Giving Bambazoula the Hook

By Sewell Ford

PROFESSOR. SHORTY MC-CABE RELATES AN INCIDENT SURROUNDING TWO HALF BROTHERS AND A RICH AUNT

MAYBE I was tellin' you something about them two rockin- chair commodores from the yacht club, that I've got on my reg-lar list? They're some of Pinckney's crowd, you know, and that's just as good as sayin' they're more ornamental than useful. Anyway, that description's a close fit for Purdy.

First off I couldn't stand for Purdy at all. He's one of these natty, bandbox chappies, with straw-colored hair slicked down as smooth as if he's just come up from a dive, and a costume that looks as if it might have been copied from a stained glass window. You've seen them female symphonies in grays and browns, with everything matched up, from the shirt studs to the shoe buttons? Now, I don't mind a man's bein' a swell dresser—I've got a few hot vests myself—but this tryin' to be a Mr. Pastelle is runnin' the thing into the ground.

Purdy could stand all the improvin' the tailor could hand him, though. His eyes were popped just enough to give him a continual surprised look, and there was more or less of his face laid out in nose. Course, he wa'n't to blame for that; but just the same, when he gets to comin' to the studio twice a week for glove work and the chest weights, I passes him over to Swifty Joe. Honest, I couldn't trust myself to hit around that nose proper. But Swifty uses him right. Them clothes of Purdy's had got Swifty goin', and he wouldn't have mussed him for a farm.

After I'd got used to seein' Purdy around, I din't mind him so much myself. He seemed to be a well meanin', quiet, sisterly sort of a duck, one of the kind that fills in the corners at afternoon teas, and wears out three pairs of pumps every Winter leadin' cotillions. You'll see his name figurin' in the society notes: how Mrs. Burgess Jones gave a dinner dance at Sherry's for the younger set, and the cotillion was led by Mr. Purdy Bligh. Say, how's that as a steady job for a grown man; eh?

But so long as I'm treated square by anyone, and they don't try to throw any lugs around where I am, I don't feel any call to let 'em in on my private thoughts. So Purdy and me gets along first rate; and the next thing I know he's callin' me Shorty, and bein' as glad to see me when he comes in as if I was one of his old pals. How you goin' to dodge a thing of that kind? And then, 'fore I knows what's comin', I'm right in the middle of this Bombazoula business.

It wa'n't anything I butted into on purpose, now you can take that straight. It was this way: I was doin' my reg'lar afternoon stroll up the avenue, not payin' much attention to anything in particular, when a cab pulls up at the curb, and I looks around, to see Purdy leanin' over the apron and makin' motions at me with his cane.

"Hello!" says I. "Have they got you strapped in so you can't get out?"

"By Jove!" says he, "I never thought of jumping out, you know. Beg pardon, old man, for hailing you in that fashion, but—"

"Cut it!" says I. "I ain't so proud as all that. What's doin'?"

"It's rather a rummy go," says he; "but where can I buy some snakes?"

"That's rummy, all right," says I. "Have you tried sendin' him to an institute?"

"Sending who?" says he.

"Oh!" says I. "I figured this was a snake cure, throwin' a scare into somebody, that you was plannin'."

"Oh, dear, no," says Purdy. "They're for Valentine. He's fond of snakes, you know—can't get along without them. But they must be big ones—spotted, rings around them, and all that."

"Gee!" says I. "Vally's snake tastes must be educated way up! Guess you'll have to give in your order down at Lefty White's."

"And where is that?" says he.

"Williams, near the bridge," says I. "Don't you know about Lefty's?"

Well, he didn't; hadn't ever been below

"It's a blawsted shyme," says he.

the bridge on the East Side in his life; and wouldn't I please come along, if I could spare the time.

So I climbs in alongside Purdy and the cane, and off we goes down town, at the rate of a dollar 'n' a half an hour. I hadn't got out more'n two questions 'fore Purdy cuts loose with the story of his life.

"It's almost the same as asking me to choose my lot in the cemetery," says he, "this notion of Aunt Isabella's for sending me out to buy snakes."

"I thought it was Valentine they was for?" says I. "Where does he come in?"

