

### THE DEAD PAIR.

Why cherish a dream that is ended?  
Why look down to the vista of years,  
But to suffer a long-buried sorrow  
To open a wound with new tears?  
It is over, forget it—as useless  
(No matter how anxious we be),  
To try to go back and recover  
A pearl that is lost in the sea.  
Why waste precious moments in thinking  
Of scenes that were beautiful then?  
Why linger o'er graves that hold treasures,  
Why ne'er will return us again?  
Why wish for our youth and its gladness,  
When from sorrow and care we were free?  
When 'tis gone from our grasp, gone forever,  
As a pearl that is lost in the sea!

### A MEMORABLE RUN.

BY WILLIAM M. GRAYDON.

"Gentlemen, I sent for you to-night for a special purpose. We have in the office a chest of money consigned to Gun-nison. It is to pay off men at several of the mines, I believe, and instead of send-ing with the regular express messenger I propose to put it on board the freight which leaves here at midnight. I have special reasons for doing this—in fact I am afraid to trust it on the regular train—and I wish you would take charge of the money. You will say nothing about the matter, of course, but quietly report for duty at eleven o'clock to-night."

In these words the superintendent of the express company at Montrose, Colorado, assigned to Fred Harlan and myself a run that was destined to be one of the most memorable events of our lives. We did not think so at the time. Indeed there was nothing very remarkable about the circumstance, for there was always a risk in sending large sums of money over that road, and it was very natural for the superintendent to attempt a little ruse of this kind to thwart any possible scheme of robbery that might be hatched.

The midnight freight was made up at Montrose, and when Fred and I reached the yards the money chest was already stowed away in an empty car which for obvious reasons was securely fastened up and marked "perishable."

I shudder now to think how near that car and all its contents came to perish-ing. At the last moment Fred discovered that his dog Ponto had followed him unperceived. It would be dangerous to abandon the animal there with all the shifting that was going on, and as there was no time to take him back, Fred hastily thrust him into the car, and slipping in after him, we closed the door and fastened it on the inside. None of the employes had seen us enter, and I don't suppose any of them knew what valuable freight that car held—with the exception of the engineer and conductor.

In a few moments the train started. Fred zigged up a coach against the end of the car with a plank that was lying on the floor, and I sat on the chest beside him. Then we lit our pipes and smoked and chatted for an hour or more, while the train rushed on and on through the night, whistling shrilly at intervals.

Fred had dropped off into a sort of a doze and I was just wondering whether it was my duty to wake him or not, when Ponto lifted his head and uttered a short, peculiar bark.

A moment later the cars began to rattle and bump violently and soon the train came to an abrupt halt. We were both on our feet instantly. I seized my rifle which was standing close by. There was no reason that we could think of for the stoppage of the train, but before we could make up our minds what to do it had started again.

It went only a few yards, however, and then moved slowly back toward Montrose going faster and faster each moment.

"My gracious!" cried Fred suddenly, "our car is detached."

My companion was right. The car with the money had been near the center of the train when we started—now it was speeding away by itself—where we had not the slightest idea. Our sense of hearing, sharpened by long service at railroad-ing, told us all this.

Our first impulse was to make certain that the fastenings of the door were secure, and by that time our speed had perceptibly diminished. A moment later we came to a full stop.

"We've been run off on a siding," exclaimed Fred in an excited whisper, but before I could reply Ponto barked gruffly and we heard voices just outside the car. Then a heavy blow was dealt against one of the doors—with an axe probably.

All doubt was gone now. We were in the hands of some desperate band of robbers, and the chance of saving either our lives or the money was very slim. We resolved to make a fight for it though, and carefully inspected our weapons. Mine was the only rifle, but Fred had a revolver that he knew well how to use.

Half a dozen more blows followed in quick succession, and then Fred placed his mouth to a crack in the door and shouted:

"The first one that breaks into this car is a dead man."

The blows ceased for a moment or two. The desperadoes were evidently surprised to learn that any person was in the car. Then a gruff voice called loudly:

"Open that door, young feller, and you shan't be harmed."

We made no reply to this modest request, and after a few low muttered imprecations, the blows were repeated faster and harder than ever.

