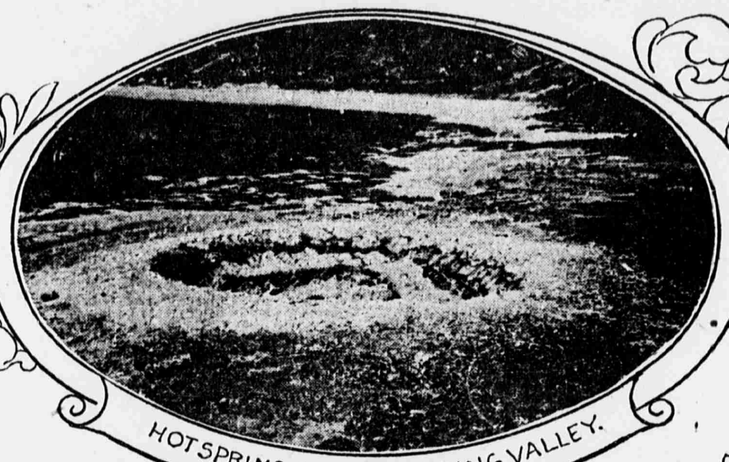
OUR SMALLEST, COMPLETEST AND MOST RECENT VOLCANO

LAKE BIDWELL.



HOTSPRING IN HOT SPRING VALLEY.

GREAT PINE HALF BURIED BY THE LAVA FLOW. CINDER CONE IN THE DISTANCE.

PANORAMA OF CINDER CONE, SHOWING CRATER.

SIDE OF CINDER CONE.

PREPARING FOR THE ASCENT.

SAN FRANCISCO, Sept. 5.—The best example of volcanic formation in the United States is said to be Cinder Cone, in Lassen county, Cal. It is about 225 miles northeast of San Francisco. At the present time Cinder Cone is more than 150 miles from any railroad, but within eight months the Western Pacific Railway will pass within one mile of its base.

The cone rises to a height of 640 feet above the lowest point of its base, which is 6,906 feet above the sea, and has an average diameter of 2,000 feet at the base and 750 feet at the top. The top, which is as cleanly cut as if shaved off flat by some gigantic carving knife, encloses a perfect crater 240 feet in depth.

Cinder Cone is not only a perfect specimen of its kind, but is also believed to be the latest volcano in North America, outside of Alaska and Mexico. Indeed, charred tree trunks still standing attest the scorching temperature of the region near the cone in recent times, and some of the dead trunks are buried in volcanic ashes to a depth of from three to ten feet.

There is no positive historic evidence concerning the date of the last eruption of Cinder Cone. No white man or Indian now living is known to have been an eyewitness of the eruption.

A geologist from San Francisco infers, after much research, that the last eruption took place in January, 1850. An old emigrant road yet in use passes by the base of Cinder Cone, and a number of persons are living in the northern part of the Sacramento Valley who crossed the trail in 1853, when emigrating to California. They report that a solitary bush growing near the summit of the cone was apparently as large then as now.

On the other hand, dead pine trees are not usually supposed to maintain their form through more than thirty years of weathering. It would be unusual if at the end of a generation dead pines should not have disintegrated and disappeared; and although the dry climate may have preserved the withered trunks for more than the usual time, yet it seems reasonable to assume that the last volcanic eruption took place within the nineteenth century.

The history of this remarkable little volcano, which is probably the smallest of known volcanoes, embraces two periods of eruption, strongly contrasted in their phenomena, and separated by a considerable interval of repose.

The first and violent eruption probably occurred nearly a hundred years before the American Revolution. At this time were formed Cinder Cone and the ash-field. Within the latter part of this period some lava was effused, and this was partly covered by succeeding showers of ashes.

The date of the formation of Cinder Cone is judged from some trees which have grown on the volcanic sands near its base.

Almost two hundred years after this first eruption Cinder Cone poured forth a great quantity of lava. This last eruption, which is called by geologists an effusive eruption, was of a quieter nature.

