

## THE VANISHING RIVERS

MYSTERIOUS WATERS OF THE WEST THAT DISAPPEAR.

Some of Them Reappear—Two at Least are Unknown Beyond Their First Place of Disappearance—Nature's Regulator a Lava Bed.

On the American continent there are no natural phenomena of more mysterious and fascinating interest than the "lost rivers" of the far west. These hide-and-seek streams as a rule head in mountainous areas and rush downward into bowl-like valleys, where they incontinently vanish. Some of them reappear miles from the vanishing point, while others are lost forever, and no man knows what becomes of their waters. The floors of the valleys into which they flow generally are comparatively level, and are built up of loose sands and gravels washed down from rocky and forest-clad slopes, which absorb the water, and through which it percolates slowly beneath the surface. When the slow-moving underground current encounters an obstruction, as it often does, in the shape of a natural dike or the rocky rim of the lower end of the valley, the water is forced to the surface and the stream is born again.

Thus the Santa Ana river in California sinks in the wash above Redlands, rises to the surface above Bunker Hill "dike," sinks below it, rises from Riverside to Bedrock Canyon below El Rincón, sinks in the wash above Santa Ana, and finally partly rises again in the large peat land springs above Talbert, says the Anaconda (Montana) Standard. The San Gabriel and the Los Angeles rivers exhibit the same characteristics, but disappear and reappear less often in their much shorter course to the sea. At some points these sunken rivers flow for long distances under a wide stratum of impervious material, where the water is under considerable pressure. When wells are driven through this stratum an artesian flow results. The discovery of this fact added many thousands of acres to the cultivable area of California, most of which is in oranges, lemons, grapes, and other high priced products.

Another peculiar stream is the Deschutes, which drains a large area in central Oregon. It is known to hydrographers all over the world for the extraordinary regularity of its flow throughout the year. This is accounted for by the porous lava formation which constitutes a portion of the drainage area and which is especially prominent where the headwater tributaries leave the foothills of the Cascades. Successive flows of lava, ruptured, fractured, and fissured by convulsions of nature, extend over many miles of this region. When the streams encounter this sponge-like material and disappear from sight, passing beneath and through the lava and finally emerging through dark caverns and deep canyons into the main stream.

This wonderful lava bed is nature's regulator. It swallows up the floods that come down the steep slopes. It absorbs the rains and snows and then releases them slowly through a filter miles and miles in length into the Deschutes. In fact, there are no floods at all. Day after day and year after year its flow is uniform and its waters sparkling and clear. For this reason, probably, it is the finest trout stream in America.

New Mexico also has a truant stream—the Rio Mimbres. It drains many miles of mountain country in the southern part of the territory and for a time is a stream of importance. Then, as if tired of existence, it flows out upon the plains near Deming, and is lost forever, swallowed up in the loose sand and gravel. The Pecos, too, is a truant as times and seeks seclusion beneath the surface, coming up miles below in artesian springs of great volume and flow.

Ages ago, when the earth was young, the great Snake River plain in Idaho, now a scene of utter desolation, was a semi-tropical garden. Countless streams crossed it and lengthwise through it flowed the mighty Snake. In the forest primeval and over the verdure-clad plains roamed the mastodon, the mammoth, the camel, a queer kind of horse, and many other species of prehistoric animals. We know all this to be true by reason of the discovery of the remains of these extinct animals in the recent excavations made at Mendocino Rapids. A great catastrophe overwhelmed this valley. On seven different occasions the lofty Tetons, which frame its eastern boundary, and which were then active volcanoes, erupted and poured forth a sea of lava, which swept downward and westward, covering the beautiful valley with a blanket of fiery liquid more than 800 feet thick. In the cataclysm all the teeming life was annihilated. The rivers were burned up and their channels obliterated.

