THROUGH COLORADO.

Wonderful Natural Resources and Development of the State---Mines, Cattle, and Railroads.

Improvement in the Quality and the Breeds of Cattle—Winter Feeding Becoming Popular and Profitable.

Correspondence Cleveland Leader.

Gunnison City is located at the junction of three beautiful rivers, the Gunnison, Tomichi, and Ohio, the two last rather small for the name of river, but like the Gunnison river, beautiful, clear, rapid-running streams, and all abounding in mountain trout of the sweetest and best quality, and furnishing unlimited sport to the tourist, as well as to the native fishermen. But leaving out of the question the location of the city, the prettiest in Colorado, the beauty of the rivers and valleys, immediately surrounding, and lying both above and below the city for many miles. I have been and am still further surprised and confounded at the grand resources of this country, and every day adds some new source of wealth, only awaiting capital to bring it to the front. Just think of it—immense veins of anthracite, bituminous, and coking coal of superior quality and easily mined; great mountains of iron of the best quality; lime ledges, building stone, saying nothing of the great silver and gold belt, which, running up within twenty to thirty miles of the city, naturally draw their supplies from it.

RAPID DEVELOPMENT.

In 1879 three or four small log cabins, used by the Indian agent and for a kind of trading post, composed all the improvements of the place. But now, how changed! The Laveta hotel has been erected at a cost of $200,000, and is a model retreat of comfort and luxury. Mountain trout from the crystal waters of the Gunnison river in great abundance and being fresh from the water, are perfectly delicious when served up a la Laveta. There are also two or three other good hotels in the city; all well spoken of; two large smelting establishments, one owned and operated by the Moffats, of Joplin, (Mo.) lead smelting fame. The other by the Swans, the great cattle kings of Colorado and Wyoming. There are two daily and two weekly newspapers supported by the town, and gas and water works, all complete and in operation. A site has been selected for iron and steel works, and this enterprise will be put in operation as soon as the depressed iron interest recuperates sufficiently to justify it. The mining camps tributary to this city are numerous, among the most prominent of which are Petkin, Ruby, Tomichi, White Pine, Tin Cup, Aspen, and Ashcroft, and Crested Bute and Mount Carbon among the coal mine contributors. The grade of the ores in these several camps is said to be wonderfully high, averaging far above the celebrated Leadville district.

RAILROADS AND RIVERS.

The railroad facilities of Gunnison are unsurpassed. The Denver & Rio Grande railroad, from Denver and Pueblo, and over Marshall Pass, or the continental divide, to Gunnison, and thence to Salt Lake and Ogden, furnishes an outlet east and west, and for scenic beauty the grandest on this continent is seen on this route. Then the South Park, a branch of the Union Pacific, gives another outlet to Denver and the east. The business and passenger traffic of the Burlington, and Atchison, Topeka & Sante Fe railroads, going west of Denver and Pueblo, contribute to the great scenic route of the Denver & Rio Grande road, and add greatly to the traffic of this road.

Three beautiful rivers, crystal streams flowing down through fertile valleys from the snow-capped mountains from a junction at Gunnison. The Ohio and Tomichi losing their identity in the beautiful Gunnison, which winds its way for hundreds of miles through the grass-covered valleys of the Gunnison. These valleys border on the foothills of the mountains, and for miles and miles up the gradual slope. These foothills and low mountains are covered with that well-known and famous gramma bunch grass, which is indigenous to this country. These valley lands along the river are taken up and owned by cattle breeders,—some owning small, some large herds, and when they acquired government title or patents to their claims they virtually own thousands of acres of choice grazing lands, running out into the foothills and lower ranges of mountain, as without these water rights, which almost absolutely control the entrance to these native pastures, they are worthless to any one else, and these settlers have now come to know the value of such rights, and it takes money to buy them.

