Amusements.

Desultory Prospecting Among the Old Mining Camps in the Rich Fields of New Mexico.

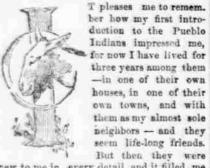
WONDERS OF A TURQUOIS MINE,

A Long Tramp in the Snow With Nothing to Guide but the Faint Footprints of a Horse.

LOST AT LAST WITH SCARCELY HOPE.

Interesting Experiences of a Trip on Foot Across the Continent.

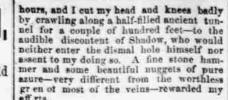
(WHITTEN FOR THE DISPATCE.)



But then they were new to me in every detail and it filled me with astonishment to find Indians who dwelt in excellent houses, with comfortable furniture, and clean beds and clothing and food, Indians , who were as industrious as any class in the country, and tilled pretty farms, and had churches of their own building-and who learned none of these things from us, but were living thus before our Suxon forefathers had found so much as the shore of New England.

The old Governor, my host, was courtesy itself, and entertained me very ably, though at disadvantage, for my struggles with Spanish in those days were for grace and comfort, something like the Scottish minister's definition of a "phenomenon:" "A cow, we know, and that is not a phenomenon; and an about tree, ye know, and that is not a phenomenon; but when ye see the cow climbing the apple tree, tail first, that

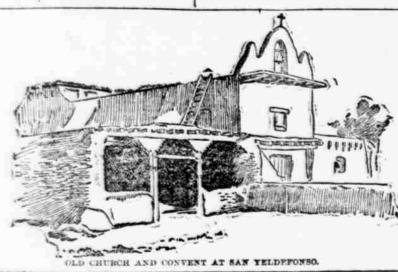
Forty-Two Miles Without a House. From San Yeldefonso to Santa Fe is less than 30 miles, but it gave me a hard day. A



with adobe a palisade of pinor After the first two days there came heavy snowstorms and the weather grew very bit-

Shining Mementoes of the Trip. He was very deeply interested in the sub sequent panning out of the pay dirt, and never moved from my side during the entire operation, no matter what the temptations vagrant curs and other excitements. It did not take me long to become expert with rocker and pan; and I have still several little

phials of nuggets and "dust" as trophies of my first gold-washing. Golden is one of the pioneer gold fields of the United States. The New Placers, so named from the vast areas of auriferous gravel which surrounded the town-have been worked by the Mexicans since 1828,



Shadow ceme to appreciate the then howled delefully. At last, at 8 o'clock at hight, just as I was deciding to dig a hole in the sand and crawl in for the night, a dim light far ahead made me throw my hat alott and whoop like a Comanche. An hour later Shadow and I were seriously lowering the water of a well at the first house in Santa the only trouble about it arises from the Fe, and in a few minutes more were in the happinable clutches of friends, after a paint walk of 42 miles with a heavy load, for I had brought my knapsack all the way

Spanish grant was miles away—a small tri-

Quaint old Santa Fe Interested us muchme because it is the most curious town in the country which is shared by Americans, and grant over like the leaf of a book, so that its Shadow because it was the first real town spex pointed east and swelled it to 35,000 be had ever been in. He reveled in the nar-seres, taking in a very rich mineral country. row old streets, in the vehicles, in the burand above all, in the market, where hung suddenly blanketed; but that was another many please, and ever jackrabbits. It was thing, and after years of litigation and occasplays were not for his special benefit, and particularly the first jackrabbits that catch them. We were there eight days,

may increasing things. per for there we found handsome residences and conditable four-story buildings made of the desplayed "mud brick". It was very intoo, to watch the Mexican workthen rurning gold and silver bars into miles of precious wire; and winding that, in turn, into the exquisite and intricate patterns of

their characteristic filigree lewelry. What Can Be Made of Adobe,

Parting with regret from the "ancient routh and trudged blithely down the long, aloring plateaus. The town had already there—and he was very antic on taking again to the road. That very afternoon, owever, his spirts were sadly snubbed. lowed him to catch up with them-and how giad enough to break away and make back

Six Miles to a Drop of Water.

Passing through the unimportant mining camp of Bonauca and on to Carbonateville, a town six miles from a drop of water, we came to the little gray knob of "Mount" Chalchuiti, the only turquois mine on the Cantchurts, the only turquous mine on the continent, and the one prehistoric mine in the whole Southwest, despite the numerous tables of annient cold there. It was very poor Shadow fared no better. The snow tables of ancient gold there. It was very long ago when when the first stone hammer was swung by swarthy fists against those white rocks and thumped out the first little combod, and on one side is a great hole remort a strain. The Pueblos have always turquois above all other ornatheir rude tools at this precious deposit

the early Spatish conquerers enslaved the Parties in this and other mines, and that part of this mountain caved in and buried walked the streets of Golden as freely as lot of the suffertunate Indians. But this, anyone. There were many warrants out a silly fable, for the Spanish never enlaved the Puchics, and were, on the con- came down periodically from Santa Fe to

gren of most of the veins-rewarded my Exploring the Gold Mines.