"We must hold out, Ned," said Fred sturdily. "The trainmen will come to our assistance before long." The robbers expected to get the car open in a hurry and make off with the chest. Any delay will be fatal to their plans.

weapons on the spot, ready for the first man that would make his appearance. Meanwhile the other door was being slowly battered in, and soon a gaping hole was chopped through. We instantly fired at the spot, and not without effect, to judge from the fierce yells that resounded.

The situation was becoming more critical, for two or three rifle barrels were thrust in from both sides of the car and the bullets whistled uncomfortably close to our heads. The rascals dared not expose themselves sufficiently to take aim and our return fire did no damage.

Then a long arm reached in and attempted to snatch the bar which offered the main obstacle to the breaking down of the door. Before either Fred or I could fire, Ponto sprang forward and seized the ruffian's hand in his sharp white teeth.

We heard a quick report, a yelp of pain, and then poor Ponto dropped back on the floor to all appearances lifeless.

Enraged at the death of the dog, Fred emptied his revolver at the hole, to what purpose we could not tell.

After that hostilities ceased for a little while, though the axes still tore away at the door and the gaping holes grew larger and larger.

"I smell smoke," said Fred suddenly. "Do you?"

"Yes," I replied, "I detect it plainly," and as we looked at each other in sudden alarm, we heard a sharp cracking under foot, and red flashes of light were visible through the flooring.

The miscreants had set fire to the end of the car, with the intention of driving us forward within range of their murderous weapons.

We lost hope then and there. We could take our choice—death by fire or bullet. There was no other alternative.

The flames enveloped the end of the car with amazing rapidity, until red tongues were licking the inside timbers and the boards were hot to the touch.

Our skin seemed to be blistering, and the smoke poured round in suffocating whirls, but we still held our ground, knowing that to advance meant certain and speedy death.

Outside the axes were still going rapidly, and through the smoke we saw one of the doors tumble with a crash into the car. A moment later the second one dropped.

The robbers could almost place their hands upon the chest now, but still they hesitated to enter.

Then a burst of flame came hissing from the bottom of the car, and with a loud cry Fred fell over.

Hardly conscious of what I was doing, I grasped him by the shoulders and dragged him foot by foot toward the door, yet expecting every moment to be riddled with bullets.

I heard a wild yell from outside, and then a rattling fusillade of rifle shots. I thought I was shot and wondered vaguely why I did not fall, and the next thing I saw was a familiar face surmounted by a blue railroad cap peering into the car.

"The money is safe," said the man to some one behind him, "but I don't see either of the poor fellows. I'm afraid they're done for."

I tried to cry out but the sound choked in my throat, and then I must have fainted dead away.

I came back to life in the caboose of the freight train. Fred was a few feet away, and we were both soon able to listen to the strange story of the stolen car.

The train had been stopped at both ends by a gang of masked desperadoes, three of whom took possession of the engine and gave orders to suit themselves.

The train was broken in two, and the forward part, with our car attached, was operated a two-mile siding which ran back into a lonely spot among the mountains.

Then the train was backed with sufficient speed to send our car—which had meanwhile been uncoupled—far out on the siding. The train was then joined together and the engineer ordered to go ahead at full speed.

This command he obeyed to the letter until he reached a small wayside station where plenty of volunteers were found to come back to the rescue—and their arrival was well timed indeed.

Two of the robbers were dead, and from one who was wounded information was received that led to the capture of many of the gang.

matte pier. The pivoted pier, or draw pier, will support a draw which will give an opening of 200 feet space on either side for vessels to pass, and the span immediately south of the draw span will be 375 feet. The whole structure is to be of steel, built on a pier of the high water of 1876 and forty feet above low water.

On account of the sandy formation it will be necessary to go down eight feet below low water to get a firm foundation. There it rests on a foundation of coarse gravel similar to that upon which the great bridges across the Missouri river are built. This gigantic structure will cost over \$1,000,000 and employ hundreds of men in its erection. It will be January 1, 1892, before the cars can pass over it. The company is pushing its bridge and also its road as fast as money and its present perfected plans will permit. They have now between there and Kalama over two thousand men and one thousand five hundred teams at work.—[The Columbian.]

### ANCHOR DRAGGING.

Something of How the Business is Done off Cape Cod.

