IN THE FEMININE DOMAIN.

The Faults and Virtues of the Gentler Sex.

MRS. CLEVELAND BATHING

How Mrs. Langtry Bought a Farm—What Every Woman Should Practice—Woman's Courage—"Womanalities."

'Tis She

Chicago Herald.

Who taught my wife her little tricks?
Who makes me hustle the coal and sticks?
My mother-in-law.
Who my duty doth explain?
Who proved to me my lack of brain?
My mother-in-law.
Who makes me wish that I had died
Long ere I met my long-time bride?
Who prescribes the dose of salts?
Who tells me of my many faults?
My mother-in-law.
Who is it says "My girl came down
To marry you, you ugly clown?"
Who is it rings the chestnut bell
When I a good old-timer tell?
My mother-in-law.
Who makes me get upon my ear
And drives me from my ducky dear
To where they head the amber beer?
To you, my friend, I make it clear—
My mother-in-law.

The Girl of the Period and Marriage.

San Jose (California) Times: It's all very well to say that the girl of the period is vain, given up to art, dress and not to practical home duties, but this isn't so. She is an eminently practical creature when she has to be. She believes in having a good time when it is possible, but when life's realities come to her she meets them bravely. Every one knows of hundreds of such cases where young women have shown the stuff they were made of, and while young men must not hug the fond delusion that two can live as cheaply as one, yet he can remember that the American girl is a treasure in herself, who will, as the after-dinner speakers say, double his joys and halve his sorrows.

Squeezed Up Froo' Her Dress.

A London paper tells a story of a lady who, all dressed for a ball, went to the nursery to kiss her little daughter good night. The child looked at her mother in astonishment, and a moment after the tears came into her big blue eyes, and she sobbed out, "Poo' mamma! Poo' mamma! Poo' Nellie's mamma!" "What's the matter with your mamma?" asked her father, who was standing by. "Poo' mamma's all squeezed up froo' e top of her dress!"

Held Too Tight.

Chicago News: The women of the country should give more time to rest and relaxation and less to routine housework. They should make fewer pies and less cake and do more sitting down in the rocking chair on the porch. They would be far more useful in their families as the years go by. The woman who stays at home every day but when she "goes to meeting" on Sunday, who is always "doing for the family," will soon not only have an idea beyond the family circle, but none there to its advantage. She will be worn out physically and mentally early in life, and her children will begin to ignore her before they are gone.

Accomplishments.

Toronto Globe: Shall our daughters be accomplished or not? The most accomplished women are those who in their special line of action—the line for which nature as well as education has fitted them—have accomplished the most. If nature intended you to be a good botanist and a poor pianist, years of irksome effort will scarce avail to modify her intention, and there is reason to believe that those women who regret the time wasted over a half-learned accomplishment far outnumbered those who wish that piano playing, like spelling, was compulsory. Beware of accomplishments and arguments, but once having taken them up see to it that the obstacles and opponents in your way shall learn to beware of you.

Recreations of the Girl of To-Day.

San Francisco Report: Swimming, rowing, walking, riding and tennis are among the joys of summer's recreations. Tennis might fitly be called the labor of pleasure, yet two-thirds of the girls who toy with the racquet would call heaven brutal if it demanded the same amount of exertion from them in another form. With tennis in summer and the German in winter the fragile society blossoms do not waste much bloom or perfume in the domestic kitchen garden.

What Women Are Fit For.

Pittsburg Dispatch: What, then, are women fit for? To be the mothers and wives of soldiers, statesmen and scholars. From these several positions they virtually rule the world. It is so written in the book of nature that man shall resemble his mother more than his father in disposition, taste and manner, and that he shall listen more attentively to her teaching and follow more closely her desires. Almost every distinguished man, of modern times at least, has acknowledged that much of his success has been due to the care and discipline of his mother. In olden times women were not considered worthy of special credit for anything, yet they are occasionally allowed honorable mention on the pages of history. In most instances it is on account of being the mother of some distinguished man.

Mock Modesty in Young Girls.

Woman's Journal: A blush is something sacred to pure womanhood, and it is a sad spectacle for thoughtful eyes to note a young woman so far gone in the improprieties that she pretends to be shocked at things which simple, unaffected candor is far from thinking on at all. There are otherwise modest and virtuous young ladies who manage to convey by subtle insinuations that they are deeply conscious of scenes which a really modest woman would ignore. It is true, indeed, as a great writer has said that a modest woman must be at times both deaf and dumb. Disagreeable happenings, offensive to eyes and ears, are at times incidental to almost every one's life. The most sheltered young lady can not be entirely protected. She may find herself in places where profane language reaches her ears, where objectionable sights greet her eyes. It is then time for her modesty to take on an armor of dignity. It is the time for her to be both deaf and dumb.

Should Practice Walking.