Crossing the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe Railroad at Cerillos and wading the icy Galisteo we reached the shabby but extremely interesting mining camp of Golden late in the evening of December 5, after a hard, thirsty, up-hill day. Our 12 days among the mines of the New Placers were the most enjoyable of the whole journey, though without startling adventures. A miner friend from Ohio took us to his rough little jacal—a cabin made by chinking and record with adobe a religious of prince. trunks-and made us very much at home. ter at that altitude of over 7,000 feet, but every day, and all day long, we trudged over the snow-buried mountains with Charlie Smith, poking into the numerous mines and countless prospect holes in their rocky ribs, exploring the underground miles of the great San Pedro copper mine, which the armed miners had forcibly captured from and defended against the millionaire corporation that had tried to oust them from their own little claims under a fraudulent land grant, and gathering whole sacks of beautiful specimens of the brilliant copper ores, and plenty of quartz lumps peppered with yellow gold. Shadow's fear of losing me soon overcome

his horror of underground, and he tugged reluctantly at my heels through the drifts and tunnels, and showed his relief by wild capers whenever we got back to the light of day. It was in the placer mines, however, that I found the greatest pleasure, and Shadow the utmost tribulation. The Mexicans who worked these slow but sure paying mines-while the more "ambitious" Amer cans were trying to find fortune by one stroke in the quartz veins-took a great fancy to me and let me work all I desired on their claims. But whenever I swung down by the rope to the bottom of their 30-foot shafts and crawled out of sight in the drift to scrape up a "prospect" from the pay streak. Shadow sat on the very brink of the shaft and howled at the top of his voice till I came up again.

Mexican, evidently misunderstanding my which gives priority over all other workings sargon, directed me south instead of east; in this country, except those of Cabarrus and as the trail was dim and crossed by and county, N. C., which were discovered a genluto countless others, I soon eration earlier. The history of the found myself at a loss in the wilderness.

All day long we wandered ever the gravelly messas, suffering torture from thirst, for I had brought no water, and not a little from the Southwestern land grant as a collective swindle and a monstrosity, forgetfu now and | that these grants were made by the Spanish then howled dolefully. At last, at 8 o'clock | Crown in the same way and for the same

angle of a few hundred acres, with its apex pointing west. Under the manipulations sturdy miners whose claims they had thus thing, and after years of litigation and occa-cional resorts to arms the miners still hole

Mexico are not frands, and but for our Government's shameful disregard of the trenty promises under which it acquired this Territory the matter would have been adjusted long ago.

their own. Most of the land grants in New

The Virtue of Gunny Sacks. With the snow more than two feet deep the railroad ahead, the getting away from Goldea did not look inviting. But I was getting hungry for mail; and as the snow showed no signs of disappearing, there was nothing to do but wade it. The faithful low shoes - now nearly through their third pair of soles - were not to be given up; but they New Mexico, we turned tection against the drifts, and so I bound up my feet and legs in gunny-sacks, which were lighter and warmer than boots. Had n to pall on Shadow—chiefly, I sus-because he had me less to himself never should have got through that awful

day; for with boots, even the best, my feet would have frozen. It was 6:30 of a pleasant December more We came near two preoccupied coyotes ing when we bade a hearty farewell to our which were trying to dig a rabbit from his new-found friends in Golden, and started trudging up the long, gentle slope toward the Tijeras ("Scissors") canon, through the deep snow and with a heavy burden on my shoulders-for I had shipped only the cop he wished they hadn't. He made a brave fight, but was sorely overmatched, and was stage, and was carrying the gold specimens glad enough to break away and make back to pack and ship at Albuquerque. My enis altogether too much, even in the best of walking. After a couple of miles we left the well-broken road to San Pedro and struck off through the scattered pinons southwestwardly. We had now no path save the tracks of a single horse, which had been ridden to Carnoe the day before, so we

came above his belly, so that it was impossible for him to plow any distance; and the only guit by which he could get along was a series of wearisome bounds.

A Famous and Skilliful Desperado. After some five hours of fearful toil, v reached the little creek at the foot of the noble Sandias, and crossed it at a spot nearly—they had neither cold nor silver in Golden I had become acquainted with the famous desperado, Marino Lebya, a heren lean Mexican of astonishing agility and al their rude tools at this precious are long before Colombus. Some 30 acres are covered with debris from their ancient mines, and upon these dumps great cedars fleet horse through a village, shooting off the heads at chickens as he galloped past! The tale is gravely printed in histories that He was a known murderer, having slain

shooters and rode into Golden at top speed to "se who would take Marino." His brav-ado was endless, and covered no lack of courage. He was ordinarily a good-natured fellow, and I had many very entertaining talks with him; but those for whom he conceived a dislike were apt to fare ill.

Some time before my visit, an American doctor coming up from Albuquerque had stopped over night at Tijeras, and had carelessly exposed a considerable roll of money. He rode a fine horse, and had a good reolver. Next morning as he came on toward yolver. Next morning as he came on toward Golden, Marino's gang—who had taken a short cut from Tijeras to get ahead—ambushed him at the very crossing. His horse fell at their first volley, crushing his leg beneath it, but he fought bravely, emptying his shooter at the assassins, until he fell, heavy with bullets. The outlaw took his valuables and then burned the bodies of



The Desperado Shooting Chickens horse and rider. For a long time nothing was knows of his fate. At last his brother came from the East to make search and finally found his watch in pawn at Berna-lillo. By this clew four of his murderers were traced, and an Albuquerque mob left them dangling from four telegraph poles. Marino, however, escaped and retribution did not overtake him until three years after

Killed Through a Friend's Treachery. A Mexican whom he had treated with great generosity, and upon whose friend-ship he relied, was bribed to kill him, or to assist a deputy sheriff in doing so. The precious couple met Marino on the forest road a few miles from Golden, and the always alert outlaw challenged them. "What! Don't you know me?" cried the false friend, riding up with a cordial smile and extending his hand. As Marino grasped it, the traitor jerked him forward and the cowardly officer put a bullet through Marino's brain from behind. Had the heavy ball gone through the heart instead of instantly paralyzing the great nerve center, there is no doubt that a man of Marino's force of will would have slain both his worderers before dwing himself; and his murderers before dying himself; and they knew that no mere surprise, however complete, could make them a match for that lightning marksman. Only some such cowardly trap as theirs could have con-quered him. Marino was dearly loved by the common people, to whom he was a very Robin Hood, fleecing only the rich and dividing with the humble; but he was a that whole section, and his death

was a relief to the public.

