GREAT SCENIC DISCOVERY.

Northwestern Montana Surpasses the Yellowstone Region.

"We have discovered a second and greater Yosemite valley and a grander National park than the Yellowstone," said Prof. L. W. Chaney, of Carleton college, Northfield, Minn., in telling about his recent visit to Avalanche basin, which he discovered last year in the northwestern corner of Montana.

A year ago Prof. Chaney and some other scientists, one of them a lecturer on the natural scenery of the west, found in the western part of Montana a country which had seldom been seen by man—red or white. They heard vague rumors of a glacier valley, and cut their way from the then newly-found Lake McDonald through the forests that crown the mountains.

They were told by the original settler in the vicinity of this lake that a year before, in following up the slopes of Brown peak, north of Lake McDonald, with the idea that glaciers were to be found, he had seen not only a glacier, but also a beautiful valley and a lake new to the world.

The scientists found the basin and lake, and, by reason of the constant roar of avalanches, they named the valley Avalanche basin, and spent as long a time as their provisions would allow in searching the beauties of the spot. They had no instruments and were unable to get any measurements

They determined to return at the earliest opportunity. This they have now done, armed with all needed instruments, to make a thorough investigation. In the meantime others have been to Avalanche basin, and the trail from Kalispel has been so chopped out that a woman—Mrs. J. H. Edwards, of that place—has made the perilous trip.

Some of the dozen or more men who have seen the basin have been world-wide travelers, and declare that there is nothing in the Swiss mountains or in the most famed resorts of Europe that can compare with it. The valley is a scenic gem set in a frame of cloud-touching peaks, and is unrivaled in its brilliancy and natural interest, but owing to the purity of the atmosphere and the consequent impossibility of getting distance in the view it is impossible to make a photograph that will show adequately the beauties of the region.

Lake McDonald is located in the northwestern portion of Montana, about 35 miles from the little mountain town of Kalispel. It is 16 miles in length, four or five miles wide, at an altitude of about 3,000 feet, and as clear as crystal.

Its mirroring effect is more sharply defined than is that of the famous Mirror lake of California, and it reflects the forests of the surrounding mountain slopes so clearly that the narrow, sharply-defined beach of smoothly-polished gravel is the only indication of where the reflections begin and the forest ends. From Lake McDonald the trail through the mountain extends to the northward about 15 miles, up the rocky steeps, and at the last cuts through a gorge of crimson jasper quartzite, in which are many deep cascades.

Suddenly, and without warning, one emerges on the shores of Avalanche lake and into a valley of the most sublime and impressive grandeur. The way has been hard and the climbing difficult, but the end repays it all.

The basin is more than 800 feet higher than Lake McDonald, and the surrounding rocks tower in almost a perpendicular wall for from 3,000 to 6,000 feet higher. Rising here and there above the general level of the wall of rock are various peaks. The discoverers have named one the Matterhorn, and its altitude is 4,000 feet above the level of the lake; another has been called the Cathedral Dome, from its resemblance to the dome of St. Peter's, as seen from the campagni, and it rises about 4,500 feet; a third has been called the Sphinx, and a fourth the Castle. The last rise to a height of over 10,000 feet above the sea. Down the sides of these walls cascades fall at heights varying from thousands to about 400 feet, breaking in foam on the lake below, and filling the valley with the roar of a Niagara.

The basin is nearly two miles long and nearly the same in width. In its center is Avalanche lake, three-fourths of a mile in length and half a mile wide. Its waters when seen from the shore are of a turquoise blue, but when looked down upon they are as clear as crystal, even more so than those of Lake Superior, and the rainbow and mountain trout lying in their depths can readily be seen.

The upper end of the basin is about two miles east of the entrance, and plunging down the precipitous rocks are some dozen mountain streams, forming a series of beautiful cascades and cataracts. All are fed from the snows of the mountains, and they are large and small according as the sun has had an opportunity to melt the snows. Avalanches have cut their way down the slopes and have left their gashes on the surrounding cliffs.

