

OLD MISSION RUINS.

A STRUCTURE BUILT SIXTY YEARS AGO.

Indians Were Taught—All Traces of the Altar and the Large Fireplace Long Since Obliterated—Communicants Were Converted Indians.

(Seattle Letter.)
Standing upon a high wooded hill, within sight and sound of the great Kettle falls of the Columbia river, and overlooking the wide Marcus flat, is an ancient and long deserted mission. It is, without doubt, one of the oldest buildings of the kind still left standing in Washington. It was built in 1848 and 1844.

In dimensions the building is about 40x60 feet. It is constructed entirely of hewed logs and is practically two stories high. In those far-off, primitive days was a scarce and expensive material. In the construction of this building no iron whatever was used to fasten the logs together. The ends of the logs at the corners of the building and at the doors and windows are all wedged and dovetailed in—really keyed together. Altogether the architecture is rude, but very secure and solid.

Communicants Were Indians.
For a great many years services were held in this mission chapel by the pioneer padres. All, or nearly all, the communicants were Indians. Years ago the mission was abandoned and services have been held in the present mission near Colville. The primitive building is very weatherbeaten and dilapidated.

The building fronts south. There is a wide portal at the front end; also doors on the east and west sides, well toward the rear part of the structure. All the doors and windows are gone.

The rafters consist of small hewed timbers. Both at the top and bottom the rafters are fastened together and to the walls by means of stout wooden pins driven in auger holes. The sheathing or cross pieces to which the roof is fastened are small square pieces of timber, apparently cut out with a whipsaw. They, too, are securely fastened to the rafters by wooden pins.

The roof was made of ordinary pine clapboards riven with the old-fashioned "frow." At the gable ends whipsawed planks were used.

Near the northern end of the old mission a large fireplace was con-



THE OLD MISSION.

structed of adobe, rocks and clay mortar. The northern part of the building, fronting the old fireplace, was originally divided into two rooms, probably for the use of the fathers. The sack of the fireplace is both broad and high, and fronted the main audience room of the building. It must have served as the back of the sacred altar, where masses and vespers were celebrated. However, every trace of the altar has long since vanished. The same can be said of the flooring, both downstairs and above.

In a Dilapidated State.
Nothing now remains of the old mission save the walls, rafters and part of the roof. The walls are intact; also the upper timbers. More than half of the roof itself is gone. The boards which still remain are moss covered and very much decayed. The planks at the gable ends are in the same condition. The only iron used about the old building were the nails which held the boards of the roof.

The logs of the wall are still sound—especially on the interior sides. The rafters and heavy hewed log joists are apparently sound. Until within a few years ago a large wooden cross stood at the front of the building, rising from the comb of the roof; but that, also, has disappeared.

Windowless, floorless, doorless and semi-roofless, this old storm-beaten monument of the dead and voiceless past stands in the heart of a lonely pine forest. It is a sad reminder of the senseless flight of time and of the evanescence of all things earthly. Yet there is a eloquence in the silence of the old dismantled mission; there is a touching pathos in its fate.

Burying Grounds Near.
A short distance northeast of the mission is the burying ground. The limits of the consecrated grounds are marked by a ditch or moat. This trench is now nearly filled up. Trees as large as one's body are growing in and along the ditch, indicating that it was dug long ago.

Just how many graves the grounds contain will never be known. Marks identifying a great many graves have disappeared. The grounds are strewn with old decayed wooden headstones, railings, logs, etc.

In extent the ground is about one-half acre. Only two headstones (wooden) remain the epitaphs of which can be deciphered. So far as known only Indians were buried in those grounds. If the grounds were ever inclosed by a fence of any kind all traces of it have vanished.

Farm Employed 800 Hands.
An English manufacturer of jam and jelly has a fruit farm of 1,000 acres at Hlaton, near Cambridge, employing at times 800 hands. The factory is in the center of the farm.

WOOD TURNED TO STONE.

Curious Process Seen at Pan-American Exposition.