There is no reason why the average woman should not add tenfold to her enjoyment of life and out-of-door living by cultivating the noble art of walking. A delicate woman, properly dressed, and who knows how to walk, can walk twenty-five miles of a summer afternoon without injury, when an equivalent amount of other exercise might produce serious injury. Walking is the natural and normal exercise, and hurts no woman who sets rightly about it. A woman who is unaccustomed to vigorous walking in order to become a good pedestrian should look first to her shoes. These should be broad across the forward part of the foot, offering not the least obstruction to the free movement of the toes. The heels should be low and broad, and the shoe should fit rather snugly about the heel and instep. The full dress equipment should weigh upon honest scales not more than two and a half or three pounds, and should hang from the shoulder without any band, pinned or buttoned or laced about the waist. No woman can walk in a corset. The walker must be comfortable enough to be unconscious of her attire. A hat that shades the eyes is in order. So prepared, try any distance that does not prove fatiguing as an initial experiment. It will probably be from a mile and a half to two miles, and must be walked at a brisk pace, three miles and a half being a good limit. When this can be done without backache or foot weariness, and a well woman ought to have no difficulty at her first trial, increase the distance during the leisure days of the summer vacation daily, maintaining the same gait, and fifteen miles a day for a week or fornight in succession, twenty-five miles a day on any occasion that demands it, will be found within any ordinary capacity with a month or six weeks' training.

How Mrs. Langtry Bought a Farm.

Salt Lake Tribune: The Nevada papers say Mrs. Langtry bought a lot in Carson City and left orders for the purchase of a lot at Lake Tahoe, declaring that the lake was the loveliest spot she ever saw. By the way, Sam Davis, of Carson sold her besides a forty acre sage brush farm. As he describes the transaction it is not a bad story. He says: "I made the proposition to her in the green room of the theater while the play of "Pygmalion and Galatea' was going on. She said she would consider it, and asked me to make a diagram of the land and its relative position to other points. Just then the call carried her to the front, where she had to pose as Galatea. I crept forward just behind the fly where the audience could not see me, and where she could not help but look at me. With a bit of charcoal I drew a plat on a scene, marked a particular block, and just as the fat and puffy Pygmalion was spreading himself in front I said in a stage whisper: 'This is the lot. You can have it for $—; if you do not want it say no, or a shake of the head will do.' She could not move, and I a moment later said 'Sold.' She enjoyed the joke, and said she meant to sink an artesian well on the land and deed it to her niece."

Mrs. Cleveland Bathing.

Marion Beach (Mass.) Special: At 10 o'clock the sun was getting high, when a pretty little phaeton, kindly lent by Captain Peleg Blankenship, an old resident, drove up by the door and the two ladies, each carrying in her hands a daintily done-up package, got in and drove off, ostensibly for a morning ride. Here's where the pickets of the Marionites made an error. They had been roosting on the beach for three days to see the fair Frankie disport herself in the waves and settle the long dispute about the bathing costume. As she was only going to ride, why, she didn't need watching. Thus the ladies got away, followed by only a couple of sharp-eyed correspondents.

They drove over to the residence of George Delano, upon whose land is a little strip of sandy beach upon which is a cute little bathing house. This was loaned them by Mr. Delano and at once taken possession of. A few minutes later a vision of white arms, waving hair and blue bathing suit rushed pell-mell down the beach into the water with a cry of pleasure. It was Mrs. Cleveland herself, and tottering on behind came mater. The bay is so land-locked that there is no surf, and the water was thoroughly warmed by the sun.

Like a child the first lady of the land disported herself. She made a charming sight with her statuesque form and finely molded arms and neck, while over her face hung little tendrils of hair, which only curled higher when they got wet. The bust was magnificently shaped, with head, neck and arms to match.

The feet are small and so are the limbs; like Mrs. Langtry, Mrs. Cleveland is most perfect from the waist up, not down. She swam like a duck, while Mrs. Folsom flopped around near the shore. The news that they were in the water spread, and at noon, as they were returning, they met large crowds en route for Delano's, who looked much disgusted when they saw the pair returning.

HONEY FOR THE LADIES

A dress reform—making it over.

The bow necktie has had its very short day.

Precious stones will edge low corsages for full dress next winter.

"Beef-eater" crowns are on the new hats imported from London.

Diamonds are not worn on the street any more by women of refinement.

A society girl wants to know on which finger a gold thimble should be worn.

Belts of gilt braid or passementerie are much worn with white wool dresses.

Crushed roses and loops of tulle make the popular trimming for Leghorn flats.

New York women of the best class regard making up as vulgar, and do not do it, perceptibly.

Coarse braids are more stylish than any of finer weave for dressy hats, either in black or in colors.

The excessive use of perfumes, so long considered vulgar, has once more become fashionable.

Bracelets are never worn in pairs. It fact, it is the fashion to manacle only the right arm at present.

There is quite a rage for dull jet just now. It is considered much more stylish than the glistening variety.

Mrs. R. L. Hughes, of Lexington, Ga., owns a butter dish which her English ancestors ate out of in 1650.

The widow of George Lorillard races her horses and looks after her stables and jockeys for all the world like a man.

