

BEAUTIFUL GRAND CANYON OF COLORADO

Its Splendor, Majesty and Beauty Sympathetically Described--- The Greatest of Nature's Marvels---A Descent Into Its Awful Depths.

In all the attempted descriptions of the Grand Canyon no one, I fancy however gifted, has ever written, no matter how vividly or enthusiastically, even a portion of what was in his soul. I know I felt there, as I have elsewhere, the fullness of an attempted faithful description.

I have seen the best of all of the most wonderful scenery of our own country, and have also seen the wonders of the Old World. I have stood upon the top of Cheops, Egypt's grandest pyramid; have looked down from the dizzy heights of the Jungfrau and Mt. Blanc, in Switzerland, and have trodden the snow fields far above the picturesque fords that nestle among Norway's mountains. I have wandered among the ruins of Thebes and Basileia and viewed from the summit of the Acropolis at Athens, Parnassus' snowy heights, Hymettus and Marathon in the distance. I have also stood upon the verge of Glacier point in Yosemite and Inspiration point in the Yellowstone canyon; have mused upon Calvary, Gethsemane and the Mount of Olives. Yet nothing I have ever seen impressed me in the way this canyon did; it is so unlike anything else I had ever beheld. How then would it be possible to give more than an idea of this, the most wonderful in its way of anything the world possesses?

Here may be seen or fancied all the beauties, grand or appalling things of the whole world; all of the best in sculpture, painting or in architecture cannot compare with what God, the great Creator, Architect and Builder, put here in this wonderful chasm. Here color reigns supreme, and holds away as it does in Yellowstone Park, only in this canyon the distances are so great that color, however intense, is softened or lost in the purple immensity of air.

In the early morning I stood in front of the hotel at the rim of the chasm that dropped beneath my feet down and down for 2400 feet, and from the fascinating yet terrifying depth I looked far across to the mystic chrome-tinted brink, thirteen miles opposite from where I stood. Shafts of light pattered the sky and below those paths of light were masses of vapor, soft and beautiful. Farther down the shadows, deepening into dark and dreadful depths, gave me some shivering, uncertain moments, but I had made arrangements the night before to go down into those fearful depths. Had I waited, I do not know, but am pretty certain, the result would have been the same.

I hurried through my breakfast and soon found myself mistress of a divided skirt and anchored on the back of a mule, following a guide down into the canyon. The trail was worse than any I had ever experienced; the trail up to the Mer de Glace, in Switzerland, and the trail in Yosemite were not so dangerous, for here the trail was icy and covered with snow a part of the way down. A single false step or slip, and I knew too well what the consequences would be. It took the whole day to make the trip. The trail wound by tortuous and devious ways and turns for five miles into the perilous depths.

Tortured by aches and pains, fears and misgivings, and then in moments of rapture forgetting all save the sublime, the solemn and grand scenes that met my eyes at every turn raised me to such heights of enthusiasm that life seemed of but small concern. There was such a bewildering confusion of strange, unique and appalling wonders in those depths, where the spirit of cosmic tragedy holds sway and an atmosphere of awe, and one of awe also sends a thrill of pain through one's being. It was a day that will be remembered while reason holds sway, and I shall be thankful all my life that I had the courage to make the trip down into the chasm.

I stood on a shelf hanging over the Colorado river, and looked into the abysses half veiled in a thin blue haze that extended on and on, deepening away until lost in the distance. Then I glanced up to those vast walls where were terraces and pinnacles, wave upon wave of solidified color, reaching out into boundless space; a mighty ocean caught in its turbulent fury and stayed by invisible forces. All

the exquisite colors of the rainbow were reflected in its depths—the beauty of the tropical skies, the changing effects of the glow of the Aurora Borealis were caught and imprisoned in the ebb and flow of this petrified storm-beaten mystical semblance of waters, whose profound stillness filled me with terror mingled with rapture, that only those who appreciate and love Nature can understand.

I know I was hypnotized by the canyon's vastness, by the magic of the pale blue mists half veiling the temples, cathedrals, walls and bastions that show along endless shelves, where the armies of the whole world might find lodgment, I was helpless and overpowered by its beauty, its mystery, as it stretched away in erratic windings for miles and miles beyond the uttermost power of vision. The ineffable beauty of this prodigious furrow plowed by the Colorado river moved and stirred my whole being; it made my eyes sting with unbidden tears, and evoked an involuntary sob that startled me into a realization of the emotions that chained me, a willing captive, to the witchery of its magic spell—a spell that haunted me through all the hours that came with the night, after the dreadful ascent from those fearful abysses, from the sepulcher wrought and fashioned by the agony of ages.

