# Footing it Through the Blue Ridge

BY Q. S. MILLS.

VI.

The Toxaway Country and Home Again.

It was a Sunday morning, and a bright one, that on which we were whisked around the curves and over the trestles of the branch line up to Lake Toxaway, a more or less thrilling ride over gorges and along the brinks of precipices for two passengers who had been used for many days only to the original mode of locomotion or the more placid and sedate gait of Stokes. The incline was always a steep one after leaving Brevard and our engine kept up a continuous shrieking and coughing in the little valley up which the road wound, but we made good time and were landed at our destination at an early stage of the morning. We found ourselves in a spot at once a desert and a place of plenty. The big hotel, at the edge of the great artificial lake which inundates hundreds of acres of land that was for centuries virgin forest is about as modern a bit of civilization as one could expect to find anywhere, yet within thirty minutes' walk of its doors lies a country as wild as is to be run across in the Blue Ridge mountains, where starvation stares the tramper in the face from the boll of every ash and poplar.

For this is a great country. The most bounteous fare is supplied for an equally bounteous consideration at the ultra-civilized hotel, and without the aforesaid consideration the wanderer is most assuredly in a bad way. He might as well be in the midst of the desert of Sahara as far as a square meal is concerned. The folks in whose brains the idea of this mountain paradise was conceived, were of the opinion that paradise should be operated on a paying basis. Therefore they bought up all the mountains that there were, stuck a mammoth eating house about the middle of their tract, and then proceeded to declare the rest of their possessions uninhabitable. Over the door of their hostelry they nailed a price, and he who has not the price may not enter there. It was lucky for The Bo and myself that we had the price, for we were hungry. So we hastened with a sigh to the register, where the urbane clerk, in the most condescending manner counted our cash and, with a kindness of heart that was truly touching, deigned to leave us a few pieces as mementos. The rates are five dollars per day and up.

Not that we failed to get value received. We were alotted a nice room overlooking the lake and were served with meals which were, if anything, a degree above first-class. We got our money's worth, too, if such a thing was possible, for we felt that we had paid handsomely for what was set before us. But we decided that it was not in the power of man to get his money's worth at rates of five per, or worse. The Bo, like myself has a weakness for dabbling in philosophy—a weakness peculiar to most juniors—and we disposed of the question in this wise: Very few folks there are who are able to pay five large honestly earned dollars per day for boarding and lodging their carcases, and in the case of only a still smaller per cent. are the carcases themselves worth the pride? Having entered into this obstruse discussion over the consomme we closed it over the fruit, with the final conclusion that when, by chance, the care of the physical self in a man became really worth this sum, the man in the case always had too much sense to pay it.

With these exalted conclusions we strolled from the dinner table to take a look at Toxaway on Sunday. We knew that it was Sunday, for we had looked at the calendar to make sure, but that was the only way we settled it. The tennis grounds were fully occupied, there was music on the long porchway, and things were moving at the bathing pavilion and boat house just as they must have done every day before. Not that The Bo and I were at all shocked; we were juniors and could stand anything—but we were slightly surprised to find things so wide open in a part of conventional old North Carolina. We congratulated each other; it was plain that we Tar Heels were due to have a Coney Island after while. But we were not captivated by the Toxaway country. We had been used to wandering over mountain lands that bore the original stamp of nature; those who had not enjoyed the benefit of such a tour as ours recently terminated might find much to rave over in this improved and remodeled scenery—not so with us. The mountains around us, it is true, were far more lofty than those over which we had rambled, but the lake was unnatural, we felt, in a country of the character of that surrounding it and, which the great yellow hotel at its bank, formed a discord somehow in the Great Architect's plan.

