

DINNA FORGET OR LIGHT OUT OF DARKNESS

JOHN STRANGE WINTER

INTERNATIONAL PRESS ASSOCIATION

CHAPTER XXIX.—(Continued.)

For a long time Lord Aylmer sat lost in angry thought. So this was the meaning of Dick's sudden surrender, his dutiful acquiescence with his uncle's wishes. There had been no breaking of his chains when he set sail for the East, no burning of his boats behind him. Not a bit of it! No; the young gentleman had quietly—ay, and very cleverly—made the best of what to him was a very bad and very distasteful business, and intended to carry on the Palace Mansions arrangement in Madras just as he had done in London.

But somebody else had to deal with the old lord's grim thoughts ran—somebody else with a brain a good deal shrewder than Dick's, and a will like cold steel. Lord Aylmer would have something to do and say in the matter of Mrs. Harris' intended voyage to India, and he had no notion whatever of allowing his nephew, whom he cordially detested, to carry out all his arrangements in triumph, and in spite of him.

He roused himself presently, and went to the table, where writing materials were lying. Then he forced himself to write an ordinary letter to Dick, telling him he was in town for a few days, but was off to Aylmer's Field tomorrow; that his lady was better and he trusted Dick would bear in mind that he had to reinstate himself in his uncle's good graces, that he might get over the disappointment caused by his refusal to marry Mary Annandale, and therefore he trusted he would spare no pains to make himself indispensable to his old friend, Barry Boynton. And at the end of this meaningless and commonplace letter Lord Aylmer made an addition, which, like the scorpion's tail, contained the sting:

"P. S.—By-the-by, you will be in-



stretched between them? And then her eyes fell upon the bangle, which she always wore upon her left wrist, with its bright beacon of hope and trust, Dick's last message to her—"Dinna Forget." No, nothing would make her doubt him he was overworked, ill, something had happened to keep him from writing.

"Don't worry about it, dear Esther," she said bravely. "Dick would not leave me without a letter without some good reason for it. Please don't doubt him; you don't know how good and kind and thoughtful he is, you don't, indeed, Esther."

"No, I don't," said Esther, dryly; then with an outburst of tenderness very rare in one of her serene and composed nature, she cried: "Oh, don't look at me in that reproachful way, darling. I want to believe this Dick of yours perfect—I do, dear. But when we go on day after day, week after week, and I see your anxious eyes, see your face getting whiter and whiter—why, I can't help feeling angry at times, and suspicious, and—as if I should like to kill somebody," she ended passionately.

Dorothy did not speak for a long time, but sat tracing the words on her bangle with a very thin and fragile-looking finger.

"I know what you must think," she said at last. "And I know what Dick's silence must seem to you; but I promised to trust him whatever happens, and I always will. He gave me this the very last of all," she cried, holding out her wrist—oh! so much too small for the pretty bangle now—towards her cousin, "and he gave it as a token between us; 'Dinna Forget.' I know it will all be right by-and-by, Esther. I know it will; but wait a little longer, before you condemn him, just a little longer."

The piteous appeal went straight to Esther's heart. "Well, I won't mention him again, Dorothy, dear, not for another month. We will talk about other things. Are you going for a drive today? The carriage will be here at 3 o'clock."

"Just as you please, dear," Dorothy answered listlessly.

"I think you ought to go. It is good for you, and good for the boy, too, and of course you won't have a carriage—at least, not such a carriage—always."

"No," said Dorothy.

Esther was busy making a wonderful bonnet for the wonderful boy, and she pinned in several folds of lace and tried several effects before she spoke again. "Isn't it odd," she remarked at last, "that Lord Aylmer has left his carriage and horses and servants in town all this time, when he is away."

"Perhaps he never takes them out of town," suggested Dorothy.

"Perhaps not. Anyway, it is very pleasant for us as it is," Esther replied. "Well, I shall go and get ready," and, gathering up her bonnet and materials, she went out of the room, leaving Dorothy alone.

Almost immediately Amelia Harris came in, bringing a bag filled with little vases of fresh flowers. "Oh!" said Dorothy, "those are lovely. Is it a pretty place, Amelia? I suppose you have often been there."

"Yes, madam; I have been there once or twice," Amelia replied.

"It is a fine place, is it not?" Dorothy asked.

