

THE STORM.

A hush extends o'er field and hill,
The woods are silent, still the stream,
The bird forgets its note to trill,
The bee its hum, and hurries home.

A gathering gloom pervades the sky,
Expectant nature pauses, stays,
White cloud on cloud is piled on high,
And dark the storm his host arrays.

Now slow advancing, gloomy, broad,
The army of the sky descends afar,
Its huge embattled front takes head,
Its banners flare and signal war.

A blinding glare of livid flame
Leaps from its black and ragged edge,
Now roars the thunder, roars the storm,
And wild the wind and torrents rain.

The swaying oak a hundred years
Has braved, debent, many a blast,
But now the storm in triumph roars,
And huris it down headlong at last.

The reedy marsh, the meadows green,
Flat, level, unresisting lie,
While o'er the upland, through the glen,
The tempest surge, the storm drives by.

Above the uproar, through the storm
The thunder crash, the lightning glare,
All nature joins in wild alarm,
Involved in fierce, convulsive war.

Its rage is spent, with muttering peal
The storm rolls sullen, slow, away,
The rifted clouds the sky reveal,
Again the sunshine gilds the day.
—Charles E. Milroy, in Chicago Tribune.

An Interrupted Elopement.

A LOVE STORY OF THE TEXAS BORDER.

NELLY WARDEN was the belle of James County; there could be no doubt of that. Some said of the whole of Texas; but that was more problematical. No one denied, however, that she was one of the prettiest little maids that ever stepped—laughing blue eyes, roguish red lips and a skin with just the least touch of brown where the fiery Texas sun had kissed it. And there wasn't a boy in that section that wouldn't have given his right hand for that same privilege. But she would have none of us, though goodness knows we hung round the Warden ranch in a most disgustingly obvious manner.

Her three big brothers never wanted for chums, and her poor old father positively couldn't move without having some of Nelly's suitors buzzing about him, for, you see, we were all so keen on getting her that we couldn't afford to let the other fellows steal a march on us by making friends at court. But in spite of all our efforts Solomon himself couldn't have told which one of us she favored—if she favored any one at all.

She had a laugh and a smile for every one of us—but as to a preference! Some of the married men, just to worry us, used to say that the right man hadn't arrived yet, and we boys would feel for our pistols and hint that if he wasn't a born and bred James County man the stranger would find things unhealthy for him.

There were, I should say, about eight of us boys who wanted to marry Nelly Warden, and, in spite of our rivalry, we were all pretty good friends. With one exception. He was Juan Sola, a Mexican from over the border—a regular fiery Spanish "greaser" of the old style. He was a magnificent horseman, and to see him come thundering up to the Warden ranch—big silver spurs, silver-worked saddle and bridle, and jaunty hat—made us fellows green with jealousy when we thought of our sorry steeds and string and leather equipment. Still, Juan didn't get on any better than the rest of us. He was always welcome; so were we. We stopped to dinner or tea; so did we. And he went away no forarder.

But as time went on we noticed that the Mexican was not exactly contented with the progress he was making in his wooing. His was one of those impetuous natures which brook no obstacles, and it galled him to think that he, Juan Sola, owner of a big ranch, the handsomest man on the border, who could have had any dark-eyed Mexican senorita he chose for his wife, could not make headway with the little blue-eyed Nelly Warden. And we saw that he scowled blackly at times as he rode home over the border.

And so the days passed away, until one night Jim Warden—that was Nelly's eldest brother—came to my shanty in a high state of excitement. "Dick," said he, dropping into a chair and mopping the perspiration from his face. "I've got a most extraordinary bit of news for you. Juan Sola is going to elope with Nelly!"

"Elope with Nelly?" I roared. "You mean she's going to marry him? Has she—"

"Steady, old man," said Jim, with a smile. "Perhaps I didn't ought to have put it that way. But now listen; I'm serious. I was down at San Roca about some horses to-day, and who should I meet there but Pete, one of Sola's servants. You remember him? The man I dragged away from that mad bull last year."

"From that moment I was as wax in his hands."

"The time had come. Miss Nelly Warden, otherwise Dick Travers, attired in her pretty blue print gown and her big fop hat, which effectually concealed her face, set out on her black mare to ride to the house of old Ma'am Morrell, who gave music lessons. Miss Nelly rode side-saddle—but between you and me I found it uncomfortable, and my own wouldn't set straight somehow around about where I had got my two six-shooters tucked.

