

POISONED BY GASES.

PLACE OF DEATH IN YELLOW-STONE PARK.

Death Gulch the Grave of All Beasts that Enter It—The Shallowness of the Gas Layer Makes the Place Safe for Human Beings.

Out in Wyoming, in the heart of the Rocky Mountains, is a little ravine cut through volcanic rock in which animals meet an unexpected death. It is called Death gulch and it kills the victims quickly by poisonous gases that issue from its many fissures and hang about its bed to a depth of two or three feet. It is hidden away in a remote part of the northeast corner of the Yellowstone National Park, and is difficult of access for human beings. While its noxious vapors are deadly for many animals, they do not overcome men, because the vapors gather and hang close to the ground. Bears seem to be the favorite game for the destroying agent.

The gulch is a short, V-shaped ravine in the extinct hot spring region of the great lava basin of the park. Where hot water formerly gushed from the vents in the earth poisonous gases now issue, and unless dissipated by a strong wind these gases, being heavier than the air, hover densely above the ground. A tiny stream of clear and cold water, tainted with sulphuric acid, flows down a narrow, steep channel in the bed of the ravine. A few springs so small as hardly to be worthy of the name contribute minutely to the stream their ooings of acid water.

The gulch runs down the mountain from a basin about 250 feet higher than Cache creek. Just below that point is a spot where many animals come to their end. On a recent visit to the spot scientists of the United States geological survey found the fresh body of a large silver-tip grizzly, with the decomposed remains of another lying close by. Within a short radius were skeletons of four more bears and the bones of an elk. In the bottom of the pocket they found the recently dead bodies of several squirrels, rock hares and other animals, besides many dead butterflies and insects.

No sign of violence could be found upon the big bear upon close examination, a few drops of blood at the end of his nostrils being the only unusual indication. It was evident that death had come only a short time before, as the body was intact and was in no way offensive. The body of a cinnamon bear near by was badly decomposed, while the other skeletons had been stripped of flesh. It was evident that the death of none of these animals had been caused by gunshots or other form of violence. They had been suffocated.

The hollows in the gulch have been tested for carbonic acid gas, but its presence has never been established. The strong smell of sulphur and a choking sensation of the lungs indicated the existence of noxious gases. The ravine is open to the wind at either end, which serves to dissipate the vapors rapidly. It is only on calm days, therefore, that the gas can do its deadly work. It is believed that the animals go down to the fatal stream to drink. One dead bear will attract many others through curiosity. The spring freshets wash out the bones of the destroyed beasts every year, otherwise the ravine would have long ago become a charnel gulch.

Death gulch is particularly weird and dismal. It is entirely free of life. Even the rock is in an advanced state of decay. Close by and all around the place is vegetation. But the gulch is a desolate waste.—New York Press.

TROUBLE WITH THE BOYS.

They Won the Old Colonel Over by Saving His Barn.

An old veteran of the civil war, Col. Gunson, irascible in his manner but generous at heart, was much annoyed by the boys of the neighborhood, who persisted in climbing upon and running over the flat roof of his barn, an unpretending structure sloping toward the alley, and easily scaled from the ashbarrel.

The Colonel threatened and scolded, but to no purpose. He strung barbed wire along the edge of the barn, but the boys wrapped old clothes around it and climbed over it. He chained a savage dog on the roof, and the boys made friends with the animal and stole it.

In desperation, he smeared tar all over the roof one day, and the boys were temporarily balked; but before they had decided upon a plan of circumventing the Colonel it chanced that a teamster, in driving through the alley one hot afternoon, lighted his pipe and carelessly threw the match on the top of the barn, with the result that the roof was ablaze in an instant.

The boys happened to be playing in the alley. Quick as a flash they sprang to the rescue. With buckets of water brought from a horse-trough in the back yard across the alley they clambered up to the edge of the roof, and fought the flames so successfully that they put them out before the wood had time to catch fire.

"Boys," exclaimed Col. Gunson, who arrived on the scene in time to witness the triumph of the impromptu fire brig-

gade, and was full of generous enthusiasm, "to-morrow I shall cover what's left of that tar with sand, strengthen the supports of the roof, and you may play on it all you want to hereafter! You've got the right stuff in you!"

The Colonel was as good as his word, but will it be believed?—such is the perversity of boy nature—that after he had turned that roof over to them for a playground, not a boy in the neighborhood ever set foot upon it again.—Youth's Companion.



Scientific men generally believe that the bed of the Pacific Ocean was once above water and inhabited by men.

Los Angeles draws its electricity from a turbulent mountain river ninety miles away. The twelve thousand-horse power runs street cars and machinery, and supplies the city with light and heat. There is less loss of energy than was expected.