North from Avalanche basin to the British line the scenery is of the grandest. It rivals if it does not surpass that to be found in the Selkirks and in the Canadian Rockies. Glaciers abound, and about 30 miles north of Avalanche is one of the greatest to be found in America.—N. Y. Sun.

Eli's Portion.

The patience, perseverance and skill common to inventors was exhibited at an early age by Eli Whitney, whose invention of the cotton-gin afterward made him famous. Of the boy's passion for mechanics and his father's view of it, his sister has given the following account in Philip G. Hubert's recent book, "Inventors:" Our father had a workshop and sometimes made wheels of different kinds, and chairs. He had a variety of tools and a lathe for turning chair-posts. This gave my brother the opportunity of learning to use the tools when very young. He lost no time, but as soon as he could handle tools he was always making something in the shop, and seem to prefer that to work on the farm. After the death of our mother, when our father had been absent from home two or three days, on his return he inquired of the housekeeper what the boy had been doing. She told him what the elders had done. "But what has Eli been doing?" said he. She replied that he had been making a fiddle. "Ah," said he, despondently, "I fear Eli will have to take his portion in fiddles."—Youth's Companion.

A Royal Rider.

Queen Henriette of Belgium, by birth an Austrian archduchess, continues, in spite of her snow-white hair and rank as a grandmother, to occupy her time with circus riding. A year ago she gave in the riding school of the royal palace at Brussels a semi-public performance, in which she and her daughter Clementine put their horses through all kinds of fancy paces and trick-riding with the skill of professionals. They leaped their horses through burning hoops and over flaming hedges, and her majesty jumped a pet horse over a dinner table covered with flowers and lighted candelabra. Then she drove a team of 20-in-hand, herself mounted on her favorite mare.—Detroit Free Press.

MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.

—Lord Roberts, commander-in-chief of the army in Ireland, has become an indefatigable cyclist. He may be seen any day careering through the Dublin streets.

—During his entire career Stradivarius made from 6,000 to 7,000 violins. Few of these were sold for more than $25 during his life. Now some of them command $10,000 each.

—In certain parts of China the young women wear their hair in a long, single plait, with which is interwined a strand of bright scarlet thread, which denotes them to be marriageable.

—A wealthy gentleman of Vienna stipulated in his will that an electric light must be constantly burning in his tomb, and another inside his coffin, for 12 months after his death.

—By an Italian law any circus which does not perform every act promised in the printed programme, or which misleads the public by means of pictures, is liable to a fine of $2,500 for each offense.

—It is said by philologists that there are 13 original languages — the Greek, Latin, German, Slavonic, Welsh, Biscayan, Irish, Albanian, Tartarian, Illyrian, Jazygian, Chaucin and Finnic.

—The secret marks on Bank of England notes by which forgeries are so rapidly detected are constantly being changed. The microscope will reveal many such peculiarities to an observant eye.

—People often find a difficulty in keeping their shelled eggs from cracking while boiling. This can be remedied by throwing a small quantity of salt into the water before putting in the egg.

—At a public meeting of citizens, held under the presidency of the lord mayor at Belfast, it was decided to erect a statue of the queen in commemoration of her majesty's reign. The cost of the statue will be $25,000.

—An auditor in a Japanese theater is allowed for a small fee to stand up, and the unfortunate individual behind him has no right to remonstrate or to rise and get a peep at the stage. He may hear, but he cannot see.

EXCHANGED GRIPS.

Also a Few Courtesies When They Discovered Their Mistake.

A Cleveland man tells a funny story of a blunder he made while on his wedding tour. When he took the sleeper for Albany, boarding it at New York's Grand Central depot, the porter accidentally put him in the wrong car. Later on he rectified the mistake by escorting the Cleveland couple into the right section of the car ahead. When the local man arose to go he picked up what he supposed was his traveling bag and started away with it.

He hadn't been in the forward car but a few moments when he had occasion to open the bag. This is what he found in it:

A black bottle, a brush and comb, a pack of playing cards, a package of papers labeled "Bills," a half box of cigars, a couple of collars and a night shirt, a memorandum book marked "private canvass," and a check book half used and an envelop full of railroad passes.