"I didn't feel happy. I knew that away down the trail somewhere Jim and Tom Warden were waiting, their pistols on the cock. The old servant told Jim pretty exactly the spot where the ambush would be laid, and Jim and Tom had arranged so as to be on hand when wanted. Still, things might go wrong, and if so I stood to get a couple of leaden pellets through my head instead of leading Nelly Warden to the altar. For Juan Sola had a way of shooting on sight when he got mad, and then his vicinity became distinctly unhealthy.

"Hark! What was that? A scurry in the underbrush, a rush of men and horses, and a cloak had been thrown over my head and I was dragged backward off my horse to the ground. Some very unattractive exclamations which I let drop as I struggled to escape were fortunately lost in the confusion.

"Then came the thud of hoofs, and I heard Jim's voice demanding what was amiss. For answer came an oath in Sola's voice, and a rough command to stand out of the way.

"What's that behind you?" cried Jim. "Great heavens, you villain, is that my sister?"

Apparently he made one step toward the Mexican, who threw out his arm and fired at him, and with a groan poor Jim dropped—Quick as lightning

Tom Warden fired on Sola, but missed, and I began to think it was time to assist in the fighting. I was lying on the ground entangled in the horse's cloak, and as I struggled to rise Sola suddenly seized me by the arm with the intention of pulling me to my feet. In the darkness he had not yet discovered the deception.

I threw off his grasp and sprang to my feet, drawing my revolver as I did so. A strange figure I must have looked, standing there in my blue shirt. My big "dop hat" hung round my neck by its ribbon, and my wig had fallen off.

One searching glance the Mexican threw at me, then he realized the truth.

"Foiled!" he shrieked, and let drive a bullet at me. I had ducked at the flash, but a hot, tearing pain in my left arm, told me that his aim was good. I fired at him, but missed him badly, and in a second he had mounted and turned to flee, his two servants riding beside him.

"Mount and after them," roared Tom, who was fat and heavy. "I must look after my brother."

I needed no further incentive. I leaped on to my horse—Nelly's horse—and in a moment I was after them. My mare was fresher than theirs, and I gained rapidly on them. Suddenly, in obedience to an order from Sola, one of the servants turned back and rode at me, but a bullet from my Colt took him in the shoulder, and he rode off howling in a direction at right angles to that in which we were galloping.

The second servant was apparently in a terrible panic, and at last he swerved off and left his master alone. Sola, seeing this, turned in his saddle and fired after him, making the silent woods ring with oaths. And all the time I was gaining on him. I knew that if he once got behind a rock there he could pick me off at his leisure, and so I strove my hardest to come up with him, paying no heed to my burning wound. Just as he turned to the corner, and stood outlined for a second against the blue night sky, he turned and fired on me, and our bullets crossed. He took me just above the knee, but mine hit him somewhere under the breastbone, and he pitched out of his saddle heavily. I rode cautiously up, but when I saw his face I knew that the danger was past. Juan Sola was dead!

Quite how I got back to the town I do not know. I must have fainted from pain and loss of blood many times, but the good old horse pulled me through and carried me safely to the Warden ranch, where Tom, carrying his badly wounded brother, had arrived long before. By the time I arrived the whole story of the frustrated elopement was public property, and great was the rejoicing when I turned up alive, though damaged, the general consensus of opinion having been that when I set out to pursue the Mexican and his two servants I had gone on my last ride.

A PRIZE YARN ABOUT A MIXED SEA MONSTER

Combination of Fish, Alligator and Bat Found.

Throws the Old Sea Serpent Into the Shade—Gigantic Survivor of Prehistoric Ages is Over Sixty-five Feet Long, and Equally at Home in Air or Sea.

Salt Lake, Utah.—A terrible, nameless, unclassified creature of the animal world is exciting the curiosity, wonder and fear of occasional visitors to Stansbury Island, in the southern portion of Great Salt Lake.

This monster, so strange and unnatural in appearance, has lately, it is said, been seen by several persons, but the best account of its characteristics and movement is given by Martin Gilbert and John Barry, two hunters who this week returned from an expedition over the island, in the course of which they studied the habits of this hitherto unheard of creature for three days.

The monster, which appears to be almost equally at home in the air, on the beach, or submerged in the briny waters of Salt Lake, is probably the sole survivor of a prehistoric species. It is doubtless the last representative of a family whose other members, dead ages since, have left the testimony of their existence in the primeval rocks of the mountains.

