

[WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.]

There were, one time, two boys, Conrad and Donald, who although brothers, were so unlike that no one would have thought that they belonged to the same family. Conrad had light, curly hair, blue eyes and a face that was always bright and pleasant, while Donald's hair and eyes were dark, and his brow was seldom free from a frown; he was also indolent and selfish, caring little for anything save his own comfort. The mother was a poor widow, and as soon as her sons were large enough she was obliged to send them out into the world to earn their own living. At parting she gave to each a basket containing food to last

them several days.

The brothers bade their mother a sad farewell, and then set out on their journey. After traveling until noon, over the hot, dusty highway, they came to a great forest, whose shade was cool and pleasant, and a clear cold spring bubbled up nearby. Here the boys decided to rest, and eat their dinthe boys decided to rest. ket first," said Donald, "then mine after-

Conrad agreed to this plan, and proceeded to open his basket. A large, mossy stone served as a table, and the boys ate heartily of their bread and meat. When evening came, Conrad again shared with his brother, and for their breakfast took out his last erumb of brend. When the dinner hour came Courad said: "Now, we shall have to open your basket, for mine is empty, and I

am very hungry."
"You shall have nothing from my basket," replied Donald, "for it contains no
more than I shall need for myself."
"But I have shared my food with you," said Conrad, "and you promised that you would divide with me." "It is no difference to me what I promised," cried Denald, angrily, "and I shall not stay with you any longer."

dumb, and I shed many tears when I saw the fair creature walking in the palace garden, and unable to hear the rippling fountain, or the sweet songs of the birds. Why does not some one tell her to kiss the little violets, which grow in the garden. If she does so, she will be healed at once."

These and many other tales were told, and then the animals took their departure, not knowing that Conrad had listened to all their talk. When the forest was still once more the boy descended from the tree, satis-

more the boy descended from the tree, satisfied his hunger with the remains of the feast, and then laid down to sleep until morning. At sunrise he arose and ran to the top of the hill, which he found not far away. Fro the hill, which he found not far away. From this place he could see the towers of the city, and the King's palace standing in the center of a large park. Conrad was not long in making his way thither. He took his stand near the palace gate, and when the King came into the garden the boy cried: "O King, here me; for I know how your sight can be restreed."

the forest to-morrow morning. If what you have said is true, you shall receive great reward; but if you have spoken falsely, you shall lose your life."

thank the property of the could see, his delight the could see, his delight knew no bounds. He was very grateful to Courad and gave him a purse of gold and a bounds. handsome horse. Conrad then continued his journey. As he passed the widow's cottage, he paused long enough to tell her to dig out the poisonous plants, which were growing at the roots of her trees, and then he hurried to the city where lived the deaf and dumb princess. When the boy announced that the Princess should both speak and hear the people shouted with laughter, and wished to drive him from the city. But when the King



CONRAD LED THE KING TO THE OLD TREE.

Conrad was made king, and with the Prin-cess as his wife, ruled long and happily. But no one ever heard again of Donald, and

t was thought that he perished in the great

SOME ENIGMATICAL NUTS.

Puzzles for the Little Folks That Will Keep

if They Solve Them Correctly-Hon

1604 - TERUS.

1605-CHARADE

"Two one three the bit, and I prance and I

While the crowd in attendance enjoy the

rare fun," Said the race horse elate, to the plug he did

meet, That was nibbling some grass on the side of

"I do honest work," said the plug, "at the

you'll allow,
And off to the market along the long roads,
I trudge with the products in wagonful
loads.

"O, war; to tell of the bent;"
The whole world knows of this defeat.
H. C. Buran.

1607-A CURIOSITY SHOP.

There was one room in my grandfath

Address communications for this dep to E. R. CHADBOURN, Lewiston, Maine.

Their Brains Busy for Most of the Week

He then ran as fast as he could along a heard of this, he begged that if Conrad narrow path leading in another direction from that which they were traveling. Conknew of any remedy for his dear child, he would tell it. Conrad then obtained perwould tell it. Conrad then obtained permission to gather some of the violets which grew in the palace gurden, and when the Princess had pressed the flowers to her lips, she at once began to speak, and from that moment could hear distinctly all that was going on around her. In his gratitude, the King gave Conrad a place in his kingdom, and allowed him to bring his mother, who had suffered so much want, to live in the palace. At the death of the old sovereign Conrad was made king, and with the Prinrad was so surprised at his brother's actions rad was so surprised at his brother's actions, that for a moment he stood perfectly still and did not utter a sound. Then he called many times, and begred Donald to return; but only the echo replied, and poor Conrad was left alone and without food. As the boy thought of his mother and how cruel his brother had been he wept bitterly.

All this time the way had led through the forces which are County leads to the forces.

he forest, which, as Courad looked before im, seemed to grow more and more dense, hear his own heart beat. Not a leaf stirred. the birds were silent and even the squirrels neemed to be taking their noon-day nap. Conrad soon dried his tears and bravely continued his journey, but he was very hungry, and the few berries and herbs which he found did not satisfy his healthy appetite. When the sun went down and dark night fell over the forest, the boy was sure he heard the cries of wild beasts, and having no means of defending himself

against them he climbed into a high tree to wait for the morning. He must have fallen asleep, for when he awake the moon was shining brightly through the chattering of the knty-dids the case of the whomeoperity the dids, the crys of the whippoorwills, the hooting of the owls and the sweet melody of the nightingales. Then Conrad heard a tramp, tramp, and looking down, he saw coming toward the very tree into which he had climbed, animals of every kind, large and small, from the timid little hare to the great fierce lion. There were also many burs, and every variety of birds.