"A very grand place, madam," said Amelia, apparently giving all her attention to the flower vases.

"And Lady Aylmer—what is she like?" Is she nice—handsome?"

"My lady is very handsome, madam," said Amelia, putting the last vase in its place, and coming to put a fold of the window curtain straight. "Very haughty and hard-like, but very handsome for all that."

"Ah!"

Dorothy sat in silence for a minute or two. Amelia Harris began to tidy

CHAPTER XXX.

WHOLE month had gone by and still no word had come from Dick to the anxious heart so fondly waiting for news in Palace Mansions. Or stay, that is not quite correct, for a long letter from Dick had come by each mail, but they had never reached Dorothy, each one of them having fallen in Lord Aylmer's possession.

"I can't made out why your husband has never written, why he never answered the telegram. I think I shall go into the post-office and find out if it really went."

"Amelia said it went," Dorothy replied. She, poor child, had never admitted as much to her cousin, but she was prepared for the worst that could possibly happen. Dick's long silence was beginning to tell upon her, and she was not recovering as quickly as might be desired; indeed, her doctor and her cousin, too, were for the most part thoroughly uneasy about her. And yet, she had now been nearly six weeks without a line from Dick—Dick, who had left her with such fond words of love on his lips—ay, and in his eyes; Dick, who knew that now, of all times, letters would be of greater value than ever they had been, when she was left alone in her hour of trial. Yet he had not written, there was no answer to the telegram announcing the boy's birth, there had come no word nor sign out of the dark blankness of hope and fear, doubt and despair, which was gradually creeping over her.

And after all, she told herself, it was not to be wondered at if Dick had got a little tired of her—a stupid little thing like her, as ignorant as a child. What was there in her to keep such a man as Dick faithful and true when the width of half the world was

stretched between them? And then her eyes fell upon the bangle, which she always wore upon her left wrist, with its bright beacon of hope and trust, Dick's last message to her—"Dinna Forget." No, nothing would make her doubt him he was overworked, ill, something had happened to keep him from writing.

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the little table between the window and the fireplace.

"It seems such a pity that—" Dorothy began, intending to say, "such a pity that Lord and Lady Aylmer did not get on well together." Then she broke off short, suddenly remembering that it would not do to speak of Lord Aylmer's private affairs to his valet's wife, and also that she was not supposed to know more of them than Lord Aylmer himself would be likely to tell so new an acquaintance as she was. Amelia was looking at her with an expectant expression, and Dorothy made haste to finish her sentence.

"It seems such a pity that Lord Aylmer has no heir," she said confusely.

Amelia Harris not unaturally perhaps misunderstood her.

"Lord Aylmer has an heir, madam," she said quickly, thinking that Mrs. Harris was giving a keen eye to the future. "His nephew, Mr. Richard Aylmer, is the heir—he is in India."

"Ah! yes, really," said Dorothy. She felt very sick and faint as she leaned back among the cushions. Amelia Harris thought she was disappointed, whereas, in truth, Dorothy was only nervous and upset at the sudden mention of her husband's name.

"Mr. Aylmer," Amelia continued, "is in the army—in the 40th Dragoons. A handsome young gentleman, but wild—very wild."

Dorothy got up. "Yes, I dare say, but I ought not to talk about him," she said, her voice trembling, and her eyes misty with tears. "I must go and dress for our drive."

CHAPTER XXXI.

HE was sobbing passionately by the time she got into her own room. "Dick, Dick," she cried passionately. "It is hard to deny you like this, for it was denying you, though I said nothing. Why are you leaving me to fight my way through all these difficulties alone? I won't believe that you are false to me—not until you tell me so; but if it is so, you ought to tell me!"

She was sobbing passionately, and the scalding tears ran down her poor, pale face; and over her little cold hands. They recalled her to herself. "No, I will be brave, I won't doubt you, my darling. There is something I don't understand. I will wait a little longer."

She unlocked a drawer in her wardrobe, and took out the large picture of Dick which she had hidden out of Lord Aylmer's way. "My love, my dear love, I will trust you and believe you," she murmured fondly. "I will not give way again—I will be brave."

