IORE MARVELS DESCRIBED

Pifth Day of Sight-Seeing in Par-Pamed Yellowstone Park.

WHERE WONDERS NEVER CEASE

Mr. Richmond Continues Uis Graphic Narration of the Amazing Beauties and Natural Curiosities of the Magic-Land of Modern Times.

Written for The Tribune.

It was a short day's picnic, a pleasure It was a snort day a picene, a picene drive yesterday, over to Upper Geyser Basin and back to the Fountain hotel; and we can truly say that early twilight came too soon and found us with our entertaining guide "Scott," still our entertaining guide "Scott," still vandering among these wonders of

Owing to the burning of the commo dious hotel at Upper Basin, we were compelled to return to the Fountain for a second night's sojourn, which in volved a disappointment, as we desired to witness Old Faithful and these eruptive wonders "play by the light of the moon," as we had previously seen the noble Fountain. This denied us, we are in a great measure compensated by are in a great measure compensated by another opportunity of visiting here on our trip over the "Continental Di-vide," and what we falled to see and describe on our first trip may be seen and incorporated in today's account.

ONCE MORE MOVING. The journey of this morning is from Geyser Basin across the tinental Divide" to Yellowstone Lake, a distance of fifty-four miles, and it is a very interesting and instructive pll-grimage. While we have leisurely made it our "fifth day" is is scheduled on the park tour as the "third day." We cover the route for ten miles to Upper Geyser Basin for the second and

a part of the third time. We should mention that sign boards are conspicuously placed en route, and the interesting places and trails are thus marked so that the wonderland ourist can intelligently see and under stand what he sees. Our two days' ex-perience in this basin leads us to feel that we have reached the climax of the wonders of the park right here, and it is almost impossible to believe that there still lies before us scenes grander and more glorious to behold that are certainly the crowning glory of the

An early start brings us to the Upper Basin when all is bright and cool. It seemed as if several of the geysers we had seen yesterday, leaped excitedly as we passed like saluting old friends, and those unnoticed yesterday, because inactive, were giving us a surprise. Even the "infant geysers" now and then would make a sudden display along the roadside and startle our horses. Reachagain we witness a still grander exhibition, sufficient to satisfy the expectations of the most exacting sight-seer. It seems as if the entire band of geysers were giving a concert, with hot water trumpets, in perfect diapason, each performer at regular intervals taking a solo part, and uttering his loudest tones in full chorus and in harmonious

CONELESS GEYSERS.

Some of the geysers in this basin have no cones. They resemble lakes, their craters being ten to twelve feet below the rim and surface of the water, and erupt at intervals of days, weeks, months and even years, and sometimes disappear entirely. There are hundreds of "retired geysers" in this val-ley—Scott says, "gong out of business, giving the young ones a chance to blow their trumpets." Interesting as these wonders are, I must refrain from consuming time and space further than to xplain three or four of the more promi-

THE BEE HIVE. Across the Firehol river about one hundred feet from the river bank, reached by a foot bridge, is the "Bee Hive." the most perfect crater found in

to each other, are the Sponge, the Giantess and the Lion, Lioness and Cubs. The three last are called the "Trinity." They are located about forty "Trinity." They are located about forty feet above the river bank. The Lioness and Cubs lie close together and are in action together, while the Lion, about fifty feet distant, is a powerful geyser with a cone four feet high and always in commotion, but plays only once in twenty-four hours for eight minutes. The "Giantess" is a stupendous geyser, about 400 feet from Bee Hive, with a crater 24 by 34 feet, covering a mound 600 feet in diameter at the base. The depth of its basin is sixty-three feet. It his an eruption once in fourteen days throwing a stream 250 feet high, lasting twenty-four hours, at intervals of ing twenty-four hours, at intervals of thirty minutes. The Subterranean tremors and hourse rumblings are tertremors and hoarse rumblings are terrible to feel, and after eruption they are heard for hours. When in action, it belches forth such a volume of water as to raise the Firehole river here twenty feet wide, to double its present