LAND IN THIS SECTION

having water for its own irrigation, and controlling the mountain and foot-hill ranges, will at no distant day be worth fabulous prices—and on their own merits, too. You take 500 acres good valley land, owning its own water for irrigation. That land can be wattered, broken, and seeded in Alfalfa or California clover for say $6 per acre, or $3,000 for 500 acres. The usual crop is 5 tons per acre, and the usual price (average for 5 years past) $15 per ton. But suppose you only grow 2½ tons to the acre, and you sell at $10 per ton, we have 1,250 tons of Alfalfa hay, at $10 per ton, or $12,500 for 1 year on an outlay of $3,000, and the whole expense of harvesting a crop of this size would not exceed $1,500. "But hold on," you say, "this being such a profitable crop everybody will be into it and the price will soon go down and your profits with them." But not so. Agricultural lands in Colorado, without water for irrigation are worthless—and there is not water enough in the state to irrigate sufficient land to ever half supply even the home demand. Hence those who have secured good valley or mesa lands with their own water rights free of cost have already the foundation for heavy fortunes. Furthermore, if at any time the market should be glutted with the overproduction of hay, in the valleys, and a good price cannot be realized, the owner has only to buy from any of the large cattle raisers in the fall as many steers as he has hay to feed, and he will not only make a market for his hay, but will fifty per cent more for it in the beef he puts on his steers than he would if sold at the usual price. I now come to

THE CATTLE INTEREST

itself. A matter to which I have given a great deal of study, and have formed my conclusions after many interviews and inquiries with some of the oldest and most successful cattle breeders in the west, but of one thing I was much surprised, and that was the almost universal tendency among the old practical stock raisers to curtail the number of their herds and to breed better cattle, to keep their cattle more under their own supervision and limit the extent of their ranges, and to feed hay, wherever practicable, in winter. Instead of allowing their stock to drift with the winds and roam over hundred of miles of territory, and mixing with everybody else's cattle, dying or wandering off never to be seen again, they are fast adopting the close quarter rule, and, strange to say, they insist that the profits from the latter plan are far greater than the old way. They breed better stock and raise better beef. The death rate is almost nothing; the increase is fully 30 per cent more than in the promiscuous herd, and the price when they come to market their cattle is far better. The profits from legitimate stock raising in this country are simply immense, and a comparatively small amount invested in the business, and well managed, usually makes a millionaire in from eight to ten years—160 acres land controlling a small range, and that the owner can irrigate so that he can cut from 150 ro 250 tons of hay, with 100 high grade cows and three thoroughbred bulls, will become, with good management, a rich man in ten years. In other words, the increase of his cattle alone will pay thirty for one in ten years, and if his cattle are of high grades and thoroughbreds, they would be worth at the end of ten years at least $200,000, and the whole original outlay did not exceed $6,000. The result can be demonstrated by the success of hundreds of breeders all over the west. Our people in the east had better wake up and get some of these good things before they are "non come-at-able." TRAVELER.

The Seventeen-Year Locusts.

Philadelphia Ledger.

Three strange members of the bug family, commonly known as "seventeen-year locusts," were picked from the leaves of a tree in Washington Square early yesterday morning and brought to the Public Ledger office. They are said to be among the first seen in this city for seventeen years. They are scarcely more than half the size of the white-bodied cicada, which is a yearly visitor to the park and squares, and, unlike it, they are of a reddish brown color, with protruding red eyes.

Professor Joseph Leidy, of the University of Pennsylvania, was shown the insects later in the day. They were, he said, the first he had seen for a long time, though during the morning he had examined the boughs of the trees at his summer residence at Wallingford, in the vain hope of finding some, knowing this was the year they were expected to visit these parts, after an absence of seventeen summers.

Placing one of the insects in his hand as fearlessly as it it were a fly, Dr. Leidy told an interesting and instructive story of its life and habits. "Don't make the very common error," he began," of calling them locusts, for they are not locusts, but cicadas. All the locusts in the world are nothing but grasshoppers, and while grasshoppers will eat every bit of green they can get hold of, all the cicadas in the land can't eat a blade of grass, so they are not much to be feared. John the Baptist while he was preaching in the wilderness lived, we are told, on locusts and wild honey. This doesn't mean that he fed on what are commonly called locusts, but the meat was that of of grasshoppers, which the Digger Indians to this day esteem a luxury.

