

## A DESOLATE SCENE.

A Visit to the Region Affected by the Great Earthquake in New Zealand.

A Veritable Wonderland, Rich in the Most Marvelous Creations of Nature.

### The Acid River.

I left Ohinemutu in company with Mr. Goldsmith, district surveyor, and, after three hours' riding through a mountainous fern-clay country, reached the survey camp at Parohuru bush, a few miles from the most southern crater and close to the edge of the mud line. On the road from Ohinemutu very few indications of the eruption can be observed. On the Moerangi ranges, at the base of which the tracks lie, the deposit ejected on the 10th of June still remains, giving a bluish tint to the lofty hills. As Parohuru is approached, however, the signs of volcanic action become more evident. The ground is covered with a depth of several inches with scoria, ashes, and mud, and here and there earthquake cracks are met with. These are caused by subsidence of the ground, and in almost every case follow the lines of former depressions, which are a very marked feature of the country. It is also noteworthy that they invariably run northeast and southwest—the direction followed by the great fissure or line of volcanic force. The cracks vary in width from a few inches to two or three feet, and in some places are from three to four feet deep.

After a short rest at the camp I started for the southern crater, passing on the way a part of the bush which has the appearance of having been subjected to the full force of a scorching blast. About half an hour's walking brings you to the mud-line proper. Behind you high brown fern clothes the ridges and valleys, while in front, as far as the eye can reach, stretches a mighty undulating ocean of dull gray mud. In the center of which rises an enormous volume of pure white steam, while in the background Tarawera, washed and broken towers, 3,800 feet into the sky. It is a scene of fearful desolation, of which no one who has not gazed upon it can form the faintest conception. In most places the mud is consolidated, and is as hard as cement, but here and there one comes across marshy patches in which one sinks at every step over the knee. Walking under such circumstances is excessively difficult and fatiguing. The mud clings like glue to the foot and leg, and it requires considerable physical strength to get through these places. I was fully an hour crossing a patch of soft mud, which under ordinary circumstances I could have walked over in five or ten minutes. With the exception of these places, which can not be avoided, walking, though laborious, presents no very great difficulty. The surface is furrowed in all directions, presenting a similar appearance to plowed land, while deep water courses are frequently met with. The southern crater is formed in a high hill, the sides of which are covered with fragments of rocks, principally trachyte. From the lip to the hot lake at the bottom of the crater is between five and six hundred feet. Very little steam arises from this crater, but the water in it was boiling furiously and landslips were constantly occurring.

A little to the northeast of this crater is a hot lake of about an acre in extent. This has been called Echo lake, from the fact of a remarkably distinct echo being heard here. In a large number of places it was boiling with great fury, and its surface was covered with dry colored foam. The sides of the lake are high and steep, but at one point they have been broken through, and three weeks ago the lake poured out enormous volumes of boiling water at this point, which formed a river of considerable dimensions, and its course can be distinctly traced, the banks being from twenty to thirty feet high in some places. Since then, however, the lake has fallen and is now several feet below its former level.

Divided from the lake by a narrow strip of land is the Hole-in-the-Wall crater, an enormous gap in the side of the hill. It is an ugly and fearsome place, full of steam and water of inky blackness. This crater and the lake have a playful habit of squirting water and throwing stones into each other. Fortunately, however, the day I stood between them they refrained from indulging in this sport. All round the hillsides right down to the margin of the lake where I was the ground was covered with indentations, marking where heavy stones had fallen and buried themselves in the mud, spilling in all directions, and giving the side of the hill the appearance of having been bombarded. These depressions are circular in form and vary from four to thirty feet in circumference.

The Rothomana craters, which lie beyond were sending up a beautiful cloud of steam and thundering away with great activity. The wind was bitterly cold and swept over the bleak mud-covered hills with tremendous force, carrying with it clouds of pebbly dust. Round the cone of the southern crater the surface is brilliantly jeweled with beautiful white crystals, which sparkle like diamonds in the sunshine.

