

argols, bottled in powder, at a high temperature, is an absolute regulator; invaluable either for adults or children, and particularly so for babies, as the stomach is kept sweet and it is perfectly harmless.

It is impossible to measure the evil occasioned by the violent methods resorted to in order to get rid of a little temporary pain or inconvenience. Pain is not always an enemy; sometimes it is our very good friend, and were it allowed to perform its mission, would save us vastly more suffering in the future than we experience from it in the present. Let us remember that drugs never cure disease; they may alleviate symptoms, but it is often at great risk, and they never cure; that is effected by natural processes, with such aid as they may receive from good air, right diet, careful nursing, proper temperature, and the like. The nurse is often more important than the doctor, and patience must be exercised in getting rid of an evil which may have been long in coming, and finds conditions which are favorable to its stay.

Editorial Correspondence.

SARATOGA, AUGUST 1st.

SARATOGA is not properly known or estimated by those who consider it merely a fashionable watering-place, a village sprung into notoriety by the possession of one or more mineral springs of doubtful value, whose principal use is to bring people together; to repeat the social follies during the summer upon which they have exhausted themselves during the winter.

The very name of Saratoga shows how far back its reputation extended, for it was conferred by the Indians centuries ago, and means "Place of the Miraculous Water." In those days High Rock Spring was the only one known, and to this the Indians brought their sick from long distances; and to this also, the Indians brought the first white man some time about 1760. The second known white visitor was Sir Wm. Johnson, and he was carried to the spring on a litter also by Indians in 1767.

The first road to the spring, through the forest was made in 1783, by Gen. Philip Schuyler, and here he erected a tent and lived in it through the summer. The following year he put up a rude frame house of two rooms, and this was the first residence built at Saratoga Springs.

As late as 1792 the town consisted of only two rude log houses, which some rough additions converted into temporary inns, for the accommodation of a few guests.

In the rear was a primitive blacksmith's shop made by simply putting stones one on top of the another. At a short distance was the summer home of Gen. Schuyler, which still consisted of two rooms with a wide stone fireplace and chimney between.

In the August of that year, a few visitors had gathered at the High Rock tavern, known among the Indians as the "Great Medicine Spring." Among them was Gov. John Taylor Gilman, of New Hampshire, who had been a delegate to the Continental Congress. Wandering about the woods with his gun, in search of game, he came to a little waterfall, and found that from the foot of it issued a jet of sparkling water. He made known his discovery, and the spring was christened on the spot by its present title, in honor of the Continental Congress.

One of the persons present at the christening is said to have been Indian Joe, who came from his "clearing" on the hill, where the Clarendon now stands.

The entire region around Saratoga is one of peculiar and picturesque beauty, as well as historical interest. Valuable mineral waters abound in

every direction, and are of the most distinctive and varied character, adapted to the cure of almost every form of human ailment; and to the medicinal qualities of these waters is added the reviving and strengthening element of air, quickened by its passage through the Adirondacks, and laden with the breath of the pine which abounds in the region.

Fashion has set its seal on the beautiful drive to Saratoga Lake, which is one of the most charming in all Western New York, embracing within its nine miles of length, and three of breadth, all the attractions which the lovers of scenery, of sport, or smooth water rowing could desire. Snake Hill affords the favorite point for observation, and the lake is almost a bed of water lilies, which are vended everywhere.

Transient visitors, who simply come to drink the waters, and who see Saratoga only from the piazza of a fashionable country hotel, know very little of the real charm or out-lying elements which enter into its permanent life and interests. Broadway in Saratoga is one of the finest streets in the world, and is shaded its entire length by elms which rival those of New Haven. It is lined with beautiful residences, and contains a resident population of more than average culture and intelligence. There are two literary clubs, one of which is twenty years old, and both of which admit ladies and gentlemen to equal membership. Of one, the "Shakespeare" Club, the President is a lady, Mrs. E. H. Walworth; of the other, the "Art and Science Club," she is Vice-President. The latter organization is a field club, holding its meetings out of doors, and exercising a powerful influence in the cultivation of useful aims in social and recreative enjoyments.

The investigation of the interesting and historic spots in and around Saratoga is well worth more time and attention than the usual visitor bestows upon it. The battle-ground of Saratoga, the scene of Gen. Burgoyne's surrender, Mount MacGregor, Prospect Ridge, the White Sulphur Spring and Park Round Lake, and Wearing Hill are rather long but delightful drives, and afford points of view from which the most extended prospects can be gained. The Green Field Hills, otherwise known as Prospect Ridge, is a boundary line of the Kayaderoseras Valley which is formed on the other side by the Kayaderoseras Range, a lower spur of the Adirondacks. On the crest of the Green Field Hills stands a solitary poplar tree, straight up against the sky, and this is usually the objective point of a drive in this direction. Mount MacGregor is a favorite resort of picnickers.

The shorter drives, in addition to Saratoga Lake, are to the Geyser and Spouting Springs, to Glen Mitchell and to Loughberry Lake.

Notwithstanding the extent to which the Saratoga spring water has been employed, and found medicinally useful, there is, in reality, very little known in regard to the actual value of the waters, or their adaptation to the different forms of disease. A spring becomes the fashion, and everybody drinks of it, irrespective of its suitability to their requirements. For many years the Congress Spring held the foremost place, and even yet there are old *habitues*, who consider it superior to any other, and will not listen to arguments in favor of the more recent and popular Hathorn. The most that has been done to formulate a system of drinking the waters, is to take those which possess cathartic qualities, as the Hathorn and Congress, before breakfast, and the tonic waters, as the Washington, the Columbian, and the Hamilton, in the middle of the day and before retiring.

But there are other springs which possess a distinctive quality of their own, and which are not so much used, simply because they are at a distance from the fashionable center, and because

very little is known concerning them. One of these is the Vichy Spring, which possesses powerful alkaline qualities, but is less saline than most of the other springs. Its analysis approaches very nearly to the European Vichy, and its taste also is similar. In common with the Spouting Springs, it is radiantly clear; spouting up from the ground into the air, the drops looking like diamonds in solution.