That fetches us to Chapter One, which begins with Aunt Isabella. It seems that sometime back, after she'd planted one hubby in Ohio and another in Greenwood, and had pinned 'em both down secure with cut granite slabs, aunty had let herself go for another try. This time she gets an Englishman. He couldn't have been very tough, to begin with, for he didn't last long. Neither did a brother of his; although you couldn't lay that up on Isabella, as brother-in-law got himself run over by a train. About all he left was a couple of 14-year-old youngsters stranded in a boarding school. That was Purdy and Valentine, and they was only half brothers at that, with nobody that they could look up to for anything more substantial than sympathy. So it was up to the stepaunt to do the rescue act.

Well, Isabella has accumulated all kinds of dough; but she figures out that the whole of one half-brother was about all she wanted as a souvenir to take home from dear old England. She looks the two of 'em over for a day, tryin' to decide which to take, and then Purdy's 'lasses colored hair wins out against Valentine's brick dust bangs. She finds a job for Vally, a place where he can almost earn a livin', gives him a nice new prayer book and her blessin', and cuts him adrift in the fog. Then she grabs Purdy by the hand and catches the next boat for New York.

From then on it's all to the downy for Purdy, barrin' the fact that the old girl's more or less tryin' to the nerves. She buys herself a double-breasted house just off the avenue, gives Purdy the best there is goin', and encourages him to be as ladylike as he knows how. And say, what would you expect? I'd hate to think of what's I'd be now if I'd been brought up on a course of dancin' school, music lessons, and Fauntleroy suits. What else was there for Purdy to do but learn to drink tea with lemon in it and lead cotillions? Aunt Isabella's been takin' on weight and losin' her hearin'. When she gets so that she can't eat chicken salad and ice cream at 1 A. M. without rememberin' it for three days, and she has to buy pearls to splice out her necklace, and have an extra wide chair put in her op'ra box, she begins to sour on the merry-merry life, scratches half the entries on her visitin' list, and joins old lady societies that meet once a month in the afternoon.

"Of course," says Purdy, "I had no objection to all that. It was natural. Only after she began to bring Anastasia around, and hint very plainly what she expected me to do, I began to get desperate."

"Stashy wa'n't exactly your idea of a pippin, eh?" says I.

That was what. Accordin' to Purdy's shorthand notes, Stashy was one of these square-chinned females that ought to be doin' a weight liftin' act with some tent show. But she wa'n't. She had too much out at tat'rest for that, and as she didn't go in for the light and frivolous she has to have something to keep her busy. So she starts out as a lady preventer. Gettin' up societies to prevent things was her fad. She splurges on 'em, from the kind that wants to put mufflers on steamboat whistles, to them that would like to button leggins on the statues of G. Wash. For all that, though, she thinks it's her duty to marry some man and train him, and between her and Aunt Isabella they'd picked out Purdy for the victim.

"While you'd gone and tagged some pink and white, milk-lined Daisy May?" says I.

"I hadn't thought about getting married at all," says Purdy.

"Then you might's well quit squirmin'," says I. "If you've got two of that kind plannin' out your future, there ain't any hope."

Then we gets down to Valentine, the half-brother that has been cut loose. Just as Purdy has given it to aunty straight that he'd rather drop out of two clubs and have his allowance cut in half, than tie up to any such tailor-made article as Anastasia, and right in the middle of Aunt Isabella's gettin' purple faced and puffy eyed over it, along comes a lengthy letter from Valentine.

It ain't any hard luck wheeze, either. He's no hungry prod, Vally ain't. He's been doin' some tall climbin', all these years that Purdy's been collectin' pearl stickpins and gold cigarette cases, and changin' his clothes four times a day. Vally has jumped from one job to another, played things clear across the board and the ends against the middle, chased the pay envelope almost off the edge of the map, and finished somewhere on the east coast of Africa, where he bosses a couple of hundred colored gentlemen in the original package and makes easy money by bein' agent for a big firm of London iv'ry importers. He'd been makin' a trip to headquarters with a cargo, and was on his way back to the iv'ry fields, when the notion struck him to stop off in New York and say howdy to Aunt Isabella and Brother Purd.

"And she hasn't talked about anything but Valentine since," says Purdy.

"It's Vally's turn to be it, eh?" says I.

"You'd think so if you could hear them," says he. "Anastasia is just as enthusiastic."

"You ain't gettin' jealous, are you?" says I.

Purdy unreefs the sickliest kind of a grin you ever saw. "I was as pleased as anyone," says he, "until I found out the whole of Aunt Isabella's plan."

