

PERSONAL AND OTHER NOTES.

Senator Jones of Florida is to open a law office in Detroit.

Matthew Arnold is the guest of Mrs. Burton Harrison in Boston.

Maurice B. Flynn was born, he says, with a gold spoon in his mouth.

Henry Ward is expected to return to New York about October 6.

Remenyi, the violinist, is playing in India, it is said, with great success.

Cornelius Vanderbilt is spoken of for republican candidate for mayor of New York.

Bret Harte is engaged on a new Christmas story, to be entitled "The Queen of the Pirate Isle."

Dan de Quille, Mark Twain's ex-associate on the Virginia City Enterprise, is writing a history of Nevada.

Thomas Powell Fowler has been elected president of the New York, Ontario & Western Railroad company.

Justice Stanley Matthews and his bride are buying ornaments for their home from obliging London dealers.

Senator Jones of Nevada is so jolly a gentleman that everybody feels glad that he is so big a millionaire.

Fred Douglass will visit the historic Rhine and the Alps in the company of his accomplished wife in September.

Gen. Phil Sheridan and Col. Mike Sheridan lately went to Somerset, Ohio, on a visit to their mother, who is 81 years old.

Slade, the Maori pugilist, is fighting alcohol at Auburn, Cal. He can knock out a customer who does not pay up with one hand.

Mr. Beecher's style of oratory does not appear to take in London, but that does not surprise his friends. There is no scandal in it.

Edwin Booth and Lawrence Barrett are visiting Mr. and Mrs. Marshall Field, of Chicago, at their summer home, Beverly Farms, Mass.

Col. A. L. Rives, of Virginia, has been offered \$25,000 a year by M. de Lesseps. So says rumor. The colonel is to boss the Panama canal.

Patrick Ford, of the Irish World, has recently been in conference with Mr. Blaine and is even now "resting" at a quiet hotel at Bkr Harbor.

SOME WASHINGTON GOSSIP.

The postoffice department, with the view of affording the public additional facilities for correspondence by mail, has completed arrangements for issuing a combined letter sheet and stamped envelope of a pattern which can be readily understood and used. It is styled a "letter sheet envelope," and is of only one denomination—two cents. For the present at least it is deemed expedient by the postmaster-general to confine the issue of the letter sheet envelope to a few of the principal offices. The contract under which the envelopes are furnished to the government provides that they shall be transported, free of charge, to the government from New York, the place of manufacture, to any postoffice in the United States to which they may be ordered, and also that the department shall pay the contractors only for such letter sheet envelopes as may be sold. These envelopes will be sold for three cents a single sheet, two sheets for five cents; pads of twenty-five sheets 68 cents, 100 sheets for \$2.40.

Acting Secretary of the Treasury Fairchild has issued a call for \$15,000,000 of 3 per cent bonds to mature on Oct. 12 next. The bonds included in this call are as follows: \$50, original No. 104 to 123, both inclusive; \$100, original No. 1,522 to 1,677, both inclusive; \$500, original No. 650 to 728, both inclusive; \$1,000, original No. 4,207 to 4,996, both inclusive; \$10,000, original No. 10,248 to 11,603, both inclusive. Total, \$15,000,000.

THE GALVESTON SUFFERERS.

Galveston dispatch: The city council at a meeting last evening, appropriated \$15,000 for the benefit of the storm sufferers of this city. The citizens have subscribed \$5,000 for the same purpose. This will only afford temporary relief, as over 150 families are rendered homeless and destitute by the storm.

The recent storm proved very destructive to small vessels off the Texas coast. It will doubtless be months before the full list of the casualties are known. One sloop has gone to pieces off Pelican Island, while another sloop near her is bottom up. The crew of two men are supposed to have been drowned. An unknown vessel and two schooners are reported ashore or overturned at different points along the coast.

Two of the crew of one schooner are lost and the crew of another are supposed also to have been lost. All the small crafts in the bay from the shoal to Edmonds' port are reported lost. A lumber schooner has gone to pieces in the bay and her captain and cook drowned. It is roughly estimated that the damage done shipping in this vicinity during the storm will approximate \$100,000.

The village of Quintana, at the mouth of the Brazos river was entirely swept away and two schooners driven ashore. No lives lost so far as known.

Indianola is a complete wreck, not more than three or four houses escaped destruction by the heavy storm. A negro woman and two children were drowned. Nearly all the sheep on the island were drowned and the remainder probably perished.