"Another popular error," Dr. Leidy went on to say, "is that these cicadas do a great deal of damage to trees, and only recently I heard a learned professor in a scientific lecture tell his audience of the ravages of these animals on the bark of a tree which he had seen from the window of a railroad car. The seventeen-year cicadas subsist entirely under the ground, on the juice which they suck from the roots of trees, and are as harmless as any animal that ever breathed. I have never known of a single case of a person having been stung by a cicadas, and it is an impossibility for them to bite.

"Strange to say these cicadas appear in one part of the United States one year," said the professor, "and in another part the following summer, but seventeen years always elapse between their visits to the same place. Only last summer when there was not a vestige of them around the city I saw large numbers in the neighborhood of Spring Lake, N. J. While the cicadas are rather scarce here now the first warm sunshiny day we have will bring them out in earnest. They came out of the ground, leaving holes large enough to admit your fingers. These 'chimneys' are often two feet in depth, and the young cicadas ascend and decend in them until they are nearly mature, when they climb up a tree and throw off their laryal shells.

"Then the male insects fly around for about a fortnight, sounding their 'drums,' as if to call the attention of their mates before they disappear forever. The 'crop' never lasts longer than two weeks. Only the male insects are possessed of organs of sound perfectly developed. These are in no way connected with the mouths or throat, but may be described as a white sac nearly the size of a pea, under the body and between the thorax and abdomen. This 'drum' is operated by means of a powerful muscular movement.

"The female has a saw-like appendage with which she cuts around the thin branch of a tree, and in these crevices she deposits her eggs. This twig, never more than a foot long, is likely to wither and drop to the ground and carry the eggs with it. Soon after they are hatched the young burrow to the juicy root of a tree, and there remain until fully develloped, a term of seventeen years. In case the twig does not drop off, the eggs remain in it until they are hatched, and the young fall to the graund and take the course I have just spoken of. I once called on an eminent Philadelphia physician, now deceased, who during the visit went to his fire-proof safe, and took from it the small end of the limb of a tree. This he told me he had found one season that the seventeen-year cicada had been here, and it contained the eggs of those insects. My friend entertained the delusion that the eggs remained in a quiescent state, and that at the expiration of seventeen years the dead stick would yield a crop of cicadas.

On the transparent wing covers of each cicada are veins which incline in the shape of the letter "W." This in often times was constructed as the ominous initial of the word "war," and the year in which the visitation of the seventeen cicadas was expected, Dr. Leida said, in concluding the conversation, was looked upon by some in olden times as certain to bring carnage or some other evil with it, but the prophecy was seldom if ever fulfilled.

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IN THE BOSTON STYLE.

A Seance at Which There Was Lots of Fun.

Medium, Reporter and Spirits Hold a Parley—Garlands From Another World.

New York Mercury.

In the spiritualistic field there are many competitors, and on the basis of a general belief in the communion of spirits with mortals are set up many different shops and modes of manifestation. Miss Maud Lord, a representative of Boston's best ideas on the spiritualistic belief, came to New York last week to

TEACH SOMETHING NEW,

being attracted by the Mercury's attention to the subject. Miss Lord calls herself "a physical and test medium." She is certainly physically, weighing about one hundred and eighty pounds. Miss Lord does not give materializing seances, and in this her good judgment comes in. Last Thursday evening Miss Lord gave

A SEANCE IN A PRIVATE RESIDENCE

on West Forty-third street. It was a circle of twenty—ten ladies and ten gentlemen, and the Mercury was among them. Miss Lord, in the formation of the circle, displayed a keen knowledge of human nature, as she was scrupulous in placing a gentleman between two ladies, and correspondingly a lady between two gentlemen. The circle was formed in the back parlor, and before the lights were turned out, Miss Lord stepped into the center and made a little speech. She said the atmosphere was very close and heavy, which might interfere with the coming of the spirits. There did not seem to be enough electricity to vivify the spirits. But with this drawback and the presence of so many strangers she thought there would be a good circle.

A chair for the medium was then placed in the center of the circle, the light was turned off and the room became as dark as Erebus.

"Now all join hands," said the medium. Hands were joined in the darkness and drawn into each others' laps. "Now," said the medium, "let some skeptic place his feet against mine so that he will know I cannot leave the chair."

