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The Chronicles of the Yellowstone.

An Accurate Description of the Country; its Indians; the Early Settlers; Their Struggles with the Aborigines, and Interesting Reminiscences Gathered from The Early Pioneer..

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THE FOUNDING OF BOZEMAN.—THE DISCOVERY OF EMIGRANT GULCH.—A DISPLAY OF INDIAN CUNNING.

CHAPTER V.

This is a chronicle of Yellowstone life and adventure, but Bozeman must be treated of, for it was the market for all of the pelts captured on that stream. From it came all of the supplies required by the trappers, miners and ranchmen; in it was organized all of the important expeditions of late years, and a large part of the old-timers who made the town had interests and lived at times on the Yellowstone.

Till the railroad came the interests of the two sections were identical and the prosperity of the one was reflected on the other. In July of this year (1864) Elliott Rouse located a ranch at Bozeman's present site and commenced to build. F. F. Fridley, Cy Mounts, W. W. Alderson, W. J. Davies, Bill Heffner, William Beall and Joe Merivale, started houses at the same time. There were six buildings completed during the summer and fall, and some of the emigrants that came through with Bozeman and Bridger settled in the Gallatin valley, near to this place, and quite a trade sprang up. Stafford & Rice opened up a little store, as did Fritz & Son. Jack Mendenhall, who had a saloon, had also canned goods, etc., for sale. The town grew slowly till 1867, then the building of Fort Ellis gave it quite an impetus, from this it has had a steady increase of prosperity till the present time, and now is an incorporated city with 3,000 inhabitants, and is the prettiest town in Montana.

John Bozeman organized another train in Missouri this year and brought it across his old trail to the east of the Big Horn range and arrived at the Yellowstone in August. Jim Bridger also guided through a train and arrived at the river but a short time after Bozeman. He went up the Platte to near the mouth of the Sweetwater, then across to Wind river and through between the Big Horn and Rocky mountain ranges, joining Bozeman's trail at the Rocky Fork of Clarke's Fork. Several parties came through after Bridger, one of them having twenty wagons and headed by Squire Lilly, branched off the road at the Yellowstone and went above the canyon on that river.

Tanner, an old Bozemanite, came through with one of these trains after Bridger, using an ox for a saddle animal. In a train just behind Lilly, one wagon was owned by a Methodist clergyman. The party did not go fast enough to suit him, and at Rocky Fork he struck out ahead. As he was going down the hill to the Yellowstone at the mouth of Bridger creek he was met by a party of Indians, and he, his son and a hired driver were killed; when found their bodies were bristling with arrows.

Campbell came through with a train on Bozeman's trail and about four weeks behind him. At Powder river he was attacked by Sioux and fought them for three hours, four of his men being killed. The savages must have suffered heavily, for they bothered him no more during the trip. Fair prospects of gold were found in Emigrant Gulch by those who had gone up the river, and many claims were taken and a town soon sprang up at the mouth of the canyon. This was called Yellowstone City. About forty houses were built and three hundred people wintered here, fifteen of whom were women. The ground was very deep and hard to work and many of those who had claims did not get them properly opened this season; the result was hard times. What little flour there was in the country sold readily at $100 per sack, bacon $1.00 per pound, and all groceries in proportion. The country was alive with elk, deer and antelope, and wild meat was the main article of diet to those poor in purse. A meeting was held in the fall, which elected a justice of the piece and made mining laws. Hanging was to be the penalty for murder, thieving or for insulting a woman. The next spring many of the inhabitants of Yellowstone City left for better mining camps, and those that stayed built for better protection, should they be attacked by Indians, up in the mouth of the canyon. The name given to the new town was Chico. Some very good pay was found this season and the out-put of gold for 1865 was estimated at $80,000.

In December of 1864 the first Montana Legislature convened at Bannack. To Sam Word, N. P. Langford and others was given a charter for a stage and telegraph line from Virginia City to the head of navigation on the Yellowstone (Emigrant Gulch specified) from there to the mouth of the Yellowstone. From the amount of country that this company controled it was jocularly called the broad guage company.

A right was given to other parties for a wagon road from Bozeman to Laramie City. The former company must have absorbed this latter, for we find them later on putting ferry boats on the larger streams between Bozeman and Laramie. The Legislature also gave a company the sole right to mine coal on the upper river, under the name of the "Red Streak Mountain Coal Co.," taken from the Devil's Slide at Cinnabar mountain.

