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THE ARTISTIC STIEFF PIANO.

The Piano with the sweet tone.

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The **QUALITY** of our superb instruments is the **HIGHEST**, the standard of the world, as is evidenced by the facts that

The **STIEFF** has won **PRIZE MEDALS** at all the world's great Expositions.

PHILADELPHIA,

1876

NEW ORLEANS,

1884

PARIS,

1878

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1893

ATLANTA,

1881

CHARLESTON,

1902

EVERY PIANO

we are exhibiting must be sold. This gives you an opportunity to purchase one of the finest instruments ever turned out of a factory for the price you would have to pay for the regular run. The instruments we are exhibiting are specially picked for this Fair.

Also in dealing with us you deal direct with the manufacturer, saving the middle man's profits and thereby placing the instrument to you at about the same figure the dealer has to pay for it.

If you have the slightest idea of ever being the possessor of a piano it will pay you to call and examine our display. If you do not care to pay the price of a high grade piano, we can furnish you a piano at your own price and on terms to suit. Every instrument backed by a Guarantee, protected by unlimited capital.

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CHAS. M. STIEFF.

GEO. S. NUSSEAR, Manager.

INVESTIGATE!

GOING WEST

ARTICLE NUMBER NINE

By A. G. MOORE

Written for the Morning Post

It is a sixteen hour ride from El Paso to Yuma, and if taken in the day time—and in the summer—is apt to be a hot ride, beginning in the desert and ending in the desert. A Southern Pacific old burning locomotive, however, does away with much of the ordinary annoyance of traveling in hot weather. Crossing the high bridge over the Rio Grande just outside El Paso, then along the gray and light brown sandstone hills and sand dunes, overlooking a beautiful valley which stretches away for miles where cattle appear like pigmies grazing in the distance, from an elevation of 3713, one gradually rises onto an immense plateau and travels for miles and miles across barren desert, with only an occasional station here and there, where are usually a few wretched Mexican huts around it and a bit of green shrubbery kept fresh by water from Southern Pacific tanks. A maximum elevation of nearly 5000 feet, one attains, then up and down till you reach Dragon, and after that a gradual, but steady, descent from 4500 to 240 feet, and you are at Yuma, on the banks of the Colorado, into whose valley you have only to descend to be almost on a level with the sea.

But this ride, barren as is the country, is not without its attractions. It is even interesting to watch the mirages appear one after another, when one could have sworn there was a great lake ahead, but on coming to the place, sees only the desert, dry and bare, save for perhaps some nondescript small desert trees.

And there are Stein's Pass and Railroad Pass, where the cars run almost beneath the great rugged peaks, crowned with immense bowlders, which compel a certain admiration for their very baldness. But how different from our forest-covered highlands, furnishing cool, shady nooks! Their elevation cannot ward off the heat, and here they stand, as they have stood for ages, battling with the sun and no means of escape or protection from their mighty persecutor, who gradually browns them and crumbles them to dust.

From Railroad Pass we wound down to Benson, in a little valley 1000 feet below. Backwards and forwards we went, long loop on loop, immense fold on fold, a distance of fifty miles by rail, not half that as the crow flies,

stretched across the river, high enough for the steamers to pass under.

The town of Yuma, though most of its growth and prosperity and especially the white element among its population—are matters of the past two or three years, is not entirely without historic interest, either. Just at the foot of Main street is the ferry, formerly used by the famous old Butterfield Stage line which traversed this country and ran over into California in the earlier days before the coming of the railroads. At the right of the California end of this ferry, the mesa rises to quite an eminence, and formerly the old Fort Yuma crowned his height. The fortifications were not very strong, as the Indian were the only enemy, and with only their bows and arrows would hardly scale the hill in the face of rifle fire. There were ten or a dozen small one-story houses, with a lattice enclosing them—and this was the fort. It is told that several men who afterwards became famous in the Civil War were once stationed here, and there is a tradition that Gen. Albert Sidney Johnston, when he had resigned his post on the Pacific coast and started east to join the Confederacy, camped at the foot of the hill and visited friends at the fort.

Within recent years, however, the government has established an Indian school here, using the same old buildings, except that a two-story dormitory has replaced one of the smaller buildings destroyed by fire. And still the American flag flies over the spot, not now as the terror and menace of the red man, but the emblem of his friend and benefactor.

On a corresponding eminence across the river from the Indian school, and a hundred yards or so above the ferry, is situated the Territorial prison, a formidable looking affair, perched on this eminence overlooking the river, and surrounded by a thick adobe wall with rock foundation. And so flag waves in answer to flag across the water, like silent sentinels guarding the boundary line and keeping watch over the ferry below.

