of gas having ceased or the lack of persistent pros-

Miracles Accompanying Its Founding. Miracles Accompanying Its Founding. The history of its founding reads like a romance-how Pizarro's whilom friend, Diego de Almagro, tried hard to conquer the tribes in this valley, but failed disas-trously; of heroic endurance, and deeds of valor on both sides; of the direct interposi-tion of the Virgin Mary, who sppeared standing in the clouds, to the confusion of the savages, and of that blessed spook, Saint James, the Spanish Patron, who seems to have had a habit of riding downward from the skies on a milk-white steed at critical junctures; and of the later vicissitudes of the skies on a milk-white steed at critical junctures; and of the later vicissitudes of Pedro de Valdivia, who came soon after Almagro's defeat, with only a few of his countrymen but great following of friendly Peruvians and established the town on the right bank of the Mapoche, in front of Araucenia village

The tourist, coming down from the trop-ics, feels exhilarated by the climate of San-tingo, as by a draught of old wine. Benja-min Taylor, in his "Between the Gates," desoribes it exactly, for nowhere are the reasons more neighborly. Says he: "The impropriety of winter lingering in the lap of spring has made a public scandal; but when September is on whispering terms with May, and old January masquerades in June's clothes, and July gives all her rain-bows to November, it is time to talk! The winter, and harvest is in seed-time, and autumn is left out of the calendar alto-gether. The siroccos blow from the North and the cold winds from the South; and you will

chied at something at the bottom and at the same time he heard a low, hissing noise. Thinking it was a rattlesnake, he returned. torted necks and twisted limbs, and every neath-are cold and clammy as tombstones, and as every casa is built around a central patio into which all the rooms open, there are seldom communicating doors between the various spartments; so that, whatever torted necks and twisted limbs, and every brown face wears an expression of fearful agony, as if striving to convince beholders that the statement of history is true to the effect that mummifying process was begun by their relatives before life had left the body, it having been necessary to bind them fast in what was considered the proper position before death had stiffened their purples the weather, one must step out into the un-covered courtyard to go from parlor to din-Although the prevailing diseases are pneumonia, throat and lung troubles, and the mortality from these causes is frightful during wet seasons, nothing can convince a Chilean that artificial heat will not abso-

lutely poison the atmosphere. When he visits the home of a foreigner and finds the

rooms are comfortably warm and dry, he invariably grumbles and requests that the

door be left open so that he may not suffo-cate—but spreads his hands and coat-tails before the cheerful blaze as if he thoroughly

water supplied by hidden fountains; an agricaltural college, with a handsome mus-eum of its own and a long line of buildings devoted to its various offices; an enormous new Normal School, capable of holding 2,000 pupils, besides the teachers and their families, who, supported by the Govern-ment, are all to be housed and fed under the same roof; and a variety of other edifices too numerous to mention. Me of the most unique structures in the Quinta is one contributed by Senora Cous-ino-half castle, half pagoda-built en-tirely of glass bottles, bits of iron ore and square chunks of coal, cupola, balconies and all representing the family enterprises "the coal mines, iron foundries and bottle factories at Zola, the wine manufactured on their various estates and the celebrated

17

their various estates and the celebrated "Cousino beer." Besides music stands and dancing pavilions, there is a lunchean pavilion with open sides and awning-shaded porticoes, where parties may be served at little tables with ices, wines, fruits and other light refreshment.

In a Swell Restaurant.

great, green valley, the mighty Andes that stretch away to the horizon on every side inclose it within walls from 8,000 to 20,000 feet high—their snowy bulwarks in darning contrast to the cloudless blue above, the "living green" below, and the golden sun-shine that envelopes all as with a garment. The country immediately surrounding the capital is made up of small estates, with handsome villas upon them belonging to wealthy families, who have the good taste for a few months of rural living. Many of these suburban casas are fitted up in a style of elegance rarely surpassed in similar resi-dences of Europe or the United States. The true name of this ancient capital, by the way, is *Santiago del Nuevo Extrano*-"Saint Tames of the New Beginning"—a strange title, bestowed upon it by the con-querer, Valdivia, something more than three hundred and fifty years ago, in con-querer, Valdivia, something more than three hundred and fifty years ago, in con-querer, Valdivia, something more than three hundred and fifty years ago, in con-querer, Valdivia, something more than three hundred and fifty gears ago, in con-querer, Valdivia, something more than three hundred and fifty gears ago, in con-querer, Valdivia, something more than three hundred and fifty gears ago, in con-querer, Valdivia, something more than three hundred and fifty gears ago, in con-querer, Valdivia, something more than three hundred and fifty gears ago, in con-querer, Valdivia, something more than three hundred and fifty gears ago, in con-querer, Valdivia, something more than three hundred and fifty gears ago, in con-gording with shale adding more than three hundred and fifty gears ago, in con-gording with shale adding the the in-te imposing building in which the In-