The first eruption doubtless spit forth steam and gases to a great height and, at times, flames. Cinders and ashes brought utter desolation to the place. Huge molten bombs, some of them eight or ten feet in diameter, were hurled in the air and, falling upon the steep slopes of the cone, tumbled to the base, where they collected in great numbers.

The ash and cinder field extends eight miles in every direction from Cinder Cone. Upon portions of this ash field large pine forests now stand.

In the second upheaval a stream of lava poured forth from the crater. The pressure within the cone burst the upper part of its walls, and the lava issued from the southeastern side of the crater, forming a lava field whose greatest length is about three miles and whose depth, as shown in places at the outer edges, is more than 100 feet.

The lava as it cooled built up the portion broken down, so that the cone is remarkably symmetrical. Where one comes first upon the lava field and Cinder Cone the impression of newness is very vivid.

The great trees at the edge of the lava appear to have withered but a few months before. One looks in vain for steam rising from the crater and feels disappointed at seeing no visible signs of heat within the thick lava field. Indeed, in winter time there is solid ice within the crater.

It is difficult to ascend Cinder Cone at any point except where the lava flowed. The sides of the upper portion of the cone are made up of volcanic fragments ranging in size from that of a pea to chunks four or five inches in thickness. At each step these slide down under one's weight. The slopes are steep.

On attaining the summit one is surprised to find that the crater has two rims, one within the other and separated by a shallow moat which encircles the great funnel-shaped depression in the centre.

The lava field covers a large part of an ancient lake bed, a part of which is now covered with water. One can see in places where the lava is superposed upon the original bottom.

The lava flowed into Lake Bidwell and changed its course so that the lake advanced upon the forests. In this way Snag Lake was formed. The snags are evidently the trunks of trees killed by having their roots submerged.

Snag Lake has no outlet and all its water except that lost by evaporation must escape through the lava field. During the rainy season, on account of the barrier which the lava imposes, the water rises over a dozen feet. On its southwest border the lava field forms two small basins, each of which contains water in wet weather.

Cinder Cone is situated in a wild and interesting region. Ten miles to the northeast is Lassen Peak, a snow covered mountain. All about are vast forests abounding in game, mountain streams teeming with trout and broad fertile meadows where the grass in summer grows waist high.

There are no permanent settlers in the region immediately about Cinder Cone. Thus far the region has been too remote. Stock is sometimes found in the hills, but only market hunters and pelt trappers frequent the country.

The early coming of the Western Pacific Railway through Plumas county will open up a country as rich as any in the West. This railroad will be a part of a transcontinental line. Surveys were long ago completed and the grades are now being built.

Ten miles from Cinder Cone in Plumas county are found hot water springs and geysers more remarkable than those of the Yellowstone. There are also the beautiful Hot Spring Valley, Bumpass's Hell, Tartarus Lake and the geysers near Willow Lake.

One could catch trout in Hot Spring Valley and boil them in one of the hot springs. In Bumpass's Hell you can find springs of ice cold water within six feet of springs of boiling water and there are geysers throwing hot water to a height of perhaps seventy-five feet. Tartarus Lake is always steaming and it is impossible on this account to get a good photograph of it.

The best way to reach this region is to go to Oroville from San Francisco by rail, and thence by a two days' stage ride to Quincy, Plumas county. Then you get your own outfit, although you can stage part of the way, and travel northeast about 100 miles, as the roads go, to Hot Spring Valley, which is within easy reach of Cinder Cone, returning by way of Morgan's Springs, Bumpass's Hell and Lassen Peak. One must be provided with tents, for there are no hotels or lodging places.

It is strange that Cinder Cone is not better known. It is the most complete, the smallest and, barring Alaska and Mexico, the most recent volcano in North America, and indisputably the most recent in the United States.

A MASCOT AT MONTE CARLO.

THE YANKEE STOKER WHO SET THE PACE AT ROULETTE.

