NATURE'S MARVEL.

MAJESTIC BEAUTY OF THE GRAND CANYON OF THE COLORADO.

The Landscape Under the Shadow of the Peaks of the San Francisco Mountains. A Stupendous Scene—A Valley 6,000 Feet Deep.

The whole face of the land now shows that this region was once the scene of violent volcanic disturbance. One or more of the peaks of the San Francisco mountains display extinct craters. The ground in places is covered with scarin, and the upheavals scattered about have that distorted, broken, uncanny appearance resulting from some convulsion of nature.

With an early start we make good headway. The road all the way from town has been very good for a mountain district, with only one or two rocky or steep hills. We pass Red Buttes to our right and stop at Red Horse Spring, where we water our stock. This "spring" is simply a hole dug in the ground to catch the oozing or "seepage" that flows from the San Francisco mountains. It was not long before the guide pointed to an abrupt break in the long vista through the forest—free here as elsewhere from underbrush—and we knew that we were nearing our goal. In a few more minutes we drove absolutely within a few yards of the chasm. The walls of the canyon were above us. We jumped from the wagon and scaled the steep incline leading to it. There was no hint of the glories that awaited us.

The scene bursts upon the eye in all its majestic beauty. The brain reels, the faculties are almost paralyzed in contemplating the stupendous depths, the awful chasms, the amazing conglomeration of castellated butte, mountain, rocky pinnacle—of a thousand fantastic forms—now unfolded to our view. It looks as if the hand of an avenging God had swept the region in wrath. It is superb, fearful, fascinating, horrible! The vista extending for immense distances in every direction shows the varied, weird, uncanny, beautiful forms of peak, cliff, and rocky crag rising from the depths of the mighty gorge. They have a thousand shapes. Some are like castles, some resemble the ruins of colossal cathedrals. Some are twisted and distorted so as to resemble nothing but their twin brothers far off in the distance. The brilliant and varied coloring—vermilion, blue, gray, brown, yellow, white—of rock and cliff adds to the splendor of the scene. Do we know how long the canyon is? How wide it is? We do not want to know! Not yet, at least. Its sublimity suffices. We have seen it before. We must have seen it before. But where? In our dreams!

A STUPENDOUS SCENE.

But the scene is so stupendous that we cannot rely alone upon the eye to take it in. We must call in the aid of other faculties before we can even form a faint conception of the immensity before us. Here is a "sermon in stones" indeed!

The view before us presents a chasm more than twelve miles wide, more than one mile in depth and stretches for miles and miles to the east and to the west. The wall of the canyon does not at this point go sheer down to the bottom, but proceeds to it by a series of "benches." Still it descends perpendicularly—or nearly so—to the first bench so many hundreds of feet that we grow dizzy when we look over and contemplate it. We cannot see the river immediately below us, partly from this circumstance, partly because the view is obstructed by many gigantic forms of rock and earth. Far away to the east we catch a glimpse of a narrow white thread which we are told is the river. Through a powerful glass we can see it seething and boiling over rapids, and at times when the breeze dies away we can hear the roar of the cascade. The distance, however, is so enormous that we can hardly believe the statement of the guide that the stream is here a large one several hundred feet wide.

Nearly opposite where we stand, on the top of an isolated butte, whose foundation seems almost at the bottom of the abyss, is the sandstone rock known as Heidelberg castle. Miles away to the northwest is an immense formation—so distant we cannot determine its composition—looking like the ruins of a cathedral. Scattered throughout the length and breadth of the gorge as far as the eye can reach, and isolated for the most part, are gigantic peaks, crags and even mesas. Here and there far to the north we catch glimpses of the distant walls of the canyon "on the other side."

THE GEOLOGISTS' STATEMENT.

After the first impression of the beholder—one of awe, of wonder, almost of horror—the thought comes, "Here has been some mighty convulsion of nature that seems almost as if it had shaken the earth to its center." We can scarcely credit the statement of geologists that the river in its course for ages has cut this mighty gorge which has been widened by the combined agencies of corrosion and disintegration. The mechanical wear of streams as performed by the aid of hard mineral fragments carried along by the current is enormous. "The element of velocity," says Capt. Button, "is of double importance. The Colorado in this respect is an exceptional river. The average fall in feet per mile through the district of the Kaibab (the Grand canyon) is 12.07." The same authority observes: "Those who have long and carefully studied the Grand canyon of the Colorado do not hesitate for a moment to pronounce it by far the most sublime of earthly spectacles. If its sublimity consisted only in its dimensions it could be sufficiently set forth in a single sentence. It is more than 200 miles long, from 5 to 12 wide, and from 5,000 to 6,000 feet deep. There are in the world valleys which are longer and a few which are deeper. There are valleys flanked by summits loftier than the palisades of the Kaibab. Still the Grand canyon is the sublimest thing on earth. It is so not alone by virtue of its magnitude, but by virtue of the whole—its ensemble."

