

The Baby Mysteries.
Where did you come from, baby dear?
Out of the everywhere into here.
Where did you get your eyes of blue?
Out of the skies as I came through.
What makes the light of them sparkle and spin?
Some of the starry spikes left in.
What makes your forehead so smooth and high?
A soft hand stroked it as I went by.
What makes your cheeks like a warm white rose?
I saw something better than any one knows.
Whence that three-cornered smile of bliss?
Three angels gave me at once a kiss.
Where did you get this pearly ear?
God spoke, and it came out to hear.
Where did you get those arms and hands?
Love made itself into hooks and bands.
Feet, whence did you come, you darling things?
From the same box as the cherub's wings.
How did they all come just to be you?
God thought about me and so I grew.
But how did you come to us, you dear?
God thought about you, and so I am here.

GEORGE MACDONALD.

GRANDEST SCENERY IN THE WORLD

The Great Falls and Grand Canon of the Yellowstone.

A MOUNTAIN OF SULPHUR.

UPPER GEYSER BASIN,
YELLOWSTONE PARK.

On July 4th we started from our camp at the forks of Firehole River on a three days' trip to the Great Falls and Grand Canon of the Yellowstone. Our party numbered eighteen, including two tourists from Minneapolis, and some rode horses, while the rest bestrode two wagons and a buckboard. The trail led us up the valley of the East Fork of the Firehole, past curiously shaped buttes of volcanic origin, among groups of geysers and hot springs, and through a succession of those beautiful grassy glades peculiar to the Rocky Mountains, until we reached the Washburn Divide, which separates the sources of the Miasouri from those of the Yellowstone. A long pull over a steep grade brought us to the summit, about 9,000 feet above the sea level. From there we looked back over a thousand square miles of forest, and across the Continental Divide to a horizon of snowy peaks in Wyoming, Idaho and Montana. Halfway across the summit we passed Mary's Lake, set in the midst of the forest, and floating numerous water-fowl. It contains no fish, but swarms with a species of lizard about ten inches long, with long fringed ears. The only other water I have seen there is the Grand River, Michigan, where they are called "water-dogs." Another mile brought us to more geysers, hot springs and gas vents, around which there were piles of sulphur crystals. Here we began to descend into the Yellowstone Valley, and, after crossing several hot sulphur creeks, took lunch at a cold one that was fairly alive with mountain trout. Here those who felt inclined enjoyed the novelty of a snow-balling match in July, plenty of ammunition being found in a ravine near by, though the weather was hot enough. The rest of our journey to the Yellowstone was through a more open country where we saw many bands of deer, antelope and elk. On approaching Sulphur Mountain we saw what we supposed was a man standing in the road ahead of us, but when it dropped on all fours and took to the woods, followed by a cub, we saw that it was

A CINNAMON BEAR.

The Nimrods of the party were behind looking after an elk, so the bear escaped. We passed several boiling alum and soda springs along the base of

SULPHUR MOUNTAIN

which is a big hill, composed principally of sulphur and perforated with many hot springs and sulphur vents. The gas from the latter is not pleasant to smell nor safe to breathe. Across the Yellowstone from Sulphur Mountain there is a broad expanse of meadow, upon which we described a large dark mass of moving objects. "Buffalo!" was the cry, but the field glasses told a different story, and those given to figures estimated that there was not less than

THREE HUNDRED ELK

in the herd. We found the Yellowstone very high, and, after fording a swollen creek, halted at the end of the wagon trail, two miles above the upper falls. A lean-to of poles, covered with two canvas wagon covers, was soon erected for shelter, a fire built in front, and the cook having served up some outlets of elk meat, the most impatient of us started down a pony trail toward the falls. There was nothing in the landscape to remind us that we were so near the Grand Canon; the river before us was a placid stream, about seven hundred feet wide, flowing between grassy meadows, and disappearing below between high timbered hills that shut off all view to the north, except of the summit of Mount Washburne. The most rugged view was on the southeast, where the Sierra Shoshone peaks were sharply outlined against the sky. However, we could hear the roar of