No such collection or variety of mineral waters exists in the world, as is to be found in Saratoga, and its healthfulness, its freedom from malarial influences, from mosquitos, and the common torments of so many country places, will always render it one of the most delightful of summer resorts. Its system of hotels is now conceded to be the finest in the world, and the public spirit of Judge Hilton in introducing new features for the summer entertainment of guests, such as garden parties; in building one of the finest and most elegantly appointed hotels (the Windsor), and in adding a new park at the head of Broadway to the permanent attractions of the town has done much to build it up, and encourage others to a display of enterprise and originality.

Congress Park has been made one of the most beautiful of the daily resorts. The inclosure consists of the grounds belonging to the original Congress Spring, and its terraced elevations form a natural amphitheater intersected by walks, and crowned with a fine grove of trees. A trout pond, and a deer park are among the features, while abundance of seats are provided for the convenience of visitors who wish to listen to the music of an excellent band, that plays in the morning, afternoon and evening. Promenade concerts are given every night during the season, and these, in addition to the excellent music furnished by hotels, are a never-failing source of interest and pleasure.

Saratoga is bound to thrive so long as people have stomachs, and abuse them, for its waters are a panacea for such ills as come from over-indulgence in the good things of this life, and they might also be considered a consolation in their absence.

An Overland Trip.

THE following home letter from a son of the proprietors of this magazine, was not strictly intended for publication, though having made a beginning it may be followed by others. In fact, we are promised a second, giving some idea of the fashions of the California watering-places.

PALACE HOTEL,

SAN FRANCISCO, June 20, 1880.

DEAR FATHER AND MOTHER:—You know well what it is to cross the ocean? Well—take your ship, put it on wheels, drop the sea-sickness, and—Presto! you are on the "Overland Train!" The similarity between the two voyages is remarkable, especially while crossing the Great American Desert, where nothing can be seen but billows of sand from horizon to horizon.

The promenades at the stations, often over half an hour in duration; the ladies, sewing, reading, and alas! gossiping; the gentlemen in the "smoke-room" playing cards: everything, even to the evening sing, and "strictly amateur entertainment," reminds one forcibly of a trip across the "big pond." I want to take you with us in fancy on our trip to California. You will necessarily have to travel fast, for young people are not likely to have much need for "rest."

The traveler from the East finds little to surprise him before reaching Omaha, unless it be the

charming dining cars. If one has never dined in this way, as was the case with "yours truly," the sensation is somewhat peculiar. As for me, I kept up such a broad grin the whole time, that I am persuaded the waiter thought me some harmless lunatic, and my friend my keeper. To think of dining from a bill of fare Delmonico need not have been ashamed of, while flying along at the rate of forty miles the hour! Nine courses, at the low price of seventy-five cents, I thought remarkably cheap. But to return to Omaha. The starting point of the Union Pacific is properly at Council Bluffs, directly opposite Omaha, on the east bank of the Missouri. But the "fun" is at Omaha. The bustle and excitement is as much as if the train started only once a year, instead of every day. We stopped over a day to "do" this town. (Private advice to parties who intend to visit Omaha for pleasure. "Don't!!") But the whistle blows, and we must hurry aboard. There is a little preliminary grumbling about "the upper berth," from the military-looking man up front, and then we settle down for our trip.

But not comfortably. We are all sitting as straight as Methodist deacons. Everything is as solemn as a funeral. By and by the little boy with the piece of cake, who soon will ripen out into the *enfant terrible* of the car, reaches over and drops some crumbs down the back of the pale young man with the light mustache. He smiles a sickly smile, and tries to look at the mother as if he thought it very funny. But it's no use. Now the pretty young lady drops her book, and the gallant young gentleman just opposite picks it up in a twinkling, and presents it with the most fascinating bow imaginable. She smiles and nods her thanks, and immediately the young fellow becomes ecstatically happy. None of us appear to have seen all this, *but we have*. Just as we are beginning to drop off into an uncomfortable sermon-time doze, the fat man at the end of the car tries to walk down the aisle. The train goes round a curve—he wavers—clutches at the arm of the seat—misses it—tries another—misses that also—and goes—bang! on to the floor of the car. The roar of laughter that goes up, when his red face appears above the seats and it is ascertained that he is not hurt, would startle an oyster.

From that moment the ice is broken. The person who doesn't enjoy himself till the journey is over is either ill, or ought to be. I must, however, except the jealous young man. He had an introduction to the pretty young lady at Chicago, but the young man of the book episode receives all the smiles from across the aisle. Her "Ma" thinks the smiles altogether too frequent.

I have heard that on the railroads in Mexico, the train hands stop at the stations to make a cigarette and smoke it. But surely I never was on such a "free and easy" road as the U. P. If "time is money," they should immediately raise the rate of fare one hundred per cent. But still the trip is thoroughly enjoyable. It's true, the meals along the road are simply execrable, but then one has such a small amount of exercise that as little as possible should be eaten. But by all means one should have a lunch-basket along, for the meal stations are placed at charmingly irregular distances.

The first day out from Omaha we pass through a prairie country, with thriving, busy towns at short intervals. After a few hours, however, the towns become further and further apart, the "settlements" gradually disappear, and we begin to approach the great plains, where we first come to the "Alkali Region." I felt like turning back. Desolation—utter and complete—is written on every side. On each horizon rises a low line of hills, sometimes quite near, and at others faint in the distance, rough, and with the scantiest signs of vegetation. All around roll the billows of alkali

sand, with nothing growing but the sage-bush and plants of a like character. Now and then a sort of flower is seen, which rather increases the loneliness of the place than otherwise. The wagon-trains travel for days without finding water or green herbage. On disturbing the sand with a kick or otherwise, a fine powder arises, which fills the nostrils, eyes, and ears, and causes, with some persons, inflammation to a degree that, though not severely painful, is very annoying.

Now get out your latest novel or the "euchre-deck," for there is nothing to attract your attention in the way of scenery. The gallant young man reads Tennyson to some one, I believe, but we did not have his "roost," as the "Bad Man from Bodie" said. (Bodie is a rather disreputable mining town, so I am told.)

