

**Volcanic Baths.**

Volcano baths are the proper thing nowadays in certain parts of California and Mexico. Down in Mendocino county, Cal., such baths have become most frequent.

The volcano bath is not a water bath, nor is it a fire bath or a lava bath, as might be supposed. It is a mud bath, and no ordinary mud bath at that. Ice-cold mud of a bluish tint and of the consistency of freshly mixed mortar is the element into which the bathers plunge, splashing and spluttering. The way they manage it is unique. A sapling is felled in the forests near the volcano craters, stripped of its limbs, carried to the crater and placed across it, so that each end of the pole rests on firm ground. Fancy yourself sliding out on one of these saplings stretched across a crater's mouth, then slipping gently off into the middle of a gurgling, bubbling, ice-cold mass of mud and swinging yourself there, suspended by your hands, until fatigued! Then, with just life enough left to crawl back along the log, you reach unyielding ground again.

Once plunged into one of the craters of mud, with all ties to the sapling above severed, a person would be lost forever, being swallowed up in the murky depths in an instant, for vastly quicker in action and surer of its victim than quicksand is the mud of Mendocino's mysterious volcanoes.

Cleanliness has nothing to do with it. It is not that for which people face the dangers of the volcano bath. The mud which is belched forth from the earth's interior is supposed to contain important medicinal properties.

There are about twenty-five of these singular mud-belching volcanoes in Mendocino county, and they are among California's many wonders. They are situated high on a mountain side, seven miles from Cahto. At this time of the year they are unusually active. Their gurgling roar may be heard for a distance of several miles when they are most violent. The mud frequently shoots over the rim of the crater, flows down the mountain like a lava stream and enters one of the Eel river's tributaries called Mud creek. It fills the craters, which are about five feet above the earth's surface and bounded with a circular base or miniature crater from four to seven feet in diameter at the base and two to three feet at the top. Prospecting parties have hewn down saplings fifty feet in length and pushed them into the mouth of a crater. Some of these have disappeared altogether. Others remain near the surface, playthings of the muddy element which tosses them about like fishermen's bobbins in a rough sea. A significant coincidence is the fact that when the ocean, twenty miles away, is unusually heavy and rough, the volcanoes become intensely active, belching forth not only their burden of ice-cold mud, but volumes of warm vapor. In some mysterious way the ocean seems to control their action.—*San Francisco Bulletin.*

**Lonelyville Life.**

Mr. Isolate (of Lonelyville, after dinner, apprehensively): "Have you told the new cook that I go in on the 6:18 train in the morning, Anabel?"

Mrs. Isolate (wearily): "Yes, Ferdinand, and she says she does, too."—*Puck.*

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**PUNGENCIES.**

Cartigan—And, Mike, wat is dis game called goluf? Hartigan—Sure it's me belafe that it is shinny wid a college education.—*Brooklyn Life.*

Mrs. Newed—Was I nervous, dear, during the ceremony? Her Friend—Well, a trifle at first, darling, but not after William had said "yes."—*Tid-Bits.*

Grogan—Have you heard the news? Longley's daughter has run away with Grimson's coachman. Stilpen—Thunder! but it must be an awful blow to Grimson. He thought the world of that coachman.—*Exchange.*

An American, strolling through the Green Park in London one day last summer, asked one of the gray old guardians of that bit of historic woodland who lived in a stately palace near Stafford House. "It's Lady Blank lives there. She removed to Scotland yesterday to be buried," was the reply.—*Exchange.*

"Ma," said Tommy, as he laid aside the pictorial Bible and looked up. "What is it?" asked his mother, lowering her crocheting. "I know why angels have wings." "Why, Tommy?" "Cause the streets in heaven are all a-flowin' with milk an' honey, an' ef they didn't they'd get their feet sticky."—*Detroit Free Press.*

A city girl had spent her whole summer in trying to elevate the simple country people with whom she was boarding. Now she was bidding them adieu. "Good-by, Mr. Stiles," she said, "I hope my visit here hasn't been entirely without good results." "Sartin not," said Farmer Stiles, "Sartin not. You've learnt a heap since you first come; but by cracky! you was about the greenest one we ever had on our hands."—*Detroit Tribune.*

"You say you are an actor by profession?" asked the magistrate. "I am, your honor," answered the frazzled, red-eyed and forlorn, but still dignified, specimen of manhood before him, in a deep, tragic voice. "Well," said the magistrate, "I shall have to send you to the workhouse for sixty days. We haven't any playhouse." And his honor was so tickled with his own pleasantry that he let the next beery vagabond off with a moral lecture.—*Chicago Tribune.*

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