from away back." Chile's National Museum is housed in the imposing building in which the In-ternational Exhibition of 1875 was held—a miniature copy, in stone and glass, of the Crystal Palace in London, with a magnifi-cent entrance, long central hall, and a wide stairway in the rear, branching out both ways to rooms above. Space will not per-mit any detailed description of the wonders mit any detailed description of the wonders collected here, where the naturalist, the scientist and the archeologist may revel for days without time to examine them all. The best of it, however, was stolen from Peru, during the recent war, for Chile is not rich in aboriginal relies like the land of the Incas. The collection of birds is the finest I ever saw, from tinlest humming birds hard-ly an inch long to the giant albatross and huge Andean condors.

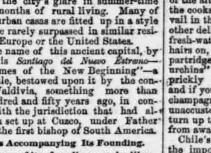
The Bubbling Spring.
Both of them were bubbling up throngh a points. In the other pond, which was about 12 feet in diameter, the water was about 12 feet in diameter, the water was the surface of her surphy as difference. The since summer and the spring is in seed-time, and points. In the other pond, which was about 12 feet in diameter, the water was the surface of the surrounding water bubbles of gas from the coalty india from the South; and you will lose your reckoming and gets lost in the sole pond nearly two feet above its loved in the cold winds from the South; and you will lose your reckoming and gets lost in the sole pond nearly two feet above its level and the old winds from the South; and you will lose your reckoming and gets lost in the sole pond nearly two feet above its level is and the cold winds from the South; and you will lose your reckoming and gets lost in the state."
Mill Not Tolersto Fires.
The Spring as Mass of Finame.
The Spring as Mass of Finame.
The spring as disting on the water is in a summer is a summer is de to this charming on the water and in an intense heat. These springs were discovered by a cowbory over two years bet of finame raing six feet above its and giving on the hard is he whole pond was covered by a sheet of finame raing six feet above or years beard of an an intense heat. These springs were discovered by a cowbory over two years bet of finame raing six feet above its, and giving on the water and in an intense heat. These springs were fore my visit. While riding alog his hore here are used to by a cowbory over two years become the at you the arough were sold and charming the whole pond was covered by a sheet of finame raing six feet above its and giving and an uncomfortable spell of chilly many, which was probably loved by a cowbory over two years become the at you the strong and the strong strong and the strong and the strong strong and the strong and the strong and the strong and the strong an



ocssive heat, yet not so distant as to be sub-ject to extreme cold. Set in the midst of a great, green valley, the mighty Andes that stretch away to the horizon on every side stretch away to the horizon on every side

During the past month I had occasion to visit the White river district, about 30 miles west of Meeker, in Northwestern Colorado. This is a singular region of numberless plateaus, or 'table lands, intersected by ravines and dry water courses. The White

river flows sluggishly through the heart of this country. Along a nearly dry water course we found two powerful gas springs, about 500 feet apart.