In 1865 the Broad Guage company gave W. J. Davies a contract to build three ferry boats, one for the Yellowstone and one each for Clarke's Fork and Big Horn. Tomlinson had put up a saw mill on the first stream below Emigrant, (from this came the name of Mill creek) and Davies floated lumber from this place to the mouth of the canyon, here building him a little house for his family, and afterward the contract boats, which, when completed, were floated down to the mouths of the rivers on which they were to be used, each having a crew of three men and a pony. Cartright, Mich Boyer and another manned the Big Horn boat, Col. Smith and two others taking up the one for Clarke's Fork. The Big Horn party made their last Yellowstane camp just above the mouth of the Big Horn. Mich Boyer, while examining the country near camp, found the skeletons of five men and one woman with long yellow hair. All of the members of this party gave this as truth, but the compiler of these chronicles can find no previous traces of the party; probably they were going down the river in a boat and were surprised and killed by Indians while in camp. The ferry boats were pulled up the rivers by pony and hand power to their respective places, ropes were stretched across the streams and everything prepared for the large immigration that was expected. Many trains started from the States but the military would not allow them to come over this road, as the weak policy of conciliating, the Sioux was then in favor with the government. When Cartright and party found that there would be no travel they started back to the settlements, the men at the Clarke's Fork ferry joining them as they passed. At their first camp from the latter place on Rocky Fork, some Indians came in making signs that they were friendly, one of them had on a cavalry sword. He stepped up and handed this weapon to Col. Smith, and asked in return to see the latter's pistol which was hanging on a belt at his hip. Col. Smith very foolishly gave it up and was instantly shot dead. The other whites ran for the brush and saved themselves, none of them being hit but Mich Boyer, who was shot through the muscle of his leg. a troublesame wound but not dangerous. From this on they traveled at night and arrived at Davies' cabin without further incident. Davies had been running the Yellowstone ferry and building Mackinaws all summer, he had seen Indians several times, but had been bothered by them but twice, once when a party of seven came to his cabin, he held a double barreled shot gun across his knees all of the time they were there, while his wife cooked for them. The shot gun kept them quite civil. When they were gone Davies examined the gun and nearly fainted, for it was unloaded.

About a month before the Big Horn ferrymen had come in, three men, Campbell, Ford and another (name unknown) started up Mission creek prospecting, they were traveling up the bottom, which is about equally divided between openings and brush patches, and when about four miles from the Yellowstone, just as they entered a small opening they were fired on by Indians, who were ambushed in the willows, two of the whites being instantly killed. Ford, the survivor, amidst a storm of bullets, jumped from his horse and ran to the creek. Finding on its banks a pile of driftwood and seeing at a glance it would make a good breastwork, he stopped behind it to fight. His rifle was a muzzle loader, and the charge in that and six in his revolver were all that he had to depend on, as all of his extra ammunition was left on his saddle. The Indians came charging right after him; as they came near he raised and fired one shot from his pistol and killed the foremost Indian. The remainder drew back, but in a moment came charging again. This time he fired two shots, the second taking effect in the heart of one of his enemies, when but about eight feet away, the momentum acquired while running sent the dead man forward so that his neck fell across the top log of the drift. In this charge Ford was hit between the thumb and finger. They made another charge in which he emptied his pistol and succeeded in stopping them, though not killing any, he receiving a bullet through the muscle of his left arm. He now gave up all hope of getting out alive. He had but the one charge in his gun left, and determined that this last shot should be made to count, so carefully raising his head above the logs he looked around and saw his chance; through an opening in the brush and about sixty yards away an Indian was sitting on the ground fixing a pistol. Ford took careful aim and pulled the trigger; when the smoke cleared away he saw the Indian lying motionless, and he now sat down behind the logs awaiting his fate. The Sioux did not know of his defenceless state, and having acquired some knowledge of his skill with firearms, kept at a respectful distance. At dark he, with hope survived, stepped into the creek and followed it for a quarter of a mile, then into the brush and down the bottom to the Yellowstone. He was weak from loss of blood and it took him till four o'clock the next afternoon to get opposite Davies' camp. He was seen dragging himself up the river and a man went over in a boat to get him; as soon as he saw help was near he fainted away. Davies took good care of him till a chance came to send him to Bozeman, where he was faithfully nursed at Fridley's house till well, and he went his way rejoicing at his great deliverance.

Several parties went down the river by boat to the States this season, it being the shortest and quickest way. A party of five bought a boat and started from the canyon and never more were heard from and there is no doubt that they were massacred by the Sioux.