Formerly the Gila river flowed into the Colorado just behind this prison, and the California boundary, calling for the middle of the Colorado to its junction with the Gila, these two rivers, took by all the south bank of the Colorado river here, including quite a strip of Yuma. The remainder of the town site was Mexican soil until the Gadsden purchase, which included all this lower portion of Arizona. And then the people on the south side wanted to be in Arizona instead of California. The California tax collector continued to come, however, until they finally imprisoned him, and only released him when he promised to go home and come no more. From that time the whole of the land on the south side of the river has been considered Arizona soil, and so recognized by the state of California. Meantime, however, the Gila river shifted two miles higher up, which made the

point of confluence further north anyway.

There are a number of mines of gold, silver, quick silver and other precious metals, located in the mountain regions north and east of Yuma, which bring more or less business to the town. There is Castle Dome to the east, named on account of the shape of the mountain, the top of which very much resembles a house, and Picacho Peak to the north, both of which are rich in precious minerals.

The principal industries in and around Yuma, however, are raising stock, cattle and chickens, dairying, and hay and truck farming. Of course Yuma is dry, being in the desert, and the valley is dry. There are two pumping canal systems, however, and one gravity system for irrigating the upper portion of the valley, which is extremely fertile and under irrigation produces all manner of fruits and vegetables. The government has a station here, and just at present they are making experiments with hemp, which grows rank and wild in the valley. The Southern Pacific Railway also has a large tract under cultivation on the mesa, where they have a large orange orchard, also palms, grape-fruit, etc. Blackberries, pomegranates, grapes, olives, lemons, peaches, figs, dates and other palms grow luxuriantly, and literally all kinds of vegetables. Sweet potatoes grow to weigh forty pounds. This is true, they've been weighed.

There is a great deal of salt in the valley. In the uncultivated parts one finds dark spots all about where the salt keeps it moist, and others where it is dried and caked and white. The worst places are avoided by the white people, who use no manure, but the Chinese, who are the chief gardeners, as well as chief restaurateurs, select the saltiest spots, then use manure and engage in a high form of intensive cultivation. This salt affects nearly everything. The water is salt, the sweet potatoes are salt, and even the sorghum. If the juice were cooked, would seem more likely to make salt than sugar. It doesn't affect watermelons, however, and they grow as fine as I have ever seen.

It is nothing unusual for the thermometer to register over a hundred in Yuma during July and August, and the average temperature for the two months, day and night, is over 95. Several days during the past summer it reached 120 degrees. But that's not hot—O no! For no one is ever injured by the heat here. It is a kind of harmless, dry heat, you know. In New York and Chicago they have sun strokes and die, but not here. Here people can work all day long in the sun without danger. But if you believe it is not hot and does not make a glare on this bare mesa, then you just try it about 1 o'clock in the middle of August! A man in the valley makes a practice of simply laying his eggs up on his mantelpiece and allowing them to hatch of themselves. I saw several chickens which were hatched out from chance eggs left in the grass under the shade of a tree.

Had they been in the sun they would have cooked. The ladies have to set a pan of water in their pianos to set them from shrinking beyond repair. But this heat makes it possible for the farmers to raise two crops of corn on the same soil. The corn is ready every month during more than half the year. As they say, it cools money for them. Bermuda grass is green all winter, and watermelons bear till Christmas; there is a good market for them all summer, and the Indians buy them as long as they last—when the year's steal them. But the hot weather is gone now; early on the morning of September 30 the thermometer registered only 70 degrees, and people are wearing their coats and silvering. Cold is more oppressive than heat; the nights are sold all during the summer.

The people here are of all races and nationalities. The principal merchant is an Italian; there are many Mexicans, as this was once Mexican soil and is near the line. There are also many Indians, and of recent years many whites. Besides there are a number of Chinese, and one Jap. Last of all—there are just a very few negroes. They don't do well here—they are not in favor—neither are the Mexicans, very much, and the Indians are little better. Owing to the dryness of the climate and the splendid winters many people have come here from all parts of the Union for relief from rheumatism, nasal, throat, and lung troubles, as well as simply to make money. There are six or eight families from North Carolina, who are still loyal to the Old North State, though so far away.

In this conglomerate population almost anyone can find congenial companions, though he must occasionally leave a quiet sigh in longing for the advantages of eastern life. The country is building up, however; Yuma is growing; they have a good public reading room, good schools and a few earnest preachers and church members who are trying to improve the moral conditions. Yuma can accommodate good settlers and wants them—they are coming, and with them and with the growth of the town, are coming many more of the advantages of more thickly settled regions.

LIVE PAST CENTURY MARK

(From the New York Tribune.)