There are ocean mines that abound in riches. The waters for a mile or two out in Vineyard Sound and so around the Cape, are being constantly worked as are the inexhaustible mines of the interior. Not since the Pirate Bellamy emptied his ship load of gold coins upon the beach of Wellfleet, in the fatal storm which caused the shipwreck of his fleet, has there been as much wealth fished up from the waters as in the past few seasons. The profitably and infrequently mentioned industry is termed anchor dragging by the seamen of Cape Cod who engage in the business.

I was down on the Union wharf the other day and saw among the small craft at the wharf the little schooner Mary Emma, of Yarmouth, Capt. W. H. Hurst. The schooner had a load of iron and I learned that Capt. Hurst frequently engaged in the anchor dragging business. He told me that anchor dragging was a regular class of business with a certain class of Cape seamen and that it had to be learned as much as any other occupation. Hundreds of other vessels of all kinds are coming and going in the sound all the time and in the course of a year many anchors are lost. The Cape seamen keep a sharp lookout to hear of a vessel that has lost her anchor and some chain, and learning the locality as near as possible, start out to secure it.

It requires a deal of study and knowledge of the rules of navigation to be successful in the business. Generally two vessels go together on a cruise. They will sail close together, having grappling hooks dragging on the bottom. When they feel the hook "snub up," they release it and let the vessel drift. The object struck is a ledge or an anchor and their experience quickly enables them to tell. In this way they cruise in pairs and when an anchor is found the crews of the two vessels raise it to the deck of one of them by means of tackles.

It is no easy task, and the job requires considerable skill. Capt. Hurst informed me that this piece of work had been made easier by him, and last season he had a steam hoisting engine placed aboard his schooner, the Willfred W. Fuller.

In the course of a season a number of anchors are found, many ranging in size from a small two-masted schooner's anchor to a huge spike weighing 5,000 or 6,000 pounds. Sometimes the anchors are sold to vessel skippers who have lost their own anchors, but generally they are brought to this city or taken to Boston and sold to junk dealers by the pound. If a vessel succeeds in hooking three or four good-sized anchors in a season it pays.—[New Bedford (Mass.) Mercury.]

### Railroad Ties.

The wooden ties now in use upon the tracks of the United States number 515,832,918. The average life of a wooden tie in this country is six and a half years. Every year therefore calls for 80,000,000 new ties. The interest in this subject is well shown by the fact that 491 patents have been issued in this country to inventors of substitutes for wooden ties. One ingenious individual has protected an idea for glass ties. An Englishman has taken out letters in his own country, the United States, France, Belgium and Spain for a tubular tie made of concrete or some other composition to be cast around a core of wire netting.

One proposition is to manufacture rails, ties and other articles of truckage from a composition of paper pulp, silicate of soda and tar. The proportions are 500 parts pulp, 25 parts soda and 10 parts barytes. Two inventors working jointly have evolved the suggestion of terra cotta or earthenware pyramids to support the rails. The pyramids are to be connected by iron metal ties. An earlier device is a concrete tie with wooden blocks inserted for the rails to spike upon.

The idea of a metal skeleton or frame-work tie, covered with concrete or artificial stone, comes from France to be patented. Concrete blocks, with cork plates for the rails to rest upon, are suggested. Concrete chairs and blocks and composition of fibre coated with asphaltum and shaped by pressure were among the earlier designs. But of the 491 patents granted for wooden ties, but eleven are metal.—[Atlanta Constitution.]

### Crocodile Nests and Eggs.

Some habits of crocodiles have been lately described by Mr. Voeltzkow. Traveling in Witu, he obtained in January last seventy-nine new-laid eggs of the animal, from a nest which was five or six paces from the bank of Wagoga, a tributary of the Ooi. The spot had been cleared of plants in a circle of about six paces diameter, apparently by the crocodile having wheeled around several times. Here there were a few branches had been laid, but there was no nest-building proper. The so-called nest lay quite open to the sun (only a couple of poor bushes on one part). The eggs lay in four pits dug in the hard, dry ground, about two feet obliquely down. Including eggs broken in digging out, the total seemed to have been eighty-five to ninety. According to the natives the crocodile, having selected and prepared a spot, makes a pit in it that day and lays about twenty to twenty-five eggs in it, which it covers with dirt. Next day it makes a second pit, and so on. From the commencement it remains in the nest, and it stays there till the hatching of the young, which appear in about two months, when the heavy rain period sets in. The egg-laying occurs only once in the year, about the end of January or beginning of February. The animal which M. Voeltzkow described, and saw drop into the water, claimed to be a crocodile, but was in common in east Africa.—[Christian Advertiser.]