CLEVELAND'S VACATION.

Prospect House (N. Y.) special: When Contractor Watts Cook of Patterson, N. J., who is going to build the new Harlem bridge, left there early this week he gave orders that his little steam-launch, the "Nellie," should be placed at the president's disposal. Two guides brought it alongside the wharf this morning and got up steam, when they tried to get back into deep water, but ran aground. Finally she was got off and the president and party boarded her and ran down the lake, darting through the channels between the numerous islands. Troutling lines and a ride were aboard, but the party gave themselves up to enjoying the sail and no fishing or shooting was done. Lunch was eaten eight miles from home, on the banks of the lake. The cottage was reached about 6 o'clock and all expressed themselves as having thoroughly enjoyed the day's trip. To-night a German was given at the hotel under the management of Miss Cutler of Boston, Miss Warner of New York, Miss Albert of Germantown, N. Y., and Capt. Curtis of Indianapolis. Mrs. Cleveland received an invitation which she at once accepted. The presidential party will probably attend church to-morrow in the little chapel on the hill back of the hotel.

BLAINE'S SECOND SPEECH.

Blaine made his second speech of the campaign at North Berwick, Me., on the 25th. He twitted the prohibitionists of inconsistency and ingratitude toward the republican party which had given the state all the prohibitive legislation it had ever had. The prohibitionists did not expect to elect anybody of their own party. They could only defeat the republicans. Passing to the fisheries question Blaine said: "Canada is in a very peculiar position. She wants to enjoy the pride and sentiment of belonging to the British empire and to pocket the profit and advantage of having an American market at the same time. We don't think that fair." Blaine read at length from the late treaty with Canada, commenting as he proceeded, and showing by its terms that the United States were placed at great disadvantage.

CRAZY BY DRINK.

MONTGOMERY, ALA., Aug. 24.—Harris Gunter, a well known citizen, entered police headquarters at 1 o'clock this morning with a double barreled shotgun to kill Captain Martin, the night chief, and fired and killed Officer Montgomery, Martin not being in the room. A desperate struggle followed between Gunter and the two officers, who disarmed and placed him in a cell.

Gunter was on a spree and had earlier in the night been arrested by friends. Friends went to his home and got him out. He went home, but came back in his night clothes with the above result.

A SPECIAL ATTRACTION, for old soldiers especially, will be the opportunity to view that grand picture, the Battle of Gettysburg, when they visit the Quanaa fair Sept. 6th to 11th. This is one of the sights which must not be overlooked, and many of the visitors, as well as veterans of the army, will avail themselves of the chance afforded. The picture is an exact reproduction of the famous painting in Chicago and is one of the most vivid representations of a great battle ever depicted by an artist. The old soldier can fight his battle over again and tell once more the story of how that desperate field was fought and won.

RICHMOND DECLARED INSANE.

St. Joseph (Mo.) special: After being out forty minutes this afternoon the jury in the Richmond murder trial brought in a verdict of not guilty on the ground of insanity and decided that Richmond is insane sometimes. He was given over to the sheriff, and to-morrow steps will be taken to put him in lunatic asylum No. 2, near this city.

The case was hotly contested, and the arguments on both sides were the most carefully presented and powerfully contested ever witnessed in this county. The verdict is not generally satisfactory, but the opinion is so divided that no verdict that might have been returned would have met with popular indorsement.

HISTORY OF LABOR TROUBLES.

Washington dispatch: The bureau of labor statistics expects to get the second annual report out by the time congress meets. Two subjects will be treated in the report. One is the question of convict labor. The other subject to be treated is strikes. A complete history of the strikes from 1880 up to July of this year will be given, including the causes, purpose and effect upon the labor of the country.

NEW YORK AROUSED.

It is thought the information received by Assistant District Nicoll in New York concerning the meeting held there recently by the anarchists called to sympathize with the condemned Chicago bomb throwers will result in the indictment of those most conspicuously identified with the meeting for unlawful assembling, by the next grand jury.

England Twenty-Five Years Ago.

