BAD LANDS WONDERS.

A STRANGE, UNCANNY AND FASCINATING SIGHT.

A Deserted Town—The Tremendous Output of Nature—Problems Beyond the Depth of Science—The Marquis de Mores—An Underworld of Fire.

[Special Correspondence.]

MEDORA, N. D., Aug. 14.—This strange, uncanny town is situated in the very heart of the Mauvaises Terres, or Bad Lands—a weird and wonderful strip of territory, and one that has no counterpart on our planet. It lies in the northeast corner of North Dakota and is 30 miles in length by 10 in width.

Circumstances lately called me here, and I will try to transcribe my impressions of the infinitely fearful yet fascinating scenery by which I am surrounded.

I boarded a Northern Pacific train at St. Paul as sundown was splashing the sky with scarlet splendor and was soon being whirled through the sylvan scenery of Minnesota. Night drifted in, and when daybreak pearled in peerless light we were far out on the plains of North Dakota. On, on, on thundered the train over leagues, leagues and leagues of prairie. On, on, on thundered the train for hours, hours and hours through a timberless land—a land without a hill, valley or forest to break the monotony of the view. On, on, on, until suddenly the scene underwent a transformation so unreal, grotesque and uncanny that I gave a start and stared out of the car window, wondering if I had become the victim of an optical illusion.

My awe and amazement grew the longer I gazed upon the view unfolding before my vision as the train went spinning through the sunlight.

To describe the marvelous scenery—to depict its miracle combinations of form, color and suggestion—would require an inspiration denied to finite man.

To paint it would throw a Dore into despair.

To picture it with the pen would cause a Ruskin to reel from the task.

Buttes from 50 to 150 feet high tower on every hand, huddled together like freaks that seek the sympathetic society of fellow freaks, full knowing they have nothing in common with the common world. These buttes are formed of argillaceous limestone, lignite, scoriæ, friable sandstone and raw clay—some possessing all of these elements, some possessing four, three, two or only one.

Many of the mounds are striped with varying dyes. Here is one that is blue, brown and gray. There looms one that is golden at the base, its primrose tint changing to bright white higher up, while its summit is scarlet as your blood. Yonder is one that looks like a vast pyramid of spotless snow, while farther on is another green with grass. Hundreds, thousands, triple trine thousands of these unspeakable formations stretch off, off and off till they fade in the opal sky line and are lost in lonesome space.

Between the buttes are great gulches spread with bunch and buffalo grasses and ground juniper. Trees are few, but stray cedars can be seen on the margins of the streams that wind their wimpling way to the Little Missouri.

"And this is Medora!" I thought to myself as I walked up the silent, solitary street of the little hamlet—a hamlet of international renown—a hamlet suggesting a reminiscence at every step. It is situated on a plain of several acres in area and is cinctured by commanding buttes. It was founded by the Marquis de Mores, was christened in honor of his young, dashing, beautiful American wife, and had a population of 500 in its palmy days, when the French nobleman held court in that handsome villa on yonder beautiful plateau overlooking the Little Missouri.

"And this is Medora!"

Not a sound broke the silence, nor song of bird, nor hum of bee, nor chirp of cricket, nor lowing of herds—nothing. Not a footstep on the sidewalks save my own, and the windows of every house I passed were boarded up.

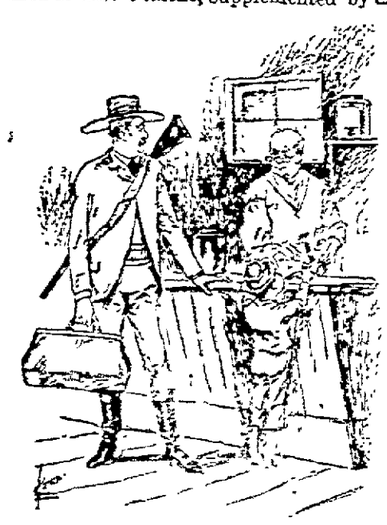
I strolled on, looking for a sign of life.