A walk to the spillway, where the waters of the lake, shut in by a massive stone dam, pour out through a trough blasted in the solid rock, did not improve our esteem of our surroundings; we decided to take a try at the sunset from the summit of Mount Toxaway. To gain this peak, the highest in that section of the mountain chain, which towers full 5,000 feet above sea-level, overtopping all of the crests in its neighborhood, it was necesary to take a launch up to the head of Lake Toxaway. We hastened to charter our boat ere the sun should outstrip us and found that we were to have company on our excursion in a party of young people, four boys and four girls, most of them from Columbia. The two miles to the lake's head were short ones and we lost no time striking up the mountain. The Bo and I set our own pace and soon left our fellow-mountain climbers far in the rear. Up three miles of winding path we pushed, increasing our gait rather than lessening it as we neared the top, for the shadows fell longer and longer and twilight deepened under the bulk of the mountain; we feared that we would be too late, after all. At last, panting and perspiration-soaked we burst out of the undergrowth into the clearing on the gently convex summit, crowned by a long, single-storied frame hotel.

On top of this hotel there was once an observation tower, but the lightning struck it off, and now the only stage offered to the sun-worshiper is the shingled roof. To this we climbed with a party which had just ascended the mountain from the Sapphire side, in time to witness one of the most glorious sunsets that had favored the enthusiasts for months. Our landlord informed us that it was one in fifty, and we were perfectly willing to take his word for it; we thought that he had grounds for making the assertion. The sky was almost wholly clear, with only a sufficiency of cloud in the west to bring out in their full values all the delicate hues of the sunset. Behind a long strotum of dark cloud, its blue transformed to a rich purple by the flow of light, the red ball of the sun was just sinking above the western mountain-tops. Extending well up into the vault of the sky, fairly above the sunset, hung a drift of mackerel formation, its fleecy waves tinged with the softest gold and pink. The rolling edges of the cloud-bank beneath glowed with a rich crimson as if fed by the fires of an invisible furnace, while the extremities of the bank flared in varying shades of yellow and orange, blended everywhere in crevices and on isolated shoulders of mist with spots of purple and pink. Out in the east one solitary cumulus head, riding alone in space, shone like a glowing opal, iridescent in the reflection of the glory of the departing day, its white mass turned into an everchanging variety of colors, brilliant in the amethyst setting of the blue distance beyond. Underneath this constantly varying panorama of color effects stretched ridge upon ridge and peak upon peak their tops bathed in the rich glow of the sunset, while at their bases from the cool recesses of the valleys clutched the sinuous grey line of the mist. Across the bright prospect of rank upon rank of summits suffused with the glorious light there shot, now and then, the dark shadow of some lofty peak, rendering the view even more beautiful still by contrast. Over the whole of Lake Toxaway rode a downy gray coverlet of fog shutting off from view the chimneys of the inn and folding the shadow of the mountain in to early rest. Here and there over the landscape the rare tinges of the slowly failing sun rested bright on spire and housetop in some mountain town. And always the lights were changing, assuming new hues and showing the clouds in varying proportions like figures in the lens of some gigantic kaleidoscope. The scene was trying; it kept all on pins lest they should miss the slightest detail. Slowly the glory faded from behind the clouds and the rare lights receded toward the sunset until all that remained of the imposing spectacle was a red flush in the west. Until the last vestige of this disappeared from the horizon we remained on watch, then hastened to descend the ladder, recalled to more material things by the all-pervading and inviting smell of hot fried chicken.

Just as the last of the glorious sunset faded out, into the clearing came the belated party from the launch. The Bo and I had beaten them by nearly an hour up the steep ascent, and we had made a record trip in little more than sixty minutes. But we would have done double the work to have had the view again. It was the crowning feature of our journey into the mountains, and the only one in which the Toxaway country surpassed that of our earlier rambles. The late-comers could not appreciate what they had missed, and, to tell the truth, they were too tired to care. One of the young ladies was so fatigued as to require the attentions of the landlady and a bottle of peach brandy. There were instantly several other cases of collapse, but they received no stimulant stronger than hot coffee and fried chicken. That was sufficient to revive the company, and enliven us for a gay evening in the parlor. One gentleman, as portly as he was jolly, furnished unlimited amusement for the assembly in his jokes which were, for a rarity in the way of jokes, good ones. We found him an old University man and immediately had much in common.