One of the most interesting of the exhibits at the Pan-American exposition at Buffalo may be seen in the mines building. It consists of agatized or petrified wood from the famous petrified forest of Arizona. The specimens consist of cross sections of trees polished to a high degree of brilliancy and showing most beautiful colors. In some of the specimens the petrified bark still surrounds the section of the tree. This petrified forest looks more like a stone quarry than a forest, as the prehistoric trees are strewn around mostly in broken sections.

These sections of trees usually are found projecting from volcanic ash and lava, which is covered with sandstone to the depth of twenty to thirty feet, and lie exposed in gulches and basins where water has worn away the sandstone. Many scientific men, whose study of geology has been all that years of toil and observation could embrace, have visited this wonder of wonders and all seem to be lost scientifically; their theories are like the pieces of silicified wood, no two alike. It is conceded, however, that this was a tropical wood, transformed in a prehistoric era from a living, growing forest to the present recumbent sections of interbedded agate, jasper, jade, calcide, amethyst, etc. Although silicified wood is found in many localities never before was seen such variety of coloring, with sound hearts of large trees and sound bark. While the quantity of material is great the sound sections are limited, and after years of labor in selection of material fit for working and the erection of costly machinery for cutting and polishing it is and must ever remain a rare and costly article, since in hardness it is only three degrees from a diamond. Steel will not scratch it nor can it be stained by ink. Microscopical examination reveals a part of this wood to be the genus araucaria or the Norfolk Island pine of the southern Pacific ocean. All the specimens examined show that the wood was undergoing decay before being filled with the various media which afterward solidified. On some of the specimens traces of fungi (mycelium), causing decay, may plainly be seen. The process of petrification possibly resulted from the tree being submerged by hot geysers bearing silicon in solution, the rich oxides of Arizona being intermixed with silicon, and the cell tissues of the wood were supplanted by the silicious solution and then solidified.

FOR LONDON'S SMALL BOY.
Pare Ice for a Penny—Hobby Pety Man Run Out.
Too long has the susceptible stomach of the London boy been a dumping ground for the microbes of the not over clean Italian vendor of ices. We know him—the oleaginous motive power of a barrow, selling frozen concoctions manufactured in the cellars of Saffron hill, where the ice machine lives with the monkey of the organ man and the decaying vegetables of a colony of lodgers. We know his trick of catching the penny that burns in the pocket of the small boy, luring it from its safe concealment by the seductive "taster"—a preliminary free gift which is as insidious and demoralizing as the prospectus of a bogus company. "London ices for the London boy!" That is the motto of a British company which has been formed to sell penny ices, guaranteed pure and of wholesome manufacture, from clean barrows, attended by clean British salesmen in clean white coats. Every ice will be served in a paper cup with a metal spoon, both intended to be thrown away when once used, so that the propagation of disease by repeated washings of ice glasses in water that is far from reputable may be avoided. It is no jesting matter, this selling of unwholesome ices of peripatetic Italian vendors. As each summer comes round we have the same warning of medical officers against the half-penny ices of the streets, the same neglect of the warning by careless children, the same record of deaths traced directly to the icebarrow.—London Express.

Oil Used to Lay Dust.
For several years oil has been used in Southern California towns to lay the dust in the streets in summer and on the roads in the country. There oil has long ago ceased to be an experiment as a dust layer, and the people say it is a splendid roadmaker. When the oil first touches the dust-covered street it spreads out among the tiny atoms pretty much as does a drop of oil precipitated to the surface of water in a bucket. When a quantity of oil has spread and the surface of the street is covered the oil gravitates down through the dust and dirt and solidifies or cokes the entire surface, and a sun dries out and hardens the surface, and a splendid road is the result, almost as hard as asphalt, and with all the dust and dirt imprisoned under the hard upper crust made by the hardening of the oil-soaked top dirt and dust.