### An Immense Steel Structure.

The great steel bridge across the Columbia river at Vancouver, British Columbia, will be a mammoth concern. It will be 6,000 feet from the Washington to the Oregon shore. It will be double tracked, with a roadway on top for teams, and will be erected upon pnu-

### THE JOKER'S BUDGET.

JESTS AND YARNS BY FUNNY MEN OF THE PRESS.

Their Figures—An Impressive Warning—A Catastrophe—A Machiavelian Despot, Etc., Etc.

Jack—I tell you what, Maud makes quite a figure in society.  
Tom—Yes. When I see her at a party with her dude admirers she reminds me of a million.  
Jack—???

Tom—She is one followed by half a dozen nothings.—[Bazar.]  
AN IMPRESSIVE WARNING.  
Teacher—Thomas, I saw you laugh just now. What were you thinking about?  
Tommy—I was just thinking about something.  
Teacher—You have no business thinking during school hours. Don't let it occur again.—[Texas Sittings.]

A CATASTROPHE.  
Lord Runnymede—Aw—Miss Twumbull, I fancy now you reject my suit because you have no wank. That is very inconsistent for an American, you know. I fancied an American girl would fancy herself my equal, and tell everybody my birth was a mere accident, you know.

Miss Twumbull—Oh no, Lord Runnymede, I wouldn't disparage your birth in the least. I don't think it was a mere accident—it was a regular catastrophe.—[Life.]  
A MACHIAVELLIAN DESPOT.  
Hampton—Oh, yes; my wife always does whatever I want her to.  
Chalkley—How is it that your wife obeys her husband so implicitly and mine doesn't?  
Hampton—Well, I always urge my wife to do what I disapprove of.

A CHARMING GIRL.  
He (just introduced)—Perfectly charming night. I have seldom seen the stars look so bright. Are you fond of astronomy?  
She—No; I have never studied it.  
He—You do not on botany, I presume?  
She—I never studied that, either.  
He—Do you like geology?  
She—I don't know anything about it.  
He—Ah! You are an enthusiast on one or more of the arts, no doubt—music, painting, sculpture, wood-carving, or repousse work?  
She—I don't know a thing about any of them. I'm a perfect ignoramus.  
He—An angelic creature! Will you be my wife?—[New York Weekly.]

A SPOT ON THE SUN.  
"I say, old chap, you and I are deuced good friends, and our friendship would be most satisfying were it not for one thing."  
"And what may that be, you chronic grumbler?"  
"Why, we borrow from each other so persistently that we can never raise a cent between us."—[Puck.]

TAKEN.  
"In every house, Miss Powelson," said young Mr. Haybenslaw, with some hesitation, "there is a spare room. It is kept for the use of some honored guest. In every heart, too—and he laid his hand impulsively on his own—"there is a spare room."  
"And we find one, too, in so many heads," she remarked.  
"Miss Powelson—Irene!" the young man exclaimed, choking down a large and expansive lump of rising sighs, "in my heart there is a spare room sacredly set apart for you."  
"Only one, Mr. Haybenslaw?" she asked dreamily.  
"Do not mock me, Irene Powelson! It shall be a whole suite, if you like. More than that! You shall have the entire premises if you'll only say so, and if that isn't enough we'll tear down and build bigger."  
"Say no more, Arthur," whispered the lovely girl, as she pillowed her rich blond head on the young man's heart and listened to the wild thump, thump! that resounded through their spare chambers, "I'll take them!"—[Chicago Tribune.]

A CAUTIOUS INVESTOR.  
"I can see a profit on what I have bought so far," said an investor who had spent the afternoon driving about the country with a real estate man, and who had bought a number of tracts of good land near a booming city; "but what could a man raise on that?" They had pulled up in front of a piece of land so stony that it looked as though it would take a month's work with dynamite to clear it.  
"Raise on it!" said the real estate man. "Why, he can raise on the next man that comes."—[New York Sun.]

A PARADOX.  
Sanso—Baseball men are paradoxical fellows.  
Rodd—Why do you say so?  
Sanso—When they are striking they are in and when they strike they are out.

ANOTHER HORROR!  
A seedy old tramp at Cape May, turned in for a snooze in the hay, but his nose, being bright, caught the hay to ignite, and there was the Dickens to pay!