The Snake river cut its way through the lava sheet, carving for itself one of the most wonderful canyons in the west; other streams from the south persisted and finally joined the parent stream. On the north the rivers encountered the wall of lava, but did not flow through it. It is a striking hydrographic feature of the valley that for

hundreds of miles not a river crosses it from the north. Among the streams which flow southward from the range of snow-capped mountains on the northern edge of the valley, two are especially interesting, the Big and Little Lost rivers. In that long ago before the mountains belched forth fire these rivers formed an important tributary of the Snake, but the channel was obliterated by successive layer of lava which flowed over it.

Today the floods on these rivers flow for a short distance on the surface of the plain and then disappear in fissures, crevices, or in the softer and looser formations. Both are truly lost rivers, for they never appear again as streams. It is more than 100 miles from where they lose themselves in the lava to the canyon of Snake River. Yet it is believed that a part of the waters of these rivers, passing through subterranean channels, hundreds of feet below the surface, finally reach their former confluence.

Shepherds and herdsmen who graze their flocks in winter on this broad plain have long insisted that at several places where there were yawning chasms in the lava the rushing waters could be heard distinctly. Further evidence of the soundness of this theory is found in the huge springs which break out along the northern walls of Snake canyon.

One group of these near the head of Hagerman valley is the most remarkable in the world. They are known as Thousand Springs. It is as difficult to describe them as it is to find words with which to portray Niagara. Conceivably, if you can, more than half a mile of precipitous canyon, with black and frowning face nearly 800 feet high. Then imagine 1000 geysers pushing forth under tremendous pressure, the water, white with foam, describing a perfect parabola, and then falling sheer 200 feet, to be dashed into spray on the rocks below. The roar of all these cataracts is deafening. In the spray which rises the bright sun paints innumerable rainbows of indescribable coloring and beauty. More than 900,000 gallons of water pours out of these fountains every minute in the year. You can travel for ten miles down the canyon and never be out of sight of a dozen waterfalls. More than half the normal flow of the river at this point is supplied by these springs, which have their source probably hundreds of miles to the north, and which are drawn from some underground reservoir beneath the treeless plain.

### GAY TIMES IN ENGLISH SOCIETY.

Leapfrog After Dinner a Favorite Amusement, says "Vanity Fair."

Father Vaughan's sermons to the smart set last season, which attracted so much comment, have already been mentioned in The Sun. A writer in Vanity Fair, referring to Father Vaughan's attacks on horseplay in country houses, says the reverend gentleman has not exaggerated the facts. This writer says:

"The country house season is now in full swing. The play which is sometimes indulged in is in many cases merely of a rough boyish description. For instance, there is a case of the guests at a certain house playing leapfrog in the hall after dinner. The hostess bore a great name and many of the guests were well known men and women of society.

"But the leapfrog game is of great refinement and eminent good taste compared with other so-called amusements which have come to the writer's only notice. The following are two instances:

"A girl well known in a certain hunting circle told me that she had been staying with some people in a certain country house. After dinner a man came up to her in the billiard room and said, 'Now let me weigh you, Miss X. I will carry you across the room.' There were weighing scales in the room, but she laughingly and quite good naturedly refused. He then actually said, 'Well, look here, if you don't let me carry you I shall empty my whiskey and soda down the back of your pretty white frock.'

"The girl, who never for a moment supposed that the man was in earnest, and said, 'All right, you can; but I shan't be weighed.' A moment later he actually turned at least half of the whiskey and soda down the back of her neck amid roars of laughter by every one.

"The other story was related to me by a male relation of my own. He was staying with a very well known hostess. After dinner a woman who sat next to him during a slightly heated argument lifted her finger bowl and poured water down his neck. His retaliation was to put the whole of his grape skins down the back of her dress."—London Correspondent of the New York Sun.

### In the Barnyard.

Mrs. Goose—Why, Mrs. Hen, what in the world are you eating that clay for?

Mrs. Hen—Well, it's been so dry lately and I thought I would try to lay the dust.—Toledo Blade.

Horse shoes are being made in Australia of cowhide instead of iron.