And say, it was a grand right and left that she'd framed up. Matin' Stashy up with Valentine instead of Purdy was only part. Her idea was to induce Vally to settle down with her, and ship Purdy off to look after the iv'ry job.

"Only fancy!" says Purdy. "It's a place called Bombazoula! Why, you can't even find it on the chart. I'd die if I had to live in such a dreadful place."

"Is it too late to get busy and hand out the hot air to Stashy?" says I. "Looks to me like it was either her or Bombazoula for you."

"Don't!" says Purdy, and he shivers like I'd slipped an icicle down his back. Honest, he was takin' it so hard I didn't have the heart to rub it in.

"Maybe Valentine'll renig—who knows?" says I. "He may be so stuck on Africa that she can't call him off."

"Oh, Aunt Isabella has thought of that,"

He's one of these band box chappies.

says he. "She is so provoked with me that she will do everything to make him want to stay; and if I remember Valentine, he'll be willing. Besides, who would want to live in Africa when they could stop in New York? But I do think she might have sent some one else after those snakes."

"Oh, yes!" says I. "I'd clean forgot about them. "Where do they figure in this?"

"Decoration," says Purdy. "In my old rooms, too!"

Seems that Stashy and aunty had been reading up on Bombazoula, and they'd got it down pipe. Then they turns to and lays themselves out to fix things up for Valentine so homelike and comfortable that, even if he was ever so homesick for the jungle like he wrote he was, he wouldn't want to go any farther.

First they'd got a lot of big rubber trees and palms and filled the rooms full of 'em, with the floors covered with stage grass, and half a dozen gray parrots to let loose. They'd even gone so far as to try to hire a couple of fake Zulus from a museum to come up and sing the moonrise song; so's Vally wouldn't be bothered about goin' to sleep nights. The snakes twinin' around the rubber trees was to add the finishin' touch. Course, they wanted the harmless kind, that's had their stingers cut out; but snakes of some sort they'd just got to have, or else they knew it wouldn't seem like home to Valentine.

"Just as though I cared whether he is going to feel at home or not!" says Purdy, real pettish. "By Jove, Shorty! I've half a mind not to do it. So there!"

"Gee!" says I. "I wouldn't have your temper for anything. Shall we signal the driver to do a pivot and head her north?"

"N-n-n-o," says Purdy, reluctant.

And right there I gets a seventh son view of Aunt Isabella crackin' the checkbook at Purdy, and givin' him the cold spine now and then by threatenin' to tear up the will. From that on I feels different towards him. He'd got to a point where it was either please Aunt Isabella or get out and hustle; and how to get hold of real money except by shovin' pink slips at the payin' teller was part of his education that had been left out. He was up against it for fair.

"Say, Purdy," says I, "I don't want to interfere in any family matters; but since you've put it up to me, let me get this chunk of advice off my mind: Long's you've got to be nice to aunty or go on a snowball diet, I'd do it, and do it as cheerful as I could."

Purdy thinks that over for a minute or so. Then he raps his cane on the rubber mat, straightens up his shoulders, and says, "By Jove, I'll do it! I'll get the snakes!"

That wa'n't so easy, though, as I'd thought. Lefty White says he's sorry, but he runs a mighty small stock of snakes in Winter. He's got a fine line of Spring goods on the way, though, and if we'll just leave our order—"

"Ah, say, Lefty!" says I, "You give me shootin' pains. Here I goes and cracks up your joint as a first-class snakery, and all you can show is a few angleworms in bottles and a prospectus of what you'll have next month."

"Stuffed ones wouldn't do, eh?" says he.

"Why not?" says I.

Purdy wa'n't sure, but he thought he'd take a chance on 'em; so we picked out three of the biggest and spottedest ones in the shop, and makes Lefty promise to get 'em up there early next forenoon, for Valentine was due to show up by dinner time next night.

On the way back we talks it over some more, and I tries to chirk Purdy up all I could; for every time he thinks of Bombazoula he has a shiverin' fit that nearly knocks him out.

"I could never stand it to go there," says he—"never!"

"Here, here!" says I. "That's no way to meet a thing like this. What you want to do is to chuck a bluff. Jump right into this reception business with both feet and let on you're tickled to death with the prospect. Aunty won't take half the satisfaction in shunting you off to the monkey woods if she thinks you want to go."