In the ruins of the old church just beyond this fatal crossing I stopped to rest and escape the icy wind, for all my clothing was wringing wet, while Shadow was in a perfect lather. In ten minutes we were on the road again, but with increasing anxiety There had been an ominous change in the weather, and sheet-like clouds covered the

The Guiding Footprints Covered Up. The wind was rising, too; and suddenly I saw, with a thrill of terror, that a few finer particles of the dry snow were beginning to blow northward. That may seem a circumstance too trivial to mention at all, but I knew it was a matter of life or death. were in a trackless wilderness, far from help, or food, or warmth, and with no more than the remotest idea in what direction they lay; night near at hand and a deadly chill in the air, and our only guide to safety the foot-prints of a horse. In ten minutes my fears were realized. The wind took sudden mer, faded, were wiped out altogether. I pulled my hat over my eyes, shut my teeth and plunged desperately and blindly on in the general direction of the now obliterated It was a fearful struggle against that

head-wind through the snow.

Presently Shadow erouched under a spreading pinon, whose piny boughs kept off the storm, and howled dismally. I called to him, and then walked on, thinking that the poor fellow would surely follow; but he was too worn out, and only howled the louder and did not budge. I went back to him, put my knife belt around his neck, and led him. For perhaps a mile he did his best to come on, but then he could keep his feet no longer, and could only be dragged limp and helpless as a dead body. That would not do—the strap would choke him. Deadly as the danger was I could not desert him-dear Shadow, who had come to seem more like a brother than a dog, in our long and lonely walk together.

I picked him up and threw him upon my heavy knapsack, his legs on either side of my neck, and carried him as one carries a sheep. And then I began to lose all hope My load was crushing, the drifts grew more impassable, the wind more cruel. It was already several degrees below zero. Down my legs and body trickled rivulets of sweatand my outer clothing, sweat-soaked for hours, was now frozen stiff We were off the road, too, and in a rough country, cut every few rods by deep arroyos running to the creek. These were drifted full; and a hundred times I tumbled into them without warning, cutting and bruising us both cruelly, the fine snow sifting down my back and chilling my strength; floundering out again only by the energy of despair, and struggling on only to fall into another

My strength was gone. The endurance which had never failed before, though often sorely tested, was at an end. Nothing but "bulldog" kept me up. I knew that to stop meant sure death, and with unseeing eyes and ears ringing with strange sounds and mind sinking into a strange, pleasant numbness, I still struggled on, making a new footprint less fast than the drifting storm covered the last one made. And then I stepped in a burrow and could not rise again; and there we lay, done for and lost n trackless snows.

CHARLES F. LUMMIS.

CTRANSLATED FOR THE DISPATON. 1 With a gay, happy heart and a bright smile on his face, Adolph left his home in the village and went into the city to learn the joiners' trade. He had several gold pieces in his pocket, and as he trudged on his way he made many rosy plans for the future. He had no trouble in finding a master, for his bright, honest face wor friends for him at once, and soon Adolph had begun his work. At the same bench with him worked a boy by the name of Franz, who was very slow at learning, and chose this trade only because his father compelled him to do so. Although Franz

never were intimate friends, and spent only their working hours together. It happened about this time' that a wonderful proclamation was sent through the land. The King had a very beautiful daughter, for whom he wished to select a suitable husband. Many noble youths came from came down periodically from Santa Fe to arrest him always took very good care not to find him, nor to let him find them, for whenever had—and never worked his or any other mine in New Mexico.

We prospected the strange hill for several

and Adolph had the same master, they

SOME ENIGMATICAL NUTS. husband must make for her a chair of rosewood, on the back and seat of which Puzzles for the Little Folks That Will Keep Their Brains Busy for Most of the Week

must be carved pictures of all the cittes in the kingdom, and on the legs must be rep-resented every kind of animal and bird. This wish of the Princess was printed on large posters, and hung on all the streets, and in the public houses, so that every one might know of it. There were many who would have liked to marry the beautiful Princess, and live in the royal palace; but no one felt equal to making the work of art which she described.

One day at dinner, the master said: "Adolph, I suppose you and Franz will try to make the chair waich the King's daughter so much desires. I wonder which one of you will succeed, and win the Princess "I fear, my master," replied Adolph

"that you are making sport of me. How could I with my little knowledge think of But Franz hung his head, and made no reply to his master's words. And nothing more was said about the matter. But if Franz did not speak about the chair, he certainly thought about it often, and deter-

mined to win the Princess. Then he could

live in luxury, and would not be compelled to work.
One stormy night as Adolph was walk ing through the streets of the city a voice said to him: "Be careful, Adolph, and do allow Franz to deceive you."

Adolph turned in astonishment to see the

owner of the voice, and there, surrounded by a bright light, stood a small figure, which disappeared so suddenly that the boy could not gain a view of its features; but he did not forget the words, and wondered what the warning meant. In the meantime, Franz was planning how he should begin the chair. He had decided that neither his master nor Adolph should know anything about it, and that he would work at night while the others slept. Many nights he spent in the shop devising ways how he might procure the wood, and sometimes he was almost dis-couraged when he thought of the greatness of his undertaking. As he sat thus one evening, in the workshop, he heard 12 loud knocks, the door opened, and in came a dwarf, wrapped in a scarlet cloak, and wear-ing on his head a high, pointed hat. His face was made hideous by a long, crooked nose, snapping black eyes, a wide mouth, and a sharp chin. Franz trembled with fear at the sight of the ugly little creature, who laughed in a hearse tone, and said: "Well, young man, you do not seem to be getting on very fast with your chair. Where is the

wood of which it is to be made?"
Franz, pointing to a few pine boards, said: "I have no other wood than this, and it is not the right kind." "I can soon fix that for you," said the dwarf, and he touched the boards with his wand, and immediately it became highly

polished rosewood.

