

A GLIMPSE OF WYOMING.

THE STORY OF JIM BRIDGER AND THE FORT HE ESTABLISHED.

A Description of the Bad Lands and Some of Their Curious Fossil Remains and Archeological Treasures—Looks Like Some Ruined City of the Gods.

Many years ago—way back in the forties, in fact—old Gen. Ashley, accompanied by the well known trapper and mountaineer, Jim Bridger, turned west from the Sheekadee, or Green river. After following one of its numerous tributaries, called Henry's Fork, for the distance of about thirty miles, they changed their course and proceeded due north, to find themselves one day upon the ridge of steep bluffs overlooking the valleys of Smith's and Black's Forks, and upon the latter stream they decided to establish a trading post.

Jim, with a spirit of pardonable pride, called his camp "Fort Bridger." He married a wife, built a hut of woven willows and logs, after the fashion of his Indian neighbors, and for several years carried on a most successful traffic with the Indians and the emigrants, chiefly Mormons, who began to settle in the vicinity.

Among the guides and trappers who, during the years following its establishment, made Fort Bridger their headquarters, were two Frenchmen, named Gosha (presumably a contraction of Gauthier) and Mariano, known by their comrades as the "road eatin' parley voos." They were perhaps the first to discover certain very minute weapons and crude tools of stone and iron upon the plateau of Smith's Fork, and interpreted to travelers the following fantastic Indian legend concerning their origin and utility.

Since 1868 the tertiary beds in the vicinity of Bridger have proved of primary importance to geologists and paleontologists in all parts of the world, and Professor Geikie, of Edinburgh, in the interesting sketch he published of his journey through the United States, speaks of the intense eagerness with which he had always looked forward to visiting the "most wonderful fossil beds of the world—the cretaceous and tertiary deposits of northwestern America."

Among the earlier and more important fossils discovered in the Green river and Bridger basins were flies, fishes, insects and shells—especially the long, gracefully shaped oyster shells, so abundant in central and northern Europe, known as "Ladies' Fingers."

Not many moons ago we heard a young lawyer, who is ambitious to stand *rectus in curia*, use a word which means precisely the opposite of what he thought and wished to express. Speaking of a man who had cowardly submitted to an insult, he said he had shown a *truculent spirit*, thinking that the word comes from truckle. The word *truculent* means fierce, ferocious, savage.

Scribner's Magazine for January begins the fourth year and seventh volume with the promise that during the current year it will follow its well-approved course of printing articles of interest in themselves, by writers who really have something to say; and of a mingling that great variety shall be secured rather than that any single undertaking shall monopolize its space.

In the interest of timeliness and variety a department has been added where, under the title "The Point of View," an opportunity is given to the best writers for a brief and familiar discussion of subjects of both passing and permanent interest; literary, artistic, and general. These are, of course, as, indeed, the title of the department conveys, to be expressions of individual opinion.

In the present issue the subjects discussed in a bright, informal way, are "The Barye Exhibition," "Thackeray's Life," "Social Life in Print," and "The French as Artists." A few pages are to be added to each number to give space for this new feature "Water-storage in the West," by Walter Gillette Bates, is a lucid and comprehensive statement of a great material problem which is now engaging the earnest attention of a Congressional commission, a Government hydrographic surveying-party, and many State Legislatures.

The problem is, to reclaim and make fertile vast tracts of land in what is called the "arid region," an area of 1,200,000 square miles, or more than two-fifths of the United States. Artesian wells and canals have been employed in many places effectively, but their application is narrow and limited compared with the new method of water-storage by means of artificial lakes.

Without reference to the religious aspect of the day, and with no purpose or inclination to utter a word against those who conscientiously observe it as a day for religious services, we are glad that there is a Christmas when everybody tries to be happy, and does what he or she can to make everybody else happy.

Why do some literary people persist in making the G. in the word Gerry-mander take the sound of J? Not long since we heard a dignitary, say that the Democrats in Ohio would Jerry-mander the Congressional districts in adopting a new apportionment bill so as to give them the majority. The word is derived from Governor Elbridge Gerry; who, while Governor of Massachusetts adopted a scheme of giving his party a political advantage over all others.