On reaching Cheyenne the passengers for Denver leave us, but luckily we lose none of the jolly party in our car. Our life for two or three days now may be summed up in "eating, drinking, and sleeping," or, as in Mark Twain's Diary, "got up, washed, went to bed." We have some fine scenery crossing the Black Hills, but this pleasure does not really commence, with the single exception of Echo Canyon, till, after changing cars at Ogden, we leave the "Union" and take the "Central" Pacific Railroad. We concluded to "take in" Salt Lake City on our return, and so, having changed cars, we sped along the shore of the Great Salt Lake. By sundry nods and winks to the ticket-agent we kept the same party together in our new car, and to celebrate the success of our diplomacy, we gave that same night a "Grand Concert and Jubilee." Have you ever seen the piece that has been so successful during the past season called the "Tourists in a Palace Car?" That's the idea. We sang a chorus or two, then followed a solo from the young lady, after which the pale young man recited the old stand-by, "Shamus O'Brien."

Then we had a medley of the jolliest and funniest things imaginable. The fat man tried to dance the "Highland Fling," but somehow he did not seem as successful as his best friends could wish, altogether we kept it up till the porter insisted that it was time for him to transform our opera house to a dormitory. Hours after that we could faintly catch the touching strains of "We won't go home till morning," proceeding from the gentlemen's smoking room. All the next day we sped along through sagebrush and alkali, with now and then a beautiful valley, or a herd of antelope, to relieve the monotony, till night, when we two miserable boys were compelled to make our affectionate adieus to our pleasant companions. For here, at Reno, we were to lay over a night in order to see the Sierra Nevada mountains by daylight.

Till the moment of parting we did not realize how much we, who were total strangers five days ago, had become attached to one another. The gallant young man had become "attached" so much that he felt compelled to go on, though he had fully intended to stop over with us. I have since been informed that he saw the Sierras *by moonlight* (without any moon) from the steps of the car—and had company too, till "Ma" interfered at eleven!

Well, how shall I give you even a faint idea of the grandeur of the scenery on the following day? Of the mountains on the one hand, towering above till they seem to overwhelm you; on the other ravines, which make you dizzy to look down into; of the boundless expanse of waving pines, massive rock, and rushing river. My pen fails me. Come and see it yourself. Put off the "tower" to Europe, and see the beauties and grandness of your own country. I know it's more "swell" to go "abroad," but truly this is a country of "magnificent distances," and after

making this trip you will never hear "West" without having a desire to "go." That morning at Reno I wore my overcoat. At eleven I had to take it off to be comfortable. At twelve-thirty we had a snow-ball fight at a way station on the top of the mountains; at three, at the foot of the mountains, I was compelled to take off my *under-coat*, it was so warm, and on arriving at Oakland (the Brooklyn of San Francisco), where we took the ferry-boat, I was obliged once more to don my overcoat, tying a handkerchief, in addition, around my neck. How is that for climate?

Still, I must confess, I have since found "the glorious climate of California" to be the most delightful I have ever experienced. While we read of our own townspeople dying off by scores with the extreme heat, we still wear our heavy underclothing, and often our overcoats evenings. Where we stopped for dinner the last day of the journey, I had occasion to purchase something a short distance from the station. Entering a store, and picking up the desired article, I asked, "How much is this, please?" "Two bits, sir." "I beg pardon?" "Two bits, sir." "You really must excuse me," said I, "but I have neglected to bring my interpreter with me. Would you mind translating your language into the Eastern dialect?" With a glance of scorn that made me wish I had made a more complete study of modern languages, he snapped out "Two bits is twenty-five cents!" As I hurried out to catch the train, I could plainly hear the other clerks laughing at the fool of a Yankee, who didn't know the value of a "bit." I am informed that until a year or two ago, they did not reckon anything less than a bit. Now they have a few five cent pieces, though they are scarce. We are stopping while in this city at the Palace Hotel. It is by far the largest "caravansary" in the world, and to my mind, the best kept. Perhaps I am prejudiced, for Mr. Sharon, the owner, has been extremely kind to us. Rome, with its seven hills, cannot compare in that respect to "Frisco." There seems to be over 1700 mountains on which the city is founded. They pull the *horse-cars* up the steep streets by an endless chain which runs along under-ground between the rails. The conductor rides on the car, while in front is the "dummy," in which stands the engineer with an apparatus, by which he grasps and releases the chain at will. Passengers ride both on the car and dummy. The latter switches off at the top of the hill, and horses take its place. The fine residences are on the heights, and really magnificent they are too, surpassing anything we have in the East. All the "swells" are out of town now, at the watering places. Will write my impressions of them when I view their highnesses. Yesterday we visited the noted "Chinese Quarters." I haven't gotten the stench out of my nostrils yet! Our own Five Points in its "palmy days," was nothing in comparison to this district. We found in some of the lodging houses, as many as seventy-five men in a space 10 x 45, all smoking, and no ventilation. Opium dens, pawn-shops, gambling halls, and places of a like character are huddled together, and all those wretched people (forty-two thousand in winter), live in a total space of eight blocks! Think of it, ye who oppose legislation on Chinese immigration! I must confess, my opinions have undergone a most decided change in the past few days. I am, perhaps, not quite ready to shout with Dennis Kearney, "The Chinese must go!" but at least my cry is, "They must not come!"

We start for the Yosemite Valley in a few days, and I will pen you a letter from that (if all accounts are to be accepted) delightful spot.

Till then, yours, on the wing.

W. C. D.

instance, when a member of the sixth degree dies his family receives \$5,000, the fifth degree \$4,000, the fourth degree \$3,000, the third degree \$2,000, the second degree \$1,000, and the first degree \$500. There is a graduated scale of payments according to age. Of course, an invalid person cannot belong to the Order, and an elderly person has to pay much higher assessments than a younger one. The scheme seems to be admirable, and its efficiency depends entirely upon the honesty with which it is worked. The various secret societies are not always efficient. Freemasons, Odd Fellows, and other secret organizations have had a partial success, but this American Legion of Honor seems to have a better organization for benefiting its members than any other now in existence.