The old theory that the apparent enlargement of sun and moon near the horizon is due to comparison with terrestrial objects has long been unsatisfactory. It is now explained as a result of some peculiarity of the eye, which accounts also for the late determination that the shape of the sky is a horizontally widened convexity, with a singular depression in the zenith.

The German Government has placed some of its lands at the disposal of experimenters, who are trying to discover the best methods of applying electric power in agriculture. Both in Germany and France agricultural societies are encouraging farmers to study, practically, what is called "agricultural electrical engineering." Wind-power and water-power are utilized to produce electrical energy, which can be transmitted by wire to any desired place on a farm, and employed to drive plows, pumps and threshing machines, and for many other purposes. Gas and petroleum motors are also coming into use for agricultural purposes in Germany.

The brain of Hermann von Helmholtz, who died in 1894, has been carefully measured, weighed and studied by Prof. Hansemann, of the University of Berlin, who has recently published a report on the subject, accompanied by photographs. The brain exceeded the average in weight, but heavy brains are no longer regarded as furnishing alone an index of mental capacity. Far more significant are the convolutions of the brain, and these in Helmholtz's case were remarkable, the furrows being peculiarly deep and well marked in those parts of the brain which are concerned with mental associations. The frontal convolutions were so deeply furrowed that it was difficult for the investigators to follow the ordinary recognized fissures.

A writer in Popular Science describes ostrich-farming in southern California as a growing industry. The first birds were imported about thirteen years ago, and now there are farms at Norwalk and South Pasadena stocked with hundreds of ostriches born in California. Every few months the male birds are stripped of their white plumes, each bird yielding about \$30 worth of feathers annually. The birds are also sold to menageries, a fine pair being worth from \$250 to \$300. The hatching of the eggs requires forty-two days, the hen covering them in the daytime and the male bird at night. The prevailing color of the hen is gray, and that of the male black, so that their choice of the hours for sitting on the eggs corresponds with the time when each is less easily seen.

Covered Buttons.

The first maker of covered buttons was Mrs. Samuel Williston, of East Hampton, Mass. In early life her husband prepared for the ministry, but, his eyesight failing, he was compelled to give up all study and support himself. He opened a general country store, and his wife gave a great deal of attention to a notion counter. One winter day, in 1826, she was sorting her stock, when it suddenly occurred to her to cover some of the wooden buttons, then in general use, with cloth. They attracted much attention among the customers of the little shop, and were finally known to all the neighboring towns, and became very popular. Williston and his wife contrived machinery to do the work, the first ever employed in America. An immense manufactory sprang up, and made half the covered buttons of the world, and Williston died worth several millions. And the source of all this wealth originated with a bright New England woman.

Half the people in the world seem to raise flowers, according to the opinion of the other half, for the sole purpose of quarrelling with their neighbors over dogs and chickens that get into their gardens.

It is a difficult matter for a woman to believe that there any quarrelling in a pretty cottage with roses in bloom over the front porch.

DREYFUS' FAITHFUL WIFE.

The Experience Through Which She Passed During Five Years.

Mme. Lucie Dreyfus, the devoted wife of the former prisoner of Devil's Island, five years ago was the handsome, honored companion of an officer to whom the most brilliant prospects were conceded. Nothing was lacking to their happiness. They had all the money they cared for, the welcome and friendship of the best society, a beautiful home and lovely children. Then, like a thunderbolt from a blue sky, came the disgrace. His wife, and his wife alone, believed in his piteous wail, "I am innocent." Twelve of his broth-



MME. DREYFUS.

er officers had examined Dreyfus and pronounced him a traitor. But she knew him and loved him; and when he appealed to her not to believe the verdict, she knew in her heart that her husband was doomed unjustly.

Later, when her efforts had succeeded in arousing a new interest in his cause, six ministers of war affirmed and affirmed again: "Dreyfus is a traitor. Rest in peace, good people, he suffers justly."

But her love proved better than these great men's judgments. She protested bravely, "He is not a traitor!"

And in her modest retreat she repeated daily to the children of the prisoner: "Papa has not betrayed France. Pray that papa may come back to us."

And she was not allowed even to write of what was being done to secure him a new trial. She longed to be near him. She was not allowed to go. Little wonder she was at times nearly beside herself with impotent rage. Her friends have told of those dark moments when she paced the floor madly, tearing her hair and denouncing humanity to the vengeance of God.

THE ILLINOIS A GOLD MINE.

Over 3,000 Men Engaged in the Fish Industry of That Stream.