It can be straightened again, say the Architects—To be Examined by Experts. The architects of the Dibert building were Messrs. Broderick & Gray, Pittsburgh. Mr. Broderick came here Monday in response to a summons by telegraph. The building will not, in his opinion, like Pisa's leaning tower, have to be left the way it is and braced, nor will it have to be torn down. It will be examined by experts from Pittsburgh, who with the architect will determine what is best to be done.

Mr. Scott Dibert, one of the owners, is determined that the building shall be made perfectly secure, and will not take the extra expense, necessary to make it so, into consideration.

The jostle of business made our streets unusually lively Tuesday. Such crowds of people probably have not before been on our streets this season. The stores were crowded, and the amount of business done was very great, the large stock of fancy articles in many of the stores having an unprecedentedly large sale, and consequently many hearts are happy in the receipt of tokens of appreciation from generous friends.

Your cough can be cured. We know it because Kemp's Balsam has cured so many coughs and colds in this community. Its remarkable sale has been won entirely by its genuine merit.

There are too many visible reminders of the flood disaster to permit our people to enter as heartily into the enjoyment of Christmas as they are wont. We perceive that, of those lost to us since a year ago.

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CHRISTMAS.

"A happy Christmas to you all," says Santa Claus in that matchless production which opens with, "It was the night before Christmas when all through the house, not a creature was stirring, not even a mouse."

Just when the custom of recognizing one day in the year as the anniversary of the birth of Him, whom the angels announced with the cheering words, "Peace on earth; good will to men," we don't know, nor does it matter. Nor are we particularly interested in knowing whether Mary's child was born in June, as some claim, or in September as others contend, or on 25th December. It is enough for us to know that He was born, and came into the world on a mission of love, and that in view of His nature and the work He performed, and is still accomplishing by making desert places blossom as the rose, a day has been agreed upon as the anniversary of his advent.

Without reference to the religious aspect of the day, and with no purpose or inclination to utter a word against those who conscientiously observe it as a day for religious services, we are glad that there is a Christmas when everybody tries to be happy, and does what he or she can to make everybody else happy.

In view of the memories of early childhood, if for no other reason, we would deprecate any innovation that would relegate it to a place among the things that have outlived their usefulness. What would winter be without Christmas? A Christmas devoted to kind greetings, social interviews, hospitable entertainments, and the bestowing of Christmas gifts? Good and savory as a nice, big fat turkey is on any day, it never seems to fit it so nicely as it does on Christmas day.

But much as the adult world would miss by having no Christmas, what would the rising generation do without it? Biot it out, and you would blot out the life of the little boys and girls happiness. With no Christmas to talk about, and to look forward to for months prior to its coming, and to enjoy when it does come, a great part of their pleasure would be destroyed. To the little ones it is preeminently the toy day of the year.

Long live Christmas! Long may it be observed, and blessings fall upon him who invented it! Again, do we say, A happy Christmas to all.

WHY HIS HESITATION?

Strong as have been some of the endeavors to get a measure through the United States Senate to have this country recognize the establishment of a republic in Brazil, they have, to the bitter shame and humiliation of our boasted free institutions, proved futile. And all because of the poky, dilly-dallying Administration at Washington. What if Dom Pedro was the most generous and liberal monarch on earth. He was a monarch anyhow, liable to be succeeded some day by another less liberal. Instead of throwing the weight of our powerful influence on the side of a new republic accomplished without bloodshed, our government is waiting to see whether there is any chance for the restoration of the monarchy. The Goddess of Liberty must surely blush at this indecision and hesitancy. Were we glad when the influence of France came to our aid during the Revolution? It's a great pity this administration didn't inherit a little National pride and zeal for republican institutions instead of Grandpa's hat.