THE UPPER FALLS,

and that was enough to quicken our steps. As we followed the trail through the woods, over high hills and across deep ravines, we noticed a change in the general aspect. The rounded hillsides gave place to vertical cliffs, between which the great swollen river was crowded into a third of its original width and broken into a succession of picturesque rapids. The roar of the falls sounded louder and louder, a great cloud of spray showed up through the trees, and a bend in the trail brought us out on a point of rocks immediately over the falls. Here the great volume of water is condensed into a channel 100 feet wide, with a sharp descent to the edge of the cliff, gaining such an impetus before making the grand plunge of 160 feet as to be projected far out into the canon. The foot of the falls is hidden in a cloud of spray, from which great grey sea-like spurts of water shoot out at an angle of forty-five degrees to a height of a hundred feet. The rush of water through the narrow channel above conveys an idea of irresistible force; one would think that a thousand tons of rock thrown in there would be swept over into the gulf before it could touch bottom. The thunder of falling water is deafening, and the whole

scene, with its wild surrounding, is a most beautiful one, possessing a fascination that would have held us there for the rest of the day, under ordinary circumstances. But, though to our eyes more attractive than Niagara, we knew these falls to be a secondary article, hardly mentioned by the illustrious writers who have done up the park, being so far outtrivalled by the scenes below, so we pressed on toward another cloud of spray half a mile down the river. The trail took us back into the woods, and, a few hundred yards farther, to a scene we had forgotten about—the

CRYSTAL FALLS AND GROTTOS.

A clear creek comes tumbling down a deep ravine in a series of cascades and falls thirty feet over the face of a rock into a grotto, where it rests a moment in a deep pool, hollowed into the solid rock, then falls fifty feet to a ledge of rock, from which it shoots out horizontally, describing a graceful curve in the air before regaining its rocky bed one hundred and thirty feet below. These falls are justly considered among the most beautiful in America, but we merely glanced at them and hurried on. At a fork in the trail we found a sign-board bearing the legend,

"TO THE GREAT FALLS,"

and turning into the canon made a precipitous descent of several hundred feet, coming out on a ledge over the cataract. Here I may well hesitate to give any more than cold figures, for the scene before us has baffled all attempts at description by the talented men who have witnessed it. For a short distance above the falls the river flows with a comparatively smooth current, as if gathering its energies for its culminating leap of three hundred and ninety-seven feet, considerably more than twice the height of Niagara. We were so close to the brink that we could take sight along the face of the falls into the awful abyss, the bottom of which seemed a perfect hell of raging water, foam and spray, that no creature could enter and live. We threw stones out into the gulf and watched them falling until, as some of the boys remarked, they got tired of falling and disappeared in the spray. These falls mark the entrance to the Grand Canon, here one thousand feet deep, the walls towering six hundred feet above the top of the falls. But as the country rises toward Mount Washburne, and the river below the falls drops at the rate of about one hundred feet per mile, the canon rapidly deepens to two thousand, twenty-five hundred and probably three thousand feet. In some places the walls are nearly vertical to the water's edge, but generally, after the first drop of several hundred feet, they slope more or less and are broken into a maze of pinnacles of every imaginable shape and color. Much as we had read and heard of this wonderful gash, we were amazed at the reality. People who have seen only the sombre hues of rocks of other regions cannot readily associate brilliant colors with any rocks, and imagine that the colors mentioned in descriptions of Yellowstone scenery originated in the poetic imaginations and enthusiasms of the writers. When the artist Bierstadt saw Thomas Moran's painting of this canon he said it was a gross exaggeration, that there were no such colors in nature, but when he saw the canon last year he freely acknowledged his error and admitted that Moran had no paints too brilliant for the subject. The fact is that the walls of Yellowstone Canon were formed by different agencies from those of any other known canon. They represent the work of geysers, paint pots, sulphur vents and other volcanic action for ages. The east wall is composed largely of sulphur, of all shades, from white to brightest yellow, varied by large areas of red scoria, obsidian and other material of innumerable shades. The west wall is chiefly the work of paint pots, whose many colored deposits have hardened, as any other paint would in time, and are as susceptible to the action of the elements—hence the curious pinnacles that are bestowed with such bewildering profusion. The pinnacles are of magnificent proportions, befitting their surroundings. We had a heart breaking climb to the top of the canon, and went out on Prospect Point, half a mile below the falls. There were many names inscribed on the rocks and trees here, among which the only Canadian name I noticed was that of Mr. Ptolemy, of Hamilton. We looked down upon the pinnacles about the shape of a bayonet, but two hundred feet high, and seeming as though a gust of wind would blow it over. On its point was an eagle's nest, in which our glasses discovered a young eagle, and the old birds hovering around far below us seemed to be greatly excited, as if they didn't know that no man could reach that nest. The pinnacle was pure white from top to bottom, wore a cap of a rich brown color, rested on a pedestal of bright red, on a layer of yellow, on a layer of brown, on a slope in which all these and other colors were harmoniously blended. This pinnacle was one of a row of pure white ones on a sloping ridge, another ridge bore a row of brown pinnacles, another of red and so forth, each pinnacle capped and based with suitable colors, while some were variegated all through. The effect of the whole, in sunlight or shadow, was magnificent, the painting seemed all in harmony, and no one could wish a color changed.