The boy gazed, half frightened, half urious, at this strange assembly, and wondered greatly to hear voices speaking a language which he could understand. Then he remembered that his grandmother had once told him that on midsummer nights the inhabitants of the forest met and had a great feast. At this time they would talk with human voices, and he who heard them speak would have his fortune made. Conrad now listened attentively. The lion was saying: "My friends, this will be a great place to spread our feast, and when we have inished our meal we shall relate any mat-ters of interest we may know."

Then what a feast of good things was spread. Poor, hungry Conrad could hardly keep from crying out, "Please give me some," but he sat very still, and waited patiently until the meal was over. Then the bear said: "I wonder if anyone is near

to hear our conversation."

There are two boys traveling in the forest," said a little gray squirrel, "but only one of them is near us, and doubtless he is fast asleep. He is a good boy, and I wish that he might hear something that would be of use to him."

"The bear, the lion, the fox, and the others had wonderful stories to tell. Then the owl said: "Now, little rabbit, have ou not something of interest to tell? have been traveling far since we last met and must have seen some strange sights.

"I have seen a very sad one," answered the rabbit. "I have been thinking of it all evening. In the city, which we can see from the top of yonder hill, lives a king, who is entirely blind. Night and day are . plow, Which to man is more useful than yours, the same to him, and it grieved me that could not tell him to come to this tree, and have his sight restored by bathing his eyes in the dew, which, in early morn, he would find on the flowers and grass." "As the total of labor I pose, my good nag, Kot given by nature to spirit and brag, White you for your speed a whole claim to be, For all else quite useless, to a dead cer-

"Just outside of the same city," said the ewl, "is a poor woman, who earns her bread by selling apples from the trees in her speed occurred. But this summer the fruit will not river, and falls to the ground before it is fully grown. How I wished that I could tell her to dig up the poisonous

plants which an enemy had planted at the roots of her trees.",
"In the next city," chirped the cricket,
"is a still sadder sight. The beautiful Princess, the King's only child is both deaf and

terested us boys more than any other. Or perhaps I should say the contents, rather than the room itself, interested us. Hanging upon one side of the room was an old 75 Linck loft, and on the opposite side might be seen the legend Gush sot. Upon a bracket was a Lot pt, and standing in the corner was something whose name indicated that it might be like a kite, for it was called a filor, while in the center of the room stood a small No Name. Whenever we entered the room we found Rev. R. Love lying on the sofs, and K. S. Muse leaning against the mantel. But grandfather never allowed us to disturb them, for he said they were very sensitive, and were liable to go off in a heat if we disturbed them.

1608-CONTENTMENT. A certain sharp and ringing sound Taless place, when I am near; Curtail me, and there will be found Tribes marshalled closely here The chieftain marshalled at his first, In olden times we hear; War called them up, and peace dispersed

The first that knew no fear. 1609-ENIGMA.

I stand amid the passing throng, And show an open face; And render service all day long In friendly, useful ways,

With outspread hands I answer all Who seek to question me; I give reply to every call Unhesitatingly.

I speak in figures strong and bold. In clear and measured way; Each moving tale is truly told. I lead not one astray. 'Tis plain that all I teach and do, Reveals a hidden spring; And all I teach would be untrue Unless I'm true within.

I lift my face up toward the clouds, And from my home on high I would that all the busy crowds Might learn, as they pass by,

That who would hold a lofty place And greatest honor win,
With friendly face and busy hands,
A faithful heart must bring.

Two Eastern travelers were resting in the shade of some palms in the desert. "What is that long procession I seer" inquired one of them. "Long," said the other, "do you call that long? It is just two carriages with some little article between them." The first speaker flatly disputed him, and there was danger of a repetition of the chameleon dispute, but he finally took in his friend's meaning, and then he felt very sheepish.

ETHYL 1610-AN ORIENTAL TALE

1611-CENTRAL DELETION. An animal, large or small, Which we irrational call, You see, if you have all. But most advanced, the last, Ingoodness unsurpassed, Its excellence is vast. Bitter Sweet.

1612-DECAPITATION. We often read of poverty Subsisting on a whole; But why not toast it? Seems to me, I'd warm the arid dole.

Were I the veriest beggar maid, I'd rub off spots of two; I'd toast my alls, as I have said, Or soak them—wouldn't you?

ANSWERS. 1594.—"Over the garden wall."
1595.—Lud (ell, ewe, Dee); L-a-ud, dual.
1596.—Wit-h.
1597.—Closet: Colt, sole, cole, Celts, stole.
1598.—In-firm. 1508.—In-firm. 1509.—Fright, right. 1500.—A nice sewer, an eye-core. 1601.—Rescue, secure. 1602.—Chours. 1603.—At-tire.

A QUEER SPANISH CUSTOM.

Why the Crews of Men-of-War Always Go Aloft at Sundown New York Times.]

The presence of the Spanish schoolship Nautilus in the North River recalls a curious oustom in vogue on war vessels of that nationality. It originated in superstition and has long been the subject of many jeers from English-speaking mariners. Years ago, so the legend runs, a Spanish an-of-war was lost under peculiar circumstances. The ship was careening before a Levant breeze, when suddenly the heavens grew dark with an approaching squall. It became necessary to shorten sail quickly and the seamen were hurried to their sta-tions. The vessel heeled under her bellying canvas and the sailors tugged at the clew lines, but not a sheet would start.