At last I reached the brink, worn and weary physically and mentally; thankful that I had escaped from the perils of the trail unhurt; and more than thankful for my day in the canyon, which holds within its vortex a weird, tangled, bewildering tangle of supernal and undreamed-of impossible scenes of a real and unreal lower world—scenes that haunted me through all the hours that came with the night, when fatigue and sleep stole my weary senses. All that night my hopes hovered over that wondrous chasm, over those marvelous terraced steeps. At times I was once again down into those vast silences; then I stood on some vast pinnacle, discovering fresh colors; gold and glistening blues intermingled with vivid reds, chromes and greens—all the colorings of the earth and sky is centered there, with the mystical tints of the ocean in the distance that had so impressed me during the day, and was with me in my dreams.

The canyon's beauty, its awful solitude, were still vivid in my mind when I stole out in the gray dawn, watching it turn to gold when the sun sprang over the rim and stabbed the gloomy depths with shafts of light, melting away the vapors, lighting up the deep red sandstone and tinted marbles that flashed and shined in the bright rays. That morning's beauty and the glamor of it, the majesty of the scene spread out before me a panorama of color, light and shade, mingled with celestial beauty, will never be forgotten.

Other points were visited during my stay at Bright Angel hotel. Often I would wander away to a point and seat myself on the rim—on the very edge of the world it seemed—where I could muse in peace, away from the tongues that vex the soul, and look out across the canyon I had so longed to see. Far as the eye could reach, it stretched in sinuous curves away and away into the blue line of forests on the opposite brink showed dimly above the stratas of pale yellow stone a tumbled world, sloping down, down from the far-off ancient banks of a river now nearly a mile beneath me.

There were strange, grotesque, fanciful upheavals and phantasmal forms I watched the play of light and shade; saw the sunstrike deep into the torn and ragged scars that were cut in the face of the cliffs, brightening the pink and red of the limestone into deeper shades and showing the waterways that might have been fashioned by zigzag streaks of lightning, as in confused wanderings they wind around pinnacles and buttes worn into a labyrinth of chasms and impenetrable shadowy depths, to where the river lies—a river that I know is foaming down there below all this tangled web of limestone, sandstone, gneiss and quartz, that lies in indiscriminate confusion, yet so sublime, that I often closed my eyes, unable to endure the wonderful mirages that show-

ed kaleidoscopic effects in shifting scenes and colors.

From every point of vantage visited I found it was the same, a series of surprises, a wonder, an apocalypse of grandeur and glory, before which my brain reeled in the mere effort of contemplating the inexhaustible forms of Nature's architectural carvings, that fill this crinkled, curled old chasm, winding in zigzag snoots; a length of seventy-five miles before me and melting away beyond the power of vision.

It is impossible to measure distances or give an adequate idea, or to guess the size of certain objects pointed out. A tiny bit of the flashing river 4000 feet below me, seemingly only a few hundred feet in length, was in reality six miles long. I had, however, no wish for details. I preferred to feast my eyes upon the phantasmal forms of rock, and meditate for it is a place for thought, and silence. The canyon, so deeply worn and scarred by the conflict of cycles stretching back beyond one's imagining, was old, perhaps, when Noah sat and whittled and planned the Ark, or Adam learned the art of subterfuge. The sun shown on these mesas encantadas, even before the pueblos of the cliff-dwellers, like determined reminiscences of the past, clung in inaccessible places, from which the dwellers crept like ants from their aerial retreats or before the ancestral ape stood erect.

The place was full of brooding memories, and the silence awful in its intensity, in the vast sunken world beneath me. I have stood upon the hot, trembling crater of Vesuvius, and have breathed the air of the windswept deserts of the Nile; have seen the River Jordan and the Dead Sea; have heard the thunder of falling icebergs from the Muir glacier, and watched the icebergs there and at Taku Inlet drift away in the waste of waters, spectral as dreams, and I have seen the confusion of spouting geyzers and writhals of vapor from the chaotic under-world in the Yellowstone Park, that sends the boiling, foaming jet skyward with clocklike regularity—but all that I had seen seemed to be but a sort of preparation for me, that I might more fully enjoy this, the greatest of all of God's grandest labyrinth of wonders.

Someone has written about our people "doddering abroad" to see the scenery incomparably inferior to our own. Granted that this is so, in its way, yet I think those who have traveled, who have seen, are those best fitted to comprehend. So I felt as I saw something of the thousand miles of harmonious colorings and carvings in this deep cleft that stretched away to the horizon's uttermost rim, and nearer me saw mountains floating in the blue voids, showing peak, turret and cone, with no visible anchorage. In vivid coloring of marvelous brilliancy, which softened in the distance into a soothing harmony of colors, through atmospheric influence and refraction.