The great river, two thousand feet below us, seemed but a tiny brook of a bright green color, except where lashed into foam by rocky impediments. The depth was so great that no sound of its struggles could reach us, and the great falls above, in their perfection of shape, seemed motionless, like a great white plume hanging in an emerald stem to the face of the cliff. Small streams, running in from the sides, fell over the walls of the canon in cascades of from one to two thousand feet in height. Far below us, near the edge of the river, we could see several small geysers puffing out steam like locomotives where no mortal fireman could reach them. Further down the canon there are many geysers and curious springs, some of which pour a substance, black as ink, over the walls.

After seeing the falls lighted up by the last rays of the setting sun (setting very early on account of the depth of the canon) we trudged back to camp, so tired that we slept soundly in the open air until morning, notwithstanding a heavy shower, that roused some who had no rubber blankets. In the morning some one asked our topographer—a corpulent Swede—how he had

slept, and he answered: "Oh, I sleep fine! vell! goot!" But his mate, also a Swede, exposed this pleasant deception as follows: "Mr. H—, he get vet last night and he say, 'Donnervetter! I no stand dis; I no can schleep,' so he go and sit by de fire and schwear. Den he come to bed, and get more vet, and go by de fire and schwear more, and do dat all night. Den dis morning, Colonel, he say, 'Mr. H—, how you schleep?' He say, 'Oh, I schleep fine! goot!' Dot is not so."

We caught some large trout in the river, but didn't eat them as they were infested with the intestinal worms peculiar to trout in Yellowstone Lake and the river above the falls. After breakfast we all went back to the canon to spend the day among the wonders there. In only one place there is a possibility of getting down into the Grand Canon, by the bed of a creek that falls in from the west side and marked "Dangerous trail into the Canon," but there is no trail. A few of us made the descent with a good deal of trouble and spent an hour in enjoyment of the scenery from below. Our friends on the cliffs above were like Lilliputians, hung nearer heaven than earth, and we trembled for fear they would fall down on us and hurt us. The greatest danger in the canon is from detached pieces of rock that gain frightful velocity before reaching the river. We returned to the upper world in safety and wandered from point to point, getting wonderful views from each, until tired out. Then we returned, examined Crystal Falls more thoroughly and spent an hour at the Upper Falls. Another wet night in camp, and next day we passed through the same scenes on the return trip, seeing plenty of game as before.

Being aware that the above conveys but a poor idea of the subject, I should state that the scenery of the Yellowstone Falls and Grand Canon is pronounced by those who have seen the best to be

THE GRANDEST IN THE WORLD!

The canon of the Colorado is much longer and deeper, and the cliffs and falls of the Yosemite are higher, but nowhere else is there such a wealth of coloring or such an array of volcanic wonders, and no other falls of the height have such a volume of water or such a perfectly beautiful shape. Probably no other falls of the size are situated at such an altitude, the top of the Upper Falls being 7,700 feet above the sea level—more than 2,000 feet above the highest summit east of the Mississippi.

We are now camped among the great geysers of the Upper Basin, and at all hours of the day and night we hear the thunder of their grand eruptions, of which I will try to tell you something before we vanish into the wilderness beyond the Great Divide, which we began to climb yesterday.