THE CLOCK ALMONISHED HER TO WORK

1 and the stout form of the farmer | with them, but the little girleaids "Ishould

and the stout form of the farmer in sight. He graced with surprise and rat Ursela, then shaking her roughly, if. "Did I not tell you to watch the p? They have now strayed so far that inst take my time to search for why do you cause me so much be? I wish you were some placed in the fayre stepped from behind they and said: "Let Ursela go with me; if eare for her, and she shall live with them and said: "Let Ursela go with me; if eare for her, and her father looked with them and said: "Let Ursela go with me; if eare for her, and her father looked with them and said: "Let Ursela go with me; if eare for her, and her father looked with them and said: "Let Ursela go with me; if eare for her, and her father looked with them then went away and left his wife what had happened, the poor mu wept bitterly, and said: "Why you drive ursela from her home?" we was idle; but she was our only and you cause a low of her was our only and you cause a low of her was our only and you cause to home?"

she was idle; but she was our only now become as industrious asshe is fair, and and we loved her. Now when we be- the Queen of the land, and her ladies will old we shall have no one to comfort wear only the linen which the farmer's daughder, Ursela, spins.

e father, too, having recovered from repented his action, and hurried to the field, that he might bring his home, but Ursela and the stranger vanished, and no trace of them could und. And the old couple mourned the

of their beautiful daughter. ennwhile, au Ursela walked through the "I am the Fairy Walla. I have dis-and cur Queen, and have been banished and E.R. CHADBOURN, Lewiston, Maine. Fairyland. A few of my faithful ads followed me, and we live in an old ic on the other side of the mountain. were not permitted to bring our trens-with us; but we have enough to supply

ith food and clothes, and that is all we ra. You shall live with us, and our ure will be to provide for you. oich was received with great joy, and mimes waiten upon her as if she were a en. Such a life was most pleasant to little girl, and she gave herself up to enjoyment of it. Day after day, at-

and hy one or more of the fairies, she Id wander through the woods and fields, never tired of hearing of the beauties airyland.

morning the Fairy Walla came with face and tearful eyes to Ursela, and, "My beautiful Ursela, we are in at trouble. Our money is almost gone, we know not where to get other. What become of no? I fear we shall starve." was greatly distressed at this a: but she had no words of comfort to At first she thought of returning to other; but when she remembered his words to her, she abandoned the ught. All day the little fairies were ly grieved; but while berries were to be ed in such quantities, there was no need in such quantities, there are not them suffering from hunger. Tod somset, as Uracla sat at the window of room, a little old woman, yellow and kied, suddenly stood before her. I non going to give you a present," she

the that will make you rich. You find it in the hall to-morrow at break old woman then vanished, leaving

ela to wonder at her words. For the time in her life the little girl rose besuprise. She ran into the hall, and to disappointment, found hanging on wall a huge clock with an ugly wooden The hands moved slowly around the ad instead of the usual "tick, tock," id a shrill voice seemed to be crying, ork, work.

'How can this homely clock make us said Ursela, and all the fairies won-

ne radiant with a sudden light. As of glory that came from afar. ALDINE

1603-IN MODERN LIFE.

A maiden dressed in dainty whole, Upon the porch was sitting: The balmy breezes fanned her obeek, And birds were round her fitting.

Her mother in the kitchen stood, By tube of scap and water, And toiled alone, because the work Would two her lovely daughter.

The daughter one a boarding school Had learned with paints to bother. But ne'er had learned—poor foolish girl The way to help her mothen Mas. E.

MAY SOLVING.

MAY SOLVING. Prize winners-1. Oliver Twist, Pittsburg, Pa. 2. Margaret Biair, Pittsburg, Pa. 3. Florence Weber, Plumer, Pa. Roll of honor-Lottie Hughes, Amos E. Mellen, Olive A. Kilne, Beau Belmont, Sarah. Thomas, Matilda Chambordau, Inez, Charles Mason, Elia A. De Vigne, Maud Teague, Marion R. Doyle, C. D. Sprague, Susie Alleu, John McBryde, Arthur Kent, M. J. D., L. S. Bloa.

ANSWERA 1585-Anvil, tongs, bellows, fire, shoes, nails and iron-A blacksmith. 1586-Beau-I-deal. 1887-A sponge. 1888-Ass-pen (aspen). 1889-1. Pearl, paler. 2. Leper, repel. 2. Mythical -Gost-mar-jo-ram. PED LAMER LORIMER

tree.

SOME-ENIGMATICAL NUTS. Parties for the Little Folks That Will Keep TheimErains Busy for Most of the Week

PAYSIE.

if They Solve Them Correctly-Home Amusements. Address communications for this departme

1594-ANAGRAM HAUSTRATED.