A correspondent of *The London Spectator* writes, rather wickedly: "I can not share the indication which I hear freely expressed on all sides at the American subscriptions to the Parnell fund. Such investments are little chickens, which are sure to come home to roost; and I, at any rate, can not forget the confederate loan of twenty-five years ago, against the subscription of which by Englishmen, you, sir, if I remember rightly, lifted up a solitary voice among London journals. Leaving our mere speculators who went in for the question of vision, there is no question here, the English subscribers to the confederate loan must have meant that they thought the confederate states right in their effort to break up union, and wished them success. Now that I approach, it is precisely the meaning of the subscribers to the Parnell fund. They think the home-rulers right, and wish them success. If a section of our people, therefore, did precisely what a section of the American people are doing today, doing today, had not we better stop funding, and leave these little chickens to come home to roost in the United States twenty-five years hence, as ours are doing?"

A Sane Man in a Mad-House.

Proceedings have been begun in Philadelphia to secure the discharge from the Pennsylvania Hospital for the Insane of Clifford J. Maxwell, who has been confined as a lunatic for three and a half years. When the proceedings were begun Maxwell was temporarily released from the asylum, and he has gone to Atlantic City to await summons to the trial of the case.

The Philadelphia Record says that Maxwell is about 30 years of age, a Philadelphia by birth, and a son of Rev. Gordon Maxwell, who was for many years pastor of the Emanuel Protestant Episcopal church in Kensington. He inherited a fortune of over \$80,000 from his grandfather, who was one of the foremost of Philadelphia merchants at a time when the port almost monopolized the merchant trade of the Atlantic coast. He received his education at West Point, but a military life had no charm for him, and after spending some time in seeing the world he married a young lady who was a teacher in the boarding-school of her aunt, Mrs. Carey, at the corner of Sixteenth and Spruce streets. This was about eight years ago. For several years after the marriage the couple lived happily together and had born to them a little girl, who soon became her father's especial favorite and pride. When the child died the father was prostrated to an extent which gave his friends the keenest anxiety about his health.

Shortly afterward Mrs. Maxwell took a step which astounded those who had observed the apparently happy life of herself and her husband. She called in two physicians, and after making an examination they signed a certificate of the insanity of Clifford Maxwell. Upon this he was committed to "Kirkbride's." He protested against the commitment, but not having fully recovered from the shock of his daughter's death, his protests were feeble and easily overruled. Arrived at the institution he soon made it evident to the attending physician that he was certainly not a dangerous lunatic, although his wife had justified her course by declaring that she was "afraid to live with him." It is said that at one time he had the delusion of being haunted or pursued by something more tangible than his daughter's death, his protests were convinced that he was perfectly sane, and that his imprisonment was unjustifiable. They therefore secured the services of a lawyer, and the hospital authorities declared that they had no objection to let Mr. Maxwell leave whenever his wife gave the word. In order to have the matter judicially determined, a writ of habeas corpus was taken out. The case was postponed for two weeks. Mr. Maxwell is in possession of a large income from a trust estate of which the Guarantee Trust company has charge.

A GYPSY BEAUTY.

One of the Oldest and Most Famous of the Romanyes.

Fifty or sixty years ago the gypsies in England were a much more remarkable race than they are at present. The railway had not come to break up their habits; there were hundreds of lonely places in dell and dingle where they could hatch the tan, or pitch the tent, their blood had been little mixed with that of the gorgio, or gentile; they spoke their language with greater purity than at present, and still kept their old characteristics unchanged. If they had the faults of Arabs they also had many of their good qualities. If they stole horses and foraged on farmers, if their women told fortunes, lied and sometimes cheated a man out of all his ready money, by pretending to find a treasure in his cellar, on the other hand, they were extremely grateful and honest to those who befriended them, and manifested in many ways a rough manliness which partially redeemed their petty vices. They were all, as are many of their sons at present, indomitable rough riders, of the horse horse, and to a man boxers, so that many of them were distinguished in the prize-ring; the last of these being Jem Mace. At this time there prevailed among the English Romany a strong, mutual faith, a tribal honesty which was limited, but all the stronger for that, even as the arms of a man grow stronger when he loses the use of his legs. They are a people of powerful frames, passions, and traditional principles. Their weak children soon died from the hardships of nomadic life, the remainder illustrated selection by suffering, and the survival of the fittest—to fight.