## For the Children

The Elves' Busy Work.  
'Tis said elves thought a lack of time  
Could be the only reason  
The autumn leaves were not all curled  
Before the Jack Frost season.

And so all felt that duty called  
To them to help the bending,  
And set each leaf in autumn shape  
Before to earth descending.

They climbed the trees and tried to give  
Each leaf a little turning,  
But many, many floated down  
While they their task were learning.

Then back they'd climb and work at what  
They thought to be their duty,  
Until no leaf remained uncurled,  
And autumn lost its beauty.

They worked so fast and recklessly  
That every other minute  
Down came a leaf, toboggan-shaped—  
A merry elf within it.

I know not if this all be true;  
To see the elves I'm trying,  
The leaves float down, and some are curled,  
While autumn winds are sighing.

—A. S. Webber in St. Nicholas.

### A Simple Disguise.

Take two half shells of an almond, large enough to be held between the upper eyelid and the cheek. Bore a small hole in the middle of each one a little larger than the pupil of the eye. You must do this with the sharp end of a penknife, as such a tool as a gimlet will crack the nut.

The inside of the shells should be thoroughly cleaned. Paint the outside white with water colors. You can use oil colors if you like, only water colors dry quickly, which will enable you to make the monster pop eyes the faster.

Paint an iris of dark green around the pupil hole, leaving a white spot for the "high light," or, in other words the reflected light which is in every eyeball. Make the iris (or dark portion of the eye) somewhat larger than in the natural eye. You may get the natural color by mixing blue with a little yellow and red.

Now fit these "googoo eyes" in position after the fashion of a monocle or single eyeglass, and you will find that you are practically masked.—Good Literature.

### Jennie's Selfishness.

Johnnie and Jennie were having a tea party.

"You can pour out the tea, Jennie," said Johnnie, graciously.

"And I will help to the cake," went on Johnnie.

"We—II," repeated Jennie, more doubtfully.

So Jennie poured out the tea, and Johnnie cut up the cake. Mamma had given them quite a large piece. Johnnie cut the large piece into five smaller pieces. They were all about the same size.

He helped Jennie to one piece, and began to eat another himself. Jennie poured another cup of tea, and the feast went on. Mamma, in the next room, heard them talking peacefully awhile; but presently arose a discussion, and then a prolonged wail from Johnnie.

"What is the matter?" asked mamma.

"Jennie's greedy and selfish, too," cried Johnnie, between his sobs.

Then he cried again.

"What is the matter?" repeated mamma, going in to find out.

"Why," explained Johnnie, as soon as he could speak, "we each had two pieces of cake, and there was only one left, and Jennie, she took it all!"

"That does seem rather selfish of Jennie!"

"Yes, it was!" Johnnie wept, "cause I cut the cake that way so's I could have that extra piece myself."

### Parental Depravity Among Birds.

Laxity of morals among birds is not so rare as some suppose. Of these degenerates our common cuckoo, beloved of the poets, is an easy first. Some time since a fine series of eggs of this bird, together with those of its dupes, was placed in the central hall of the Natural History Museum at South Kensington. This has now been supplemented by a selection of examples of other birds, mostly cuckoos, which show a similar depravity in the matter of parental responsibilities. Such, for example, are the great spotted cuckoo—a rare visitor to Great Britain—the ani and guira, and the cowbird of South America. The first named is common in southern Spain, and lays its eggs in the nests of crows and magpies. But the young bird is less of a hooligan than is the case with our cuckoo, inasmuch as it does not oust its foster brothers and sisters from the nest.

The ani and guira are South American cuckoos which have earned notoriety from the fact that several females combine to lay the eggs in one nest, taking it in turns, according to some authorities, to perform the work of incubation, but others contend that this is left to the kindly officers of the sun. As soon, however, as the young emerge from the shell the hungry little mother, though no mother can

tell her own offspring. In this at any rate they set our bird a good example. The cowbird is one of the "American starlings," and lays its eggs in the nest of a tyrant-bird. To ensure proper attention for its offspring the cowbird takes the precaution to pick holes in all the eggs of the tyrant bird before depositing its own. But if there is method in its madness, there also appears to be madness in its method, inasmuch as it commonly picks holes in many of its own eggs also.—Westminster Gazette.