A stalwart youth, so tall and bold,

Met at a rustic wall. He gently whispered, half afraid, A question low. That pretty maid, *"However, granted all."* F. 1595-THE KING AND THE BISHOP.

In Cockneyland a King did dwell To whom much fame attaches:

But with the morning came better thoughts, I would see for myself-and sunrise found me scrambling over the steep, rocky foot-hills toward Turk's Head. At 2 in the afternoon a sandy side ravine brought me suddenly out into the bottom of the Platte Canon, beside the shouting river.

A Typical Stream for Trout.

A typical stream for Front A glorious little stream it is—clear and beomfident and headstrong as youth, cold as ice, swift as an arrow, rollicking noisily down the tortuous, boulder-stream channel it has chiseled down through 1,000 feet of granite. Two minutes later I was trimming the branches from a long, heavy young cot-tonwood, and attaching a line. Grasshoppers ware nients in the canon- and soon plents

on 20 year."

were plenty in the canon-and soon plenty in the case of my harmonica. Just where a huge ledge jutted 20 feet into a deep pool of delicious green I made the first cast. Just as the 'hopper came within a foot of the water, whizz'

came a flash from the depths high into the air, smote the bait with dextrous tail, and drove it straight into an open mouth. Splashi Swish! Off went the line, sawing



a glorious electricity it is that tingles through your fingers at that first strike of a trout. The pickerel of our lily-flecked New dogs howl. In day time he hides England ponds seizes his prey with a barely comparable rush, but then he goes loafing from you and away, mincing at the minnow critically, dubious whether to swallow or no; and In the hollow trunk of an old oak when you snub him he soon pulls in like a limber stick. The bass, be he green, striped or black, fights doggedly to the last, but he But when it comes is too clumsy.

The Acme of Piscatorial Sport.

But when King Trout—the athlete, the sage, and the hero of fish—makes up his cunning head that he'll risk that specious fly, then look out for music! From the in-stant he first touches the hook, until you tear him still fighting from his rippling the them is no time to be the Your kingdom, there is no time to breathe line hisses down stream as if tied to a bullet. Ine hisses down stream as if tied to a bullet. Then as swiftly it tears up against the cur-rent. If there be a snag, a root, a tangling rock in that whole pool around which Sir Trout may tie your line in a double knot rest assured he will do it—unless you hold a steady rein on him. He will double, leap high above the water, dive to the rocky bottom, turn, twist, and jerk with infinite incendity to tear the cruel Limerick from bottom, turn, twist, and jerk with infinite ingenuity, to tear the cruel Limerick from his jaw, And if at hat you lift him upon the bank in safety you need feel no shame that in the contest of wits it has taken your very keenest to beat that cold-blooded little fellow.

It took me full five minutes to land my Since that time-I'm out of rhyme-he has never been back coaxing me again, but on dark nights I solictimes hear him around inviting the neighbors to go serenading with him, and I think they go. AUNT CLARE. It took me full hve minutes to land my game, though he weighed but three-quarters of a pound, and when he flopped beside me on the bank I threw up my hat and whooped and danced as wildly as 20 years before. During the afternoon I caught 29 more, and in that whole noble string one could not

my load-the heavy rifle and six-shooter, cartridge belt, knapsack, blanket, change of shirt and stockings, etc., weighed 37 pounds;

shirt and stockings, etc., weighed 37 pounds; and that at once struck me as "riding a free horse to death." Thenceforth all that could possibly be spared went ahead from station to station on the broader shoulders of the express company; and many a night I nearly froze for want of the blanket, which was sure to be ahead of or behind me. Lightened by 12 grateful pounds I re-sumed the march next day, zigraging for a week from road to mountains and back egain, as the whim seized me, finding enough game to be interesting, and enjoy-ing every moment as keenly as only trained muscles and curcless mind can enjoy. One to the spot to investigate, and saw that the noise came from a spring. Guessing what it was he lit a match and ap-plied it to the bubble, which immediately flashed fire and continued burning for a few seconds. Staking the ground out as a claim he got

Btaking the ground out as a claim he got a company to undertake the boring, and two wells were put down, one at each point, to a depth of about 500 feet. A large cattle "round up" happening to be in the neigh-borhood the operator told them that he would give them an illumination, so he set fire to the gas which was issuing from the wells. The result was more then he do artici ing every moment as keenly as only trained muscles and careless mind can enjoy. One cottontail that I shot near Castle Rook rolled down his burrow dead and would have escaped me but for a boyhood lesson from old Hugh, back in the White Mount-ains. With the end of my staff I could just feel the limp fur at the bottom of the hole. Wetting the end of the stick with new mouth I put it down until it towched The result was more than he had antici-pated. A column of fire 12 feet in diameter and 60 feet in height rushed up with a roar into the midnight sky.