Sewer Men's Large Boots.
The sewer men of the City of Paris wear the largest boots made. These boots are of immense size, and come half way up the thigh, each man being allowed a new pair every six months. The leather of these boots is, so to speak, tanned by alkaline and greasy water which the sewer men have to wade through, and they are eagerly sought for by the great Parisian bootmakers; for this leather, being at once tough and light, serves to sustain the curves of the well-known French heel.

He who gives cheerfully is liable to be asked to give twice.

SHOOTING AT CLOUDS.

PECULIAR CANNON USED IN ITALY AND FRANCE.

2,000 of the Guns in Use—Blast of Air Tears Vapor Masses in Shreds and Causes Rain to Fall Instead of Ice.

(Special Letter.)
The system of fighting hail clouds by means of specially constructed cannon has now been adopted with great success throughout the north of Italy, and is gradually becoming known and appreciated even in the less up-to-date provinces of the south. In the south of France also these cannon are coming into extensive use.

Each cannon is of the shape of an inverted cone, the opening at the mouth being 2 1/2 inches wide. It is planted upon a tripod 3 feet high. The gun itself is 6 feet 6 inches high above the tripod. It is made of thin boiler iron. At its base is a forged breech which holds a forged iron block. In the center of this block is an aperture 6 inches long, about the size of a large dynamite cartridge, in which is placed a metallic cartridge containing eighty grams of blasting powder wadded with a cork and tamped like an ordinary miner's blast. It is discharged by a needle on a lever attached to the base of the forged iron holder. The detonation is very loud.

As soon as the lanyard is pulled the flame is visible at the mouth of the gun, followed immediately by a wreath of smoke. A shrill whistling sound immediately follows the firing of the cannon and is heard for fourteen seconds. At a distance this whistling is much louder than near the gun. It travels at a speed of nearly two and a half miles in fourteen seconds. The expense of equipping a shooting station is \$4,500, the cost of one gun being \$2,500.

Tears the Cloud Asunder.
If the weather is hot and clouds are forming a charge is prepared. If the clouds are moving rapidly their direction is changed or the movement is stopped by the firing. They are torn asunder and broken into shreds and a copious fall of rain soon follows. One cannon protects nearly seventy-five acres of land. Seeing that viticulture



BOMBARDING A CLOUD.
is the most important source of the nation's wealth, and that millions of damage are caused every year by hailstorms, especially in Lombardy, it is not surprising that the new methods should have been so eagerly welcomed, and that in so short a space of time, barely two years, since their introduction they should already have been so generally adopted in Italy.

Loaded with Blank Cartridges.
Needless to say that the funnel-shaped pieces of ordnance are loaded with blank cartridges, but the atmospheric displacement caused by the explosion is so violent, and the effects of the column of hot air so telling on the clouds where the mysterious process of the formation of hail is going on that those subtle physical conditions indispensable to the genesis of hail are destroyed, with the result that flakes of snow or beneficial showers of rain descend on the vineyards instead of the murderous bullets of ice.

Danger in Use of the Cannon.
Before a cannon is placed on the market it is carefully tested. Hitherto the results have been so encouraging that it is proposed to render the defense of all vineyards by means of cannon obligatory, and a bill to this effect is now before the Italian parliament. The government facilitates the efforts of vine growers by supplying them with powder at cost price. There are now no fewer than 2,000 of these cannon in use throughout Italy. It must not be thought that fighting the clouds is entirely free from danger, as the casualty list for last year amounted to ten killed and 800 wounded, the accidents being chiefly caused by inexperience or by the bursting of the cannon. Should the bill now under consideration be definitely approved it will also provide for the obligatory insurance of the peasants.

Indian Territory's Coal.
Some idea of the value of the coal deposits in Indian Territory can be gained when it is known the average thickness of the vein is four feet, which will produce 4,000 tons an acre. These lands are leased in lots of 960 acres each, which means that 3,500,000 to 4,000,000 tons can be produced by those leasing the land. On this output the lessees pay a royalty of eight cents a ton. The output during the last year was 1,900,127, as against 1,400,442 tons the previous year. The interests of the Chickasaw and Choctaw Indians are protected.

