

Wonder of the World

A Mountain of Gold Existing in Queensland Making Men Rich.

In olden times it was said that there were "seven wonders of the world"—the pyramids of Egypt, the hanging gardens at Babylon, the Colossus at Rhodes, and other creations of the genius and labor of man; but, compared with these, the wonders of nature at the present day are as seventy times seven, and are found in every part of this grand old earth. We have read in the fabulous story of mountains of gold; but we supposed that such miracles of nature existed only in the visions of poets and romanticists. However, it is known to many that a veritable mountain of golden ore exists in Queensland, the sunny state of the new Australian commonwealth. This mountain is now being tumbled and leveled, and its stone crushed and passed through chemical processes. In one year over 323,000 ounces of pure gold were extracted; and the value of the mine once rose in the share market to more than seven million sterling!

Traveling in central Queensland a few months ago, curiosity induced us to visit this mountain of gold, which is situated about twenty-five miles from the populous city of Rockhampton, says a writer in Chambers' Journal. The train by which we made the journey runs some distance through open forest country, timbered mainly with bloodwood, boxgums and iron bark trees, and up a very steep grade called the Razor Back to a range of mountains stretching for miles from north to south, where the air is cool and pleasant after the heat and dust of the city. As the famous mine is approached great activity is apparent. A busy and thriving township has arisen, with its hotels, stores, hospitals, churches and schools, and though some of the buildings are roughly constructed, and in the streets steep natural runnels and blocks of stone are likely to arrest the progress of the unwary pedestrian, there is a buzz of business and evidences of enterprise that augur well for the future prosperity of this mountain town. We heard the clanging of machinery, and occasionally the sullen boom of a blasting explosion, and the smoke from the furnaces and various peculiar chemical odors made the atmosphere less bright and invigorating.

On application at the office, the manager readily gives permission to go over the works; and after a change of dress and payment of half a crown to the fund for the benefit of the miners, the visitors are provided with a guide, who shows them the process from start to finish by which the common looking stone quarried from this remarkable mountain is made to yield gold of the finest quality for the mint or the jeweler's workshop.

WORKING THE MINE.

In the immense tunnels made in the mountain, tier on tier, men busily at work blasting and hewing the stone and loading it on trucks, which convey it to buckets lowered down from one platform to another until the huge crushing machines are reached; then the ore is carried forward by trucks and buckets to the furnaces, where it is roasted and made porous for the Hall-Richard chlorination process. The ore is now placed in large barrels and treated with chloride solution, under high pressure; and afterwards it is discharged into leaching vats, fitted with sand and gravel filters, placed directly underneath. After being repeatedly washed, it is finally made to percolate through perforated board work covered with chamois cloth, and next through a bed of charcoal. This precipitates the gold, and leaves it in shining hoops of fine dust on the surface. The whole process is full of intense interest to the visitor. The grandeur and riches of nature are there, and also the science and ingenuity of man. More than 1,000,000 pounds have been spent on the machinery, electric dams for the storage of water, and the workings; about eighteen hundred men are constantly employed, and as the mine is lit up by electricity, relays of miners continue to work day and night.

Mount Morgan is somewhat oval-shaped at the base, being about a mile and a half at its largest measurement and half a mile at its shortest. It rises almost precipitously from the banks of a small river called the Deo to the height of five hundred feet and attains at its dome-like summit an altitude of twelve hundred feet above the level of the sea. There was nothing in the outward appearance of the mountain to distinguish it from the other mountains of the range; it had the same rugged slopes and gullies, and the same scrubby vegetation covered its surface as could be seen for miles around. The farming settler and the shepherd wandering over the hilly regions little dreamed of the treasure stored beneath. They would sometimes find alluvial gold in the ravines and creeks and pick up a bowlder heavily weighted with the precious metal; but that there was a whole mountain of auriferous ore waiting to be exploited by men of energy and enterprise never entered their minds. The gold was carefully hidden in stone which, in outward appearance, differed slightly from the ordinary metallic structure of the soil around.

DISCOVERY AN ACCIDENT.

The discovery was made almost accidentally. In the early days of

AS SAILOR BOLD.

A Young Girl Sails Three Voyages as a Messman.