Arranging in concise form the description of this incredible relic of the animal world, from the accounts given by those who have observed it at close range, it seems in plain, unscientific language, a combination of fish, alligator, and bat.

Into the gloomy cavern feared at that time to make any closer inspection. "These tracks," said Barry, "were five-toed, almost exactly like the imprint of a gigantic hand. If you can imagine a hand nearly four feet across the palm."

Gilbert and Barry constructed a barricade for themselves of the largest rocks they were able to handle and lay down to await the results.

The way wore on and the men were weary and almost despairing of success in their vigil, when, just at dusk, the horrible creature crawled slowly from the cave, and, pausing at its mouth to take flight, gave them their first view at close range.

Barry says that the hackneyed phrase of exaggeration, "made his blood run cold," is none too strong for the sight they saw.

"The monster slowly moved his great jaws," declared the hunter, in speaking of his experience, "until it seemed as if he could have swallowed a large horse at one mouthful. He gave a snort that might have been heard a mile, and then slowly spread his huge wings. We now saw that the huge body was coated with salt, apparently nearly a foot in thickness. This explained why the salt bullets dropped at our feet when the bullet struck the monster. By this we knew that the creature must spend much of its time in the waters of the lake.

DESCRIPTION OF THE BEAST.

In size it is simply tremendous. Gilbert places its length at sixty feet, while Barry, who is an amateur scientist, says that an examination of its tracks demonstrates that the monster must be sixty-five feet from head to tail.

The head is like that of an alligator, the eyes fiercely glowing, the jaws, capable of opening to a distance of ten feet from the top of the upper to the lower, are provided with a fearful array of sharp saw-edged teeth; the body, so far as observation goes, is encased with heavy horny scales. As to this Gilbert and Barry are not positive, as the constant diving of the beast, if such it may be called, into the strong brine of the lake has incrustated it with a thick coating of salt, which, save near the wings, completely hides the body.

According to their account they first sighted it at a distance of between one and a half and two miles. The day was clear, the sun intensely bright. Gilbert's own words of the discovery are:

"We watched it disappear in the gathering gloom of night, but were for a long time paralyzed with fear, not knowing when it might return. It was probably an hour later when it did come back.

"We heard the swish of the mighty wings before it could be seen, but as it drew nearer, by the light of the young moon in the west, we saw that carried in its great jaws was a large horse, which I suppose it had swooped down upon while feeding. The horse was badly crushed and mangled.

FEASTED ON THE HORSE.

"The monster carried its burden into the cave and we could hear the crunching of its jaws and the cracking of the horse's bones as the beast devoured its victim. After an hour or so all was still and we then slipped quietly away in the darkness and returned to our camp on the eastern shore of the island.

"Had it not been for a bad break in our boat we would have fled the island that night. As it was we worked all night to repair the craft, although the task might have been accomplished in two hours except that we feared to build a fire to afford light.

"It was just dawn and we were preparing to launch, when Gilbert said, 'There it comes again!' In an instant we turned the boat bottom up and crawled under it. One end was lifted about a foot above the end by a rock, and we were able to watch the monster's actions.

"It settled down on the beach less than fifty yards to the north and dived quickly into the lake. From its actions while nearly buried under the waves I judged that the creature was gathering and feeding upon the salt water shrimps which abound along the coast there. When the monster came up it was very close to us, and we were particularly impressed by the fact that the strong brine had no effect upon its eyes, which appeared lidless. Evidently the animal's food in the water was found by the sense of sight.

"Although of such gigantic size, there was nothing sluggish in the movements of the monster. It swam and dived as rapidly as any large fish.

"We watched it for perhaps half an hour as it gradually worked its way northward and finally disappeared."—Philadelphia Record.

"I was so astounded that for a few moments I doubted the evidence of my own senses. The object came nearer, but the colors were so dazzling that it was some time before I assumed definite form. No one who has not witnessed the sight can conceive its strangeness. The mass of color was glowing, flaming, radiant. I spoke to Barry, saying:

"For God's sake, man can you see that? and he was no less astonished than myself.

"In three or four minutes the monster's position was such that it no longer reflected the sunlight directly toward us, and we could then discern the outline of the form. Its wings were batlike, stretching out over a great expanse. I should say at least one hundred feet from tip to tip. The tail was proportionately short and resembled that of a huge fish. We were not close enough at this time to tell much about the head, only we saw that the jaws were very long. In shape the head was like that of a crocodile."