A BULL'S REASON.  
"John," said the broker's wife, "the paper says the 'Stock Market Stagers.' What makes it stagger?  
"Because," returned John ruefully, "nearly all the stocks have taken a drop too much."—[New York Herald.]

THE WHY OF IT.  
"I like the novels of Besant and Rice; they'll live. They're the kind that stay."  
"Yes; like pitch."  
"Like pitch?"  
"Of course; because they're bit-tumen."—[Judge.]

WITHERING.  
Sanso—I make it a point to learn something from everybody I meet.  
Rodd—Ah! You must be a recluse.

REVENGE IS SWEET.  
Sanso—I say, old man, don't venture on that ice. You will break it.  
Stoutly—That will be just. The ice broke me last summer.

BATHER HARD ON HIM.  
Mr. Fuller to Clarence (four years old)—Why, Clarence, how much you look like your father.  
Clarence (resignedly)—Yes, sir. Everybody says that, but I don't think I deserve it.

### NOT FOOLHARDY.

"Rastus, does the alligator open his mouth up or down?"  
"I dunno, boss; I ain't never waited to see."

### LIVING AND DYING.

Sanso—Old Brown lived long, but his last years were spent in a poorhouse.  
Rodd—Then he lived long and died short, eh?

### VERY LIKELY.

"Charley grows because his uncle is so close."  
"He'd get pretty mad if his uncle were to open his window and look about for some fresh heir, just the same."

### BURN LAMP WAS BURNING.

"Why burn your lamp so late, my friend, into the dawning day?"  
"Because," quoth the girl graduate, "this dude won't go away."

### A FINE LINE DRAWN.

Mrs. A.—Does your husband believe in corporal punishment in the household?  
Mrs. B.—Only to a certain point. He's always whipping the children, but he thinks the dust should be got out of the carpet by moral suasion.—[Chicago Post.]

### A MEAN VILLAGER.

Mrs. Doublehouse—Jake, our darter wants a cabinet of organs for the parlor.  
Mr. Doublehouse—Wall, I'll get her one. I don't like those new neighbors of ours for a cent.—[Good News.]

### ALAS! NEVER CAN.

Strive as we may, we never can tell who are happy, who forlorn; The cutest little show of tan May hide a very painful pain.—[Yeonwine's News.]

### PROOF AGAINST TIME.

She—They have discovered some wood in Egypt which is said to be 4,000 years old. I wonder what kind it is?  
He (imperturbably)—Chestnut, of course.—[Washington Star.]

### THE JUDGE'S ERROR.

Magistrate (surveying the prisoner)—Ah! a plain drunk, I see.  
Prisoner (with dignity)—No, sir; fancy drunk, sir. Had no shoving but champagne, sir.—[Judge.]

### Superstitions of Marriage.

The Romans deemed it ill for men to meet certain animals while on the way to have the wedding ceremony pronounced. A hare, dog, cat, lizard or serpent were extremely unlucky animals to meet upon such occasions. A wolf, toad, ox or horse were lucky. In Greece the groom is sprinkled with water on leaving home to meet his future bride. The bride must visit the oven in company with her father and mother if she would have a happy married life.

In France, during the Middle Ages, a ring woven from straw, or one made of horseshoe nails, was placed on the bride's finger at the conclusion of the marriage rite. The couple also stood in a ring five or six feet in diameter, made of mistletoe or straw.

In China a girl who is partaking of the last meal she is to eat in her father's house previous to her marriage, sits at the table with her father and brothers only; but she must not eat over one-half of the bowl of rice set before her, otherwise her departure will be followed by continued scarcity in the domicile she is leaving.

In Scotland it was formerly particularly ominous to meet a funeral while on the way to be joined in wedlock. The bride or groom was certain to die soon, as the sex of the person being taken to the graveyard was male or female. The Swedish bride seeks to catch a glimpse of the groom before he sees her, hoping thereby to gain the future mastery. She also places her foot before his while the ceremony is being performed and sits down first. While the words are being said she stands near the groom, so that in the future no one will come between them.

In Brittany if the wife hopes to rule she must take care that the ring, when placed upon her finger, shall slip at once to its place without stopping at the large second joint.

