

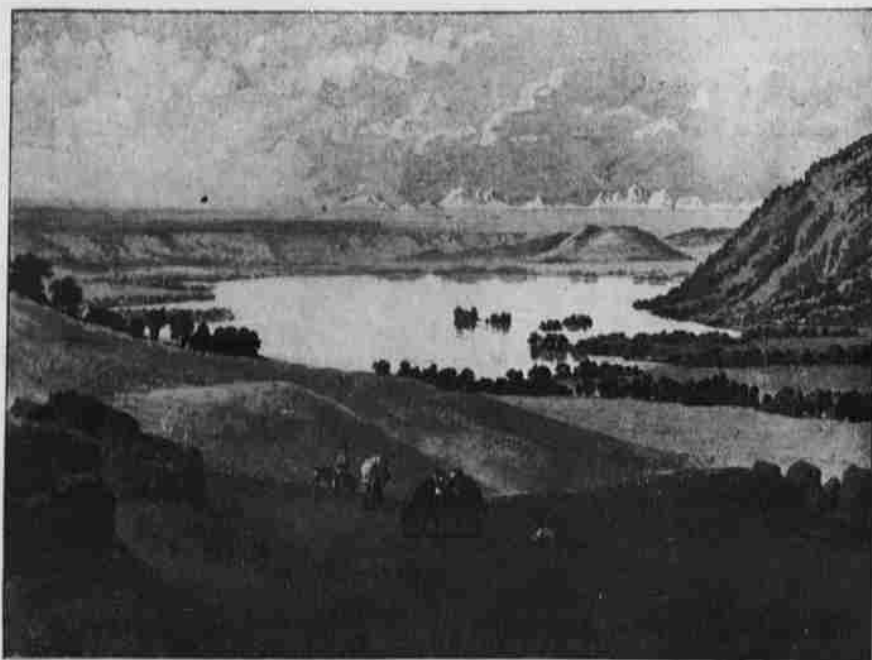
bridge Port. A good broad trail, four feet wide, is now in course of construction from a point north of the city of Pasadena, which will reach Mount Wilson, by a very easy grade, in about nine and a half miles. In addition to this the construction of a mountain railway to Mount Wilson at an early day, is also talked of.

It may be two years, perhaps more, before this grand proposition is fully carried out, but the common belief is to the effect that that length of time will see the greatest telescope in the world on the summit of Mount Wilson.

W. H. STORMS.

SPOKANE FALLS.

Up to the glory of the summer heaven,
Thro' the deep caves the ice gnome's power enthralls,
Sounds, thro' all days and nights and times and seasons,
The hunderous diapason of the falls.
Drowning the clamorous din of man's endeavor
Each white wave plunges swiftly, crest on crest,
Mingling, in one wild song, the gathered fragments
Poored by the ages on the river's breast.
A turbulent munificence of music,
With sobbing underswells and tender trills,
The tremor of the ocean's awful passion,
The tinkling happiness of bloom-lipped rills.



HENRY LAKE, IDAHO.

The goblin laughter heard in mines enchanted,
The grasses that break the ore-veined mountain's heart,
The haunting voices of the untamed forest,
The rush of the bold eagle's upward dart,
The sweet, shrill treble of the glad lark's love song,
The curlew's call, the weird, low monotone
Of the Chinook o'er plain and canyon sweeping,
The pine's susurras and the owl's moan,
The shriek of savage onslaught and the jingle
Of icicles adrift from crags on high,
The desolating crash of avalanches,
The cougar's yell, the coyote's mournful cry;
The sudden uprear of volcanic ages
Eons ago, the chorus of the spheres,
And the mysterious, secret dreams of nature,
Still uninterpreted, the list'ner hears.

O, happy city, thrilling with the echoes
Of the past! Thy prophecies elate
Are anchored in the torrent's surging splendor,
Whose foam-tipt billows drive the wheels of fate.

ROSETTA LUNT SUTTON.

HE (proudly, but blushing)—Here is my latest poem. What do you think of it? I consider it my finest effort.

HIS FRIEND (reading)—By Jove! They illustrated it beautifully, didn't they?

HENRY LAKE, IDAHO.

Situated high up in the main Rocky mountain divide in the eastern part of Idaho, just south of the boundary line between that state and Montana and a few miles west of the Yellowstone National Park, is Henry lake, a beautiful sheet of crystal water, having an area of about forty square miles. The contour of the lake is oval, and the wooded banks bear a luxuriant growth of mountain grass. On a casual examination there appears to be no outlet to this lake, but closer observation discovers a small creek issuing from the southwestern side, which is the beginning of the north fork of that mighty artery of the northwest, Snake river.

On Henry lake, soetimes on the north side and sometimes to the southward, or wherever the breezes chance to bear it, is a curious floating island, which appears in the engraving on this page. It is about three hundred feet in diameter and has for its basis a mat of roots, so dense as to support large trees and a heavy thicket of undergrowth. Decayed vegetation adds to the thickness of the mat and forms a mold several feet in thickness. On the edge of the floating forest, in summer time, may be seen a luxuriant growth of bluejoint grass, the roots of which form so compact a mass as to support the weight of a horse. Any number of men have no difficulty in walking about on it. Farther back among the trees one might build a large house and make a garden and do whatever he pleases. He would be just as

solid and safe as though there were not one hundred or two hundred feet of water underneath. There is a willow thicket near the center of the island, and scattered among these willows and contiguous to them are a number of aspens and dwarf pines. These catch the breezes which pass over the lake and act like sails on a boat and move the nearly two acres of land hither and thither over the forty square miles of water. This shows why one may one day see the island on one side and the next day on the other side of the lake.

Henry lake is exceedingly picturesque. Around it rise snow-capped peaks, among which are some of the highest of the continent's back-bone, partly covered with a verdure of forest and grass, and showing here and there formations of granite and unique basaltic columns. During the hunting season the waters swarm with wild fowl. There are beaver, too, and plenty of large game may be had in the adjoining mountains.

In local marine circles all has been activity for three days, the rumor that Italy was preparing to dispatch a fleet to scour our waters and bombard our coast having incited our vessel owners to precautionary steps. A large number of merchantmen have been put upon a war footing and others are being overhauled and plated as fast as possible. At the admiralty office, in south Water street, it was stated yesterday that 300 schooners, twenty-eight propellers, eighty-five scows, 260 barges, 168 fishing smacks and 913 skiffs and wherries were already prepared to defend our waters and our coast against the Latin fleet.

The *Lucy Paxton*, loaded with shingles, arrived from Saginaw last evening. Her captain, the dauntless Cyrus J. Moody, reports that when off Dead Horse point late night before last, the foretop sail watch descried a craft bearing down upon the schooner. It was a long, low, rakish-looking craft. At once all hands were piped on deck and preparations were made for action. It was believed that the approaching vessel was an Italian gunboat, and the gallant crew of the *Lucy Paxton* were determined to go to Davy Jones' locker rather than capitulate to the hated foreign foe. Presently, however, it was discovered that the forbidding stranger was the *Bridgeport Belle*, the well known mudscow from South Chicago. The *Lucy Paxton* continued in her course and reached our port on schedule time.

In latitude 19 deg. 43 min., longitude 52 deg. 14 min., yesterday morning the one-gun tin-plate cruiser *Prairie Warbler* came upon what was at first supposed to be a torpedo set by the Mafia for the demolition of our merchant marine. The object proved, however, to be a dead horse, which had undoubtedly washed by the combined violence of wind and wave from the Michigan coast.—*Chicago News*.