Gilbert gave a long account of how he and Barry watched the monster, which supported its enormous wings, swung round and round in immense circles through the air, gradually descending and approaching nearer to them. He declares that it was not more than 300 yards above their heads, when, now convinced that the awful creature was about to attack them, he fired at the monster with his rifle, a .54-calibre gun loaded with a steel-cased bullet.

The missile, he believes, struck fair, but inflicted no apparent wound. The monster gave utterance to a strange, fear-inspiring cry, half snort, half roar, and, rising rapidly in the air, veered quickly to the west, and after three miles of flight settled down and disappeared beyond the crest of the hills.

"We were walking westward from the east shore of the island about 9 o'clock in the morning, when suddenly to the northwest there appeared a Thing. I don't know what to call it; it looked to me like a brilliant rainbow folded into a compact mass, moving rapidly through the air.

"I was so astounded that for a few moments I doubted the evidence of my own senses. The object came nearer, but the colors were so dazzling that it was some time before I assumed definite form. No one who has not witnessed the sight can conceive its strangeness. The mass of color was glowing, flaming, radiant. I spoke to Barry, saying:

"For God's sake, man can you see that? and he was no less astonished than myself.

"In three or four minutes the monster's position was such that it no longer reflected the sunlight directly toward us, and we could then discern the outline of the form. Its wings were batlike, stretching out over a great expanse. I should say at least one hundred feet from tip to tip. The tail was proportionately short and resembled that of a huge fish. We were not close enough at this time to tell much about the head, only we saw that the jaws were very long. In shape the head was like that of a crocodile."

It was only 700 yards from the authorization of trial by jury in land disputes in England till private war was wholly abolished in England, and the parliament which did this came into existence 100 years after trial by jury was authorized, says Gunton's Magazine. Already the nations have authorized trial by jury in all controversies. Remembering that when wagers of battle was abolished the county seats in England were further from London than the capitals of the nations now are, it is hard to escape from the conclusion that an international parliament will come into existence, as England's parliament did, much more speedily as time for travel and communication diminishes, and that this parliament will do, in say 100 years, under twentieth century conditions, what it took the English parliament 600 years to do under ancient conditions. But whether this reformation according to the nineteenth century revelation in political affairs takes 100 or 200 years for its realization, it seems almost proved that the world will be included in this union: it is formed.

"I settled down on the beach less than fifty yards to the north and dived quickly into the lake. From its actions while nearly buried under the waves I judged that the creature was gathering and feeding upon the salt water shrimps which abound along the coast there. When the monster came up it was very close to us, and we were particularly impressed by the fact that the strong brine had no effect upon its eyes, which appeared lidless. Evidently the animal's food in the water was found by the sense of sight.

"Although of such gigantic size, there was nothing sluggish in the movements of the monster. It swam and dived as rapidly as any large fish.

"We watched it for perhaps half an hour as it gradually worked its way northward and finally disappeared."—Philadelphia Record.

Thought He Was Killed.

A workman in a big building company's yards nearly died of fright a few days ago. The foreman heard a yell and much commotion among a lot of carpenters in the yard and rushed to the scene. He found one of the men on the ground with a two-inch bit apparently sticking through his side, white as a ghost, and practically out of his mind. His fellow-workmen had sent for an ambulance and were about as badly frightened as he. The foreman took out his knife and slit the man's jumper and shirt down the back. The bit came away with the shirt, tightly rolled up in it, and the man was absolutely unscratched. It appears that he had been standing against an unfinished caisson in which two-inch holes were being bored. The bit was run by compressed air, and when it came through the planking was very hot. It was the heat from the bit which made the workman think it was in his body.—New York Post.

BULLET HAD NO EFFECT.

A few seconds after the shot was fired, while the hunters were watching the flight of the dragon-like beast, some small lumps of salt fell almost at their feet. They were more than ever mystified by this, but not until the next day were they able to ascertain its source.

Determined to learn more of the monster, Gilbert and Barry hastened in the direction of its flight, and after surmounting the range of hills to the westward, found with little trouble the tracks the beast had left in the soil after ceasing its flight. These led the hunters to an immense cave, near the head of a narrow gulch.

They approached to within three rods of the opening in the rocks, but finding that the freshest footprints led

OUR BUDGET OF HUMOR.

Revised Definitions.