A singular story of the sea was told at the Bristol police court. A girl of fifteen, who first gave her name as Ellen Gordon, but afterwards admitted that she was Esther McEwan, was charged with wandering abroad without visible means of subsistence. The prisoner who was clad in a rough suit of men's clothing, cried bitterly, and hid her face as she stood in the dock.

A river policeman stated that when in Prince's street that morning he heard some men talking about a woman dressed as a man who was being paid off at the Board of Trade office. His inquiries there proved fruitless, but outside he saw the prisoner standing among some other sailors. When he spoke to her she burst into tears and admitted her sex. He believed she had sailed as messman and steward. She was being paid off from the steamship Gem, which had just arrived at the Bristol docks.

At the police station the accused stated that her sister lived at Wishart, in Scotland. She admitted she had completed three voyages as mess steward, dressed in boy's clothes.

Asked by the Bench if she would go back to her sister, to whom they could telegraph, the prisoner said she did not wish to do so, as she left on account of her sister's harshness.

The Magistrate's Clerk—Could not you get into a Scotch ship as stewardess?

McEwan—When my hair gets longer.

The Bench ordered a remand until the next day.

McEwan, it is stated, had accomplished only one of her voyages upon the Gem, which vessel she joined at a port in Scotland.

Further inquiries into the case have brought to light a remarkable story of her adventures in boy's clothes. She had a sister living with a married sister at Wishart, near Glasgow, and while there she sometimes worked as a boy, but the reason of this is not clear. A book came into her hands containing the story of a girl who, unhappy at home, ran away to sea dressed as a boy. Esther McEwan thought this plan so attractive that she resolved upon a similar escapade. In September of 1901 she ran away to Dundee, and there went as cabin boy on board a coasting steamer called the Discovery. On this vessel she remained only a fortnight, landing at Newport. She gave her name as Allan Gordon.

From Dundee she shipped in a boat bound for Valparaiso, and, having completed the voyage, was discharged at Cardiff. At Penarth she soon obtained another berth, this time on board the steamship Gem, where she acted as messroom steward. No one suspected she was a girl until Alexandra, the vessel's destination, was reached, and here each member of the crew had to pass the doctor, with the result that the girl was compelled to admit her sex. The captain of the Gem therefore brought her back as a cabin passenger, but she appears to have continued to wear boy's clothes during the return voyage. It is probable that the reason of this "messroom steward" being transferred to the cabin did not remain a secret aboard, and it is not surprising that the sailors talked the matter over on reaching port.

MAN'S SEWING AND WOMAN'S.

One Cardinal Difference Between Them.

"A good seamstress never takes long threads," said Mrs. Billtops, a qualified milliner, as she spoke to a group of young women who were gathered around her in the course of a sewing lesson.

"Now, I have done more or less sewing myself in the course of my life in one situation and another, and I always took, as I still do, a long thread. I believe that most men would do just the same thing, but a good girl would not."

"But women, as you seem, or good seamstresses, anyway, never take long threads and I am informed that, besides finding in the short thread certain specific advantages, they can sew as long a seam with a short thread as a man can with a long thread."

"This they accomplish simply by greater accuracy in their work. The man with a needle and thread takes the thread on either side of the seam, regardless. In one stitch he may take in just the right amount, in the next stitch he may exceed that limit by a sixteenth or an eighth of an inch, or more, and the way in which that manner of sewing uses up thread is astonishing."

"The woman never does anything of that sort. She takes in just enough cloth and no more, and so gets over as much ground with a short thread as a man does with a long one."

"But the specific advantages of the short thread over the long one are many and great. There is less liability of a short thread's kinking; there is less likelihood of the short thread's being caught on a fold or bunch of the cloth."

"The arm of the sewer doesn't have to be swung so far in drawing the short thread through after the needle and so the sewing requires less physical exertion. Finally, and greatest advantage of all, by sewing with a short thread more work can be accomplished in a given time."

"So as between the long thread, or woman's way, and the short thread, or man's way of sewing, there can be no doubt which is the better."

LINED FOR DANCING.

At Luchow, in Germany, 129 fathers have been fined one mark apiece for allowing their children under ten years of age to dance at the harvest festival of a village near by. The village pastor objected to the dancing and reported the case to the police. It was discovered, however, that his children had danced, too, and he was fined with the rest.

The Plot That Failed and Why

"Mercy, Michael!—the last man I'd have thought of seeing in Liverpool! Where have you been all these years?"