It is a world unlike any I have known, a world of changing, evanescent lights, and of colors that run riot from the depths, up and up to the uttermost verge. It is so vast, so glorious in its distances, wherein are such wonderful mirage effects, one imagines great cities and armies passing and repassing. Seemingly ships were sailing on smooth waters, with their shadows plainly seen in the blue depths. A charming, marvelous pageant lay over against the opposite bank from me, and lower down were vast stretches of plain in death-like silence and isolation. Then there were other bright groupings, showing a very miracle of climatic glory, that gave me an unparalleled scene and filled me with ecstasies like the sound of some exquisite melody, soul-filling and satisfying. It was a requiem and a kallelujah; a desolate, ruined world here, and a radiant, glowing world of beauty there; each in turn speaking to my heart as no words could do—"sermons in stone" indeed, with strange, soft, weird music stealing up from those strangely disquieting depths. It is the voice of the winds among those crags that sob and moan and then changes into symphonies sweet and solemn, dying away

into silent benedictions, until one's heart is filled with the pain of the music and the solemnity of silence.

The beauty and grandeur of this silent yet shifting, animated glory, swathed in soft ethereal vapors, is overpowering in its impressiveness, and is homage-impelling; sternly real, yet spectral as a dream. It is the soul of all the architects, of all the painters and sculptors ever known, for in its depths are all that can delight the eye or stir the imagination or emotions. It is a geological apocalypse that touches and holds one in thrall; half mystery, half revelation, where language fails and description is commonplace. With me it will be a matchless spectacle, whose pictures will always be a part of my being, whose awful grandeur, while inexpressible leaves its impressions on the soul. Its choicest silence, symbolical of the eternal silence coming to us all; its world of shadowy forms, stretching like turbulent waves in masses of color rioting against the rim of the world—an enduring and deathless memory filled with divine pathos—filled me with nameless longings that were undefinable, as I sat in the presence of this canyon. There Nature had done her utmost, with her unerring brush, blending the sensuous, brilliant, ravishing, harmonious revelation beneath me into a grand joyful overture, an allegro through which runs a vague uncertain minor chord of sadness and pain.

Such were my impressions; what the canyon is to others I know not; there are people doubtless too prosaic, too hopelessly sane, to understand to feel, to know, but for me it will always be a luxuriant lotus-dream of matchless beauty, and lovely as the hope of life everlasting.

Once more on the main line at Williams, we had scarcely started westward before troubles came in quick succession. Wrecks and delays were our portion on the Santa Fe. One needed to possess and know the meaning of holy faith, to hope to escape unscathed, but the journey westward was comfortable withal, and Fate sent a stray relative who kindly relieved me of the cares of travel. So we left the gray billowy desert and interminable cacti and gaunt Yucca trees, standing in weird distorted shapes, and went on and on over the gray sea of tar-brush, greasewood and smaller varieties of shrubs. At Needles we left the Colorado river. —Mrs. William Beckman in Sacramento Bee.

A Dog's Fidelity.

Throughout the long journey from Savannah, Ga., to Kansas City, "Peddler," the pet dog for the past year and

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constant companion of the late Daniel E. Saighman, rode on his master's coffin. He could not be induced to leave it, even to be fed or watered, and it was with difficulty he could be made to eat, even when food was taken to him. He lay for the most part in the same place, above the shipping tag nailed to the pine box, and wore it down until it was almost illegible. "Peddler" accompanied Mr. Saighman on his journey throughout the United States and Canada, and it is feared the dog will die when his master is buried. Mr. Saighman, who formerly owned the site of the new Journal building, and was identified with local real estate interests, later went to Joplin and promoted many mining enterprises. He died in Savannah Tuesday.—Kansas City Journal.

"Ben Vickrey, who brought Mexican Pete here a few months ago, has a new man coming East in a few days," says an Eastern exchange. If the new find is the same calibre as the notoriously yellow greaser, the best disposition Benjamin could make of him would be to coax his protégé over to the East river and hold his head under water for a period of 35 or 40 minutes.

Also it is the open season for hunting jack rabbits, which may interest parties partial to that industry as a means of existence in a cold climate. Word comes that the Yale football team is badly crippled. Somehow the sounds familiar; think we heard a similar remark before. It may have been a dream.

Dowie is followed at the Madison Square garden by a first-class dog show, which is being better patronized than Elijah the Second's army.

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These are complete and we shall add to them from day to day until Christmas. A feature of particular value to be noted is our Diamond and Watch Stock. These goods were selected and bargained for last February, and therefore we secured prices which will defy all competition—and sales already made indicate they have found the low-priced place to buy these goods. Never before in our experience have we laid away Xmas goods for customers as early as this year, and indications are a record breaker for 1903. Your inspection is solicited. Affable and accommodating clerks to show you goods—whether you buy or not. Our knives, forks, spoons and purses will continue to be sold at a discount of 20 per cent. Our optical department is patronized more than ever. You will find our experienced eyesight specialist in attendance, and when glasses are needed prices will be reasonable. Try ours when others fail.

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