As a last resort the halyards were cut, and under ordinary circumstances the yards would have fallen upon the caps and spilled the wind out of the sails. But they remained mast-headed, and in a few moments the vessel capsized. It was afterward dis-covered that the sheaves, through which the ropes for shortening sails were rove, had been so tightly plugged up with sticks and other small obstructions that it was imposother small obstructions day to was sible for the ropes to slide through. It was urged that no human agency could have done it, and the deed was laid at the door

of the evil one.

Shortly after the fateful occurrence a general order was promulgated directing that the crew of every Spanish war vessel be sent aloft to chase His Majesty out of the

sent aloft to chase His Majesty out of the sheave holes every evening at sundown.

From that day to the present it has been the custom for the crew to go aloft for this purpose when the colors are lowered at sunset. They scramble up the rigging as the flag comes down, run out upon the yard-arms and closely examine every hole and crevice. Their patient search for the clusive old gentleman has hitherto been as fruitless. as that instituted by single ladies under beds for long-lost burglars.

What would happen if they should ever find what they search for can only be im-

PERFUMING THE BLOOD

English People Are Trying the Idea That Came Out Here a Year Ago. Pall Mall Budget, 1

The other day a well-known Bond street beautifier showed and explained to me a new and wonderful process for perfuming the human body. By hypodermic injections of sweet essences, such as white rose, lilac, or violet, one's skin may be rendered as fragrant as that of Alexander the Great's. The little instrument used for making the The little instrument used for making the injection is a syringe of about the same size as that used for administering morphia. It will hold something like a half a dozen drops of essence. The operation is painless, and one may do it for oneself with only the aid of one's right hand. It only needs to be

aid of one's right hand. It only needs to be performed once a week, as the perfume remains in the skin for that period. I was assured that there was no risk of bloodpoisoning. The beautifier said that the fashionable ladies whom she waits on are delighted with the idea.

I had almost forgotten to mention the fact that the breath as well as the skin is rendered fragrant by the essence. Men will no doubt find it a handy remedy for counteracting the odors of tobacco smoke, which to some fastidious ladies is "so very objectionable." The little instrument, with scent bottle and needles all complete, can be had for 15 shillings. It was Dr. J. Rousel's experiments for the cure of phthis that led to the discovery of the process. He used cucalyptus for his hypodermic injections, and the fact that process. He used eucalyptus for his hypodermic injections, and the fact that the skin and breath of his patients became impregnated with its disagreeable odor

impregnated with its disagreement caused him to try perfume as a remedy.

America's Only Baccarat Game. The only place where a game of baccarat has ever run for any length of time and in any degree publicly in this country was the game at the Long Branch Club. Men make hig bets there, and in the baccarat game that ran there two years ago this summer one turn of the cards cost the bank an even \$2,000. The bank at Long Branch has lost \$5,000 in an hour at baccarat and has won—
well, never mind what it has won. There
isn't as good a chance to a man for his
money, however, at baccarat as there is at
fare.

Inough crue! In war, the California are
justly celebrated for their care of the sick
and afflicted. The first hospital in Santiago
was established almost as soon as the city,
by Valdivia, the founder. Those of San
fare.

Juan de Dios, for males, and of San Fran-

CHILE IS STUCK UP.

Just as Good as Any Other Country and a Little Bit Better.

SHE GAVE UNCLE SAM THE MITTEN.

Schools and Theaters Thrive in the Charge of the Government.

PATRICK EGAN ISN'T POPULAR THERE

[CORRESPONDENCE OF THE DISPATCE.]

SANTIAGO DE CHILE, May 31. BOUT the most selfne approving set of people on the face of the earth, particularly as regards their beloved Republic, are these Chileans. A fair sample of the native conceitwasdisplayed to a commission from the United States, which came down here a few years ago to talk about reciprocity, and if pos-

Our representatives were politely received by the chosen men of Chile, and a lengthy, but rather one-sided, pow-wow was held. Finally, after listening attentively to all that the Americans had to say for themselves, young Miss Chile briefly spoke her mind. She gracefully admitted the truth of all the flattering things which the gentlemen from the North had said about her-that she was a great, a rich, a prosperous and a beau-tiful country—but assured them that the half had not been told. She acknowledged that it might readily be discerned, with half an eye, as it were, how much it would be for the interest of the United States to have dealings with her; but-really, begging pardon for the seeming discourtesy-would the benefit to Chile come in?

sible to foster closer friendly and commer-

cial relations between the two countries.

In some respects the Chileans are not without grounds for their self-esteem. Their educational institutions, for example, are ahead of those in many older republics, and certainly far surpass any others in Bouth America; and their progress in literature, the arts and sciences, has been truly remarkable, considering that this ribbon-like little strip of territory—walled by the mighty Andes on one side and washed by the limitless Pacific on the other—is more remote from the world's great centers of population than any other civilized land. For some years past education has been a Government hobby in Chile and no pains or expense have been spared in discovering the Strong in Educational Affairs. expense have been spared in discovering the-best methods, securing the most competent instructors and opening up a really "royal road" to learning for the masses as well as for the wealthy few.

The oldest college in Chile, the Instituto

The oldest college in Chile, the Instituto Nacional, received its charter from the King of Spain more than 100 years ago, and was known as the Colegio de San Felipe until 1842, when it was reorganized and renamed. It occupies a fine building in the Alameda, alongside of the great University. The latter is divided into five faculties, and in it the sons of wealthy families who are designed for the learned professions, finish their education. Its course of study covere a period of six years, and embraces mathe. a period of six years, and embraces mathematics, practical surveying, physics, nat-ural history, chemistry, astronomy, cosmog-raphy, and other sciences, besides ancient and modern languages, medicine, law and theology.