With bedtime, though, came trouble. The house was small, far too small for the accommodation of its guests. It was an odd building, too, built half in Transylvania, half in Jackson county, the boundary line between the two domains being indicated by a broad red mark painted on the outer walls and across the porch. Although so pretentious as to foundation it could not furnish beds for all of us to sleep in. The Bo and I, on ascending the mountain had secured the only remaining bedroom, but this we resigned to the four young ladies of the launch party which had arrived behind time, and elected to spend the night with their esports on rugs on the parlor floor. How those four girls ever managed to sleep on that one bedstead I have never been able to understand; they owned the next morning that they piled on crosswise and let their feet hang over. There was hardly much sleep for them in that condition, nor would there have been had they been comfortable, for one of the boys of their party, a young buck of some six feet and twenty summers, with an erroneous impression of his gift as a wit and far too much density of skull to ever apprehend that he belonged to a much more simple species of the laughter provoking genus, saw fit to raise enough rough house to annoy the whole hotel. Dividing his time between jests of a more or less questionable nature, perfectly audible to the girls in the next room, and airing a voice far more remarkable for its carrying power than for any remote relation to tone, perfectly audible anywhere on the mountaintop to anything but a brazen image, he made night hideous and himself a most accomplished ass.

We took turns at resting on the couch—no such thing as sleeping was possible with the hullabaloo of our blithering friend in our ears. In a snatch of troubled doze I became suddenly full of the thought that the couch on which I lay stood half in Transylvania, half in Jackson, and my alarm over the fact that my feet were far away in another county caused me much discomfort until I was brought to thorough consciousness once more by the Babel. We were at least comfortable, but it took a roaring blaze in the great fireplace to keep us so. Outside the chill of the air struck to the marrow and the mountain's peak was shrouded in an opaque pall of clammy, tangible fog. The dripping from the eaves sounded in our ears all night like a constant fall of rain.

We were out betimes to get the full benefit of the sunrise, but in this we were not so fortunate as in the matter of the sunset; so far as the top of Toxaway was concerned there was none. The fog which had wrapped the height through the darkness grew thicker if anything with the first gray light of day. Almost imperceptably the dawn came on apace, but out in the east hung the same impenetrable wall of driving mist. Now and then, through a rift in the curtain a flush of pink would spring, only to vanish an instant later leaving the wall blanker and more discouraging than ever. Once or twice the prospect seemed about to clear until the shape of the sun glowed like a great molten ball behind its veil, then down through the chasms between the mountain-peaks, boiling and rolling in their haste, would hustle great streams of the all-enveloping cloud-wrack and all would be cold and gray and damp again. Finally we gave it up and while we sought comfort in still more fried chicken and hot coffee of which Toraway's summit seemed to have an inexhaustible supply day struggled into the mastery. When we came out again only a few folds of the fog remained lapped in the hollows over Lake Toxaway, streaming raggedly at their edges through the trees.

Down the mountain was an easy job compared with the climb up the slope, and we took our time. By the way we, The Bo and I, took opportunity to jar the fair members of the launch party by munching stray clusters of the clavaria clinopodium. They expected to see us drop dead as we ate. While the slight woody taste of the fungus in its raw state is not especially tempting we devoured a quantity of it for the benefit of the uninitiated. Along the path The Bo found, too, much to occupy his botanical bent in a more serious manner; there he added to his collection several specimens that he had not before seen on our outing, some of them very rare. Between finds we took inventory of our trip. The sunset feature of the Toxaway stage was unquestionably the one with which we would have last parted, but otherwise our present excursion fell below the mark. We had indeed had stretched out before us an imposing spectacle from the summit of Monut Toxaway, just 2,500 feet higher up than the top of Chimney Rock, but somehow we had been unable to get away from the made-to-order state of the whole landscape suggested by the presence of the lake—as if the Blue Ridge mountains had not been sufficiently beautiful without daming up a mud puddle in their midst. For not much bigger than that did the body of water seem—although a very respectable pond—in comparison with the heights around it. The Chimney Rock country, while on a less grand a plan, had had, in our eyes, more of the natural effect.