Two men were camped about a mile below the canyon, and while engaged in building a boat with which to go down the river were attacked by twenty Indians; they retreated to a low bluff near by and threw up some boulders to fight from. The Indians rode around the two and fired rapidly at them. Several shots were fired in return without effect. As one of the boys raised his head over the rocks to shoot, one of the bullets from the last volley fired by the Indians hit him in the temple and he dropped dead. The Sioux had not the satisfaction of knowing that they had killed him, for they left immediately. The survivor buried his comrade and went up to Emmigrant Gulch and in a short time went down the river with another party.

After Cartright and party had rested a few days they helped Davies load his household goods aboard of the ferry boat and hauled it up the river to Emigrant where Davies run it and, as before, built boats for the river travel.

In August of this year Col. Kimball and Bill Bunn were going to the Yellowstone from Bozeman, and when on the Yellowstone slope, just above O'Rear creek they were met by a party of Indians who played themselves for Flatheads (then friendly) and came up saying, "How, How." Col. Kimball went out to meet and talk to them, and while shaking hands with one was shot dead by a pistol in the hand of another. Bunn ran to the brush where he stayed till dark, and then went back to Bozeman. The shock to his nervous system was so great that he never recovered. His days were spent in dreams, and his dreams were nightmares; death came within a year and was a happy release. The Indians who had shot Kimball, had, about two hours earlier in the day, killed a man named Smith on the same creek about five miles from the Yellowstone. The particulars of this fight are unknown. The body was found the next day and buried under a cedar tree just below and across the creek from where Davies now has a ranch.

The same Indians had, early in the morning, made a dash between Davies' house and the river bank (which was about forty feet away) and fired into the cabin, as they passed. Harvey Morgan was knocking out a piece of chinking, an Indian who was watching it fired into the opening as the chinking fell and drove a bullet through Morgan's hat, just cutting some hair from the top of his head. This made Morgan angry and he rushed out of doors with his shot gun and fired the two charges at them, hitting one in the hip. This satisfied the Indians and they went away.

Cy Mounts, Joe Merrivale, Louis and John Reshaw, Little Baptiste and an Indian boy, were going to the Yellowstone from Bozeman with ox teams. When near the top of the divide a party of forty Indians came in sight over the hill. Cy and comrades drew their wagons to a fair place from which to fight and awaited the Indians, who took the hills on either side. Joe Merrivale could speak the Sioux tongue, and asked them what they wanted. They answered "blood," and that none of his (Merrivales) party should ever see the sun again. Cy Mounts knew that the Indians were making threats by the actions of the Cheyenne boy with him, who picked up a rock and ground his teeth. They also bragged to Merrivale of killing the two white men across the divide. They were told to "turn themselves loose," and the fight began. The Indians shot from very long range, and after three hours firing only succeeded in hitting an ox, one of their number being wounded. At this stage an Indian came out on the hill and talked in a loud voice for a moment and then they all ceased firing and disappeared. Merrivale heard enough to inform him that some one was coming, which proved true. A Crow Indian who had been chased in the morning and had heard their firing when they killed Kimball, rushed over the hills to Bozeman and informed the residents that the Sioux and the white men were fighting, and a party of eight mounted and hurried out. The united parties went back to Bozeman, and organizing a force of 70 men started after the Indians that night. The next day they were joined by about 100 Crows, all but ten of these Indians deserted the party, when they came in sight of the hostiles, which was done late in the afternoon, just as they were crossing the Yellowstone. If daylight had lasted an hour longer vengeance would have been taken, for the whites being mounted on fresher horses were very near the enemy when darkness intervened and stopped the pursuit.

In August four men left Diamond City to prospect in the Crazy mountains. No tidings of them were ever received, and it is supposed that they fell victims to the savages' lust for blood.