On Shore Liberty, His Queer Garb and His Luck Drew a Russian Grand Duke, an English Nobleman and a Hungarian Countess in His Wake.

"When I read in THE SUN the other morning about that Governors Island prisoner who made his escape in the riding breeches, the evening coat, the dress shirt and the red four-in-hand necktie belonging to one of the officers, I thought of Monte Carlo," said a naval officer. "This may sound foolish, and so I'll tell the bit of a story that explains it:

"One autumn morning in the late '80s, when I was attached to the flagship of the Mediterranean station, the ship pulled into the harbor of Villefranche. All hands of the starboard watch were given liberty.

"The paymaster and I went ashore together. Neither of us had ever visited Monte Carlo, and we had long been promising ourselves a view of the principality of Monaco and a bit of play at the tables, just for the experience of the thing, and because in those days a naval officer who hadn't at least taken a peek at the Monte Carlo game was rather patronized by his messmates.

"We arrived at Monte Carlo in the afternoon, and after strolling about the place we started for the Casino. As we were entering we saw a fireman from our ship, an odd looking, redheaded Bowery boy named Rooney, trying to convince the pompous attendant at the door that he was entitled to enter the place in his bluejacket uniform.

"The attendant couldn't see it. He couldn't speak English, but he shrugged his shoulders disdainfully as he interposed his large frame between the fireman and the passageway into the Casino.

"Rooney was addressing the doorkeeper eloquently in his tough New York dialect, but it was no use. The man at the door wouldn't budge from his position. Then Rooney, grinning amiably all the time, began to cuss out the attendant.

"He looked as if he might be addressing compliments to the sumptuously uniformed attendant, but if the doorman had had any idea of the horrible things the fireman was saying to him there'd probably have been a riot and an international incident to follow.

"At this stage of it the paymaster and I made our presence known to the fireman.

"'What's the trouble, Rooney?' I asked him.

"The fireman saluted in form, and then looked sheepish.

"'Nothin', sir,' he replied, 'ceptin' that the dago won't let me git by him in me uniform. And I'm feeling a lot lucky this afternoon.'

"'Well, that's their rule, Rooney,' I told him. 'But I'll tell you what you do, if you're so anxious to get in—and as my suggestion isn't exactly regulations, you want to keep it to yourself when you get back to the ship. Do you mind? You run down to Nice, shed your bluejacket togs for a while, and rent yourself a suit of mufti. Then come back and they'll admit you all right.'

"The odd looking Rooney looked grateful for the advice, wheeled about, and was off at a jog.

"The paymaster and I entered the Casino and watched the play for an hour or so, and then we ventured a few modest louis at one of the rouge-et-noir tables. We were still immersed in the game, not much winner or loser, when we heard a loud laugh over at one of the roulette tables, and we looked up to see what the fun was.

"The laugh was over our fireman, Rooney, who had just entered and was beginning play at the roulette table. Rooney was a figure of fun, if ever I saw one.

"He had rented an evening suit that was about four sizes shy of being big enough for him. The excruciatingly tight trousers of the suit were about six inches too short, and their shortness afforded a fine view of Rooney's Government straight brogans and white socks.

"His shirt was an elaborate pink checked affair, and his necktie was a huge red bowknot. The sleeves of his coat only reached down to a point a bit below his elbows, which accentuated the immensity of his huge, ham-like hands. His shock of fiery red hair stood straight on end, and the coal-dust still clinging to the under lids of his blue eyes made it appear as if he had pencilled them that way, clown-wise, and had forgotten to wash off his make-up.

"Rooney grinned from ear to ear when he saw us looking at him, but the laughter of the blasé people surrounding the table didn't bother him in the least, and he began to scatter his louis around on the roulette numbers.

"He was lucky from the jump, and inside of a quarter of an hour he had a fine stack of gold heaped in front of him. His extraordinary appearance attracted the attention of many of the players and strollers in the room, and the men and women players at the table patronized by Rooney left off risking their gold for the fun of watching the queer moves of the unabashed fireman.

