

# A MOUNTAIN MOVES.

## THE FRENCH PEASANTS HEAR IT GROANING AND ROARING.

Multitudes Visit This Phenomenon—Probable Result Will Be the Changing of the Course of the Famous River Rhone.



MOUNTAIN is moving down in the old provence district of France, says the New York Journal. In what long ago used to be known as the "Land of the Troubadours" this modern miracle has come to pass, and before the eyes of the astonished peasantry who are hurrying to and fro to their wayside shrines and ancient churches a great mass of earth is moving at a rate that is plainly perceptible to the eye and with a noise that groans and roars up and down the valley of the Gard.

It is likely to do even more. There is more than a possibility that this gigantic movement of heaped-up bowlders and loosely-joined together soil will result in changing the course of the famous river Rhone. Already the colliers of Grand Combe, in the little village of the same name, and the best part of a mile of the Allais railway have been destroyed, and the dwellers in that region have had to flee before the mountain's slow and irresistible advance.

The entire movement is strange and peculiar. One reads of the transformations of the earth's surface which took place in the geological ages, but such an event has not been known to happen hitherto in these times of ours. The primal cause of this mountain's moving is said to be the weakening of its base of grit and green marl by the continual infiltration of rain. The lower portions of the enormous mass of soil and bowlders have given way, and the whole vast bulk, which has hitherto lifted its head high above the valley, is gradually slipping down toward the far-off sea, threatening to choke up both the Gard and the Gardon rivers which mingle and flow down to the Rhone through the valley along which the mountain is making its way.

Many people are traveling out from nearby Nimes each day to get a look at this phenomenon. As many as 5,000 sightseers have already visited the district, and great care has to be taken that none of them venture on the mountain itself or in the path of the moving mass.

As it moves, and the advance is almost perceptible as one stands by and watches closely, the noise is deafening and time and time again with a sound like a muffled explosion the surface of the mountain side breaks into great cracks and crevasses, some of which are wide enough for a railway train to pass through.

It was just such vast displacements of earth as this that used to occur in this region ages ago, so the scientists say, before man made his appearance on the earth, and it is owing to these natural phenomena of the far-off period that the Rhone and its smaller sister, the Gard, stand almost unique among the rivers of France. For these rivers are continually shifting in their courses and eating away at times great bites of land in one place and building it up in another, but all the time washing down vast masses of earth and stone to the delta of the Rhone, which was called by the Romans Gallic Egypt on account of the fertility of these enormous quantities of alluvial soil brought down and deposited by the spring floods which overspread the region to the south of Arles. This moving mountain of the Gard will in all probability be eventually washed down to the Rhone delta, for this same thing has been happening on a smaller scale for centuries along the course of the Rhone and the Gard.

An exceedingly curious land is all this country, curious not only because of its picturesque inhabitants that Daudet has portrayed with such faithfulness, but especially because of this little understood, migratory, ever-shifting river Rhone. In what the scientists call the diluvial epoch what is now the delta of this strange river was a great bay into which the blue waters of the Mediterranean poured. Now the mouth of the Rhone makes almost a broad and flat peninsula, stretching out into the great inland sea.

This wonderful change was largely brought about by a geologic movement of which this sliding mountain is an excellent example. The Rhone was a small stream in those pre-Adamite days—but it was destined to become a great one. Two colossal deluges swept down from the Alps along the course of this river, and the Durance, its tributary, carrying all before them in their fury and bringing down huge masses of stone which the force of the torrent ground into pebbles along the overflowing banks.

Such a vast quantity of earth and stone must find lodgment somewhere, and it was carried beyond the then mouth of the Rhone, miles out under the Mediterranean. There it makes a bed of rubble that is sixty feet in depth and which still exists almost as it was in the beginning. But not all of the mountain bowlders and soil that were carried down by these torrents in their headlong course reached the mouth of this new great river. A considerable portion of them remained scattered along from the mountains to the sea, forming a vast alluvial plain, the distribution being helped along by a score of tributaries, of which the Gard was one.