She heard the carriage draw up with the usual jingle and dash, and hastily locked the portrait away again. Then she bathed her face in cold water, and tried to remove the, alas! unmistakable signs of tears from her eyes. Not very successfully, though she went out immediately afterwards, walked into the drawing room and found there—

"Lord Aylmer!" she cried, then went quickly across the room to him. "Oh! I am so very glad to see you," she cried. "I did not know you were in town."

"I came up last night, dear lady," he said, taking both her hands in his and speaking in a very soft and tender voice. "But you are ill, you are not recovered, you are unhappy about something."

"I?" murmured Dorothy, evasively. "Oh! I am not so very well—but—"

"But you have been crying," said Lord Aylmer, still keeping her hands in his.

"Perhaps," Dorothy admitted.

"Perhaps! I am sure of it," he returned. "But what is the matter? If there is anything that I can do, you know that you have only to command me."

He laid stress on the words "you know," which in any other circumstances would have been enough to put Dorothy on her guard. Now, however, with her thoughts filled with Dick and his strange and inexplicable silence, she did not notice the unusual tone. "Oh!" she cried impulsively, "there is something you could do for me if you would."

"What?" he said eagerly. "Tell me."

But Dorothy did not tell him. She wanted to say, "I am Dick's wife, I am so wretched and so unhappy at his absence. Let him come home, and I will love and reverence you forever."

That was what she wanted to say; but when she was face to face with the opportunity, her courage failed her, and she was afraid.

(To be Continued.)

Coronets at Auction.

And the Bidding Was Not at All Brisk.

Some queer commodities find their way into the auction room, but it is not every day that a coronet may be picked up at a bargain in a salesroom, says the London Chronicle. This was what happened yesterday, when a marquis' coronet was put up and knocked down by a Conduit street auctioneer. It is odd enough that such an adornment should find its way into the vulgar atmosphere of furniture dealers and brokers' men, but that anybody should want to buy a second-hand coronet is odder still. The biddings, it is true, were not keen. They began at a couple of guineas and went up to £5, at which the coronet went into the possession of some apparently pebbled person—certainly not a marquis. But then the article was no longer "practicable," as they say on the stage. The original owner, or possibly "an heir or an assignee," had so little use for it that he had cut it in two and mounted it as a pair of wall brackets. It is commonly supposed that peers' coronets, like royal diadems, are of gold. That is not so. They are of silver, "richly gilt," as in the case of yesterday's bauble. This particular one bore the hall mark of 1831, which suggests that it may have been made for the coronation of William IV. That there should be so little competition for coronets in their material form is explained by the rarity with which they are worn. There are probably not half a dozen peers living who have ever had one. They are worn only at coronation, and then, at the moment when the archbishop of Canterbury places the crown on the sovereign's head, the assembled peers and princesses simultaneously put on their silver circlets with their crimson velvet caps. Indeed, it may be shrewdly suspected that most peers do not even possess this tangible badge of their rank.

THE SKIPPERS TO BLAME.

Why the Wounded Soldiers Suffered on the Transports.

WASHINGTON, Aug. 5.—Concerning the unfortunate occurrences on the ships Concho and Seneca that brought home sick and wounded from Santiago, the secretary of war gives out the following statement, after a careful investigation:

"At the time they left Santiago, the general desire of convalescents to come home doubtless overcrowded both ships. From the commencing of the Santiago campaign until within a few days, the terrible conditions on that coast, where our ships had no shelter and always with a high surf, made the landing of troops, supplies, ammunition, artillery and medical stores very difficult, and there is no doubt much inconvenience and suffering were thereby caused that were unavoidable. The lighters that went with General Shafter's fleet were lost on the way. Two tons of lighters were subsequently sent, which were also lost, and it was impossible to get supplies ashore except with the boats from the ships and those supplied by the navy. Later on a lighter was furnished by the navy, which was the only one there for many days."

"On account of the great number of sick and wounded, which was in excess of what had been anticipated, there was no doubt much suffering, especially among the sick at Santiago. The captains of the Seneca and Concho did not report to General Shafter nor to Quartermaster Humphrey that they needed water. Had they done so, of course it would have been provided. Then also a large number of civilians rushed aboard to get away, and they occupied many staterooms that should have been given over to the soldiers."