There is a trail, but a difficult one, leading from a point in this vicinity to the bottom of the canyon, and guides can be procured to conduct the tourist to it. One must have a very steady head, however, to accomplish the feat, and be a good strong climber besides. Some idea of the task may be had from the fact that the trip occupies three days and that the difficulties of climbing are so great that nothing can be transported but a small quantity of food. The hardships of such an undertaking are therefore apparent. Very few persons have ever attempted it, but among them have been two ladies, upon one of whom, as I am informed, the effect of surmounting such an incline has left an indelible impression. She has never been the same woman since.—New York Times.

Tying the Frisky Laces.

Returned travelers from country and seaside hotels speak of the low shoes worn by the ladies this summer. The ladies also speak of them. The laces would untie, and who was to tie them but the escorts. In this way many a "board walk" promenade was prolonged and mutual happiness resulted. Some of the dudes, however, complain that they cracked their heavily starched waistcoasts in stooping down to gallantly tie the frisky laces.—New York Sun.

A HOSTESS' CORDIAL GREETING.

Novel Reception of a Stranger—Unique Hospitality—A Suggestion.

Mrs. Y. is a brilliant Boston woman of abundant executive ability, shrewd wit, and delightful hospitality. The exigencies of her husband's business led to the keeping up of an establishment in the west, where Mrs. Y. passes some months of the year, and where she entertains a great many people. One day there was brought to Mrs. Y. the card of an English gentleman, accompanied by a letter of introduction from friends of the Y.'s abroad. The hostess went down stairs and greeted the guest cordially.

"We are so accustomed to travelers here," she said, "that we know just what to do with them. We expect everybody to arrive travel stained and exhausted; and we let everybody take a bath the first thing. I spoke to the servant before I came down, and everything is all ready."

"But," stammered the stranger, "I cannot think of putting you to so much trouble. I"——

"Oh, I know just how you feel," interrupted Mrs. Y. "A bath is the only thing that restores me to my normal condition when I've been traveling, and you have come right through from Boston."

The guest demurred, but Mrs. Y. was too executive and too truly hospitable to allow his scruples to prevent the carrying out of her kindly intent. The Englishman was shown upstairs to the bathroom, where it is to be presumed he combined with the progress of his toilet reflections upon the originality and practicality of American hospitality.

In due time the guest descended again to the parlor, where Mrs. Y. awaited him.

"I hope you found everything to your mind," she said.

"Oh, yes," he replied, "I have had a delightful bath, and now I must bid you good afternoon, as I have to catch a train."

"What!" cried the hostess aghast. "You are not going!"

"Unfortunately, I must. I only stopped over a train to call on you."

"Mercy!" she exclaimed in dismay. "I thought you had come to remain. You certainly can't go away now when I haven't seen you at all."

"I really must," was the reply, "but I assure you I have had a most refreshing bath, and I always shall remember with sincere pleasure your unique hospitality."

The story was too good to keep, and Mrs. Y. told it at her own expense, greatly to the entertainment of her friends, who declared that this fashion of entertaining callers was one which deserved to be widely introduced, as it would solve many a perplexing question of the proper method of disposing of guests who were not easy to amuse.—Boston Cor. Providence Journal.

A Fatal Habit of Speech.

I heard on State street the other day an authentic story of detective acuteness. Everybody [illegible] that many men have a pet word, or a pet phrase, which, when they do not dissent, will some favorite expression. Thus one man says "precisely," another "exactly," and there is a considerable faction for whom the words "just so" or "to be sure" seem to fill the required need. Not long ago a Boston man stole a large sum of money from his employers and fled to the west. A description of him was sent to detectives and police superintendents generally, and about a month after his escape a Minnesota officer telegraphed that he thought he had his eye upon the person wanted. His appearance, however, was very different from that described in the circular. The situation was a pressing one; if the supposed criminal was such in fact he might at any moment fly to Canada; on the other hand, to arrest an innocent person would cause a good deal of trouble.

The object was to identify the man if possible within a few hours. In this emergency the Boston detective in charge of the case examined and cross-examined the thief's employers as to his peculiarities. They could hit upon nothing distinctive till finally the detective inquired in a moment of inspiration if he had any particular way of expressing himself. "Yes," was the reply; "I never knew the fellow to talk three minutes without saying, 'I believe you.'" In half an hour the information was telegraphed to the west; within four hours the Minnesota detective had a long chat with his man, and before night the thief was arrested.—Boston Post.