With such characteristics there could not fail among the gypsies many striking instances of warm friendship, intense love, and the fidelity which endures even till death. This was known of them when little else was known beyond their most apparent and repulsive traits. Walter Scott indulged in no romantic license when he depicted Hayraddin Mangrab in as devoted to Quentin Durward; even at present the incident of a thoughtful gift or any little act of kindness to them will be remembered with a gratitude out of all proportion to its value, and go the rounds of all the Romany in the United States. And therefore when men fell in love with women there often resulted those instances of intense passion and steady faith which at the present day are really becoming mythical. The gypsy in this, as in everything else has been a continuation of the middle ages, or of the romance era.

Such a passion was inspired more than half a century ago by Jack Cooper, the Kurumengro Rom, or Fighting Gypsy, in a girl of his own tribe. Her name was Charlotte Lee, and it was about 1850 that Leslie, the royal academician, led by the fame of her beauty, painted the picture now in New York in the possession of his sister, Miss Emma Leslie. The fame of her charms still survives among her people, and when a few days ago as I was talking of Charlotte to some gypsies of her kin near Philadelphia, I was asked if I meant the Rinkini—that is, the Beautiful One.—*Century.*

How to Travel With Comfort.

Avoid railroad food by carrying chicken, beef, hard-boiled eggs, bread, fruit and salt.

Arrange to start quietly after a plentiful meal. Take overcoats and waterproof in your hand-bag. This is important.

In railway traveling ride only in the last car of an express train and the front car of a slow train, or get as near these points as possible.

Attend to the daily functions, else travel will derange them. On warm days ride backward by an open window, thus avoiding cinders and draughts.

For ocean trips take abundance of outer garments and flannel bed gowns. Walk the deck for exercise, else first days ashore will be fatiguing. But rest the first two days at sea.

At night, if fatigued, drink a cup of tea with a bit of bread, and rest thirty minutes before dining. A tired stomach cannot digest easily. Hence the frequency of diarrhoea during travel.

If seasick, keep the deck, lie upon the back near the center of the ship; eat in spite of nausea. If vomiting follows, eat again at once. This is the only remedy.

Drink little or none of the railroad ice-water. If obliged to eat at stations, choose simple food. Eat slowly. Better less food than much haste. Bread and fruit or chocolate make an excellent lunch.

Drink hot beef tea with plenty of red pepper. Eat ship crackers, raw beef, finely chopped, salted and red peppered, and mix with bread crumbs. If not seasick, control the appetite or prepare for dyspepsia.

Avoid nearness to water-closets. Be sure of dry bed linen and clean blankets. It is better to use your shawls than to be exposed to dampness. Throw back the bedclothing two hours before retiring. See that your gas-burner does not leak. Move bedsteads away from windows. Old hotels are draughty.—*New York Graphic.*

Giving the Other Woman a Show.

An old shanty boat with a tin stern-wheel and a general air of having been a tender to Noah's ark has been at the mouth of Jack's run, near Bellevue, since the spring. John Whitfield, his wife, and another woman lived on the boat. The ark is gone now, and the happy family is no longer happy.

On Saturday Whitfield sent his wife to town to collect an alleged debt, and in her absence he and the female took the train for Wheeling. Mrs. Whitfield was broken-hearted at first when she found that her faithless lord had flown. The neighbors comforted her, however, and last evening she said: "Well, I've supported John by sewing for ten years, and I guess I'll give the other woman a show now."—*Pittsburgh Dispatch.*

OUR NATIONAL PARK.

Some of the Beauties and Wonders of the Yellowstone Reservation.

Streams Where Brook Trout Can Be Caught with a Pitchfork or Retrieved by a Dog.

A Region Worth Protecting.

A Fort Keogh, Montana, correspondent of *The Chicago Times* writes: There are many wonders within our great national reservation that have never been noticed by the numerous guide-books, and there are just as many more outside of the border line and in the neighborhood which should have been included when the park was created. The mistake was in not making it twice the size, for the whole country roundabout is one region of continuous wonders, such as no other portion of the known or unknown world can boast of. The Cinnabar mountains, the Devil's slide, the beautiful valley of the Stinking Water, the Teton basin, just across the Continental divide, and last, but not least, Henry's lake, over in Idaho—these and the other marvels close by, when taken as a whole, and leaving out all that is not included in the park proper, combine a region of stupendous and startling wonders fully equal to if not actually superior to all that is contained in the 3,575 square miles of the park.