PRESIDENT HARRISON recommends the abolition of the tax on whisky and tobacco, leaving it as high as ever on sugar, wool and other necessities. The Free Methodist, of Chicago, talks on that subject in this manner: "If the President and the Republican party think that, by making tobacco and whisky cheap, they can reconcile our intelligent, conscientious people to continue to pay a high price for sugar and woolen goods and shoes and hats and printing paper and type and other necessary articles, they are greatly mistaken."

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A BALLADE OF YOUTH.

Adown the road the red rose bushes Are budding and blooming here and there; And the clean, cool wind, it laughs, and pushes Over my forehead and through my hair.

Life is a lightsome weight to bear; Youth is not such a weary load; Wouldst thou deprive me of my share, Death, that art lurking down the road?

My steed is fresh; the ways are pleasant, I am not old nor weary yet. The past was good, as good the present, Nor is there much I need regret. Wit thou not slumber, and forget To harvest grain so newly sowed, O lean, and longing, and sharp set Death, that art lurking down the road?

Nay! I shall pray thee not, lamenting The end of me, and the end of all. Thou hast no soul for tears, repeating Thy sweeping blade, when mortal fall. At some lane's turn I'll hear the call, "Stand!" and as grass I shall be mowed, Strike then; thou shalt not me avail, Death, that art lurking down the road!

Only—strike sure, if strike it must be, What time I forget thy dues are owed, Seize them suddenly, thine so justly, Death, that art lurking down the road!

Older Than the Pyramids. With an antiquity rivaling, probably exceeding, that of the pyramids of Egypt, and a reputation scarcely inferior, it is remarkable how little notice has been taken of the death of the colossal dragon tree of Oratava. This gigantic, hoary headed vegetable veteran died almost suddenly a few years ago, and may be said, like the deacon's old masterpiece, to have gone "to pieces all at once—all at once and nothing first—just as bubbles do when they burst."

When Alonzo de Lugo, the conqueror of Tenerife, came to Oratava, in 1493, he spared the tree, but scandalized at the profane mysteries which had taken place in its interior, he converted its hollow into a chapel for holy mass. Humboldt, in 1799, gives its height as "appearing about fifty or sixty feet, and its circumference near the roots at forty-five feet, and the diameter of the trunk at ten feet from the ground is still twelve English feet," and he computed its age at 10,000 years.

Thus it appeared that of the 330 members of the house not more than a couple of dozen, or at the outside two score, have anything more than a local or state reputation. As a matter of fact, the business of the house is in the hands of a half dozen men, and when my friend asked me to point out to him the men who during the next two years will control, or largely control, the lawmaking of that body, I showed him Reed in the chair, alert and self complacent; McKinley on the floor, pale and reserved; Payne, of Pittsburg, bearded and strong willed; Cannon, of Illinois, studiously reading the revised statutes and chewing the end of a Wisconsin cigar; Cabot Lodge, young, strong, clean limbed, athletic literary, pacing to and fro in the rear of the seats like a lion in a cage, eager to be off to the jungle; Burrows, smiling and affable, and with his shoes—the shoes which it is a matter of principle with him never to blacken—stuck in his favorite attitude upon the top of his desk, and one-legged Henderson, of Iowa, hard at work, as usual, with pen in hand and a formidable array of law books beside him.—Washington Letter.

Few people realize what a wonderfully delicate structure the human ear really is. That which we ordinarily designate as noise, after all, only the mere outer porch of a series of winding passages, which, like the lobes of a great building, lead from the world without to the world within. Certain of these passages are full of liquid, and their membranes are stretched like parchment curtains across the corridor at different places, and can be made to tremble like the head of a drum or the surface of a tambourine does when struck with a stick or with the fingers. Between two of these parchment like curtains a chain of very small bones extends, which serves to tighten or relax these membranes, and to communicate vibrations to them.

In the innermost place of all a row of white threads called nerves stretch like the strings of a piano from the last point to which the tremblings or thrillings reach and pass inward to the brain. A wonderful piece of mechanism, indeed!—St. Louis Republic.