Beats all what a little encouragement will do for some folks. By the time Purdy drops me at the studio he's feelin' a whole lot better, and is prepared to give Vally the long lost brother grip when he comes.

But I was sorry for Purdy just the same. I could see him, over there at Bombazoula, in a suit of lavender pajamas, tryin' to organize a cotillion with a lot of heavy-weight brunettes, wearin' brass rings in their noses and not much else. And all next day I kept wonderin' if Aunt Isabella's scheme was really goin' to pan. So, when Purdy rushes in about 4 o'clock and wants me to come up and take a look at the layout, I was just about ripe for goin' to see the show.

"But I hope we can shy aunty," says I. "Sometimes I get along with these old battleaxes first rate, and then again I don't; and what little reputation you got left at home I don't want to queer."

She begins to sour on the merry-merry life.

"Oh, that will be all right," says Purdy. "She has heard of you from Pinkney, and she knows about how you helped me to get the snakes."

"Did they fit in?" says I.

"Come up and see," says Purdy.

And it was worth the trip, just to get a view of them rooms. Nobody but a batty old woman would have ever though up so many jungle stunts for the second floor of a brownstone front.

"There!" says Purdy. "Isn't that tropical enough?"

I took a long look. "Well, says I, "I've never been farther south than Old Point, but I've seen such things pictured out before now, and if I'm any judge, this throws up a section of the cannibal belt to the life."

It did, too. They had the dark shades pulled down, and the light was kind of dim; but you could see that the place was chock full of ferns and palms and such. The parrots were hoppin' around and you could hear water runnin' somewheres, and they'd trained them spotted snakes around the rubber trees just as natural as if they'd crawled up there by themselves.

While we was lookin' Aunt Isabella comes puffin' up the stairs.

"Isn't it just charming, Mr. McCabe?" says she, holdin' a hand up behind one ear. "I can hardly wait for dear Valentine to come, I'm so anxious to see how pleased he'll be. He just dotes on jungle life. The dear boy! You must come up and take tea with him some afternoon. He's a very shy, diffident little chap; but—"

At that the door bell starts ringin' like the house was afire, and bang! goes some one's fist on the outside panel. Course, we all chases down stairs to see what's broke loose; but before we gets to the front hall the butler has the door open, and in pushes a husky, red-whiskered party, wearin' a cloth cap a belted ulster with four checks to the square yard, and carryin' an extension leather bag about the size of a small trunk, with labels pasted all over it.

"It's a blawsted shyme, that's w'at it is!" says he—"me p'yin' 'alf a bob for a two shillin' drive! These cabbies of yours is a set of bloomink 'iw'ymen!"

"What name, sir?" says the butler.

"Nime!" roars the whiskered gent. "I'm Valentine, that's who I am! Take the luggage, you shiverin' pie face."

"Oh, Valentine!" squeals Aunt Isabella, makin' a rush at him with her arms out.

"Sheer off, aunty!" says he. "Cut out the bally tommyrot and let me 'ave a wash. And, sye, send some begger for the brandy and soda. Where's me rooms?"

"I'll show you up, Valentine," chips in Purdy.

"Ello! 'O's the little man?" says Vally. "Blow me if it ain't Purdy! Trot along up, Purdy, lad, and show me the digs.

Say, he was a bird, Vally was. He talks like a Cockney, acts like a bounder and looks 'em both. Aunt Isabella has dropped on the hall seat, gaspin' for breath, the butler is leanin' against the wall with his mouth open; so I grabs the bag and starts up after the half-brothers. Just by the peachblow tint of Vally's nose I got the idea that maybe the most entertainin' part of this whole programme was billed to take place on the second floor.

"Here you are," says Purdy, swingin' open the door and shovin' him in. "Aunt Isabella has fixed things up homelike for you, you see."

"And here's your trunk," says I, "Make yourself to home," and I shuts him in to enjoy himself in his new home.

It took Valentine just about 20 seconds to size up the interior decorations; for Purdy'd turned on the incandescents so's to give him a good view, and that had stirred up the parrots some. What I was waitin' for was for him to discover the spotted snakes. I didn't think he could miss 'em, for they was mighty prominent. Nor he didn't. It wasn't only us heard it, but everyone else on the block.

"Wow!" says he. "Elp! Elp! Lemme out! I'me bein' killed!"