The return to camp was a fatiguing journey, and crossing the soft mud which had grown softer and stickier than ever, was a toilsome piece of work. During the night several shocks of earthquake were experienced, and the distant rumbling of the craters sounded clear and uneasy in the stillness of the midnight.

In the Waioapu valley, which lies between these two great peaks, there is a new wonderland, rich in the most marvelous creations of a mysterious nature, and hitherto unexplored by tourists. There are hundreds of fumaroles, hot springs, steam holes, lakes of the most lovely tints—from rich green to deep blue—natural baths, clear as crystal, and miniature terraces

of great beauty, although falling far short of the matchless charms of the pink and white terraces. At present there are no tracks in this new wonderland, and traveling is consequently somewhat difficult, but I believe it is the intention of the government to construct a good track through the valley, the whole of which ought certainly to be protected for the use of the public. When properly opened out the region will beyond question become the chief attraction of the lake district. At present, however, the volcanoes are the great sight, and will long continue to be so to the scientist and the mere sight-seer. They are objects which are unique in the world.

I have traversed the whole of the northeast side of the enormous fissure from near Lake Okaro right to the top of Mount Tarawera, and can therefore speak with some amount of authority of the extraordinary character of the country. The journey occupied two days, but it is possible to do it in less time. Following the edge of the fissure, after crossing the Echo lake, we reached a high hill overlooking the Rothomana craters. Standing upon this lofty eminence, which I may name here as Mount Herald, one had a splendid view right down into the craters, many hundreds of feet below. The dense volumes of snow-like steam rising slowly from hundreds of different points, and merging into one enormous cloud, formed a kaleidoscopic picture of indescribable beauty. Continuing our journey northward we got into a deep water-course, the banks of which rose on either side to between fifty and sixty feet. Getting down the narrow channel, which in places made a sheer descent of from twelve to twenty feet, was not a very agreeable experience, as the overhanging masses of mud threatened to come tumbling on the top of us any moment. However, sliding, dropping, leaping, and scrambling, we succeeded in getting out of it in safety. It led us into an enormous amphitheater which has been blown out of the margin of Rothomana lake. The wall-like back of this amphitheater is formed with marvelous regularity. This great arena is filled with huge boulders and tremendous masses of rock. In the center, hissing out from a pile of broken rock, is a stream of boiling water, which rushes with great velocity over the fragments of trachyte which lie in its course, tinting them a rich brilliant red, and winds along the arena and pours into one of the craters, where it is evaporated. Crossing the veritable Waiverua river which is about twelve feet wide, required great caution to avoid getting scalded. We next crossed the Red river, a stream of cold water highly impregnated with iron and tinged the color of blood, and pitched our tent on a mud ledge on the banks of what we named the Acid river. The water was tepid and had an alum taste, and, as we discovered later on gives off suffocating gases. We were able to procure some firewood, and after some difficulty succeeded in finding cold water the color of the mud around us. We had tea, and when it grew dark, we turned in for the night. None of us slept very soundly. The tent got filled with the fumes from the river, which caused a stifling sensation. The craters close to us kept warning incessantly, and the spring which fed our Acid river worked itself up now and then into an alarming state of activity, threatening to send the stones which blocked its vent flying around. To increase our uneasiness we could hear the mud banks on the sides falling with a loud splash into the river at intervals. During the night it was cold and our bed of mud was painfully hard.

Soon after daylight we were up, and as we had slept in our clothes—some of us in our hats and mittens—our dressing did not occupy much time. After breakfast Mr. Smith and myself, accompanied by Harry Lundius, started to ascend Tarawera. The sides of the mountain were covered with fine scoria ash, as hard as rock, rendering it difficult to get a footing. When near the top of the mountain we came across a frozen lake, and in the crevices there were snow and ice. The top of the mountain is beautifully colored by the fumes from the steaming holes which lie the edge of the fissure. The deposit is quite 500 feet in places. Standing on the edge of the fissure, we could look down into the craters, which are now quite deserted. They are divided from one another by narrow ridges. Great cracks run along the edge in some places, threatening a tremulous landslide. Gigantic boulders lie on top in all directions, having been thrown out of the craters, and, looking at these enormous masses, some idea can be formed of the tremendous force which must have been at work to throw them up from a depth of 700 feet.