Order of the Garter. "Honi soit qui mal y pense," said the gallant English monarch Edward III, as he picked up a silken band of blue, clasped with silver, which the beautiful Countess of Salisbury lost as she stepped a stately measure with his majesty at the great court ball more than 500 years ago. "Honi soit qui mal y pense," and he clasped the ribbon about his left leg just below the knee, thus creating himself the first knight of the Order of the Garter, whose emblem, a dark blue, gold bordered band with a buckle and pendant of silver, bearing the old motto, has been and is still worn by all the great knights and famous men in England.—New York Sun.

A Useful Temporary Bridge. M. Eiffel, the builder of the great tower in Paris, has recently invented a bridge which promises to "fill a long felt want" of the railroad companies. It is to be used temporarily in the place of the ordinary bridges when they have been damaged. It is made of steel, carries a track, and weighs, with a length of 150 feet, about eighty-six tons. It can be put in position from either end without the aid of machinery or any preparation, simply by human hands. At a recent trial in Paris M. de Freycinet and many officers of high rank and officials of the railways from several countries expressed their hearty admiration of it.—New York Telegram.

A Poet's Princely Revenue. The late Martin F. Tupper was ridiculed a good deal during his lifetime, but his poetry was pure and his life was clearly, and now that he is dead even his critics have some kindly words for him and his work. It is understood that Tupper never received but \$400 from America, but it is estimated that if he had had a copyright he would have got fully half a million. For many years he enjoyed a princely revenue from his English publishers, considerably in excess of the profits accruing to Tennyson, the Brownings and Longfellow all put together.—Frank Leslie's Newspaper.

Figures on Watch Dials. American Notes and Queries being asked by a correspondent why the figure 4 is marked IIII and not IV on the dials of watches, answers: The story runs that the first clock resembling our own was made in 1370 for the compeet Charles V, king of France. When Henry Vick brought it to him he said that to mark 4 o'clock by IV was a mistake. On being told by the maker that he was wrong, he thundered out: "I am never wrong. Take it away and correct the mistake." From that time to this, as a tradition, clock and watch makers have invariably used IIII instead of IV on the dial.—Philadelphia Ledger.

TRUTHFUL TARS.

Some Pretty Stiff Yarns Concerning Fog From the Fo'c's'le Chest.

I was sitting on the stun'sails secured on the starboard side of the to'gallant fo'c's'le one night during our run from Cape Horn, when the trades blew steadily, and the watch had nothing to do but spin yarns. We were homeward bound from a three years' cruise in the orient, and had settled down to the monotonous life of a run up the trades. Yarn spinning was the principal occupation of the men, and they let no moment that could be filled with this pass unimproved, their great endeavor seeming to be to reach the height of the improbable.

Three of the most inveterate yarn spinners of the crew were seated on the fo'c's'le chest, just opposite me. They were Jack Kelley, the captain of the port fo'c's'le watch; Tom Hutchins, the chief boatswain's mate, and Bill Williams, the signal quartermaster. It was diamond cut diamond with them always, when yarns were being swapped, and I knew I had a treat in store the moment Williams said:

"Well, boys, we'll be on the coast itime for the March fogs. I hope they won't be so bad as I had them once in the gulf, when I was on the blockade, in the 'Tioga.'"

"And you had a fog experience in the gulf, did you? Well, let us hear about it," said Kelley.

"It was in June," said Williams; "we had left Key West, bound for Mobile, with important dispatches, so we could not hold up for anything, and the morning after we sailed the fog motus. Well, it was so thick that we had to have a man with a shovel at the binnacle to scoop the fog away, so that the wheels man could see how to keep his course."

"And you call that a thick fog?" said Hutchins, with a tone of contempt in his voice. "Well, it don't compare with one I met coming from the Mediterranean, in the Brandywine, in the forties. I was an apprentice then, and it was my first cruise, and, of course, I was anxious to get home, so every day I got the reckoning. Well, we were going along about ten knots, with the wind on the quarter and all sail set, when, just after meridian, we backed up against a fog. The wind kept fair, however, and the sails were full, so we thought nothing of it, though we did not get a sight of the sun for five days. It cleared off about 11 in the morning, and the sailing master, as we called the navigator then, came up and took the noon sight, and I'll be eternally smashed if we were not exactly in the same place we were at noon five days before. That confounded fog was so thick that it had just held us fast, and we with all sail set, and a fair ten knot breeze to help us."

