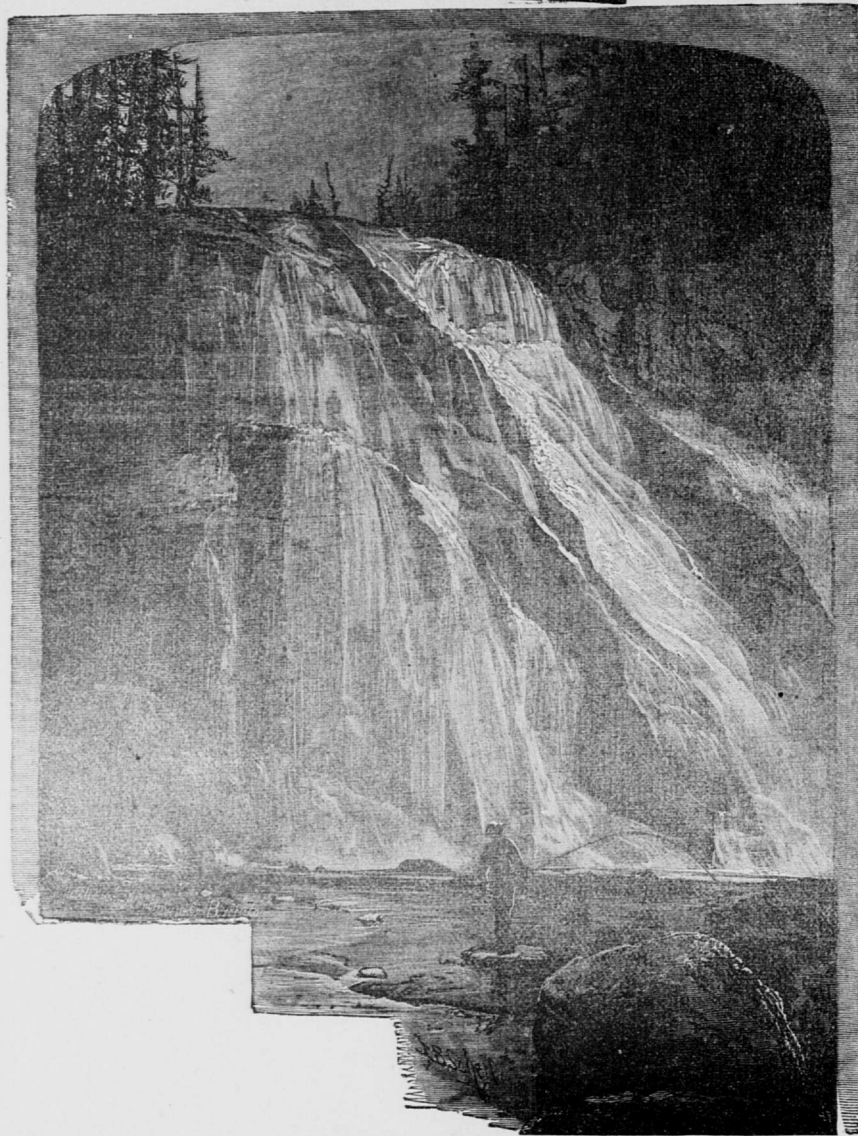


VIEWS IN YELLOWSTONE PARK.



GIBBON FALLS.

THE PARK REGION.

Some of the Points of Interest in the Famous Yellowstone National Park—The Geysers and Falls.

The famous Yellowstone national park region contains many points of interest to the tourist, a few of which, accompanied with excellent illustrations are presented below.

Gibbon Falls.

The whole course of the Gibbon river from its source in the Shoshone geyser basin, high up in the mighty Rockies to its confluence with the Madison is one continued picture of bold and sublime scenery, and one of the marked spots in this exquisite panorama of mountain loveliness is Gibbon Falls. The traveler will find it difficult to obtain a vantage spot to view this picturesque scene as the sides of the canon throughout which the river flows is very precipitous and the traveler has to be wary in his descent, and if he wishes to see the falls at their best he must descend to the river channel, and this is impossible immediately at the falls, the walls towering up almost perpendicularly. From below the falls have a most pleasing effect, the water coming down from above in a series of irregular cascades over steps of rocks broken and uneven, which breaks up the water sheet and gives it an intimacy of coloring most grateful to the eye. The river at this point tumbles, or more accurately speaking rolls down an uneven and steep descent of eighty feet. The rocky walls are clothed with stately pines, which, with the light yellow color of the rocks and the foamy waters, make a picture to be remembered in after time by the tourist.