The descent was accomplished in safety. On the way down we witnessed a fresh eruption between Te Hapeo Toroa and Komiti. This new volcano was ejecting stones and mud to a great height and emitting a large cloud of steam. Previously there was a small top lake here, which looked innocent enough, and no one would have supposed it likely to be the seat of a fresh outbreak. At the foot of Tarawera, in the line of the chain, a beautiful green lake has been found. But I must reserve a detailed account of all we saw until another time. We reached our tent on the Acid river, and as the weather looked threatening we decided to push on to camp. We therefore packed up, and each with a huge swag on his back started for Parohuru, which we reached at dark, and just as the rain began to come down in torrents.—*Rotorua Cor. Auckland Herald.*

### A Delicate Sense.

The spectro-cope—capable of indicating the millionth part of a milligram of sodium—has been regarded as the most delicate of all means of analysis. Its keenness proves to be far surpassed, however, by that of the sense of smell, late European investigation having shown that the nerves of the nose are sensibly affected by one four-hundred-and-sixtieth part of a milligram of mercaptan—a milligram being 0.0154 of a grain. And it is such must be the delicacy of human smell, what must be the minuteness of the smallest particle which may produce an impression on the nose of a dog!

## NO HARM IN KISSING.

The waters kiss the pebbly shore,  
The winds kiss the hills;  
The swains kiss the tulip bud  
For the odor it distils.  
The dewdrops kiss the rose at morn,  
The cereus dew at eve;  
The fern and flower embracing clasp  
In mystic beauties weave.  
The moonbeams kiss the cloud at night,  
The star-gems kiss the sea;  
While shadows dreamily and soft  
Are kissing on the sea.  
The zephyrs kiss the budding pink  
That blooms on beauty's lip;  
The ruler kisses though cool and chill,  
Its ruddy nectar sip.  
The winds kiss the waves, the budding flowers,  
The laughing, merry rills;  
Are kissing all from morn till eve,  
And clouds still kiss the hills.  
Even heaven and earth do meet to kiss  
Through tears of sparkling dew;  
In kissing them, can there be harm?  
I don't think so—do you?

## A Family Man.

One of the party had just read a newspaper paragraph concerning the proficiencies of a Georgia family, when old General Madfield said:

"Yes, twenty-one children are surely enough for any one family, that is, if the father and mother are not very fond of children. I have known of families, however, where you might take twenty-one out of the flock and then some one, looking at the rest, would say, 'my gracious, I never saw the like of children.'"

Some time ago I traveled on horseback through the northwestern part of the state. One day I fell in with a rather companionable old fellow who jogged along on a pony. At night, on one occasion, we stopped at a house and requested accommodations for the night. The owner of the place, a newly married young fellow, treated us with much courtesy, and the next morning when we proposed to settle, he would not accept a cent. While we were standing at the gate, my companion, addressing our host, said:

"It seems to me that I have seen you before."

"Is it possible that you don't know me?"

"I know your face, but I cannot recall your name."

"Why, I'm your son Bill, the one that married last week."

"Why, how are you, Bill shake, old fellow. I knew that one of my boys got married, but I'll be dinged if I didn't forget which one."

"Ann's married too."

"Ann who?"

"Why, sister Ann married yesterday."

"Your sister Ann! Oh, yes," he exclaimed, with suddenly recollection, the one with long, light hair with one eye a little out of plumb."

"Oh, no, you are thinking about Jane."

"That's a fact, I will get them mixed. Let me see, Bill, what was your mother's name?"

"Emily; was old Archie Smith's daughter."

"Ah, hah, but do you remember which one of my wives she was?"

"The fourth one, I have heard her say."

"Yes, so she was. My stars, how time does fly! A family grows up around a man before he can scarcely realize it."

