

...usually "get there" or...
 Sues meets him by way, but never
 to any man unsought.
 The hith or some man's ambition is
 boiled short and cold-headed care.
 Ambition will pull a man through
 here influence and en mony, singly,
 all get stuck.
 Next to understand and plumb
 puden give me the modestly ambitious
 man or woman.
 The actual hith ov' vision's ladder
 still remains a mystery. No man has
 ever yet reached it.
 Like the flea, some pple are born
 ambitious, and like the pesky little
 cuss they appear to enj.

Many an ambitious adherer has
 been—because it is heridly. In which
 case it iz nothing to brag.
 Every man finds out ser for later
 that tu corner succs, amb iz just az
 necessary az grece on the calk grid-
 dle.
 A man who don't care abt whether
 er skool keeps or not aign generally
 sudden enuf for good health in his k-
 ntry.
 I hav anwaiz had an id, at health
 and \$30,000 a year was gen'ly for
 me, even if it wouldn't seem to satisfi
 others.

The overly ambitious fello has generally
 got so much to accomplish that he
 don't get time to du anything worth
 mentioning.
 When a man's ambitious propensy
 tends toward notoriety he generally
 wants az much watching az a pile-
 driver doz.

The zealously ambitious man never
 seems to no when he has reached the
 end ov hiz tether, or if he doz, won't
 own it, and iz redy for the next job.
 If there iz a field for him, like the
 grasshoper he iz aulwaiz busy, and for
 what purpos often only he and the
 Lord no, but you kan sally bet the man
 ain't diggin for fun.

He works in hiz sleep, and burns the
 midnite oil; iz up in the morning az
 soon az it iz lite enuf for him to find the
 shortest possible way intu hiz pants-
 loons; and at the end diez az he haz
 lived—busy.

Of cours an ambitious man desir tu
 better their conditions. It iz human
 natur. Yet I have known many ov
 them to throw up a "poor job" for a
 better one only to learn that they had
 a good one but didn't no it.

The man who iz ambitious bekaus he
 kan't help it, trots while others walk.
 I hav known such men tu keep up the
 lie after others had got-intu bed and
 tucked the covering in for the nite, and
 not loz any flesh, either.

I never yet met a man whoz amb-
 ition led him onto the grate battle field
 ov life with a determination tu win or
 ruin his constitution but what I lerned
 afterward that he lived tu hurra and
 carry off the tropies and spoils ov vikto-
 ry.

Tu much ambition iz az bad az none
 at anl. I hav known ov men so amb-
 itious in finances that they protest
 against deht itself when they find out
 getting a corner on
 er one who reached
 with pretty fair sues.
 be hiz noze, even for

I know ov a man with an
 in the bounds ov rezon
 side? I guess not. He
 zes; he can't spair the
 are ambitious for fain,
 i, and the majority for
 one ov the latter. Ov
 no objection to a modest
 an, yet place more relyanc
 iz a pretty fair substitute
 if.

A man whose sole ambition
 iz bekoming justice ov the
 whoz family, when he did
 me charg ov the skails ov
 ame ov much importance,
 t forget tu brag ov it long
 turn ran out and when he waz
 ov no more akount tu the na-
 a maskaline peakok on pa-
 barnyard iz tu man's redemp-
 This would seem tu indikat that
 n iz az' lible tu "set up" some
 az hot whiski doz some fools.—
 no Ledger.

Kind of Impression He Made.
 Idiot—I don't seem to have made a
 impression on you, Miss Smilers.
 Smilers—Indeed, you have!
 Idiot—Therefore, I may hope?
 Smilers—Therefore, you need not
 all.

Divorce will frequently make a
 n's husband a different man.
 en a man finds he is inclined to run to
 h he should go slow.
 e greatest dangers wear felt shoes.



KNOWLEDGE
 Brings comfort and improvement and
 tends to personal enjoyment when
 rightly used. The many, who live bet-
 ter than others and enjoy life more, with
 less expenditure, by more promptly
 adapting the world's best products to
 the needs of physical being, will attest
 the value to health of the pure liquid
 laxative principles embraced in the
 remedy, Syrup of Figs.
 Its excellence is due to its presenting
 in the form most acceptable and pleas-
 ant to the taste, the refreshing and truly
 beneficial properties of a perfect lax-
 ative; effectually cleansing the system,
 dispelling colds, headaches and fevers
 and permanently curing constipation.
 It has given satisfaction to millions and
 met with the approval of the medical
 profession, because it acts on the Kid-
 neys, Liver and Bowels without weak-
 ening them and it is perfectly free from
 every objectionable substance.
 Syrup of Figs is for sale by all drug-
 gists in 50c and \$1 bottles, but it is man-
 ufactured by the California Fig Syrup
 Co., San Francisco, Cal.