CHAPTER VI,

Jeff Deveroux, Ike Dawson and John Evans, had been up the Yellowstone prospecting, and coming back camped on Emigrant, about a mile below the town of Chico. Indians had been seen that morning and they were warned, so that night they tied their horses close to their beds. When they awoke next morning the picket ropes were cut and the horses gone. The cunning Indians had outwitted them. Dawson and Evans took their guns and went out on the trail taken by the thieves. There was an old cabin near by and to this Deveroux packed the saddles, blankets, provisions and all of the paraphernalia of a camp outfit, and then was sitting outside smoking and bewailing the loss of his stock, when, looking down the gulch he saw about half a mile away his riding horse and a little mule. This mule had been stolen from him before and had come back, thinking that it had done the same again and brought his riding horse with it, he started after them. After a few steps he went behind a hill and out of sight of the horses, when he raised this, his animals had gone out of sight and, happening to look back he saw Indians at the cabin, he ran back but did not get there in time to save all of his things, the crafty reds having taken the saddles and some blankets and provisions, showing the horses being but a ruse to get the last man out of camp. The other boys soon came back, having seen the horses, but being afoot could do nothing. One of the party now went up to the town for horses to pack the remainder of their things up in the gulch. There were but few loose men in Chico just then, and all but two went down with the pack animals; there were eight horses left in the corrall and these two were to guard them while the others were away; the day was warm and one of the watchers went down the gulch a little way and fell asleep by a boulder; the other went to his cabin to get some dinner. Just as soon as they were out of sight a party of Indians (who probably had been watching) dashed over the hill and took away the horses. Great credit must be given these Indians for the fine manner in which they did this morning's work. The whites, who were beaten at every turn, were deeply chagrined, and as the people of this country are rather inclined to sarcasm, the boys had a hard time of it till the subject grew cold.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Condensed elephant's milk is beginning to be used as a tonic.

The largest coffee plantation in Brazil and probably in the world, contains 1,700,00 bearing trees, and it takes 600 slaves to work it.

Mexico has forty-six theatres, twenty-three bull rings, ninety-eight cock-pits, 178 large churches, and 1,200 small churches.

The United States in 1880 imported half its buttons, a fifth of its combs, an eighth of its perfumery and four-fifths of its jewelry.

INTERESTING CORRESPONDENCE.

Four Hours At The Mammoth Hot Springs

Hon. G. P. Keese and Col. Albert Ordway, United States Commissioners to examine the Northern Pacific Railroad and Col. J. B. Clough, engineer of the Northern Pacific Railroad; also C. R. Keese, of Cooperstown, New York, made a flying visit to the Springs on April 28th, and desiring to see as much of the curiosities and wonders of this portion of the Park as possible in a single afternoon, they placed themselves under the writers direction. Each man was provided with an alpen stock to aid him in climbing

The terraces around these hot springs are in some places as white as alabaster and in others tinged with yellow. The water contains a slight solution of white sulphur and the temperature ranges from 100° to 180°. The springs are continually shifting the direction of their overflow, making it necessary to frequently change the position of the bath houses.

Our party now entered the lower gate of the park, of which the

DEVIL'S THUMB

is the guardian and gate keeper at this and descending the mountains.

The first object of interest we passed was the

VALLEY HOT SPRINGS

situated at the foot of the mountain on which headquarters stands. The terraces are shallow but very beautiful. Some of them are white as snow, others are tinted with many colors. These are nearest the new hotel and are the first hot springs that are met with on entering the Park.

Fifty or sixty yards south east of the Valley Hot Springs stands old

LIBERTY CAP,

venerable with age, scarred, seamed and weather beaten. All around him are the crumbling terraces, still beautiful even in decay. This geyser cone is nearly sixty feet high and is the first prominent object that meets the eye on descending into the valley north of the Mammoth hotel. Photographers have given some fine views of this dying monarch of the terrace building geysers. But a few years will elapse when these photos will be all that remains to remind us of this weird and wonderful vestige of a former age when boiling water, charged with decomposed rock poured out of its perpendicular aqueducts.

A few yards west of Liberty Cap we saw the bathing houses that had been erected at the foot of what has been long known as

BRIDAL BATHS.

entrance to the park. Here there are several finger boards giving the direction and distances to important points in the interior. But the following notice will not be out of place:

HELL'S GATE.

Would ye escape the Devil's Hand,
And climb this terrace white as snow?
Get all the teams you can command,
Then to the top in safety go.

If half way up you chance to stop,
Then woe betide your creatures dumb!
Cease blood-stained lash: there is no hope,
You're fast beneath the Devil's Thumb.

Before you enter stop and pray;
Both prayer and whip may help you some.
As you ascend the chalky way,
That leads you past the Devil's Thumb.