"How many times have you been married?" I asked, as we rode along.

"He took out a greasy old account book, turned to a page covered with figures, and said: 'Ten times. Haven't had the best of luck with my wives.'"

"How many children have you?"

"He scratched his head, in an embarrassed way, and replied: 'Now you've got me, Bill, back under, is pretty good at figures, but I never could do much in arithmetic.'—*Arkansas Traveler.*

## Open Wide the Windows.

Directly the sun begins to decline, let every maiden and housewife, and man and woman and child with an eye for the petulance, and a feeling for health and beauty, throw up the Venetian or Persian blinds. Open your rooms to the glories of the evening; throw up and pull down the shades; open wide all your doors. Let cool breezes enter the corridor and cellar and garret and room; let the "easter" air circulate through every inch of the house hour after hour, while you are getting your evening meal, while you say your prayers, while you think of others after the toils of the day. If it be your precious lot to dwell apart from city life, and have outside your cottage or villa or mansion, flowers, those lovely gifts of Dame Nature, let scents of roses and thyme come in at every gap in the hedge, at every rift of the wall, at every cranny of the house—scents of rosemary and mignonette, and lavender and bergamot, and lily and elderberry. Welcome the delicate perfume on its cooling, refreshing, healthy mission. It is Hyge's gift—a superlative boon for the dog days.—*Des Moines Mail.*

## Altogether Too Particular.

A guest at a hotel in Florida tasted of the butter and asked the waiter what it was. The servants didn't know, and the head-waiter was called. He professed his ignorance, and the guest sought the landlady. "That," said the host as he tasted it, "probably represents butter." "But don't you know?" "Not exactly. I've got a steward who is great on experiments, and whether this is creamery, dairy, common, artificial or the Chicago butterine I can't say. James, take this gentleman out and introduce him to the steward, and see that it is charged extra in his bill."—*Wall Street News.*

## What the Hen Thought.

"Mama," said a little girl, "I love hens, because they think of their prayers every day." "Dumb animals never pray, Lucy." "But a hen always thinks about it; the first three words of it, anyway." "What are the first three words, Lucy?" "Now I lay."—*Carl Pretzel's Weekly.*

## THE IDEAL NEWSPAPER.

An Interesting Essay on Journalism by Henry Watterson—The Three Cardinal Principles of Disinterestedness, Cleanliness, and Capacity.

In a letter to *The Louisville Courier-Journal* from Louisiana Henry Watterson writes: Yet, after all, has not literature, and particularly fictitious literature, under its old forms, very nearly run its course? Is there anything in books which the newspaper, adequately rendered, can not better produce and supply, except the records of times when there were no newspapers, admitting that works of the imagination have exhausted their possibilities and spent their force? Mind you, no man thinks less of the current newspaper than I do. It is a vast power misdirected, and I was almost going to say, wasted. But I have in my fancy a newspaper not so misdirected or wasted, conducted under the largest sense of public and personal responsibility, edited with tact, ability, and care, intelligently and cleanly, and where the occasion requires, brilliantly written, and yet furnished with all the resources of modern enterprise and organization.

No newspaper answering this description now exists in the world, and perhaps none is likely to exist for a long time to come. But one will exist as soon as the experiment is tried by a man equal to the task and master of the situation immediately at hand. Then the public, seeing what a newspaper can be, will not hesitate to make its choice; and, after that, it will pay no man of brains and ambition to fish mud out of the sewers.

But, it may be asked, what ought a newspaper to be, and what can it be? It should, to begin with, be a history, and a complete history, of yesterday, neatly and justly told. It should, and with it, be a chronicle of the life and thought, and as far as may be, a reflection of the temper and tone of the people, done with absolute fidelity. These purposes, which first achieve these purposes, will be the greatest of practical success, just as those newspapers which have approached them nearest have been the greatest practical successes.

At the bottom of this scheme lie three cardinal principles. They are: Disinterestedness, Cleanliness, Capacity.