How silent it was! I shivered, though the air was the air of July. If I could only hear the trill or buzz or chirp of a sentient thing! If only a dog would run out and bark at me! But, no! Silence like that of the dead moon rolling through space.

I walked on, a feeling of terror beginning to clutch at my heart. Ah, here was an open door at last, and an old man doling out a stick of candy to a kid! I sauntered in and was soon in converse with the solitary tradesman left in the town—a fine gentleman; one of the good old type.

After resting myself and recruiting my scanty store of knowledge from the utterances of my new acquaintance I requested him to direct me to the home of Mr. James W. Foley, who superintends the immense American properties of the Marquis de Mores. He pointed out a substantial brick house a few blocks off—the finest residence in the place barring the one that was formerly the home of the French nobleman himself.

I had a delightful reception at the hands of Mr. Foley, and he impressed me as a man of native talent, supplemented by experience, observation and hard training in the school of letters. He drew two easy chairs out on the porch and told me more concerning the Bad Lands in half an hour than I could write down in a letter thrice the length of this one if you were in the presence of the scenery that confronts us as he spoke.



A FINE GENTLEMAN OF THE OLD SCHOOL.

His theory is that at one time, owing to a cataclysm that changed the whole face of this poor little atom we call the earth, the equator changed places with the arctic zone. At that period in the history of our globe the Bad Lands began growing vegetation that put the present tropics to the blush. To prove it he referred to the petrified trunk of a tree that had been found in the vicinity of Medora that was 30 feet in diameter. Think of that! Thirty feet in diameter—not circumference.

This tremendous output of nature must have been succeeded by forest fires that burned the trees down to a few feet of the ground, leaving a few of them uninjured here and there, for, mind you, they have fossilized leaves in this strip of country the very veins of which are intact and articulated in the coal formation with precision till our time.

"Then came the deluge—not the deluge of the Bible, but one that preceded it by many million years. Finally the waters found an outlet in the Little Missouri. In the meantime, however, owing to the silica in their chemical parts, they had petrified what was left of the forest."

"Yes," I queried, "but whence came the beds of lignite?"

"They were formed from vegetables in the soil washed down by this flood and swept under by the landslides that were a

A FLAG OF FLAME.

part of that cataclysm. At least this is the theory of Professor Winsor and other savants who have made a study of the subject.

"Well?"

"Well," he went on, "this lignite took fire."

"Of itself? Spontaneous combustion?"

"No."

"Then who in holy Halifax set the torch?"

Mr. Foley looked grieved at my question. A calm, great pity settled in his eyes. "Don't you know," he asked, "that there are inquiries a child can make and a Solomon can't answer? How does that blade of grass grow out there?"

I gave it up. I saw that I was getting my host beyond his depth—beyond the depth of every man in the universe.

"I will say this, however," he went on—"that these fires must have been started eons and ages before our little twinkle of time, and they formed these buttes by burning out the veins of lignite lying between them—lying in the gulches that you see," and he waved his hand toward the crazy yet charmful landscape.

The dusk had fallen, and the fantastic formations before us had taken on new shapes and suggestions in the dim and dying light. The buttes had become transfigured into fanes, temples, castles, bulwarks, fortresses and cities more terrible than Babylon.

Dusk had fallen on our talk; dusk had fallen on the quaint and quiet home; dusk had fallen over the mad, majestic land, but away to our right, overlooking the Little Missouri, on the bald scalp of a butte, a red light, like the eye of a devil, glared.

"What is that?" and I pointed toward the flame.

"That," said Mr. Foley, "is only a banner lifted up by satan from the underworld of ignited lignite. Whenever there is a fissure in a butte, a flag of flame is still unfurled, if there is lignite there."

"How strangely the strange light flickers on the red roof of the villa where the Marquis de Mores used to live!" I said. But my host was silent.

WILL HUBBARD-KENNAN.

LOTTERIES WERE ONCE SANCTIONED

And Yet People Claim That the World Is Getting No Better.

[Special Correspondence.]