The Devil's Thumb is an extinct geyser cone similar to Liberty Cap, and when the surrounding terraces have crumbled away it will remain a beacon mark to indicate at what point communication had existed between the internal fires and the upper world. The ascent of the

CHALKY WAY

is not accomplished without much fatigue not so much from the abruptness of the grade as from the sinking of the feet into the pulverised magnesia. Many a good team has been ruined in attempting to pass through Hell's Gate with too heavy a load. The Rocky Mountain oaths that have saluted the ears of unfortunate brutes before reaching the first bench above the Devil's Thumb beat anything that was ever coined by the "Army in Flanders." There is little doubt but that there is some efficacy in well directed epithets to lift the wheels over the old terraces and through eight inches of the soft calcareous formation. But there is more efficacy and humanity in either quadrupling the force or in diminishing the load.

Once out of the terraces we were on a good hard rocky mountain road, which kept us to the west of the white treacherous magnesian deposits. At the head of

MOUNTAIN TERRACE

a hot sulphur spring crosses the wagon road and ran down the hill in the left hand rut. Here we rested to recover our breath, having gained an altitude of about a thousand feet from the plain at Liberty Cap. When the road was graded at this point it was entirely above the formation and the hot springs, but now the hill to our right is invaded and there is every probability that the same igneous process of decomposition will continue for centuries to come, leveling the mountains into beautiful plateaus with terraced breastworks exactly like those that extend for four or five miles, to the Gardiner river.

All apprehension in regard to the near extinction of these beautiful terrace building springs is entirely unfounded, for no sooner do they cease to flow at one place than they are found to break out with increased activity at another. Descending from the cross road spring, still following the wagon road we soon began to climb again to the west of immense terraces, rising one above another and so abrupt as to be insurmountable from the west. These terraces have been very oddly named

SODA MOUNTAINS,

for the reason perhaps that there is not a tincture of soda on them, in them, or anywhere near them. While ascending the right hand side of these magnesia mountains or hills we found plenty of snow and had to keep the mountain side to avoid it.

At the top of the next hill we came in sight of the beautiful

MAMMOTH ORANGE,

an active geyser, so called both from its shape and color. It is from thirty to fifty feet in height. We made the ascent with some difficulty, having to creep over the bulge as a fly creeps up a wall, by making a cavity between the heel and toe and sticking as best we could. Our alpine stocks were our main dependence in climbing and descending. I made the ascent just by following the circle of the Orange and then by giving those below the end of my stick, each in turn, we were soon safely on the top.

My companions were delighted and astonished at what they saw in this single Orange that would have made a full load for a whole train of freight cars.

Boiling water emerged from three orifices and flowed down its sides and is slowly building up its walls, following the course of the sun in ceasless rounds. At the south orifice the yellow sulphur in liquid form hissed and sputtered like a den of angry snakes. This sulphurous liquid is what gives this cone its golden hue.

"Here we see a young geyser cone at work building itself up with walls as solid as granite and as beautifully colored as the rainbow," said Col. Ordway.

"It is very wonderful, and this one thing is worth the journey of a thousand miles to see, if there were nothing more," said the senior Mr. Keese.

"This unconscious mass works like a beam and paints itself with the most consummate skill," said Col. Clough.

The young Mr. Keese said little, but his kindling eye revealed the working of a cultured brain.

"How my old tutor Agassiz would have enjoyed such a spectacle as this," said Col. Ordway.

"How my old schoolmate, professor Winchel would have been enraptured to see and have reasoned to explain this phenomenal manifestion of nature," said Col. Clough.

Where we stood on the flat end of this geyser, three hundren men could have found room to stand and yet when we reached the ground and looked back toward the spot, it seemed as though there would have been but standing room for three.

We left the road at this point and going in a circuitous direction northeast, we reached

GREAT BATH LAKE.

One thousand people can take a comfortable bath in this great natural basin at one time. All that is needed is a dressing house to accommodate bathers with the usual bathing dresses and towels.

The temperature is 100°. There is a hard crust, painful to the naked feet, for the first two yards from the shore; then you tread a floor as soft as velvet, and when you reach a depth of four feet you are buoyed up in the most delightfully transparent emerald lake, in which you may remain for hours and come out refreshed and clean, needing no soap, and no physician; but your own good sense to guide you,

The diameter of the lake is about three or four hundred feet, and about nine feet deep at the center, where the bubbles rise and burst as if boiling, but the temperature is exactly the same as at the margin.

At the east side of the lake we clambered up some thirty feet, where we found a narrow, rocky ridge, on which we had to travel in Indian file and with some precaution against falling.