More Than He Counted On.

just feel the limp fur at the bottom of the hole. Wetting the end of the stick with my mouth I put it down until it touched bunny and twisted it around gently a few times. Then, when I drew it carefully ont, there was the rabbit at the end bound byse delicate cable of his own silky hair. A Cry That Curdles the Blood. The full moon was high overhead as I wound through the lonely canon of Plum

wound through the lonely canon of Plum Creek, and midway of that bare defile my ears pricked up at an old, familiar sound, At the head of Piceance creek, three

inches thick; and the savage wind roared down the canon in icy gusts. There was no place to sleep save in the "bunkhouse." That had one occupant, and he had one blanket. My own was in Colorado Springs, and not even a gunny sack was to be found to mitigate the night. The old track walker shivered under his one tattered cover and, would here no firs in the battered tower.

Boring Wind With an Auger. From Larkspur to the top of the divide,

hill pull, growing cooler at every step, and in the teeth of the very worst wind I ever encountered. By afternoon it was a perfect gale, against which I could make seant two miles an hour by the most violent exertion. At the door of one lonely house I knocked, The Poor Car Horse. altimore Herald.]

At the door of one lonely house I knocked, and politely asked if they could lend me an auger. "What d'ye want of a auger?" snapped the hard-faced woman why an-swered my rap. "Why, I thought, madam, that it might help me bore through this wind"-but she slammed the door in the face of this ill-timed witticism, and I went without my dinner for being "funny." The temperature kept falling and the gale rising as the day wore on It was

for an addition

If in starting he should slip, Goad him on with voice and whip, The poor car horse.

MOLECULES AND SPACES.

A Simple Experiment That Seems to Es tablish the Atomic Theory.

FANNIE B. WARD.

According to the atomic theory, all matter is composed of small particles of matter called molecules. Between these molecules are spaces called pores, much larger than the molecules themselves. Both molecules and pores are so small that the most powerful microscope cannot detect them. Never-theless the following simple experiment is

before the cheerful blaze as if he thoroughly enjoyed it. It looks odd, at a party, to see hadies in bare arms and decolette bodices, with blue noses and chattering teeth, wrapped in shawls and fur-lined cloaks, crowding around a charcoal brazier, which, emits just enough heat to make one more sensible of the deadly chills that come gal-loping up one's spinal column; and odder still to see them, at table, still wrapped in cloaks and shawls, the aching feet of each-guest thrust into a foot warmer, though sur-rounded by every luxury (except fire) that theless the following simple experiment is convincing: Fill a wide-mouthed bottle completely full of alcohol or kerosene. Then drop small tufts of cotton batting upon the sur-face of the liquid. The batting will imme-diately absorb a portion of the liquid, and will then sink below this surface. Repeat this operation several times, and it will then be noticed that the batting does not rounded by every luxury (except fire) that wealth can buy. then be noticed that the bottle does not seem to be quite full of the liquid, although if the experiment has been carefully per formed, none has overflowed. Now, by formed, none has overflowed. Now, by means of a fine wire, push the cotton to the bottom of the bottle and add more. In this way a large amount of cotton may be added before the liquid will overflow. The only satisfactory explanation seems to be that the molecules of each substance enter the spaces between the molecules of the other.

DEATH IN THE SPRING.

as Bubbles From Its Bottom That Kills Every Living Thing.

Ban Francisco Chronicie.]

"Talk about Death Valley," said Gavin McNab last night. "I know a spot in this State where no living thing can exist five seconds. At a point about three miles from Hopland and about 30 feet from the road, there bubbles a spring of the clearest spark. is the Tajamar, lying along the banks of the Mapoche, which used to be the favorite resort before the Alemada was completed. It is an embankment of solid masonry, some ling water you ever saw. The only thing peculiarly noticeable about the spring from distance is the loud hissing sound it makes as it gushes up out of the gravelly soil.