"He won so steadily that presently a Russian Grand Duke, who had been idly pushing little stacks of gold on the numbers, began to follow the fireman's play closely, risking on each turn of the marble many times the amounts risked by the fireman, and finally making it maximums every time on the numbers selected by the red headed furnace-feeder. Rooney's luck stayed right with him, and the Russian Grand Duke took down vast sums, while Rooney kept on with his five-louis plays.

"Then a dissipated looking young Englishman, a chip of the nobility who has since mended his ways and distinguished himself in English politics, took a hand at the fireman's play. He, too, followed exactly the numbers picked out by Rooney for his five-louis ventures, and, like the Russian, he played the limit with each whirl of the marble.

"Right on top of this a Hungarian Countess, noted as a plunger at that time, took up the fireman's game, or lack of a game, and then there were three utterly reckless limit players—people who were notorious throughout Europe for their daring gambling—deliberately following the lead of a United States man-o'-war fireman in bucking a Monte Carlo roulette game.

"Rooney steadfastly resisted the temptation to raise his bets, but continued right along with his five-louis plays on the numbers, the three plungers following him on every play. Thus they stuck to it for hours, while scores of persons, many of them notables, stood curiously about the table and peered over one another's shoulders to watch the play.

"At 9 o'clock that evening, when Rooney had no less than 1,200 gold louis heaped up in front of him, and the three others following his game had positive pyramids of gold in front of their places, an official of the Casino approached the table—as it had been expected for some time that he would—and announced to messieurs and mesdames that the game was temporarily suspended.

"Rooney was on board the flagship, clean and sober as a judge, when the paymaster and I returned to the ship, and on the following morning he deposited the 1,200 louis with the paymaster, to be kept for him until the wind-up of this cruise.

"The paymaster and I met the young Englishman who had profited so finely by following the fireman's play the next time we visited the Casino, a couple of days later. He had just had a vast losing, and he somewhat ruefully asked us where that red-haired beggar of a man-o'-war's man was, and when he was going to again visit Monte Carlo.

"'One week in that bloomin' lucky stoker's wake,' he declared, with a round oath, 'and I'd own the whole principality!'"

GOOD FISHING DOWN THE BAY.

THIS SEASON RECALLS OLD TIMES TO ANGLERS.

Fish Returning to Their Old Haunts Since the Dumping of Garbage Was Stopped —Numerous Fleets Out After Them —From the Narrows to Devil's Island.

The returning purity of the water in New York Bay cheers the hearts of the fishermen. Since the dumping of garbage was stopped, the rapid improvement in the condition of the shore lines has been marked, and game fish are coming back to old grounds long abandoned by anglers.

Never before in the history of home made hooks have the fishing fleets in these waters been so numerous as they are to-day. This is a great season for fishermen and a good season for fish.

It would require too much time and space to tell about all the fishing grounds in New York and New Jersey waters, but it is worth while to run over as many of them as can be covered in one day by a sailboat with favorable winds or by a launch with no wind.

Starting from Clifton, Staten Island, the fisherman fixes his attention first upon the rocks along the shore leading to the bluff. Standing on these rocks, the farmers of long ago used to angle in the evening for kingfish, and bring home just as many as they cared to put into their baskets. In the shallow water under the bluff, sheepshead, striped bass and tide runners used to bite savagely.

For long years the rocks were left lonely, and for cause: the fish had vanished. Now, however, the man who casts his line under the bluff has a fair chance to make his basket heavy.

Outside the Narrows an unsightly heap of shanties appears. They look like the wreck of a collection of gypsy camps tossed up there in a storm. This is South Beach, sometimes called "Baxter Street Beach."

The buildings are just in front of the high ground, where beautiful country residences used to stand shaded by majestic trees. Now the dwellings are nearly all gone; the trees are few, and on the highlands are fortifications.

Uncle Sam bought the greater part of the land in this locality. He needed it for his guns, and the islanders regret that he did not include in his purchase that "Baxter Street Beach," where the brass bands blare and the hand organs whine, every band and every organ playing its own tune and all playing at once.