Emerson as a Lecturer.

His lecturing was forced upon him more and more. His family was increasing. He kept open house. He had to buy more land to protect his view.

For the filling of his purse the only means he could invent was lecturing. As his name grew more widely known to the managers of the country lyceums in New England and then at the west, he could, with much traveling, collect fees enough to fill the ever yawning gap betwixt income and outgo, though never much more than fill it. His fees in those days were small; not so large, perhaps, as more skilful management might have made them. He writes to Mr. Alexander Ireland in 1847 that the most he ever received was $500 for ten lectures; in Boston, $50; in the country lyceums, $10 and traveling expenses. Then, from the liberal style of his housekeeping, he passed with his neighbors for a well to do man, and paid, his friends thought, more than a fair proportion of the town taxes. So it came about that all these years in the forties were years of unremitted watchfulness and sometimes anxiety to keep out of debt.—Cabot's Memoir of Emerson.

Prosperity of the Hebrews.

"Nothing has impressed me so much," said one of the prominent dry goods merchants the other day, "as the way in which the Hebrews have multiplied and prospered in this country. Not further back than 1845 there were only 50,000 Hebrews here. Today there are nearly 750,000. So you will see that while the population of the country has increased threefold in forty years—it was 20,000,000 in 1845—the Hebrew population has increased in a very much larger proportion. Of course there are more Hebrews in Russia, Austria and Germany than there are in America, but we come next. If the figures which I have given may be taken as a basis for estimating the future growth of the race, it will not be long before this country is in the lead." I asked my friend to what he attributed the success of the Hebrew, and he said: "His thrift is proverbial, but I have yet to meet a man who will deny that he is public spirited and generous in the support of benevolent and worthy institutions generally. Certainly he is law abiding."—"Rambler" in Brooklyn Eagle.

Ancient Climate of America.

Goldsmith's Geography, published in 1824, describing the United States, says: "People become old in America sooner than in Europe. Upon females the influence of the climate is still more sensible. When young the women are generally beautiful, particularly in Philadelphia, but after 20 they begin to lose their fresh color and teeth, and at the age of 25 many of them would pass for Europeans at 40." What funny things those old geographies were, to be sure.—New York Tribune.

Kansas mines yield annually about 6,000,000 tons of coal.

full of coal after raking out all the dead cinders and ashes in the range; never fill your stove with coal above the top of the linings. Never use a shaker when it is possible to avoid it; instead, use the poker freely and you will have a better fire and use less coal. Shaking the fire brinks it down into a solid mass and the air cannot circulate through. When the fire from any cause becomes dull, do not stir it over the top or put in wood, but rake out the cinders and open the drafts. At night do not close the drafts as soon as the coal for the night is put on, but let it burn a short time, or, as one man expresses it, "until you think the coal is warm all through." There is then very little danger of gas, even if the stove is a poor one. The ashes should never accumulate in the ash pan until they reach the grate. If this happens even once, the grate will usually be burned out.

Always run the range so that you can get all the heat needed without having the top red hot, as this will warp the covers and centers, and if a little water should happen to fall on the stove while so hot, the top of the range is very apt to crack. Keep the stove well blacked; if the lids get covered with grease turn them over and let the top of the lid come next the fire until the grease is all burned off. If the covers are red and the blackening does not adhere, let them get wet, so that they will rust a little, and then black them. When buying a range, buy one that is moderately heavy and made of the best quality of iron. All the joints of a heating stove or range should fit well; because if they do not, when the range has been used a short time you will notice gas escaping, and will not be able to tell where it comes from.—Nellie Willey in Good Housekeeping.

Labor Saving Hints.

I write to thank those who kindly sent directions for removing a teacup that had become wedged in a pitcher. Perhaps it would be well to state that before any answer reached me, I experimented successfully by holding the pitcher bottom side up over a steaming teakettle; by tapping smartly on the bottom of the pitcher the cup fell out. I think that there is such a thing as "honest dirt," and that there should never be such an amount of trimming of children's clothing as to keep one always busy making, washing and ironing them. I have two children, and I find time to tell and read stories, take walks, and even play with them out of doors and swing them sometimes.