THE SPONGE GEYSER

The "Sponge," situated a short dis-tance from the Giantess, derives its name from a crater resembling a huge sponge in form, texture and color. To the left, further down the basin and across the river are the Grand and Turban, Giant and Castle, the Grotto and Splendid, with great craters, interesting to visit when at rest and mag nificent when in action. I regret that space does not admit of a detailed account of them in this letter. It is well worth while to note the enormous work which these geysers daily perform and the immense outpour daily from them. A conservative estimate based upon observations made in 1878 by the United States geological survey shows "that the outpour on an average from eruption of 'Old Faithful' alone is not less than 1,500,000 gallons, which gives 33,-225,000 gallons per day." This would supply a city of 300,000 population with

hot water.

As we leave Upper Basin on our drive, Old Faithful, "The Guardian of the Valley," again shoots its great column of water 150 feet in the air as a parting salute and the other geysers follow suit; the roaring, the thunder-ing and explosions of the "Underland" cannon seem like a Fourth of July cele-bration, only more terrible, more glo-rious. I must confess it is with reluctance we leave this enchanting scene, where perhaps a dozen of nature's wonders are spouting and sparkling in the sunlight of this our own National park, and the Wonderland of the World, the like of which cannot be found elsewhere on this earth.

TO YELLOWSTONE LAKE.

A new route from here has been opened by the government engineers over the crest of the continent to the Yellowstone lake, a distance of eighteen miles. It is one of the most delightful of the several thoroughfares of the reservation, leading as it does through primeval forests, amid moun-tain scenery unsurpassed with here and there green carpeted meadows an and there green carpeted meadows and little parks, and broad expanses of the blue water to relieve the monotony of tall pines and spruce and snow-capped mountain peaks. It is well graded, and is laid out in graceful curves. It is strongly remindful of our Eastern boulevards at many points.

Leaving the basin the road crosses the Upper Firehole or Madison river and follows along its ascending banks

and follows along its ascending banks for two miles to "Kepler's Cascades," a series of eight or ten enchanting falls, a series of eight of the chemating lats, where the water leaps from one rock shelf to another, 150 feet down through a deep rock chasm. Here the tourist alights and walks to the brink of the cliff and gazes upon the Cascades and foaming river and also photographs them as they disappear. We follow them as they disappear. We follow along this creek for two miles to the third crossing where the road twists and crawls through the wild, narrow and tortuous canyon of Spring Creek leaving the river for the ascent of the

LONE STAR GEYSER.

At this point a trail takes us to the

GRAND CANON OF THE YELLOWSTONE.

old fashioned bee hive, four feet high, or sphinx. It flows three times an hour three feet in diameter at the top, and seven feet at the base and nearly cirtuits canyon the rocks stand out in jutilities. Which is the Yellowstone river, a feeder to the height of fifty feet. At places in this canyon the rocks stand out in jutilities and it is a seven description and I shall

ting crags, threatening and wild, and we continue the ascent among these narrow defiles, around about mountain

sides and tangled ravines for three miles through "Norris Pass" to the height of 8,350 feet. For seven miles our route is on the Pacific slope. Elk tracks in the road show that they are just ahead; presently a deer is seen as he lifts up his head and watches our parade with a feeling though of offers.

parade with a feeling though of safety. May be a black bear which has had his watchful eye upon us will waddle

off into the timber again. Onward we climb, a gradual but easy grade through dence forests of spruce and pine trees

grow downward, owing in part to the continued heavy snows lodging upon them. As we ascend, the whole aspect of nature grows more grand, more aus-tere; and the air grows more rarefied and one becomes more and more exalt-ed in spirit.

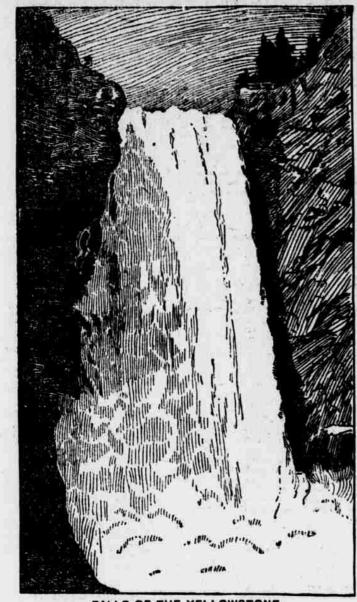
and one becomes more and more exacted in spirit.