The Cleveland man closed the bag and put it down. Then he looked for the owner. He didn't have long to look. Down the aisle, accompanied by the porter, came a stocky man with a big black mustache and a shiny silk hat. He grabbed the bag with a smile of relief and trotted back with it. The bridegroom followed him and secured his own bag. As he turned to leave the car the stocky individual shouted after him:

"Young man, you want to take a little better care of your ruffles next time you go a-journeying."

Of course the people in the car all laughed. This nettled the Cleveland man a little.

"That's all right, old boy," he fired back, "the next time you go up to Albany a jog rolling you'd better lock up your glassware and your boodle books a little more securely."

It was a chance shot, but the Cleveland man knew he had made a hit by the way the other passengers howled.

Then he escaped with his baggage.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

MOUNTAIN DOG FIGHT.

When They Came Back They Would Fight to a Finish.

"I was out in the mountains this summer," said a departmental clerk to a Star reporter. "At the house where I boarded there were 20 or 30 Washington people. One day a mountaineer came up to the porch where we were all seated, dragging a dog that seemed very loath to move. A short distance behind him was another man, also pulling a dog along.

"'Gentlemen,' said the first man to arrive, 'these hyar dawgs air th' fightenest dawgs in th' mounting. We uns hev a bet on 'em an' we're gwine ter bev th' fight in th' stable yander. It'll be th' derndest bout yo' all ever seed. Only two bits ter look at it.'

"We all went to the stable, in which there were a door and a window. A ring was made and the dogs thrown into it. One uttered a yelp and jumped through the window, the other made a break for the door.

"'Thar they go,' shouted one of the men; 'foller 'em, gentlemen, ef yo' want ter see the purtiest race yo' ever looked at. They've jest takin' a run fer exercise, an' when they git back the fout'll come off. We'll go an' bring 'em back when they git enough warmed up.' Then they left; and I guess the dogs are still running, as the fight has not come off."—Washington Star.

Thieves Neatly Trapped.

A traveler tells a funny story about the neat capture of two thieves effected by himself and a friend while traveling in Mexico. They slept in one of the wing rooms of an inn, opening onto the courtyard. The upper part of each door was arranged like a Venetian blind for ventilation. Awakened by noises toward morning, the traveler saw two lean, yellow hands extending through the blinds, reaching downward in search for the lock. An old lariat lay handy on the table, and the traveler looped a knot at each end, silently approached the door and snared the two wrists. The stoical robbers made no sound, but endured the situation trying to sever their bonds with long, sharp knives. The travelers went back to bed and enjoyed the situation. At daylight the landlord found the rascals and set up a howl which brought the whole village pell-mell to see two Indians flattened against the door and unable to get loose.—Chicago News.

Brought to Terms.

Husband (growling)—Supper ought to have been ready half an hour ago. What on earth are you reading?

Wife (sweetly) — Old love letters. Would you like to look over them?

"N—o, I don't care to be reminded of what a fool I was about you."

"Oh, these are not your letters. They are letters from former lovers."

"Er—by the way, my dear, you spoke about wanting to go to the opera to-night. I—I forgot about it, but I'll go right out and telephone for seats."—N. Y. Weekly.

FAILED TO KEEP HIS PROMISE.

A Domestic Tragedy in Which the Husband Was the Heavy Villain.

"Harry," said Mrs. Hartleigh, the other morning, with a serious look upon her face; "are you sure that you love me the same as you did before marriage?"

"Why, you little simpleton," exclaimed Mr. Hartleigh, gently pinching his better half's bewitching little chin; "what a question! Of course I do."

"And you will keep all promises you make to me?"

"Religiously."

"And whatever I ask of you, you will do?"

"Yes; that is to say, darling, everything in reason."

"Ah, Harry, in our courtship days you never thought of reason."

"No, probably not," said Harry with a smile that bore on the border of cynicism. "No, dear, of course not."

"Then why do you now? Alas! I fear that you do not care so much for your Mamie as you used to do."

"Nonsense, darling! I meant anything that it is possible for me to do."