Over 3,000 men are employed in the fish industry of the Illinois river. Each year this industry expands and extends, and it is but a question of time when that river will be accepted by Illinois as one of the principal sources of food supply in the State. The big fishing point of the river, where the business is handled in a wholesale way, are Henry, Lacon, Chillicothe, Peoria, Pekin, Havana, Bath, Brownling, Beardstown, Meredosia, Kampsville, and Gafton. The fishing season—that is, the commercial season, when the law permits the use of seines in the river—opens July 1 and closes April 15. During that time the fishing companies with their tug boats and smaller steam craft harvest the fishing crop, using seines which vary in length from 500 to 1,500 yards. In Lake Peoria alone there are nine seines, each 1,000 yards long, and last year in one haul over 6,500 pounds of German carp were taken. As the fisherman received 3 cents a pound for his fish "on the ground," that single haul was worth \$1,950. Near Beardstown a single haul of the seine brought 150,000 pounds of fish.

The fish are packed in boxes in 150-pound lots, stowed away in refrigerator cars, and most of the carp and buffalo are shipped to New York. Chicago takes about 40,000 pounds of carp a week from Peoria in the season. Then there is a system of live storage, by which the captured fish are kept alive until winter, when a better price can be obtained for them. The fish are loosed into pens, which are made by driving stakes close together into the bottom of a bayou or shallow bay near the point of shipment. Here the captives thrive and fatten until they are netted again and placed on ice for shipment.—La Salle Tribune.

Hawaiians Eat Devilfish.

The mere thought of eating an octopus is enough to make the everyday civilized being shudder, yet in the Hawaiian Islands these devilfish, as they are comonly called, are a much-prized delicacy among the natives, while the imported Chinese and Japs have also acquired the taste.

It must be a great satisfaction to a woman to get on a dress that is not a shirt waist, and have no fears of a parting in the back.

If a woman has any style to her, she is always dressed in such a way that she can't eat with any comfort.

LIFE-SAVING HEROES.

Thrilling Rescues—Men, Women and Children Who Have Won Medals.

The "Heroes of Peace," celebrated by Gustav Kobbé in the Century, are the volunteer life-savers. Many deeds are recorded that equal the bravest exploits off the battlefield.

For many years before the United States life-saving service was established, the Massachusetts Humane Society maintained, along the coast of that State, houses of refuge for shipwrecked sailors, and stations equipped with life-saving apparatus, in charge of keepers, who, when the emergency arose, summoned volunteer crews. This volunteer life-saving service is still kept up, and is often able not only to render effective assistance to the regular government crews, but occasionally, also, to save life when the nearest United States life-savings station is too far from the scene of disaster for its crew to arrive in time. The rivalry between these two corps has been most generous. There have been no bickerings, no attempts of one to outwit the other, but a singleness of impulse to serve in the cause of humanity. Naturally the gold and silver medals awarded by the United States government for heroism, displayed in saving life, have been more frequently bestowed upon members of the regular service, as this extends along our entire seaboard and lake coast, but the volunteer corps has had its share of honor. * * *

But by far the greater number of medals for heroism displayed in saving life from drowning have been awarded to individuals—people from the most varied walks of life; men of high social position, Western Indians, a Southern negro, pleasure-seekers along the coast, a Japanese cabin steward, steamboat men, and officers and men of the United States army, navy, and revenue-cutter service. Every section of the country seems to have contributed its hero or heroes to the roll of honor. There are also heroines on that roll. A number of women hold silver medals, and two women the gold medal. Silver medals have also been awarded to mere boys and girls for displays of daring far beyond their years. Frederic Kernochan was a lad when he received a silver medal for saving a woman from drowning in the Navesink River, near Highlands, New Jersey; and Marie D. Parsons, a girl of only 10 years when she rescued a child at Fireplace, Long Island. Nor was Edith Morgan, of Hamlin, Mich., much beyond girlhood when she tried, with her father and brother, to row to a vessel capsized three miles out. Beaten back by the heavy waves, she aided in clearing away the logs and driftwood from the beach so as to make a track for the surf-boat. At a previous rescue she had stood for six hours in the snow, hauling at the life-line, in landing sailors from a wreck. * * *

Would I could add to this record those unknown heroes—"greater than those who are known"—whose heroism lacks a human reward because they not only risked but lost their lives in the endeavor to save others. Would there were a roll of the unhonored and unsung! The medal list is a long one, but the roll of the perished longer. Occasionally a memorial like the Brokaw Field at Princeton, which commemorates the heroism of Frederick Brokaw, the Princeton student who gave his life to save two servants from drowning, reminds us of one or another of these sacrifices. But far more frequently a grave in an unfrequented church-yard, or a proud pang in a woman's heart, is the only memorial of the "unknown hero."