At the hotel we only lingered until train-time, for Toxaway had no more in store for us. Gladly we turned toward Asheville and left behind us this artificial Switzerland with our acquaintance of the unspeakable drivel who had so beguiled our weary hours on the mountain top, braying in its midst. At Asheville we found some little of interest. It is a live town, with plenty of mountains in the background, but it was too tame for us after the period we had spent in the very heart of the ranges. Our two days there were rendered all the more pleasant by our running up with many University men with whom we had shared life on the campus. Of walking we had not had enough however, so enamored had we grown of our peripatetic tour, therefore we planned to take a last tramp down the famous Southern Railway grade to the foot of the mountains.

Accordingly we left the early train at Swannanoa, a little station at the western mouth of the Swannanoa tunnel, to foot the twelve miles down to Old Fort and catch the afternoon mail. The Swannanoa tunnel, the longest of the seven piercing the mountain flanks for the tracks of the Southern, we deemed an inadvisable venture. It is 600 yards in length and while there is plenty of room for safety on either side of the track it would be an exceedingly uncomfortable place in which to be caught by a train. So hot and foul in its recesses does the air become from the breaths of the great engines which plunge through it that their drivers are forced to apply wet sponges to their nostrils in order to make the distance from mouth to mouth in safety. Therefore over the roof of the Swannanoa tunnel we walked, but the remaining six we took as we came to them. The first four miles of our descent, broken by these tunnels, we found most pleasant. The air in the excavations was cool and we came to them often enough to offset the glare of the heat on the stretches of bare track. In all of these shafts, as in the caves we had entered earlier, we found the rock walls moist, and in several of them water fell in showers from spring veins that had been severed in the blasting. All seemed to have been cut through solid rock, nowhere had it been necessary to support the roofs with masonry. This is true of all save the Swannanoa, which is driven through a drift of clay and had, therefore, to be arched with brick. So thin has this brickwork been cut overhead by the cinders from the blasts of the huge locomotives that it will soon require renewing, or the the Southern may stand to clean out a tunnel full of dirt—or wreckage. That the inhabitants of the slopes around consider these passages through the mountainsides as more or less public property we learned beyond any doubt. In one of the longest of them we met a mountaineer leading along a cow as imperturbably as if it were a daily business with him. He was making no haste whatever although we were putting on double time in order to give a clear path to a freight whose whistle we heard at what seemed alarmingly close range. We later found that the leader of the cow knew his business; the freight was on a curve many yards below us in an angle of the mountains.

Altogether the grade of this twelve miles of track is most remarkable. The rails curve and twist in and out along high fills and through deep cuts, looping back on themselves to overcome the steep incline until you wonder that the engineer who planned this labyrinthal undertaking did not quit his level in disgust. From Swannanoa to Old Fort the track winds over twelve miles of steep decline; the distance by wagon road between the two places is only four miles, exactly one-third, but much of it is almost straight up and down. So close together do the snake-like curves lie that they seem to gain hardly any ground at all. On our way we were passed by a long train of empties headed toward Salisbury. Just after its caboose went by we could have jumped from the edge of the cut on which we stood, on the ties of the upper level, down a very few feet to the tops of the slowly moving cars beneath. Here an engine leaping the track on its way up would be in danger of tumbling off a fill to crash down on top of a part of its own load. In one place in this vicinity seventeen different sections of the same track can be seen as the grade winds its sinuous course in and out, making a constant fight against gravity up the mountains. A fact that rendered this extraordinary piece of civil engineering even more interesting to us was that the work had been done largely under the direction of an engineer who had spent nearly his entire lifetime in our home town. There the credit for this masterful specimen of grade making had been his, although abroad his due honor had been more or less filched from him before he died.

