

# The Denison Review

E. F. TUCKER, Publisher.

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 24, 1904.

## THE LONG-AGO.

O, the beautiful, beautiful past,  
With its memories all aglow;  
They are gleaming to-night, with a radiance bright,  
From the shadowy long-ago.

The mountains, rock-ribbed and rough,  
Where our feet grew weary and worn,  
Are brought to view and are clothed anew  
With a beauty of heaven born.

The storm in the valley sighed,  
With its sometimes sweet refrains,  
But our souls are at rest on its heaving breast,  
For the music alone remains.

The sunset of life draws near  
In the sweet and blessed calm;  
Its tender ray gilds the sombre day,  
And mellows its terrors to balm.

And we list at eventide  
For the distant bells, which, lo!  
In the waning light, ring a sweet good-night  
To the chimes of the long-ago.  
—Marion Boal, in United Presbyterian.

## The Hollow in the Red Rocks.

By A. W. Whitehouse.

SUDDEN and unlooked-for things happen in the mountains. For all that we are civilized, and the bad man is no longer very bad, evil deeds are done among the lonely peaks, and sometimes two men go on a journey, and very long afterwards one skeleton is found.

I am now able to give some sort of an explanation of the motives which brought about the strange disappearance of my partner last October, though many of the facts remain to be cleared up.

To tell a connected story, I have to go back to a time when I was only a small ranchman, holding the nucleus of the present splendid property, and the Black Hills Land & Cattle company did not exist. In a matter of business I had made the acquaintance of old Matthew Sparks, the great dressed beef man at the Chicago stock yards, and the business acquaintance had developed into a personal friendship, during the course of which Mr. Sparks had been very kind to me indeed.

It was in the spring of '97 that I received the letter from Mr. Sparks which made so great a change in my prospects. It was very long, and went rather fully into business details, but one extract from it is necessary for the proper understanding of later events.

"I am sorry to say," he wrote, "that Archie (his only son) has signaled his entrance into business life by a very disreputable social scandal. There was an entanglement with a girl, followed by her suicide. I need hardly say that had I known of it in time, Archie should have done his duty at any cost to the family, but, as it is, Chicago is too hot to hold him, and it will be better for him to keep away for several years. Archie is devoted to outdoor pursuits, and will very probably take quite kindly to ranching, though he is no good at all in the office."

Then followed an offer which made me sit up. Briefly, I was to acquire on his behalf enough neighboring property to support 40,000 head of cattle, and my own interest in the concern was to be so large as to make me a fairly wealthy man in the course of a very few years. The only pill was Archie. I had met that youth, and did not like him. He was to be appointed a subordinate officer in the company, and was to enjoy the income of a large block of its stock, provided that he made his regular home at the ranch and never slept away from it for more than 14 consecutive nights.

Apart from my obligations to Mr. Sparks, the offer was too good to be refused. There is a sweet certainty about cattle when you are enfolded in the kindly arms of the beef trust that no cowboy could resist; and so it was not very long before Archibald Sparks came to take up his residence at the ranch.

It is well to say nothing but good of the dead, but as there is not yet any legal proof that Archie has crossed the great divide I must haste to describe him while I can do so with a clear conscience.

He belonged to a not uncommon type that is repulsive to men, though by no means unattractive to women, a type which I can only define as the unpleasantly physical. His body was robust and he had glorified the care of his person into a kind of religion. He was an extremely well-built boy, with one of those yearning, intense faces, that you see among a small class of poets and actors and a large class of brutes. Of brains, morals and application he was destitute.

During the first few months of the expansion of the property the work was chiefly of a clerical nature—securing options, besieging land offices, interviewing surveyors and the like. In this I did not look for any help from my new partner and none was volunteered; but when the great herds of cattle began to pour in from the west and south, I certainly expected to be able to rely on him. And for several weeks, before the novelty wore off, he did save me a great deal of trou-

ble. By July, however, the hot, dry season had begun in earnest, and you could hardly see the stock you were driving for the dust they raised. This was too much for Archie. He was not going to injure his precious eyes for any mere business consideration. After that I saw very little of him. His time was divided between shooting, fishing and other pursuits of a less reputable nature, and his appearances at the ranch were just sufficiently frequent to fulfill the conditions which held his interest in the property.