"No recurrence of such conditions will be possible hereafter, and no one regrets more than the secretary of war that any thing of the kind should have happened. The general commanding that army, the surgeon general and the quartermasters and commissary departments have done the best they could, but unforeseen circumstances, named above, prevented the conveniences being provided that otherwise would have been furnished."

Swallowed a Hatpin.

Baby Has a Pin Six and a Half Inches Long in Its Stomach and Livers.

CHICAGO, Aug. 5.—Little Frances Nelson, 1½ years old, daughter of O. Nelson, a merchant of Schlessinger-ville, Wis., while playing with a hat pin six and a half inches long, a few days ago, in some manner managed to swallow it. The child was brought to this city, where prominent physicians gave it as their opinion that it was an impossibility for such a small child to swallow a hatpin and live. But in order to satisfy the parents they suggested that the X ray be utilized. The child was taken to a Roentgen laboratory, where a photograph of its stomach was taken. There, plainly enough, was to be seen the missing article. The glass head was downward and the action of the stomach in its work or digesting had kept it up to the top of that organ. The point extended up about four inches in the esophagus. The little one was conveyed to a hospital, where the obstruction was removed by a simple operation.

Carlists Have an Uprising.

LONDON, Aug. 5.—A special dispatch from Barcelona says a formidable rising of Carlists has taken place near Lorida, Catalonia.

Effects of an Explosion.

GALENA, Kan., Aug. 5.—Another disastrous explosion occurred last night in the George McCullough mine, from which James Nichols lost his life and Tom Norville, ground boss of the mines, was seriously if not fatally injured.

Mayor as a Life Saver.

NEW YORK, Aug. 5.—Mayor Van Wyck, who has been summering at Freeport, L. I., yesterday distinguished himself as a life saver of no mean ability by rescuing three young women from drowning.

If a man tips the scales at 300 his opinion carries greater weight with it.

LIVE STOCK AND PRODUCE

Omaha, Chicago and New York Market Quotations.		
Butter—Creamery separator	13	15
Butter—Cloth fancy country	10	11
Eggs—Fresh, per doz	11	12
Spring Chickens—Per pound	11	12
Lemons—Per box	4.75	4.00
Oranges—Per box	2.50	2.75
Honey—Cloth, per pound	14	15
Onions—Per bushel	75	85
Beans—Handpicked navy	1.25	1.30
Potatoes—Per bushel, new	35	45
Hay—Up and per ton	4.50	6.00
SOUTH OMAHA STOCK MARKET.		
Hogs—Choice light	3.10	3.60
Hogs—Heavy weights	2.85	3.05
Hot steers	3.35	3.20
Bulls	2.85	3.00
Black	2.50	3.20
Cows	2.75	3.00
Western feeders	3.00	4.10
Cows	2.00	4.00
Heifers	2.00	4.20
Stockers and feeders	2.00	4.75
Sheep—Muttons	3.00	4.40
Wool—Native medium	25	4.00
CHICAGO.		
Wheat—No. 2 spring	59	60 1/2
Corn—Per bushel	37	37 1/2
Oats—Per bushel	21	21 1/2
Barley—No. 2	23	24
Flour—No. 2	42	44 1/2
Timothy seed, per bu.	2.00	2.60
Stock—Per 100 pounds	2.85	3.75
Lard—Per 100 pounds	15	15 1/2
Cattle—Prime feeding cattle	5.20	5.60
Cattle—Native heavy steers	7.00	8.10
Beef—Mixed	2.00	3.85
Swamp—Hogged lamb	4.75	5.10
Sheep—Spring lambs	5.50	6.00
NEW YORK MARKET.		
Wheat—No. 2, red winter	63	63 1/2
Corn—No. 2	31 1/2	32
Oats—No. 2	27	27 1/2
Lard—Per 100 pounds	15	15 1/2
KANSAS CITY.		
Wheat—No. 2 spring	71	74
Corn—No. 2	30	30 1/2
Oats—No. 2	25	25 1/2
Beef—Muttons	3.40	4.10
Hog—Mixed	3.75	4.10
Cattle—Stockers and feeders	3.30	4.10

PICTURESQUE AMERICA.

The Overland Route and the Grand Scenic Beauty Encountered.