### An Elephant's Bath.

A man sits on the elephant's neck and guides him into the water. When the elephant gets well into the water the man very soon slips off his neck and makes for the land, for the elephant wants to have a bit of sport all to himself before the men take him in hand for his noonday bath. He is nearly as bad as the water buffalo for rolling about in the water.

He begins by sucking in gallons of water up his trunk, blowing it all over his body and back, and up into the air, and then he goes in for a swim, blowing the water all about him like a great whale. When the men think he has had enough fun on his own account they order him back, and this huge monster, who could defy fifty men, turns and swims back at once, like an obedient child.

Then one man mounts his neck and scrubs his head—not with soap and a yard of flannel, but with a burnt brick. The other man sits on his back and with another brick scrubs his back and great flanks. Then they bring him into still shallower water, about three or four feet deep, and make him lie on one side, and scrub every available part of his body with the bricks; then they tell him to turn over, and the great beast rolls over obediently on the other side, and when that is done they make him stand up, and scrub his great legs and his pendulum tail. And, oh! how the animal enjoys his scrubbing. He would let them do it all day if they would.

Then the two mount, one on the neck and the other fair in the middle of the little hump on his back, and let him go out for a swim. Away and away, and away they go; gradually the elephant sinks deeper and deeper into the water, till you see nothing but the top of his great, big round head, and he blows out water, and trumpets from his trunk. Elephant and men are all now having a good time together.—Scottish American.

### Helping His Mother.

"I don't like to bring in chips all the time," grumbled little John to himself.

"All right, John," said his mother, who had overheard him. "You needn't bring in any more chips until you are willing to."

"Really, mamma?" cried little John.

"Yes," answered his mother; "for I don't like to have boys about that grumble and hate to work."

The barn was finished long before supper time, for no one bothered little John that day. His mother picked up the chips herself, and did not even call him to run on errands.

But when the barn was finished, little John was tired of it, and ran into the house and asked his mother to tell him a story.

"I can't tell you a story," answered his mother, "for I am busy. Run away now and play."

But John was tired of playing, so he wandered out into the kitchen, and there he smelled the Saturday's baking.

He ran and looked on a low shelf in the pantry where his mother always put a little pie for him, but the shelf was bare.

"Mamma," cried John, bursting into the sitting room where his mother was sewing, "where's my little pie?"

"What pie?" questioned his mother, who seemed surprised.

"Why, you always make me a little pie or turnover when you bake; that's the one I mean."

"I used to," said his mother; "but I was too busy this morning to bother with little pies."

John went soberly outdoors and sat down in the shade of his new barn to think; if he had helped his mother, wouldn't she have had time to tell the story, and if he had brought in the chips when she was baking wouldn't she have found time to make him a little pie?

"I ought to help my mother whether she bakes me pies or not," said little John solemnly to himself. "It doesn't take but a minute or two to pick up a pan of chips, and it's fun to run on errands."

"Mamma," he said half an hour later, "I've brought in a boxful of wood and two pans of chips. I like to bring in chips, 'cause it helps you. And I like to run on errands. I'm willing to help after this whether you bake little pies for me or not."

"All right," laughed his mother, who saw that John had learned his lesson; "the next time I bake maybe there'll be a little pie for you."—Epworth Herald.

In Persia bells ring for prayers five times a day, and merchants, clerks and customers rush off to the mosques, leaving all business at a standstill.

HOPEFUL SIGN.  
Inquisitive Boarder—You think the world is growing better?  
Philosophical Boarder—I do. You rarely see a mother-in-law joke in print nowadays.—Chicago Tribune.