THE CINNABAR MOUNTAINS are full of petrifications of every kind, and the fossils scattered all through the canyons and gorges and on the peaks are numerous and varied enough to supply all the museums in the country for ages to come. On the summits of these huge piles are undoubted evidences of the glacial period. Glaciers exist even now in the Wind River and Teton ranges much below twelve thousand feet, and the tens of thousands of granite boulders that occur on both sides of the Yellowstone valley beyond the Second canyon and from the Cinnabar mountains to the north base of the Amethyst mountain in the park were no doubt stranded in their present locations by an immense water-power, which must have swept them down from the north ages ago, when the rivers ran as high as the mountain tops. But the most remarkable example of the glacial period in this region is a huge boulder resting on the brink of the Grand canyon, about a mile and a half below the great falls. It is very compact, a coarse, crystalline feldspathic granite, in shape rectangular, the edges sharp and unworn, and its cubical dimensions somewhat more than 2,500 feet. It is within a stone's throw of the brink of the canyon, and rests upon a series of sheets of rhyolite, surely not more than 1,000 feet in thickness. In seeking the possible source of this rock one would naturally turn toward the south, the sources of the Yellowstone; but the great ranges to the east and south are volcanic, and are not known to contain a single exposure of granite rock. There are no such formations in the whole upper Yellowstone; for there is a total absence of granite pebbles on the shores of the lake or in the beds of the rivers. The home of this wanderer must be sought in the north, beyond the valley of the Third canyon, 50 miles away, and at the southern end of the Gallatin mountains. To reach its present position from the northern locality this stupendous boulder must have crossed the course of the great valley of the East fork and the third canyon, and have ascended the river as it now exists a distance of 20 miles, avoiding on its way by a circuitous route the intervening Washburn range and the opposing mass of Amethyst mountain—a most curious freak of nature considered from any point of view.

Four miles from the northern border line of the park and just after passing the Second canyon going south is the famous Devil's slide. It is a rosy, brown-colored shoot running from the top to the base of the mountain at an angle of about 30 degrees, and looks for all the world like a toboggan slide that has been generously sprinkled with cinnamon. At the top on either side rise two lofty minaret towers, so wonderfully plain in size, shape, and outline that one might very well suppose they were constructed from a single model rather than being, as they are, the simple handiwork of nature. The slide starts from this point and shoots down a steep grade, bringing up sharp and abrupt on the brink of the Second canyon. The Indians believed when it thundered that the evil one went plunging down this awful incline, pitching into the roaring Yellowstone at its base, and then by some subterranean passage within the earth mounted to the top again, and repeated his little diversion until it ceased thundering. The lightning was caused by friction with the fiery-colored road-bed in the devil's rapid descent.

THE VALLEY OF THE STINKING WATER is the most beautiful little garden of Eden on the North American continent. The title would seem to convey the impression that it is a bad smelling stream, of offensive odor and vile taste, as its name would indicate. On the contrary, it is a beautiful mountain rivulet of the clearest and purest water, but strongly impregnated with sulphur. On account of its peculiar odor, it was named by the Bannock Indians, whose reservation was, a long time ago, the park, "Yuskinmaya Wicista," which translated into the vernacular signifies bad water. Here it is that a few large game animals still left alive in the northwest seek refuge from the ready rifle of the hunter. This beautiful country is the home of the mighty elk. Here are to be found the brown species, the giant bull elk, and the rarest of all game animals, the albino elk. The snow elk is certainly the scarest of the big game still left in our country, and until a short time ago was known to the white man only by tradition. The Indians have often spoken of it but their statements were never credited. Now comes the proof in the seeing. A band of fifty was sighted in

the Stinking Water country by a party of hunters last February, and although they were pursued for two days and a night by the indefatigable mountaineers, yet they fortunately succeeded in escaping the deadly bullets of the pot-hunters. They finally made their escape over into the National park, where they were safe from pursuit. The Stinking Water country is no longer what it used to be. The poor, hunted animals are never sure of their lives there now. With an instinct truly marvelous they drift over into the park, where cold lead and murderous powder can not reach them. The superintendent, his assistants, and the army of deer in charge of the improvements assured the writer that the large game animals not already slaughtered now seek out the park as the only place of refuge left them in the whole north-west. It is about a time they were finding it out for themselves, as the great government under which they live has never thought of enacting any laws looking to their preservation. There are a few mountain buffalo in the park, numerous bands of elk, numberless deer of all species, and herds of mountain sheep. The park should be increased before it is too late, not only to include the natural wonders roundabout that properly belong there, but also to give the few animals living within its boundaries a wide range.