Though this vast tract of fertilizing mud and stone the river Rhone has wandered for centuries, choosing vari-

ous courses for itself at various times, changing even from season to season. This wandering of the great river, though it proved a trifle inconvenient to the peasantry, left nevertheless a vast extent of fertile soil capable of growing any French product. Up to the time of Louis XIV. the Rhone was left pretty much to itself, with the exception of the numerous canals constructed at the delta by the Romans, but Louis, thinking he could improve upon nature, spent millions of dollars in strengthening the banks of the river and its main branches and forcing them to remain within their course.

## NEW ZEALAND TATTOOING.

The Face Moko Is Considered a Mark of Identity.

Major-General Robley, who went through the Maori campaign of 1864-1866, has just published an interesting monograph on "Moko or Maori Tattooing," with numerous illustrations from photographs and his own sketches. In New Zealand tattooing is practiced for various purposes. The face moko, for example, is a mark of identity and facsimiles are frequently copied on deeds in place of signatures. It is also a sexual adornment to make the men more distinguished and attractive to women, though what was deemed an allurement to lovers of the opposite sex was also expected to make men more terrible to enemies of their own. The great object of the Maori chiefs was to excite fear. To paint their faces like red Indians was but a temporary device; tattooing then came in to give permanent dignity. To show off moko to advantage it was necessary to have no hair on the face, so every Maori was clean shaven, which is to say that he removes the hair with a pair of mussel shells—afterward, after acquaintance with Europeans, with a pair of tweezers. One might have expected that the best examples of the art would have been done with native instruments, but according to Major-General Robley the introduction of iron brought about finer work and thus it was most unprospectively influenced by Sheffield. The actual incision made in the skin was done formerly with bone, wood or stone instruments applied to the skin and driven in with a small light mallet, the pigment being applied to the incision as soon as made, but, of course, every artist had a series of instruments like an engraver and very wonderful, indeed, is the diversity of line and adornment which was thus accomplished. And here it must be said that the characteristic New Zealand moko, which consists of incisions in the skin, has nothing in common with the ordinary blue tattooing which leaves the surface of the skin smooth. The latter process was adopted only by women, who were rarely moko-ed except for a few lines on the lips. The pain of the incisions was considerable but the scars usually healed in a week and a clever artist would be more run after than the most distinguished portrait painter of our day. One of the most striking illustrations in the book is the portrait of King Tawhia, the great ariki, or chief of chiefs. His body, as well as his face, was covered with carving, and he said that for a fortnight, when his lips were being done, he had to be fed most tenderly.

## A Kiss on the Tandem.

"One of the greatest problems in bicycling," said a giddy bicyclist, "is how to kiss a girl while riding a tandem without upsetting. The first time I tried it there was the blankest catastrophe on record. We were spinning along at a scorching rate and struck a shady place, where the electric light was obstructed by the dense foliage and the shadows lay heavy and somber. I had made sufficient progress with the damsel whom I had honored with the front seat to venture upon a delicate caress, and as we struck the shadows I leaned forward, throwing my weight upon the handles and giving my neck the necessary curve. She was naturally somewhat startled and dodged, giving the wheel a wrench that was fatal. In a moment we were sprawling on the boulevard, and when I gathered up her remains and my battered self she was the picture of an intensely irate damsel. Only a man who can ride a bucking broncho in a cyclone ought to tackle such a feat."

## His Only Bet.

By the side of the chief approaches to a certain English race course one night some years ago, when the races were on, a small knot of folk gathered around a venerable looking gentleman who was with might and main denouncing the wickedness of the betting and pointing out the evils attaching to a "love of sport." This gentleman had a history. He was by no means an ordinary street preacher; he was a wealthy merchant, and many years previously he had, on that very race course, laid the foundation of his fortune by backing a horse (upon the strength of some extra reliable intelligence he had received) to win no less than £5,000. It won, and from that day the fortunate backer bet no more. Not only did he himself turn his back upon the turf, but he was ever doing his best to induce other folk to follow his example.—Exchange.

## The Trouble.

Prade Howze—How is Willie West-side progressing with his suit with Maudie? Mrs. Lafayette—it has narrowed down to a bicycle now, Prade Howze—he shouldn't let that stand in his way. Mrs. Lafayette—He wouldn't if he had any credit.—Buffalo Times.

## Don't Need Silver.

In Central South America cash, coconuts and chocolate pass as currency of the realm.

## LARGEST BRANDY STILL.

California Boasts an Establishment Turning Out 15,000 Gallons Daily.