If a batter is one who sells hats, Then a batter is one who sells bats, And a chatter is one who sells chais, And a patter is one who sells pats, And a flatter is one who sells flats, And a scatter is one who sells scats, And a spatter is one who sells spats. —Chicago Tribune.

Near the Land of Midnight.

Tourist—"What were those two shots in quick succession?"

"Why, those were the sunrise and sunset guns."—Life.

Usual Finish.

Evalyn—"And did he pipe away and die after you refused to marry him?"

Imogene—"No; the ungrateful wretch married miserably well."—Chicago News.

Plausible Inference.

Gilbert—"Pray, how do you know Miss Merrin has remained single from choice?"

Hornace—"Because I never heard her say she had."—Boston Transcript.

Their Singing.

Mr. Shoddy—"Don't you think my daughters sing like angels, professor?"

Professor Pumpernickel—"Sure, matam! I never heard human beings sing like dey do!"—Brooklyn Life.

Friendly Suggestion.

Biggs—"I'm proud of my family tree."

Diggs—"You ought to whitewash it."

Biggs—"Whitewash it! What for?"

Diggs—"To keep the insects off."—Chicago News.

Thinks Well of Himself.

"Isn't it strange," remarked Mrs. Billins to her husband, "that I can never get a good bargain in shoes?"

"You did once," said her husband.

"When was that?"

"When you got me."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Prima Facie Evidence.

Madge—"Miss Pansy has volunteered to get up a booth at the Christmas bazaar and sell kisses. Isn't it awful!"

Marjorie—"Dreadful, my dear! I never thought that girl had the face to do it."—Smart Set.

Charley's Caution.

"Charley is a wonderfully bright man," said young Mrs. Torkins.

"Indeed?"

"Yes. He can pick out the horse that ought to have won the race every time. And if it didn't win, that isn't Charley's fault."—Washington Star.

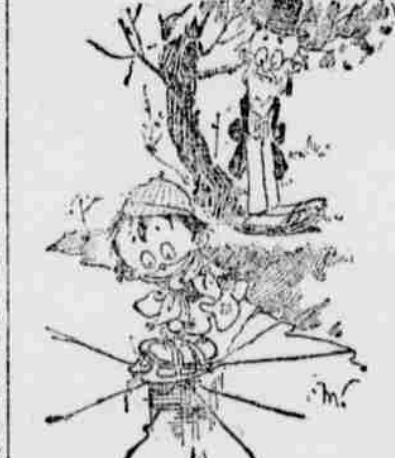
An Ice Jest.

"Why do you smile?" the old man asked.

"Why does your face relax?"

"The ice," the grinning youth replied, "it makes such funny cracks."

—New York Journal.



The Price of Experience.

"What did you buy with that money your uncle left you?"

"I bought experience," was the rueful reply.

"My dear sir, I never was much on bargain day affairs, and the ordinary price of experience is all that you've got."—Chicago Post.

Recognition.

"You don't seem to recognize me this evening, Miss Wilkins," said the young man who aspired to be her "steady."

"Not recognize you, Jack?" she exclaimed. "What do you mean? Haven't I been talking to you all evening?"

"Yes, but you're letting the other fellow stay in the room."—Chicago Tribune.

Bliggins' Blunder.

"Bliggins is very unfortunate in his love affairs."

"Yes," said the girl with yellow hair; "you see, Mr. Bliggins makes the great mistake of trying to converse intelligently, when he ought to be simply holding hands and looking as if he were stupefied with joy."—Washington Star.

Awful Dilemma.

"Oh, Aunt Rachel, we are facing the most terrible alternative you ever heard of!"

"What is the matter, Becky?"

"The janitor of the building wants to marry our Amelia. She can't bear the sight of him—but how can we ever dare to run the risk of offending him?"—Chicago Tribune.

Thankful.

"I dunno what my boy Josh would have done without his college education," said Farmer Corntassel.

"Indeed?"

"Yes. While he was home he got on the same side of a fence with a bull, and mother an' me was powerful thankful that he was a champion runner an' jumper."—Washington Star.

Names of Vehicles: Their Origins and the Appellations of Some Conveyances.

Men who in these days "hire a hack" never stop to inquire how the vehicle they engage to wheel them to their homes or to a depot got its name. It suffices to know that everybody else calls it a hack, and to them it is simply that, and nothing more. The original hacks were termed hackney coaches, because they were drawn by "hackneys," a name applied to easy going, safe pacing horses.