WHAT TRADE-MARKS COST.

Cheaper Here than in Many Other Countries of the World.

The registration of trade marks has become a necessity of late years, for unless an article of merit is protected by such means or by letters patent it is liable to be imitated by some unscrupulous person. It is only within a few years, however, that the question of protecting trade marks has assumed grave importance. This is due to the enormous increase in advertising of health foods, cereals, patent medicines and athletic novelties. The tariff of charges for registering trade marks in the various countries seems in some instances to be based upon the idea that authorized labels and the like are as much a luxury as a coach and four. In Zululand, Peru, Uruguay, Hong Kong and Granada the tariff fixed by law for each trade mark is \$145 in gold, the highest on the entire list. In this country trade marks are filed with the patent office and the price for registering one is \$65, which is the lowest rate charged anywhere. Canada charges \$60 for a general or special trade mark. There are some countries of Europe that demand \$100 for registering a trade mark, but in Great Britain, Germany, Austria, France and Spain the fee in each case is \$75. This is the rate asked in the majority of the English colonies, including New South Wales and New Zealand, but in Cape Colony it is \$115 and in South Africa \$135. The latter price is also demanded in Costa Rica. Some of the bargain counter sales in the Leeward islands, Jamaica, British Guiana, Mauritius, Argentine Republic, Bolivia, Chili, Guatemala, Sierra Leone and Bulgaria, each of which charges \$115. Little Venezuela is content with \$100 for the privilege of recording the existence of a patent label. There are thousands of trade marks that are never heard of by the great masses, because they are not properly advertised. The majority of trade mark lawyers realize big profits fighting infringements of private marks rather than in registering new ones. One of them has just settled a case that was in the courts for four years. The single word "favorite" was at issue and the courts have decided that there is no exclusive proprietary right in the word as a trade mark. One of the most successful lawyers, who represents the interests of a big cereal firm and cracker establishment as well, says that it costs more than \$15,000 annually to protect his clients from those who twist the names of brands in every conceivable way.

Senator's Idea of Delight.
Senator John W. Daniel, the senator-lawyer from Lynchburg, Va., is known to America as one of the most brilliant orators in the United States Senate, and he is known both in Washington and the south as one of the most vigorous of southern men. To see him, to hear him talk, to remember the amount of work he has done in his day, is to believe him a man "without a lazy bone in his body." None of the traditional indolence of the south, therefore, would be associated with Senator Daniel. Yet when he was asked recently what would now give him the most pleasure, he said: "The very thing which I intend to do and which I always do at the end of every term; go back to Lynchburg and get myself a nice, clean, comfortable soap box and tilt it up against the front door of a grocery shop I know; then sit out there and bask in the sun like an alligator while I whistle a stick with a sharp penknife. If you want to know what an absolute life is, come down to Virginia and sit on that soap box with me."

How Navies Promote Shipbuilding.
It is almost an axiom that the merchant marine of a nation increases in proportion to her development as a naval power. This is true of the United States. A number of her new shipyards were started chiefly to get the contracts for constructing naval vessels, for which Uncle Sam pays with unsurpassed liberality, provided all requirements are fulfilled. Less than 10 per cent of the American exports are carried in American bottoms, and there are only about 100 American steamships in the foreign trade. The largest of these, the St. Louis, St. Paul, Philadelphia and New York, belong to the International Navigation company, better known as the American line. The St. Louis and St. Paul, built by the Cramps of Philadelphia, are the swiftest merchantmen flying the Stars and Stripes. They are economical coal consumers and steady ships in a gale.—Ainslee's Magazine.

Lady Southampton.
One of the reigning favorites at the court of Queen Alexandra of Great Britain is Lady Southampton. It is not alone her beauty that has served to make her popular; her kindness of disposition and unflinching tact and good nature have been quite as important elements. She is the wife of Baron (Fitz Roy) Southampton, formerly a captain of the Hussars, and has a daughter, Honorable Dorothy Fitz-Roy, who is 4 years old. In her maiden days she was a noted belle as Lady Hilda Mary Dundas, daughter of the first Marquis of Zealand.