Ever since the days of the many-centuried patriarchs mankind has evinced great interest in those who have passed the usual limits of life. The disposition to calculate and speculate as to centenarians is shown by the estimate that a man who lives to be sixty years old has spent seven months in buttoning his shirt collar. Perhaps even such a speculation is, on the whole, about as valuable as some of the maxims and rules laid down by those who have passed the century mark. Still, notwithstanding the jocular estimates and the contradictory maxims of the cen-

tenarians themselves, the interest of the many in these veterans in the army of life is undeniable and increases rather than diminishes with the years. Men like Profs. Leob and Burke are studying in the laboratory the origin of life, but there have probably never before been so many intelligent persons who seized with avidity upon every plausible plan or rule to prolong life.

The prediction is frequently made that the ordinary mortal span will eventually be so lengthened that man will be at his best from 70 to 100, and that those who die at less than the latter age will be deemed guilty of culpable negligence.

Some find the secret in a return to what they call the natural simple life of the patriarchs of Scripture and would have us grind between rude stones the grain for our daily food. Some assert that in uncooked foods lies the road leading to the century gate, while others would have us live as we please and take no thought of long life as the surest means of reaching it. No rules or maxims are too absurd to have their followers, and the one conclusion that may safely be adduced is that the majority of people would gladly live long provided the usual infirmities of age could be avoided.

Whether the old world with its settled ways and life ordered by centuries of precedent, or the new world with its different climatic and governmental, agricultural and industrial conditions, is conducive to the greater longevity remains a mooted question. Certainly, many seem to have found, if not the fountain of youth, at least the fountain of years in the New World. Indians in California and Mexico are credibly declared to have reached ages from 120 to 140, and at Holuca, Mexico, a few years ago lived a man whose claim to be 192 did not, perhaps, require a discount of more than 33 1-3 per cent.

That New York, the busiest city on the continent, is not unfavorable to longevity is shown in the large list of centenarians it has numbered among its citizens, while a popular saying in the Connecticut Valley is that the inhabitants never die, but dry up and blow away.

On the other hand, it must be admitted that many centenarians of the New World were born in Europe. In the obituary columns of the London Times one day a few years ago twenty-three deaths were recorded, and the united ages of seventeen of those long-lived individuals amounted to 1,339 years, or an average of nearly seventy-nine. Ireland has furnished a list of centenarians, including not only persons who lived and died on the Emerald Isles but also a goodly number who emigrated to America and helped to swell the records of longevity in the New World. The chances for living to be 100 therefore, seem to be equally divided between Europe and America, and also between men and women, which seems to be an equitable reflection in regard to cen-

tenarians, because it is of general application and refers the question of years to the personal equation

OCTOBER DAYS

In robes of airy purple,
The distant hills are clad,
And Autumn's horn of plenty,
The husbandman makes glad,
The corn fields are rejoicing
In treasures yet untold;
The orchard boughs are bending
'Neath wealth of red and gold.

The shepherd winds are driving
White flocks across the skies;
The vine's rich interlacings
Are clad in Tyrean dyes,
The chestnut's drooping largesse
The busy squirrels claim:
Adown the vale the sumac
Holds up its torch of flame.

The jaunty jay is jeering
Atop the locust tree,—
A cynic fop in feathers,—
Disdaining minstrelsy;
The crafty crow, slow winging
His lazy flight along,
Revels the woodland chorus,
With critic croaks at song.

The graceful maple trembles,
A-blush with maiden shame,—
The Forest King rudely kissed her,
Her cheeks are all a-flame,
The stately elm is crested
With plumes of fairy gold;
The vine's rich, luscious clusters
"Imprisoned sunshine" hold.

The ivy, gentle clinging,
Has caught the gnarled oak,
His ragged scars concealing,
Beneath her crimson cloak;
The birch, arrayed in tatters
Mid this rich brotherhood,
Clings to his wasting treasures—
The miser of the wood.

The thrifty bees hold revel
Upon the goldenrod;
To zephyrs, gently waving,
The purple asters nod;
The brooklet's fairy island
Holds beauty's sweet surprise,
There violets, in secret,
Are painting summer skies.

Queen Autumn's brows are flushing,
With warmth of amber wine,
Her dreamy eyes are closing,—
Oh, time most rare, divine!
Now smiling, sun crowned summer
Returns with glad surprise,—
Softly she comes, on tines,
To say her last goodbyes,
(Henry Walter Graham in National Magazine for October.)

"How did you spend the summer?"
said the old friend.
"Very nicely," answered Mr. Cum-
rox. "Sent mother and the girls to
Newport."
"And you?"
"I stayed at home with a fine lot
of old port."—Washington Star.