"Where have you been, Dick? I haven't ramed very far from Tat's Corner, but you!—why, nobody's heard a breath of you for the last six years or more."

Dick Corbett laughed recklessly, and looked at his one-time chum, Michael Fenwick, in—as the latter thought—a peculiarly defiant way.

"No, they haven't; but, as that is my business, and not anybody's, just be content, my son, to know that I've been 'sailing' in nearly every sea, and that now I'm chum mate of the fastest little fruit steam 'tramp' that trades between Liverpool and the Spanish ports."

"Have you a vacancy for a 'forward' hand?"

"For — for — for you? Why! what's the pretty little Kitty about that she's letting you go to sea?"

"Never mind Kitty, Dick! I'm going to sea again, because things have been a bit rough round about Tat's Corner lately."

He spoke as if any reference to his sweetheart by the other was distasteful to him; for he clearly saw that Dick Corbett, since he had seen him last, was changed, and for the worse; he was no longer the "good fellow" of old days.

For the moment Dick was inclined to resent Michael Fenwick's evident disinclination to bring Kitty Hazel's name into the conversation, but thinking better of it, he brought Michael's shoulder.

"Look here, old chap!" he said, with a show of good-natured frankness that quite deceived the other. "I don't want to poke my nose into your love affairs; I've lived out my soft side, and don't care a 'ropes-yarn' for the trimmest petticoat that walks the earth. If you want a berth on the Erl King you can have it—I'm going aboard now; come along, and you can sign on, and finish the business."

The two men were standing by the high wall which bounds the Albert dock, and but a few yards from the dock gates.

"When do you sail?" asked Michael, as he went up the Erl King's gangway.

"To-day after to-morrow," returned the mate over his shoulder.

"Time enough to send a letter to Tat's Corner and get a reply."

"Yes," muttered Dick Corbett, as he unlocked the door of his cabin in the alleyway opposite the engine room hatch.

"You can write your letter here," he continued, "before you sign on. After that, for the sake of discipline, I can't say anything to you much in the daytime—but at night, middle watch sometimes, we'll have a chance for a 'palaver'."

Michael Fenwick's letter was to Kitty Hazel. It was not a long one; just saying that "she must not let anybody know of his leaving her in this way, and that an unexpected meeting with Dick Corbett had made things easier and the future more hopeful."

He was addressing the envelope, when Dick, who had left him for 10 minutes, returned.

The mate's eyes gleamed viciously as he caught sight of the superscription over the other's shoulder.

"Shall I post it for you?" he said.

"No, Dick—er, Mr. Corbett, I suppose I ought to say—no thanks. I've got to go after my 'duds' to the boarding-house."

The other tried hard not to appear disappointed, and so far succeeded as to awaken no suspicion in Michael's mind of any desire to tamper with the letter.

The new A. B. then signed on, agreed to be on board the following afternoon and left the ship.

Had he but turned around as he went down the gangway he would not have failed to see such an expression on Dick Corbett's face as the latter stood watching, with his arms on the rail, as would have set him thinking that the easiness of things, and the hopefulness of the future, were not quite so substantial as they appeared to be.

So he posted the letter in the first pillar box and the play went on. Tat's Corner was a quaint little old-world fishing village on the west coast, where, seven years before, Dick Corbett and Michael Fenwick had led an inseparable existence.

Kitty Hazel, then a girl of 16 only, was pretty and sweet enough to turn the heads of more than one young fellow in the place. But from the first, Michael made the running. One thing he did not know; that his friend was, behind his back, scheming to supplant him in Kitty's affections; using as his principal tool the girl's own father, Joshua Hazell, the drunkenest fisherman in all the fleet that sailed out of the little harbor of Tat's Corner.

Kitty's would-be lover played upon the old fisherman's weakness to such an extent that in a short time things seemed ripe for a declaration on his — Corbett's part.

Fortunately, however, for Michael and his sweetheart, though disastrously for old Joshua, a storm, that swept the whole of the west coast, was the means of defeating the time being, at any rate, Dick Corbett's mean and dastardly betrayal of his friend.

Old Hazell, with many another deep sea fisherman, was drowned, almost within sight of land.

In him Corbett lost the only ally who could have influenced Kitty; though she herself declares to-day, that not even her father could have shaken her faith in Michael Fenwick.