Forgotten Long Ago, Doubtless.

This is an interesting clause in the constitution of Vermont of 1793, to limit professional officeholders: "As every freeman, to preserve his independence, if without a sufficient estate, ought to have some profession, calling, trade or farm, whereby he may honestly subsist, there can be no necessity for nor use in establishing offices of profit, the usual effects of which are dependence and servility unbecoming freemen, in the possessors or expectants, and faction, contention and discord among the people. But if any man is called into public service to the prejudice of his private affairs he has a right to a reasonable compensation; and whenever an office, through increase of fees or otherwise, becomes so profitable as to occasion many to apply for it, the profits ought to be lessened by the Legislature."

A Neighborhood Tragedy.

"We bought a lawn-mower at the Montague auction."
"Well, that was all right, wasn't it?"
"All right? Maria says it is our old one which they borrowed and never returned."—Detroit Free Press.

On the Wrong Shelf.

A correspondent of the London Academy writes that a bookseller in a large provincial city recently discovered an assistant arranging four new copies of Walt Whitman's "Leaves of Grass" on the shelves devoted to books on gardening.

We suppose that the last intelligent thought in a woman's mind in a moment of peril is to wonder how many will see the hole in her stockings if she gets killed.

TELL CITY AN ODD PLACE.

Indiana Town in Which There is a Real Social Equality.

Tell City, Ind., is a town with a remarkable history. It is a co-operative industrial colony which has been in successful operation for forty-four years. It has survived the wreck of scores of altruistic settlements founded on the Bellamy or Debs plan. Perhaps one reason for this is that it is a Swiss town, founded by Swiss people for Swiss colonists. Out of a population to-day of 3,000 fully one-half are Swiss and 1,200 are Germans. In politics the town is Republican, although neighboring towns are mostly Democratic.

Tell City was founded in 1856 by the Swiss Colonization Society of Cincinnati, an organization of wealthy Swiss people. They sought a plan for the betterment of their countrymen who had come to this country and had not fared as well as themselves. The town is named for the Swiss hero, William Tell. It now has twenty-six factories, each employing from ten to 150 men. It is said to be the greatest chair-manufacturing center in the United States. In furniture making Tell City factories stand high. The desks in the White



TELL CITY MUNICIPAL BUILDING.

House at Washington are made in Tell City, and the government ordered all desks for the Cuban government offices from there.

The principal products of the mills and factories are house furniture, chairs, desks, wood mantels, wagons, hub blocks, hubs, spokes, brooms, baskets, shingles, railroad ties, flour and meal, hames, staves, barrels, toys, wooden goods, veneer, sashes, doors, blinds, brick, rough and dressed timber.

All the industrial establishments are owned by the municipality. City officials, superintendents, managers and foremen are elected by popular vote once a year. The piece system is adopted in paying for work and thus each worker earns according to his ability. At the end of the year the net earnings above these wages are equally distributed on stock. Ninety-three per cent. of the people own their own homes, the cost of the houses ranging from \$800 to \$2,000. Young men are advised to marry early and settle down. They are advanced the money to build their homes, most of them taking about \$500 as a beginning. They pay \$2.50 a week of their earnings for three years and ten months, or \$1.25 a week for seven years and eight months. They also pay 6 per



CO-OPERATIVE FACTORY.

cent. interest, which is about \$115. From the start they participate in the earnings of the institution, and when they have paid in the \$115 and their borrowed capital they find they have an earning of about \$75, which leaves them only \$40 out in interest.

The people are unusually industrious, and a person entering the city during working hours would readily mistake it for the dearest town on earth. No one can be seen on the street. Every child, as well as every adult, has duties to perform, and loafers are not tolerated. Stores might as well close from 8 to 11:30 and from 1 until 6. But when the whistles blow there is a transformation. Almost instantly the streets are crowded with people hurrying to their homes or to their eating places. All of the business of the town is done at night.

The people are frugal and saving, but their frugality does not reach even the borderland of parsimony. Though there are some very wealthy citizens, they cannot, from their daily habits and mode of life, be told from those who have just begun to store up a fortune. The equality as shown by manner of living, interests in common, and by dress is striking. The present Mayor of Tell City, Albert P. Fenn, was a worker in one of the furniture factories.

The town is neat, well paved, and lighted by electricity. The tax rate is 90 cents. There are five churches and a good system of common and high schools. German is used almost exclusively in conversation, although the children receive English educations.

Notice a mean man: he is always apologizing.