The largest brandy still in the world is at El Pinal vineyard in San Joaquin county, not far from Stockton, says the San Francisco Call. Part of it has been built about four years and the other part was finished only a short time ago. As is well known, the El Pinal vineyard has always made a specialty of brandy and sweet wines. It was the intention of the proprietors to do this when they went into business, and for that reason they had the largest still built that was ever put up. That was, as has been stated, about four years ago, and even then it was ahead of anything in existence. It could produce more brandy in twenty-four hours than any other still in the world, and it has not been surpassed since. But even that was not enough to supply all the alcohol needed in their business, so another still was built and made to work in connection with the original one. The two are really one still as they are used and have about three times the capacity of any other still in the world. This enormous machine is located in a building by itself and part of the year is kept running day and night. It is very complicated in its workings, so that a description of that part of it cannot be attempted here. It will be sufficient to state that the grape juice or wine is pumped from vats to a tank on top of the hill. From there it simply passes through a series of heated chambers in the form of a vapor and comes out in the shape of brandy. It can be tested in the different chambers and the change noted. In the first chamber it is little more than warm wine, and it gradually gets stronger and stronger until it is sharp to taste. From the time the wine leaves the tank until it comes out as grape brandy only ten minutes is occupied. In the old method of distilling it used to take about three hours. In appearance the largest brandy still in the world is simply a conglomerate of tanks, pipes and boilers. The capacity of this still is enough to make a person wonder what becomes of all its products. When running full time it can convert 15,000 gallons of wine into brandy in a day. This will make about 4,000 gallons every twenty-four hours, or enough to keep about 40,000 men in a state of intoxication during that time. In a month there would be enough of brandy on hand to intoxicate 1,700,000 men, or about the entire population of New York. But, as it happens, very little of this brandy is sold as brandy. It is used to fortify sweet wines so that they will be in a condition to keep until ready to send to market. The alcohol acts as preservative of the grape juice the same as it would of anything else. It keeps it from turning sour.

## It Wasn't a Scoop.

At Red Creek the stage stopped for half an hour for the passengers to get dinner and the driver to change horses. As we drove up in front of the shanty hotel from the west an army paymaster in an ambulance drove up from the south. With him was a guard of six cavalrymen, and while the paymaster entered the inn with us to take dinner the soldiers ate their bacon andhardtack in the shade of the stables. We had been eating for about ten minutes when there was a sudden hurrah outdoors, followed by a dozen rifle shots. Five men on horseback and a sixth in a buckboard drawn by a mule dashed out of the thicket a quarter of a mile away, and, sweeping down on the paymaster's rig, had transferred the safe to the buckboard before one of us reached the door. One outlaw had been killed by the fire of the soldiers and two soldiers had been wounded by the fire of the outlaws. The fellows were off at full gallop and the score of shots fired after them only hastened their speed. The paymaster was the last one to leave the table, and as he came out an excited stage passenger called to him:

"There they go, major!"  
"Yes, I see 'em!" quietly replied the officer.  
"And they've got your safe?"  
"Yes, I expect so."  
"Great Scott, man, but are you going to let 'em git away with all that money?" shouted the half frantic passenger.

"All of what money?"  
"Why, in the safe!"  
"There isn't a shilling in it!" said the major as he returned to the dinner table. "One of the door hinges was out of order and so I was carrying the money in this carpet bag."

He reached down and lifted up the bag and opened it to show us \$10,000 in crisp greenbacks, and as he snapped the lock he sighed and said:  
"Sorry for the fellow out there and his gang, but perhaps they'll have better luck next time!"

## The Dear Old Fellow.

"What do you admire most in my new dress?" she asked of those who were praising it.  
"Just what's in it now," answered the veteran beau of forty gay seasons, as he blew her a kiss.

## A Baseball Town.

"This is a great base ball town, isn't it?"  
"I should say so. A fellow can't even get off to go to his grandfather's funeral without showing a doctor's certificate."—Buffalo News.

## The Usual Way.

Nell—"Do you like the girl your brother Tom is engaged to?"  
Any—"No, but Tom likes her well enough for the whole family, so what earthly difference does it make?"—New York Weekly.

Most of the canal barges in the south of England are worked by women.

## FOR A MONTE CARLO.

INDICATIONS ARE THAT IT WILL VERY SOON MATERIALIZE.