While this last stage of our tramping enterprise was full of interest, and presented us with some really good scenery in the mountains through which it pierced, it was, by all odds the most uncomfortable. At the start the sun was hot and as we dropped lower and lower down the slope of the Blue Ridge the air lost its rare edge which had braced and invigorated us when walking heretofore, and became close and heavy. The glare reflected from the rails threw sheets of blasting light into our eyes to accentuate the torture of the heat which quivered on rocks and earth around us. We felt painfully the proof of the fact that we were no longer in the land of clouds. A jarring of our nerves added to the general unpleasantness of the day. Just after we had turned a curve and left the ruins of the old Round Knob Hotel, with their desolate fountain, near a great steam quarry by the railway's track we came upon a trestle, not a long one, but with the further grade so completely hidden in the curve of a deep cut that we could gain nothing by watching for an approaching train. In addition the roar of the water in the gorge beneath and the noise of the steam drills back at the quarry rendered any warning of bell or whistle utterly useless. The Bo and I debated the question of trying the trestle. We knew that No. 11 was about due, but that was not saying that it would pass when expected. We sat down in the shade of an overhanging rock to discuss the question, and ere we had gotten ourselves well settled out of the mouth of the cut burst the mail, making terrific speed up the mountain under a double header, and while the chills chased each other along our spines it thundered by us like a screaming black arrow and left us cold with perspiration at our narrow escape. Had we attempted to cross we would have both been killed, beyond the slightest doubt; it would have been a choice between being hit by the train and dashing ourselves off a hundred feet to the jagged rocks of the creek below. We plastered our hair down again and hastened to the other bank before another train should enter the block, to lose our scare in an energetic argument as to the identy of a certain young lady of whom we had caught a glimpse on the rear platform of the departing train. The Bo was positive that she was a certain miss of his acquaintance while I stoutly maintained for her a personality entirely different. We finally compromised the dispute by deciding that we were both wrong, and gave more of our attention to dodging freights and passengers—the scenery had long ceased to bother us.

A little further on, not far from Old Fort, we struck some compensation for the desert country through which we had come. We were both parched. A few yards from the grade stood a house, and at that house we decided simultaneously, with no grounds whatever for our belief, that we could procure cider—and cider we did procure to our own refreshment and the enriching of its dispenser. Close to the end of the pedestrian part of our tour we still further relieved ourselves. On the bank of a swift but shallow creek which spread its clear waters over a broad and stony bed we laid aside the garb of civilization and reclined in the cooling flood. Stretched out at full length we wriggled our toes in perfect contentment, a contentment so blissful that it elicited cheers from the crew of a freight which plunged past us up the mountain. Only when we judged it rendered necessary by the urgency of the minutes left us did we return to dry land and start in quest of Old Fort and transportation for our home. For once the Southern Railway disposed to break its rule and, on schedule time, we were soon leaving the Blue Ridge and the days of our mountain trip far behind us.

It was well that Loge and I, through the force of incontrovertible junior logic had brought the jaunt to pass. It had served us both in many ways—chiefly in equipping us with nervous systems adequate at every point to render true service in the battle of bluff of our senior life ahead of us. Then it had brought untold gladness to the heart of the botanical Bo, who had been enabled by his excursion into the fastnesses of the mountains to add full fifty valuable specimens to his collections and at least twice as many double jointed polysyllables to his vocabulary—adjuncts not to be despised off-hand. Then, for us all, the trip had formed the keystone of a pleasant summer. It had been full of experiences—some happy, some troublous—some printable, and some unprintable—which would stick fast to us through time to come. Loge, The Kid, The Bo—and Stokes—recollections of vicissitudes and pleasures in which all four, with myself, helped play a part, will often render the outs of life more bearable. Among the most pleasant of the incidents enjoyed by us in our camp life had been our meetings with various University men, many of them college mates, in the most unexpected places. It seemed that we had not been able to travel far enough to outreach the touch of the institution from which we, as juniors, journeyed. And the thing most marked in these frequent unions had been an all-pervading atmosphere of good-fellowship. Despite differences in creed or course, or that most disastrous dividing line of all—college politics—we had all, as travelers from The Hill, greeted each other gladly in the common bond of University men—with a single insignificant exception. All of which goes to prove, clinched harder by the solitary deviation from rule, that the average University man you find to be a gentleman when you scratch him. But this dissertation started out in the guise of a narrative of the travels of four juniors, or quasi-juniors, and a horse, and what befall them while footing it through the Blue Ridge mountains—and that is a tale that is told.

## DAILY FASHION SERVICE

2054

GIRLS' DRESS,
with Russian Closing and Body Lining.
**Paris Pattern No. 2054.**
All Seams Allowed.