The Order of the Garter.

The Duke of Bedford takes the vacant place in the Order of the Garter made so by the death of Viscount Stratford de Redcliffe. This Duke is the head of the great house of Russell. The family dates back to Henry VIII., and were enriched by the spoliation of the church estates. The family history has been ennobled by the name of William, Lord Russell, heir to the Earldom, who was beheaded in 1683 by order of the cruel Jeffries. The late Earl Russell (Lord John) was the most capable member of this great ducal house. The new Knight of the Garter holds 87,425 acres of land, which has an annual rental of over \$600,000. These lands are distributed in ten different counties, and besides there are large estates in London. Indeed, one-fifth of the city of London is said to be built upon the property of the Duke of Bedford. These lands are not sold, but are leased, provision being made that at the expiration of the leases the land, with its houses and improvements, reverts to the Duke of Bedford's heirs. The value of this London property may be inferred from the fact that in a recent expropriation a piece of Russell property was valued at eighteen guineas a foot, or over four million dollars an acre. Who would not be a duke?

Is she Mad?

The great novelist Bulwer, otherwise known as Lord Lytton, had a wife with whom he quarreled. She wrote a novel showing some literary ability, but the point of which was an attack upon her husband. When a candidate for member of parliament, she appeared on the hustings to oppose him, but this did not prevent his election. She bore her husband a son while they lived together, since known as the poet Owen Meredith. His productions have very great merit, and many of them are popularly recited by our traveling elocutionists. Earl Beaconsfield made this poet Governor-General of India, but he did not achieve much distinction as a ruler, although he had served with honor as a diplomatist to Austria, about which he subsequently wrote a novel. Lady Bulwer has again come to the front in a book entitled "A Blighted Life," in which she calls her son (the Viceroy of India) a "miserable hound," and her late husband (the distinguished novelist) a "brute." Perhaps the poor woman is crazy.

An old, old Abuse.

Just think of giving pensions which are to last not only for the lifetime of the recipient, but for generations after him! The Duke of Marlborough was given by the English parliament the magnificent country seat, Blenheim, and his heirs have received about four million dollars since his death. The Duke of Wellington's descendants get \$20,000 per annum. A certain Duke of Schumberg, who died two centuries ago, has cost the English nation over four million dollars in pensions. Why, Heaven only knows. The heirs of Sir Thomas Clarges have drawn \$4,000 per annum for over two hundred years. Nobody knows for what. This is only a sample of the magnificent pension list of England, and now comes Charles Bradlaugh to the front with the proposition for a parliamentary commission to inquire into these old pensions, why they were paid, and why they may not be discontinued to the benefit of the public treasury. There will be a howl, of course, against cutting off these sinecures, but we in this country certainly regard these annuities as an unjust impost upon tax-payers.

The Loss of the "Vera Cruz."

What a terrible story is that of the foundering of the *Vera Cruz*, a vessel which sailed between New York and certain of the ports in the West Indies. It was a staunch ship (none better sailed from our harbor); the captain was tried and true;

the first mate had been a captain, familiar with the sea and with the coast; the crew did their duty; the machinery was all in order, and yet this strong vessel, ably commanded and well manned, was broken in two by the waves, and barely twelve persons saved out of some sixty on board. When leaving New York, the captain had been warned that a cyclone would be likely to strike his vessel. Had he kept to the east, or swerved but a few points in the compass, he would have made a prosperous voyage. But he was caught literally between two whirlwinds. Had he really been in either one or the other, there would have been no great danger; but it was the action of the two opposing forces which raised such waves that the water came down the hatchways, put out the fires, and then the fine vessel became unmanageable. The newspapers have told the story. Here were heroism and splendid efforts to save life, but the boats could not be launched, the noble captain was swept from the decks, and at length the ship parted in two, thirty miles from the shore. As we have said, twelve persons were saved, being driven on the Florida shore on pieces of the wreck. It is a sad story, and one which will long be remembered in the list of disasters which have occurred on our coast.

A Murderous Gun.

A new Prussian gun, which is to be given to the soldiers of Germany for use in war, seems to be an extraordinary weapon, if all is true that is claimed for it. It is capable of firing twelve shots in twenty-four seconds, after which it may be used like any ordinary gun of one shot. It can be loaded while firing. It has a store-chamber, holding cartridges, of sheet iron, weighing 350 grammes, and with the capacity of eleven cartridges. This store-chamber can be removed or inserted at will, and it acts automatically when the store-chamber is opened, or even when it is shut. No special movement is necessary. In opening this store-chamber a cartridge comes in, and in closing, another cartridge comes forward so that it will fall into the place when the store-chamber is again opened. This store-chamber can be adapted to any gun loading at the breech, if the latter can be provided with a cylindrical closing. It requires but fifteen seconds to refill the store-chamber. The inventor of this murderous machine is M. Lowee, a member of the Progressionist party of Prussia, and a leading orator in the League of Peace.

The Photophone, the latest marvel.

What miracles science has daily in store for us! Just think, we will soon be transmitting sound by light—in other words, the sun's rays will be used to send sounds from one end of the country to the other. This is an invention of Thomas Melville Bell, the first utilizer of the telephone; and he told his story modestly at the last meeting of the Association for the Advancement of Science. This is not the place to describe the technique of this new discovery. All we care to do is to herald it, and point out its wonderful possibilities.

Artificial light can be used instead of the sun's rays—but it seems possible that with this new agency we can speak to our fellow men all over the globe without the intervention of the telegraph. Some years since scientists discovered that all the forces of nature were convertible; that light, heat, electricity, muscular motion, magnetism, were interchangeable, and could be converted one into the other. This new discovery is a confirmation of the truth of this theory, sometimes known as the Conservation of Force. It has got to be a truism that no atom of matter or any tangible force can be destroyed. They are indestructible. If matter disappears in one shape, it reappears in another. If you seek to destroy electricity, it reappears as light or heat. So of these two immorality of matter and force we are at least sure. But what miracles science has in store for us!

An Overland Trip.

LETTER III.

PALACE HOTEL,
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., September 20, 1880.