SOON THE SPIRITS BEGAN TO ARRIVE.

An old doctor made a great time over the troops of spirits that came around him. "They are the spirits of those who you have killed in your practice, come to hold an indignation meeting," observed a sarcastic female voice, and there was a roar of laughter around the circle at the expense of the doctor.

"Not so!" he protested, "for they all seem friendly." "Then they are thanking you for a good thing in having hastened them over to the spirit land."

A testy old gentleman was then treated to a company of spirits. "This is all very well," he said, "but they ought to tell their names. I want some test of that kind."

"I wish I could give you satisfaction, but you must be satisfied with what the spirits give you," explained the medium,

"They have given me nothing definite yet. So far it is all guesswork," retorted the old gentleman, ready to argue the point right there. The good nature of the medium came to her aid and prevented a wrangle. Then some person suggested that as the seance seemed out of gear, it would be well to have some singing, as the commingling of voices in unison around the circle would produce harmony and bring the spirits back. A revival hymn was sung, and as the chorus of the first verse died away, sounds of "smack, smack"—"pop—squee" arose from several places in the circle.

AS THESE SUGGESTIVE SOUNDS

came out through the total darkness a thrill of laughter went all around the hand locked—or supposed to be hand-locked—circle. One male voice, evidently that of one of the guilty ones, said: "Here they are on my knee, climbing up to kiss me." The lady on the right of the reporter leant her face over toward his and said she was herself a medium, although she had never given any public seances. The reporter leant over his face and said he was delighted to have the honor and pleasure of sitting beside a medium. Just then the attention of all was attracted by the crushing of frail wood work and the falling of a chair. This caused quite a commotion and she said if the friends on that side would not keep better order she would stop the seance right there. It was explained that a chair had fallen, but why a chair should have fallen in a circle where all the chairs were occupied and the sitters' hands locked in each other was not explained. The circle was now in

A SPIRIT OF BOISTEROUS MERRIMENT

and every man squeezed the hands of his right and left female bower by way of cheering on the fun. The circle was brought to order by the appearance of spirit lights moving all around, while a peal of thunder outside evoked the remark from the medium. "That is good. It will lighten the atmosphere and enable the spirits to more clearly and strongly define themselves.' The medium then moved her position, going around from west to east, and placed her feet against those of a very tall country looking chap in a gray suit, who had with him a spare young woman of some six feet in height. But the electric current did not get united between him and the medium, who informed him that he was too positive, too self contained and drawn into himself. "One foot I can feel, but the other seems to have no feeling whatever," she remarked. The current appeared to have been lost, and for some time the performance was unsatisfactory.

"Come up this way. I'm in good electrical condition, and I want to press my foot to yours and ask you some questions," said the Mercury man to the medium, who seemed to consider the suggestion a good one, for she passed a gentleman whose name turned out to be "Ike," and hurried up to the reporter. "Ike" protested that he

WANTED HIS FEET PRESSED

to those of the medium. The reporter rose for his rights. He had one of the medium's feet all to himself, but found Ike's big foot contesting possession of the other. The reporter wanted to know if this was a fair deal, and if the presence of an inharmonious man's foot on the medium's right slipper would not spoil the reporter's spirit reception. The good-natured, jolly medium said, "No," but ignored Ike and told the reporter there were five beautiful spirits around him. The reporter attributed this to the two very sympathetic ladies between whom he sat. "Oh, you are very mediumistic yourself," the medium cried. "You are a true medium undeveloped." Just then the

REPORTER'S FINGERS WERE GRABBED BY A SPIRIT

hand and other mysterious hands played all around his head in caressing style. Then a beautiful female form arose right between his knees and the medium cried: "Don't you see her? How beautiful! There she is, right between you and me!" Suddenly a delicious odor of fresh flowers greeted the reporter's olfactory nerves. "She brings you flowers," said the medium, enthusiastically. "And she says this is for the flower

YOU PLANTED ON HER GRAVE."

The reporter could not recollect that he had ever planted flowers on any lady's grave, nor was he out with the boys on Decoration day. However, the thing was too practically pleasant to disavow.

"Can any of these spirits tell me who she is?" the reporter asked. "No, not just now."