Languages of the Hemisphere. Languages of the Hemisphere.

All well-educated young people in this eountry learn French and German, and of late years it is becoming the fashion to study English, after the "dead" languages have been acquired. In the United States, Spanish is about the last language the student thinks of applying himself to, except at West Point and Annapolis, where I believe it is compulsory. This is not as it should be, considering that they are the two languages of this Western world, English being universally snoken on one continent seing universally spoken on one continent and Spanish on the other.

The last statistics I have had an oppor-

tunity of seeing gave the average annual attendance at the University as 931, and of the Instituto Nacional as 1,150. The former has a splendid library of about 10,000 vol-names, and all manner of scientific apparatus for the use of the students. It is filled with earnest and thoughtful young men, scores of whom may be seen, books in hand, pac-ing the extensive inner corridors and reading or studying aloud, after the Southern fashion. In the law department I noticed two young ladies—an altogether new de-parture for Chile, not looked upon with favor, so that the position of the two Sen-oritas can hardly be enviable. Had they taken to the medical department instead, possibly they might have been forgiven, but obody hereabouts can see any sense vomen studying law.

For the Arts and Trade. Santiago also supports a flourishing School of Arts and Trades, a School of Agriculture—founded in 1869 by the Sociedad de Agricultura, a Conservatory of Music and numerous other public and private sem-inaries, all well filled and doing creditable work. The Military Academy is another Government institution, for the education of young men intended for the army and navy, and is said to have done much toward improving both services. The numerous Normal Schools of Chile are a later exper ment, and are designed especially for the ers in the Government schools. They are under the general supervision of the Minis ter of Finance, and directly superintended by a Commissioner of Education—the latter a very learned gentleman, who has been sent to all countries, at Government expense, ex

called an institution of the United States, because it is the outgrowth of a missionary enterprise originated in that country, and is conducted by people who names are familiar in Washington (Mr. and Mrs. I. H. La Fetra), assisted by eight teachers from the United States and a round dozen of "Professors Especiales," who give lessons in music, painting and the languages.

Though emphatically a Protestant school, its mission work is very quietly accom-plished, in a more effective manner than open attempts at proselyting would prove in this intensely Catholic country.

The Newspapers and Hospitals. Printing was introduced into Chile in the rear 1812, with a little screw press, brought from the United States, which is still pre-served in the National Museum. Now there are at least a dozen printing establishments in Santiago, publishing four daily newspapers, besides the official journal and ments in Santiago, publishing four daily newspapers, besides the official journal and various reviews and serials. The Ferrocarrii ("railway train"), established about 40 years ago, is the leading paper of the capital, and enjoys a daily circulation of perhaps 9,000. Within the last 20 years newspapers and periodicals have been established in nearly all the provinces and departments of Chile, and most of the larger towns, such as Concepcion, Iquique, Copiapo and Serens, have each two or three dailies—or rather they had, before the present war, which has temporarily destroyed the newspaper business, in common with the newspaper business, in common with every other industry. Valparaiso has two or three big dailies, besides the Diara Official, the Catolico, an English and a Ger-

man weekly, and a number of Chilean literary and social periodicals.

Though cruel in war, the Chileans are

cisco de Borjas, for females, are the meet noted. These, as well as many other hospitals scattered all over Chile in every town and city, are under the care of the Sisters of Saint Vincent de Paulo, who have their central convent at Santiago. They are aided by the Government, but have also considerable revenues of their own, derived from gifts and legacies.

Beggrars Make Ter Dollars a Pay.

Beggars Make Ten Dollars a Day.

Seggars Make Ten Dollars a Day.

Speaking of Chilean generosity, it is asserted that the owners of Santiago's marble palaces are so free with their wealth that Irish and American tramps easily make from \$10 to \$20 a day by begging at their doors. The careless giving, however, should not be called charity, but rather a weak indulgence in the luxury of spending money which can scarcely be counted among the saving virtues. saving virtues.

In noting Santiago's public institutions we must not omit the theaters. Besides the Teatro Politeama, the Teatri Santiago, the French Theater on Santa Lucia, and a few other third-rate temples of music and the

French Theater on Santa Lucia, and a few other third-rate temples of music and the drama, there is a splendid Government opera house, known as the Teatro Municipal, which is the finest structure of the kind in South America, and for size, gorgeousness and arrangement surpasses anything we have in the United States.

A description in the cold black and white of print can convey but a faint idea of how it looks at its best, brilliantly lighted and filled with the creme de la creme of the Chilean capital—when the blaze of jewels is not more dazzling than the glances that flash from Southern eyes, nor the music sweeter than beauty's smile—with Parisian toilets, barearms, fluttering fans and a thousand operaglass fiirtations bewilder the spectator. The glass flirtations bewilder the spectator. The building is constructed in horseshoe form, and its internal arrangement is on the European plan, with four balconies, three of which are divided into boxes, tier above tier in semi-circular shape, all luxuriously upholstered with crimson brocade and decorated in white and gold. The balconies have no pillars to obstruct the view, but are sup-ported upon brackets, each bracket being a beautiful female figure with uplifted arms.