Plans of the Promoters of It—Gigantic Scheme to Improve a Desert Island Now Occupied by Savages, Expecting the Patronage of Tourists.



ROM reports that seem to have good foundation, it may be said that in all probability the western coast will soon have the most magnificent gambling resort in the world. The reports are to the effect that John Bradbury, Walter S. Moore and J. Downey Honey have purchased from Mexico the island of Tiburon, and will erect it into an "independent republic." The real intention is to make it a gambling resort on the style of Monte Carlo, exceeding the European resort, however, in its magnificence, and offering every possible inducement to the wayfarer to "linger longer"—if he has money, says New York Mercury.

J. H. Polk, who claims to be a relative of the late ex-President Polk of Tennessee, has been in Mexico for several months as purchasing agent for the syndicate of capitalists. It will be recalled that about a year ago Mexico set up a claim to several small islands lying off the coast of Los Angeles and Santa Barbara, stating that they were not included in the inventory at the conclusion of our war with that republic. But her claims were not well founded.

It was surmised at the time that this syndicate had instigated the Mexican officials to make this claim so that if substantiated they could buy the islands from Mexico and run them as gambling resorts. These islands being within two or three hours of the California coast, would render gambling very convenient for tourists.

Falling in their scheme to establish a Monte Carlo so near civilization, they have now purchased a site in the gulf of California, about one hundred miles to the north of Guaymas, and about one hundred and fifty miles south of Yuma, Ariz., a few miles below which town the Colorado river empties into the gulf of California.

The island is only a few miles off the Mexican coast, Hermosillo being the nearest town which is reached by a railroad. The island is about 125 miles in length, by from 20 to 30 in width, and is peopled by a wandering tribe of Indians known as the Cevis. It is said that \$5,000,000 was paid for the island, which is no doubt an exaggeration, for neither the Mexican authorities nor the purchasers know anything about the island—except that warlike savages live there and will permit no visitors. Mexico has sent several expeditions, both by land and water, to subdue these savages, but those landed on the island never came back to report.

The tribe numbers about one hundred, nearly half that number being warriors. But, being strongly fortified and fighting with poisoned-tipped arrows, they could kill ten times their number before being captured.

A few months ago a party of scientists from the east started out to explore Tiburon island, which is said to be rich in fossil remains. They were accompanied by a photographer. Nothing has been heard of the party since they left Yuma. If they reach the island and return they will be the first Americans who ever visited the "island of the cannibals," as Tiburon is sometimes called.

## A Doubting Mood.

"You act as if you thought everything was wrong," said Billy's wife.  
"Mebbe I do," was the reply. "I try not to show it. But when I notice how willin' the mosquitoes is to bite an' how backward the fish is about doin' the same, I declare I can't help thinkin' things goes a good deal by contraries."—Washington Star.

## Alarmed.

Rosie—"What! You here again, Mr. Pincola? You seem to quite live at Clacton."

Mr. Pincola—"Yes, Miss Rose; you see, the Great Eastern railroad makes it so easy to get here and you make it so difficult to get away."

Rosie—"Oh, dear! What will the Great Eastern railroad do when I go home next week?"—Fun.

## Condoabstiently.

"Did you ever publish that article of yours?" "No." "I'm afraid it got a little beyond your depth." "It undoubtedly did. The waste basket in the office is six feet high and my article's at the bottom."—Exchange.

## Self-Made.

"He boasts that he is a self-made man." "Oh, pshaw! Why, you don't imagine for a moment that he tied his four-in-hand himself, do you?"—Detroit Tribune.

## Wedlock.

"Are they contemplating wedlock?" "I think so. He gave her a gold bracelet with a padlock and he carries the key."—Detroit Free Press.

## The Eternal Question.

"Then you look on marriage as only a civil contract?" "Yes. A civil contract with privilege o' insolvency."—Indianapolis Journal.

## OLD WHISKY BETTER THAN NEW.

Fusel Oil and Its Poisonous Effects on the Human System.