I must tell the readers my method of washing dishes. A tubful of clean water is kept in the kitchen, into which all of the "sticky" dishes are dumped bodily and left until their turn to be washed arrives. The tub is used only for this purpose. This saves time and labor. In washing "stuck up" kettles I use an old knife, kept for the purpose, to scrape them with, and never use my finger nails, as many people do. Where this is practiced the finger nails are usually anything but "a thing of beauty," and are a plague instead of "a joy forever." I have seen finger nails from this practice broken, worn off square and blunt enough to "set one's teeth on edge." To clean bottles easily and quickly, turn a cupful of fine shot into them; fill nearly full of hot lye and shake well. To have peas look green after cooking them, put in cold water and let them come gradually to a boil. This is to be done when they are first put on the stove to cook. It is convenient to have four holders to use around the stove. Two of them can then be spared for the wash every week.—Detroit Free Press.

The Wise Hostess.

A hostess should, of course, exercise a wise exclusiveness, such as Lady Palmerston described when she said she "passed Lord Palmerston's acquaintances through a coarse sieve." No woman who entertains should invite her guests carelessly. The very respect which she owes to herself and her guests should prevent this. As a clever woman in London once said, "I am never flattered at being asked to Mrs. J——'s camp." No woman should allow her house to be degraded to a camp. One should winnow the chaff from the wheat.

A lady in entertaining has to remember always to invite those who are congenial. No one in this country can afford to make her parties either political, musical or literary exclusively; but one should have a general idea of sets and of their tastes, and of who would like to meet whom. Especially is this important at a breakfast or a dinner, where the guests must sit and talk for two or three hours together; there is no such ordeal of agreeability. To invite a vaporous, airy, foolish woman to sit next an Oxford professor, who has a specialty on which he wishes to talk and which she would not understand, is to make them both miserable. To ask a young poet to sit next an old campaigner, who has nothing to talk of but the dissection of character, who is given to social parboiling, is to make both miserable and will ruin one dinner at least. To ask a busy politician to sit next an abstract philosopher would not be half as bad. Therefore a woman has much to consider before she begins to entertain.—Harper's Bazar.

Remedy for Poison Ivy.

People who have sought relief during the heated term at the various seaside resorts which dot the coast of New Jersey have suffered at intervals from a plague of musquitoes and black gnats. Others, who preferred the mountains and inland attractions, have suffered greatly from contact with poison ivy. The former found a remedy in pennyroyal and brush fires, but many of the poisoned ones got no relief. They have not responded to treatment. As a rule, lime water, buttermilk and oxide of zinc ointment, into which a little white precipitate has been rubbed, will effect a cure. This year it seems as though the poison has had to run itself out.

A gentleman, however, who after suffering for ten days more torture than usually falls to the lot of man, finally got relief in the following manner: He saturated a slice of bread with water, and then spread over it a goodly amount of soda. This plaster he applied to the eruption and kept the application moist by dropping water upon the bread as fast as the moisture was absorbed or evaporated. This dissolved the soda crystals on the skin, and gave almost immediate and permanent relief. So badly was he poisoned that at one time he had on his body twenty-one of these poultices, representing three loaves of bread.—New York Mail and Express.

The Dress of Children.

As a rule, the higher the position of the parents, the more simply the children are dressed—this rule holding good as regards the royal and noble families of England. Unfortunately, our country people have acquired abroad the unenviable reputation of loving vulgar display; but Anglomania has had the desirable result of inculcating a love of simplicity. Teachers in French and German schools have been known to compiain bitterly of the demoralizing effect produced by American girls upon the other pupils. The demoiselle or Fraulein, as the case may be, having been accustomed to the plainest style of dress and coiffure deemed suitable to her tender years, is rendered envious and discontented by association with such free and independent young women clad in silk attire, as a school costume, with diamond earrings flashing in their ears and their fingers loaded with rings. While there will always be, in every community, a select few who will know how to dress simply on all occasions where rich garments would make them conspicuous, the masses are not happy unless they are testifying to their wealth with the gorgeousness of their robes and the profusion of their jewels.—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Emerson and His Children.

Emerson was playful and winning in his ways with his children, but he did not often romp with them, and he discouraged their devoting the early hours, even of a holiday, to amusement. "He taught us that at breakfast all must be calm and sweet, nothing must jar; we must not begin the day with light reading or games; our first and best hours should be occupied in a way to match the sweet and serious morning."