Bonnets in the Theaters. Formerly none but men, and those not o the upper classes, ever sat in the body of the house, though in reality it is quite as comfortable as the boxes; but the English residents with the natural independence of loyal Britons—and who are known to stand as high, socially and financially as anybody to the Chilean "manner" born—succeeded in time in elevating the character of the pit, by persisting in occupying it, with their well-dressed ladies. Now, though perhaps not so fashienable as the show places above, the floor of the house is always filled, at the average price of \$4 a seat, even when the boxes are comparatively empty. But inexorable custom, which in Spanish America must not be departed from, decrees that ladies in the pit must wear their bonnets, or some other light covering for the head, while never a bonnet appears above, all the ladies in the boxes being dressed for the simplest farce, (or rather half undressed so far as the bodice is concerned), as for the grand opera in Paris or London.

The Teatro Municipal, as its name implies, is controlled by the city authorities, and every year its boxes are sold at auction average price of \$4 a seat, even when the

and every year its boxes are sold at auction for the season under the direction of the Mayor, and the receipts given, in whole or in part, as a subsidy to the opera management. The fashionable evenings are Thursdays, Saturdays and especial Sundays, the attendance on other nights being very slim, attendance on other nights being very slim, unless some fiesta is in progress. The lightest of operettas are the rule—such as "Dona Juanita," the ballet of "Brama," and "Orfeo in los Infiernos;" but I have seen "Boccacio," "Rigoletto" and the ancient but always acceptable "Chimes of Normandy" rendered better here than is usual in the United States. Like all Latin recolles the Santisegians are judges of peoples, the Santiagoians are judges of music, and would hiss an indifferent company off the stage.

The War and the Theater

The War and the Theater.

The orchestra numbers 75 pieces, the stage furniture is faultless, and there is a splendid proscenium box especially reserved for the President. But he will not be likely to occupy it at present, for by his order the Municipal Theater remains closed this winter. It seems odd to be writing of June, July and August as winter. The closing of the opera house is a grief to Santiago society, and complaints are more bitter than ever against "Dictator Balmaceda." Owing to war troubles, foreign performers cannot be imported, and the harassed Government has neither thought nor money to bestow

upon the drams.

The other day Mr. Patrick Egan, the United States Minister, late from Dublin, United States Minister, late from Dublin, undertook to negotiate terms between the President and the rebels. A man more unlikely to succeed on such a mission could not be found in a long day's journey, for our minister is not popular with any class of people in Chile—either natives or foreigners—probably from no fault of his own, but on account of the political troubles in Ireland in which he unpleasantly figured and which made him an exile from the land Ireland in which he unpleasantly ngured and which made him an exile from the land of his nativity. For that reason loyal Britons here are by no means in love with him, and the Americans in Chile are very indignant because an American was not sent to represent them. Well, the upshot of his to represent them. Well, the upshot of his overtures between the President and the insurgents was that the latter returned a scornful message to the effect that they considered Balmaceda a usurper, as opposed to the new government they have lately established in the northern provinces. The absurdity of this needs no comment.

It is particularly unfortunate for budding business interests that the United States has been in any way brought into this affair, for in the best of times Chileans have no deep seated recorn for the strenger. up that long, narrow trail on burros. The fuel is pine wood transported from timber-line on burroback, six sticks at a load. Uncle Sam owns the wood, but his to pay \$23 a cord for cutting and hauling it up. It costs some \$1,300 a year to warm the one room used as an office. So it is very high

no deep-seated regard for the stronger Northern Republic. The prejudice against us, which grew out of the attitude assumed by our Government during the Peru-Chile war (ended in 1883), has not yet died out. FANNIE B. WARD.

WONDERFUL ROCKING STONE.

It Weighs Eight Hundred Tons and Move With the Pressure of the Hand. New York World. 1

Tandil is located 160 miles from Bueno Avres. I came to Tandil, and after a breakfast on pachero, the invariable native dish, mounted a Spanish horse and rode a league up the hills to the moving rock It is of granite formation and weighs, according to the estimate of scientific authority, about 800 tons. It is poised on the sloping side of an enormous rock which is several hundred feet long and which rises high above the ground. The surface of the latter is smooth; in the vicinity there are signs of the passage of a glacier.



The illustration affords a good idea of the appearance of the moving rock. The point on which it rests is about 18 inches in diamments it lingers and then fades in the slow twilight.

A perpendicular mile below my feet that night the soft, fleecy clouds went drifting along the scarred flanks of the grim, unmindful giant, while the full moon poured down on them her cold, white glory. It was one of the views that make the heart fairly ache with its uncarthly beauty.

On the afternoon of the 5th I jumped and slid the 12 miles from the station down to Manitou in 1:40—a downhill race which is very exhibitanting at the time, but is ant to eter, and the stone was poised so exactly by flood or the ice, which left it in position flood or the ice, which left it in position that by a pressure of the hand I was enabled to stir it with a swaying motion amounting to at least four inches. The wind was calm and insufficient to move the heavy mass, but when the blasts sweep down the Sierras and impinge of the boulder it rolls to and fro. General Rosas, during his Dietatorship of Argentina, made a wager that he could pull the rock from its position by attaching 100 horses. The attempt failed, and Rosas, becoming incensed, swore that he would overcome the monster swore that he would overcome the monster anyway. The number of horses was in-creased to 500; the rock, however, went to the limit of its motion and no further. springs to Canon City. But again those speckled rascals upset my plans. That unmistakable brown flash in one of the pools of the south canon banished all other

HOUSEHOLD goods packed and stored.

MILES ABOVE THE SEA.

A Visit to the Highest Inhabited Building in All the World.

THE VIEWS FROM PIKE'S PEAK.