The French were the first to attract attention to the beauty of good teeth and the first to introduce the manicuring of finger nails.

Mrs. Cleveland is making a collection of New England mosses and ferns for the adornation of the white house library after her return.

It is said that a lady who leads the fashion at Saratoga this year delights not only by the brilliancy of her diamonds but by her primitive grammar.

Cream-white felt hats, in sailor and Spanish gypsy shapes, are just now in high vogue, and promise to be very popular through the autumn season.

It is a pity that women do not have more individuality in the matter of dress. They seem to think that anything that is fashionable must be becoming.

Miss Edmunds is a great aid to her father, the senator. She rets as his private secretary a good portion of the time, and looks closely after his law business.

A young female cricketer of Nottingham, England, Miss Grace, in a cricket match of both sexes scored 217 against the bowling of four really good men.

Mrs. Dr. Ellis, an American lady, is physician to the queen of Corea. She has apartments in the royal palace at Seoul, and receives an annual salary of $10,000.

In a tiny girl's dress of cashmere the body and skirt are in one piece, with shirring at the waist, surah sash with fancy ornament at the side; wide collar and cuffs of embroidery.

A new freak of fashion is to have the dress, gloves, hat, boots and stockings of the same color as the wearer's hair. A red headed girl would shine in any society in that sort of a rig.

Very many of the new costumes now being prepared in Paris for the gay autumn season are made wholly of gray, following a style established by English ladies of royalty early in the summer season.

For fall traveling gray cashmere will replace gray alpacca, always combined with a jacket fitting tight behind and loose in front and worn over a blouse made of scarlet, blue or mauve plain, figured or striped foulard.

Five or six short heavy curls are again worn in the nape of the neck. Around these are usually a soft braid or coil, but frequently, where more curls are added, they are held in place by a jewel-headed pin or arrow.

Small, short curls are again worn on the back hair, sometimes with a coil or a Psyche knot, and again forming all the back of the coiffure. Nets of beads and of silver or gilt cord for holding the back hair worn by Parisennes.

It takes the crimps out of a society girl's hair to see the distinguished count she has been desperately flirting with at a seaside resort snipping around the head of a Boston merchant and urging a reluctant customer to "have a sea-foam."

The light-weight basket braid hats are exceedingly chic and attractive. Their garnitures are correspondingly dainty and ethereal. Soft tinted crapes, tulles, and illusions are used, as well as fancy ribbons in gauze nad etamines.

A very pretty dress for a young girl is of plaid surah and lace, made with plain skirt in side plaits; polonaise body with plain sleeves; vest of lace that extends around on the right side to form a full sash drapery; plain collar with clasp.

A female evangelist in Indiana is telling the girls that not five men in a hundred are good enough for them to marry. The girls go right along marrying, however, and every blessed one of 'em thinks she gets one of those five white sheep.

Almost oil corsages worn out of doors now are open in some way, over a chemisette of colored silk, a Breton vest of silk-embroidered cloth, or a plastron flat for day, and shirred and transparent for evening. But high close corsages will rule this fall.

Pretty little pouches are worn at the side of the belt, these of velvet, lace, or embossed leather, with girdle to match. The new leather pouches and card cases are in novel tints of pale terracotta, embossed with gold or delicate sea-green figures in silver arabesquer, etc.

The newest gauze fans are spangled—not painted—the spangles being of red tinsel, yellow, silver or gray, and dotting the sticks as well as the gauze. Light sandal-wood and the dark fragrant violent sticks are used for gauzes of various colors, and are very delicately carved.

The new bonnets remain small and close fitting, with lower crowns, and many have coronet fronts. Lower crowns and projecting brims springing out from the crowns are features of the new round hats. The brims are most capriciously shaped.

It is yet too early to mention decidedly what colors will prevail the coming season, though there are not wonting certain indications by which it may safely be predicted that new terracotta, golden bronze, dark Roman red, and many shades of gray will be leading colors.

Margaret Dale Owen, grandaughter of the famous Englishman whom the early communists gave a warm welcome to this country, is speaking and writing in favor of an original dress reform garb, which is called the Dale-Owen robe. She has found hearers at parlor meetings in New York and may prove a rival to Mrs. Jenness Miller.

Not much comfort is indicated by the slippers which fashionable women are wearing this summer. The articles are fantastically pretty, almost invariably with extravagantly high heels and pinchingly narrow toes. With these corn-producing slippers are worn black silk stockings and those of the fine Sea Island cotton known as Irish balbriggans for morning, afternoon, and evening alike.

The woman's congress ot which Mrs. Julia Ward Howe is president, will meet in New York October 26-28. The original woman's rights convention at Seneca Falls in 1848 will be commemorated by an "international council of women" at Washington March 25 to April 1 next year, under call of the national woman suffrage association.

Miss Olga Neymann, daughter of the well known lecturer, Mrs. Clara Neymann, and New York's one woman dentist, declares that she is treated with the utmost courtesy by the masculine members of the profession, who welcome her very cordially to their ranks and make her feel at home in a business in which she thinks a woman's delicacy of touch and care for details, of special value.