"And you are sure, Harry, that I am never out of your mind? That you are always, always thinking of your pet?"

"You are never out of my mind an instant while I am away, and when I am asleep you are always with me in my dreams."

"And, Harry dear, can I trust you?"

"Always, darling, and with anything. Of whom do I think or care except your sweet self?"

"But then, men are so changeful."

"Some men, darling; but not your loving husband. You will ever find me the same, always true to you, always keeping you in my thoughts, always bent upon pleasing you, always ready to respond to your behests!"

"Are you sure, Harry?"

"Sure."

"I have a great favor to ask of you, Harry."

"Oh, that's it; well, it is granted before it is asked."

"Harry, my love, be careful how you promise recklessly. It is no common thing I am going to ask of you."

"It makes no difference what it is, darling, you have my promise."

"You may think me foolish, Harry, but this is such an awful thing to ask of you."

"Awful? Why, what in the world can it be? You arouse my curiosity. Come, dear, out with it."

"Well, dear, you are sure you won't think me unreasonable?"

"Not a bit."

"Nor exacting?"

"Nix."

"Don't trifle, Harry; this is a serious matter."

"Serious? You don't mean that you have been cooking something?"

"What an idea! No."

"Or that your mother is coming to live with us?"

"Harry, you know better than that!"

"Then, for heaven's sake, tell me what it is."

"I will. But don't start, and don't refuse me. Here is a letter, dear, that I want you to mail. It is important. Now, you won't forget it, will you?"

"You silly little goose! And it is only this? Why didn't you tell me at once? Of course I will do it. I'll put it in the box at the corner as I go by."

"And you will not forget to do it?"

"Forget? Impossible."

"O Harry, you don't know what a load you have taken off my mind. Here it is, now be sure!"

They embrace and kiss, and Mr. Hartleigh goes off with the letter in his hand, so as to be sure not to forget to mail it, and his little wife goes singing about the house happy in the assurance that she has a husband whom she can trust.

In the evening, Mr. Hartleigh, after the customary greeting, discovers dust on her husband's coat. Proceeding to dust it off with her hand, she perceives that there is something in his breast pocket. "What have you there?" she asks.

"Nothing, that I know of," Harry replies. But mechanically he thrusts his hand into the pocket and draws something thence with the exclamation: "By Jove!"

It is that letter which he promised to mail.

His little wife bursts into tears. "O Harry!" she cries; "mother told the truth. The men are all alike. My dream of happiness is over. My husband has proved false. Oh, why was I ever born?"

Mrs. Hartleigh did not go home to her mother, but in a few days she appeared on the street in a new seal sacque and a perfect love of a bonnet.—Boston Transcript.

Painless Surgery.

The greatest boon ever given to humanity through human agency is surgical anaesthesia. There is not a minute, day or night, in the year when it is not saving some human creature from torture. There is not a minute when it is not giving mental comfort to thousands who know that they must undergo operations, but that this benign gift will make the ordeal painless. Anaesthesia has banished pain from surgery, and has taken away the dread of pain, that was almost as hard to bear as the pain itself. It has made easy operations that could not be done because the hurt was more than human fortitude could endure, and thus it has lengthened life. The fiftieth anniversary of the first public demonstration of surgical anaesthesia was recently celebrated in Boston. Physicians and surgeons made much of the occasion, as became the representatives of a humane and beneficent profession. To have been permitted to give this boon to the world is sufficient to immortalize the name of the giver, Dr. William Thomas Green Morton.—Youth's Companion.

The Cure Would Follow.

The European friends of the late John Chamberlain, and he had many, were pained to hear of his sudden death at Saratoga. He was a gourmet fin, and the best-known hotelkeeper in Washington. His restaurant had a national reputation, but the prices were exceptionally high. Apropos of this, Col. Tom Ochiltree and a young friend from Texas were about to dine. The latter expressed a strong desire to partake of a porterhouse steak and fried onions, but said that he could not do so, as he was going to the theater with some ladies and his breath might give him away. "Don't be afraid, my friend," said Col. Ochiltree, "go right ahead and have your steak and onions. When you get your bill for the meal it will take your breath away."—London Chat.