ALBANY, Aug. 15.—The advanced state of the moral sense of the community of today as compared with that of other times was brought to my attention yesterday by the discovery in some old records that Union college at Schenectady was founded through lottery speculation. A little investigation of the subject shows that in one form or another most of the older institutions of learning in the United States were founded or received some degree of pecuniary aid by means of lotteries. Harvard, Yale and William and Mary were exceptions. It was not at all unusual in the eighteenth century for churches to raise money by lottery—indeed it has been asserted that two-thirds of the church edifices built in the United States prior to 1800 were indebted to lotteries for their completion, but that statement is probably somewhat overdrawn.

In 1810 the commonwealth of Massachusetts, the United States failing to do its duty in the matter, authorized a lottery for the raising of funds to build a light for the prevention of shipwrecks on Plymouth beach, and considerable money was realized from the sale of tickets for the drawings of what came to be known as the "Plymouth Beach Lottery." This was, however, one of the latest, if not the latest lottery established in the northeastern part of the country under the sanction of the state.

The founders of the republic itself early in the Revolution decided to resort to the lottery for money to carry on the contest for freedom. It was resolved by the continental congress, as the journals show, that "a sum of money be raised by way of lottery for defraying the expenses of the next campaign, the lottery to be drawn in Philadelphia." On N[illegible] it was decided to issue 100,000 [illegible] and elaborate resolutions were [illegible] scribing the method of [illegible] and conducting the drawings. A[illegible] regulations the [illegible] were [illegible] for [illegible] all the money [illegible]

[illegible] or [illegible] operation [illegible] DIX.

G. A. R. Encampment Notes.

The [illegible] five companies [illegible] the [illegible] Gen[illegible] W[illegible] of [illegible] of congress [illegible] to the army.

The souvenir of the twenty-seventh encampment will be a badge [illegible] by a miniature seal of the [illegible] with a pendant showing the Soldiers' and Sailors' monument in bas-relief.

YET WITHOUT A PEER

INCOMPARABLE STILL AND THE RICHEST ACTRESS IN AMERICA.

The Summer Home of the Peerless Lotta. Her Professional Earnings and Her Able Mother—A Prophecy Fulfilled—Rise of Clara Morris.

[Special Correspondence.]

LAKE HOPOTCONG, N. J., Aug. 15.—The visitor to Lake Hopotcong will be struck at once with its resemblance to a Swiss lake. What heights us this impression is a glimpse of a many gabled villa nestling in the trees half way up the mountains at the upper end of the lake. It is the summer home of Lotta Crabtree, famous as The Marchioness and many other characters of her own creation. The house is deceptive in appearance—that is, its roominess inside is a matter of wonder to one who at first sight believes its space to be monopolized by verandas, gables and bay windows. The halls are narrow, and as the rooms communicate directly one with the other by doors are used more as storage rooms for all sorts of curios rather than passageways.

The first room is the library, where are the books of favorite authors, many relating to the history of the stage, and writing tables, with papers scattered about more in artistic negligence than in studied careless-

THE PEERLESS LOTTA.

ness. The windows, reaching to the floor, expose a view of the glistening placidity of the lake and the almost Italian blue of the sky. Then come a couple of reception rooms, fitted up with ordinary elegance; then the dining room, with its massive mahogany table, chairs and sideboard and equally massive plate. The effect of this furniture is most somber. It was designed to be the most elegant room of all. I was told that the actress occupied the different rooms according to her varying moods.

The up stairs rooms are reached by all sorts of curious little halls—up a step here, down a step there—until you are confused beyond expression. All over the house are scattered evidences of appreciation of the the actress' art from all parts of the world—not only pictures of curious conception, certainly not divine; musical instruments fearfully and wonderfully made and full of ear splitting possibilities; huge vases covered with designs that vividly suggest a cross between heathen mythology and a Chinese puzzle, possessed no doubt of great artistic value, but utterly incomprehensible to the writer; books of all languages and ages. In one of the lower halls is a life size portrait of Lotta in the character of The Marchioness by William Morgan. It was originally intended as a gift to the city of New York, but when completed failed to suit the critical Marchioness and was doomed to everlasting obscurity. Birds from the tropics and dogs from the far north occupy positions of great importance in the actress' home.