In autumn gowns, composed of two fabrics and shades—golden-tan and terracotta—will be combined, pale strawberry and bronze, peach color and olive, dark blue and reseda, etc. The tide has turned in favor of silk, and the material which has latterly been used for only special gowns will be reinstated for more general wear, as the leading Parisian houses are again bringing it into fashion. Prices are advancing, and a variety of new designs are already in the manufacturers' hands. Ribbed silks and failles, both light and dark, will be covered with minute floral patterns, which will be woven into the main portion of the fabric, showing that preference to relief effects, to be combined with plainer fabrics of deeper color.

CONNUBIALITIES.

"You'll please pardon me"—
He glanced playfully—
"If really my question should tire.
Do you care for men tall
Or those who are small—
What kind of men do you admire?"

Her lashes quick fell
And veiled her eyes well.
"No pardon for such a request;
I like mankind all,
Both little and tall,
But then I like Hymen the best."

A neat proposal of marriage was made by a South Yonkers man the other night, who said: "Now, my dear, you say you have $50,000 in your own name, why not put in mine?"

Mrs. Charles Palmer of California alleges in her bill of divorce that her husband has slept with his boots on for the last eighteen years, and she concluded to stand it no longer.

John C. Johnson, an Arizona stockman, married Jessie Felation and gave her in three days $12,000 worth of jewelry and dresses ond $3,000 pin money, immediately whereatter she eloped with an eastern drummer.

De Tompkyns—What's become of that little Smythe I used to see around so much? He seems to have disappeared entirely from view. Willowboy—He has married an actress, you know. He is now only Miss Clara de Vere's husband.

"Why do you not get married?" said De Fidgett to a bachelor friend the other day. "O, I detest women, and getting married would seriously interfere with my literary labors." "What kind of literary work do you do?" "I write love stories."

Frank Moxie of Dakota was about to be married, but was busy with a game of poker. The minister who was to perform the ceremony went to inform him that the company was waiting got interested and took a hand, and the wedding had to be postponed.

Mrs. Flaherty—Phwat's this, Mrs. McGuinness? Ye're out just married to a second husband, and it's comin' out in a new mournin' dress ye are! Mrs. McGuinness—Oi alwiz mint to wear mournin' for poor Mike, but Oi never had the money till now. McGuinness is well fixed, praise the saints!

On coming out of the mayor's office, where they had just been married, she throws herself into his arms exclaiming: "For ive me, dear, but I've kept something from you—did not tell you I didn't know how to cook." "Oh, never mind, dear; don't cry about that, for you'll have but little cooking to do—I'm a poet."

A Springfield, Mass., clergyman, reading an item which stated that a couple desiring to get married called at the houses of ten ministers before they could find one to marry them, suggests that the daily papers should run a list of "ministers at home" during the vacation season under the head, "A Guide to Wayfarers in Pursuit of Connubial Bliss."

"Hasn't been a stray young woman picked up and brought in to-day?" he inquired at police headquarters last night. "No, sir." "Any report of anybody being drowned?" "No." "Anybody run over and killed?" "No. Some of your friends missing?" "Well, I agreed to meet my girl at the office of the justice of the peace at 10 o'clock this morning and we were to be married, but she didn't show up." "That's very strange; was she well?" "Yes, in tip-top health." "And you are greatly disappointed, of course?" "Not so very much. I kinder thought if she came around there we'd kinder get married, but I hadn't got any hopes on it. She's the third one who has jumped me inside of two weeks and I've learned not to bet my hat on anything going to happen in no such world as this. Oh—hum."

Hartford Courant: There's an eccentric old gentleman in a Connecticut town who recently married a somewhat boydenish young wife, and who has been quoted as an awful example of senile folly ever since. Shortly after his return from the honeymoon he was waited on congratulatorily by quite a deputation of his fellow townsmen and local magnates. He had been apprised of the intended visit, and was very much annoyed that his girlish spouse was not on hand when the visitors arrived. Inquiry elicited that her whereabouts was the garden, and he thereupon invited his guests out to be introduced to her. As they rose to accept the invitation, his son, a lad of fourteen, exclaimed: "Don't do it, dad!" "Why?" he demanded, angrily. "Because," answered the boy, half apologetically, "she is up a cherry tree."

THE SARATOGA OF THE WEST.

The Beauties and Charms of the Soda Springs, Idaho.

A DEATHLESS SPARKLING FOUNTAIN.

Summer Hotel Boarders—An Immense Bottling Establishment—An Enchanting Spot—A Comfortable Hotel.