The ideal editor need not be—nay, he must not be—a neutral, or a "free-lance." Often the worst kinds of servility and corruption are found masquerading under the pretense, and sometimes the actual belief, of "independence." No man can amount to much in this world who does not believe in something, and who has not some method in his believing, and to say of a man that he is not a partisan is to imply that he is either a scamp or a skeptic. The ideal editor may be as partisan as he pleases. But he must be disinterested; that is to say, he must seek the truth, as he sees it, for truth's sake, and not for the sake of an office or a job. He must deal fairly and frankly by the public. Even the professed advocates of special interests by doing so have gained great credit; how much more credit is to be gained and merited by one who dedicates himself wholly to the general interest? Too honest to be bought and too brave to be bullied, such an one needs only capacity to compass every end possible to the reason of his being. He will establish between his readers and himself a perfect understanding; just such an understanding as is established between the upright banker and his depositors or the honest lawyer and his clients.

Journalism, if journalists would only see it, is quite as exact a science as law and banking, and to it the same general principles should be applied as are applied to other professions which depend upon the faith and credit of the many, and which look for their rewards to the services they render the public. The banker who neglects his bank, the lawyer who quits his office to seek other kinds of profit, or fancied profit, political or otherwise, than belong to his legitimate business, loses—no matter what he may gain by his venture—professional character and custom. So will and so does the journalist. Journalism is no less a jealous mistress than law, and will as reluctantly divide her favors with another. Indeed, in public life the best, and all that any man can have is a constituency; and this, once acquired, may not be trifled with. He who is true to it will stand, as he who is not will fall, and the rule works precisely the same in the press as in politics.

There have been, of course, some journalists who have shone in official life, but not many, because the conditions that make a man brilliant in journalism are the reverse of those which make him brilliant in office. The business of the journalist is to arrest the attention of the public from day to day, and this puts a strain upon the inventive faculties and the nerve energy which are at war with the steady and sturdy composure indispensable to successful administration. In his public intercourse the journalist is a debater, not an administrator. He must be ready upon the instant for all comers, is allowed no time to reflect or prepare, and has to speak to every disjointed thought, giving each its proportion. An event, an idea no bigger than the first ray of the morning sun, appears above the surface of affairs; he can not wait for this to disclose itself, but must deal with it at once; it shows its face a little more, and he must mark the change and deal with that; and, finally, by the time it has reached its complete development and is ready for statesmen to take hold of it, the journalist has put it before his readers in many ways, according as it may have altered its aspects in the process of rising above the horizon and ascending to its zenith. He who is unwilling to submit himself to the limitation which such work as this imposes had best leave journalism severely alone; but to those who realize it and accept it there are lively times and plenty of usefulness ahead.

for few pursuits in the world are more variable and exciting than journalism. But I was speaking of literature and journalism, and the gradual crowding out of the one by the other. Already the greatest publishing houses are the great newspaper offices. The eminent propagandists of Christendom no longer rely upon books. To be excluded from the newspapers, or ignored by them, is to be lost. To Mr. Gladstone and to Dr. Doellinger, to Mr. Rusk and to Mr. Henry George the newspaper is a necessity. The press of the world can any day of the year, and by a flash, as it were, supply fifty millions of readers. Its wealth is proportionate. Three or four newspapers can form a syndicate to overbid any possible combination of book publishers. The end must be, therefore, that the best writing will find its best compensation in the journals, and, as time goes on, the journals will gradually draw to themselves the best writers. When that time comes, it will not be, as now in journalism, a contest of epigrams and epithets, in which those who are the sanest come off victorious, but an open and responsible competition for legitimate patronage, based upon the principles of supply and demand which prevail in other lines of business enterprise.

No man who has marked and considered the worldful progress of journalism the last forty years can doubt this, or fail to see that the journal of the future will surpass the journal of the present day in character and tone quite as far as the journal of to-day surpasses the journal of yesterday in opportunity and equipment.