It was towards the end of July that Clark Fenton arrived in the town in which we got our supplies. Evidently belonging to the better class of working men, he was short, extremely powerful and spoke pronouncedly through his nose. His conversation was chiefly remarkable for its contrast to the vigorous and high-flavored language used by the natives. He never swore.

Apparently he had plenty of money, and at first when questioned as to his intentions, replied that he had earned enough for a holiday, and was going to look around a bit before settling on a line of work. He was jack of many trades, he said, and could make a good living as soon as he decided. He picked up a number of acquaintances, displayed a great interest in the resources and prospects of the surrounding country and early in August announced that he had determined to try his luck for a season as a professional hunter and trapper.

In this capacity he met with success from the start. He was a brilliant shot, and though the country was new to him, he seemed to have a natural instinct as to the whereabouts of game. Several short trips were arranged by the local magnates, with Fenton as a pilot, and in each case they returned spoil-laden.

Naturally, Archie fell in with him, and naturally they had much enthusiastic talk in common, but their several engagements prevented them from arranging an expedition together till the middle of October.

About this time there were large and destructive forest fires in the Rockies, and the smoke hung a heavy pall over all the land. The sun rose and set blood-red, and men could hardly quench their thirst. Much game was driven out, and crossing the intervening 40 miles of plain, deer and elk took up their abode on our range in the south part of the Black Hills. Other visitors arrived, not so welcome. A mountain lion was seen by one of our cowboys feasting on a calf, and the next night, ten miles away, he robbed the henroost of a fence-rider.

To harbor the beast meant a certain loss of a thousand dollars a year, and I turned his pursuit and destruction over to Archie, who took to the idea with great eagerness. He at once engaged Clark Fenton to accompany him, and on the 17th of October the pair started with a team and spring wagon belonging to the ranch, loaded with guns, rifles and all the paraphernalia required for a two-weeks' camp in the hills.

From that day to this, no man, so far as is known, has ever set eyes on either of them.

A fortnight went by, but as Archie was supposed to be hunting within our fence (an enclosure, by the way, of about three-quarters of a million acres) and was at work for the benefit of the ranch, I made no report of his absence to his father. But during the third week the weather became very bitter and stormy—too rough, I should have supposed, for my partner—and when, on the 7th of November, I found that none of the cowboys had seen their camp at all, I became alarmed, and telegraphed to Mr. Sparks.

Promptly came back the reply: "Spend up to fifty thousand in inquiries. Draw on me."

The number of riders we put out to cover the ground, and the number of detectives we employed would hardly be believed, if I gave them; but up to June, '98, the only things we recovered were the wagon and horses. A Mexican in Arizona was working old Blue, and a missionary on the Crow reservation in Montana had Buck and the wagon, but they had passed through so many hands that it was impossible to trace them back to any one resembling either Clark Fenton or Archie Sparks.

Poor Mr. Sparks took the disappearance of his son very deeply to heart, and his efforts in the search were redoubled, but were entirely fruitless.

In June, '98, I had occasion to ride over a part of the range about ten miles distant from the home ranch. The nature of the country was rather curious. The soil was a heavy, orange-colored sand, growing a fairly good stand of pasture grass, and spangled at this season with wild flowers of every hue. At frequent intervals there rose red sandstone rocks, some of great size, and carved by weather into the most fantastic shapes. Here would be a table, many hundred tons in weight, set on three slender legs; there a thin slab, serving edgewise for a sun dial; fancy could picture George Washington, the Sphinx and other celebrities, when the strange masses were looked at from the proper point.

These crags were the home of wild-cats, and my bull-terriers (who generally succeeded in following me when I meant to leave them at home) were soon bustling one from rock to rock. The cat finally took refuge in a mass of red sandstone about an acre in extent, the terriers following, and while I waited for them to come out again I amused myself by examining the curious formation. On three sides the walls were sheer, or perhaps a little overhanging, to the height of 40 feet. At the top the weather had done strange work. Crowning the walls were great mushroom-like shapes, on high, thick stems, each different and yet all alike. The intervals were almost regular, giving the appearance of

a battlemented tower, or, better, of some vast fantastic crown. To the east there was a cleft, where willows and underbrush grew thickly on a steep slope; and amid them issued a tiny spring.