On our left hand we had a fine wiew of

LITTLE BATH LAKE,

the water of which is a few degrees hotter than the lake which we had just left. Little Bath Lake is about one-fourth the size of the other. Both are evidently the vortices of old geysers and neither of them have any outlet. The water makes no deposit and seems to contain about the same quantity of water all the year round. There are numerous caves in the rocks that surround Little Bath Lake. But our time was too limited to admit of exploring any of them. One of them bears the ominous title of

DEATHS KITCHEN

from the fact that the floor is covered with the dead carcasses of small animals, who take refuge in it from their enemies and are killed by poisonous gasses the moment they come under their influence. From these cliffs we descended into the

SULPHUR PITS,

a volcanic region. The fumes of sulphur pervades the atmosphere and large quantities of yellow sulphur is oozing out of small openings that connect with the hotter regions below.

Going east, through the sulphur pit region we came to, what some photographers have named the

MAMMOTH SQUASH.

It is impossible to give a name or take a view of this gigantic formation that will convey correct idea of it, and a written description would be equally inadequate. Mr. Keese Sr., thought it resembled a huge white elephant more than anything he could think of, and as this opinion was concured in by every member of the party we at once agreed to name it

THE WHITE ELEPHANT.

It commences among the sulphur pits and extends northward for nearly a mile. At first three or four persons may walk on the summit, side by side, but it gradually becomes narrower and steeper until there is barely room for one person to walk on its back. On the top there is an open crevice through which we could see a stream of warm water flowing southward. The conduit is of a hard porcelain like substance and about three feet from the surface. This elephantine formation crosses deep ravines and maintains its level as if graded by a railroad engineer and leveled up ready for ties and rails. It makes an admirable footpath down from near

STALACTITE CAVE,

which is one of the objects of interest that every visitor ought to see at the Mammoth Hot Springs. A jet of hot water is ejected from the rocks 150 feet above the cone and forms beautiful stalactites of every conceivable tint and color. The beauty of this cave has been marred, by the breaking off by tourists, the ends of these petrifications.

Mr. Haynes, of Fargo, has, since our visit, taken a photo of the cave and the terraces above it, which he considers a most enchanting one. The wildness of the scene is enhanced by the addition of a human face looking out from the mouth of the cave over which the water ripples, descending in showers as over an umbrella.

The Mr. Keese Sr., called attention to the singular fact that at the mouth of Stalactite Cave he could put his left hand inhot water, his right into a snow bank and within three steps he could gather a handful of flowers.

Retracing our steps over the sulphur pit region we mounted the back of the White Elephant and in ten or fifteen minutes we made an abrupt descent from its trunk some fifteen feet and found ourselves at the summit of a steep hill down which we scrambled over 400 feet. A three minutes walk brought us to the

GREAT WHITE SULPHUR SPRINGS.

The formation around these are not so steep, nor are there any of those pulpit-like pools that are so marked lower down. Standing close by the hot springs amid the sulphurous fumes and vapor, a profuse sweat broke over us which was quite pleasant and refreshing. This will be one of the best medicinal springs in this part of the Park, and will no doubt be utilized for remedial purposes at no distant day. A few minutes walk brought us to

ANTONY'S GATE,

on both sides of which massive terraces as white as marble arose several hundred feet, leaving a narrow passage to the most beautiful of all the terraces, and already well known to the tourist as

CLEOPATRA'S BOWL.

The Bowl is a perfect circle and the upper rim is as white as snow. The boiling water that flows over the east side forms into beautiful stalactites and so solid as to defy the assaults of ax and chisel. But all that portion of these crystals that extended below the basin have been broken off and carried away. Fifteen or twenty feet below the Bowl there is a cave into which the waters flows and disappears. Where the stalactites hung down from the Bowl, they looked like the tasseled fringes of an old-fashioned pulpit. These icicles down which poured crystal drops that were building ceaselessly a vail as if to hide the entaance to

CUPID'S CAVE.

Photographic views may give some faint idea of this wonderful group of natural objects, but after having once seen them the picture may aid the memory in reviving the impression of astonishment and delight, one experiences when first looking up between two towering walls of marble we get a glimpse of the steaming bowl and the fringed cave and we look around almost expecting to see the statues of Mark Antony and his enchantress and the sly Cupid peering out of the cave with his quiver full of arrows and his bow bent for mischief.

Standing on the upper side of Cleopatra's Bowl we get a splendid view of the Mammoth Springs proper, from which great clouds of steam are incessantly rising. To the west and north about fifty feet lower than

CLEOPATRA'S TERRACES

we see a number of lakes of so deep a blue as to entitle them fairly to the name,

CERULEAN LAKES,

The water of these lakes are not hot; they make no deposits and are liable at any moment to disappear at one place and reappear at another.