DEAR DEMOREST:—With a bottle of "Pond's Extract" in one hand, and my pen in the other, I sit me down to give you my humble views of the "Yosemite Valley" region. To say that we are tired but faintly expresses our present state. We are "all broke up!" But a happier week than the past one I have never spent in my life.

Eight days ago we took our seats in the comfortable sleeping car at Oakland for Madera, an insignificant station out on the plains, on the line of the Southern Pacific. Rising at five the next morning, after the usual Western breakfast of "ham and eggs and sich," we took our first experience of Western staging. And such an experience! In the early morning, dashing over the level prairies, six in hand, the fresh, cool breeze had a most bracing and exhilarating effect on me. I wanted to sing, shout, or do anything to show how happy I was, and how perfect was my appreciation of our surroundings. But I resolutely restrained myself, out of respect to my fellow passengers, and contented myself with whistling sundry and various airs of a more or less classical nature. But, ah me! I knew not what was to come. If I had, I doubt not but that I should have whistled a funeral dirge instead of "My Mary Ann."

In about an hour or two the sun began to show his power, and I stopped whistling, and contented myself with watching in quiet enjoyment the various birds and beasts that presented themselves along our route in rapid succession. The jackass rabbit, or, as he is called by his intimate friends, "jack rabbit" was the most amusing fellow of all. He has the longest wings—I mean ears—of anything near his size I ever saw. When he stops just on the brow of a hill, with the sky for a background, and throws forward his ears, it is hard to keep from shooting him for a deer. Not on account of his size, for he is only the size of an ordinary rabbit, but when his "sails" are unfurled they loom up like the antlers on a buck's head. The little fool is so curious that if you will only whistle he will stand and watch you till you riddle him with bullets, and he drops from sheer inability to stand. The quail and doves along the road were even more numerous than our "chippy-birds." East, and soon a noble buck sprang up from behind a clump of bushes right ahead, and dashing across the road was lost to view behind the brow of the hill; and to think I had nothing but a pocket-knife to kill him with!

All these curious things served to amuse me, though it was hot, till we reached the foot of the mountains and began the toilsome ascent. Oh my, the dust! Whew! you remember New York on a March day, with the wind furiously driving along our *clean* streets. We had that sort of thing steady, from eight o'clock A.M. to the same time P.M. Then the coach would strike a rock, and we would all "drift to leeward" with a unanimity which to a disinterested observer would no doubt be extremely amusing, but to us was agony untold, after the novelty had worn off, which with me happened about the seven hundred and sixty-third jolt. But coming down the mountains the fun commenced. Around the curves we dashed at a furious speed, with steep cliffs now on one side now on the other, and barely room enough for the coach. Some of the turns were so sudden that the heads of the leaders went out of sight for a moment. The driver, who rejoiced in the euphonious name of "Wild Cat George," insisted that pretty soon we would come to curves where he would be able to lean over and pat the faces of the leaders as they dashed by! However, I didn't see them. I was no doubt occupied in rubbing the dust out of my eyes. At night, when we "put up" at Clark's (the half-way station), a more begrimed, tired, hungry set of travelers never was seen. I went to bed and dreamed that I was a stage-driver who had tumbled his load of passengers down the side of the mountain, and we were rolling, rolling,—eh?

Thank heaven! it's the porter hammering away at the door for me to be off on the stage.

Our ride the next day was much the same as the day before, the scenery being much bolder, and giving us, as it were, a foretaste of what was to come. About twelve o'clock, I was rubbing the dust out of my eyes with one hand and holding on for dear life with the other, for we were rapidly descending, when the coach turned a more abrupt curve than usual, and the driver rang out, "Inspiration Point!" and there right below us lay the wonderful "Yosemite Valley" in all its grandeur and beauty.

No description can give more than a faint idea of this wonderful spot. In front of us, spread out like a map, lay the "floor" of the valley, with the Merced River dashing through, while around sprang upward immense cliffs, not slanting and wooded, but sheer walls of barren rock.

There seemed no means of ingress to the val-

ley, so steep and precipitous were the sides, and nothing wanting but the roof to complete this "Temple of God." However, we managed to find a road, and came down at a pace that made us all hold our breath for fear we would be compelled to use the "Temple" for a burial-service.

On the way to the hotel, the road passes some of the notable points.

But I know you have read many descriptions of this far-famed valley, and will content myself with merely giving a few personal incidents. Resting during that afternoon, the next morning at five we rose to make our first trip to places of interest in the vicinity. Coming in on the stage, we had formed a party to take the various trips together, and one of the gentlemen who had been over the ground before, kindly offered to hire the horses and guide for us, as well as make all the necessary arrangements. We found that this plan was much cheaper than any other, and afforded greater pleasure, on the principle of "the more the merrier." Our first trip was to be to the "Nevada" and "Vernal" Falls. As I came out from breakfast, I saw tied up before the hotel a number of the sorriest-looking animals that ever came under my observation. They looked as if they wanted to lean up against the house and have a good think. I started to get off the well-worn joke about "writing to Bergh," when I had the whole point of the joke taken away by being informed that those—I can't call them horses—were, for us!

A magnificent (?) animal with a sore face was allotted to me. I immediately dubbed him "Scar-Faced Charley," a name which he has since held. Then came the process of "chinchin." Instead of having a saddle-girth with a buckle such as we use, the saddle is held on to the animal by a narrow strap which is tied on one side by a peculiar knot. This is drawn tight by pressing one's knee against the side of the poor beast, and then, "heave, ho!" Well, we started. Now I hadn't been in the saddle for six months. Moreover, I discovered a serious difference in the softness of the saddle I had been accustomed to, and the Mexican style. It seemed to your humble servant that if they must insist in making the seat of wood, with a scanty covering of leather to conceal the fact, that at least they might select a soft piece. Why was I not fat? or why had I not an air-cushion which I could inflate?

It was all very well on level ground, but when we began to ascend I felt as if my—let us draw the veil of charity over the mournful picture.