The commonly prevailing ideas as to the chemistry of whisky are evidently confused. The public notion has always been that crude or freshly distilled whisky was injurious, and that it required the mellowing influence of age to make it fit for consumption. In other words, new whisky was held to be deleterious because it contained fusel oil and that the reason why old whisky was more wholesome was because this fusel oil changed in course of time to the so-called oenanthic ether. To put it chemically, the amyl alcohol (fusel oil) oxidizes slowly into amyl ether, which is not only thought to be innocuous but to improve the flavor. The deputy principal of the inland revenue branch of the government laboratory would remove these notions at one sweep. Thus, in reply to a question before the liquor commission on Tuesday last he stated—and it was a repeated statement—that it was a mistake to suppose that new spirits contained more fusel oil and were more unwholesome than old.

With the former part of his statement we will not now deal, but to the latter we distinctly demur. It cannot be supposed that whisky merchants take the trouble to store their whisky for years unless they know it is thereby improved from the dietetic point of view. Again, it is well known that so convinced are the authorities of the Canadian government of the unwholesomeness of new whisky that they believe they have a regulation in force prohibiting the sale of whisky that has not been stored for a certain number of years. Fusel oil is admittedly injurious—indeed, poisonous—according, at least, to the experiments of several observers. In one case, for example, 1 part of amyl alcohol in 500 parts of water caused anesthesia in frogs in twenty minutes, the heart's action becoming slower, the skin dark, death occurring in about two hours, and the cardiac pulsations gradually ceasing. The common effect of fusel oil is to produce intense headache, and it must be borne in mind that in the case of whisky the action of alcohol must be added to that of the fusel oil. The amount of fusel oil, we believe, in whisky averages about 0.2 per cent. These observations hardly bear out the statements made before the commission. Incidentally we may add that it is exceedingly satisfactory to find that the consensus of opinion of the witnesses before this commission appears to be that there is a decrease in drunkenness in the metropolis, but this decrease, it is noteworthy, is less among women than among men.—From the Lancet.

## AFLOAT IN A COCKLESHELL.

No News from Young Norwegians Who Set Out to Cross the Ocean.

Frank Samuelson and George Harbo, two young Norwegians, set out from this port on June 6 with the intention of rowing across the Atlantic ocean. Their objects were fame and the money that might accrue from transient notoriety.

Their boat measures a bit less than 18 feet and has a beam of 5 feet. No spar or sail of any sort was taken, and the two men will have to depend solely on their oars and their own exertions to reach Havre, the port they set out for. They put to sea on the evening of June 6, and were spoken thirteen days later. They were well on their voyage then, being about 200 miles from port, and wanted nothing except to be reported.

The boat is provisioned for sixty days and her crew of two said they expected to average about fifty-four miles a day. The route they were to follow is 3,256 miles in length. It was their intention to row steadily as long as good weather lasted, and to heave to and take watch and watch about when storms came and seas beat high. The boat went out provided with a sea anchor—a cornucopia-shaped piece of canvas attached to a bowline to be thrown overboard when gales arise to keep the boat's head to wind and wave. By means of this sea anchor the men expect to ride out any storm that comes their way.

Included in the equipment of the boat was a compass, sextant and chart, by which the men expected to find their way to the coast of France. They laid their route to the southward of the steamship lanes, in order to avoid, as far as possible, the danger of collision. This may explain why only one report of the wanderers has been received. There is another and a more sinister explanation of the dearth of news from them, and if it should come in the shape of a report from some vessel about a boat being sighted bottom side up, tossing somewhere in midocean, no one who looked at the frail craft would be much surprised.—New York Herald.

## Reflex Action.

Hargreaves—You fellows are always talking about my drinking when half the time I don't even think of taking a drink. Ferry—Just take it mechanically, eh?—Cincinnati Enquirer.

## Use of the Umpire.

She (new to the game)—What is the umpire for? He (a rooster)—To show that there is no pleasure without its alloy.—Philadelphia North American.

## Robbing Him of His Fame.

"Well," declared Rip Van Winkle, as he entered Philadelphia, "if this city isn't enough to make a man jealous!"—New York World.

## No Use.

Dr. Jalap—"Let me see your tongue, please." Patient—"Oh, doctor, no tongue can tell how bad I feel."—Boston Transcript.

## ANECDOTE OF THOMAS COUTTS.

The Guinea That Was Worn on a Duchess's Bracelet.