S. P. P.

QUEBEC IN FLAMES.

Another Big Conflagration in the Ancient Capital.

SEVERAL LIVES LOSS.

Great Loss of Property—Defective Water Supply.

A despatch from Quebec, dated 2.30 last (Saturday) morning, says: About 1 o'clock this morning a fire which threatens serious consequence, and of which there is no foreseeing as yet the end, broke out in St. Sauveur, one of the suburbs of this city. As I write, some thirty or more houses, mostly of a good class, have been burned, chiefly on Sauvageau and St. Vallier streets, including Plamondon's fine fire brick dry goods establishment and Pegeau's agency of Raymond's sewing machines. Most of the St. Sauveur suburb is composed of wooden buildings. As it is, most of the city is on foot, and all the fire brigade and appliances, including two steam engines, are out, by the timely order of Mayor Langelier, assisting the St. Sauveur people, who, within a considerable radius of the scene of danger, seem to be seized with a panic and are already moving their furniture. The fire is said to have broken out in a stable attached to Dion's Self-Raising Flour Manufactory, and there are reports current on the street (which there are no means, however, of verifying) of five or more persons having been already burned or seriously injured. St. Sauveur, which is an independent municipality of the city, depends for its protection against fire chiefly upon cisterns, but while those facilities may possibly be very useful to check a small fire, they seem to be utterly useless once a fire gains great headway. Your correspondent a few minutes ago noticed one of the Quebec steam fire engines lying idle because it had already emptied the contents of all the cisterns in the neighborhood.

A PICNIC TRAGEDY.

Four Farmers' Sons Drowned While Boating on a Small Lake.

TERRIBLE ENDING TO A DAY'S SPORT.

FLESHERTON, County Grey, Ont., Aug. A melancholy drowning accident occurred yesterday afternoon about 4 o'clock at Brewster's Lake, Osprey Township, about six miles east of here. The Orange Young Britons from Dundalk, Singhampton and third line of Osprey were enjoying their picnic. Six young men, all farmers' sons, went out in a small row boat. They are named respectively: Edward Myles, Joe Myles, John Hughson, Francis Winter, David Winters and Wm. F. Wisdom. The latter stood up in the row boat, at the same time using an oar. The boat lurched, and Wisdom fell, in falling he put his arm around David Winters' neck, capsizing the boat. All were thrown into the water. The two Winters managed to reach the boat, clung on and were saved. The four others sank and never rose once to the surface. The accident happened fifteen rods from the shore, in fifteen feet of water. Scores on the banks saw them go down, but could render no assistance. None of the young men could swim. Their bodies were recovered late last night.

TELEGRAPHIC SUMMARY

Latest News from All Over the World.

Canadian.

The wife of Michael Needham, of Montreal, hammered him so severely with a chair that he had to be taken to the hospital. The woman was arrested.

The recent storms did considerable damage to the fall wheat and barley in the neighborhood of Fergus. The barley is damaged about one third its value.

A young man named Fortin, employed by the Quebec & Lewis Ferry Company, was drowned on Tuesday night by jumping between a steamer and the wharf at Lewis.

Inspector Christie is at Belleville investigating a charge of theft preferred against Mrs. Climie, housekeeper at the institution for the deaf and dumb, who is accused of having stolen some provisions.

A Montreal paper last evening said Mr. Ingram, late assistant manager of the Merchants' Bank, drew out \$4,700 on his own cheque, on the eve of his retirement, for which there was no appropriation made. The chief teller who paid the money is said to be responsible for it.

A farmer named Cyrille Samson, residing next door to the St. Joseph de Lewis Church, Quebec, was yesterday morning found hanging by the neck to a cross beam in his barn. The rope with which the act was committed had been borrowed by Samson early that morning from a neighbor. He leaves a wife and barge family.

European.

A Hong Kong despatch says the French missionary station at Peishun was attacked by a mob. Father Touran and servant are reported killed and others wounded.

At a meeting in Dublin, at which Dillon and other supporters of the labor movement were present, a provisional committee was formed with a view to the election of a permanent executive for the new Irish labor and industrial union.