This little frock, made like a Cossack coat, will prove a serviceable model for Fall or Winter wear. Made of light-weight serge in navy-blue, with edging and belt of emerald-green velvet and blue enamel buttons it would have a striking effect.

The pattern is in 4 sizes—6 to 12 years. For a girl of 10 years the dress requires 4¾ yards of material 27 inches wide, 3½ yards 36 inches wide, or 3¼ yards 42 inches wide; ⅞ yard of contrasting material 12 or more inches wide.

Price of pattern, 10 cents.

**Simply give number of pattern you desire, or cut out illustration and mail it with 10 cents, silver or stamps, to The Observer, Charlotte, N. C., Fashion Dept.**

A Yankee girl had traveled far,
She went to gay Paree,
She rivaled all the beauties there,
She used Hollister's Rocky Mountain Tea.—R. H. Jordan & Co.


# A FORM OF FOOD ALREADY DIGESTED

## Duffy's Pure Malt Whiskey

is an absolutely pure distillation of malted grain; great care being used to have every kernel thoroughly malted, thus destroying the germ of the seed and producing a predigested liquid food in the form of a pale malt, which is the most effective tonic stimulant and invigorator known to science; softened by warmth and moisture its palatability and freedom from injurious substances renders it so that it can be retained by the most sensitive stomach.


## Tanglewood

351—GEOGRAPHICAL.

He was wakened with a shiver,
And a thrill of dancer near;
With his startled nerves a-quiver,
Straining anxious eye and ear;
Shuddering when stealthy footfalls
Softly cross the matted floor,
Up he starts, and now a boot falls,
As he hurls it at the door.

Feelings far too deep to utter
Make him wonder where he's at;
He is flinging wide the shutter,
And he hoarsely calls the cat,
Ah, was ever fate so cruel?
There is none to heed his shout;
Tom has gone to fight a duel;
Tabby has an evening out.

Turning now to face disaster,
With a courage born of dread,
Noting not the broken plaster
In the corner by the bed;—
While our hero in pajamas
Still awaits the fearsome shape,
Through what strait of the Bahamas
Does the fleeing mouse escape?

M. C. S.

352—NEWSPAPER FAVORITES.

(Fill blanks with names much used for papers in the United States).

Mabel had planned many ***** to visit us, but, owing to the ***** of home duties, had always been obliged to give it up. There is no one else in the ***** of whom we think so much as of Mabel. You might travel the **** over and not find a better. So when the **** brought us **** that she was really to visit us soon, our delight knew no bounds. An everywhere present ****** heard of it, and gave a notice of her expected arrival in the little ***** paper of our village. We made great preparations and were ***** looking for her, "the sweet ***** of spring," as we lovingly called her. One day a ******** from the ******** office brought us a ******** announcing that she would be with us that very day, and so she was. The entry made in my ****** on that day was written with red ink.

ETHYL.

353—CHARADE.

The ONE is because, and the TWO to come by,
And THREE a sharp sound not hard to descry.

* * * * * * * *

Said she, "You've been absent a year and a day,
And wrote to me never a word while away;
You just were ONE-TWO-THREE me, all the long year.
Yet now you protest I was never so dear."
Said he, "It is true, as you say, I've been ONE TWO-THREE;
'Tis my object in life—'tis my hope—'tis my duty;
You may harp on ONE-TWO-THREE you, without repression,
But I'll be ONE TWO-THREE you till in possession."
She thought a bit—saw it—smiled—pouted no longer;
He kissed her, for he was much bigger and stronger.
Both had been ONE TWO-THREE each other for long,
And both have succeeded. So endeth the song.

CARL GREY.

354—TANGLE MAGIC.

| | | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| 4 | 1 | 7 | 3 | 2 | 9 | 5 |
| 5 | 8 | 2 | 6 | 7 | 0 | 4 |
| 2 | 5 | 5 | 2 | 4 | 7 | 2 |
| 6 | 2 | 4 | 2 | 5 | 8 | 1 |
| 3 | | | | | | |

Lewis White, a bright lad of the ninth grade, is fond of mathematical tangles of the simpler kind, and he tells of a curious feat that he sometimes shows his friends. He asks somebody to write a row of figures, then writes one himself, and requests that some other person write two more. The last row he writes himself. He takes no time to add, but puts down the sum of the five rows, either before or after writing the last row, as rapidly as he can make the figures. Our young magician would have some reader tell how it is done.