A long while ago, when Bristol was growing rich with the profits of the West India trade, of which it had almost a monopoly, a stranger took lodgings there, towards the close of the year, and used to visit the coffee-room of that famous old inn, "The Bush," says the Household Words. He would arrive about noon every day and calling for a 6-penny glass of brandy-and-water sit over it until he had carefully gone through the London paper of the preceding evening. The landlord of "The Bush," seeing how anxious he was to read the London paper, made it understood that while he had it "in hand" no one else was to expect it. Rather "seedy" garments, a lean body, a confirmed stoop and a limited expenditure of a daily 6-pence, with nothing for the water, clearly showed the newspaper reader to be a "poor gentleman" and by that title he was soon distinguished. On Christmas eve honest John Weeks, the landlord, anxious that the decayed gentleman should have one good meal at least in "The Bush," delicately intimated to him that on the following day he kept open table, to which he would be welcome free of cost. Punctually at 1 o'clock the next day the stranger appeared at "The Bush" in his usual seedy attire. He partook of the good dinner with the apparent relish of a man to whom such a feast is a novelty and did justice to the "stunning ale" for which far and near "The Bush" was famous. The dinner was concluded. The decayed gentleman remained the last and read the London paper in the kitchen. When he prepared to leave the landlord respectfully helped him to put on his overcoat and at the same time slipped a guinea into his hand. The poor gentleman pocketed the coin with a smile and a sigh. He came no more to "The Bush." But shortly after "The Bush" itself was advertised for sale, with all its valuable good will and appurtenances, and poor Weeks was trembling at the thought of being turned out by a new owner, when he received a missive from Coutts & Co., the London bankers, to the effect that if he wished to acquire the house he had occupied he might draw upon them for the purchase money. Hastening to London to thank his benefactors and convince himself of the genuineness of the offer, he was introduced to Mr. Thomas Coutts, the head of the great banking firm, who proved to be no other than the "poor gentleman." "The Bush guinea," it is said, was afterward worn, mounted in a bracelet, by the Duchess of St. Albans, the widow of Mr. Coutts.

## An Island Disappears in a Night.

An island in the Missouri river broken into fragments and washed away was the unusual spectacle Acheson, Kan., people witnessed yesterday morning. For years an island of 600 or 700 acres has been one of the attractions of Acheson. It was as fertile as a garden, and was known all over the west for the excellence of the celery, asparagus, sweet potatoes, and melons it produced. It had the appearance of a veritable oasis in a desert, and its green shrubbery, generous shade trees, velvet lawns, and cool springs were a perpetual joy. Upon this island a shooting club had a home, and the baseball enthusiasts had their grounds and grandstand. Altogether it was a most pleasant resort. In a single night this island was dissolved into fragments. The recent rise in the Missouri river struck it, and to-day it is only a reminiscence. What was Kansas loses, however, was Missouri's gain. With the obliteration of the island the current left the Missouri shore and struck hard against the Kansas bluffs. The result of this is that the Missouri banner has been planted a mile westward, and hundreds of acres of rich bottom land have been added to its domain, while Kansas mourns the loss of its green island and pleasant park.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

## Before Black Stockings Were Worn.

"I saw a little girl in striped red and white stockings the other day," said the woman, "and it made me think of the time when I was a little girl myself. There was no thought of black stockings then. The small legs of all the small girls looked like sticks of variegated candy. The child who had the gayest combination of stripes was the happiest, and if the color scheme happened to be displeasing to our youthful tastes there was such a feeling of utter woe as I know I seldom feel now that I am grown up."—New York Times.

## Will O' the Wisp.

Willer-de-wis, he shines so bright, And seem ter dance so gay, You wanta ter keep 'im still in sight An' wishes yoh had 'im day and night Fohter frolick dat-er-way.

But trus' you mammy; doan' gib chase, Dah's lots o' joys like dis; Jes' look an' laugh an' keep yoh place; Ef yoh comes too nigh 'em dey leaves no trace.

Dey's gone, like willer-de-wis, —Washington Evening Star.

## Something New in a Children's Party.

At a delightful birthday party that a little maid gave to her friends each one was asked to come dressed as a doll of some kind. In the little procession that marched to the sound of music at the beginning of the party there were rag dolls and wax dolls, Brownie dolls and colored dolls, those that could only say two or three words and dolls that danced all the time, until their machinery seemed to run down. A family of four little children represented a row of paper dolls.—New York Evening Post.