Previous to the conviction of Walsh at London yesterday, Justice Stephen instructed the jury that they could not find him guilty unless they believed a conspiracy existed in Ireland to raise insurrection, and that Walsh was the participant. The jury took ten minutes to consider the verdict.

At a meeting of the constabulary at Cork yesterday the following resolution, which was approved of by the Limerick and Belfast men, was adopted: Having seen with surprise and disgust the calumny cast upon our loyalty by the insinuation that we are in collusion with the Fenians, we desire to mark our sense of its utter falsity by withdrawing from further agitation, and rely on a speedy redress of our grievances.

All the amendments of the House of Commons to the Arrears Bill were agreed to in the House of Lords after the Earl of Limerick and the Marquis of Waterford (Conservatives) recorded their protests.

The Limerick County Inspector of Constabulary has been instructed to inform his men that the Government will at once appoint a commission to inquire into their grievances. The men are entirely satisfied with the promise.

Henry George was re-arrested yesterday under the Crimes Act at Athlery as he was about to board a train for Galway. George protested, maintaining that his arrest was a persecution, as he previously gave a satisfactory account of himself to the police.

John Connor, Maurice Costello, Richard Savage and Timothy Rorke were indicted yesterday for perpetrating outrages in the county of Kerry. The Attorney-General read a number of extraordinary documents found on the prisoners, proving the existence of a planned organization. The prisoners were convicted.

American.

Mrs. C. M. Dutcher, of Troy, claims to have been cured of spinal disease, from which she has been an invalid for 19 years, by faith and prayer.

During the absence of her parents yesterday morning, a negro girl upset a lamp filled with oil or kerosene at Collinsville, Ala. An explosion followed, and the girl and three other children were burned to death.

At Newman, Ga., a negro, accused of outraging a 15-year-old white girl, was taken out of the jail on Wednesday night and hung by seventy-five men. He confessed that he and another man committed the deed.

Paul Tollner, machinist, of Chicago, who frequently quarrelled with his young wife, yesterday afternoon said to her, "Will you obey me after this?" Receiving an evasive reply, he drew a revolver and fired two shots into her breast, killing her. He then put a bullet through his own heart. They leave a young child.

Holm, who buried on the lake front at Chicago several children, was acquitted on the charge of murder, but was fined for irregular burial. He started for South Branch on Wednesday in a skiff with his son, aged 14, when the boat upset and both were drowned.

Rough Siege Laid to Him.

Mr. James O. Neville, the well known General Import and Export Agent of the "Allan Line," and General Dominion Shipping Agent, of 538 Dorchester street, Montreal, is an active member of the Shamrock Lacrosse Club. "While on a late exhibition trip to the States," said Mr. Neville to the writer, "my old foe, the rheumatism, attacked me, and gave me a rough siege. I suffered with the ailment all through my trip and long after my return home. I tried several remedies and found them entirely useless. Having read the indorsement of well known people who had used St. Jacobs Oil, and been cured thereby, I determined to give it a trial. Upon the first application I saw at once it was what I required. In two weeks time I was as well as ever, and fully able to attend to my business. I have not had the least suggestion of rheumatism since. It certainly is a remarkable remedy and one that seems to me to be infallible."

There is much excitement at Roslyn, L.I., over the death by poisoning of Joseph Bond, a prominent business man. Mrs. Bond is held on suspicion. Her former husband died suspiciously.

PIONEERING IN MANITOBA.

The Maiden Operation of the New Settler. (From the Pilot Mound Signal.)