If the fiery mustang were to take it into his head to step over the narrow path and down the side of the mountain, I would not be able to stop him, for I have hold of the high pommel of the saddle with both hands trying to—the gods be praised! Here is the toll-house, and I can get off and rest. We have to walk to the foot of the Vernal Falls, distant about a quarter of a mile. There we stand under a cloud of spray, and wonder and admire to our hearts' content (or till we are sufficiently wet), and then return to our horses. I find mine trying to eat off the sleeve of my coat, which is strapped on behind the saddle, the day being warm. But never mind, on we start, up and up, till we seem to be "top of the heap," the road winding backward and forward in order to make the grade possible for even these sure-footed beasts. By-and-by we reach "Snow's," at the foot of Nevada Falls. While the talkative Mrs. Snow ("a regular Yankee, clear from Vermont, gentlemen") prepares our lunch, we climb to the falls and go through the same programme, "wind, wet, and wonder," as below. Then lunch, nap, and a descent more painful a great deal than the ascent.

When we arrived at the foot of the "trail," some of the boys started up their horses for a short race. I thought my pony ready to drop with fatigue, but lo, and behold! with a snort and a bound he carried me on a dead run two miles over brook and brush to the hotel, a victor by a quarter of a mile. I arrived there sans almost everything save fear. It was most woefully like John Gilpin's ride. Now comes dinner, and we eat the not too dainty food as though 'twere a banquet for the gods. Then a liberal application of arnica, and bed. That soulless porter would wake me up at five the next morning, and when I besought him to allow me only five minutes more sleep, sang out loud enough to let the whole house hear of my laziness, "Do as yer please, sorr, but sure the gentlemen just be after atein' their porridge." So I had to swallow the "porridge" also and start. This time our trip was to "Eagle Peak," to obtain a view of the

mountains surrounding the valley. The trip differs little from the one to the Falls. On the way one can obtain a magnificent view of the highest fall in the valley, Yosemite, both from the top and foot. We took our lunch along and were compelled to melt snow for water. Tired? It seemed as though I was coming to pieces when we reached the hotel again.

The next day we took the trip to "Glacier Point," and then were ready to leave the valley. How we ached! From sunrise till sunset in a Mexican saddle, up those steep mountain "trails" (there are no roads), is no joke for a city chap. Yet some ladies accomplish the task, but I imagine they don't take three days of it in succession. On our return trip the next day we stopped at Clark's to see the "big trees." Well, they are big. We drove through the stump of one in the six-horse stage! This was in the "Mariposa" Grove. In the grove called "Calaveras" is one which has a large house built on its stump. But your eyes have become so wide open with the "sights" of the past week, that the trees fail to make the impression due to them. The "Grizzly Giant," the largest, is 106 feet in circumference. Go out into the back yard, measure the largest tree there, and then divide it into 106. If you can imagine that tree as when increased to the size of say thirty such, you will have some idea of the majesty of that forest giant. On the following day, after our visit to the trees, we took that same long, dusty ride back into civilization. But there was no grumbling this time. Either we had become used to it, or, more probably, we felt that to visit that wonderful spot were worth many times the fatigues and discomforts we had undergone. It is, perhaps, rather too severe a strain upon a lady to perform all the trips in the vicinity of the valley, but no one enjoying ordinary health need at all fear their strength being taxed to too great an extent in the staging. The expenses of a trip, everything included, from San Francisco to the valley and return, taking eight days, would be slightly over one hundred dollars. Were I unable to make it again, I would not take a thousand for my pleasant recollections of the place. We expect to start for Napa Valley and the Geysers tomorrow or next day, but, after seeing Yosemite, I feel that California cannot have any superior attractions to offer.

The "extract" is getting dry, and I must make a fresh application, so will let you off for the present. Since the greater portion of my otherwise "pearly white" person has assumed a bluish tint, and my face is burnt by the sun to a flaming red, I feel justified in signing myself,

Yours patriotically,
DEMI.

Science in Small Doses.

Silk Handkerchiefs should be washed with borax in tepid water, with little or no soap. Iron them before dry.

The Best Way of treating steel jewelry which has become rusty by lying by, is to rub it with rotten stone and oil.

The Degree of saturation of the air by moisture is greater above forests than over non-wooded ground, and much greater over masses of *Pinus Sylvestris* than over masses of leaved species.

Coal-gas will explode only when mixed with a known proportion of common air. By itself it will not burn. When diluted freely with air, although offensive to the smell, it is not explosive.

Ancient Books.—The most ancient forms of books composed of separate leaves are to be found in the sacred records of Ceylon, which were formed of palm-leaves, written on with a metal style, the binding being merely a silken string tied through one end, so loosely as to admit of each leaf being laid down flat when turned over.

How Diamonds are Made.—The mixture used by Mr. Hannay in the production of his first artificial diamonds, consisted of 90 per cent. rectified bone oil, 10 per cent. petroleum spirit, and a small quantity of lithium. These substances were placed in a tube 4 in. in diameter, with a bore of $\frac{1}{4}$ in., and, after the open end had been welded up, the tube was subjected to a red heat for fourteen hours.

What it is Made of.—Bonsilate is the name given to a composition now being used as a substitute for ivory, hard woods, and the like. Canes, dominoes, clock-cases, and various ornamental objects are made of this new material. It is composed of finely-ground bones agglutinated with silicate of soda.

To Keep Plate Polished.—Amongst the minor annoyances of housekeeping is the fact that, however carefully plate may be cleaned before putting it away, in the course of a week or so it becomes dull and tarnished. This may be avoided by the following simple means. After thoroughly cleansing the plate and polishing it with whiting, wrap up each piece in tin-foil, such as is used for wrapping up chocolate, tea, etc.; then put it in a dry cupboard or drawer, and at the end of many years the plate will be as bright as the first day it was packed.

Insect Blight.—Quassia water is, according to a correspondent of *Nature*, a protection to peach-trees against insect blight. The dilution goes a long way. One pound of chips of quassia wood should be boiled and reboiled in other water until there are eight gallons of the extract for the garden engine. It is inadvisable to use it stronger for some plants. This boiling makes the quassia adhesive, and, being principally applied to the underleaf, because most blight settles there, it is not readily washed off by rain.