The Beehive.

Our second illustration of the Geyser region is the Beehive, so called from the shape of the crater, which is three feet high, thirteen feet in circumference at the base and ten feet around the apex. The crater, an orifice from which the water issues, is elliptical in form, the greater axis being 30 1/2 inches and the less 24 inches. It stands upon a mound of silicious clay, the gently rising slopes of which are smooth and unobstructed. Reaching the cone one is surprised at the heat and sulphurous nature of the vapory air which is constantly issuing from it. The Beehive lies in a line direct northwest from Old Faithful and immediately over the river which is crossed by a foot bridge at this point. The remarkable feature of this geyser is its insignificant appearance and the grandeur of its eruptions. Another remarkable circumstance is the provision of a warning vent which exists about three quarters of a rod from the cone from which issues a vigorous spout of steam for twenty minutes before the eruption takes place. A few minutes after the steam warning ceases the grand display is made. A huge column of water is thrown up into the air to the height of two hundred and forty feet and the water is so intensely hot that a cloud of steam rises from it like an in-



BEEHIVE GEYSER.

half from the Gardiner river, and extends to the river's brink. There are three sets of springs, differing somewhat in the minerals held in solution in their waters, but very much alike in their general features. The springs too, in the same group, differ in the intensity of their heat, some being extremely hot, the thermometer plunged into their eddying, circling waters, standing at 200 degrees Far., while others are as low as 100 degrees Far. The hot or crater through which the waters well are of circular form, three to eight feet in diameter, and the water a clear crystal and azure. The ravine in which the springs are found is covered with burnt stones and clay, looking as though the refuse of smelting works had been scattered about. The river at the first spring is 5,545 feet above the sea level, and the ridge upon which the highest spring is situated is 6,522 feet above an ascent of 977 feet in two miles. The ridges or terraces upon which are the springs are formed by the deposit of lime and silica of which the waters hold large quantities in solution. These substances are rapidly deposited by the water as it rises from the bowels of the earth and in many instances they have built about the wells some shaped craters several feet high over which the boiling waters flow like a fountain and the calcareous and silicious geyserite as it is called—ridges form beautiful escarpments. The deposit is mostly of a whitish or cream color but it is often tinted with oxides. The Blue spring is very beautiful. The water is exceedingly transparent notwithstanding the great quantity of minerals held in solution and the beholder can gaze down into its mysterious depths for many feet the water having a deep azure tint but on account of the chalky nature of the walls of the well at the side the blue tint is less apparent. Of course, the color is owing entirely to the light and not to any material in the water. The margin of the spring exhibits a splendid combination of stalactite and stalagmite of gelatinous filaments and delicate scollops tinted in the most delicate manner with red, brown, yellow or of spotless white while a minute plant in places lends its rich green to still add to the wondrous beauty. The tents are produced by the iron sulphur and other minerals. There are many extinct water volcanoes if they may be so called, the conical craters being now nothing more than mere mounds which have become the habitat of bats and owls. Some of these extinct springs are covered with a woody growth which has taken



TOWER FALLS.

The Oldest Organ in America.

The first organ ever brought to this country is still in constant use in St. John's Chapel, Portsmouth, N. H. The Hon. Henry K. Oliver, of Salem, Mass., thus gives its history: "It is sometimes known as the Brattle organ, having been the property of the Hon. Thomas Brattle, who was born in Boston, in 1658, and was treasurer of Harvard College (where he graduated in 1676), one of a class of only three members from 1693 till 1713, the year of his death (unmarried), in Boston. Brattle square and Brattle street, and the now extinct Brattle Street Church, Boston, of which he was the leading founder, giving the land on which it was built, take name from him. The organ (not large) referred to was of English make and imported. Mr. Brattle in his will says: 'I give, dedicate, and devote my organ to the praise and glory of God in the said church [Brattle Street] if they shall accept thereof, and within a year after my decease procure a sober person that can play skillfully thereon with a loud noise; otherwise to the Church of England (King's Chapel) in this town; on the same terms and conditions, and on their non-acceptance, or discontinuance to use it as above, unto the college, and on their non-acceptance to my nephew, William Brattle, Brattle Street Church retained the gift, the opposition to organs in dissenting churches being then as great as it is now in churches in Scotland. But the parish of King's Chapel (Stone Chapel) accepted the gift, complying with the terms, and procuring a 'sober person, Mr. Edward Emsone, from England, on a salary of £20 per annum. Here it was used till 1753, when it was replaced by a new and larger one from England. It was then sold to St. John's church, in Portsmouth—though rumor has it that it was for a while in a church in Newburyport. It is now at least 175 years old, and yet in good order. 'Why, on its discontinuance,' it did not go to Harvard College, according to the terms of the will, is not known."