O, to be alone!
 To escape from the work, the play,
 The talking every day:
 To escape from all I have done,
 And all that remains to do.
 To escape, yes, even from you,
 My only love, and be
 Alone and free.
 Could I only stand
 Between the gray moor and gray sky,
 Where the winds and the plovers cry,
 And no man is at hand,
 And feel the free wind blow
 On my rain wet face, and know
 I am free, not yours, but my own,
 Free and alone!
 For the soft fire-light
 And the home of your heart, my dear
 They have being always here,
 I want to stand up upright,
 And to cool my eyes in the air,
 And to see how my back can bear
 Burdens: to try, to grow,
 To learn, to grow!

I am only you!
 I am yours, part of you, your wife
 And I have no other life.
 I cannot think, cannot do:
 I cannot breathe, cannot see:
 There is "us" but there is not "me"—
 And worst, at your kiss, I grow
 Contented so.



THE PUIA.
 I WAS the noon
 of a still and sun-
 ny day of sum-
 mer when a party
 of settlers, of
 whom I write
 this narrative
 was one, were
 making their
 way along the
 banks of the

Walkota, in the North Island of New
 Zealand. It so chanced that I had
 ridden forward a little ahead of the
 wagon and the remainder of the party,
 and, reining my horse upon the
 summit of a ridge of wooded ground,
 looked suddenly upon a strange and
 striking scene.

The valley sloped on all sides down-
 ward to a little lake, in steps or ter-
 races of snow-white silica, which had
 been deposited in the lapse of ages
 by the waters of a score or more of
 giant fountains, which at intervals
 along the terraces threw up their
 sparkling waters in the sun. These
 boiling geysers—or as the natives
 call them, puia—were the first in my
 experience, and the beauty of the
 sight was a kind which I could never
 have imagined. Vast, yet fairy-like,
 these fountains of the Titans rose in
 throngs impossible to count, because
 their number every instant varied;
 even as the eye rested upon one, the
 jet would sink into his crater, while
 in a spot a moment before vacant
 another fountain was to be seen
 dancing in mid air. From the crest of
 each a cloud of white steam floated
 slowly off in the still air. The
 steam was white, but the water of
 the spouting columns was of the
 deepest sapphire, which became a pal-
 er and yet paler azure as it cascaded
 down the terraces and flowed into the
 lake, over whose heated surface hung
 a veil of faint blue mist.

The caravan came up, with my
 companions. They shared my ad-
 miration to the full; but, unlike my-
 self, they were contented with a dis-
 tant view. We had had a tiring
 march since daybreak, and not a
 man of them would volunteer to join
 me in a climb into the valley in or-
 der to inspect the puia near at hand.
 On this, however, I had set my mind.
 We were to halt some hours upon
 the spot for rest and dinner, as well
 as for some slight matters of repair
 about the wagon. Accordingly, when
 the horses had been unbridled and
 turned loose to graze, and while our
 native guides were busy splitting
 wood to build a fire, cutting rashers
 from a side of bacon, and bringing
 out the kettle and the gridiron, I
 started off alone into the valley.

The distance to the nearest puia
 was not over half a mile; but the de-
 scent at first was steep and rugged,
 and I made my way but slowly. As
 soon, however, as I reached the high-
 est of the terraces, the nature of the
 ground completely changed. It was
 now a crisp, baked surface, full of
 cracks and fissures, from many of
 which spouted jets of steam. I did
 not know the risk of walking heed-
 lessly upon this thin and treacherous
 crust, which is liable at any moment
 to give way beneath the traveler's
 foot and to let him plunge beyond
 redemption into some horrible abyss.
 Luckily, however, though I stepped
 without the slightest caution, I
 reached the puia without accident
 beside its spouting fountain.

The jet, which was about a yard
 in thickness and some 20 feet in
 height, rushed with a tremendous
 hiss, or rather roaring, from its crater
 on the summit of a slightly elevated
 mound, exactly like a miniature vol-
 cano, down the sides of which the
 overflowing water poured in torrents
 to the lower terraces, and thence in-
 to the lake. I dipped my finger in
 the water, but withdrew it with a cry
 of pain; it was absolutely boiling hot.
 As I chanced to stand to leeward of
 the fountain, the cloud of steam
 which drifted from its summit was
 above my head and kept me in a
 drizzling shower of rain. I felt a
 lively curiosity to look down into
 the crater, but this, while the jet was
 spouting, was of course impossible.
 There was, however, not a hundred
 yards away, another puia, which had
 been playing as I descended, but had
 now sunk underground. To this ac-
 cordingly, I turned my steps, and as-
 cending its low mound, looked down
 into the empty crater.