The Teton basin, and in fact the whole stretch of country from the southern boundary of the park as far as the Garden of the Gods in Colorado, is filled with carboniferous fossils, lavas, flows, and volcanic ejectamenta. It is a country that, if fully explored and classified, would double the interest now contained in the park proper.

Just across the western boundary in Idaho is the lovely

HENRY LAKE.

Before it is too late this beautiful sheet of water should be preserved from destruction. It is situated on the public road built by the government, leading from the upper geyser basin to Virginia City. This lake is the headwaters of the Henry's fork or Snake river, and is the breeding-ground of the salmon-trout so plentiful in Snake river and in the Columbia and its tributaries. On my first trip over this road some two years ago, I found on the banks of the lake and hidden by tall fir and pine trees a rude log-cabin, occupied by an individual who was there as a speculator. This money-making fellow had foreseen that many park tourists after visiting the geyser basins would return to civilization via Virginia City, so he built his cabin on the road and near the lake, hewed out of a solid pine log a dugout boat for the accommodation of the sightseers, and provided himself with scores of spears for the use his customers who desired to try their hand at fish spearing. How the poor innocent trout did suffer that year. There was terrible destruction by grechorn spearsmen who wounded and mutilated vast deal more of the piscatory tribe than they caught. The proprietor of the log cabin also kept a seine for the amusement of his patrons, which consisted in casting the net and making a haul and the throwing the fish back into the pond again. At the time I strongly suspected the miscreant of employing dynamite or gait powder as one of his pastimes, for the shores of the lake were lined with dead trout that bore the appearance of being stunned or having been killed by a sudden shock. I saw at one time and in one pile the results of a night's seining and spearing, and I think the pile would have aggregated close on to nine hundred pounds avoirdupois. Fortunately the speculator is no longer at his old post nor at his old tricks, and the trout can therefore go on spawning undisturbed and in peace. At present this lovely little pond, nestled down amid the giant peaks surrounding it, is full to overflowing of the gamy salmon-trout. They are in school three and four feet deep, one above the other, and packed as close together as fish can conveniently be. These schools extend as far as the eye can reach.

There are no other kind of fish in the lake save salmon-trout, and the number of this species seem to be beyond conception. There are a great many more there now than there were two years ago, and they have virtually overstocked the lake. They mass themselves in the small streams tributary to the lake, evidently for no other purpose than the want of room. There are no larger fish to prey on them, and so they go on increasing without check or hindrance. Where they crowd up a stream very thick the leaders often find themselves pushed into the grass and reeds, and possibly wriggling around on dry ground. With a spade or pitchfork thousands could be thrown out on the shore. An old hunter living in the neighborhood says when he wants a mess of fish he

WHISTLES TO HIS DOG,

who goes plunging into the water, and usually brings out one or two in his mouth. An average of the weight of the fish in Henry lake would be about 125 trout to the 100 pounds. Of course they run much larger than this, one fellow being caught by spearing two years ago that tipped the beam at 12 1-2 pounds. From every acre of ground surrounding Henry lake a ton of grass could be cut. The soil in places is as black as coal, and there is no name for its richness. Game is very plentiful, and ducks, geese, white and black swans fairly swarm about and through the rushes or hover over the mirror surface of this enchanting sheet of water. Henry lake is rarely the source of Snake river, which in turn tumbles into the Columbia, and so finds an outlet to the sea. Snake river, followed throughout its course, is truly a river of rapids. For three miles above the Shoshone falls it flows through immense caverns with lofty basaltic walls on each side hundreds of feet high. At the Twins or Little falls the river is divided by an island, and the two streams rush over separate precipices, and pitch into a pool 175 feet below. As viewed from the bluff hundreds of feet above the sight is grand; and as for looking up from below, the gorgeous panorama is too awful and tremendous to describe in words. Five miles below are the great falls where the entire river descends in one mighty sheet 210 feet. Forty miles further are the Solomon's falls. A short distance up

the canyon before reaching these falls is the most remarkable sight in America. High up on the wall, perhaps two thousand feet, a river of water gushes out in one solid stream, and leaps a tremendous volume, and looks like an immense hose stream shooting out of the mountain side. From the high bluffs following down stream issue numerous great springs, the water of which fall over the rocks, and are lashed into silvery spray in their descent. The first of these pours over the cliff in a semicircular form, and falls over two hundred feet. The spaces between are lined with green moss or shrubs, so that it presents the appearance of an immense grotto. As seen from the opposite side of the river it is very beautiful. The above are only a few of the marvels of nature contained in the strange country surrounding our great National park.