That was Valentine, bellerin' enough to take the roof off, and clawin' around for the doorknob on the inside. He comes out as if he'd been shot through a chute, his eyes stickin' out like a couple of peeled onions, and a gray parrot hangin' to one ear.

"What's the trouble?" says Purdy.

"H-r-r-l!" says Valentine, like a clogged steam whistle. "Where's the nearest 'orspital? I'm a sick man! H-r-r-r-l!"

With that he starts down the stairs, takin' three at a time, bolts through the front door, and makes a dash down the street, yellin' like a kid when a fire breaks out.

Purdy and me didn't have any time to watch how far he went, for Aunt Isabella had keeled over on the rug, and the maid was havin' a fit in the parlor, and the butler was fannin' himself with the card tray. We had to use up all the alcohol and smellin' salts in the house before we could bring the bunch around. When aunty's so she can hold her head up and open her eyes, she looks about cautious and whispers:

"Has—has he gone, Purdy, dear?"

Purdy says he has.

"Then," she says to me, "bolt that door, and never mention his name to me again."

Everything's lovely now. Purdy's back to the downy, and Bombazoula's wiped off the map for good.

And say! If you're lookin' for a set of jungle scenery and stuffed snakes, I know where you can get a job lot for the askin'.

STRANGE NATURAL PHENOMENA

WHICH WERE ONCE ATTRIBUTED TO THE EVIL ONE

THE discovery of a new geyser every now and then in the Yellowstone Park suggests that it has not been so many years since this wonderful area was known and even now there are few persons who are familiar with its area. Probably the first white man to see an American geyser was John Colter. On his return from the Pacific Coast, where he went with the Lewis and Clark expedition, he went through the park, but he left little record of what he saw. In 1842 an article describing the geysers was printed in the Western Literary Magazine of Buffalo, N. Y., and copied into a Mormon paper of Nauvoo, Ill., but it did not create much stir, and though a few guides and explorers knew of it before the Civil War it was not until 1870 that its wonders became generally known. Then a party of men from Montana under General H. D. Washburn made a tour of the arena and published a report of the wonderful geysers. This party was accompanied by cavalrymen, for they expected to meet hostile Indians, and in reality undertook a dangerous journey.

Though geysers are such wonderful phenomena that one never ceases to be amazed at them, the fact is that in any region where one geyser is found, others are liable to drop out. They are really steam generated from subterranean water courses and belong to circumjacent volcanic formations. Often the ground around geysers consists of a white, clayey substance, like the cone of a geyser, and there are places where the hot water bubbles forth continuously. Iceland has long been associated in people's minds with geysers, for around Mount Hecla are many that spout from 60 to 200 feet in the air.

Geysers of New Zealand.

Nor are geysers confined to any one locality. In New Zealand there are geyserous regions which seem like the very garden of the devil. In the Waikato Valley are places where the ground is covered with strange holes out of which come hissing sounds and in other directions are tremendous geysers sending clouds of vapor a hundred or more feet in the air. The largest of these New Zealand geysers is Wairakei, which erupts as a rule every 12 minutes. In the five minutes that it is still one can advance to the edge and look into the boiling caldron, but as soon as the hot air begins to arise it is dangerous to remain within a radius of many rods. This geyser is so immense and terrible that the natives attribute it to the evil one, an origin that is not doubted by any who are unfortunate enough to get burnt by its boiling water. The Maoris always shun the regions around these geysers and not until scientists visited them were they generally known.

In fact, though reason and science tell us that geysers owe their existence to water which, after permeating through the earth's surface, has become heated by volcanic fires and that steam is generated that with volcanic gas, rises to the surface and is emitted as hot water, it takes a good deal of philosophy to convince oneself that the phenomenon is not uncanny and that the ground surrounding a geyser is not of fiendish origin. In every locality where geysers are found are terraces and mud springs, for the steam contains certain ingredients which it deposits on the surface. These chemicals make various formations and often color the water of nearby streams and lakes. Occasionally beds of dead geysers can be seen.

At Banff, Alberta, is a large cave, the floor of which is a still, hot pool. The vaulted roof over this pool has an aperture just large enough to admit a man's body. The supposition is that this is an extinct geyser. At some time before the recollection of man this great pool erupted and the hot steam blew out the top of the cavern, making the present opening. Somewhat the same phenomenon can be seen in Mexico, where a railroad thunders over a subterranean cavern called Choy Cave, which was once the bed of an active geyser.