The story of the "Overland Route" has been told in prose and poem by those who have a right to claim the best knowledge of it; those who toiled over the plains driving oxen in spans, which pulled great caravans of freight; those who hopefully bore the heat and burden of the day, buoyed up and encouraged by the hope of an El Dorado in the mountains of the west—great, noble hearted men who sought in the glorious west the reward which seemed never to come near their doors in the populous east. They were brave and hard hearted, bold and gentle, and the story writer loves to dwell on their adventures and depict their hair-breadth escapes, and tell of their hopes and their disappointments. In one sense theirs is the story of the lives of many who read, and a chord of sympathy is touched by the skillful telling of the story. Everyone who has read these tales of the west has felt an instinctive desire to see the spots, hallowed at least in memory by some story, which has served to pass an hour away; and each one has longed for an opportunity. Those of the present day have the best of the earlier members of this mutual admiration society, for they can now make the trip in comfort, free from peril, and surrounded by all the luxuries incident to modern travel. In stead of toiling over the calined track of those who preceded them, the traveler of the day simply selects "The Overland Route," the Union Pacific system, and, as much at home as though in the quiet of some New England village, glides swiftly over a splendid roadbed, and allows his eyes to feast on the magnificent scenery afforded.

The highest point on this "Overland Route" across the continent is 8,247 feet, at Sherman; hence those who fear the results of great altitudes are relieved of that apprehension, as very little difficulty is experienced.

"Echo Canon," says an English traveler, "is a superb defile. It moves along like some majestic poem in a series of incomparable stanzas. There is nothing like it in the Himalayas, nor in the Sullivan Range. In the Bolan Pass, on the Afghan frontier, there are intervals of equal sublimity; and even as a whole it may compare with it. But taken for all in all—its length (some thirty miles), its astonishing diversity of contour, its beauty as well as grandeur—I confess that Echo Canon is one of the masterpieces of nature." Such is the verdict of one observer, and another in describing it is equally emphatic: "So far in our overland journey we have met with no striking instance of that most frequently occurring feature of these regions—the canon. What in the far west is so termed is sometimes a narrow chasm in the mountains, the bottom of which is often the bed of a stream of water, the cliffs on either side being nearly perpendicular or even inclining towards each other. Echo Canon has every feature of impressiveness—strong, determinate color, majestic forms and a novel weirdness. Usually the descent into the canon begins soon after leaving Evanston; the air coming from the mountains is inspiring; the afternoon light is growing mellow, and all the conditions are favorable to the highest enjoyment.

At Castle Rock may be said to be the true beginning of the exciting ride. "He must be a very close observer, indeed, who can comprehend all the varied beauties and curiosities that follow. The high abrupt wall on one side, so smooth that it might have been cut with a saw, the lofty hills on the other side, and the glimpse of mountains whose snows never melt, are inspiring and interesting. But they are not the only things that make a journey through Echo Canon memorable for a lifetime."

The Castle is one of the most perfect of all those striking objects whose vast proportions show them to be the work of nature alone, and yet whose symmetrical forms and adherence to architectural rules seem to stamp them as the works of man.

At first the cliffs are neither very lofty nor precipitous, though always picturesque. The slender stream creeping along beneath them is fringed with the hardy willow, and on every shelf, and up to the summits of the rocks, the dwarf cedars have obtained a footing, their russet foliage and dark spots of shadow giving a mottled appearance to the landscape. It is almost incredible, the tenacity which these cedars have on life; give them the narrow ledge on the smallest cranny in the parched rock, and they go on growing, making up in hardihood and fantastic curve in trunk and limb what they lack in size. Soon the cliffs grow higher, more barren, more savage in form. In color, also, they change. At the canon head they are of a yellowish gray, in some places even ashen; now they stand up, stark and bare, and of almost a blood-red color. At one point we are whirled past a chaos of tumble rock; the whole face of a lofty cliff has fallen at once, leaving the part yet standing of a fresh, bright hue, that it will take a thousand years of summer sunshine and winter frost to tone back into the general color of the surrounding heights. One can well imagine the roar, the volume of sound, that went rolling across the hills when fell that mass.

During the so-called Mormon war, when Johnson's army was on its way to Utah, there were a number of stone-work fortifications erected on the crests of the cliffs.