The outside of the mound was com-
 paratively rugged, but the interior
 was as smooth as polished marble
 and as white as snow—as snow on
 which the setting sun has cast a rosy
 lustre of the most ethereal tinge. I
 have seen the inside of a sea shell
 look exactly like it, but nothing else
 that I can think of. In form the cra-
 ter was a funnel of 25 yards diameter
 with sides which sloped

So far my observations...
 Then, with the most startling sud-
 denness, my inspection was cut short.
 The margin of the crater where I
 stood was formed of overhanging
 juts of silica, as brittle as glass.
 Alas! I did not know it, and I took
 no heed. Stooping forward to look
 down into the funnel, I threw all my
 weight with suddenness upon one
 foot; the jut on which it rested broke
 off short, and my feet descended on
 the slippery surface of the crater. I
 staggered—struggled to regain my
 balance—but in vain. The very ef-
 fort, like a reeling skater's, complet-
 ed my disaster; I swung half round,
 and fell full length upon the side of
 the incline.
 For a second or two I remained
 stationary. Then I felt that I was
 sliding—slowly but surely sliding—
 down the shelving funnel toward the
 mouth of the abyss.
 With a cry of terror, I threw out
 my arms in a convulsive search of
 something to arrest my progress;
 but the projections of the margin
 were already out of reach, and my
 fingers only slipped on the polished
 walls of the declivity, which grew
 steeper and steeper as they ap-
 proached the chasm, which now, like
 a monstrous jaw, seemed gaping to
 receive me. A moment more, and
 with the horrible intestinal sense of
 falling from a height I dropped like
 a plummet into the darkness of the
 gulf.
 For one instant, in extremity of
 horror, I felt that I was lost; the
 next, I was aware that something
 unexpected had occurred. I was no
 longer falling. What had happened?
 As a rule, a geyser shaft, is as per-
 pendicular as a coal pit's, but some-
 times, by mere chance, the shaft de-
 flects and forms an angle at no great
 distance from the surface; and such
 was the case here. For 12 or 15 feet
 the shaft descended vertically; then
 it ended on a slightly shelving floor
 of rock, from the edge of which a
 larger tunnel, black and steep, sank
 down into the very bowels of the
 earth. This ledge or landing place,
 received me as I fell; and thus, by
 the merest freak of fortune, it hap-
 pened that, though bruised and
 shaken, I escaped the fate, which
 otherwise I must have met, of being
 dashed to pieces on the spot.
 I felt a movement of relief—of joy.
 Yet had I cause for exultation? I
 gathered myself up and looked about
 me.

There, above me was the opening
 of the shaft, beneath a circle of clear
 sky, in which, to my surprise, a star
 was shining, though the time was
 noon. My wonder was, however,
 only momentary; the effect, I knew,
 arose from looking up the tunnel of
 the shaft, as in the broadest sun-
 shine, the moon and stars are visible
 from the bottom of a well. A more
 momentous observation seized my
 notice; the interior of the shaft, wet,
 slippery and shining, presented
 neither crevice nor projection. Even
 as I looked I realized the horror of
 the fate before me. Escape was im-
 possible—I was the captive of the
 geyser! Beside the rocky ledge
 on which I stood—a space
 about a yard in width—I could
 perceive, as my sight became accus-
 tomed to the feeble gleam which fell
 into the chasm, the awful throat of
 the abyss, descending, Avernus-like,
 for all I knew, into the very gulfs of
 fire. From the gorge a faint steam
 rose like mist, and in the utter still-
 ness I could hear, far down, the sound
 of gurgitating waters. In a little
 while—how long I could not tell—the
 moment of eruption would re-
 turn and flood the chasm. I should
 be drowned—drowned like a trapped
 rat; no, horror!—drowning is not an
 instant death, and the abyss would
 have become a bubbling cauldron.
 I should be boiled alive!

As the horror of this thought
 broke on me, my veins ran chill with
 it, and I shook from head to foot
 as if with ague. Sick and dizzy, for
 many minutes I remained, like a man
 paralyzed, incapable of thought or
 motion, yet conscious—conscious
 even to the keenest torture—of the
 flight of every moment. An expecta-
 tion—a suspense unutterable—
 strained every nerve to agony. The
 instants numbered by my fevered
 pulses seemed to fall upon my heart
 like drops of melted lead. My ears
 were strained to catch the far, faint
 sound of the abysmal waters—a
 sound which might be changed at
 any instant to the roar which would
 anticipate my doom.