I could hear barking and spitting from somewhere in the rock, and determined to clamber up and see how my dogs were faring. I struggled up through the tangled undergrowth, then, with knees and fingernails up a slippery slope of sandstone, and checked myself at the top just in time to avoid a breakneck fall.

For the great rock was hollow. Just as the sheer walls rose on the outside, so they fell within, enclosing a great pit, perhaps 30 yards in length and 15 broad. In one corner were the bull pups, actively assailing the cat. How had they come there? Examining the pit more carefully, I saw that on one side there was a difficult entrance, where the rock sloped down, and the sheer drop was only about seven feet, though there was no unaided exit for man or beast. I fetched a lariat from my horse, made a dangerous scramble among the mushroom-headed rocks, and, securing my rope round the stem of one of them, let myself down just in time to assist at the obsequies of the cat.

The field of battle had centered near a small hole in the rocky wall, which a pack rat had partly filled with brush and various rubbish. This had been disturbed by the cat and dog encounter, and further in the hole I saw what looked like brown leather. Brown leather it proved to be—a check book of the kind that folds over, and serves for holding other documents.

The checks had been used, and the counterfoils were scribbled over in pencil. The pencil writing was hard to decipher, but a very short inspection satisfied me that it was a diary kept by Archie Sparks.

This is what he wrote:

October 18—Pain in my foot is awful, but I must write, as I do not expect to get out of here alive. Why did he do it? But you do not know yet what he did, so I will tell. Yesterday we came here and camped at the little spring. Started to explore the rocks about sunset. Found the way into the hollow, and I let myself down by a rope. Left both rifles at the top, and Clark Fenton was to follow me down. Instead of doing so, he pulled up the rope, saying: "This place will do as well as any," and shot me through the right foot. Shock must have made me faint, as I heard him saying things I didn't understand. Finally wished me a pleasant evening; said I should see him tomorrow, and went away. Fenton must be mad, to attack me like this, and I doubt if help arrives in time.

October 19—Fenton is worse than mad—he is Minnie's brother. Minnie was my Chicago girl, you know. Was mining in Oregon then, and I never saw him. Now he tells me he is going to watch me starve to death, and hopes I will enjoy it. Pain in foot worse, and leg swollen. He let me down water in a tin bucket; says he wants me to have plenty of time. I see no hope.

October 20—Screamed all day, but Fenton, or Johnson, as his real name is, told me to go ahead and scream. Pain in foot less, but awful cramps in stomach. He eats his meals in full view of me. I ate gooseberry leaves.

October 21—Minnie came to see me to-day with a baby in her arms; opened a way for me out of the rock; I started to follow, but fell down, down, down.

October 22—Poor Minnie. After this there were only a few feeble scrawls.

We have turned over all the loose sand in the hollow, and have had large gangs of men examine the ground in all directions, but have come on no other evidence that would support the idea that poor Archie was buried in the neighborhood.

Up to date there has been no news of Johnson, alias Fenton.

He is thickest, speaks with a nasal accent and never swears.

### She Would Not Do.

A Boston mother with the true Boston woman's born-and-bred horror of anything "vulgar" had to engage a nurserymaid to take the place of one who had married. An advertisement calling for the service of another maid was inserted in the papers, and an applicant appeared in the person of a demure looking young woman, to whom the mother of the four young hopefuls said: "I am very particular regarding the language used by my nurserymaids. I am especially particular regarding the use of slang. I never allow my children to use any form of slang, and I hope you would not mind if I corrected any grammatical errors I might discover in your conversation." "Well, I dunno," said the applicant, after a few moments' reflection. "I guess, lady, that I'd hardly come up to the scratch, so I might as well get a move on me as' look somewhere else for a sit. So 'ng, lady."—Woman's Home Companion.