Hard times then came to Kitty, and at the date of Dick Corbett's

disappearance, she was earning a scanty living as one of the many net-members of the fishing fleet. By and by the fishing industry declined so, owing to the overwhelming increase in steam trawling, that Michael found it impossible to make a living even, while his prospects of marrying Kitty seemed more remote than ever.

Then it was that he determined to go to sea for a year or two, leaving Tat's Corner with that object, without saying a word to Kitty.

Kitty's only mistake was, that she had not told Michael that she had guessed that Dick Corbett loved her; her excuse to herself being that no word had actually been spoken.

There were thus faults on both sides, the consequences of which might, with a little mutual confidence, have been averted.

The Erl King was preparing to warp out of dock, and Michael Fenwick, sick at disappointment at not having had a reply from Kitty, was listlessly climbing up a rope on the fo'-castle head.

The chief mate was standing by the break rail, shouting orders to the man in charge of the steam winch, when, casting his eyes for a moment quayswards, he saw a girl's tearful face looking up at that part of the ship.

He could not take advantage of her proximity to speak to her; besides, Michael was too close for that action to be quite prudent—so he made a virtue of necessity, and called his subordinate's attention to his sweetheart's presence on the quay.

It would have been rank insubordination to leave the ship, even for five minutes, so all Michael could do was to lean over the rail and speak to her.

"You shouldn't have come," he said, first looking round to see that there were not immediate listeners. "We shall cast off in less than 10 minutes."

"I couldn't let you go without saying good-by, Michael."

"Yes, I know it; it was wrong of me to leave you without a word; but I did it for the best, Kitty."

"Don't say anything more about that, Michael—I just want you to promise me one thing."

"What is it?"

"Promise me you'll do what I've asked you in this?"

As she spoke the last word she threw on board a piece of paper wrapped round something hard. It fell at his feet, and he picked it up on the instant, and put it in his pocket.

"You mustn't remain any longer, Kit!" (even then the ship had begun to move away from the quay). "I'll remember. Good-by!"

At that moment Corbett called him to do something, and when he looked round again the steamer was a hundred yards from the quay; all he could see being a little figure waving a white handkerchief.

When they were well in the Mersey and fairly on their way seaward he took out and read Kitty's last little note of appeal.

It was not really a letter; it was just a request in one sentence: "For your own safety's sake, dear, and for love of me, beware of Dick Corbett."

At six bells, first watch, Michael was relieved, and before descending to the fo'-castle stood leaning on the rail, looking at the setting, rushing water.

Suddenly a hand was laid on his shoulder. It was mate, Dick Corbett.

"Cold to-night, Michael," he said. "Ay—it is that."

"Makes you think of—of firesides and Kitty, our Kitty—eh, Michael?"

"Let Kitty's name alone!"

"No offense, mate. But she's not yours yet."

"As good as mine. Only this one contract, and then—"

"My son, the Erl King isn't much of a boat; she's old and cranky, while seas are rough and winds high."

"Well, if we go, we go; but if Kitty can't be mine she shan't be another man's."

"Sure of that?"

"Sure as death!"

"Hope you're right, my boy! Hope you're right—but—I have my doubts about it."

"Of Kitty?" queried Michael fiercely.

"I don't know! Let's change the subject. Come down to my cabin and have a tot—there's no one about."

Never one to harbor malice or hard thoughts, Michael assented, and the two men went below to the mate's cabin.

Up above, the roaring of the elements, down below, the doing of Satan's work.

Michael's lips were no sooner put to the glass than he was conscious of something uncanny about it.

There is no delay in its effect. Seeming to madden and burn like vitriol, it produced an instant sense of blank unconsciousness.

Except the lookout in the bows, and the man at the wheel, aft, there was not a soul to see Dick Corbett stagger on to the poop deck with the inert body of Michael over his shoulders.

At Tat's Corner Kitty Hazel sits, under the lee of some rocks on the beach, wearily mending her nets.

There are half a score of other women, young and old, working around her, but she speaks to no one; and, with the sympathy of their kind they leave her severely alone.

By and by, the old man who performs the duties of letter carrier is seen to be hobbling towards the beach.

"What be owd Maartin a doin' ere now, I wonder?" said an old dame sitting close by Kitty.

The remark was sufficient to make the girl raise her head.

As she did so, the old postman saw her looking at him, and waved something above his head.