A Dissipated Dude.

"Oh, Tawm," said one dude to another, "I was on a gwent teah lawst night." "Naw, Jack, you dawk't say?" "Yes, Tawm, and I'm so wetchted to-day, you have naw ideal." "Why, me boy, what could you have done?" "Why, Jack, I dissipated, you know, in a frightful manner, indeed." "Naw? What pway?" "Why, Tawm, I walked founh blocks at one time, and up street, too! Just think of that, will you?" "Aw, Jack, I cawn hardly think it!" "But I did, Tawm, and I dwank two glasses of sody watah, and one of them was a Catawba srywup."

"You frightfully dissipated wretch!" "Then, Tawm, I dwank a glass of

vichy, and smoked two cigawettes, and called on thwee young ladies and their mamma, you know, and Tawm, papa let me go by myself, and Tawm, aftah the call I dwank another sody!"

"Aw, Jack, what will eval become of you?" "Weally, Tawm, I cawn't tell; but that wasn't all, for when I came home mamma was waiting up for me, and she made me dwink a cup of coffee and eat a piece angel's food, because she said she knew I was tiahed, and I didn't daah to tell her what I had been doing."

"Dweadful, Jack, dweadful!" "I know it, Tawm, but what was a fellah to do? I know if I cawn't go to the country befoah a week, I shall become a total wack. It is too teh-wibly teh-wibly to think of, and I'm young, too! And, Tawm, I am to try on my two new summah suits to-day, and as my cewpah is around the cawnah I shall have to walk clean back to the end of the hall to call my valet to gaw aftah it."

"Bah Jawve, Jack, you barrow up my soul so I cawn't listen longah. Good bye, old fel! I hawp you'll have bettah luck next time. Good-bye."

"Good—," but he was unable to get out the last syllable, and sank on the sofa as the other one shut the door.—Merchant Traveler.

Black Cloud.

The famous trotting stallion, Black Cloud, whose brilliant performance upon the turf last season won both the astonishment and admiration of horsemen, has been sold by the estate of the late Andrew Cutler, of Parma, Mich., to M. V. Wagner, Esq., Mayor of Marshall, Mich. Black Cloud is perhaps the most magnificent looking horse in a race that ever trotted upon the American turf. Mayor Wagner has placed him in the hands of that noted driver, Peter V. Johnson, of Chicago, who will campaign him this season.

As Useful a Person as the Bude. "There goes a stove-warmer," said one of the knowing ones to a reporter.

"What is a stove-warmer?" "You see those fellows laying around the engine houses all day? Well, they are all stove-warmer. You have come into a saloon and asked your friends to drink. You may have seen a fellow step up to the bar with those you have invited. He lays around the saloon all day. Set him down as a stove-warmer. He goes into a barber shop. He lays about there all day and reads the papers. You find him everywhere, in the billiard saloons, in the pool rooms, in the gambling houses. Wherever men gather to spend money or time you always find the stove-warmer."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

The fine for whistling in Stuttgart, Germany, is 15 marks.

OLD FAITHFUL.

water (the river is 200 feet wide) sends up a roar and goes like the despairing moan of thousands of demoniac spirits. Even in lying flat the head becomes too dizzy for one to continue to gaze for more than a second, and yet the fascination is so great that the gaze is again and again repeated. A view, however, can be obtained of this awe-inspiring scene from a point lower down, called Lookout point. From this vantage ground a full view of the falls can be obtained, but the distance is too great to afford a full appreciation of the grandeur of the scene. The great volume of water however can be seen spouting over the edge and breaking up from the immense height into a vast cloud of spray from which a mist rises which shuts out from view the bottom of the falls. The water again gathers and two thousand feet below the beholders turned their way along the winding canon. As the traveler stands and beholds and listens to the deep sound of its hiss he is reminded of Mrs. Stow's lines beginning:

Flow on forever in thy glorious robe
Of terror and of beauty. Yea, flow on,
Unfathomed and restless. God has set
His rainbow on thy forehead and His cloud
Mantles around thy foot and He doth give
Thy voice of thunder power to speak of Him
Eternally bidding the lips of men
Keep silence, and upon thy rocky altar pour
Incense of a wondrous praise.