Removing Hairs from the Face.

"The climate of San Francisco must be very bad for the complexion," said an Oakland man to his wife on the boat the other day. "I notice a great many ladies from San Francisco who go over two or three times a week to our side of the bay, and four out of five of them seem to be troubled with an eruption which appears in patches on their faces. The eruption is confined to the cheeks and chins generally, but I saw one quite pretty girl the other day with her upper lip all disfigured in this way. Look, there is one now."

"You poor, stupid creature," responded the wife of his bosom, in that pitying tone used by wives when they happen to be possessed of a little exclusive information; "that is not an eruption."

"What is it then, small pox?"

"No; she has been to her doctor's to have the superfluous hair removed by electrolysis. The San Francisco ladies go over to a doctor in Oakland for treatment, because they don't want to be seen going into the offices of those in their own city known as practitioners of the art, while the Oakland girls go over to the city. About six out of ten women are troubled with superfluous hairs on the face or arms, and the process of plucking them out with a pair of tweezers two or three times a month is not pleasant. The electric doctor burns the root of each hair with a needle through which an electric spark is sent, and the removal of the hair is permanent. So when you see a girl with that eruption on her face you may know she has been having her whiskers removed. Some girls have to shave regularly, but that makes the whiskers grow coarse and stiff like a man's."

"Yes, I've noticed that often," said the husband thoughtlessly.

"When? Where? Who is she?"

And once more the pursuit of knowledge caused trouble in the human family.—*San Francisco Post.*

His Lovely Blue Whiskers.

Oh, but there are people who make fools of themselves! When a man sets out to make himself a fool in the line of a park flirtation he is likely to be very successful. The Park lounge over in Allegheny has in his mind's eye a stiff-jointed gentleman, in a white stovepipe hat, who, in the struggle to give Father Time a black eye, has dyed his whiskers a gorgeous and peacocky Syrian purple. He doubtless meant to have black whiskers, but the macho slipped a cog in the dye works he patronized, and his whiskers came out in Miss Cleveland's pet hue, which promises to be fashionable here. This man walks more miles and makes the least showing in his efforts to perform the feat vulgarly known as masking than any man in Allegheny. His attempts in this line are positively debilitating to the eye witness. School girls and sweet sixteen are his especial delight. But he met with a Waterloo yesterday. He struck up a flirtation with three bold young things, and was making himself agreeable as best he knew how. Finally the girls wanted to get rid of him. One addressed him in a low tone of voice as "Pa," whereat he colored up, and laughed feebly at the joke. This not proving quite petrifying enough, another remarked: "What lovely whiskers you have got! Won't you give me a lock of your whiskers?" The old boy was gratified, and wanted to know: "Why, my dear?" The giddy young thing gushed: "They are just the shade of blue that I wait for my dress. I want a lock for a sample to match the color." The crushed dye house sign went out under the shade of one of the trees which formerly graced the front of the penitentiary on Ohio street, and when he had fully recovered he set out for home.—*Pittsburgh Post.*

Ashamed of Her.

Man (to wife who justly despises puns)—"My dear, I saw something to-day that shocked me very much."

Wife—"Tell me about it."

Husband—"I was standing on the street when along came a well known loafer, a regular free lunch fiend. He stopped and would have doubtless spoken to me but just then a man rushed up, seized the loafer and threw him down. Immediately the man who had thrown the loafer was arrested and taken to the police court which happened to be in session, where he was charged with being an anarchist."

Wife—"An anarchist?"

Husband—"Yes."

Wife—"Why, how could they bring such a charge against him?"

Husband—"Because, you see, he had thrown a bum."

Wife (indignantly)—"You miserable thing, I am a great mind never to speak to you again."

Husband—"Yes, but don't you think it is a pretty good pun?"

Wife—"I might have thought so when my grand-father told it to me as a reminiscence of his early life. If you want any supper you'll have to cook it yourself."

Husband (crest fallen)—"There you go. Never saw the like. Why, your lack of appreciation of American humor makes me ashamed of you."—*Arkansas Traveler.*