While gliding by that noisy region one gets a glimpse of a strange little building which looks like an old ruin, but in reality is a very modern ruin, not more than ten years old. It is a facsimile of one of the churches of St. Cuthbert in England that date back to the seventh or eighth century. As the good saint is supposed to be the patron of sailors, all the woodwork in the interior of this little modern-antique building was taken, according to the strict orders of its builder, the late Cuthbert Mills, from the hulls of old ships and boats. Of course, the wood selected was well seasoned and sound.

Inside that little church of the saint of salts everything is salty, and everything is simple, pure and artistic. In the days when the beautiful cedar groves lined the South Beach, like an unfinished frame for the landscapes beyond, that romantic little church would have been a picturesque affair indeed. But now, after the invasion of the Raines law hotel men, the showmen, the frankfurter-sausage men and all the other men who came to improve this land, it seems sadly out of place.

About half a mile further on toward New Dorp, after passing all the hotels, there is another building worth noticing, the house in which Tweed was sheltered after his escape, and in which he remained for some weeks before he was taken away at night in the rowboat which carried him to the tug from which he was put on board the vessel that took him to Spain. Strange stories of the dime novel type are told of that old homestead, and the superstitious have already marked it in their catalogue of haunted houses in Aquahongua.

After running by a fleet of small boats manned by anglers busy with schoolfish the mouth of the New Creek is reached. Just why it is called the New Creek is not easy to tell, for in reality it is the old creek, or all that remains of it. However, a second-hand creek is as good as a new one.

At all events, the mouth of it, like the hindquarters of a mule, is often enough a good thing to keep at a respectful distance, for the shoal runs out for about a quarter of a mile, and when a storm is brewing and a ground swell rolling, boatmen give it a wide berth. A little beyond the outer bank of that shoal and in about ten or twelve feet of water immense weakfish used to be taken some years ago, and this season the few fishermen who tried it had no reason to be dissatisfied.

About a mile to the southwest of the Lower Quarantine Island the boat gets into the neighborhood of an old wreck, the stubs of which lie about fifteen feet below the surface. This was a choice fishing ground about twenty-five years ago.

It could be easily located by landmarks; but, as buildings come and go and trees are cut down, the old landmarks were lost and, of course, the fishermen lost the wreck. But they did not regret it, for the weakfish had ceased to hover around it, and for many years the place was deserted.

Last year a lucky fisherman rediscovered it, reported progress and generously gave away his brand new marks. These marks took in the modern improvements, and the few fortunate possessors of them find fishing there now like that of the good old days, thanks to clean water.

By running across the Main Ship Channel and putting it on the starboard hand, the "sidewalk" leading to the Romer is reached. That sidewalk is the line of comparative safety, where there is no danger of being run down by any one of the many fast steamers that keep the channel. The channel now is like a railroad track, good enough for tramps, but dangerous for excursionists, especially in small boats.

Round the Romer launches have taken the places of sailboats. A sail there now is behind the time and looks as melancholy as a butterfly in November.

The few weakfish that have been taken at the Romer this season were unusually large, running from five to nine and a half pounds. The average run in former years was from three and a half to five pounds.

At Sandy Hook the run and the numbers are about the same as at the Romer, but from time to time the blues make the fishermen lighthearted. Happy fishermen!

After leaving the Romer and crossing the Swash and Main Ship channels, a run in toward the Jersey shore and along toward the mouth of the Raritan is bound to be enjoyed, in spite of the outstretching pound nets, always troublesome and often dangerous to skippers. Most of the angling grounds along that shore are forgotten; but some are still remembered, and there is plenty of room for new discoveries.

No man knows all the haunts of the fishes. This statement may hurt the feelings of a few conceited casters. But who cares about them? Their long and wearisome dauber watching, always in their own favorite grounds, tends to make them weak-minded.