"That was something of a fog," said Kelley, "and yet I don't know that it can quite come up to one that I made the acquaintance of when I was sailing in the merchant service just before the war. I had been home, up the Kennebec, and they had just finished a new 3,000-ton clipper for the New York tea trade. She had taken in ice to carry as ballast, and I was asked to help take her round. We set sail, with a strong north wind blowing down the river, and just before we got to the mouth we met a fog. Our skipper was an old cruiser in that latitude, however, so he kept on. I noticed the ship had a curious sort of bobbing motion, but the fog was so thick you couldn't even see the water, and as the sails kept full, though the wind slackened, and we kept going ahead, why, I didn't pay much attention to it."

"Well, we sailed along for nearly a week, with the fog as thick as pudding, and then all at once we gave a dive and dropped nearly fifty feet. The ship swayed and cracked, and we were all knocked off our feet. Luckily she was a new craft and the damp weather had kept her rigging taut, or her masts must have gone by the board. When she quieted down and we could get on our legs once more we looked back, and there was a thick wall of fog, that we had tumbled from, and you can believe it or not, just as you like, but that ship had been sailing on a fog bank for a week, and when she reached the edge of it she jumped off and dropped."

"It's time I have the log," said Williams, and with that the party broke up, and Kelley, with an air of great satisfaction, walked over to the rail and gave the jib sheet a critical examination.—Ocean.

The Possibilities of Life.

We are put here to secrete something everlasting out of nature. The opportunities are rich, but it is the capacity, the fiber, that determines whether we shall do it, for nature contributes to our life, not primarily according to its bounty, but according to the filaments in us that will solicit and incorporate its bounty. One man absorbs mathematical truth out of the heavens, while side by side with him a mortal exists that organizes nothing grand or stately into his constitution—just as the mushroom can do no more than hoist its plaited parasol out of the same ground, and in the same sunlight, from which the oak seed imbibed slowly its tremendous strength. Another man draws to himself the wisdom printed in the granite leaves beneath us, which earthquakes have turned for our benefit, and shows that he has ennobled his life by it. A third wins a divine thought, hinted in the old bones which the globe entombs; while a fourth fastens on history, and compels the laws of it to filter through facts into his reason.—Starr King.

Photographic Lantern. The photogramic lantern is the name of a new device by which a photographic artist claims to be able to project upon a screen or wall, not mere fixed objects, but scenes of life and movement, such as are observed on the white table in the camera obscura. The invention includes a peculiar sort of photographer's camera of about a foot square. The instrument is pointed at a particular moving object, and by turning the handle a number of photographs are taken every second. These successive phases of a scene in movement are then converted into transparencies and placed in succession upon a long strip, which is wound on rollers and passed through the photographic lantern, with results which appear to be similar to the well known philosophical toy, the "zoetrope."—New York Commercial Advertiser.

Reed Bird and Mocking Bird. The reed bird of the Delaware and the rivers and regions south of that stream is the rollicking bobolink of our New England fields. Here is his true home, even if his residence in it is not so long as it is in the south. Here he is adored with a gay piebald coat, instead of the somber suit of black in which he appeats when in more southern latitudes, and here he nests and sings and rears his brood. Here in the sunny green fields of New England, through all the charming May and for some way into June, he pours out the most peculiar, the most over bubbling, frolicsome, swaggering, rollicking and tipsy of all bird music. He is not so abundant here as he was in the days before he was shot by the thousand by sportsmen as the reed bird of the lower Susquehanna and the lower Delaware, and before a set of worthless men and boys here in southern New England acquired, through somebody's ingenuity, a trap which catches him.

Dream-life.

While it is well known that the most abstruse problems have been worked out in sleep, and the most astounding plots found in dreamland, still the majority of dreams yield nothing that can be converted into every day power. A fool is not turned into a wise man when he goes to sleep, though the opposite of this does sometimes seem to be true.