"I have a wheel," continued the dwarf,
"and if you will fasten it to your och
and turn it, the work will do itself. But I
can give you this wheel only on condition
that you will never perform a kindness for
anyone, and will always do just as I tell As Franz hesitated, the dwarf said: "If

you accept the condition you can marry the Princess, live in the palace, and always have plenty of money. I shall leave the wheel with you for three days; but remember so soon as you begin to turn it you are my slave, and must always obey me." The dwarf then disappeared, leaving Franz to think over his words. The youth was greatly tempted to use the wheel. He fastened it to the bench, but was afraid to turn it, for he thought: "The dwarf might turn it, for he thought: "The dwarf might be a very hard master, and even though I

did live in a palace, he might give very disagreeable commands.

He then hid away the wood in a small closet, thinking that he would decide in the morning what to do. The next day, when the two boys were at their work, Franz said: "Adolph, see what a strange wheel I have found fastened here to my beach." Adolph looked up from his work to ex-amine the curious wheel. Then Franz said:

"Turn it, and see how merrily it goes around. Adolph took hold of the wheel, and turned it several times, while Franz smiled and thought: "Now my chair is made, I have cheated the dwarf and Adolph must serve him, while I shall marry the Princess and live in the palace."

strength and came shricking savagely down the valley, scooping up great sheets of the snow-flour and whirling it hither and you in blinding volleys. The footprints, upon which our lives might depend, grew diminto the darkness, and to his great delight saw the chair, made exactly as the Princes had desired. He knew he would not be ad mitted to the palace during the night, but as soon as the dawn began to break, he car-ried the heavy chair to the royal residence. When the King heard that a youth, bring-ing a chair for the Princess, had come, he "Let the chair be left here, and tell

the maker to return in an hour. In the meantime, Adolph had slep soundly all night. In the morning when he was preparing to go to his work a voice said: "Listen to me, Adolph, to-day you shall marry the Princess."

And once more Adolph saw the same fig-

ure which he had met in the street; but such a bright light shone about it that he could scarcely look at it.
"Who are you?" asked the boy, "and what do you mean by such strange words? How could such a poor boy as I marry the

King's daughter? "I am your friend," was the reply, "and if you will do as I say, you shall win the Princess. Go directly to the palace, and without asking permission of any one, go through the wide doors into the hall, where you will see the King on his throne. Walk

up to him and wait for him to speak to The vision then vanished, and Adolph lost no time in obeying its commands. When he reached the palace he was surprised to see that his coarse clothes had be ome the finest silk and velvet, and that a jeweled sword hung by his side. As he entered the hall, where the King and all the court were assembled, he heard voices saying: "Here is the Prince, who has made the chair."

But without heeding the cries Adolph advanced to the throne. The King rose to greet him, saying:
"My daughter is yours, and half of my

kingdom I give to you."
At this moment Franz rushed in breathless haste into the hall, exclaiming:
"It is I who made the chair. The Prin-

But the Princess declared that she would have nothing to do with such an ugly youth and that no other than Adolph should have her hand. The King, however, reminded his daughter of the proclamation about the chair, and told her to examine this one, and if it was wanting in any particular she might send Franz away and accept Adolph. Although the Princess looked carefully, she could find no fault with the chair. She ing her it fell to pieces, and all that remained of it was a few pine boards. Angry and mortified, Franz rushed from the place, and the first person he met was the dwarf, who shouted after him:

Ha, ha, you thought you had cheated me It will be many a long day before you live in the palace. And the boy went back to his work, sadder but wiser.

THE NEW PRENCH EXPLOSIVE

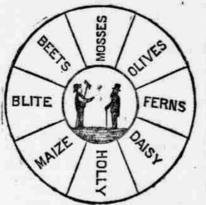
Its Manufacture Costs the Health and Eve Life of the Workmen.

The manufacture of melinite, the French explosive, is attended with great danger. Several workmen employed in the factory at Toulon have been sent to the hospital suffering from poisoning. A young workman, it is said, died from disorders due to influenza, but the other patients were cured by rest. The work at the factory consists in pouring phenic acid on nitric acid to produce pierie acid. Nitrous vapors are given

off, mixed with pieric seid. The workmen suffer from irritation of the eyes and from cough. Their bands, faces and hair turn yellow. Breathing becomes difficult, accompanied by a rattling in the difficult, accompanied by a rattling in the throat. These facts are not reassuring, and the attention of engineers busied with the manufacture of new explosives should be directed to the matter.

seas on one nanu round, seas on one hand round, se

if They Solve Them Correctly-Hom-



Address communications for this depa

1633-THE PUZZLED VISITOR

E. R. CHADBOURN, Lewiston, Maine.

A man who was fond of botany A man was was fond of bosany Thought, to relieve his monotony, The Botanical Gardens he'd visit. He went, and he wandered about Until he lost his way out, So he cried, "O, the entrance! where is it?"

The gardener told him to go
Through the gardens in order, and so
He might manage his freedom to get
If, from each garden a letter obtaining,
He could have a word left remaining,
And two flowers at the gateway to set, The flowers were beauties to be.

And one was to have grown on a tree,
And its color was to be a deep red.
The other was to be just the reverse,
And should grow, if its root you'd imu
In a pond or a river instead. Now, ye who are wise, tell me, pray, The names of these flowers so gay Which the lost man did manage to obtain He passed through each garden but once (He was able to spell and no dunce), And a word he left clearly and plain, H. J. A.

In the ceaseless roll of years
Comes the Glorious Fourth to-day
Nought of wee or strife appears,
Shines our sun his brightest ray.
Time has lightly touched our land,
Brought to us no withering curse.
'Mong the earth's great powers we stand,
May no fate our lost reverse,
Even through our Nation's life
Be our total, God of might.
Keep us from unseemly strife,
Guide us ever in the right.
This should be a song of praise
For the blessings of the years:
And the printer would we craze,
If 'tis firsted when't appears.
H. C. Burger. 1634-CHARADE

1635-ONE DAY'S FISHING. A poet went fishing and caught two-thirds of a fish that is saited and dried for market, the head of a fish that is kept in pickle, the head and tail of a ferocious fresh water fish, the eye of a herring, two-fiths of a small fresh and salt water fish, the tail of a highly prized fish and the head of another, as highly prized, though smaller. Strange to say he didn't go near the water, yet caught ust that for which he was fishing. W. W.