From these old rock works, perched like crow's nests on high, a splendid view of the canon may be obtained. W. H. Eldridge, whose language we have used before, has written a beautiful description of this view, which we cannot do better than quote:

"From such a point of view as Hanging Rock, or the ridges above it, a much better idea of what one may term the tumultuousness of the surrounding country can be obtained than from the bed of the canon. The earth is split by a score of transverse ravines, which extend like blue veins from the main artery and mar the face of the country with shadow; isolated columns, positive and brilliant in color, stand alone in their chromatic glory, without a visible connection with the main rock from which they were originally detached; old groups of conglomerate, much like inverted wine-glasses in shape, and plainly banded with several strata of color, sprout like so many monstrous mushrooms; and, clasping all within their basin, are the circling mountains of the Wahatch and Uintah Ranges."

Shrill blows the whistle as we cut across the pioneers' road, and the echoes are prolonged, striking against the red cliffs to rebound from height to height and die away up in the shaggy ravine. We have passed the "Steam-boats," the "Rock of Gibraltar," and the "Monument Rock," standing lonely in its lonely ravine. As we flash by wonders numerous and unnamed, the afternoon sun is streaming down slant rays and lighting up the southern side of the cliffs and casting long blue shadows across our path. The somewhat harsh and incongruous colors of rock and foliage are brought into harmony, and the mind suddenly receives the impression that the wonderful picture presented by the cliffs of Echo Canon is one to dwell in the memory for a lifetime. At last the locomotive, giving another resounding whistle, passes round a sharp curve; Pulpit Rock, famous the world over, is on our right hand; we can almost touch it. We have entered a valley running at right angles to the canon; this is the Weber. A few moments more and the train slackens its speed at the cluster of houses called Echo City.

Pulpit Rock is so called both from its shape and from the supposition that Brigham Young preached from it his first sermon in Utah, addressed to the pioneers then on their way to Salt Lake Valley in 1847.

Weber Canon! To those who have made the great transcontinental trip over the Union Pacific railroad, the name will revive the memories of a host of imposing scenes—the Devil's Gate and Slide; the Wilhelmina Pass; the turbulent Weber River sweeping onward and awakening with its angry voice the echoes from cliff to gorge; the long, black tunnels; the dizzy bridges, a kaleidoscopic change of wonders of nature and art. To those who have not yet made the notable tour, who have yet to learn from actual sight the peculiarities and grandeur of western scenery, the name will serve to put their expectation on tip-toe, for, of all the canons passed through by the rail between the Missouri river and the Pacific ocean, this one has earned the reputation of containing the most wonderful scenes, the strangest sights, some that will be long remembered for their wildness and grandeur alone; and others, because they are most striking examples of some of the distinctive features in western scenery.

It is a trip which everyone should take, varying the climate, the altitude and general environments of business and care, and it can be taken so comfortably and at such reasonable expense in the splendid cars of the Union Pacific system that it should be decided upon at once as the one next to be undertaken.

F. P. BAKER.

With a Wall of Water.

The idea of protecting buildings against fire from without by means of a water curtain, to be made to fall all around the structure, appears to be gaining favor, having the indorsement of some of the most experienced professional experts in this line, and the plan is exciting special attention in Chicago, where it is being applied to the great public library building. The arrangement is extremely simple. A seven-inch steel water main is laid around the top of the structure, upon the broad stone table formed by the top of the coping, this pipe having connection with force pumps situated in the basement, and, through perforations properly arranged, insures the introduction of a substantial sheet of water from cornice to pavement, around the whole or any imperiled portion of the building. The arrangement of the system of piping is such as to enable operating in prescribed sections; additional relays of smaller pipes are also placed in position above windows and doors, in order to complete the curtaining of those points in the most serviceable manner, should the curtain in the main be broken by wind impingement against the building.

How to Pronounce Alger.

"How do you pronounce the name of the Secretary of War?" is a question asked many times every day, and as in most cases people do not know, a different pronunciation is given by each. "Algor," hard g, "Awejar," and "Aljer" have been the most frequent pronunciations. As Camp Alger has caused the name to be on the tongue of so many, the private secretary was asked to give the correct pronunciation, so all may now rest assured that they have it right if they say "Aljer," pronouncing the first two letters as in the exclamation "ah," bringing in the l in the only way it can be enunciated, and the last three letters as in jerk. The first syllable is not as if spelled "aw," although this error is frequently written.—Richardson.