SODA SPRINGS, Idaho, August 17.—[Special Correspondence of the BEE.]—As you alight from the Pullman at Soda Springs, Idaho, a rapid glance of the surprised eye encompasses one of the most delightful and charming spots in North America. Bright blue skies above, and the softest haze imaginable blowing over plain, around range after range of magnificent snow dotted mountains; some silvery hue in certain glances of the sun, others deepening from dark blue to sombre black. Only such fortresses are fit to surround these stretches of undulating sweeping and flower-spangled plains in which such wonderful spags of mineral waters have but lately caught the popular attention, and which destines it to become the great Saratoga of the west. Its phenomenal natural objects lend a very attractive feeling of insecurity as we fall to wondering to hat dark mechanisms of nature we are tanding over. The usual complement of

SUMMER HOTEL BOARDERS

meet us at the station, as with laughter and light words, they start for the hotel. We gldly follow them not far, for here, right before you in the fairest of these plains stands the decidedly picturesque, three-storied, and deeply porticoed hotel, "The Idanha," Indian name for Idaho. Shall we, after a refreshing night's rest when four blankets were none to many, enter a path to wonder and drink from the many health-giving fountains, and behold these strange workings of nature? Our intelligent guide and driver is Mr. Williams, who knows well the region from long acquaintance with it. With a crack of the whip off we go to the 90 per cent spring, of which every one now knows, and drink of the delicious soda water bubbling up, and brimming over its natural cup of motter earth. This refreshing water is shipped by the "Natural Mineral Water company," whose bottling establishment is at the fountain head. The polite manager, Mr. Henry Senhalter, will kindly show us over it all where busy machinery with the help of a dozen men or more, employed in

BOTTLING THE WATER,

wiring and labeling the bottles, as well as washing them, succeed in bottling every day from 5,000 to 7,000, and when the new pump arrives the bottling will go as high as 10,000 per day. Above the din and noise of this busy place is heard the angry explosion of bottles which have been somewhat rudely shaken. These works were established about a year ago and are already doing an extensive business, shipping the water to all western cities as well as to the east. To reach next, the Hooper iron spring, one must go a mile or two through the breeze swept meadow literally blue with lupin, until a patch of vivid green grass is discovered framing this sparkling spring. Never before has iron been so agreeably taken with myriads of soda bubbles enlivening it, making it one of the most delicious nature these many whims caprice in causing excentral 6 of three feet of this spring. Ammonia spring to bubble up; so called from

ITS BALEFUL BREATH,

while close to this is Vinegar spring, possessing the color and taste of that necessary acid. Quite near, in the midst of bushes, is Jew's Harp spring, so called from its resemblance in shape to that unique instrument. Quite the most wonderful iron and soda spring is the Mammoth, reached after a drive of four miles over flowering plains and through the richest of game country; along the banks of a stream literally alive with every variety of fat duck and swarming with fish. Later in the season, hunting will be exciting, for the deer cross here in herds and the feathered game fall appetizing victims by the hundred, and had I space as well as inventive power, could tell many a bear story. Right in the midst of this luscious country is the Mammoth spring, covering a large tract of land. One could not count the number of iron springs which come boiling and seething to the surface. Deceptive ground surrounds this wonderful spring, for overhung by long grass are deep holes, one containing fresh water, while another is a spring of muddy water.

AN ENCHANTING SPOT

is Formation spring, with its cave. How can I catch a ripple or two; of it with many ripples of inspiration to place it worthily before you? Clear as crystal it springs from yonder mountain's depth, running in narrow boundaries for half a mile then overflowing itself, petrifying everything that comes before it, sweeping over long grasses, changing them into fairy creations of sparkling, white spears, forming delightful, laughing cascades, turning it as it tumbles over the moss all shades of green and yellow. Here grows a flowering plant bearing a four leaved yellow blossom which it gathers within its cool embrace petrifying the beautiful thing. One is now in my possession, shading from pink to white. Look into its clear depths, beautiful leaves, branches and fallen cattails he lime covered before you, changing color under your delighted gaze. Reaching

THE MOUTH OF THE CAVE

a little womanly shiver runs around the company, with weakening hands we light our candles and stumblingly follow our guide down, perhaps, twenty steps into this dark cave where the water once gurgled and struggled to free itself. Here it is high enough to permit a person to stand erect, and to examine with candles the line stalactites hanging all over the cave like drooping white coral. To the left it extends thirty rods, to the right fifty, where we slowly grope our way stooping to avoid this great bunch of formation, and that delicate plant of blossoming white coral which so temptingly seems to grow by your side. Great bowlders of lime almost block the passage but such wonders are being revealed that onward we pass, our candles twinkling like fireflies. The air soon becomes heavy with ammonia so that we are forced to leave this enchanted cave. This locality is more like Yellowstone park than any other place here. As twilight is coming on we drive away from this spring across the purpling plain with snow-spotted Mount Sherman facing us 12,000 feet high, monarch of this country.

How pleasant is the greeting of the brightly lighted hotel as we return to it, in the darkening world about us; how glad we are to enter its vestibule stepping from it into wide, airy halls opening side entrances into porticos filled with tempting easy chairs. These halls are covered with the finest of white matting which lend such a cool aspect to the house.

Directly on the left of the entrance we step into the beautifully furnished parlor possessing to the apparent pleasure of the ladies clustering around it, a billiard table as well as a piano. Mr. Young, the courteous manager, willl open the dining room, a large, handsome room, where the most fastidious appetite can be appeased as the cooking is excellent and the great variety of delicacies are temptingly placed before you by well trained waitresses.