The ideal journalist must be independent of the political managers and the party workers. To be so independent he must keep out of their company. He must be independent of the advertisers. To be so independent he must give them a medium of communication which they can not dispense with, the must be independent of money pressure. To be so independent he must mind his own business exclusively, a process which rarely fails to secure pecuniary independence, the root of every kind of independence. Ten years of honest effort in these directions will establish him who makes it in public credit, and that alone is any man's fortune.

## Ring the Bell Softly.

A drummer for an eastern house sat amid a group of colleagues who were admiring his voracious style of spinning "walkers," when one of the gang said:

"Tell us a fish yarn, Bob."

"I'll go ye," said Bob, and forthwith he commenced:

"I took my vacation last week and I ran across Grover, who was on a fishing excursion. I invited myself to become one of the party and had a good time. While we were throwing flies in the pools Grover dropped his seal ring in the water. He took it easy, as though he never expected to see it again. About a half an hour later we hooked a fine large trout which, when he was landed, we cut open, and what do you think was found in him?"

"Here! Here!" the crowd exclaimed.

"Somebody pull the bell!"

"You can't pull any bells on me unless you can guess what was in the trout."

"Spring something new, Bob. The ring story is too old."

"I have said nothing about the ring. When the trout was opened, we found the New York baseball club inside hiding away from the Chicago."—*Carl Pretzel's Weekly.*

## A Hint to Lovers.

If any man desire to know the character of his chosen future wife, let him take her hand and hold it up between him and the light. If considerable interest and charms show themselves between the fingers it is a sign of a desperate inquisitiveness. Mrs. Bluebeard doubtless possessed such blighting fingers. If on the contrary, the fingers fit closely together, they denote avarice. Secret hoard, chaste-purging tendencies, and a candle-end style of housekeeping may be prophesied by the light of chiropody in such cases. This may be one of the instances in which the study is to be found practically useful. In the same way young women may be advised to choose a husband whose hands are naturally red. His disposition will then be cheerful, sanguine, hopeful. The man with dark-colored hands will prove an indifferent companion. He inclines to biliousness and melancholy. If the hands are white, they denote a phlegmatic disposition, one scarcely more agreeable to live with than the bilious and melancholy.

## Sam's Head Level.

Sam Jones, the evangelist, has a business shrewdness about him that insures success. He says: "I am worth \$100 a day now, but if I get enough newspaper advertising I'll soon be worth \$1,000 a day when I preach, and then I'll go to Europe." Many a merchant and manufacturer could profit by adopting a judicious system of newspaper advertising. Let buyers know what you have to sell. Shrewd advertisers are abandoning all other advertising mediums and devices except the well-established newspapers.—*Boston Budget.*

## A Productive Tree.

"My son," said a father to his little boy, "what tree yields the most fruit?" "The apple tree?" said the boy. "No." "The pear tree?" "No." "The peach tree?" "No." "I guess it is the axle tree then, papa."—*Carl Pretzel's Weekly.*

## An Aid to Memory.

Candidate to voter—I believe you promised to vote for me. Voter—I don't recollect. I've promised to vote for so many fellows that I can't exactly remember. "Take something?" "Don't care if I do. By the way, I believe I did promise to vote for you."—*Goodall's Sun.*

## PULLING FODDER.

Bill Arp's sketch of a Country scene

Pulling fodder looks like a hard business, writes Bill Arp to *The Atlantic Constitution*. My tenants get to the field early while the grass and the weeds and the morning glory vines are all wet with dew, and the ground is sticky with moisture. They are soon wet up to their knees, and their pant-flop around their ankles and the dew drops fall in their sleeves, but they don't seem to mind it. By and by a sun mounts up over them the dew disappears, and the sultry heat comes down and there is no chance for a breeze in the low ground corn, but still they pull away, and talk and laugh a merry as if they were having a frolic. Then he has to tie it up and carry it through long rows to the end of the field, and the big pile of twenty or thirty bundles is all over his head and his shoulders and he goes bumping along the cornstalks and gets the frost all down his neck and in his eyes, but still he don't mind it, and brags how many bundles he carried and never dropped any one.