From the age of 13 or 14 he thought they should be encouraged as much as possible to regulate their own conduct. He would put the case, and leave them to think and act for themselves; and he did not fear to inculcate, even at this age, the whole of his own doctrine of self reliance. To one of his daughters who was away from home at school, he writes:

"Finish every day and be done with it. For manners and for wise living it is a vice to remember. You have done what you could; some blunders and absurdities no doubt crept in; forget them as soon as you can. To-morrow is a new day; you shall begin it well and serenely, and with too high a spirit to be cumbered with your old nonsense. This day for all that is good and fair. It is too dear, with its hopes and invitations, to waste a moment on the rotten yesterdays."—Cabot's "Memoir of Emerson."

Girlish Figures Spoiled by Athletics.

It is the athletic girl, the new type of girl who goes in for pretty nearly all the sports her brother takes up, who is, if she has previously cultivated her figure, the worst deformed girl of all. There is nothing like athletics and corsets, mixed or in alternate doses, to bring out the possibilities of curves, twists and abnormal developments in a modern girl. All British femininity is at present engaged in screaming contradictions at Labouchere because he had the hardihood to declare that tennis playing girls were crooked. In a half dozen groups at Central park the other day I picked out four players whose right shoulders were noticeably of different shape from the left, and six or seven in whom the same thing, though less obvious, had begun to manifest itself, the summer exertion enlarging the muscles and light clothing thrusting them out of place and accentuating the uneven development of the body. Girls who row in corsets are a curious sight, the extra muscular development all taking place high up, where the blood has a chance to circulate, and making the shoulders tower above the rest of the body.—Chicago Herald.

A Troublesome Form of Beauty.

Mrs. Reformer Jenness-Miller's latest objective point is the bustle. In her magazine, Dress, she comments on the amusing alacrity with which women fly to the defense of the bustle whenever that highly ornamental and pestiferously obtrusive article of dress is assailed. She quite overlooks the most grotesque phase of the bustle question; that is the constant solicitude of the average wearer when on the street. Single out any well dressed woman you happen to meet on promenade, and ten to one, if you follow her, you will observe that about once in every block of her walk she will give her bustle a flip, furtive or bold, according to her disposition. No woman is ever certain ten minutes at a stretch that her bustle is in the regulation state of discipline, hence her mind is forever on the rack.—Detroit Free Press.

Prevention of Wrinkles.

Evidently quite a number of us are growing old because we are interested in knowing what will prevent wrinkles. The best remedy is, of course, lack of care and absolute hard heartedness, for the emotions cause wrinkles. When they are just beginning to be little wrinkles, sort of baby wrinkles, the old Creole recipe is really of some use. This is to take a small quantity of fine olive oil on one's fingers and rub the wrinkled place five or ten times twice a day, continuing this until the wrinkles disappear. But with this, all the other things that keep women beautiful are necessary, most of all the use of plenty of soap and water.—"Bab" in New York Star.

To Fill Cracks in Floors.

Cracks in floors may be neatly but permanently filled by thoroughly soaking newspapers in paste made of a half pound of flour, three quarts of water and half a pound of alum mixed and boiled. The mixture will be about as thick as putty, and may be forced into the crevice with a case knife. It will harden like papier mache.—Boston Budget.

The best remedy for burns is claimed to be essence of peppermint and whisky mixed. Wet a soft cloth or raw cotton and apply. It stops the pain instantly and draws out the fire.

The women of New York have been granted more patents than their sisters in any other state. The women of Massachusetts, Ohio, Indiana and Wisconsin rank next in order.

There is a prejudice against peacocks' feathers for household ornamentation, because old women say death comes to the house where they are displayed.

For ingrowing toe nails use equal parts of mutton tallow, castile soap and white sugar made into a salve. Apply until the swelling is down, then trim the nail in the center.

Said Lucretia Mott, when asked how she managed never to have any trouble with servants: "I never ask them to do anything I know they won't do."

The taste of fish may be removed very effectually from knives and forks by rubbing them with fresh orange or lemon peel.

If soot is dropped on the carpet, cover thickly with salt and it may be swept up without injury to the carpet.

Mrs. Grundy says that the conspicuously fashionable woman who is "charitable and kind" is a real curiosity.

Fleas, one who has tried it asserts, may be driven away by scattering flour of sulphur liberally about.

A teacup of lye in a pail of water will improve the color of black goods.

At the Queen's Fountain.

Near Invermark, on Lord Dalhousie's estate, a fountain was some years ago erected to commemorate a visit paid to the place by the queen. It bears this inscription, in gold letters: "Rest, stranger, on this lovely scene, and drink and pray for Scotland's queen—Victoria." A Highlander was shocked one morning to read the following addenda, traced in a bold hand, suggestive of the London tourist, immediately underneath the original: "We'll pray for Queen Victoria here, but go and drink her health in beer."—New York Tribune.