1636-ANAGRAM. Seet a torn topic. Ningara Falls, China's walls,

Wild and beautiful scenes,

Juggler's acts,

Religious facts,

Are seen by complete's means

1637-DIAMOND. 1. A letter. 2. To indulge. 3. Puts on another tack, as a ship. 4. Warbles (Prov. Eng.) 5. To mask. 6. Huge marine animals. 7. Transforms (Rare). 8. Those who lay slates. 9. Boils slowly. 10. A plant. 11. A letter.

1638-ENIGMA We had rambled far into a forest,
Where we sat on a prostrate tree;
It was there we encountered a tourist,
And an active sightseer was he;
Though the soil was the roughest and po Every inch he seemed anxious to see.

We found he had been a restorer we found as fact deen a restorer.
Of rains from rubbish and sand,
He has skill as a miner and borer,
With implements ever at hand;
And this patient, painstaking explorer,
Soon makes a survey of the land. he is outhering plunder

If true every word that they say. His kin has been famous for ages. As teachers and models for men.
Their wisdom was known to the sages,
Who have left us the gifts of their pen

And a proverb he makes for their pag That is copied again and again. 1639-THE SPOILS.

A hunter returned from an expedition, bringing as trophies of his hunt the heads of the following animals: Two deer, an animal resembling the deer, a deer, a night-bird and a sea animal. He tried to weigh these, but they didn't move the scales a hair.

Wicked Will.

1640-DECAPITATION.

First, a very old invention; It comes a harbinger of peace; Or oft, like Poe's dread Raven,

Twill come with hoarse, prophetic croal Some are grand and some are feeble: Some will cherish, some will "strike," Since the days of Father Adam Never two have been alike.

1641-SQUARE. 1. Extremely malicious. 2. A Latin proper name. 3. Culture. 4. One who decoys. 5. Approaching. 6. Ability. 7. Wax candles used in religious rices.

1642-CROSS WORDS In grafter, in rafter and after;
In sixty but never in two;
In stranger, in ranger and manger;
In orange but never in blue;
In gender, in tender and iender;
In cabbage but never in cole;
In canter, in ranter and banter—
An insect you'll find for my whole.
H. C. Bokege.

MAY'S SOLVING. Price Winners: 1. Florence Weber, Plumer 2a. 2. H. C. Burger, Salem, O. 3. J. H. Car

Pittsburg, Pa. oll of Honor: Rebecca H. Nicholls, Roscoo Roll of Honor: Rebecca H. Nicholis, Roscoe, W. H. Sweitzer, Helen Freeman, J. A. Mc-Pherson, L. G. P., Florence E. Petrie, Martha Frost, I. C. Harris, W. E. Lloyd, Mrs. L. G. Hunt, Frenchie, John F. Amend, Clara lewett, P. C. Trent, Rambler, Iretta Dart, H. A. E., Winnie Smith, R. C. Rawlins.

1623-1 Bare-bone. 2. Bonaparte (bone apert).
i62i—1 Fascinates, 2 Contentions, 3. 1823—To back her. 1823—Ha-m. on-l-on, o-x, sal-t, t-u-rnip, pepper, wat-e-r. The soup—*Mixture*. 1627—The moon. 1628-Taste, state; tone, note; miles, limes

1629—Pen-i-tent. 1630—Shower-bath. 1631—Least, east. 1632— BIS CASTE CURRANT BARRETCAP MISREPEATED

A Onick Breakfast.

New York Sun.] If you are the kind of a busy woman who she starts out for a day's shopping, try stirring a raw egg into your coffee. Be sure that the coffee is not and clear, and drink as Be sure soon as it begins to cool, and see how much shorter the elevated stairs will be and how THE HOME OF CRUSOE

Visit to the Island Where the Ancient Mariner Lived So Long.

WHAT THE RECORDS SAY OF HIM.

Unlike Many of Youth's Heroes Robinson

Crusoe Really Existed. FANNIE B. WARD'S EXCURSION TRIP

CORRESPONDENCE OF THE DISPATOR ! SANTIAGO DE CHILE, June 18. Being on this western side of South America, it is an easy matter to visit Juan Fernandez-the island known to the world as "Robinson Crusoe's"-for it lies only about 400 miles from Valpariso, sailing straight toward sun set. Or rather, it is easy whenever somebody succeeds in drumming up an excursion party, large enough to charter an especial steamer; otherwise one might as well dream of going on foot into Polynesia, as there is no regular communication between the mainland and this isolated Chilean possession. There is a picnie two or three times a year to Fernandez -more for the purpose of shooting goats and seal and fishing for cod and lobsters than for visiting the haunts of the Ancient Mariner, for the memory of that worthy is not held in much veneration near to the scene of his adventures.

of his abiding place—walking and seeing on the very spot! Talk of gold! Why, I tell you, dear friends, that all the gold of Cali-fornia was not worth the ecstatic bliss of Since so many of the heroes of our earlier days have lamentably turned out to be myths, since it has been proved that Willsee the sun rise over the hills or Juan Fernandez, and when the thick vapors that shrouded the island were lifted, a scene of beauty was disclosed worth coming far to see. Beyond the abrupt walls of rock that iam Tell did not shoot an apple from his son's head, nor Barbara Fritchie flirt a flag in the face of Stonewall Jackson's men, and Shakespeare stands confessed in borrowed laurels, since in the broad light of nowatowed 1,000 feet straight out of the days even Santa Claus is doubted, and the whale that swallowed Jonah, I am delighted were mountains whose tops were bathed in the glory of morning, their sides covered to be able to declare that there really was a "Robinson Crusoe," (though, as everybody knows, that was not his true name), and that he lived on the island, almost exactly with greenest vendure and golden fields of wild oats, their feet hidden in groves of wild oats, their feet hidden in groves of myrtle, corkwood and pimento. Farther inland, great peaks of reddish stone towered to the clouds, silvery cascades leaped down to the ocean, and snowy foam outlined the shores where the surf beat in measured swells like the voice of a distant Niagara. The ravines showed flocks and herds and as described in the story, just 182 years ago.