### Fighting by Lamplight.

Dr. Anita Newcomb McGee, who is to take from Philadelphia to Japan a detachment of Red Cross nurses, was talking the other day about war's horrors.

"In Cuba, during our war with Spain," she said, "a new nurse of mine had occasion one afternoon to buy a gallon of oil.

"The price of the oil was enormously high, and the nurse complained about it.

"Why," she said, "do you charge so much?"

"Oil has gone up, ma'am," the dealer answered.

"Why has it gone up?"

"On account of the war."

"The nurse sneered. 'Have they taken,' she said, 'to fighting now by lamplight?'"—N. Y. Tribune.

## RAMON CARROL.



The vice president of Mexico, and who has been designated by President Diaz as "president in reserve." He has been secretary of the interior in the Mexican cabinet for a number of years.

## FIRST BOOKS TO BE MADE

Every Civilized Nation from Its Earliest History Knew the Art of Writing.

The oldest books in existence are, doubtless, those of the Babylonians; but the great permanency of these is explained by the material of which they are composed, and it does not necessarily follow that they were the first books to be made, says Harper's Magazine. We know that the Egyptians employed a papyrus roll from the earliest historical periods, and that the Hindoos made their palm-leaf books at a very early day. In short, every civilized nation is discovered at the very dawn of its history in full possession of a system of bookmaking.

It is impossible to decide the question as to whether one nation borrowed from another in developing the idea of bookmaking. Limiting our view strictly to the historic period, we find, as has been said, the five types of books in general use. We have now to consider briefly the distinguishing characteristics of each of these types before going on to note the steps of development through which the modern book was evolved.

First let us give attention to the papyrus roll of the Egyptians. As has been said, this type of book was employed in Egypt from the earliest day of the historical period. As is well known, papyrus is a species of primitive paper—the word "paper" being, indeed, a derivative of "papyrus"—which was made of strips of the papyrus plant placed together to form two thin layers, the fibers of one crossing those of the other, and the whole made into a thin, firm sheet with the aid of glue and mechanical pressure. The strips of papyrus were usually from 8 to 14 inches in width, and from a few feet to several yards in length. This scroll was not used, as might perhaps have been expected, for the insertion of a single continuous column of writing. A moment's consideration will make it clear that such a method would have created difficulties both for the scribe and for the reader; therefore the much more convenient method was adopted of writing lines a few inches in length, so placed as to form transverse columns, which followed one another in regular sequence from the beginning to the end of the scroll.

## AN OLD SMOKER'S DREAMS

He Had to Give Up His Pipe and Cigar, But Still Enjoyed Them.

"It has been 18 years since I was told to break loose from tobacco, as over-indulgence in smoking was about to knock me out," said S. J. Mason, of Chicago, reports a local exchange. "From that day, though so dear a lover of the weed, I haven't put a cigar or pipe between my lips, and yet, strange as it may sound, on numerous occasions I find myself puffing out huge clouds of smoke drawn from the most fragrant Havanas that ever were given to solace mankind.

"These smokes, let it be understood, come in my dreams, but the enjoyment they confer is as solid and substantial as in the old days when the indulgence was a reality. Curiously enough, too, the visions always present a group of friends. I can see them puffing away vigorously. I catch the aroma they blow forth; I hear their conversation as in the old days, and the whole atmosphere is of tobacco. Yet, despite these vivid pictures, awakening brings no desire to resume the ancient habit, and I expect to continue dreaming of smoking to the end of the chapter without ever putting it in practice."

## Tobacco Ash Wasted.

It has been calculated that 8,000 tons of tobacco ash is annually wasted in England. It would make an invaluable fertilizer for poor soil, considering that 75 per cent. consists of calcium and potassium salts, and 15 per cent. of magnesium and sodium salts, including nearly five per cent. of the essential constituent to all plants—phosphoric acid.

## A BIT OF CHINESE HUMOR.

Illustrative of the Slyness of the Mongolian Under All Circumstances.