The first crossing of the Divide is through "Craig Pass," hemmed in by precipitous cliffs in which is a lonely lake (isa Lake) a lily-covered pond, called the "Two-ocean pond" right on the crest of the continent, near the roadside, possibly two hundred feet long. This pond is supplied from springs and melting snow on the mountain side. From one end its waters run into the Pacific ocean and from the other side they flow into the Atlantic. Our guide jumps the logs and gathers from in pond illies and leafs as mementoes of our visit, while we photograph the sign-board ("Continental Divide") which marks the dividing line between the Atlantic and Pacific slopes. the Atlantic and Pacific slopes. SHOSHONE POINT.

Descending into a valley and going

and silent lakes, retired geysers, green trees, deep, dark ravines, and more than all behold a vast expanse of landscape, only broken by sky-piercing mountain

THE LAKE VISIBLE. As we drive on the road winds high above a region of parks and dells and little lakes, and we feel that we have been blessed with an inspired picture. It is a picture for an artist. One says, It is a picture for an artist. One says, "such bits of landscape are like old wine, rich and rare." A sudden turn in the road from the forest at "Lake View," and Yellowstone Lake breaks again on the sight, a mile distant. Standing on an elevation say three hundred feet above, we are in full view of the most striking water landscape in the world. I think no one can really form an idea, from description alone, of the great beauty of this mountain sea. Even our beauty of this mountain sea. Even our photographs give but a faint idea. Coming from a succession of geyser basins with their wonderful natural phenomena and their parched and



FALLS OF THE YELLOWSTONE.

ver another rise, we reach "Shoshone Point," a view never to be forgotten. Here we get another glimpse of the Teton Mountains, seventy-five miles away and miles of everlasting snow, also "Shoshone Lake," in the fore-ground. This lake is on the Pacific side and its outlet is Snake riven, a tributary of the Columbia. It is an exquis-itely beautiful body of water six and a half by one-half miles, with an area of twelve square miles, and a most picturesque shore line. On its west shore is another geyser basin, second in importance to those on the Firehole "Lone Star Geysers," the last shooting "Lone Star Geysers," the last shooting river. Among its many features are geyser we are to see on our trip. Its Union and Bronze geysers. The latter formation has a bronze luster. From Shoshone Point another ascent is made to the ridge of the very sum-

mit of Continental Divide. Looking to the left on the Atlantic slope, Yellowthe park. Its cone is only surpassed brown and shaded yellow, and is comby the regularity of its column of water. It buzzes continually and resembles an beads. It resembles the face of a man stone Lake may be seen, the outlet of

Bay we quickly alight, clean our clothes, wash the lime from our throats, relax our parched lips, and proceed to gratify the appetite which our long, six hours' ride has given us (well worth the journey to get such an appetite) at From the Detroit Free Press. tables spread in tents, groaning with well cooked food of good variety and generously served. We were not long. assure you, satisfying the inner man. On the lake shore near by the lunch tent, are some of the most attractive hot springs and paint pots in the park, not inferior to those at the Fountain hotel, they even seemed of more brilliant hue, and constant in action. The tourists soon find themselves again en-tranced with these boiling cauldrons of lay, so marvelous in texture and color are no less than seven hot spring areas, which aggregate 200 springs great and small. But those at the Thumb com-

dried-up surfaces, and with our ears,

mouth and clothes filled with loose lime and alkali, this beautiful lake, set

like a jewel amidst lofty mountains,

affords a refreshing contrast. We no

tice, in going southward through the

found among the loftlest of them.

prise sixty-six springs and paint pots, the temperature of the water averag-ing 190 degrees Fah. Here are besides several geyser cones, called "retired geysers." One in particular rises above the lake surface, just a few feet from the shore. Standing upon it one can catch trout in the lake, and drop them into the hot water in the crater of the one, cook them and eat them, if he chooses, without removal from the

A FISH STORY.

