

body busy. They told me, before I came, that there was no water in Cobalt. It's all wrong. The day I landed there was lots of it, but it was all worked into the soil and got into your system over the tops of your shoes. This was uncomfortable for those who do not like water—and I met more of that kind in one week than I saw in New York City in seventeen years—*not* in Cobalt, as one *must* take water or go dry in this temperance town—unless—but that is also “another story,” which you may hear told the second day after you land. One of the O—— boys I met must have heard it the first day. He seemed so happy. Said he'd found a small menagerie up Main Street. He had only a vague notion of the animals, and all that he could remember was a little pig, and *it* was “blind”—poor thing! He wanted me to go see it, but I'm so tender-hearted that I cannot endure to look upon affliction, even in an animal, and I refused. Next time I saw him—an hour or two later—he couldn't have seen a pen of “pigs,” he was that “blind” himself. I don't know, but some one said he was “paralyzed.” And incidentally I've never before seen so many cases of “paralysis” in a healthy camp as in the Cobalt district, covering a distance of twenty miles. Some days the sound man is the exception. Newton, Kansas, in the Seventies, had more, and the difference was that in Newton they used powder guns to do the “shooting”; here they use superheated uncompressed “air”—lots and lots of it, and so full of “sulphur” that “His Majesty” might start a new “camp” with the output.

And yet Cobalt, notwithstanding, is unique in the mining camps of the world. No intoxicants are allowed, by law, to be sold; it has fine schools, many churches, and is fast coming out of the chaos of its earlier years.

But about Cobalt's topography, of which it has so great a variety—stumps predominating. You start up one street with a waggon, and you'll have to go around through some other street or you'll never get there, unless you go 'cross lots. The Government sells and takes out of one of its towns all it can possibly get and then leaves the town in the mud. It, or *they*,