Point Comfort, Point Conaskonck and Keyport are soon passed. Then, keeping well in shore, the boat comes under the picturesque highlands of Cliffwood.

Here, about eighty or a hundred yards from the beach, there is a queer cluster of boulders, forming a little island surrounded by a luxurious growth of eel grass. Usually the boatmen keep a stake and bush in front of it, for at high water it is nearly covered, and its halo of eel grass is not luminous at night.

When the tide is low and the water calm and clear, one can easily see that this queer bunch of boulders is the head or the tail of a long line of round rocks running, in close Indian file, from Cliffwood toward Staten Island. Some anglers say that scientific men long ago discovered that this little rocky island is the end of a great row of rocks reaching as far as the Narrows. Well, if this be so, the long, winding thing must be the petrified backbone of the father of sea serpents, and the island was probably his head.

For years the boatmen thought that the "Bunch of Rocks" was good enough name for it, but about seven years ago a party of fishermen from New York paid it a visit, in the hope of catching striped bass and tide runners. They caught longtailed dogfish, slimy toadfish, vampiresque skates and bandylegged spider crabs. On leaving it in disgust, they named it the Devil's Island, and that name is sticking to it, although at high water there are few better spots for fishing.

It is only a short run from the Devil's Island to Cheesequake Creek, of big bass fame. On the way home the boat passes through the fishing fleets of Prince's Bay, Richmond Beach and the mouth of the Great Kills. The last named is the favorite resort of New York anglers, on account of its safety, its comfort and the excellent sport which it affords to all who know how to handle a rod and reel.

And when the trip is over, and the sea rovers return, tired perhaps from the tossing, few among them can forget the beautiful landscapes which their little boat seemed to set in motion before their eyes, as it rolled out some of the pretty portions of the coasts of New Jersey and Staten Island, within easy reach of the great, noisy and dusty city of New York.

IN DARKEST RICHMOND.

Inland Places of Staten Island That New Yorkers Hear Little Of.

The discovery of a number of packages of missing mail in the town of Linoleumville, Staten Island, gave many persons their first knowledge that there was such a place, and fewer persons still, probably, are aware that it is a part of the city of New York, a town in Richmond borough, with a population of about 600.

Staten Island has been a part of the city of New York since 1898, but its absorption into the city has failed to make people much better acquainted with parts of it. Along the railroad and trolley systems points on Staten Island are well known to other New Yorkers. Many inland places are as remote from the knowledge of the rest of the city as if a part of Westchester or settlements in some other State.

Few New Yorkers, for instance, are aware that Travisville is a part of the second largest city in the world, and the largest city on the Western continent. Still fewer, perhaps, have ever heard of Willow Brook, Wood Row, Bull's Head or Graniteville. Yet all these places are known to residents of Staten Island, and some of them are of local importance.

The failure of Staten Islanders, generally, to come into New York, comprehension is probably due to the fact that the means of communication between Manhattan Island and Staten Island have not corresponded to the requirements of a complete political union. That defect is in course of being remedied.

Oom Paul Frightened by Cricket Team.

From the Philadelphia Public Ledger.

A story told in sporting circles of the late President Kruger during the early days of the South African war shows the simplicity of the old Boer leader. When the first Australian contingent arrived at Cape Town Mr. Kruger is said to have asked Gen. Joubert if he knew anything about these Australians.

"I only know that eleven of them once beat all England."

"Good heavens!" cried the President, "we are lost! Thirteen thousand of them have just landed."

TREES, CURIOUS OR HISTORIC.

Rare Aloe Wood Tree.

From the Bombay Gazette.

The aloe wood tree is a native of the mountains east and southeast of Sylhet, in Burmah, and in Bengal. It is valuable on account of a dark, resinous, aromatic juice with which the wood is sometimes gorged. This resin, or agar as it is colloquially termed, is used for its perfume and supposed medicinal properties. It is very costly and is used both for incense in religious and other ceremonials and also in the preparation of a perfume called agar attar, which is practically as costly as attar of roses.