X. K. V.

355—LITTLE RIDDLES.

I.

My small end is a bee, my big end is an ox;
And, like Samson of old, my strength lies in my locks.

II.

I'm the horror of ladies, but the pride of the men,
And, taken away, will come again and again;
But if stripped of externals, I slip from my place,
And stand on each side of my true love's face.

III.

To most folks I seem the most ridiculous riddle,
For, though found at the end my end is always the middle.

IV.

I am an old-fashioned tradesman who dwelt largely in wax;
But trade is gone flat,
I've lost half my fat,
And, reduced by extremities, I swing the hammer and axe.

V.

If I get out and you get in,
I'll make you grin;
If I get in and you get out,
I'll make you shout.

CHAS. ETLER.

356—ANAGRAMS.

To fair Italia's sunny vale
And grassy plain now let us sail,
And here a city, there a town,
Unearth, of more or less renown.
1. MAP LORE. 2. O, RAVEN! 3. FINE ROAD, MAN. 4. REAL HOG. 5. AS A SNOB. 6. MORE. 7. BAG LOON. 8. LOG BERN. 9. OIL CAR POTS. 10. PANELS. 11. ON A TART. 12. ALERT TAR. 13. SIT ON CAR. 14. ONE BI/LL. 15. I S/N BIRD. 16. SAME SIN. 17. SAY CURSE. 18. OVER A TARN.

PEANUT.

357—WHAT?

What has no head or hands or feet,
But just a body small;
What ne'er had a beginning, and
Has not an end at all.

What often frightens timid folks,
When spectors seem to blame;
What men of means sometimes bestow
In Charity's sweet name.

What any boy or girl can make,
But none hath power to see;
What may prevent your finding out
Just what this "What" may be!

MABEL P.

358—CENTRAL CHANGES.
(Five-letter words.)

1. Cares; smokes. 2. Fretful; inclined to decay. 3. Uneasy sensations; the highest points. 4. Seed of flowerless plants; a winding line. 5. Liquor-stained; a succulent fruit. 6. Troublesome; having sharp points. Centrals name two cities of the Empire State.

SO-SO.

359—ANACROSTIC.

AH! SCARED? You need not be at ALL!
Have courage! there is danger small.
Some may be hard to solve, but none
Can more than puzzle anyone.

A failure—e'en a bad one—may
Rouse your ambition in a way
Enabling you to clearer see,
Dark though a mystery it be.

T. H.

ANSWERS.

342—Heed-less.

343—1. Vegetable soup. 2. Little neck clams. 3. Roast turkey. 4. Cranberry sauce. 5. Liver and bacon. 6. Roast beef 7. Mashed potatoes. 8. Stewed corn. 9. Lobster salad. 10. Horse radish. 11. Olives. 12. Custard pudding. 13. Charlotte russe. 14. Iced tea.

344—Plight, light.

345—"Never speak of a man's virtues before his face, nor of his faults behind his back." (Begin at N at the end of the fourth line).

346—Calf of Man. (A small island near the Isle of Man).

347—Tales, stale, teals, lates, leats, stels, taels, least, steal, slate, stael, Tesla.

348—Craft.

349—1. Dan-die. 2. Ben-ign. 3. Sam-ple. 4. Pat-ron. 5. Walt-z. 6. Al-belt. 7. Bob-tail. 8. Dick-er. 9. Ed-ict. 10. Bill-et.

350—1. Lossing. 2. Hume. 3. Motley. 4. Bancroft.

Bad breath is a most offensive ailment, irritates you as well as your friends; Hostetter's Rocky Mountain Tea takes the bad taste from the mouth, removes the cause, purifies the breath. 35 cents, Tea or Tablets.—R. H. Jordan & Co.


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