Going eastward we descended the dry portion of Cleopatra's Terraces and visited the

MINOR WHITE SULPHUR SPRINGS

where tents had been erected by parties suffering from a special class of diseases, in order to secure the remedial advantages of the baths. One party spent a month here last summer, taking three baths a day. He assured me that after the first two baths he had slept soundly the first time during three years.

Going north from the Minor White Sulphur Springs we saw the

PAINTED TERRACES,

so named on account of the variety of coloring. The hot water flows down the east side toward the Gardiner river. The walls are so precipitous on this side, as to be almost inaccessible. Shirting the edge of these terraces we reached

COATING TERRACE,

over which a torrent of hot water, like a miniature Niagara, is overflowing. Three lakes above this terrace send up a gross volume of water from an unknown depth, impregnated with lime and magnesia which is deposited in circular basins on the outer margin of the precipices.

Horse-shoes, bottles, wire baskets and crosses are hung into the falling water and are galvanized, as it were, with the substance of which the terraces are composed. It requires from three to eight days to coat these articles and they must be visited daily in order to shift their position, the better to secure a uniform coat. They are, when well attended to, beautiful cabinet ornaments and are in great demand as specimens from the Mammoth Springs. We did not go to the

CENTER TERRACES,

which are of great beauty, though of less magnitude than the painted and coating terraces. Still west there are three other mammoth springs at lower levels, whose waters sink into the dry magnesian beds which had been deposited ages ago by hot springs now extinct.

Near the government bath house three hot spriugs emerge from the formation within a feet of each other, being 74°, 96° and 104° respectively. A luxurious bath may be secured at any one of these temperatures.

We closed our afternoon's work by taking a good hearty drink out of

MINERAL SPRING

the temperature being 54° and said to contain a small percentage of arsenic and other minerals, and highly medicinal.

We have named but twenty-five special objects of interest out of five times that number that may be visited at this point above.

Col. Clough suggested that it would be of great value, to tourists, to have a good topographer prepare a map showing the relative situation and distances of all important objects, with their names and numbers.

All our party were well satisfied with what they saw on the very threshold of

WONDERLAND,

and expressed the determination to pursue their investigations further at the first faverable opportunity.

FOUR HOUR GUIDE.

THE BAD BOY.

Borrows a Goat to Help the Baby Along, but a Package of Fire Works Causes an Interesting Scene Between His Pa and the Goat and the Hired Girl.

Peck's Sun.

"Well, how is the baby?" asked the grocery man of the bad boy, as he came into the grocery smelling very "horsy," and sat down on the chair with the back gone, and looked very tired.