A Chase After the Agile Big-Horn and Stories of the Rockies.

CHILDREN TETHERED LIKE CATTLE

ALLYING forth from pretty little Manitou at 10 A. M. on November 4 I rode up the steep trail to Engelman's Canon, bound for Pike's Peak. This was before the skyward railroad had been planned, and to get to the top of that giant mountain one had then to earn his passage. But mountain-climbing was an old story, and for several miles I found little difficulty. The old trail was very rough and

steep along the dashing brook, whose fringe of bushes bent with pear-shaped icicles. It seemed odd to see icicles with the big end down; but these came from the spray which, of course, was thickest nearer the brook. After getting up out of the canon, and

upon a southerly spur of the peak, I began to find trouble with the snow, which had drifted a couple of feet deep in the trough-like trail. There was no dodging it, however, for outside the one path all was loose. sharp rocks. At the wild, desolate timberline, where the last scrubby dwarf of a tree clung sadly amid the rocks, matters grew worse; for as soon as I rounded Windy Point, a savage, icy wind from the snow peaks of Sangre de Cristo fairly

Stabbed Me Through and Through My perspiration-sosked clothing turned stiff in five minutes, and the very marrow in my bones seemed frozen despite the violent exercise of climbing. Worst of all, it was almost impossible to breathe in the face of that loy gale at such an altitude, though otherwise I never felt any of the unpleasant symptoms, either in heart, lungs, or nerves, experienced by many at that al-

It was 3;30 P. M. when I stood panting at

temperature, velocity of wind, changes of weather, etc., have to be recorded five times

The Fuel Comes Very Migh.

Every article of supply has to be "packed" up that long, narrow trail on burros. The

fuel, in more senses than one.

There are many curious things about an altitude of two miles and a half above the

sea. The nerves are always affected seriously

in time, and often very unpleasantly at once Few people can sleep at first at such an ele

rew people can sleep at lirst at such an elevation. The rare air seems to evaporate on one's skin, and leaves a delicious coolness like that from an alcohol bath. The great lessening of the atmospheric pressure gives a strange and delightful sense of buoyancy. Mt. Washington and its signal service were old friends of mine, and I was inter-

ested in a comparison between the old New Hampshire monarch and the noble West-ern peak. Timber line is only a relative term; and though Pike's Peak is more than

twice as tall as its Eastern brother, and the

latter would make only a literal hole-in-the

ground in the plains at its base, the distance from timber line to summit is nearly the

same on the two mountains. The weather is far severer on Mt. Washington than on

Pike. The winds attain a velocity 50 per cent greater, and owing to the far greater density of the air much more powerful in

proportion. The mean temperature is much lower, and the extreme cold of the lesser

A View of Rocky Giants.

The view from Pike's Peak is one of the noblest on earth—the far giants of the Rockies, in incomparable phalanx, and the infinite sea of brown plains to the east, dotted with rare timber islands and rare reefs of towns. With the setting of the sun came a sight even more memorable. As the red disc sank behind the west the gigantic The Big-Horn.

west, the gigantic The Big-Horn. shadow of the peak crept up on the foothills, leapt across to the plains, and climbed at last the far horizon and

stood high in the paling heavens, a vast, shadowy pyramid. It is a startling sight to see a shadow in the sky. For a few moments it lingers and then fades in the slow twilight.

very exhilarating at the time, but is apt to

have wenrisome results on the tendons of unpracticed legs. Next day I set out early, meaning to explore the twin Cheyenne canons and get 20 miles or so out on the abandoned "cut-off" road from Colorado

The view from Pike's Peak is one of the

peak is never paralleled on the greater.

thoughts, and from exploring I turned to gathering belated grasshoppers. A good string of trout soon dangled at my belt, and then a rolling boulder pitched me a dozen feet into an icy pool and gave me a severely sprained ankle. That ended the fun, and stopping only long enough to hobble through the two small but beautiful gorges I limped off into the plains and was glad enough to stop at the first cabin in my way.

The Romance of the Rockies.

The Romance of the Rockies.

It was a very interesting spot—not for the rough little shanty, but for the battered, grizzly old miner whose home it was. It did me good to hear him growl sway in some tale of the days in which he was part—when Colorede Colorado was part of the great des-ert; when the three Ute tribes were thick as grasshoppers on the plains; when



through the winter snows of the mountain passes struggled the long, gaunt train of chasers of the new Eldorade; how some staggered grimly onward under their heavy packs, while others sank sobbing in the great white drifts; how a few "struck it rich," while the forgotten thousands wore out their lives in toiling for the fortune that never came. This is the poetry and the romance of the Rockies.

One story this shaggy-browed, tangled-bearded '49er told me was characteristic. In 1877 a wealthy Detroiter went home from his mines in Leadville and told some very large stories. His exaggerated and bragging accounts led several hundred poor men to return with him to Leadville, where he glibly promised them employment. They through the winter snows of the mountain

he glibly promised them employment. They got there only to find the camp already growded with promised got there only to find the camp already crowded with unemployed men dependent on the charity of the miners. Most of them were without means, and soon starvation stared them in the face. When the miners learned the situation they made the braggart millionaire a frontier call. An impolite rope was stretched over a cedar branch, and one end discommoded his neck. "Now," said the visitors, "you fooled these men out here to starve by your blowing. They've got no work and no way to get home. Give them \$50 apiece to take them back to Detroit or you'll dance on nothing in less'n

PIKE'S PEAK SIGNAL STATION.