FRESH FISH,

tickle the palate twice a day caught in the winding streams round about us. A broad, handsome stairway makes two restful turns before reaching similar wide halls above flooded with pure mountain air, and commanding glimpses through the broad windows, of mountains and plains. Open onto it the tastefully furnished and comfortable sleeping apartments, to a large number of which are added bath rooms. Electric bells tinkle from every room. For the entertainment of the gentlemen is provided a well appointed reading and writing room, a barbers' shop, and a billiard room with sparkling bar attachment. The whole is brilliantly lighted by electricity. Though not quite completed, we found this delightful house courteously opened to the public by the lessees, the Pacific hotel company, Messrs. Markel, Swobe & Goble. A formal opening will, I believe, be given on the 12th of this month, by these gentlemen.

Wonders, it is said, never cease, so on we go this bright morning to the

STEAMBOAT SPRING,

which is a jet of hot soda water, most charmingly sprouted on the banks of the winding, romantic Bear river, a river stocked with fish, and affording relief to thirsty, grizzly bears. This soda spring has pushed its way with the help of under ground forces, up through hard, reddish formation and the noise of its efforts is likened to the laboring machinery of a steamboat. Mound Spring, of a similar nature, is within a stones throw of the hotel, this warm jet springs up through a mound forty or fifty feet high. At the base of it are temporary bath houses, which will be much improved upon in course of time, as indeed the surroundings and and all the springs will be.

The only spot here to be a little dreaded is Dry Gas Spring, a truly formidable opening through a high mound into the bowels of the earth. To inhale its hideous ammonia breath is almost sure death. Birds, unsuspiciously flying over it will drop dead. Octagon Spring, near the hotel, on the bank of Soda Creek, furnishes delicious soda and iron water to the thirsty visitors. This was the foremost spring here until recently, when it had to give way to more powerful ones.

A pleasant drive of seven miles will take one, to perhaps the romantic spot of this section, Swan Lake. A body of water filling a basin which was once probably a crater. Up we wind to it through meadows filled with flying game and millions of flowers, while far to our right winds Bear river. At last it is reached lying alone, far up in the grim Rocky mountains. Its depth is unknown but looking down into it from the bank can be seen fifty or sixty feet through the clearest of water with fish darting hither, and thither. Flowers without end, fringe its banks in yellow, pink, white and blue. A beautiful, imprisoned spot. Come to it, in the cold winter days, wild white swan, to live on its peaceful surface, from whence is derived its name. Reluctantly we slowly drive away, but deviate from our straightforward course to visit Cold Sulphur springs. Half an acre is made white by them, so busy in their seething and foaming. Here will sometime be remarkable baths. About a mile from the hotel is what is called the Lower Town, where

THE EARLY SETTLERS

made their home, and here is perhaps the most delicious iron and soda spring of all. It is known as the Lower Town spring, but, granic great supporter and pacific railway, P. P. Shelby forever bear the honor of his name.

Many of the early settlers gave up their homes here as the nights were too frosty for farming, but now the frosts no longer molest the gardens. The temperature is perfect, from 70 to 80, during the summer months and is tempered by the most salubrious breeze imaginable, soft, like the warm soda springs, springing up like magic here and there.

GRACE DEANE HUNT.

SOMETHING NEW.

Written for the Sunday Bee by E. O. Olson.

In the city of New York one sees many an eager, many a preoccupied, many a distressed face, but it is rarely a really happy face is seen. One such, however, might have been observed a few summers ago.

It belonged to a young man, hurrying, gripsack in hand, toward the central station. He was "off on a vacation," but that was not the secret of his happiness so much as the fact that he had, a short time previously, completed an invention upon which he had labored for years.

The man's name was Alvah Engelse A rather queer name, one which he would not himself have chosen, perhaps, but he had not been consulted in regard to his personal appellation any more than he had been consulted with reference to the other facts of his existence.

When one reflects upon it, there seem to be few things about us that are the results of our own deliberate choice. We find ourselves ticketed across the brief span of conscious existence, obscurely labeled, and we must content ourselves with simply wondering whither our tickets are taking us, and what is the meaning of our labels.

Alvah Engelse was of medium stature, with black hair and eyes and an overhanging forehead. His profession was that of a photographer. He was alone in the world. His parents had left him a moderate fortune, but an immoderate desire to discover something new under the sun, and now, after years of toil, after having nearly exhausted his means, he had accomplished what he sought to do. His invention was something that has no predecessor and is not likely to have a successor—reason enough that his face should shine.

It had been his theory that a photographic plate might be prepared on which could be left a record of a sitter's thoughts as well as a likeness of his face. He had maintained that an occult influence emanates from the brain with every act of cerebration as far-reaching effects follow chemical disturbances in the sun.