"I thought so. Then I ask as a test that some of them do so." "They will later on," explained the medium, "and there is one that lately passed over who is very anxious to communicate with you."

At this point a rose was slipped into the reporter's hand by some mysterious agency and a spirit voice said: "That is from your sister." After a pause the medium said: "You have a sister here who was not regularly in the family—not known as one of your family.

YOU WILL HAVE TO EXPLAIN."

"Can't do it," replied the reporter. "A sister not in the family is too paradoxical a problem for me to solve. Besides, my father was a strictly moral man." The ladies all tittered and some of the men guffawed.

"There were eight all told in your family," the medium remarked. "My father owned up to fourteen, and all regular," responded the reporter.

"That's a good showing," observed an old gentleman in the opposite side of the circle.

THE MEDIUM, THE REPORTER

and the spirits here held a parley to straighten out the matter. This was interrupted by two or three little screams from the other side of the house. "Here she is on my lap," cried a male voice. "Oh, he has hold of me," cried a female voice. "She has got hold of my hair now," chuckled another male voice. "Such levity is unseemly on such an occasion and in the dark," protested the reporter. "Is this a variety show or a communion with the spirits?"

"You need not say any such thing," sharply cried the female voice which had spoken as above. "You need not say we are making any variety show. We are doing nothing of the kind." The mediumistic lady at the reporter's right whispered to him that the spirits themselves were fond of fun just the same as mortals, and a spirit hand patted him on the knee, while a spirit voice said, "That's all right. Let them enjoy themselves."

THE HARMONY, HOWEVER, WAS BROKEN

up and the medium led while the circle followed in the singing of "Nearer My God, to Thee." While the singing was going on a large bouquet of flowers was mysteriously thrust into the reporter's hand and he was delightfully fanned by a spirit. The spirits seemed to have combined to give him a good time. The hymn ended, the medium, addressing the reporter, cried out in horror, "A friend of yours has met with a sudden death. It is suicide." Some of

THE LADIES SCREAMED.

"Impossible," declared the reporter. "I have no friend so idiotic as to do any such thing. They would sooner suicide somebody else than themselves."

"Accident," whispered a spirit, putting its hand on the reporter's knee. This correction brought relief to the nervous ladies, ond the medium passed on.

"Your father was drowned," she told a lady.

"Oh, dear, how did you know that?" the latter responded.

"Yes," resumed the medium, "and it was from a vessel—not one of our modern bid steamers, but a vessel—a—a—well, some sort of a vessel." Then there was a rousing smack, and the lady exclaimed. "That was my father's kiss, I know! I would know it from all others."

THERE WAS SOME COMMOTION

and shuffling of chairs, and something that sounded like the rustic of a silk dress in the disorderly air of the circle, and the medium observed: "There are too many silk dresses in the room. They are non-conductors and militate against the success of the seance. We will now close." A match was struck, the gas lit and the circle broke up. The seance lasted from eight until ten o'clock. Miss Lord's performance is all in total darkness, and is the jolliest affair of the kind the Mercury investigator has yet participated in, but his faith in spirit manifestations was not established by it.

A PARALYZED BARBER.

He Tries to Cut a Farmer's Hair and Finds He Wears a Wig.

There's a new barber in a Smithfield street shop, says the Pittsburg Dispatch, who is said to blush every time a customer comes in with a head of hair of over a week's growth. The cause of his trouble is this: A well-known Moon township farmer came in Saturday, and, mounting the chair, lay back for a shave.

"Hair's getting rather thin on top," ventured the barber as he lathered his victim's chin.

"Yes," responded the gentleman seriously.

"We've got the dandy tonic here," ventured the barber when about half through.

"Good, is it?" said the man in the chair affably.

"Why, it'll grow hair on an egg," responded the barber, as he paused to pat the top of his customer's head. "Now, you're getting quite bald up here, an' I'll bet in a month it'll grow as thick there as anywhere."

Here followed a pause, during which the shave was finished, and, as he dried the former's face, he inquired:

"Try a little of the tonic to-day, sir? It's the daisy restorer."

"No; guess not," was the reply.

"Say, your hair is getting pretty long, ain't it? Or was you going to get it cut?"