It was the writer's pleasant experi-ence to secure Captain Waters' fish-ing tackle and try the experiment, and ing tackle and try the experiment, and instantly upon throwing the line into the lake, haul out a 3-pound rainbow trout, flop him over into the boiling spring, cook him preparatory for the evening meal in prospect without moving from the spot. This is a true story and a fish story, too, vouched for by President C. J. Ives, B. C. R. & N. Ry., and other railroad magnates present. and other railroad magnates present, and who with ourselves enjoyed the delicious flavor of our trophy at eventide.

A peculiar feature of some of these springs is their overflow; they rise and fall alternately "like the bosom of a sleeping giant," and are called breathing or pulsating springs. Most of them are back from the lake, though several are close to the water's edge, and some are found beneath the lake surface bubbling and bolling and warming the water in that immediate locality. The

ordinary temperature of the lake is said to be 60 degrees. Rev. Dr. Buckley says: "As I was rowing, perceiving a bubbling, I put my hand in the water and found it warm enough to suggest a prompt withdrawal. Fifteen feet away it seemed by contrast, as cold as a glass

of ice water."

land district. Trees everywhere, as if rejoicing that there is one spot on YELLOWSTONE LAKE. Yellowstone lake is the largest body of water in the world at so great an altitude, 7.788 feet above sea level, and covers 139 square miles, with an irtimber, enough to supply the world for a hundred years. Would I could make by the thousand, from fifty to 150 feet the reader see what I now see, from the regular shore line of 100 miles. The ten to thirty hours, and last eight mining the continuence of the reader see what I now see, from the regular shore line of 100 miles. The crest of the Continent; make him feet lake has been likened to a man's hand the clear, cool air as it sweeps from located only two or three feet apart, snow clad mountains, fierce cataracts dex finger missing. Its dimensions are

teen miles across the thumb and palm, and of very great depth. To illustrate twenty miles, the longest way, and first enormous size, could Mt. Washington, the highest point in New Engiand, be submerged in it, with its base at the sea level, its summit would be nearly a third of a mile below the surface of the lake. We have seen lakes in Colorado, say, Ivanhoe, which are nearly 3,000 feet higher, even its neighbor, "Shoshone," over the Divide is eighty feet higher; but this mighty inland sea has charms, beauty and grandeur combined such as we have never before witnessed. It is dotted with numerous islands. Its waters are blue as sapphire and sparkle in the clear sunshine like molten glass. The view from any point on shore or water is sublime indeed, and worth going across the continent to see. Hayden says: "Such a vision is worth a lifetime, and only one of such marvelous beauty will ever greet human eyes."

BOATING ON THE LAKE. From the Lunch station to the hotel Yellowstone) near Lake Outlet is eigh-(Yellowstone) near Lake Outlet is eighteen miles by stage road along the shore, but the tourist may choose the steamer ride (though not a part of the tour) at an extra charge of three dollars each. It is a notable feature of the trip and should not be omitted. There is novelty in a boat ride on a lake which lies almost on the crest of the continent and not an every day diversion. Think of sailing and fishing at an altitude of a mile and a half vertically above New York harbor, or a half mile higher than the summit of Mt. Washington.

The steamer Zillah is the boat that makes the daily trips of forty or fifty miles around the lake with Captain E. C. Waters, former superintendent of

miles around the lake with Captain E. C. Waters, former superintendent of the park hotels, in command and F. A. Guibor as engineer. This steamer is a staunch seaboat and under rigid government inspection which is a guarantee of safety. This steamer was built in Dubuque, Iowa, and hauled to the lake in sections through the park over a hundred miles and put together here. It is 100 feet long, of fifty tons burden, with steel hull and can accommodate 150 passengers. Sending our guide Scott, with our team by the stage road, we go aboard the steamer—not forgetwe go aboard the steamer-not forget-ting our rainbow trophy-and start across the lake.