the door of the signal service station on the | two minutes." The millionaire was mulish, and they very crest of Pike's Peak-the highest in-habited building on earth. It is 14,147 feet swung him up once, twice, three times. At habited building on earth. It is 14,147 feet above the level of the sea—more than two miles higher than most of you who read this. It was built in 1882 by the Government at a great expense. The building is a strong box of stone, some 20 feet by 40, with walls 4 feet thick, well padded, and contains five very comfortable rooms. The corps of observers have a very fair time of the expent in winter, when they are impristhe third elevation he gasped surrender, and signed a check for the required amount. A trusty man galloped off toward distant Denver, and in a few days was back with the money to send the befooled Detroiters it, except in winter, when they are impris-oned by the snow for months at a time. In summer the observer spends two weeks on the peak and then goes down to Colorado Springs for a fortnight, being relieved by his chum, who comes up from a vacation as he goes down to one. The observations of the various instruments for recording

A man who survives being scalped is a A man who survives being scapped is a rare phenomenon; but one of the pioneers of Colorado went through that frightful experience twice and lived for years after. That was a happy-go-lucky Irishman known as "Judge" Baldwin. He once owned the land on which Colorado Springs now stands and on which Colorado Springs now stands—being swindled out of it, so the story goes, by wealthy land grabbers—and on that very spot was scalped by the Utes in the early days. A few years later another party of savages on the warpath ran across the old miner, shot him, took what was left of his hair, and left him for dead in the mountains. hair, and left him for dead in the mountains.

He revived, however, and got to help; and
in time fully recovered. After such wonderful escapes, Baldwin was found one morn
and drowned in two feet of water.

Passing the night comfortably in the
pretty Beaver Creek Canyon I started early

pretty Beaver Creek Canyon I started early next morning for a try at the trout. Soon, however, a figure outlined against the sky at the top of a great cliff made me drop my willow pole, unsling the Winchester from my back, and sneak up the canyon in quest of some point at which the cliff might be scaled. Such a long, breathless dance as that little flock of big horns led me over cliff and canyon! And a fruitless one too, for with all my caution I could not get within 2,000 yards of them.

A chase After Big-Horns,
A strange animal is the cimmaron, bighorn, or mountain sheep as he is variously called. Take a large ram, double the size of his horns, plate his skull with four inches of hardest bone, and you have an approximation to the big-horn. It would be hard to find finer frontlets than his. Each ponderous horn, curving three to five times upon itself, is thick at the base as a man's thigh, and all of one solid armor with the head. The big-horn does not, with malice aforethought, leap from high cliffs and alight upon his head, to save the trooble of going around; but he is sometimes forced off or slips, sure-footed as he is, and then that wonderful helmet stands him in good stead. His head is the heaviest part of his body, and he is almost sure to strike upon 'A Chase After Big-Horns. stead. His head is the heaviest part of his body, and he is almost sure to strike upon it; and it seems none the worse for an incredible fall. It is a sight to petrify the unaccustomed hunter when he sees Don Cimmaron fall 50 feet upon a ledge of rocks, rebound into the air, alight upon his feet and leave away at house, actions, had been

and leap away as though nothing had hap-pened to give him so much as a headache. A Lucky Shot at Deer. A few miles further along my long hunt was rewarded. A very lucky long shot brought down a fine black-tail deer, upon whose antlers were six spikes. A ranchero who bargained to haul the careass out to town for me evidently concluded that the meat was worth more to him than the stipulated \$2, for I never saw buck or ranchero serving.

Along the roads in that part of Colorado I frequently came to ranches where chil-dren of 2 to 6 years were "staked" in front of the house by a long, strong rope, one end of which was securely knotted under their arms, while the other was fastened to a stake. This seemed very funny, but was really a sensible institution to keep the youngsters of that wild country from stray-ing under the hoofs of the roving cattle or

ing under the hoofs of the roving cattle or into the reach of wild beasts.

Late at night, hot and dusty from a 35-mile scramble over "parks" and canons, I pounded away at the door of the first house in Canon City, where a greasy but abundant supper and a board "bed" on the floor beside the stove coaxed me to dream of almost suvervihing except the remarkable as most everything except the remarkable experience the morrow had in store.
CHARLES F. LUMMIS.

WE call at residence with upholstery samples and furnish estimates on work.
HAUGH & KEENAN, 33 Water street.

ON MOUNT HAMILTON.

The Exciting Ride to and From the Famous Lick Observatory.

WONDERS TO BE SEEN THERE.

The Panorama of Rare Landscapes Seen From the Jolly Tally-Ho.

WHERE THE FOUNDER LIES BURIED

[WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.]

In the valley of Santa Clara lies the town of San Jose. Its altitude is only 80 feet above sea level, and the nearest large body of water, the southern arm of the Bay of San Francisco, is 50 miles due north. Its

population is some 25,000. From the broad veranda of the Hotel Vendome one's gaze is attracted by a high mountain, apparently six or eight miles distant, with a white mass on the summit; the ever-present liveryman explains that the hill is Mount Hamilton and the white object the dome of the celebrated Lick Observatory. He incidentally remarks that he runs a "tally-ho" coach up there everyday; the round trip is \$3 50, and it is 28 miles by the road from the hotel to the Observatory. You are inclined to disbelieve the last statement, and, to know the truth, decide to

ment, and, to know the truth, decide to make the journey.