"O, I guess it isn't too long".

"Pretty long. Don't nobody wear their hair that long nowadays."

"Well, I guess I'll let it go this time,"

"Have a shampoo?"

"No."

"Try some of this sea-foam? It's the boss thing for this Pittsburg dirt."

"No; and now I'll tell you suthin', young man. After this don't bother a man with a wig about cutting his hair and tonics and champoos. It might embarrass him, see?' and the gentleman lifted the coverings to his cranium off, showing a head with less hair on it than a roll of country butter. It paralyzed the barber so that the bald-headed man had to put his wig on his knee and comb it himself.

Hon. Daniel W. Voorhees, the distinguished U. S. senator from Indiana, certifies that in case of rheumatism in the back, he obtained instantaneous relief from St. Jacobs Oil. He says it is a remarkable remedy.

PARTED BY HOME-MADE PIES.

An Illinois Beauty Will Not Enter a Boarding-House.

A Newly Made Wife Prefers Divorce to the Risk of Having Her Digestion Impaired.

Galena, Ill., Special.

Society circles in this city are just now divided in opinion over a local domestic drama which commenced in 1883 and ended last Saturday.

In April, 1883, Mr. John MacMahon led Miss Mary Lilly to the hymeneal altar, from which the bride departed to her own home, where she remained, refusing to consummate the marriage, from which she was finally released by Judge Brown, who granted her a divorce with the right to resume her maiden name.

The cause of this strange action on the part of Miss Lilly was not owing to any misconduct on the part of the groom or refusal on his part to provide for her support, but because of her decided and deep-rooted prejudice against boarding-houses.

Before consenting to become Mrs MacMahon the fair Lilly had exacted a promise from her lover to commence housekeeping immediately on the conclusion of the marriage ceremony, but Mac, as his male companions call him, was a jolly dog and would have promised her, with equal reasons, a slice of the moon if she had requested it.

Mary Lily loved Mac fondly, but knowing as she did the misery-producing capacity of the average Galena boarding house, she heroically resolved to surrender her heart's tenderest emotions rather than shipwreck her happiness in trying to "wrastle" with the ethereal bill of fare of a fashionable boarding house.

The bride had not insisted before the ceremony upon seeing the "home" to which John had promised to lead her, because he had allayed her suspicions by vaguely hinting at a nice surprise he had in store for his tootsey-wootsey; so, after the minister had pronounced the magic words which made the twain one, Mary said to her beloved:

"John, dear, I am just dying to see our new home. Come, let us go there at once."

Drawing her tenderly to his manly breast, John communicated to her the paralyzing intelligence that their "home" for the present would be the third story of Mas. Bangle's boarding house.

"No, John" replied Mary. "You may go to Mrs. Bangle's and enjoy yourself if you like it, but no boarding house for me."

"Just come for a little while, darling," appealed the newly-made groom, "and we will go to housekeeping as soon as we can find a suitable location."

"No, John; you have deceived me once and I will not trust you again. Besides, my soul rebels against mysterious hash and pies and things."

"Well, Mary, it's no use to stand here arguing on the subject. We can't go to housekeeping to-day. What are you going to do about it?"

"I shall return to my miserable boarding-house from which I had fondly hoped my marriage would release me, and when you have provided a home, as you promised, come and see me. Until then I don't wish to see you."

The bride and groom then separated, she to her own house, and he to a lager beer saloon with his best man to talk over the strange conduct of his bride.

For two years they have lived apart and her persistent refusal to see her husband or live with him unless he would forswear boarding-houses led to a permanent estrangement, and when she applied for a divorce the husband made no opposition, and to the great surprise of Galena it has been decided that trying to put one's wife in a boarding-house against her will is a good ground for divorce in Illinois.

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3.—Its rates of premiums are LOWER than those of any other company.
4.—It has no "stockholders" to claim any part of its profits.
5.—It offers no SCHEMES under the name of insurance for speculation by special classes upon the misfortunes of each other.
6.—Its present available CASH RESOURCES exceed those of any other Life Insurance Company in the world.
It has received in cash from all sources, from February, 1843, to January, 1885, $270,592,584.00.
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