"Kitty Hazel, it's a message for ee," he said, putting the orange-

colored envelope into her trembling hand. With feverish eagerness she tore it open.

It was from the house surgeon of a large Liverpool hospital. "Michael Fenwick brought here on landing from Braga, Portugal. Is seriously ill. Wishes to see you."

"Kit," said Michael, sobbing, in his weakness like a child, "you will never forgive me for not keeping my promise."

"Yes, dear, I forgive you, for you have suffered most."

"One more question, Kit."

"Well, Michael?"

"Dick Corbett—what of him?"

He tried to raise himself in the bed to listen to her answer.

"Tell me," he said again, excitedly. "Is that fiend, who tried to drop me over a ship's side, on a dark and stormy night—is he to escape justice?"

"What do you consider justice, Michael?"

"Death!—nothing short of death!"

"Well, dear, the doctor has just told me, that the Erl King, with all hands, is reported as having foundered on the same night that you drifted in that small boat to the Portuguese port. Dick Corbett, therefore, has received justice, and you and I have no more to say."

Michael Fenwick went no more to sea, for his case having enlisted public sympathy, a few wealthy gentlemen in Liverpool subscribed to buy him a fishing boat of his own, which he works by deputy.

A little while after the new vessel arrived round at Tat's Corner, he and Kitty were married, and so far as report has it, with the happiest results.

A BOOMERANG.

Of course a man may without reproach refer to the excellence of his own work, but it is never well to call attention to one's own skill by casting aspersions upon the ability of others. A piano tuner had nearly finished his work on her piano when he looked up and said to the lady of the house:

"Your instrument was in awful condition. You ought to have sent for me sooner."

"It was tuned only three months ago."

"Then the man who did it was ignorant of his business."

"Do you think so?"

"In sure of it, ma'am. He ought to be sawing wood or cleaning the streets instead of tuning pianos. A delicate instrument like a piano needs fingers equally delicate to handle it, and it needs an accurate ear, too. The person who attempted to tune this instrument last evidently had neither."

Here the tuner regarded his own hands complacently, and then continued: "In fact, I am free to say," he added, "that he did more harm than good."

"I can hardly think it is so bad as that."

"Well, he certainly didn't do it any good. May I ask you the man was?"

"Yes, it was yourself."

"Madam, you are mistaken. I never tuned a piano in this house before."

"Probably not; but you tuned that instrument, nevertheless, or attempted to. It belongs to Mrs. Jones, who sent it here for me to use while she is out of town. She told me you had always tuned it, and to send for you when it needed tuning again."

On his way back to the piano warehouse the tuner reflected solemnly on the irritating way some women have of presenting facts.

ANT HYPNOTISTS.

That ants doctor their sick by hypnotism and magnetism is proved by observation. An ardent student tells how he witnessed what may be termed a séance in medical science among ants. He saw several of these little creatures emerge from the hills and noticed that there were some among them which were weak and emaciated—invalids, in fact. They were accompanied by healthy members of the community, and all made their way toward a distant mound.

On following their movements through a glass the observer saw on this mound a big and sturdy ant which made some motions in the direction of the advancing invalids. The latter went up the mound, one by one, and submitted themselves to treatment. This consisted in the physician ant passing his feelers over the head and body of the patient in a manner distinctly suggestive of the hypnotizing of nerves and muscles practised by human doctors. Every one went through the treatment, then the patients went back, and the doctor marched off in the opposite direction.

A QUEER BATH.

In Finland a novel form of vapor bath has recently become popular. A person who proposes to enjoy it lies down at full length in a hammock, which is suspended over a large bath tub filled with ice-cold water. An attendant then throws into this water some hot bricks, whereupon a vapor arises and envelops the person lying in the hammock. For some minutes the attendant allows him to remain exposed to the vapor, and then, after removing the bricks, he gives the hammock a jerk, and the gentleman in it comes plump down into cold water. Those who have tried this method of bathing say that the sensation is quite novel, and that the sudden plunge into the cold water really invigorates one.

TO MARKET ON STILTS.

An interesting and picturesque custom in Southwestern France is that of going to market on stilts. Groups of young men and women mounted on high stilts may be seen daily crossing the marshy plains known as "The Landes." "The Landes" are cut up into small ditches, pools, and hummocks, and stilts are, in consequence, almost necessary to those who desire to traverse them.

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