The Real Story of Crusoe. But local traditions of the affair differ greatly from the account with which we are familiar. It seems that in the year 1709, a Scotchman named Alexander Seleraig, (now commonly called Selkirk), mutinied on board the Spanish barque Cinque Ports and was given the choice of Cinque Ports, and was given the choice of being hanged at the yard-arm, or put ashore alone at Juan Fernandez. He chose the latter alternative, because it offered some hope of life, but when landed on the mossy rocks of the uninhabited land, with his sailor's kit and small supply of provisions, the desolation of the place so weighed upon him, that he begged with tears to be taken back and hanged, rather than remain—a solitary human speck surrounded by a wild waste of waters.

ble to man, with fearful chifts overhanging the water, where wailing winds and moan-ing surf keep up a perpetual dirge for the thousands of sailors who have been wrecked in sight of safety. The ridges of the cliffs slope upward as they recede in-land, forming a series of smaller valleys above, whose tints are diversified with yel-low outs energid groves and rad-hurn-A few days afterwards he discovered an A few days afterwards he discovered an Indian on the island, who had come down some years before from the Mosquito Coast of Central America, on the pirate, Damphier; and who, having gone ashore to hunt, got lost and was abandoned by his companions. This was the man "Friday," whom Lydia Thompson's blonds have immortalized, as well as Daniel DoFoe. After Selkirk had lived on Fernandez four years and four months, he was rescued by an English merchant ship and taken to Southampton, low oats, emerald groves and red-burnt earth, the latter rent in countless fissures by many earthquakes. merchant ship and taken to Southampton, where he told his story—with some judicious omissions and exaggerations; and so it came to DeFoe's ears, and finally into print. -the boats were lowered, and with joyful speed we clambered down into them and

The Author Never Saw His Hero. The book was not published until more than ten years after Selkirk's return to England, and it is asserted that the author of "Robinson Crusoe" never saw his hero, or held any communication with him, but that he picked up the narrative by bits here and there, mainly from newspaper items, which undoubtedly originated in the sailor's own account of himself. At any rate, it is surprising how correctly the scenery of Juan Fernandez is portrayed in the well-known story, so that to this day it serves well for a guide book, and by it one may readily find the "lookout," the "cave," and what remains of Cruso's "cave" and ther hants. But Mr. DeFrederer at the midst of the sea, for the benefit of mariners who have survived the perils of Cape Horn, or are about to venture into pear to have been very well posted on the geography of this part of the world, for he has located his island on the wrong side of the continent, and mixed up Valparaiso on the world and the statement of the continent and mixed up Valparaiso on the world in the worl the western coast with Montevideo on the put in here to obtain supplies and repair

There is considerable literature bearing on this subject, most of it as old and quaint as Crusoe himself. Probably the most authentic account of Selkirk's adventures is tells you the truth, viz. that here is not merely an island, but a group of them, contained in a very curious little book, written by the man who rescued him, Cap-tain Woodes Rogers himself, commander of two Bristol privateers, the Duke and Duchess. He says that when his ship ap-proached Juan Fernandez (in February, 709), a light was discovered, smaller ones. The largest—that lying near-est the mainland and the one commonly at first thought to be on board a ship at

A Close Call for the Exile.

Two French pirates had been cruising in search of Captain Rogers, and it was sup-posed that these were lying in wait, close to the shore. The boats, which had started landward, hastily returned to the ship; and the wonder is that they did not sail away, leaving poor Robinson to his solitude. But Captain Rogers was a brave man, and instead of flight he prepared for battle. Next day, seeing no vessel there, they went on shore, where they found a man—so says the narrative, "clad in goatskins and looking wilder than the first owners of them " was Selkirk, who-almost crazed with ex-citement at sight of a longed-for sail which attracted their attention. The privateers stocked the island, none having existed there before. took him on board, and finding th

took him on board, and finding that he had been a ship's officer, appointed him mate of one of Rogers' vessels and took him to England.

The queerest of all the books is a little quarto volume of only 12 pages, published in 1710, and profusely garnished with cap-ital letters after the fashion of the time, sntitled "Providence Displayed, or a Very Surprising Narrative of One Alexander Selkirk, Master of a Merchant Man, etc. Attested by Most of the Eminent Merchants possession.

They could hit upon nothing better than to remove the inducement, and to that end they sent thither a lot of bloodhounds, ex-

Upon the Royal Exchange."

Possibly it was this same little book that mished De Foe with a text for the story which has delighted generations of young people in all parts of the world, and filled them with vague longings for sea life, ship-wreck and solitude. At any rate, "Robinson Crusoe" had a phenomenal success, accorded to few works since Job wished his enemy "would make a book," and has by no means lost prestige after more than a entury and three-quarters.

The Excursion to Juan Fernandez. When an excursion to Juan Fernandez is the tapis, the newspapers of Santiago and Valparaiso advertise it in glowing terms for days beforehand, and-as amuse ments of the sort are rare in Chile-the little conster that makes the trip is generally crowded to its utmost capacity, though the fare is as high as accommodations are poor. The party we joined—composed mostly of Chileans and Germans—set sail from Taleuanano, a port some 200 miles south from Valparaiso: and the fare was put at 870 per capita, for an absence of eight

days.

