

with his own ailments to care to argue upon caste or religion with his neighbor, the majority being as peevish and cross as the mythical bear; so, as rheumatic twinges are felt, such remarks become frequent as "Ouch!" "Dam all Hades!" "Oh lordy, take dem hoofs outen my back!" whilst the old man in the corner consoled himself with, "Oh, if I wuz only at home in my father's palace, bad luck to it!" whilst the consolation was offered by a fellow sufferer, "Bedad, if you wuz, sure you cud put yer han down the chimney and undo the latch uv the doore." Soon the car, to the olfactories at least, becomes an apothecary's shop, redolent with balsams, whisky, liniment, juniper and a confusion of other well-advertised equally sure remedies for suffering.

The story of the discovery of the Hot Springs is told as follows: A Dutchman and his family were journeying with their team from Missouri to Texas, and after a day or two spree at Fort Smith continued his route through the valley. Having punished a considerable quantity of Missouri Red Eye he was naturally very dry on arrival at the Magnesia Spring, but seeing a clear crystal-looking pool in the rock he said, "Schonney, hold on dem mules vile your olt Fader gets a drink uv wasser. The old man got down, and bending over the basin attempted a good swallow, but in a moment rising with flushed face and streaming eyes he dashed the water off with both hands and shouted, "Schonney, drive on dem mules. Hell is but tree miles from dis place."

But soon the journey is performed, and the sufferers landed a mile away from the Springs, which necessitates still another transfer by car or bus to the town of Hot Springs. The town or village consists of one street (Valley street) some mile and a half or two miles in length,