A Lawn Mower's Use.
"I have invented a lawn mower that won't make any noise," said the earnest young man.
"To whom do you expect to sell it?" inquired the hardware merchant, coldly.
"You don't suppose people will get up at 5 o'clock in the morning for the sake of mowing one of these machines around in dead silence, do you? Lawn mowers are not made merely to cut grass. Their principal purpose is to have fun with the neighbors."

Life in Vera Cruz

Delights of Ancient Gulf Port of Mexico

(Vera Cruz, Mexico, Letter.)

People disagree profoundly about this city, the ancient gulf port of Mexico, a city with a bad name for yellow fever and general unhealthfulness. I have been here at all seasons, even in August, when it is tropically hot, and when the dreaded fever has claimed its daily toll of victims, and I have enjoyed the view of the bright waters of the gulf of Mexico, awum, gone aboating in the harbor, and found much pleasure.

All Spanish America Alike.

All these tropical ports are much the same. La Guayra, Maracaibo, Havana, which is a bigger Vera Cruz, have the tropical nonchalance, the same crowds of people dressed in white, the same brown faces, and infinite tobacco smoke. The noonday siesta is still a cherished and salutary custom. Merchants find the cool of the late afternoon and evening best suited to letter writing, to languid trading and bargaining, and so take their sleep in watches, as it were, turning day partly into night, and night partly into day, an agreeable way of making life less monotonous. It would be a good custom to adopt in summer in the super-heated American cities.

Here there are no hot boiler rooms down under the sidewalks, no tall buildings to shut off the air, and no one ever hurries. Life in a tropical port has a fascination peculiar to itself. The old seadogs here under the arcades sipping their various brands of



"tod" yield to the enchantment of the tropic town. You are always thirsty in Vera Cruz, and you seem to exude all you drink through your pores as fast as you "irrigate." And for those of us who live in the capital of the republic it is a delightful sensation to feel at ease, sitting in lightest possible raiment out in the open air, and way into the night, which is not possible in the City of Mexico, unless one is pneumonia-proof. On the tableland the shade is always cool, too cool for one who comes into it perspiring from a walk in the sun. Here, it is affirmed, no one takes cold.

With good reason, the Veracruzans boast that their city is healthier than the federal capital, where, the past winter and present spring, typhus has claimed a great many victims. There are many foreigners here who find life quite endurable; they have business that keeps them permanently in Vera Cruz, with the exception of their vacation trips to Hamburg, Liverpool, New York, or Genoa. They have fallen into the siesta habit, work without haste, smoke much, sit frequently under the arcades as if "business" were not existent and exigent, and are usually "taking something." It is the city of undying thirst.

One coming down here from the tableland where the air is thin, as it must be 1 1/2 miles above the sea, vastly enjoys the denser air, the salt breezes, and the delicious and abundant fish, red snapper, robalo, and the succulent pompano. The natives eat fish, but seem to prefer beefsteaks, or "hiftees," and, with some reason, for the beef of the coast is juicier and fatter than we ever find it in the City of Mexico.

It is a well-fed population; the sea food is cheap and, in fact, almost



A STREET IN VERA CRUZ.

everything eatable is far cheaper than in the capital. One does not see here the emaciated, dried-up, sallow specimens of humanity so common in the tableland cities. A friend, who is a boatman and likewise a philosopher, tells me that he earns from \$3 to \$4.50 a day and "come muy bien," eats very well. He looks it; his arms and legs are stout, his body muscular and vigorous, and he despises with all his soul the tableland people. "They are no good," he says, and "they are false, and only laugh from the lips out." This morning he breakfasted, in his little pink-tinted wooden house out beyond the long avenue of palms, on beefsteak, fried fish, fried potatoes and fruit, "y mucho" and a lot of it. "I could not live as poor men do in the capital," he declares, "they are hungry people, and are never fed well."