Wonders of Yellowstone.

Undoubtedly the Yellowstone geysers, for weirdness and interest can equal any yet known and the United States is fortunate in possessing such wonders. The Government road in the park is arranged almost in a circle and passes from one curious object to another, not the least of which are the geyser basins. The first glimpse of a geyser is at Norris basin, so called after the engineer who melted down the obsidian or glass mountain side and then threw cold water on it to make a road of glass. In this basin, are hundreds of hot water pools, and the white-gray ground is so filled with orifices through which sprays of water rise that one has to pick a way over for fear of getting burned. For many years an immense geyser called the Black Growler held full sway here, until one Summer another geyser spouted forth, diminishing the force of the old geyser, though it made two phenomena in the place of one.

Many people imagine that all the geysers in the parks are near each other, but it takes a half day's ride from Norris Station to the next geyser basin, where are the Fountain and Clepsydra geysers, two of the most beautiful geysers known. The Fountain has no cone, but projects huge masses of water in spasmodic eruptions. It plays every four hours, and the water rises toward heaven for about 15 minutes. Up in the air it looks like a beautiful mist against a background of blue, and when it returns to earth the four hours before another eruption seem long to wait. Beautiful as this Fountain geyser is, it is eclipsed by the Great Fountain, which is a few miles away and plays to a height of a hundred feet, each time lasting 45 minutes. The trouble with this geyser is that it is erratic and one has often to wait many hours between eruptions, though it is supposed to erupt every nine hours. Time need not be wasted, however, for nearby are baby geysers and a most remarkable lake which emits a bluish flame caused by the gases from the heated caverns below.

Like Different Clocks.

One of the odd things about geysers is that they erupt at different times and for different lengths when they are situated close together. The Giant geyser lasts for three years when it begins to spout, but it has not erupted since 1888. It has an immense crater filled with boiling water, into which people peer, hoping it will start again. Another unique geyser is the Castle, so named from the immense formation built around it. When this erupts it spouts 200 feet straight toward heaven. It makes a beautiful spectacle when one is far enough away to gaze without danger of being burnt. All around it are specimens of hydro-thermal activity, little geysers, called the Lion, Beehive and Cubs, whose pools are filling the air with white vapor and making the region seem enchanted.

In one of these geysers a Chinaman washed his clothes until he was prevented by the authorities when he selected a defunct geyser and pitched his tent over it, expecting to use the warm water in the basin for a laundry. This worked excellently until one night the geyser erupted and the last seen of the Chinaman was his pigtail going toward heaven. It affords amusement to some people to throw bits of soap into the geyser basins, for the water bubbles tremendously, but this has lately been prohibited, for geysers are not to be treated lightly and an immature eruption is not to be desired by the lookers-on.

Probably the best-known and most-beloved geyser in the world is Old Faithful in the Yellowstone Park. Sermons have been preached about this manifestation of nature, poems written upon it and persons have traveled many thousands of miles just to see this pure white cloud of vapor which rises every 59 minutes, prompt to the clock, and ascends over a hundred feet. For 20 years Old Faithful has never been known to fail and it looks down upon its erratic brother and sister geysers with a benign air that seems to say, "I will be faithful though others fail."

Old Faithful.

For aeons innumerable Old Faithful has undoubtedly paid homage to the sun, moon and stars, an immaculate, inspiring and restful sight. It is great fun to pick one's way across the little biscuits or mounds of clay that stand in the rivulets of water felt on the ground after the geyser erupts and look down into the crater until a rumbling sound announces Old Faithful is about to erupt again. A scramble then ensues to get out of danger. There is a story that a German savant was so determined that Old Faithful was a Yankee trick that after searching for an underground passage that might contain electrical works and finding none he insisted on camping out near the geyser until he was so severely burned that he spent three weeks in bed as reward for his curiosity.

Two or three facts are noticed about all geysers. They seldom appear alone—that is, several are found together and their basins range from a few inches to many feet in diameter. The eruptions are preceded by a loud and continuous noise, and often the loudest commotion may come from one of the smallest geysers. In New Zealand and the Yellowstone the spots so far best known in connection with these phenomena have strange lakes of many-hued waters, mud pools showing bubbling mud and paint pots.