In answer to my message Mrs. Crabtree, the actress' mother, presently appeared—a most remarkable old lady, prodigiously severe in an immaculate black silk dress. A pair of kindly gray eyes beamed from behind gold rimmed spectacles. She affected no ornaments, save two plain gold bracelets at least an inch and a half wide, and looked for all the world like the picture of a dowager duchess cut from a historical novel.

"It is said," I suggested interrogatively, "that the idea of this cottage occurred to Miss Lotta while traveling through Switzerland?"

"No," replied Mrs. Crabtree, "Miss Lotta had almost nothing to do with either the selection of the site or the plan of the house. I came up here one day some years ago with my friends the Dunlops, was charmed with the place, bought and paid for it the same day. Then I engaged a Philadelphia architect to furnish plans for a house. I was pleased with the idea of a Swiss cottage, somewhat modified by the introduction of all modern improvements. Work was begun at once, and my daughter never saw the house till she moved into it."

"It is also rumored that Miss Crabtree is the richest woman on the American stage," I queried rather timidly.

Here I got the full force of those kindly gray eyes, rather resentfully I imagined.

"Such a report is due to no talk of ours," she replied. "It is true that Miss Lotta is very well off. She has considerable real estate in different cities and a theater in Boston. Her wealth is due largely to her professional earnings and largely to successful speculation in real estate."

It is well known, let me add parenthetically, that Lotta's mother has been the actress' manager for many years and that the greater portion of her wealth is due to her mother's thrift and sound judgment. Once you talk with Mrs. Crabtree a few moments, and the story is confirmed completely.

"Will Miss Lotta go upon the road the coming season?"

"No! positively not. How soon thereafter I cannot say, but certainly [illegible] season. She has worked [illegible] long—her duties are extremely [illegible] Stories now coming well [illegible] from work. We receive letters [illegible] all parts of the country [illegible] would [illegible] applying [illegible] here [illegible] of wa[illegible] the [illegible] drop [illegible] already [illegible] sent.

[illegible] said [illegible] let [illegible] get [illegible] mother my [illegible] I was [illegible] standing [illegible] letter [illegible] gers of New York [illegible] were al[illegible] for a [illegible] car[illegible] I spoke [illegible] shall [illegible] you [illegible] and [illegible] as [illegible] Cornelia [illegible] was [illegible] one I [illegible] that she [illegible] and advised [illegible] close [illegible] selves famous by her [illegible] I have ever since followed her career with great interest. It is just as I people said, and when I saw her grow famous over night I didn't wonder. Do you think my prophecy justified? It was Clara Morris."

HENRY IRVING DODGE.

BROTHERHOOD OF ST. ANDREW.

Preparing For the Annual Convention at Detroit.

The Brotherhood of St. Andrew will hold its eighth annual convention in Detroit in September from the 14th to the 17th, inclusive. The brotherhood is connected with the Protestant Episcopal church and has a membership of over 10,000, principally young laymen. There are 850 distinct chapters in the United States, and 700 delegates are expected to attend the Detroit convention. Bishop Thomas F. Davies of Michigan will preside, and Bishop McLaren of Chicago will deliver the charge to the brotherhood. Bishop Potter of New York and many other bishops and prominent clergymen and laymen will address the convention. Chief Justice Fuller of the United States supreme court was invited to speak, but was obliged to decline because of ill health.

BISHOP DAVIES.

The Brotherhood of St. Andrew is an intensely practical organization for benevolent work among the poor and lowly. Its membership embraces men of all trades, callings and professions, and its object is the spreading of religion among those who are ordinarily indifferent to it. But its methods are peculiar and thorough. The indispensable condition of membership is willingness and ability to engage personally in the good work of the order. And this work is done by going among the people to be benefited, making friends of them and showing them by example as well as precept the benefit of orderly, sober, industrious Christian lives. Social clubs, baths, gymnasiums, kindergartens, provident associations, labor bureaus and Bible classes all figure among the means adopted, and all are managed by members of the brotherhood.