A Queer Character.

Rutledge—I can't quite understand Mrs. Dawson.

Dangerfield—How's that?

"She and my wife got to talking about their doctors yesterday, and she didn't seem disposed to argue that hers was the only one who could be depended upon to do our children the most good at all times."—Cleveland Leader.

She Knew.

She—They say he married her for her figure.

He—That was quite natural.

"Oh, no, it wasn't."—Vanity Fair.

ADVANCING WATERS.

The Atlantic Coast Line Undergoing a Change.

Once upon a time the sites of New York and Philadelphia were far inland, and there was dry land where now the ships go sailing.

The sea is steadily encroaching upon the land. In old maps, deeds and other documents the shore lines recorded do not coincide with those of the present day. Comparisons of Long Beach, from Barnegat Inlet, 12 miles southward, on the United States coast survey maps, of 1839 and 1871, shows that during the intervening 32 years the shore line retreated more than one-tenth of a mile. Each average year the ocean advances a rod on the coast of New Jersey. This gain by the sea amounts in each century to a third of a mile, the seaward slope being about six feet per mile. The seaside resorts all the way from Sandy Hook to Cape May have suffered immense losses by the march of Father Neptune.

Only last summer great changes were made in the ocean front at Rockaway beach and various places along the Jersey coast. Long Branch has suffered very severely, and it was not so very long ago that a hotel at another great seaside resort was dragged back by a team of locomotives from the threatening waves of the ocean. That the tides now run higher than of old is proved by submerged forests and meadows. In the official report of the state geologist of New Jersey for 1882 there are accounts of ancient meadows and forests considerably below high water mark, recently exposed by the wear of the waves on the coast. Some of the trees had been cut with the ax.

Prof. W. J. McGee told the writer of buried cedar swamps, which have given rise to a singular industry—the literal mining of timber. At several points of eastern New Jersey enormous quantities of white cedar and magnolia logs, sound and fit for use, are found submerged in the salt marshes, sometimes so near the surface that roots and branches protrude. Many of the trees thus overthrown and buried were forest giants.

Along the Carolina coast, Prof. McGee said, the advance of the ocean upon the rice-growing islands has been noted by observing residents during three generations. On the central gulf coast the same thing is going on—the land is steadily sinking. Forty years ago Lost Island, a pleasure resort of New Orleans, was swallowed by the storm waves, with most of its transient population—"the wealth and beauty of the creole parishes"—and naught but a tide-washed bank remains to mark its site. More than once during later years villages and settlements on the gulf shores and on the delta islands of the Mississippi have been swept from the face of the land and made the prey of the insatiable waters.

The cause of this sinking of the Atlantic and gulf coasts is not far to seek. The rivers which empty into the Atlantic from Cape Cod to Cape Hatteras, and along the shore of the gulf, carry out into the ocean each year billions of tons of material. This matter is deposited outside the ocean's edge, and the weight thus transferred causes a steadily progressive depression of the coast line.

Geological science has ascertained that the entire crust of the earth is in such a condition of sensitive equilibrium that the taking of weight from one part of it to the other brings about elevation of the portion from which the weight is removed and produces a corresponding depression of the portion where it is added. In a word, the earth's crust is in a condition of hydrostatic equilibrium, and relatively as sensitive to changing pressure as the beam of the assayer's balance.

If the water in the Atlantic ocean were dried up you would perhaps be surprised to observe that the eastern edge of the great land mass called the North American continent is not the present beach line at all. You would see that the continent itself extends far out into the ocean a distance varying from 50 to 150 miles. Once upon a time this terrace was all above the water; the east shore of the continent had a very different shape, and there was deep sea close to the coast. Gradually, owing to the cause mentioned, this great terrace has sunk, so that the whole eastern edge of the continent is overflowed. Apparently, the entire eastern coastal plain of the United States is destined eventually to be submerged beneath the ocean, together with all its populous cities and fertile fields.