In Russia the bride must not eat of the wedding cake unless she wishes to lose her husband's love. If a dog belonging to the family of the bride should howl on the day of the wedding or the day previous to the event, he must be shot by the father of the bride and not one else, and, beside that, with a bullet made from a silver rupee.—[St. Louis Republic.]

### An Ancient Mine.

An old copper mine, which was worked by the Dutch colonists about two centuries ago, was rediscovered at Bloomfield, N. Y., a few days ago. The mine is divided into three parts, or caves, the largest of which is 100 feet long and thirty feet wide. An iron shovel, a number of wedges, drills, hammers and other tools used by miners were found in the caves. A quaint pipe, which probably belonged to one of the early miners, was picked up. There were also found drinking horns and a number of bones. It is not known whether the bones are those of man or beast.

A vein of copper was uncovered, and a mining expert pronounced it a valuable find. The ore has been assayed, and according to the report of the assayer it contains 7.50 worth of gold, \$8.10 worth of silver and sixty-two per cent. of copper, worth \$120 a ton. The vein has not been traced for any great distance, but an expert who has examined it says that it will develop richly.

It is said that the Dutch while working the mines were required by the English to pay a royalty of forty cents on the dollar, which was so exorbitant that the work had to be abandoned. The property was owned 200 years ago by the Cadmus family. It afterward passed into the possession of the Weild family, who held it through several generations until seven years ago, when the Glen Ridge Quarry Company bought it.—[San Francisco Chronicle.]

### Big Trees Found.

Special Agent Mozier writes to the general land office from Tacoma, Washington, that a grove of giant red wood trees, like those in the Yosemite National Park, Cal., has been discovered in Pierce county, Washington. The Secretary of the Interior has ordered an investigation of the subject through the agricultural division of the census bureau and Congress may be asked to set aside the land on which the trees are standing as a national park. Mr. Mozier says that the people of Tacoma will probably have a flag pole made of the tallest trees to be sent to the world's fair. Some of the trees are 400 feet long and thirteen feet in diameter.—[Washington Star.]

### CROSSING THE ANDES.

TRAVEL ON THE HIGHEST RAILROAD IN THE WORLD.

Far Above the Clouds—Painting for Breath on High Altitudes—The Sirocco and Its Remedies.

From Lake Titicaca to the sea, writes Fannie B. Ward in the Washington Star, is a railway journey of 328 miles, all in Peru, over the Andes and across a desert. Starting at an elevation of 12,500 feet the road rises by gradual ascent to the extraordinary altitude of 14,666 feet, the highest that wheels turned by steam have ever attained. This is at a point called Cruceiro Alto, about midway between Puno and Arequipa, and by the way some of the recent books on South America confound Cruceiro Alto with the pass in Bolivia known as Alto del Crucero. The latter is more than 16,000 feet high and many miles further inland on another range of the Andes not crossed by any railroad, but by the solitary mule trail which we traversed some months ago going from La Paz to the Yungas valley.

This Puno and Mollendo railway was built for the Peruvian government about fourteen years ago by Mr. Henry Meigs, and it cost more than \$45,000,000 for the 325 miles, or the enormous average of \$135,000 per mile. But railroad building in the Andes is by no means what the same thing might be thought of in the States. This is really a wonderful work, and though it has few tunnels, no railway in the world can show so much excavation or such massive embankments. There is another Peruvian railroad, called the Oroya, also built by Meigs, leading from Lima up to the mines of Cerro del Pasco, a distance projected to the head waters of the Amazon, designed to connect with that great fluvial highway and thus make transit to the Atlantic shorter and cheaper than by the old routes—which, at some points, will be even higher than this one. This railway, in common with all others in Peru, is managed by an odd, but politic mixture of methods, notably, North American, South American, Peruvian and English.

A few miles from Cruceiro Alto is Vincoocaya, the very loftiest village in all the world, unless it may be those of all the Central Asia, 14,360 feet above the sea. It is higher than the celebrated mines of Cerro del Pasco, higher even than famous Potosi, higher than the town of El Dorado, or Leadville, Col.; nearly twice as high as the Alpine Hospice of Saint Bernard, and if one were to put another Mount Washington on top of the present one its summit would still be almost 2,000 feet lower down than Vincoocaya! This Andean village is purely a creation of the railroad, and boasts of all the adjuncts of a town, and repairing station, as well as of a so-called American inn, El Hotel Empress. Why "American" I do not know, as the landholder and his wife are rosy-cheeked, hardy-looking Germans, and hardly indeed one needs to be to live so near the stars. Prof. Orton, of Vassar College, was obliged to pass a night here, and accompanied by the mountain air from his life in Quito, wrote that he could not sleep at all, but spent the time panting for breath.