About the center of the lake the view is a surprise to all. Here Captain Waters points out and explains to his passengers the greatest charm of the lake, the mountain scenery. Here are ten mountain peaks that rise from ten to over eleven thousand feet above sea level. Their blue and snow white pinnacles adds nictures expresses to the nacles adds picturesqueness to the scene. They include Eagle peak, 11,100 feet; Cathedral, 10,500; Silver Tip., Mounts Chittenden, Doane, Langford and Stevenson, all over ten thousand feet high, of the Absaroka, or Hoodoo range: while in the south are Mounts range; while in the south are Mounts Sheridan, Hancock, and Flat mountain of the Red mountains. For the third time the familiar peaks of the Tetons are also seen. There are also numerous islands dotting the lake, among them "Dot Island," a sheep ranch, owned by Captain Waters; Stevenson's island, where fox are found in great numbers and Frank's island heavily numbers and Frank's island heavily covered with timber. Within a mile of the hotel, the Yellowstone river which rises about fifty miles away in the mountains of the same name and has its own channel through the lake, puts out of the lake and starts for the Missouri and the Atlantic by way of the wonderful Yellowstone falls and Grand canyon. This lake bears the same relation to the river that the sea of Gaillee sustains to the river Jordan and that the Dead sea has to the Jordan river of Utah, which connects the Jordan river of Utah, which connects the 'Utah Fresh Water Lake" with the Great Salt lake or American Dead sea. In either case, it is a widening of the stream and in both cases there are no park, that the mountains grow higher and grander, and Yellowstone Lake is

tributaries of importance.

John E. Richmond. HE WAS REBUFFED.

And His Yearnings for Womaniy Sympathy Scorned and Blighted.

I was going down to Staten Island the other Saturday afternoon on a crowded ferry boat and it happened that I got a seat next to a man about sixty years old, who soon let me know that his home was in central New We had talked for a bit when York.

he said to me: "Stranger, I rather like yer looks and I want to sorter unbosom myself to I told him that I would preserve and respect his confidence, and he contin-

"My wife died about seven y'ars ago. Yes, I took you for a widower."

"Yes, I took you for a widower."
When she died I thought I'd never
git married agin, but I've kinder
changed my mind about it. If I could
find jest the right sort o' woman I find jest the right sort o' woman I think I'd enter the chains of matrimony agin. I believe they call it the chains, don't they?"

"Yes, it is sometimes referred to in that way. Can't you find the right sort of woman up your way?"

"No, can't find her. Than's some I'd.

like, but they don't want me, and some wants me that I wouldn't marry no-how. It's purty hard to git jest the sort o' woman you want. I've bin try-in' fur three years and haven't found

her yit."
"Did you think you might pick one up down here?" I asked.
"Say! that's what brung me down
here!" he whispered in reply. "It jest struck me that I'd hev my pick of thousands here in New York. Fact is, I followed a woman onto the boat who jest fills my eye. That's her a settin' over thar by the fat woman."

The woman pointed out seemed to me to be an old maid and a kicker, and so far as looks went she was the homeliest woman on the boat. I was sur-prised at the old man's choice, but said nothing to that effect.
"Yes, she's my idea of what a second wife orter be," he said, as he rubbed

his hands together, "but how am I goin' to git to speak to her?" "There's a vacant stool beside her. Go over and sit down and take occasion to say you are a stranger and ask her to give you information about this or that. She may be very pleasant or

she may rebuff you."
"I think I'll do it," he said, as he got up and felt to see if his necktie was all right. I moved away at the time and didn't see kim again for ten min-Then I ran across him in the looking very pale-faced and per-

"Well, how did you come out?" I queried.
"Say! What did you say she might o to me??" he asked.
"I said she might rebuff you. Did

"Stranger, I'm not quite sartin of it, but I think she did—I think she did!" he solemnly replied. "I sot down be-side her and said I was a stranger and asked her how high the Statter of Liberty was, and she swiped me over the head with her parasol and got some fellers to slam me around and run me in here. Yes, I kinder think she rebuffed me, and she kin go to grass and

It Binds the Company.

An illegal arrest and false imprisonment of a passenger caused by the conductor in charge of a train is held in Atchison, T. & S. F. R. Co. vs. Henry (Kan.), 29 L. R. A. 465, to make the railroad company lin-ble.