Prof. Arthur Hollack, of the geological department of Columbia college, smiled when his attention was called to the subject of the sinking of New York.

"It is not a very serious matter," he said, "as centuries will be required to make any level along this coast. But that there is a gradual subsidence going on is quite well verified by careful observation along the Atlantic shore. The United States coast survey has paid some attention to this matter, and its reports show that there is a settling in the coast line of a little over a foot in a century."—N. Y. Herald.

Polished Dinner Tables.

When the top of the dinner-table is a beautiful piece of polished wood it has become the custom to display it at company teas and luncheons. Place a large centerpiece of embroidered linen in the center of the table and on this arrange a low dish of ferns and flowers, or, if you wish, use a tall glass in beaker form to hold roses or some other long-stemmed flowers. This vase must be slender, and the cluster of flowers must not be large enough to conceal the view across the table. Arrange large doilies around the table to hold the various dishes served and plate doilies at the plates. Dainty fringed napkins do very well for plate doilies and look well on a finely polished table. For dinner the top of the table is always covered—first with the thick table felting in general use, and then with one or two snowy white damask cloths. Decorations of holly and Christmas greens are appropriate any time before Christmas after December 1 and until Twelfth day, or January 6.—N. Y. Tribune.

Adroit Reply.

Dr. Howley, archbishop of Canterbury, who died in 1848, upheld the dignity of his position in the fashion deemed necessary. One day he drove up to the door of the house of lords in a coach and four, with liveried coachman and two footmen. A Quaker, who knew him, addressed him: "Friend Howley, what would the Apostle Paul have said if he had seen these four horses and the purple liveries and all the rest?" The archbishop, who was seldom flustered, replied with a benignant smile: "Doubtless the apostle would have remarked that things were very much changed for the better since his time."—Youth's Companion.

Progressive Honors.

She—Maj. Pommelwell wears three medals. I wonder why they were given him?

He—He got the third because he had the other two; the second because he had the first, and the first because he had none at all.—Washington Times.

Thirty years is a long time to fight so painful a trouble as piles, but Jacob Mitchell, of Unionville, Pa., struggled that long before he tried DeWitt's witch hazel salve, which quickly and permanently cured him. It is equally effective in eczema and all other skin affections. P. Shanahan. 8

It is openly charged at Hayden, said F. M. Wilson, cashier of First National bank, Horton, Kas., to a reporter of the Kansas City World, that traders who were waiting for their money, paid Dickson from $5 to $25 each, to have their debtors paid off before those who owed other firms. Three out of five of the merchants camped there have not collected a cent, while I could name one or two with whom Dickson is on good terms whose collections run up into the thousands.

Beggs' little giant pills cure constipation, sick headache, and the many other complaints caused by indigestion. P. Shanahan. 4-20

Wanted—An Idea Who can think of some simple thing to patent? Protect your ideas; they may bring you wealth. Write JOHN WEDDERBURN & CO., Patent Attorneys, Washington, D. C., for their $1,800 prize offer and new list of one thousand inventions wanted.

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A JOURNEY TO OKLAHOMA.

A Pleasant Picture of a Much Advertised Country.

Time becomes very valuable when you have only a few minutes in which to catch a train, and very worthless when one gets there just in time to see it moving off, as our party found on reaching Coffeyville en route to the "Strip addition" to Oklahoma. However, the grand band concert and the Salvation Army were entertaining and we whiled away the time until the next train.

I have often wondered where McCormick and other inventors of wheat harvesters got their scenery for pictures in their advertisements, but after we passed Winfield, Kansas, going south, we saw the original. The wheat burts the eyes to look at it, but a severe rain and hail storm since we arrived has marred its beauty to some extent.

My two half brothers who were in the terrible "booth line" of Arkansas City, used to tell us of the song the tired and thirsty men sang when the hot, sandy winds were scorching them:

"After the Strip is opened,
After the claims are laid,
After the horses are buried,
After the bonds are paid,
Many hearts will be aching, etc."