We were struck by a "norther" when a few hours out (which, as usual in these waters, came tearing up from the south around Cape Horn), and the seasick misery that commonly attends a voyage so short that one has no time to get his sealegs on, was intensified by the overcrowded condi-tion of the tiny steamer, and the odoriferous messes (limburger, liverwurst and other never has time to eat her breakfast before mysteries, that our Teutonic friends insisted on devouring betwen their hearty ar-o-o-u-u-u-ps. But the most disagreeable things have an end, and late on the second day we came to anchor off the island of our dreams. Nothing could be seen but wild seas on one hand rolling off into the dark-ness, and on the other a black, perpendic-

awful gorges, through which the wind wailed dismally. Some of the cliffs seemed so near that we might almost touch them with our hands, and the surf beat so fright fully upon them that returning waves kep the ship rolling as when on the unsheltered

of swaying lanterns. Somebody had brought along "Two Years Before the Mast," writ-ten by Mr. Richard H. Dans, Jr., who vis-

ten by Mr. Richard H. Dana, Jr., who visited this place in 1835, in the course of his memorable voyage to California—and delighted us with extracts from that charming

ook relating to the author's experiences

iAnother passenger had the later book of Mr. J. Ross Browne, called "Crusoe's Island," and elicited unmeasured applause

by reading how that distinguished man felt when he first set foot upon Juan Fernandez. He writes: "I was one who had fought for

poor Robinson in my boyish days as the greatest hero that ever breathed; who had

siways, even to man's estate, secretly cherished the belief that Alexander the Great, Julius Casar, and all the warriors of antiquity were commonplace persons compared to him; that Napoleon Bonaparte, the Duke of Wellington, Tecumseh, and all the noted statesmen and soldiers of modern

noted statesmen and soldiers of modern times were not to be mentioned in the same

day with so extraordinary a man, and now I, who had always regarded him as the

most truthful as well as the very sublimest

of adventurers, was the entranced beholder

A Sight Worth All the Journey.

Next morning all hands were on deck to

cultivated fields, and in the central valley

nestled amid blooming orchards, were the bamboo straw-thatched cottages of the in-

habitants, looking like so many huge bird

There is but one spot in all the northern coast, which is the side of the island usually

approached, where the rocks open wide enough to admit the smallest vessel. This single inlet is named Cumberland Bay, and

nearly all the rest of the shore is inaccessi-ble to man, with fearful cliffs overhanging

A Breakfast of Fresh Cod.

As soon as a hasty breakfast could be dis patched, of course of baccallao (cod fish)

caught from the deck, which in all South America is considered the greatest of deli-

cacles-what terrapin, Potomac shad, brook trout and reed birds are to Northern palates

were rowed ashore. The waters of Cumber-land Bay are literally alive with fish, and

so clear that one can see the sandy bottom at a depth of several fathoms. The mossy

rocks along the shore are swarming with seals, walruses and other marine animals, besides such "small fry" as shrimps, lobsters, mussels and cray fish. They tell us that an equal abundance of food may be found inland—fruits of many kinds, goats, rabbits and birds—not to mention excellent

of that name. In reality

There Are Two Islands

visited-is no doubt that which De Foe'

hero inhabited, and is 12 miles long by six

or seven wide. Though known to the world

abouts called Masatierra, to distinguish it

from the next island in size, which is 90

miles distant and named Masafuero. Both

Even the goats have a history. The first attempt to locate a colony here was made by

the discoverer, Fernando himself, in the

year 1563. He endeavored to obtain a patent for his "find" from the Government at

Lima; but failing to receive encouragement

in high places, he resolved to form his own

settlement, and took several families to Masatierra, who remained there some time

and with whom he resided. The few goats which they transported from Lima soon

A great many years later, but nearly a century ago—the goats having multiplied and replenished the earth as only goats can,

and pirates innumerable were resorting there to victual their ships with the flesh-

the Viceroy of Chile and the President of Peru laid their two wise heads together to

concoct some scheme for keeping those objectionable folk away from their distant

pecting them to exterminate the goats. But the plans did not prove eminently success-ful, for the dogs could not pursue the goats

among the mountain fastnesses, where they leap from crag to crag with astonishing agility; and now there are vast numbers of

wild dogs as well as goats, and the former

are not pleasant to encounter when one is

rambling about the island alone.

In this already too long letter we have not time to visit the famous look-out and

what remains of the castle and other points of local interest. Therefore, having brought

my readers to Juan Fernandez, I must make Crusoes of them for a week's time by de-

serting them upon the island-which, how

ever, is no longer desolate nor uninhabited.

A NEW SCANDAL IN EUROPE.

Free From Her Blooded Lord.

pole blood seems to run freely. Mrs. Craigie was Miss Pearl Richards, the oldest

daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Morgan Richards,

who are among the oldest American residents in London.

and a great favorite. She has returned to her father's house with her little baby, and

Mrs. Craigle is a very pretty, very clever,

FANNIE B. WARD.

at large as "Juan Fernandez,

have similar physical features.

Getting Posted on Its History. Sleep was out of the question, so a little group of Americans beguiled the hours of darkness by reading "Robinson Crusoe" aloud to one another, in the uncertain light HOW THE BIG BIRDS ARE RAISED.

A Two-Days-Old Baby Can Make a Good

PLUMES FOR THE FAIR

Now Produced Successfully at the

California Ostrich Farms.

Showing as a Sprinter. THE PRICES THE FEATHERS BRING

CORRESPONDENCE OF THE DISPATCH. 1 CORONADO BEACH, SAN DIEGO, July 13. -A troop of American-bred ostriches of different ages and sizes can be seen at Coronado Beach near the Hotel Del Coronado. The are unrivaled in this country. Los Angeles county had an importation of ostriches before San Diego, but they have not multiplied so fast or grown so rapidly, owing doubtless to climatic conditions.