At last, with the spasmodic effort
 of a dreamer starting from the
 clutches of a nightmare, I roused my
 mind into exertion. Was I doomed
 —inevitably doomed—was there no
 possibly escape before me? I turned
 my eyes again upon the shaft.
 It was, as I have said, about five
 feet in width. A little narrower and
 I might have had a chance of freedom
 by setting my back against one wall
 of the ascent and my hands and
 knees against the opposite. I might
 gradually have worked my body up-
 ward, as a chimney sweeper's boy
 goes up a stack. As it was, how-
 ever, the attempt was idle. Unable
 to employ my knees in climbing, I
 could not raise myself a foot above
 the ledge.

Then another gleam of hope shot
 through my mind. Could I cut
 notches in the walls, and so ascend,
 as by a ladder? I pulled out my
 hunting knife and prepared to try
 its point upon the surface. Then I
 stood hesitating, knife in hand,
 afraid to make the trial and find my
 last hope taken from me. Yet the
 surface, though so polished, might,
 quite possibly, turn out friable and
 earthy. At last I struck the point
 against it. A shudder ran through
 every fibre of my frame; it was as
 hard as adamant—the steel blade
 barely struck with all my force
 against the flinty wall. The blade
 snapped short and fell with a ring-
 ing noise into the depths of the
 abyss, where I heard it strike from
 side to side as it descended. At last
 as it reached some vast, unfathom-
 able space, the sound ceased sudden-
 ly, and I heard no more.

Up to this moment I had forborne
 to cry for help; at heart I knew too
 well that it was useless. The camp
 was half a mile away, and my loud-
 est outcry, muffled by the chasm,
 would be inaudible at 50 yards from

when shall I...
 The sound...
 when it was...
 within the gul...
 low and quick...
 into wild reve...
 which stopped...
 my heart; a shrie...
 ing and unearthly...
 if all the demons...
 at once into a scre...
 laughter. Again, an...
 sound reverberated...
 echos, through I...
 abysmal caves and...
 world. Shaken as...
 nerve, I could no lon...
 erwise must have...
 the cry could only...
 my own. No living...
 from the abyss cou...
 to me more real...
 Scarcely knowing...
 myself upon a nar...
 row place, I...
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 the sound.

When at last I ventured to un...
 them, the awful peal had faded...
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 distinguished except the faint con-
 tinual noise of gurgitating water
 which had not ceased to issue from
 the depths of the abyss. To this
 sound I now lay listening in a kind
 of frightful fascination for some
 minutes—five or ten. Then, even as
 I listened to the sound, I heard, with
 freezing blood, a change of character
 take place within it—a change into
 a long, low, booming murmur, dread-
 ful as a lion's growl. It was the
 wakening voice of the eruption! At
 last my hour was come.

Rigid with horror, I threw myself
 against the wall, and, with starting
 eyes and panting breath, awaited
 the volley of the boiling thunder—a
 fierce explosion shook the very rock
 —there came a blast, a shriek from
 the abyss; I felt a shock that stunned
 me—and the tremendous spout of
 water shot me from the gulf and
 hurled me 50 feet into the air.
 Strange that I had never thought
 of this! that I had never taken into
 calculation the gigantic power of
 such a jet! How incredibly absurd
 it now appeared that I should fancy
 that a current of such force would
 leave me in the hollow. Nor was I
 fated to be boiled alive; the water,
 though its heat was only just endur-
 able, was by no means boiling hot.
 Had I been aware before that this
 occasionally happened, my bitterest
 despair would have retained a spark
 of hope.

But was my danger at an end? Far
 otherwise; the most extraordinary
 part of it—the part for which I have
 considered that it ought to be record-
 ed as the sole experience of its kind—is
 now to be related. But how shall
 I describe it? how shall I recount the
 strangest, the most wildly, singular
 adventure that ever mortal man es-
 caped to tell of? I must take an illus-
 tration.

Every one has seen a bill or a cork
 figure kept dancing on the summit of
 a garden fountain. Now let there be
 imagined a stupendous jet, five feet
 in thickness and 50 feet in height,
 tossing about in place of the cork
 ball, a living man! Such was now my
 situation. There was the Broddign-
 gian fountain dancing in the sun-
 light, and there was I the veriest
 pigmy, tossed like a puppet on its
 colossal crest. What mortal ever
 found himself in sa position so gro-
 tesque and yet so terrible?