Life to my friend, the boatman, is full of joy; he says he likes to live, to breathe, to pull his boat about the harbor, to go a-fishing sometimes, and to

play with his brown children. He looks as if no poison of pessimism ever tainted his healthy thinking. I reckon he is near the kingdom of heaven. His principles are sound, and he is fond of his wife. One of his brothers went out, far out, a-fishing, a year or more ago, fell over, and the sharks ate him up instantly. So the boatman hates sharks; he says the waters of the roadstead are full of them. He warns one against bathing except in certain protected places.

We have gone together across the blue water to the Island of Sacrificios, where there are palms and a quaint lighthouse and a bit of beach. From the little island, Vera Cruz rises like an oriental dream, pink towers and domes on which the sunlight plays, a dream of color and beauty. One gets his fill of color here; the old massive houses of the center of the city, with their flaunting curtains, raised and lowered by the wind from off the sea, are of many soft tones of color, pink, pale blue, grayish white, indescribable hues. Once in a while a black-eyed, tropical hour peeps from behind a balcony curtain, surveys the street, and returns to the cool interior of her house. And there are such quaint, semi-decayed mysterious houses everywhere! One falls to weaving stories to fit them. New Orleans has its foreignness, but Vera Cruz is incredibly outlandish, remote, as a city once ravaged by pirates should be. Progress is here as everywhere else

in Mexico; it is building huge port works, which will make a safe artificial harbor. It is great work, almost to be described as stupendous, and there is here quite a colony of young and middle-aged Englishmen, employes of Sir Westman Pearson, the harbor improvements contractor. One English woman says she likes Vera Cruz; it is awfully hot sometimes, but the sea is near and one can "enjoy many things even in so stupid a place." She has been well and her children also. When it gets too hot, people go up to Jalapa or Orizaba, a mile higher among the hills, and rest.

In the late afternoon, the fishing-boats come in from out in the gulf, bringing great heaps of red snapper and other fish. Much of all this freight goes up to the City of Mexico, consigned to hotels and restaurants and to dealers in fish. Kept cool with ice, the fish arrives in 12 hours sound and sweet, but has lost that sea flavor which is only to be had in freshly caught fish. When the fishermen come in, there is an animated scene, and much chaffing and bargaining.

Presidential Possibilities.
When the Republican national committee meets, three years from this summer, to pick out the next President, Shelby M. Cullom will be seventy-five, John C. Spooner will be sixty-one, Charles W. Fairbanks will be fifty-two, Marcus A. Hanna will be sixty-seven, Joseph B. Foraker will be fifty-eight, William H. Taft will be forty-seven, Theodore Roosevelt will be forty-six, Benjamin B. Odell, Jr., will be fifty, Orville H. Platt will be seventy-seven and Henry Cabot Lodge will be fifty-four. Thus far no man over seventy has been elected to the presidency, and only five men over sixty—John Adams, sixty-two; Andrew Jackson, sixty-eight; Zachary Taylor, sixty-six; James Buchanan, sixty-six. President Washington was fifty-seven when inaugurated; Jefferson was fifty-eight, Madison fifty-eight, Monroe fifty-nine, John Quincy Adams fifty-eight, Van Buren fifty-five, Polk fifty, Pierce forty-seven, Lincoln, fifty-two, Grant forty-seven, Hayes fifty-four, Garfield forty-nine, Cleveland forty-eight, Benjamin Harrison fifty-five and William McKinley fifty-three.

Soldiers and Congress Gaiters.
"It is a queer thing," said a policeman from one of the districts which embraces the Delaware river front, "that over half the number of river suicides, which it is our duty to take care of, when found, wear Congress gaiters. You can walk along Chestnut street in its most crowded part, and not see one man in a hundred wearing the shoe with the elastic sides, but when we find a body floating in the river we have almost come to expect the gaiters, and in as many as three of four cases in succession we have found them."—Philadelphia Times.

There are at present about 1,000 miles of sea dikes in the Netherlands. The Irish river, in Siberia, is 2,300 miles in length, and drains 600,000 miles of territory.