Mr. E. J. Johnson, Manager of the American Ostrich Company, brought his first birds from the Cape of Good Hope in 1883 and landed them at New Orleans, but after thorough investigation came to the conclusion that Louisiana was not adapted to the purpose, so he brought the ostriches overland to Southern California. They



A Group of American-Bred Ostriches. were left corralled in the city of San Diego while he explored the country for a suitable location for their permanent settlement. He finally located in the valley of the San Luis Rev, about seven miles from the town of Fall Brook, the clear, dry air, the good water and shelter afforded by the Santa Rosa hills furnishing the proper conditions. Here the birds have thrived, the old ones maintaining apparently their natural vigor. The estrich matures at four and five years. The breeding birds are kept corralled in pairs, one acre of land to each

The Corral at Coronade.

At the corral at Coronado Beach, which is 225 feet wide by 500 feet long, inclosed by a high board fence, there were when I visited it 11 large ostriches—one 6 months old and one 2 days old. The corral is on an island of roses—a veritable paradise—profusely avenued with the waving palm and the pretty cypress. The infant ostrich was very shy, nestling in the warm sand and bathing in the sun's rays. It was as large as a duck, and had a short, chubby, round head and a short beak. On my appearing it started on a run, which resembled a hop and a skip. It seemed to be eating sand a grain at a time. When the sun was sink-ing in the west the baby ostrich was put in

warm quarters.

The 6-months-old-bird was a shaggy, lanky, awkward thing, probably standing three feet in its "bare feet." Two toes are all the African ostrich can boast of, but it can kick very vigorously with them. Kicking is their mode of fighting. The full grown ostriches were kept in a separate in-glosure. They stand from four to five feet and their long necks can reach a distance of about six feet higher, making a reach of 11 feet. Their legs have no feathers and their necks are nearly as bare, but their bodies are covered with the beautiful plumaga. When they attempt to run they have the appearance of a "knock-kneed dancing-master on a trot."

What Feathers Are Worth.

Their tails are white and short, but their

wings are composed of beautiful plumes. The tips of the feathers are black and underneath are white. The most valuable plumes are those not exposed. They are perfectly white. Samples were shown me at prices averaging from \$6 to \$7 for choice and from \$1 to \$5 for common. The tips run from 75 cents to \$5 a set. They are in great demand among the guests at the Hotel Del Coronado during the winter months for balls and other society affairs. A plume consists of two feathers made into one. The amages.
You may consult a dozen authorities and not find two that agree in the measurement of Juan Fernandez, nor hardly one which

which are collectively known as "Juan Fer-nandez," because discovered by a Spaniard made into collarettes for ladies at from \$8 to \$10 each and boas eight or nine feet long at from \$50 to \$60 each. Fans also are made here and sell readily; also feather trimming and aigrettes for the hair. The birds are picked once in every nine of nearly equal dimensions, and several

consists of two feathers made into one

months and from one to oue and a half pounds are secured at a picking. The average profit is about \$100 a bird each picking. Of course the wing feathers are the most valuable.

The ostriches feed principally on vegeta-bles of any and all kinds and on fruit. On the average they eat eight pounds per day each. Some corn is fed to them, but not much. Their eggs are laid in the sand, and Mr. Palmer, the superintendent, has an incubator that hatches the eggs successfully. The incubator holds 25 eggs and will hatch in six weeks. The ostriches at Coronadb laid 50 eggs up to May 8. There are four laying birds this season. The eggs weigh from two to four pounds each and measure nine inches long by six inches wide. They are yellow in color and at times nearly white and are much specified. If the birds with the sand are much specified. such. Their eggs are laid in the sand, and white and are much speckled. If the birds are not allowed to hatch they take a rest of six weeks and then commence to lay again.

The Birds Bring \$500 Each. At the Fall Brook ranch there are 100 birds, 22 birds having been raised last season. They are sold at \$500 each, or \$1,000 for a pair, full grown. The birds have no memory, I was informed, and when cor-rected will forget immediately and do the same thing over again. They are continu-ally on the run and apread out their pretty wings when running like the sails of a ship. One bird has lost an eye from fighting, and

they fight very savagely. They seem to dislike the young birds very much. The meat of an ostrich is dark and something similar to venison. It is rather ex-pensive at \$500 per bird. They eat sea shells when broken up for them, and are eating sand apparently all the time. The male bird has a red mark down the front of the legs; the female bird is gray in color, the male jet black with a white tail. The average life of the ostrich is 40 years, and there is no question but that the raising of ostriches will be one of the best paying in-

dustries in Southern California. GUS ROBERTS THE LATEST FLYING MACHINE

This One Uses a Gas Bag for Buoyancy and to Run the Machinery. St. Louis Globe-Democrat.] J. F. Duval, chief engineer of J. G. Butler's tobacco works, has, after 22 years of

hard work, invented a flying-machine. Mr. This Time an American Girl Wants to Be Duval is backed in the enterprise by Ellis R. Smith, of Sedalia, Sheriff of Pettis coun-Rumors are adoat of divorce proceedings, ty, and Allen V. Taylor, the engineer who soon to be made public, in which the draws the fast mail on the Missouri Pac aggrieved and injured lady is an American road. He has just received patents on the air-ship dated July 3.

The model is a fish-shaped gas bag 20 feet girl, only three and twenty, who has been married four years to Mr. Reginald Walpole Craigie, an Englishman, in whose veins the traditional badness and cruelty of the Wal-

long, the total weight of which, including ten-pound gas engine, is only 23 pounds. Propeller wheels are set in front and rear, and are so made that they can be used for either steering or propulsion. Two men are necessary to manage the ship, one being stationed at either end. Inside the bag of pure hydrogen is another bag containing sulphuretted hydrogen which contributes greater buoyancy, and which feeds the gas engine, located on the platform or car, at the bottom. Mr. Duval claims that his invention is prior to that of any other air-ship using a gas bag to secure buoyancy.