FITS, St. Vitus' Dance, Nervous Diseases permanently cured by Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. \$2 trial bottle and treatise free. Dr. H. R. Kline, M.D., 931 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

Every man has his own place in this world, but the trouble is we all want the other fellow's.

### TERRIBLE ITCHING SCALP.

Eczema Broke Out Also on Hands and Limbs—An Old Soothe Ointment "Cuticura is a Blessing."

"At all times and to all people I am willing to testify to the merits of Cuticura. It saved me from worse than the torture of hives, about the year 1900, with itching on my scalp and temples, and afterwards it commenced to break out on my hands. Then it broke out on my limbs. I then went to a surgeon, whose treatment did me no good, but rather aggravated the disease. I then told him I would go and see a physician in Erie. The reply was that I could go anywhere, but a case of eczema like mine could not be cured; that I was too old (80). I went to an eminent doctor in the city of Erie and treated with him for six months, with like results. I had read of the Cuticura Remedies, and so I sent for the Cuticura Soap, Ointment and Resolvent, and continued taking the Resolvent until I had taken six bottles, stopping it to take the Pills. I was now getting better. I took two baths a day, and at night I let the lather of the Soap dry on. I used the Ointment with great effect after washing in warm water, to stop the itching at once. I am now cured. The Cuticura treatment is a blessing, and should be used by every one who has itching of the skin. I can't say any more, and thank God that He has given the world such a curative. Wm. H. Gray, 3303 Mt. Vernon St., Philadelphia, Pa., August 2, 1905."

Most men are as much afraid of being cowards as they are of being thought so.

H. H. GREEN'S SONS, of Atlanta, Ga., are the only successful Dropsy Specialists in the world. See their liberal offer in advertisement in another column of this paper.

If you believe in your fellow-man it will do him a heap of good if you will tell him so.

### Keep in Good Health.

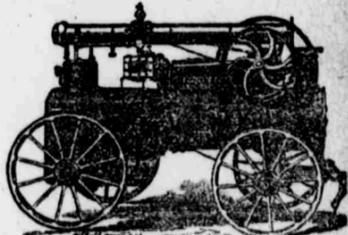
There are many thousands of people all over the world who can attribute their good health to taking one or two Brandreth's Pills every night. These pills cleanse the stomach and bowels, stimulate the kidneys and liver and purify the blood. They are the same fine laxative tonic pill your grandparents used, and being purely vegetable they are adapted to children and old people, as well as to those in the vigor of manhood and womanhood.

Brandreth's Pills have been in use for over a century and are for sale everywhere, either plain or sugar-coated.

If ideals were all realized, regret would soon go out of the world.

## Avery & Company

SUCCESSORS TO  
AVERY & McMillan,  
51-53 South Forsyth St., Atlanta, Ga.  
—ALL KINDS OF—  
MACHINERY



Reliable Frick Engines, Boilers, all Sizes. Wheat Separators.



BEST IMPROVED SAW MILL ON EARTH.  
Large Engines and Boilers supplied promptly. Shingle Mills, Corn Mills, Circular Saws, Saw Teeth, Patent Dogs, Steam Governors, Full line Engines & Mill Supplies. Send for free Catalogue.

**Dropsy** CURED  
Gives Quick Relief.  
Removes all swelling in 8 to 20 days; effects a permanent cure in 30 to 60 days. Trial treatment given free. Nothing can be fairer. Write Dr. H. H. Green's Sons, Specialists, Box 9, Atlanta, Ga.

**HICKS' CAPUDINE**  
IMMEDIATELY CURES HEADACHES  
Breaks up COLDS  
IN 6 TO 12 HOURS  
Trial Bottle 10c. At Drugists

When King Victor Emmanuel of Italy visited Ancona on a recent Sunday to lay the corner stone of a hospital he was attended by 280 detectives, 500 policemen, 800 carabinieri and 9,000 soldiers.  
What a friend wants you to know he will tell you.