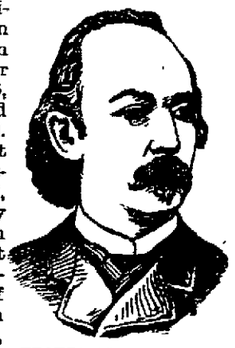
Bishop Davies has taken a conspicuous interest in the brotherhood and has in many ways fostered its work in his diocese of Michigan since he was called there in 1889. The brotherhood has also taken an interest in the bishop and has been of considerable assistance to him. It may not be amiss to recall here that Bishop Davies was for 21 years pastor of St. Peter's church in Philadelphia, and that he was the fourth in succession of the pastors of that church to be elevated to the episcopal dignity. He is a native of Connecticut and a graduate of Yale, and his ancestors were among the founders of Episcopalianism in the Wooden Nutmeg State.

The venerable Bishop McLaren, who is to deliver the charge to the brotherhood, used to be a Presbyterian minister in Detroit, but entered the Episcopal ministry because of a change of views. He was consecrated bishop of Chicago in 1875. In early manhood he was a newspaper man of considerable prominence in Cleveland and Pittsburg.

A WELSH FESTIVAL.

Preparing For the Grand International Eisteddfod at Chicago.

From time immemorial eisteddfods have been held by the Welsh people in their native land and elsewhere, but the grand international eisteddfod of the World's Columbian exposition, to be held in Festival hall on the World's fair grounds Sept. 5, 6, 7 and 8, is expected to eclipse them all. It will be the first international eisteddfod ever held, but will not be any the less Welsh on that account. It is to be given under the auspices of the Cymrodorion society of Chicago, and many of the most prominent Welshmen of the world are interesting themselves in it. Professor William Apmadoc, the secretary, is devoting his time entirely to the work and is chiefly responsible for the very excellent programme which has been prepared.



PROFESSOR APMADOC.

It may not be out of place to explain for the benefit of those who do not know that an eisteddfod is a grand competitive congress of musicians, poets, prose writers and artists that had its origin in the ancient "meetings of the bards mentioned in Cæsar's Commentaries."

At Chicago there will be over 2,000 singers from all parts of the United States and Great Britain, and Welsh writers from all over the world will have their productions in the various competitions. The prizes aggregate over $12,000, the largest amount ever offered for such a competition. The biggest single prize is $5,000, for a choral competition between choirs of mixed voices, numbering not less than 200 nor more than 250. The second prize in this case is $1,000, and there are gold medals for the successful conductors. A prize of $1,000 is put up for a competition between choirs of male voices, numbering not over 60, the second prize to be $500. For choirs of not over 50 female voices, prizes of $300 and $150 are offered, with gold medals for successful women conductors.

The first distinctively Welsh competition is No. 4 on the programme and is a Welsh anthem competition in which choirs of not more than 8[illegible] voices are to sing "Pa Fodd y Cwrympodd y Cedyrn?" and "Bendigedig fyddo Arglwydd Duw Israel." There are a number of other prizes for Welsh music—glees, part songs, solos and duets—but the noticeable thing about the programme is the number of prizes of composers of other nationalities [illegible]

Liberal pri[illegible] offered for essays and poems on st[illegible] subjects, and one for a novel of 65,0[illegible] words in English on [illegible] Welsh t[illegible] There are also prizes for [illegible] sketches and water colors, and [illegible] of the Grant monument [illegible] park open only to pupils of Ch[illegible] schools.

A Dwarf Elephant.

A [illegible] years old, 43 inches high, 3 feet [illegible] and 265 pounds, is exhibiting [illegible] The dwarf phenomenon is [illegible] his normal weight [illegible] from 6 to 7 years.

[illegible] of the Koh-i-noor.

[illegible] found [illegible] in the [illegible] Nile river. [illegible] is to be the size of the X[illegible] at $100,000.

[illegible] Cogwheels.

A Vienna [illegible] cogwheels of present [illegible] The new wheels have, it is claimed, great strength, and they do not require lubricating; on the other hand, [illegible]

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