The motion of a body suspended
 on a jet of water depends for the
 most part, on its shape and weight.
 If too heavy, it falls instantly; if too
 light, the fountain casts it off like
 spray. In form, a sphere is the most
 easily supported, but the capricious
 stream occasionally seems to take a
 fancy for another figure, so that the
 most irregular of bodies may some-
 times be seen dancing long and wildly;
 and thus it must have been with me.
 My weight must have exactly suited
 the gigantic jet; it neither threw me off
 nor let me fall. At first, for several
 seconds, it kept me spinning dizzily
 upon its very summit; then, as I
 chanced to come erect, a position
 which afforded less resistance, I sank
 suddenly a dozen feet within the body
 of the jet—only, the next instant to
 be cast aloft again, tossed, whirled
 and shaken at the will of the capri-
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 this lasted, it would be in vain to
 speak, for I felt nothing with distinct-
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 fiery sting of the heated water—the
 deafening roar of the cascade in fall-
 ing—the dazzling iridescence of the
 sunlit steam and spray—the strangling
 sense of breathing air and water—I
 was conscious of them all, but
 vaguely, as of the phantasmagoria
 of a dream. My brain reeled, I grew
 sick and dizzy; for some seconds I be-
 lieve that my senses must have failed
 me.

Very suddenly, with an upward
 spurt, as if weary of its plaything,
 the fountain seemed to fling me from
 its summit clear out into the air.
 The height was 50 feet; I fell re-
 volving like a wheel. Had the foun-
 tain cast me off at the first instant I
 must infallibly have been dashed to
 pieces on the margin of the shaft.
 But the crater had had time to fill
 with water, which at the point at
 which I fell was now at least ten feet
 in depth. Into this I came down,
 luckily feet first, with a force which
 drove me violently against the bot-
 tom. But the water broke my fall.
 Faint, gasping, but uninjured, I
 came to the surface, and exerted
 my remaining strength to strike out
 for the brink.

But even yet my danger was not
 over; indeed, as it happened, I was
 only just in time. Even as I was
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 jection of the margin, the fountain
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 sh of water. I felt the current seize
 and drag me backward. With a con-
 sive effort I put forth all my en-
 ergy to reach the peak; my fingers
 clutched it; I drew myself up
 high and dry, and, falling full
 length upon the brink, I lay
 there for a long time without
 motion.

When at last I was stir-
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 hurled me 50 feet into the air.

Strange that I had never thought
 of this! that I had never taken into
 calculation the gigantic power of
 such a jet! How incredibly absurd
 it now appeared that I should fancy
 that a current of such force would
 leave me in the hollow. Nor was I
 fated to be boiled alive; the water,
 though its heat was only just endur-
 able, was by no means boiling hot.
 Had I been aware before that this
 occasionally happened, my bitterest
 despair would have retained a spark
 of hope.

But was my danger at an end? Far
 otherwise; the most extraordinary
 part of it—the part for which I have
 considered that it ought to be record-
 ed as the sole experience of its kind—is
 now to be related. But how shall
 I describe it? how shall I recount the
 strangest, the most wildly, singular
 adventure that ever mortal man es-
 caped to tell of? I must take an illus-
 tration.

Every one has seen a bill or a cork
 figure kept dancing on the summit of
 a garden fountain. Now let there be
 imagined a stupendous jet, five feet
 in thickness and 50 feet in height,
 tossing about in place of the cork
 ball, a living man! Such was now my
 situation. There was the Broddign-
 gian fountain dancing in the sun-
 light, and there was I the veriest
 pigmy, tossed like a puppet on its
 colossal crest. What mortal ever
 found himself in sa position so gro-
 tesque and yet so terrible?

The motion of a body suspended
 on a jet of water depends for the
 most part, on its shape and weight.
 If too heavy, it falls instantly; if too
 light, the fountain casts it off like
 spray. In form, a sphere is the most
 easily supported, but the capricious
 stream occasionally seems to take a
 fancy for another figure, so that the
 most irregular of bodies may some-
 times be seen dancing long and wildly;
 and thus it must have been with me.
 My weight must have exactly suited
 the gigantic jet; it neither threw me off
 nor let me fall. At first, for several
 seconds, it kept me spinning dizzily
 upon its very summit; then, as I
 chanced to come erect, a position
 which afforded less resistance, I sank
 suddenly a dozen feet within the body