Occasionally a geyser will crop out in an unexpected place. There are two in the Yellowstone Park that are noteworthy in this respect. One is by the side of a river. When it spouts it forms an arch over to the opposite bank and at sunset the sun strikes it so it is a veritable rainbow. The other queer geyser is in the Yellowstone Lake. Near the edge of this cold lake is a cone which rises above the water. A hot spring fills this cone and boils so close to the lake's edge that one can stand on the side of the cone, catch a fish in the lake, and without removing it from the hook, swing it on the line back of the catcher's head and cook it in the boiling water. Who is it calls geysers "the sunburst of physical glory?" They undoubtedly are.

The Old Village Choir.

Benjamin F. Taylor.

I have fancied sometimes the Bethel-bent beam
That trembled to earth in the Patriarch's dream
Was a ladder of song in that wilderness rest
From the pillow of stone to the blue of the Blest.
And the angels descending to dwell with us here,
"Old Hundred" and "Corinth" and "China" and "Mear."

All the hearts are not dead nor under the sod
That those breaths can blow open to heaven and God.
Ah! "Silver Street" flows by a bright, shining road—
Oh! not the hymns that in harmony flowed.
But the sweet human psalms of the old-fashioned choir
To the girl that sang alto, the girl that sang air.

"Let us sing to God's praise," the minister said—
All the psalm-books at once fluttered open at "York,"
Sunned their long dotted wings in the words that he read,
While the leader leaped into the tune just ahead,
And politely picked up the keynote with a fork,
And the vicious old viol went growling along
At the heels of the girls in the rear of the song.

Oh! I need not a wing—bid no genii come
With a wonderful web of Arabian loom,
To bear me again up the river of Time.
When the world was in rhythm and life was its rhyme,
And the streams of the years flowed so noiseless and narrow
That across it there floated the song of a sparrow;
For a spring of green caraway carries me there,
To the old village church and the old village choir.
Where clear of the floor my feet slowly swung,
And timed the sweet pulse of the praise that they sung,
Till the glory aslant from the afternoon sun
Seemed the rafters of gold in God's temple begun.

You may smile at the nasals of old Deacon Brown,
Who followed by scent till he ran the tune down,
And dear Sister Green, with more goodness than grace,
Rose and fell on the tunes as she stood in her place,
And where "Coronation" exultantly flows,
Tried to reach the high notes on the tips of her toes.
To the land of the leal they have gone with their song,
Where the choir and the chorus together belong.
Oh! be lifted, ye gates. Let me hear them again.
Blessed song, blessed singers, forever, amen.

WHAT NEWSPAPER WITS SAY

Appearances Were Deceitful.

New York Times.

"One day down in Texas," said a civil engineer, "I was sitting on the porch of my hotel with a fresh youngster from the North. On his right sat a plain old man smoking a cob pipe with the kernels left on it.

"'Ye gods,' said my friend, 'what do you think of that for nerve. Sitting right up against a gentleman and puffing his old dope right in my face. Here, you, clear out with that pipe. Move clear over on the other side, so the smoke won't blow this way. You are making a nuisance of yourself."

"'All right,' said the old man, meekly. 'I'll move.'

"He did so. 'John,' said I, 'do you know who that old gentleman is you talked to like that.'

"'Nope, don't know and don't care.'

"'That is the Governor of Texas.' It really was."

Faith in Oratory.

Judge.

"I suppose, Uncle Jim, you remember a good deal about the politics of the early days?"

"Well, I never tuk much int'rest in pollytics, but I kin recollect when John C. Fremont was 'lected President."

"Fremont! Why, Fremont was never elected."

"He wun't? Well, now, that gits me. I heerd a leadin' speaker talk the night 'fore 'lection, an' he said if John C. Fremont wun't 'lected the country would fall to ruin an' everybody would have to shut up shop. Course, I didn't take the papers; but, noticin' thet things went on 'bout the same as before, I calc'lated John won. So he wun't 'lected? Well, b'jinks! thet gits me!"

A Real Surprise Party.

Everybody's Magazine.

"Where are you goin', ma?" asked the youngest of the five children.

"I'm going to a surprise party, my dear," answered the mother.

"Are we all goin', too?"

"No, dear. You weren't invited."

After a few moments' deep thought.

"Say, ma, then don't you think they'd be lots more surprised if you did take us all?"

Perfectly Lovely.

"Physical culture, father, is perfectly lovely. To develop the arms I grasp this rod by one end and move it slowly from right to left."