The most interesting feature in connection with the aloe wood tree is the uncertainty as to whether any particular tree will be found to contain the precious resin. A tribe of hill men known to the natives as agar kumlahs make it their business to search for the resinous wood. Their trade is a secret which they always endeavor to preserve from all natives of other tribes. A party of agar kumlahs goes off into the mountains with provisions for as long as three months, and they prosecute their tedious search in districts where probably a human being is not seen from one month to another.

Trees have to be chopped down and hacked to pieces before it can be ascertained whether they contain any of the resinous deposit, and sometimes after a wearisome search through half a dozen trees, young and old, not a single piece of agar is discovered. Again, it may be that a rich find is made and then the collector is repaid for half a month of work.

Oil Tree of China.

From the Manufacturers' Record.

Five years ago the attention of American importers was called to the value as an astringent and drier in varnish, for the finer kinds of furniture, of the product of the Chinese wood oil tree.

Since then two American firms have established branches at Hankow, China, for the exportation of the oil, and one of them has shipped nearly 200,000 gallons since last fall. Because of the fact that no barrels are manufactured in the province where the oil tree grows, a Hankow firm has imported from New York shooks for 5,000 barrels and machinery for setting them up. About a thousand seeds of the oil tree have been planted in California and are doing well.

Eucalyptus Grew 20 Feet in 18 Months.

From the Los Angeles Times.

A tree which grew nearly twenty feet in a year and a half has just gone from the experimental station in Santa Monica Cañon to the World's Fair to show what California can do when in a hurry for a place in the shade.

It holds the championship long-distance tree sprinting record of the United States.

It is a variety of eucalyptus. A small grove of these trees was planted on a shaggy slip back of the experimental station, where they seemed as though no tree could grow at all. But the rate at which they have shot up under skilful attention almost staggers belief.

When this particular tree was about a year and a half old it measured four inches in diameter. They had to pull it up for fear it would break the Santa Monica speed ordinance.

In order to get it safely to the fair the whole tree was carefully packed in mosses and soaked cloths.

A Thread and Needle Tree.

From the Mexican Herald.

The wonders of botany are apparently inexhaustible. One of the most remarkable specimens is the Mexican maguey tree, which furnishes a needle and thread all ready for use.

At the tip of each dark green leaf is a slender thorn needle that must be carefully drawn from its sheath; at the same time it slowly unwinds the thread, a strong, smooth fibre attached to the needle and capable of being drawn out to a great length.

Tree Grows Out of a Wall.

From the Emporia Republican.

One of the most peculiar sights the town affords is a young cottonwood tree which is growing out of the back wall of the Eagle Hall.

It is about 12 feet from the ground, and seems to have taken firm root in the crevices between the bricks. It is now three or four feet high and is as green and vigorous as any tree growing on the ground.

Switch That Became Notable Elm.

From the Boston Transcript.

A magnificent elm tree on the Walter Wellington estate, in the eastern part of Lexington, dates from 1732, and was planted by the father of Jonathan Harrington, who was a small drummer boy in the Revolutionary War.

The boy's father was a farmer and sold his produce in Salem. On returning home from market one day the horse was very weary and lagging in his gait; so to urge him along Farmer Harrington plucked a small sapling elm from the roadside to encourage a swifter gait. When he got home the sapling was so straight and evidently alive that he put it in the ground. The switch has become the great tree that attracts notice for its size and fine proportions from every sightseer who comes to this historic town.

Horses' Quick Journey From Germany.

From the Denver Times.

An express company this morning brought in two carloads of blooded horses that were shipped from Germany to a firm of this city.

Fifteen days from Germany to Denver, twelve days to traverse the broad Atlantic and three days to reach the centre of the continent. That is the record breaking journey made by the stock. This was the fastest trip ever made with a shipment of stock, and marks a new era in freight and express shipments from Europe.

The thirty horses that arrived are valued at about $100,000. They are considered some of the finest stock that ever entered the United States.