Long before we arrive at Vincoocaya, coming from either end of the line, nearly everybody is suffering from sirocco in greater or less degree. Strange to say, requests passing over the same heights does not exempt one from the distressing complaint, and the strongest and healthiest seem to be more prostrated by it than the sickly, with the exception of one of our immediate party, a consumptive young Chilean, traveling to prolong his span of life, whose sunken chest heaves painfully in the effort of respiration and who, when taken to a ghastly grayish blue. Several passengers are relieved by a copious flow of blood from the nose, and a jolly Englishman from Arequipa, who weighs nearly 300 pounds, and says he was never ill in his life except passing over this road, has turned the color of a boiled lobster, and gasping with exhaustion holds his breath, both hands, declaring that it is about to burst.

The remedies commonly made use of are brandy and bromide of potassi, assisted by various smelling salts and the odor of raw onions. The natives believe so implicitly in the latter preventive that not one of them will travel in the higher altitudes without a tin of onion, which he cuts and sniffs at leisure, though it is strong enough to draw tears from the eyes of a graven image. When mules and horses are prostrated with sirocco the usual cure is to stuff slices of raw onion up the creature's nostrils. Many people cannot make this journey at all, and some, when they "fit habit," or who have any chronic heart trouble, I have known more than one person to set out bravely for Bolivia who was obliged to give it up before the highest point on the road was reached. If fresh from an ocean voyage, or after long residence near the level of the sea, the safer way would be to tarry awhile midway, say at Arequipa, which has an altitude a little less than 8,000 feet, in order to acustom one's self by degrees to the oxygenless air.

The traveler on this railway is constantly reminded of that celebrated painting called "The Heart of the Andes," and realizes that he has found the very spot. It is always bitterly cold on the mountain tops, when at Vincoocaya, we pick our way from the car to the Hotel Empress for luncheon, in a driving storm of sleet and snow, we console ourselves with the knowledge that a few hours more will bring us down into a region of perpetual summer time, to the ever-blooming roses and soft, warm sunsets of old Arequipa, the Inca "Place of Rest."

As far as the eye can reach the soil of the higher altitudes looks like a vast bog covered with patches of snow and short, coarse grass growing in bunches. As the storm increases to a raging blizzard, whitening all the landscape in a few moments, the domesticated llamas and alpacas run to the horns for protection, while the guanacos, vicuñas and other wild creatures huddle together to keep warm or skurry away to sheltered gorges known only to themselves. Undoubtedly those "four sheep of the andes" belong to the same family, the alpaca being a cross between the llama and the sheep, and the guanacos between the vicuña and the llama.

One of the men who made a fortune out of the Cardiff giant humbug nearly twenty years ago died in New York recently. His name was George Hull. He was formerly a tobaccoist in Binghamton, and was the author of the fraud, which he engaged an Italian stonecutter of Chicago to carry out. A large gypsum slab was obtained in Iowa and cut into the form of a gigantic man. The stone was artificially colored, to give the appearance of great age, and then buried in the vicinity of Cardiff, where it was accidentally (of course) discovered and exhibited as a historical figure. The imposture was so clever that many scientific men were deceived by it.—[Chicago Herald.]

Now this immense tract is divided into convenient pasture stations, or ranches, existing every six miles. The fencing alone cost in the neighborhood of \$30,000. The land is best adapted for rice, sugar, corn and cotton. All cultivating, ditching, etc., is done by steam power. A tract, say half a mile wide, is taken, and an engine is placed on each side.

The engines are portable, and operate under this arrangement thirty acres a day are gone over with only the labor of three men. Harrowing, planting and other cultivation is done in a like manner. There is not a single draught horse on the entire place.

Of course, horses are used for the drivers of cattle, of which there are 6,000 head. The Southern Pacific Railway runs for thirty miles through the farm. The company has three steamboats operating on the waters of their estates, of which there are 300 miles navigable. They have also an icehouse, a bank, a shipyard and a rice mill.

### AGED INDIANS.

Remarkable Longevity of the Natives of Southern California.

The early inhabitants of Southern California,