Piles! Piles! Itching Piles!

Symptoms—Moisture; intense itching and stinging; most at night; worse by scratching. If allowed to continue tumors form, which often bleed and ulcerate, becoming very sore. Swayne's Ointment stops the itching and bleeding, heals ulceration, and in most cases removes the tumors. At druggists, or by mail, for 50 cents. Dr. Swayne & Son, Philadelphia.

THE NEWS OF OLD CWALIA A PAIN.

Subjects That Interest People in the Old Country.

GREAT CONFERENCE AT RHYL A FEAR.

pers-Revival of the Celt-A Merthyr Women's 105th Birthday. Other Late News.

The Banner perseveres in the discussion of "The Great Conference at Rhyl and Its Consequences." With the utter disregard for truth and fair play characteristic of the vernacular press of Wales, the Banner makes the folof Wales, the Banner makes the fol-lowing extraordinary statements in large type and in the most prominent part of the paper: "The official re-ports of the education department show clearly that the instruction im-parted in the board schools is far su-perior to that given in the voluntary schools. And it is suggested, in order to support the claims of the latter, that that given in the board schools should be reduced in quality. The manage-ment of the voluntary schools is in the hands of the state church clergy and Romish priests. They decide what education—secular and religious—shall be imparted in the schools. They have absolute control over everything have absolute control over everything relating to the schools. None of the laymen belonging to the two churches have the slightest power, except so far as it is delegated to them by the clerics! The government of the schools is absolutely in the hands of the clergy. The teachers must please the parsons and the priests in everything, for they have the power to dismiss them at any

have the power to dismiss them at any moment. But, worse than all, the money of the country is used for their support without the least control over it." The Western Mail, in defending the parsons and the priests from this attack of the great Welsh journalist, the Rev. Thomas Gee, says that everybody who has experience in the management of public elementary schools knows that the foregoing statements are incorrect any misleading, but the are incorrect arr misleading, but the monoglot Welsh, unfortunately, accept them as gospel. The veteran Welsh journalist, however, proceeds thus: "The catechisms and retreats of these churches are taught to the children at the expense of the country.

The children are taught that elements of the Lord's supper are changed by the action of the priests into the real body and blood of Christ; that priests have the power to regenerate children in baptism and to forgive sins upon confession." The veteran jour-nalists then gives extracts from a catechism "prepared by a State church parson, and approved of by a canon of Lichfield cathedral, in which the doc-trines of the papacy are taught."

THE CELT REDIVIVUS.

months, has reappeared, says the Mail, in the same guise as formerly, slightly enlarged, but with eight pages instead of twelve. It now halls from Llanelly, the home of church Independence, and looks robust and healthy. Very few people know the real history of this paper, and a short resume of it would probably be acceptable. Some twenty years ago a serious quarrel broke out among the Independents about Bala college, of which the Rev. Michael Jones was the chief. The late Dr. John Thomas, of Liverpool, was then the "boss" of the denomination, but the Rev. Michael Jones rebelled against his authority and defied him against his authority and dehed him and his friends to interfere with his college. Another college was estab-ilshed in opposition at the same place, and an internecine war was carried on for many years. The Celt was started as the organ of the party—"the old dispensation" as it was called—and to counterest the influence of the Tyst. to counteract the influence of the Tysi the official organ of the body. The dis-contented railied to "Michael's" standcontented rained to "Michael's" stand-ard, and many spicy literary articles appeared in the new organ, which sub-jected the owners to damages for libel and led to begging perigrinations for help to pay them. The paper displayed considerable rugged intellectual vigor and strength. It has been published in and strength. It has been published in many towns in Wales. The new number opens with a portrait and sketch of the life of the editor, the Rev. D. S. Davies, of Carmarthen, a gentleman well known to the Welsh people of Scranton and vicinity. Mr. Davies, like the majority of the Welsh Nonconformist ministers, rose from the ranks and possesses that form of muscular Christianity which is characteristic of many of his brethren of the Independent pulpit of Wales. He was born in 1841 near Swansea. His father died 1841 near Swansea. His father died when he was only 13 years old, and he had afterwards to earn his own living. He worked at Aberdare for a time and then went to America, where he spent seventeen years of his time. It was here that he commenced to preach and soon became very popular. He suc-ceeded the great poet-preacher, Ap Vychan, at Bangor, where he spent eleven years, and since 1886 he has been the successor of Professor Morgan at Union chapel, Carmarthen. "D. S.," as he is familiarly known by his coun-trymen, must be truly a great man before he could succeed such pulpit me-teors as Ap Vychan and Professor