We are told their hearts did ache many times, about the failure of crops and contests, but now a new song is being sung, tune "Red, White and Blue:"

"Oklahoma, the gem of the nation,
Dear land of the blue western sky;
* * * * * * * * * * *
When wrapped in the grand desolation,
The words that thy acres were free,
Brought the sinew and nerve of the nation
In crowds to thy sheltering lea.
O thou bountiful riches thou gavest
To thy sons and the world near and far.
But those count the truest and bravest,
Who honor thy temperance star."

When we came to Cross, near the end of our journey by rail, and made famous through an article in the Youth's Companion as being the cemetery of Ponca City one mile away, we looked out of the car windows and saw no sign of a graveyard but a deserted saloon leaning over ready to fall and the huge glass painted on it filled with liquor would have been emptied of its contents had it been real. I remarked "if this is what they bury out here isn't it glorious? It is the first graveyard that ever made me laugh."

Ponca is a beautiful city about the size of Vinita with a magnificent public school building of stone, and if it and Cross should unite and get on friendly terms they would make a great town.

The first place of interest visited after we arrived at my brother's was to see the prairie dogs in their native home, which was very romantic, and to make it more "wild west-like" a large jack rabbit ran within a few feet of us. We found later that they are no rare sight, for they play about like kittens. Boy John said "they wouldn't cut around like that if the Crockett boys and their grey hounds were out here awhile." I must spoil the picture by telling it was in the pasture only a few hundred yards from the house with the lazy cattle brousing around looking at us wonderingly.

And now more about the Temperance Star. I find that it is honored out here in spite of a few saloons.

The next day after we arrived was Sunday and quarterly meeting and, of course communion services. I being a stranger, and not anxious to break the pledge, asked the minister in a very low tone of voice that I might disturb no one, if the wine were unfermented; he answered so all the congregation could hear him, "yes ma'am" and that he would use no other kind, and never did but one time and if any other kind were brought to him again he would throw it out of the window. The name of this level-headed minister deserves mention; it is Rev. E. C. Harper, of the M. E. church, pastor of Ponca City and also pastor of this neighborhood, called Excelsior.

I cannot complete this article without paying a tribute to the frogs or toads as they call them here. Unlike the frogs of Pharaoh's time, they came as delivers last year. When the chinch bugs were devouring the crops, they came to the rescue and ate them as fast as they came. I heard one farmer say they did not come to his farm and he sent out teams one evening and gathered up seventeen hundred and set them in rows where the chinch bugs were coming and they saved his crop. We were so interested in their story we drove down among them and listened to the "frog chorus," for they have hours of song; it was simply deafening. Hundreds of them turned their heads to look at us with their large innocent eyes and kept on singing, making their music with a large blubber-like transparent lining it throws out of its mouth, looking for all the world like they held glass balls in their mouths, from the size of a marble to a goose egg.

One brother's claim is on the old Captain Payne townsite, where twice it has been laid off in lots for the town of Chicaskia. Thousands of dollars have been spent, and a rumor comes that they yet intend it to be a county seat, although the wheat and corn grows on in peaceful unconsciousness. The first mail brought THE CHIEFTAIN which seemed like meeting an old friend.

MRS. JULETTA JORDAN.
Cross, O. T., May 10th '97.

Every Wife
feels an indescribable dread of the danger attendant upon the most critical period of her life. Becoming a mother should be a source of joy, but the suffering and danger of the ordeal makes its anticipation one of misery.
Mother's Friend
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SUPERIOR MEALS,
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WOOD AND METALLIC COFF'NS.
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Located at East St. Louis, Ill.
Directly opposite the city of St. Louis. Buyers for all description of Live Stock always in attendance, and within the grounds of the Stock Yards is a Beef Canning Company, with a capacity for slaughtering 2,000 head of cattle daily, and Pork Packing establishments have a capacity for slaughtering 12,000 hogs daily.
C. C. KNOX, Vice-Pres.
CHAS. T. JONES, Supt.

STOCK BRANDS

Not occupying more space than the first following will be inserted at $5.00 per year. The verdict of men owning large or small herds is that it pays to advertise the brands.