After eating an early breakfast next morning the start is made. A dense fog envelops the mountains. Heavy coats are in demand for the air is quite cold. While ascending the foot-hills, the fog settles from the peaks to the valley (a peculiarity of the country) and soon Mount Hamilton looms up in all its magnitude. Passing through fertile farm lands and peach orchards we reach the "Half-way House," where we are glad to get down from our high perch beside the driver, and stretch our limbs while side the driver, and stretch our limbs while fresh horses are being hitched up. Many are the anxious inquiries put to the stolid individual who holds the "ribbons," as to when we get lunch; they are met always by the same laconic reply: "You get your 'grub' at Smith's Creek."

The Sign the Best Part of It.

We are all as patient as possible and in about an hour are rewarded by the sight of a sign assuring us that "Smith's Creek Hotel is the only one on the mountain, lunch 50c." There is an excuse for a dining-room attached to the sign, and in it we endeavor to make ourselves believe we are enjoying the lunch served us, but it is en-deavor wasted, though the mountain air is a

deavor wasted, though the mountain air is a wonderful appetizer.

But time is up, and now for a long pull up steep grades. The driver has become talkative and shows us the town below, just visible through the fast-disappearing fog. He then points out a long, blue, irregular line, above the horizon, and ejaculates; "D've see them mountains? Well, them's the Starran 160 miles away."

the Sierras, 160 miles away!"
Rather hard to believe, but a fact. Winding, climbing, now almost over some precipice, then with a jerk that causes us to cling to the hand-rails, up, up we go until soon some man who prides himself on his pedestrianism says he will take a "short cut, right over that hill, see?" He is persuaded to remain on the coach, however, when the driver tells him that before he ould walk to the top, the rest of the party would be in town eating their supper. About 2 o'clock we draw rein in front of the main building of the Observatory and are escorted through marble-floored halls to

Tomb of James Lick, the founder of the institution. He lies beneath the stone face of the great telescope. Now we are exposed to a perfect volley of measurements and weights. The object glass of the telescope is three feet in diameter; the outside length of barrel is 56 feet; it has a vertical and a horizontal movement, in fact can be adjusted to any posi-tion; there is also an ingenious device run by massive clockwork that swings the barrel in direct opposition to the movement of the be kept in the middle of the object glass; the dome, which is composed of steel plates and weighs many tons, revolves on numer-

ous wheels so finely arranged that a child can easily turn it. We are next taken to the room where We are next taken to the room where, among other astronomical instruments, is kept the smaller telescope, having an object glass I foot in diameter, through which we find that the star "Capella" appears as large as "Venus." I was fortunate in meeting Prof. Barnard, a man who has probably discovered more comets than any other astronomer living. Under his guidance we were shown many very interesting photographs of the heavens, and had the system of "sidereal" time explained. There is only one clock in the entire observatory run on one clock in the entire observatory run on ordinary time. Mounting to the roof, we had given us such information as the elevation above sea level (4,443 feet) and many other

figures of a similar nature.

The cost of erecting and furnishing the Observatory was between \$790,000 and \$800,-000; \$1,000,000 was given by Mr. Lick for the purpose. It is now under the management of Prof. Edward S. Holden, President of the University of California.

The Longest Telescope. Passing to another building the longest Passing to another building the longest telescope in the world was exhibited to us. It is in four pieces, which, when joined, make a tube over 80 feet long. Finally, after having inspected the reservoirs (located on the highest point of the mountain) that supply the houses of the professors and the Observatory with an abundance of clear water, we bid farewell to the realms of research once more slimb to our senter.

science, and once more climb to our seats or the stage.

The horses have had a good rest and are eager to start; the air is crisp and bracing, and, as we swing around the sharp curves, view after view, each more beautiful than the preceding, is opened to our enchanted vision. Back of us lie the snow-capped vision. Back of us lie the snow-capped Sierras, on each side thick wooded hills stretch to the horizon, while below, the undulating fields seem a brilliantly colored rug spread at the feet of the "Monarch of the Valley"—Mount Hamilton. Careering, pitching, on we roll, the ladies uttering little screams and clinging to the seats. At the "Half-way House" iresh horses were given us and the remainder of the trip was made rapidly.

made rapidly.

In order that my readers may know what In order that my readers may know what kind of road there is up Mt. Hamilton let me give a few more figures: Mr. Lick stipulated, when he offered to establish the Observatory, that the county of Santa Clara should build and keep in repair a road to it from a point near the limits of San Jose. The county agreed, and it cost over \$75,000 to construct the road, which has 367 curves and a grade in no place greater than 343 fee to the mile. BERT O. BRUCE.

CUNLIFFE LISTER'S FORTUNE.

He Grew Wealthy Because He Saw a Way of Utilizing Waste Silk. Pall Mall Budget.]

The story of the enormous fortune accumulated by Mr. Cunliffe Lister (one of the "birthday peers") is one of the romances of "Fortunes Made in Business." Going one day into a London warehouse he came upon a pile of rubbish. He inquired what it was, and was told that it was waste silk. "What do you do with it?" he asked.
"Sell it for rubbish," he was told.

Mr. Lister bought it as rubbish at 4d a pound, and turned it into gold. He discorred, that is to say, how to use silk-waste for the manufacture of plush and other such stuffs, and this discovery was the founda-tion of his second fortune. His first for-tune was made by his invention of a wool-combing machine.

A Sare Way to Kill a Fly.

It is a curious fact that a fly cannot see a sharp edge. He can be cut in two easily with a sharp knife. Hold the blade sharp edge down over him and bring it down slowly upon him. They rarely get away. This may seem cruel, but it is in the inter-est of science, as the vivisectionists say.