"Coach" is derived from the French coche, a diminutive form of the Latin cochlea, a shell, in which shape the body of such conveyances was originally fashioned. Seldom, if ever, is the full term, "omnibus" applied to those heavy, lumbering vehicles found in so many large cities. With the characteristic brevity of English speaking races, the title has been changed to "bus."

These were first seen in Paris in 1827, and the original name of "omnibus" is derived from the fact that it first appeared on the sides of each conveyance, being nothing more than the Latin word signifying "for all."

"Cab" is an abbreviation of the Italian word cabbola, which was changed to cabriolet in French. Both names have a common derivative—cabriolet, signifying a goat's leap. The exact reason for giving it this strange appellation is unknown, unless because of the lightness and springiness of the vehicle in its original form.

In some instances the names of special forms of carriages are derived from the titles of the persons who introduced them. The brougham was first used by the famous Lord Brougham, and William IV., who was originally the Duke of Clarence, gave the latter name to his favorite conveyance. The popular hansom derives its name from its introducer, Mr. Hansen; and the tiliary, at one time a very fashionable two-wheeled vehicle, was called from a sporting gentleman of the same name.

Landau, a city in Germany, was the locality in which was first made the style of vehicle bearing that name.

Sulky, as applied to a two-wheeled conveyance, had its origin in the fact that when it first appeared the person who saw it considered that none but a sulky, selfish person would ride in such a affair, which afforded accommodation to but one individual. The strange title was never changed.

Coupe is French in origin, being derived from the verb couper (cooper), to cut. This was considered an appropriate designation, because it greatly resembled a coach with the front part cut off.

The old-fashioned gig was given that name from its peculiar jumping and rocking motion, the word being taken from the French gigue, signifying jig, or a lively dance.—Kansas City Star.

Potatoes.

It will astonish most people to hear that 28,856,937 acres are annually under potato culture in Europe, and that the total yield therefrom is estimated at 2,929,214,500 hundredweight. The Gardeners' Magazine states that in the matter of area Russia occupies the highest position with 9,615,839 acres, Germany ranks next with 8,004,225 acres, and France occupies the third place with 3,818,378 acres. The potato areas in the other countries of Europe are as follows: Austria, 2,802,677 acres; Hungary, 1,477,164 acres; United Kingdom, 1,299,184 acres; Italy, 516,000 acres; Holland, 583,049 acres; Sweden, 381,973 acres; Belgium, 348,308 acres; Denmark, 133,387 acres; Norway, 90,601 acres; Roumania, 26,642 acres; Serbia, 15,549, and Bulgaria, 4181 acres.

In the matter of yield, Germany is first with 855,277,805 hundredweight, Russia second with 549,045,932 hundredweight, and France third with 230,469,441 hundredweight. The yields of other countries are: Austria, 234,100,082 hundredweight; United Kingdom, 118,598,380 hundredweight; Hungary, 65,412,205 hundredweight; Holland, 77,925,500 hundredweight; Sweden, 54,821,800 hundredweight; Belgium, 21,908,147 hundredweight; Norway, 21,068,142 hundredweight; Denmark, 12,177,081 hundredweight; Italy, 13,818,293 hundredweight; Roumania, 2,495,314 hundredweight; Serbia, 410,755 hundredweight. These figures illustrate the great difference in the yield per acre in the different countries. The United Kingdom, which is sixth in area, is fifth in yield, heading Hungary by nearly 23,000,000 hundredweight, although having an area of about 273,000 acres less.—Westminster Gazette.

"First in War."

"First in war, first in peace, first in the hearts of his countrymen," was said of George Washington by Gen. Henry Lee in his famous "uneral oration." The apostrophe was also contained in the resolutions prepared by Richard Henry Lee and offered in the House of Representatives by John Marshall on announcing the death of Washington, but with this slight variation: "First in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his fellow-citizens."

Ancient Relic Discovered.

A relic of past years has just been discovered in Ravenna, in the centre of the square Maggiore. The remains of a "liberty tree," planted in 1840, were found buried beneath heaps of rubbish, which had been accumulating for years in the square. By order of the municipal council the trunk, which is still in a fair condition of preservation, has been dug up and placed in the City Hall.

In order to prevent the extinction of the chamois in the Swiss Alps a law has been passed in Grisons, Switzerland, prohibiting the shooting of chamois on the mountains. A real chamois skin is now worth \$50.