N. SKINNER, Vinita, Ind. Ter.

Also some branded T on shoulder in each ear; various other marks. Range on Verdigris river, 12 miles west of Choteau.

R. R. TAYLOR,
Postoffice, Vinita, I. T.

Smooth crop in left ear, and crop and split in the right. Some cattle in various other brands & marks. Range on Locust creek, four miles s.e. of Vinita.

J. C. HOGAN,
Pryor Creek, Ind. Ter.

Swallow fork and underbit in right ear, underslope in left. Range on Pryor creek.

E. B. FRAYSER,
Vinita, I. T.

Horse brand same. Range on Big Cabin creek, 7 miles west of Blue-Jacket. Cattle of this brand sold only upon permit. $100 reward for conviction for stealing this brand.

ED. ADAIR,
Adair, Ind. Ter.

Overbit & underbit in right, swallow fork & underbit in the left ear. Horses branded AM (connected) on the left shoulder. Range on Pryor Creek.

C. L. WASHBOURNE,
Southwest City, Mo.

Smooth crop in each ear, underbit in right. Range Round Spring prairie, 8 miles east of Bolen's Ferry. Horse brand O on left jaw and thigh. Some cattle branded on left hip.

WATT MAYES,
Pryor Creek, Ind. Ter.

Some steers branded stripe across the nose. Cows branded LAD crop and split each ear. Range near Pryor Creek.

J. B. EDWARDS.
Postoffice, Spavinaw, Ind. Ter.

Range on Lynch Prairie. Crop and split right overbit left. Some branded J B on left hip and side. Also some J on left jaw, B on side, B on hip. Only beef cattle sold. Will pay $50 reward for conviction of any one stealing an animal in this brand.

MILTON DRAKE,
Four Mile, I. T

Range on Four Mile, 10 miles southeast of Chetopa, Kan. Mark, split in right ear. Horse brand D on left shoulder. No cattle sold except for shipment.

S. H. MAYES,
Pryor Creek, Ind. Ter.

Swallow fork and underbit in one ear, overslope in the other. All cattle are branded SA and notch on nose. Range on Wolf creek. Also 7 heart on left side & O on left jaw. A few branded J W E on side.

J. H. BARTLES, Bartlesville, I. T

SAM LEFORCE,
Vinita, I. T.

Some have OP 22 on left jaw. Crop and two splits in each ear. Range 10 miles northwest of Vinita.

D. L. DENNY,
Claremore, Ind. Ter.

Either side. Left side. Various marks. Range 9 miles Catoosa.

ELI GRAVES,
Postoffice:
Chelsea, I. T.

Brand, EG on both hips. Range on Pryor creek, 7 miles north of Chelsea. apr 8 1y

W. N. STEWART,
Southwest City Mo.

Brand is US
Aug. 1, 95.

WM. LITTLE,
Vinita, I. T.

Brand on hip or side. Crop left, crop and under half crop right. Also cross on nine. Range on White Oak.

C. HAYDEN,
Chouteau, Ind. Ter.

C H is on left side, slip or hole in left ear. Horse brand C H. Range: On Chouteau Pryor creeks. 15-18

G. A. WILLIAMS,
Ruby, I. T.

Some branded X on left shoulder — on side X on hip. Range on Salt creek.

JOHNSTONE & KEELER,
Bartlesville, I. T.

on right side some have the bar J on right side without the cross. Various old brands and ear marks. Range on the west side Caney river on Double creek.

C. V. ROGERS,
Claremore, Ind. Ter.

Some have J4 on side Texas cattle have horizontal bar on left hip or vertical bar on left hip. None sold except for shipment. Range, Tahlala.

J. O. HALL,
Vinita, Ind. Ter.

Additional brand OUT FF A AO. Range on Curl creek. $50 reward for conviction of theft of the cattle.

WM. HOWELL,
Fairland, Ind. Ter.

Some have F + H on left side. Mark, crop and split in right, under slope in left. Range southwest of Blue-Jacket, I. T.

W. H. NOBLES,
Edna, Kan.

Horse brand same. Road brand under half crop in each ear. Range head of Big creek, C. N.