The Hot Springs.

Perhaps in the whole National park with its wondrous beauty and marvelous and curious phenomena, there is nothing more attractive in weird beauty and bewitching loveliness than the Hot Spring region. It begins upon a high ridge of 6,522 feet altitude, about two miles and a

century to form. The water of these springs all find their way into the Gardiner river, and the tourist would be astonished to find that he can stand in the cold, limped stream with his rod and if fortunate enough to hook a handsome speckled trout, throw him without changing his position, throw his captive into the middle of the river and keep it there for a few minutes and it will be thoroughly cooked. A stream of boiling water issuing from a spring in the bed of the river flows along with cold water on each side.

Upper Geyser Basin.

Of all the spots in the Yellowstone country there are none which inspire the tourist with so much amazement and wonder and awe, as the geyser regions, and of these there is none more attractive than the Upper Geyser basin. It is situated along the basin of the Firehole river and contains Old Faithful, the Geysers, the Giant, the Castle, the Comet, the Giant, Catfish, Riverside, Grotto, Fantail, Splendid, Fairie's Well, Black Sand, Loda, etc. The first named and the second are the subjects of our sketches.

Tower Falls.

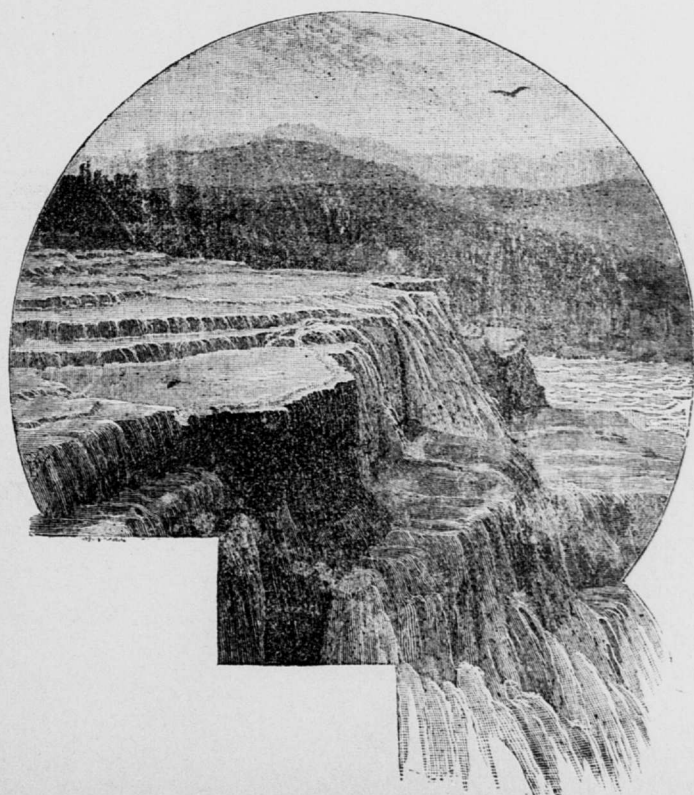
Tower creek, a tributary of the Yellowstone, runs through a broad plateau as level and destitute of trees as the western prairies. The ever constant flow of water has cut down the earth and soil to the hard rock and worn the softer rocks till it has dug out a meandering canon of considerable depth and just before joining the noble river it dashes headlong into a

deep bowl-like basin which forms the upper part of a deeper and more imposing canon, with well like sides of a lantern rimmed out and worn into countless rimrocks and minarets. The crazy sides of the canon and its befitting brows are decked with the rich foliage of pine and birch and aspen. The name Tower Falls was given to this lovely spot from the fact that upon either side of the falls a majestic tower springs up from the canon below and towers up some fifty feet above the brow of the falls. These nature-constructed pillars are of basaltic formation and taper gracefully from base to apex. Scores upon scores of smaller towers crowd up the sides of the creek above the falls like an army standing at the back of its gigantic leaders. There are two falls the upper one being of insignificant proportions compared to the lower which makes one unbroken leap of one hundred and sixty feet. The tremendous roar of the falling river is deafening and its deep, hollow voice, intensified by being thrown back upon itself by the enclosing walls of the canon, can be heard for miles away.

The Arkansas courts have decided in a recent case that the burning of one's own house is not arson according to the law of the State. The offense to be criminal must be committed upon the property of another.

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MAMMOTH HOT SPRINGS.