To prepare a plate sensitive enough to record the results of mental activity had been his task. For years he had dabbled with chemicals, and for years he had met with nothing but disappointment. But success came at last. To be sure this was effected in part through a fortunate accident, but the result was, none the less, pleasing.

All the photographs he had taken after his discovery appeared like ordinary pictures, but on them were characters which he alone observed and understood.

In this way some startling secrets had come into his possession while photographing a New York official.

The photographic artist, as it will be proper to designate him in these days, proceeding on his way struck off from the usual route of summer travel for New Yorkers and set out for the west.

He had heard much about Omaha, and in that enterprising city he stopped.

One day he took a walk beyond the suburbs, so far did he go, indeed, that he left the staked lots of the real estate agents behind him, and, wearied out, was on the point of turning to go back when he came in sight of a comfortable-looking farm house, that, with its surroundings, pleased his artistic eye.

As he walked along toward the residence, in the gathering dusk, between a fence on one side and a thicket on the other, he was surprised at its sudden appearance. She girl coming out of the latter. In one hand ied a pailf of berries the other. O a large sun-bonnet in presence of a s ming aware of the the bonnet on he was wholly lost in; she lastily placed

They proceeded a so that her face lence, Alvah with an cious depths. his face. Then he ask distance in silad smile on

"Would you be so kind who lives in that house?"

"Mr. Elting," was the rep tell me not feel well disposed toward he did man, for she had on a faded cap young and she turned her head away.

"And you are Miss Elting, if I ass, so bold?"

"Yes sir."

"Do you suppose I could stay ove night with your folks. I am very tired."

"I don't know, sir," she glanced at him furtively and added, "we have plenty of room."

"If you will speak a good word for me may be I shall not have to return to the city this evening."

The girl made no definite reply, but shyly quickening her steps she gradually left him behind. When she had reached the door she bounded into it and out of sight. Alvah, in the meantime, seated himself on a rustic bench on the lawn and awaited developments. Very soon he heard footsteps near him and turning he beheld a portly man, with a pleasant countenance, approaching. The photographer arose and extended his hand. "Mr. Elting, I think," he said; "My name is Engelse, from New York. I beg your pardon for trespassing on your premises, but I should be very much indebted to you if you would take me in for the night."

"I am glad to see you, Mr. Engelse," replied the other cordially. "You are not trespassing, and as to the other matter, I think that can be arranged."

He was invited into the house and was there presented to the wife and daughter. The former was a slight, dark woman, with cultivated manners—she had been a teacher in a female seminary in her antemarried days. The girl appeared older than when he first saw her in the road. She had brown hair and eyes, and was a little below the medium height. Quite handsome Alvah thought her.

On the following morning he disclosed his desires of being admitted to the family circle pro tempore. This request did not meet the spontaneous accordance of his petition of the evening before, but was made the subject of family conference. It resulted in his favor, however, and Mr. Elting soon after sent to the city for his baggage, which included a photographer's outfit.

The next day was Sunday. In the forenoon a sun-browned youth drove up in a carriage. He fastened his horse to a post at the gate, entered the house and was shown into the parlor, where he sat in stiff state until Aurora Alting, the before mentioned daughter of the house, joined him.

These young people had been "keeping company" for some time. The youth's name was John Alvine, and he was "well off," having inherited a good farm in that vicinity from his grandfather, recently deceased.

John was dressed in a black suit of good material, but it was quite evident that these clothes was not his customary apparel. They were creased and ill-fitting, and he appeared to be extremely conscious of them. He wore glossy, white cuffs with bright gold buttons, but these contrasted painfully with his coarse, tanne resh place. His face, likewise, glowed uncomfortably above a high white collar, rivaling a gorgeous necktie in color.

Alvah, as soon as he saw him, felt a decided aversion toward him.

Aurora and her caller soon after entered the carriage and rode away.

They returned, however, much sooner than Engelse had expected, the result of a lover's quarrel.

About an hour after John Alvine had driven furiously away, Aurora came out upon the lawn with a book in her hand and seated herself on a bench not far from the hammock in which Alvah was still swinging. She at once began an earnest perusal of the volume.

"Well, did you have a pleasant ride?" asked Alvah, after eyeing her for a time in silence.

Aurora was so conscious of having had an unpleasant time that she blushed very red at the question, but replied:

"Oh, yes, sir."

"Your escort seems to be a nice young man. Does he live near here?"

"Yes, sir. He owns a farm close by."

"Ah, a rich young man as well as a nice one—and all the girls in love with him, I suppose?"

She turned to her book again without replying. The photographer was afraid he had offeneded her, but he would not let slip the opportunity for further conversation.

He changed the subject and also his tone of voice and asked, "What book are you so intent upon, if the question is permissible?"

"Tennyson's poems."

"Do you like poetry?"

"Yes, sir very well. Then our professor recommended reading Tennyson during vacation."

"What school do you attend? You see I am determined to ask questions."

"Vassar."

Alvah straightened himself involuntarily, and looked at her in wonder. He had supposed she was a rustic maiden, whose experience of the world had not thus far extended beyond the confines of the farm.