Grub Worms.—The white grubs which eat the roots of grass are exterminated from lawns by a plentiful sprinkling of coarse salt just before a shower. It only needs to be used about twice in the spring and fall. About a bushel to every hundred feet square.

Uses of Carbolate of Ammonia.—Some of the French physicians have used to much advantage, it appears, the carbolate of ammonia for malignant pustule or charbon. The article is applied first as a caustic, and then administered internally, a dose of from fifteen to thirty grains in twenty-four hours. In one instance, according to *La Nature*, four butchers were attacked with malignant pustule, derived from infected cattle; two were taken to the hospital, and on being treated with carbolate of ammonia, were entirely cured in a reasonably short space of time, while the others, who were treated at home by the ordinary methods, succumbed to the malady.

An Excellent Toilet Soap.—A pure soap, peculiarly adapted for softening the skin, is made as follows: Take a quarter of a pound of castile soap, slice it down into a pewter jar, and pour upon it two quarts of alcohol; place the jar in a vessel of water at such a heat as will cause the spirits to boil, when the soap will soon dissolve; then put the jar, closely covered, in a warm place until the liquor is clarified; take off any scum that may appear on the surface, and pour it carefully from the dregs. Then put it into a jar again, and place it in the vessel of hot water, distilling all the spirits that may arise; dry the remaining mass in the air for a few days, when a white transparent soap will be obtained, free from all impurities and perfectly void of smell.

A Wonderful Region.—On the slopes of Amethyst Mountain, in the Yellowstone Park, are exposed at different levels a large number of silicified trees, many being rooted in the position in which they grew, and from twenty to thirty feet in height. Some lying down are of immense size. The series of sandstone and conglomerates in which the trees are imbedded is more than 5,000 feet thick, forming a vertical mile of fossil forests. The woody structure is well preserved. Where cavities have been formed by the rotting of the wood they are filled with crystals of amethyst and quartz.

An Overland Trip.

LETTER IV.

"THE ESMOND,"
PORTLAND, OR., October 1st.)

DEAR DEMOREST:—Like a great many correspondents before me, I will write at a considerable distance from the "seat of war." I am going to give you my distinguished views of the "geysers" of California and the country adjacent to them, while really in this little town clear up in Oregon. They (the geysers) were the principal objects we visited, while on our trip from San Francisco, immediately preceding this.

After a few days' sojourn with friends in Napa Valley, a perfect garden-spot of vineyards, wheat fields, and a lunatic asylum, we took the train for Calistoga, "from which point the world-renowned Clark Foss, with his elegant six-horse coaches, conveys the tourist through magnificent scenery to the far-famed geysers" (*vide* hand-bills). Part of that quotation is *burlesque*, the rest is merely *exaggeration*. Clark Foss is a fraud. He is not as fine a driver as those in the Yosemite. His coaches are emphatically *not* "elegant," and finally, he more frequently drives *four* horses than six. He puts on enough airs to sicken one. I am happy to state, however, that the "world-renowned" old turkey-cock is somewhat laid up with the rheumatism, and his son, a very gentlemanly fellow, has to do the major portion of the driving. I must confess I met the man somewhat prejudiced against him, for I had heard of his enormous bump of self-esteem. Still I was willing to be fair. It appeared that on account of his "rheumatix" he would be unable to drive on the day we arrived, so I quietly took him aside and informed him that I was writing a letter to a magazine East, and would like to have an idea of his talents. He assented at once, eagerly, it seemed to me, and took the "ribbons."

Then, inviting me to the box-seat, he launched out into an eulogy of himself, which was simply disgusting. He did not state the fact in so many words, but I gathered from his conversation that he expected to be made President of the United States, next term, by universal acclamation. Arriving at his hotel, where we took lunch, he invited my friend and self to take a drink, and expressed much surprise to find "a newspaper feller" who would not drink on call. So much for Foss.

As for the scenery on the route, though not nearly as wild as that in the Yosemite, it is the best specimen of "map" scenery we have had yet. The whole country was spread below us from horizon to horizon. Late in the afternoon we arrived at the Geysers Hotel, and immediately took a sulphur-steam bath. The bath-house itself, located a short distance from the hotel, is all that is artificial; the rest is abundantly supplied by nature—a perfect Russian bath springing out of the ground.

To view the geysers properly, it is necessary to visit them in the early morning, before the sun drives off, or rather renders invisible, the steam which arises from them. First of all it must be understood that the geysers are not "spouting springs," as their name would indicate. The water which they throw out does not rise to any considerable height, but, to make up for that deficiency, it *boils*.

We started at five, without any breakfast, up into that uncanny place,

"Into the jaws of death,
Into the mouth of hell,"

we two, a scientific young man, and the guide. The latter gentleman, who, from his familiarity with the place, as well as his general appearance, is undoubtedly one of his Satanic Majesty's imps, carried an innocent-looking tin cup. From that cup this creature of the lower world compelled us poor mortals to drink the vile compounds from each and every spring we came to. Had we refused, I doubt not but he would have cast us into one of the deep caves filled with boiling water, and I know not what else. On putting my ear as close as I dared to one of these holes in the rocks, out of which boiling hot water was bubbling, I could plainly hear the smothered groans and cries of the former victims of this demon. Though my stomach was empty and my reason rebelled, my fear (and curiosity) got the upper hand, and I drank—result, headache for the remainder of the day.

The first spring tasted strongly of iron. Near by was one of sulphur. Then salt; another, stronger still of iron, and farther up the hill an *ink* spring. One can write with this quite well, though not as clearly as with common ink. This we did *not* taste, although the devil—that is, of course, the guide—was about, no doubt, to utter the magic words which would consign us everlastingly to perdition.

The scientific young man was, to my mind, too bold. At one place, trying to get too near a deposit of curious minerals, the ground gave way, and he got his foot nearly parboiled in one of the springs. We found also many natural deposits of medicines, especially pure Epsom salts. The scientific young man took a dose. I "stayed out." Next we found a natural "lemonade" spring. If any temperance society thinks of starting a saloon on the site of this spring I advise them to bring along a liberal supply of sugar, or trade will be rather slow.