MERTHYR WOMAN'S 105TH YEAR Martha Lewis, an old Weish lady, who is a bedridden inmate of the Merthyr union work-house, was born in September, 1791, thus it will be seen that she is in her 105th year. She is a Carmathenshine woman, her parents, John and Annie Davies, being at the time of her birth. Davies, being at the time of her birth the occupiers of Casterran farm, near Clynderwern. She is one of twelve children and is the sole survivor. Her hucband was John Lewis, the son of a farmer living at Ceryg Llwydion, Grey Rock. He died when the youngest of the four children of the marriage was only a few months old, so that her battle with the adversities of the world has been of very long duration. She became a resident of Merthyr about the period of the death of the late Marquis of Bale, and for many years prior to her admission to the work-house she was a resident of Pendarren. She retains her faculties in a truly marvelous manner.

THE WELSH UNIVERSITY.

A London correspondent, in speaking of the position of the University of Wales, says there is one passage in the treasury minute relating to the Welsh university grant which is likely to create much controversy in educational circles in Wales. It is that directed against colleges whose students matriculate in any university other than the Welsh. Only a summary of this min-ute has so far appeared, and it will be impossible to estimate the full effect of the provision until the complete text of the minute is published.

There is some suspicion among the friends of the University of Wales in the house of commons that it is aimed against that institution and they mean to resist it in the most resolute fashion when the opportunity affords. They maintain that hitherto Aberystwith has achieved much more striking suc-cess in the London university exami-nations than either or both of the other Weish colleges. An inspection of the list of "passes," and more especially of honors, during the last few years, reveals the indubitable superiority of the tions of Wales in this respect. This is specially manifest in a subject like English literature, where cramming does not operate so fully as in certain other subjects.

A DISCOVERY!

The above words are only few id number, but they tell a startling story. It is the story of the man who suffers from diseased kidneys and impure blood. He has been ailing for some time past. He has complained of tired feelings, low spirits, dizziness, constipation, dyspepsia, bad tasting mouth, coated tongue. He has been troubled with pains in the back and limbs, sick headaches. He gets alarmed and at last discovers the cause of these distressing symptoms.

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cular. Its nozzle-like crater is eighteen

inches across; the soundings are twenty-one feet deep. It is the only geyser to which visitors can approach

with safety while in action, as no rocks are thrown out and so hot is the water

ejected that it for the most part evap-orates while in the air. During the

action the ground is shaken and a col-

with great force and in a steady stream.

The writer stood within a few feet of it when shooting up its jets and once between the spray and the sun, which

produced a beautiful rainbow. Its

ten to thirty hours, and last eight min-

from 170 to 219 feet is thrown up

HOW TO GET IT-Cut down on the heavy black line. fill in your full name and address, also the merchant's name and address you desire to buy them of. When this is done, mail this ticket to THE FREEMAN MANUFACTURING CO., Scranton, Pa., and on receipt of it they will mail you an order on said merchant good for Twenty Cents (20c.), to be used only in the purchase of a pair of the Celebrated Freeman Pant Overall, No. 115, Price \$1.00.

not attempt it.

We are now eight miles from

West Thumb" of the Yellowstone Lake

and the road winds down the Atlantic slope, through forests of pine and spruce, preserved in the wild rugged beauty of nature. Oh, such trees as are found through this wonderful wood-

God's footstool where they can grow

and expand, untouched by ax and un-scathed by fire, and then such waste

Purchaser's Name Merchant's Name