There is something mighty cheerful about willing labor, toil that is contented—sevent that is no curse. I couldn't pull fodder if I was willing, but I can't not willing. If I had a step-ladder and a hay to take it along from stock to stock and there was no dew and the sun was behind a cloud, I might venture a short row. Being willing is the great secret about labor. Being willing is the secret of success in anything. I heard an old man say that my man could quit drinking whiskey or chewing tobacco if he was willing. He must get his own consent the first thing, and then it is easy to do.

It is a man's nature to work up exactly to his tension. His task must be done. Pulling fodder is disagreeable, but the farmer's mind has been worked up to that for years and so it is all right. It is part of his business. We all string up our nerves, and our will to the tension of our condition, our necessities. It is like turning a screw on a violin to get the strings up to the chord. When they slacken they won't play it harmony and we must tighten the tension again. Dr. Felton lives two miles from town, and I live five and my nabor Weems lives ten. The doctor's road is just as long to him as mine is to me, or as the ten miles is to Nabor Weems. We have all got used to the task, the journey, and screwed our fiddles up to that tension, but I would get awful tired if I had to go as far as Weems and Dr. Felton wouldn't live where I do for anything. The doctor is sorry for me, and I am sorry for Weems, and he is sorry for somebody beyond him, but our sympathy is wasted. There is lots of sympathy wasted in this world, but it shows a good heart to have it. As the burden is, so the strength shall be. If labor is rewarded it is all right. Rowland says he don't mind pulling fodder at all if it don't get wet and spoil in the curing. Contentment is what we all want, and the poor man can be as contented as the rich one if his labor is rewarded—a reasonable reward. Then it is willing labor. The waterman goes on duty willingly at midnight. The doctor hears the door-bell ring willingly when deep sleep has possessed him on a cold and stormy night. The night editor of the daily paper is a willing slave to the lamp. Every true man will screw his courage up to the sticking point if the reward is in sight.

## Rough Feed Needed.

Under this head, argues the *Washington Post*, all domestic animals need rough feed, or "stover," mixed along with the fine food—hogs as well as the rest. In the case of the ruminating animals it is doubtful if grain or meat fed alone goes to the first stomach. A large majority of the experiments made to determine this point, clearly show that fine feeds do not, to any material extent, go to the first stomach when fed to cattle alone; and if feed does not go to the first stomach, it can be only very imperfectly digested, since it escapes the macerating process of the rumen, and be regurgitated and mixed with the saliva. How true this is every feeder of cattle, in the West at least, must know. A large proportion of the kernels of corn eaten by the animals is found in their droppings, some whole, others broken, but all undigested. If they had passed into the first stomach they would have been raised an inch reconstituted, and certainly would not have escaped this process scarcely broken. So it is when feed is fed. It passes into the third and fourth stomachs, a mass of dough into which the gastric juices cannot penetrate. It is true that the mastication of the stomach will give contractions of the stomach wall, but this will make it more compact rather than of a character that the gastric juice can operate freely upon it. If however, we mix this meal with cut straw or hay, the mixture will go to the first stomach, and will, of course, be reconstituted, while the bits of straw or hay will allow the gastric juice to circulate through the mass and insure complete digestion.

## Hair Lifters.

"Yes, sir," said the Great Traveler, "I have seen, with my own eyes, a wild Indian take the scalp of a white man—actually lift the hair from his head—and it made my blood run cold." "That's nothing," said the Sceptical Boarder, "that's nothing; right here is Lynn, on Market street, I have seen a man actually take three men in succession by the scalp and actually lift their hair from their heads." "Why, the man must have been crazy drunk or a lunatic," said the G. T. "Perfectly sane and sober as I am," replied the S. B. "Well, who in the name of goodness was he?" "He was a barber," solemnly said the S. B.—*Lynn Un on.*

Deadwood is suffering from an ice famine there not being enough in the town to cool a whisky cocktail. Great suffering prevails.—*Sioux City Journal.*