Here is a typical example of a Chinese funny story: A passenger boat full of people was on the point of pushing off from the shore when a man came running up in hot haste and asked to be taken on board. "There's no room; we can't take you," answered the boatman. But he was not to be put off so easily. "If you will let me come," he cried, "I will tell you a tale." The passengers began to discuss the situation. "We have nothing to do," they said to each other, "and it's very tedious. If he were to tell us a story it would while away the time." Accordingly (regulations as to the number of passengers being by no means strict in the flowery land) the applicant was allowed to come on board. The passengers squeezed closer and so managed to make room for him, proving the truth of the German adage: "Many patient sheep go into a small fold."

After giving the newcomer a little breathing time they asked for the promised story. Without hesitation he began: "Ch'ao Ch'ao once led 830,000 men (infantry and cavalry) to the south of the Yangtze." Ch'ao Ch'ao was a famous Chinese general who lived in the time of the Han dynasty, about the beginning of the Christian era and whose deeds of prowess are still related with great gusto among his fellow countrymen. "On their way," went on the story-teller, "they had to cross a river by a bridge which consisted of a single plank. They crossed over one by one." Here the narrator began to make noises which were supposed to represent the trampling of the steeds: "Teh-teh-teh." This went on till his audience grew rather tired of it.

At last some one said: "Please go on with the story." "You must wait for them to cross the bridge," was the answer. "When 830,000 men and horses have to cross a one-plank bridge it won't do to hurry them; they must be careful or they might fall into the water," and he calmly resumed his "teh-teh-teh." Again his audience pleaded for a continuation of the story, but again he declined to be hurried. "They can't cross the bridge in a short time," he said; "they must go slowly and carefully." So he went on with his "teh-teh-teh," and, however much he was urged, he would say nothing else. So the boat reached its destination and the story was never finished, because Ch'ao Ch'ao's army had not yet had time to cross the bridge.

## POLITICIANS OF POMPEII.

There Were Candidates in Those Days Run by Factions as in Our Times.

Recently Joseph Offord read a paper before the Society for the Encouragement of the Fine Arts in which he described what must have been a municipal election in Pompeii shortly before, in 79 A. D., the ashes and lava of Vesuvius overwhelmed it and Herculaneum. It is the claims of candidates, says the Boston Transcript, that we read in these strange and long undecipherable inscriptions on the walls. It is the Pompeian way of announcing: "For mayor, Michael J. Gracchus, the friend of labor."

Some of these placards are rudely done. Some are set forth with skill and with embellishments. One of them contains a bit of street car health food verse—all painted in red. No less than our own candidates of to-day, those of the year 79 were put forward by parties of supporters. There were the trades' interests. There was the money power to be vituperated on the stump. The spellbinder addressed as "Friends and fellow citizens of Pompeii," the woodcutters' union, the fishers, the performers and dyers, the barbers and porters. He explained to them what were the mere rights of man and what were their more glorious privileges as free and united advocates of the six-hour day.

And there were faddists in those days—persons to whom South Boston would apply the epithet "bughouse." These were the long sleepers, the deep drinkers. They ran a candidate in common who was solemnly pledged to the suppression of street noises and the chief plank in their platform was a club sandwich.

The heterogeneous religion of the city crept into politics. Venus was principally worshipped we know, but by the side of her temples were shrines to Isis and Horus and Anubis. And at this last election we hear of a minority party who in caucus assembled decided to call themselves the Isis passive resisters. They seemed to desire most of all representation on the police force.

## Inquisitive Farmer.

In each telephone receiver there is a bit of granulated carbon that looks not unlike gunpowder. The other day near Huntington, W. Va., an inquisitive farmer took his telephone to pieces to see what made it talk. He spilled out the granulated carbon, but since the stuff looked like gunpowder he thought it must necessarily be nothing else. Wherefore he got down his powder horn and filled up the space with the granules. Then he called up "central" to see if everything would work all right. An electric spark set the powder off and the farmer's ear was almost torn off.

## Ocean Egg Boilers.

The automatic egg boilers on ocean craft are designed to cook 200 eggs at once, a clock arrangement causing the basket containing the eggs to hop out of the water at any half minute up to six minutes.