"O, darn the baby. Everybody asks me about the baby as though it was mine. I don't pay no attention to the darn thing, except to notice the foolishness going on around the house. Say, I guess that baby will grow up to be a fire engine. The nurse coupled the baby on to a section of rubber hose that runs down into a bottle of milk, and it began to get up steam and pretty soon the milk began to disappear, just like the water does when a fire engine couples on to a hydrant. Pa calls the baby "Old Number Two." I am 'Number One,' and if pa had a hook and ladder truck and a hose cart and a fire going he would imagine he was chief engineer of the fire department. But the baby kicks on this wagon milk, and howls like a dog that's got lost. The doctor told pa that the best thing he could do was to get a goat, but pa said since we 'nishiated him into the Masons with the goat he wouldn't have a goat around no how. The doc told pa the other kind of a goat, I think it was a Samantha goat he said, wouldn't kick with its head, and pa sent me up into the Polack settlement to see if I couldn't borrow a milk goat for a few weeks. I got a woman to lend us her goat till the baby got big enough to chew beef, for a dollar a week, and paid a dollar in advance, and pa went up in the evening to help me get the goat. Well, it was the darndest mistake you ever see. There was two goats so near alike you couldn't tell which was the goat we leased, and the other goat was the chum of our goat, but it belonged to a Nirish woman. We got a bed cord hitched around the Irish goat, and the goat didn't recognize the lease, and when we tried to jerk it along it rared right up, and made things real quick for pa. I don't know what there is about a goat that makes it get so spunky, but that goat seemed to have a grudge against pa from the first. If there were any places on pa's manly form that the goat did not explore, with its head, pa don't know where the places are. O, it lammed him, and when I laffed pa got mad. I told him every man ought to furnish his own goats, when he had a bady, and I let go of the rope and started off, and pa said he knew how it was, I wanted to get him killed. It wasn't that but I saw the Irish woman that owned the goat coming around the corner of the house with a cistern pole. Just as pa was getting the goat out of the gate the goat got crossways of the gate, and pa yanked, and doubled the goat right up, and I thought he had broke the goat's neck, and the woman thought so, too, for she jabbed pa with the cistern pole just below the belt, and she tried to get a hold on pa's hair, but he had her there. No woman can ever get the advantage of pa that way, 'cause ma has tried it. Well, pa explained it to the woman, and she let pa off if he would pay her two dollars for damages for her goat, and he paid it, and then we took the nanny goat, and it went right along with us. But I have got my opinion of a baby that will drink goat's milk. Gosh, it is like that stuff that comes in a spoiled cocoanut. The baby hasn't done anything but blat since the nurse has coupled it onto that goat hydrant. I had to take all my playthings out of the basement to keep the goat from eating them. I guess the milk will taste of powder and singed hair now. The goat got to eating some roman candles me and my chum had laid away in the coal bin, and chewed around the furnace, and the powder leaked out and a coal fell out of the furnace on the hearth, and you'd a dide to see pa and the hired girl and the goat. You see pa can't milk anything but a milk wagon, and he got the hired girl to milk the goat, and they were just hunting around the basement for the goat, with a tin cup, when the fireworks went off. Well, there was balls of green and red and blue fire, and spilled powder blazed up, and the goat just looked astonished, and looked on as if it was sorry so much good fodder was spoiled, but when its hair began to burn the goat gave one snort and went between pa and the hired girl like it was shot out of a cannon, and it knocked pa over a wash boiler into a coal bin, and the hired girl in amongst the kindling wood, and she crossed herself and repeated the catekism and the goat jumped on top the brick furnace, and they couldn't get it down. I heard the celebration and went down and took pa by the pants and pulled him out of the coal bin, and said he would surrender and plead guilty of being the biggest fool in Milwaukee. I pulled the kindling wood off the hired girl, and then she got mad, and said she would milk that goat or die. O, that girl has got sand. She used to work in the glass factory. Well, sir, it was a sight worth two shillings admission to see that hired girl get up on a step ladder to milk that goat on top of the furnace, with pa sitting on a barrel of potatoes bossing the job. They are going to fix a gang plank to get that goat down of the furnace. The baby kicked on the milk last night. I guess besides tasting of powder and burnt hair, the milk was too warm on account of the furnace. Pa has got to grow a new lot of hair on that goat or the woman won't take it back. She don't want no bald goat. Well, they can run the baby and goat to suit themselves, 'cause I have resigned. I have gone into business. Don't you smell anything that would lead you to surmise that I had gone into business? "No drug store this time," and the boy got up and put his thumbs in the armholes of his vest and looked proud.

"O, I don't know as I smell anything, except the faint odor of a horse blanket. What you gone into, anyway?" and the grocery man put the wrapping paper under the counter and put the red chalk in his pocket, so the boy couldn't write any sign to hang up outside.

"You hit it the first time. I have accepted a situation of teller in a livery stable," said the boy, as he searched around for the barrel of cut sugar, which had been removed.

"Teller in a livery stable! Well, that is a new one on me. What is a teller in a livery stable?" and the grocery man looked pleased, and pointed the boy to a barrel of seven-cent sugar.

"Don't you know what a teller is in a livery stable? It is the same as a teller in a bank. I have to grease the harness, oil the buggies, and curry off the horses, and when a man comes in to hire a horse I have to go down to the saloon and tell the livery man. That's what a teller is. I like the teller part of it, but greasing harness is a little too rich for my blood, but the liveryman says if I stick to it I will be governor some day, 'cause most all the great men have begun life taking care of horses. It all depends on my girl whether I stick or not. If she likes the smell of horses I shall be a statesman, but if she objects to it and sticks up her nose, I shall not yearn to be governor, at the expense of my girl. It beats all, don't it, that women settle every great question. Everybody does everything to please wimmen, and if they kick on every thing that settles it. But I must go and umpire that game between pa and the hired girl and the goat. Say, can't you come over and see the baby? 'Taint bigger than a small satchel,' and the boy waited till the grocery man went to draw some vinegar, when he slipped out and put up a sign written on a shingle with white chalk, "yellow sand wanted for maple sugar."

Twice as many men as women die of pneumonia.

Maine sold $125,000 worth of chewing gum last year.

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