"Approach it and you will be startled to "Approach it and you will be startled to see lying around the spring the skeletons of hundreds of birds, scores of small ahi-mals such as coons, foxes, and the like, and nearly always there will be a body or two of birds or animals in a more or less ad-vanced stage of decomposition near the edge of the spring. The fact of it is that there rises constantly from the spring a gas so noxious and so deadly that one whill of it is sufficient to extinguish life." ufficient to extinguish life."

Some of Santingo's Wonder

Though many cities have extensive and beautiful botanical and zoological gardens, there are few which can show any thing like this of Santingo—and I doubt if its equal, in area and the value and variety of its buildings, can be found anywhere in the world. It contains not only a vast botanits buildings, can be found anywhere in the world. It contains not only a vast botan-ical garden, laid out on a grand scale, with little lakes crossed by rustic bridges, a wilderness of blossoming plants, vines and shrubs, towering oaks and pines, statuary, shaded nooks, well-kept walks and plenty of rustic benches, and the greenest of sward without a single placard (so fre-quently met with at home) saying "Keep off the grass"--and an extensive zoological park, containing all the animals of South America, and many others, conveniently

Weeds of Sumatra Widows New York Sun.]

When a Sumatra woman's husband dies she plants a post in front of her particular she plants a post in front of her particular door in the family house and hangs a flag upon it. While that flag waves she may not marry again. But when the winds, blowing softly off the sea, have torn it into shreds and scattered the bits on the ground her term of mourning is over, and she may so-cept a second lover's proffer.

For Pain in the Stomach.

We made use of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy on two occascontern and Diarrices Remedy on two occas-ions for pain in the stomach. Result satis-factory in a very short time after taking the medicine. I hesitate not in giving my opinion in favor of the medicine. At least America, and many others, conveniently arranged for observation in long avenues but a magnificent museum; an underground, grotto-like structure containing innumer-able glass tenks full of fish grimming in t has done all claimed for it as far as we ave tried it. R. D. Boon. 1476 U

which sometimes swept away stretes into or houses. A delightful winter promenade is the Tajamar-doubly attractive because out of fashion and therefore comparatively de-serted-its ancient wall overgrown with From my very heart I pity Seeing driven through the city The poor car horse. vines and lichens, partially shaded by stragging willows and encalyptus trees. Then, there is the still popular Canadella-a broad tree-lined avenue where spooning From early morn "till late at night, Hurrying along with all his might, The poor car horse. lovers loiter.

No one over thinks him weary, Or the way so long and dreary For the poor car horse.

gale rising as the day wore on. It was already generously below zero. Near the aptly named side track of Greenland, I was In cars packed to repletion There's more room for an a On the poor car horse. aptly named side track of Greenland, d was crossing a treatle which spans Carpenter's creek when a sudden gust, resistless as a wall, swept me off bodily and flung me upon the ice and frozen sand a score of feet below. The ice-thanks to the wind-had but lately formed, and through I went into a shallow pool. It was better than falling on the slag in ran at the and a find the head to be the star

If his limbs are racked with pain, And the sweat runs down like rain, The poor car horse;

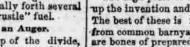
The trip at any cost is made, The corporation must be paid By the poor car horse.

If I were a man and voter, I'd have the cable motor, And save the poor car horse.

Many a grean from brute creation Ascends to Heaven for reparation

up the invention and pushing of substitutes. The best of these is feather bone, obtained from common barnyard fowls. Then there are bones of prepared horn, celluloid, bam-boo and steel of different kinds, bars and boo and steel of different kinds, bare and covered with cloth, said to be waterproof. But there is nothing as good as the best whalebone. the city from the annual rise of the river, which sometimes swept away streets full of

From Larkspur to the top of the addy up-



able, though I had to sally forth several times before morning to "rustle" fuel.

rip-rap at the ends of the bridge; but the cight miles to shelter, walking with plothing frozen stiff as a plank and nearly every bone in my body aching, was anything but

hilarious.