"Well, well," exclaimed her father; "what won't science discover? If that rod had straw at the other end you'd be sweeping."

Marrying a Shiftless Man.

Atchison Globe.

Being married to a shiftless man, or a politician seems to develop great faculties for managing a woman. The wives of men who fail in business or run for office, become noted, if they are given a chance, for their ability and thrift in running things.

His Beautiful Dream.

Puck.

Hobo—Durin' yer afternoon nap, Willie, you wuz smilin' an' cooin' like a t'ree-mont's-old baby.

His Pal—No wonder! I wuz dreamin' I had a job as demonstrator fer a brew'ry!

Before and After Taking.

Atchison Globe.

Talking with some men is like reading a patent medicine almanac: They make you think that everything is the matter with you.

A Son All Right.

Yonkers Statesman.

Bill—Did you say that fellow is a brawny son of toil?

Jill—Yes; his father does the toiling.

It Was the Woman, Etc.

Atchison Globe.

Every man has at some time in his life, tried to make a collection of old coins, but had his career interrupted by his wife, who used to get at them when she needed money.

All the Same to Him.

Chicago News.

"Aren't you glad to see a change in the weather?" queried the optimist.

"Oh, not necessarily," rejoined the pessimist. "One might as well worry about one kind of weather as another."

Life as a Railroad Train.

Atchison Globe.

Life may be compared to traveling on a railroad train and running the risk of accidents. But if there are no accidents, you finally reach the station where all get off.

A Shock.

Indianapolis News.

Once in a while it comes with a great shock to a girl to find out that a man never notices the difference between a 49-cent shirtwaist and one that cost $27.85.

LAST OF KIT CARSON'S TRAPPERS

(Continued From Page 5)

of our northern trapping expeditions he fell in with the Crows, who were delighted to have white men among them, for the reason that a white man could shoot down many buffaloes during a hunt, while sometimes an Indian would shoot 20 arrows into one of the animals before bringing it to the ground.

"Beckwourth and the Crows became so friendly that he stayed with them, and became their chief. He was a great warrior and led them to victory against other tribes. He was virtually an Indian for many years, and had three children by a squaw. These children I saw on one of my last northern trapping expeditions. Jim and Kit, two of the boys, were with the Bannock Indians, and Panther, the third, who was a perfect daredevil, was a sub-chief of the Brule Sioux. Beckwourth finally went back to civilization, and was poisoned a few years later when he went back to visit the Crows. The Indians had been having hard luck since Beckwourth left them. They had been decimated by smallpox, and had lost many engagements with Cheyennes, Sioux and Blackfeet, and they wanted Beckwourth to come back and lead them to victory again. But he refused, and, rather than let him go back to the white people, they poisoned him."

In 1856, while Mr. Wiggins was at Fort Bridger, an Easterner named Johnson arrived at that outpost and said he wanted to learn how to trap. Bridger turned him over to Wiggins. Accompanied by three Delawares and two Shoshone Indians the two white men struck south into Colorado, then an unexplored country. They trapped along White River and followed that stream to its source. Here they found a beautiful lake, which Johnson wanted to call Wiggins Lake, and which Wiggins wanted to call Johnson Lake. So they compromised and called it Trappers' Lake, by which name it is known today. Here the party stayed two years, finding all the small streams emptying into the lake alive with beaver. Satisfied with his experience, Johnson and the Shoshones returned to Fort Bridger, while Wiggins and the Delawares made their way over the main range of the Rockies and came out on the plains at the South Platte, the site of the Denver of today. There was no indication of any settlement on the site of Denver then, but Mr. Wiggins recalls that the point was a favorite gathering place for all tribes. Here the Indians met and ran their horses and played games. There was a saying that wherever the Indians met for such purpose a great city would arise, and this prediction was fulfilled in Denver's case.

Today Mr. Wiggins is tall and straight as a pine tree. His lean, wiry frame shows no sign of the tremendous hardships it has endured. Up to a few months ago he was bailiff in a Denver court, but the sudden failure of his eyesight caused him to abandon active work. He is famed throughout the West as a weather prophet, having learned many of Nature's weather signals from the Indians and from the creatures of the wild. Gentle of manner, refined of speech, and retaining the straightforward simplicity of the born frontiersman, this "last leaf" speaks well for the breed of men of the old trapping days.