Soon, on climbing further up the ravine, or "gulch," in which these curiosities are situated, we became completely enveloped in the steam, so numerous and large are the vent-holes. Punch a hole anywhere in the ground, and steam will escape therefrom. The water up there is simply "straight" boiling water, with very few chemical impurities. In trying to escape from holes in the rocks the water with the steam makes curious and sometimes alarming noises. At one place you can plainly hear the sound of a steamboat, at another of a blast-furnace, and to me the most interesting was the one I mentioned of smothered groans and cries. Altogether, it was rather a blood-curdling place, and some very "pat" names have been applied to the most singular formations, among which are, "The Devil's Gateway," his "Kitchen," "Punch-bowl," "Laboratory," "Medicine Chest," "Teapot," and many others. On the brow of the hill is a rock called "The Devil's Pulpit," surmounted with a flag-staff and flag with an image of his, more or less, gracious self.

Returning to the hotel, after two hours' hard climbing among those slippery rocks, we would have been in good condition for breakfast were it not for the nasty draughts which that guide had compelled us to swallow. The landlord is verily a wise man in his generation, for he knows enough to make it impossible for his guests to obtain anything to eat till their appetite is spoiled.

At nine o'clock we were in the stage and on our way rejoicing. Reaching Frisco that evening, we started at ten the following day in the steamship *Oregon* for this place. Are you out of breath following us at such a pace? I believe I mentioned at starting that we were not "resters." Well, we took three days and a half to recover in, for we were that time on the ocean and the Columbia River, being delayed twenty-four hours by fogs, which are very heavy and dangerous on the coast this time of the year.

We have just returned from a rapid survey of the Columbia, as far as "The Dalles." The ocean steamer only could take us as far as this place; from here one has to take the regular river steamers. On our trip up to Portland, in the *Oregon*, I was very much disappointed with the scenery along the banks. For the greater portion it was uninteresting enough, flowing as it does through heavily-wooded hills. By reference to the map (if you have forgotten) you will see that Portland is situated on the Willamette, a short distance from where it empties into the Columbia. Now, taking the river steamer in the morning, we descended the tributary, and, swinging out into the main river, began to ascend, with difficulty stemming the rapid current. The Columbia is a river about the size of the Hudson, but carries down more than three times the amount of water by reason of its rapid current. For some distance above the Willamette the general aspect of the country along the banks is much the same as below, but suddenly the mountains rise to an immense height, and every turn of the wheel brings us to new and more beautiful bits of scenery.

I think I never enjoyed a river excursion more in my life. Perhaps it was because I had the rare good fortune to have one of the belles of Portland to point out the choice objects of interest. I could not help mentally comparing the river from time to time with the Rhine and especially the Hudson. The latter river has a serious rival to its "Palisades" on the Columbia. Where those on the Eastern stream are perfectly regular and then suddenly cease, those of the Western are diversified in a

thousand different forms. At places they stand back from the water, and rise to a height that puts to shame those "puny Eastern rocks." Further on they rise right out of the water several hundred feet, either covered with beautiful green moss, or else perfectly bare. Their color, too, is peculiar, the prevailing tint being dark brown, verging on to red. The mountains are of a height which is simply immense compared to those of the Highlands.

The one serious fault, practically speaking, of the river is at the "Cascades." Here the current is so rapid that boats cannot ascend, and it is necessary to make what we used to call, when canoeing, a "carry." This is done by railroad, and much time is lost transferring passengers and baggage to the train and then again to the other boat at the head of the rapids. The Government has works here to make the river navigable, but, at the present rate, the work will not be completed for many years.

This second steamer conveys you to The Dalles (which, being translated, signifieth "The Falls"), where we remained over night, and in the morning descended the river much more rapidly than we came up. Above Dalles, a small town half under water, the country is again flat and uninteresting, save perhaps, to the farmer. This region is the most fertile for wheat in the United States, therefore in the world. I am informed by every man I speak to that it will raise from forty-five to sixty bushels to the acre, and keep up the average year after year! Most men who are acquainted with the possibilities of an acre, but have not made this region the subject of an examination, will think I am exaggerating. Perhaps I am, but, if so, I have the testimony of some of the best people in Oregon and Washington Territory to back me.

Speaking of the "best people," I am surprised to find such a great amount of civilization in what I have been led to believe was a wilderness given up to "pioneers" and Indians. I attended a private *musical* in Portland the other evening, and recognized several of "Demorest's Reliable Patterns." I suppose you think that my whole attention was taken up with the styles and their wearers because I mention that portion first. Not so. The music certainly was very creditable, and the whole affair would have done credit to any New York mansion.

Portland's business section, or, at least the wholesale portion of it around the docks, and three or four blocks back, is under water as far as the first floors. The river is twenty-nine feet above low-water mark. Some very curious and amusing shifts are being made to do business under such difficulties. Imagine yourself walking up to a counter on a narrow board, the floor being six inches under water!

We start to-morrow for San Francisco. Pray for me that I do not get sea-sick on the way. I have had holes bored in the soles of my boots, so that if I find myself at all likely to throw them up, I can screw them down to the cabin floor!

Yours apprehensively,

DEMI.

Cincinnati Musical Festival.

THE fifth festival of the Cincinnati Musical Festival Association will be held in Cincinnati, in May, 1882, and in pursuance of the policy adopted by it in connection with its last festival the Association offers a prize of one thousand dollars for the most meritorious composition for chorus and orchestra, to be performed on that occasion. Competition is open to all citizens of the United States, irrespective of place of birth. The judges are Theodore Thomas, Herr Capellmeister Carl Reinecke, Leipzig, and Monsieur Camille Saint Saëns, Paris. Works offered for competition must not occupy more than one hour in performance, and a full score and piano score, accompanied by a sealed letter, must be placed in the hands of the committee on or before September 1, 1881, and should be addressed to "Committee on Prize Composition, Musical Festival Association, Cincinnati, Ohio."

The scores must not contain the name of the author, but must bear a fictitious name. The accompanying sealed letter must bear the same fictitious name on the outside, and also a return address, and must contain within the name and address of the author.