They were rapidly becoming acquainted and they chatted as men and women only chat when they are young, when love is new and the earth seems fair.

On the following Sunday John Alvine again appeared with his horse and carriage and good clothes. He found Aurora and the artist alone on the lawn in easy summer attitudes. He seemed to have taken special pains in making his toilet, for he appeared even more conscious and uncomfortable than before, and his hair was loaded down with pomatum, and very fragrant. He took a seat near Engelse and began asking him about the latest fashions in men's clothing, meaning to be bitingly sarcastic. He, like many other rural folk was of the opinion that every well dressed young man from the city knows little and cares little for anything but the clothes he wears. It was not long before Alvah had him in an awkward plight and he turned abruptly and asked Miss Elting if she would like to take a ride. She excused herself on the plea of a headache. John rose, angrily, and once more drove furiously from the scene of his defeat.

"If that young man should die now and go to heaven, what sort of an angel would he make, I wonder?" said Alvah.

Aurora laughed. John heard her, and, supposing that they were making merry over him, he swore to be revenged.

Two weeks passed pleasantly. One evening as Engelse was returning from a photographic tour about the country, through the grove from which Aurora had first come within the orbit of his existence he felt a sudden, stinging pain in his head. The trees about him seemed to reel into nothingness. When he again opened his eyes and looked consciously around he was much surprised to find himself in his own room with Aurora seated near him.

"What has happened?" he asked.

"We found you hurt in the grove and brought you to your room."

"What hurt me?"

"No one knows. Somebody struck you from behind."

He involuntarily put his hand to his head. He found it bandaged.

"When did this happen?"

"About a week ago."

"Good heavens! A week ago. Why, I was just coming through the woods. Am I much hurt?"

"The doctor said you were—but you must not talk any more."

"Well, you make me stop." They looked into each other's eyes and from that moment they fell to dreaming. It was love's young dream, a sweet, a beautiful vision.

During his convalescence Alvah explained his invention to Miss Elting so that she too could read people's thoughts as they were recorded along with their photographs.

One day he said he wished to have his likeness taken so that he might see how much his recent illnes had changed his appearance. Aurora manipulated the camera. They looked over the result together, with their heads in close proximity, and the young girl blushed sweetly the read: "Aurora, I love you. Do love me?" The words were like a about the head of his picture.

grap sted that she must be photo- swer also at once, and think an an-

With thought.

am so h portrait he read: "Yes, oh, I arms, bu Alvah clasped her in his she had not rotested and declared that But her protended to think all that.

The followi as of no avail. formed Aurora day Mr. Engelse in their daughter arents that he and hoped they could engaged, and he their blessing. He their consent and prised to find them not a little surfor this information, olly unprepared sent there was opposit instead of conexpected objections, for He had not very friendly and cordial y had been they still regarded Auro him. But However, a compromise was as a child. Alvah's promising that there effected by be any thought of marriage ould not daughter's education was fin ed until their he was in possession of a com rable income. To fulfill this pa of the contract, he began at once thinking how his invention might be made financially profitable.

A few days before the photographer was to return to New York city a "farmers' festival" was held in the "grove." To enhance the merriment of the occasion operated his magic photographic apparatus, taking likenesses of all who desired to be photographed. He and his camera were continually surrounded by a circle of laughing, delighted patrons; but no one enjoyed the occasion more thoroughly than the artist himself and Aurora, who acted as his assistant. As they scanned each new picture and read thereon the record of the sitter's thoughts, they had a source of enjoyment the rest of the world knew not of. What glances of mutual understanding they exchanged, what pleasure it all was to have such a secret in common.

A crop of important events followed this day of rural pleasure. A number of sitters had left secrets upon Alvah's sensitive plates that were fruitful in consequences.

One lovesick swian had confessed ardent but timid love for the blooming beauty who hung upon his arm that day, and the latter had left herself on record as wondering why her tardy lover delayed the important question. To this faint hearted gallant, Alvah subsequently sent an anonymous letter stating that he had it from the best of sources that if he should propose to his inamorata he would he something to his advantage. The result was a marriage ceremony, [illegible] were these words: "I gave you a good blow, you dude, but you will finish you.'" This could have but one interpretation. John was the culprit who had, in such cowardly manner, struck down the artist in the grove. To him the following note was sent: "It has come to my knowledge that Alvah Engelse has discovered that you are the person who assailed him recently. He intends taking measures to have you legally dealt with at once. Leave immediately for parts unknown is the advice of a FRIEND.

The community was shortly astonished at John Avline's sudden disappearance.

What was of indirect importance to Alvah himself was the surprising disclosure mentally made by a middle aged man of benevolent appearance, that he was about to commit a fraudulent act involving a heavy loss of money to Mr. Elting. In a few days he expected to be a member of the Canada colony—an embezzler. Mr. Elting was at once made acquainted with his dishonest intentions, the fraud was prevented and the culprit allowed to disappear, but without the intended booty.

After his return to New York City, Mr. Eng