Newspaper articles usually have for their subject matters of pecuniary interest, political advantages or grievances, or perhaps more frequently the personal abuse of some prominent public man. It may not be out of place some instances to take a new course, and in the present instance describe the formation of a new home in Manitoba. At this season of the year no undertaking could be more interesting. The birds have all returned and are busy with their nests, while in the early morning there is a concert in every grove. Millions of beautiful flowers are springing from the earth which a short time ago was frozen as hard as a rock, while the wild fruit trees are hoary with blossoms. In so new a country, and in the wildest part of it, there is indeed much to observe and much to admire. The outfit consists of a yoke of oxen and wagon, a tent, a supply of provisions, bed and blankets, a plough, a rifle, with axes, augers and other tools required in building a house. Our section is partly surrounded by a small river well stocked with fish, the beautiful goldeye being one of the species found. To the north of the farm is an extensive forest, and on our approach a small herd of elk were enjoying themselves on the smooth level prairie which skirted the woods. These wild creatures, after much jumping, looking and capering, disappeared among the trees. We pitched our tent beside a beautiful grove of poplar and wild cherry, and near a small circular lake of sweet water, in which a number of ducks were sporting. The lake is remarkable, as it obtains its supply of water from some subterraneous source, and empties by several springs into a ravine on the adjoining section. The first performance was to cut logs and draw them with the oxen, then erect the walls of a rude home. As soon as this work was done one person continued at the house while the other started to plough. The grove beside which we are camped is well stocked with birds, amongst these the most charming is the thrush; a whip-poor-will also interests us in the fine evenings with its music. The sounds at night are not always so agreeable, as there is a den of wolves in the neighborhood, and the young whelps take frequent opportunities of making night hideous. Rabbits are quite numerous in the grove, and their attendant enemies, the lynx, are constantly on the war-path during the dusky hours. Sometimes a pair of these great cats meet, and then there is caterwauling on a large scale. When a pair of common cats make such a hideous outcry it can easily be imagined what horrible sounds can be produced by animals which are many times larger. Soon after our arrival a crow put in an appearance at our camp, and has visited our quarters every day since. He has now become quite tame, and will not allow the approach of other birds about the premises. He picks up articles of food about the camp-fire, and appropriates the oats which the oxen scatter when feeding. The other morning our crow was much shocked by the discharge of a rifle fired at a wolf which was prowling around. The poor bird evidently thought he was the victim of misplaced confidence. He soon recovered his composure, however, and in a short time was as impudent as before.

Fatal Sunstroke.

A Montreal despatch says: A young Scottish immigrant of Kilmarnock, Scotland, was killed by sunstroke at Hugh McDonald's farm, Cote St. Luc, on Saturday afternoon. He had arrived on the Buenos Ayrean and had gone to work on the farm on Wednesday full of hope and new life.

A Versailles despatch says: Fenayron, a retired apothecary who murdered his wife's lover, an apothecary named Aubert, at Chateau, has been sentenced to death. Fenayron's wife, who at her husband's instigation inveigled Aubert to visit her on the night of the murder, was sentenced to penal servitude for life, and Fenayron's brother, Lucien, who aided in the crime, to seven years' servitude. The trial excited extraordinary interest. The prosecution held that Aubert was murdered to prevent his divulging the guilt of Fenayron in some case of poisoning or felonious use of drugs.

HOUSEHOLD ACCIDENTS.



The following suggestions are not designed to induce the public to attempt the duties of the regular surgeon, but, merely to place the readers of these pages in possession of a means of treatment of the minor accidents occurring daily in the household, and which, while not dangerous in themselves, are exceedingly annoying. Burns, bruises, scalds, sprains, etc., are principal among these troublesome and annoying occurrences, and demand immediate treatment with the best means at hand. In the kitchen, room they are liable to happen, and, instead of fear and alarm at the sight of the cut or mashed finger, or bruised or burned arm, or scalded surface, a cool and quiet manner should be assumed, and after washing away the blood, (if required), the injured parts should be dressed with that most valuable remedy—St. Jacobs Oil. Its surprisingly quick relief, its cleansing properties, its tendency to quickly remove all inflammation, and its wonderful efficacy in the above as well as in all muscular and other pains, such as rheumatism, neuralgia, toothache, headache, stiffness of the joints, etc.—these render St. Jacobs Oil, pre-eminently the best external remedy now before the people; which claim is fully substantiated by the strongest kind of testimony from all classes of people. The value of human life is so supremely important that anything that tends to its prolongation is entitled to the highest consideration. Charles Nelson, Esq., proprietor Nelson House, Port Huron, Mich., says: "I suffered so with rheumatism that my arm withered, and physicians could not help me. I was in despair of my life, when some one advised me to try St. Jacobs Oil. I did so, and, as if by magic, I was instantly relieved, and by the continued use of the Oil entirely cured. I thank heaven for having used this wonderful remedy, for it saved my life. It also cured my wife."