

The Rocky Mountains.

BY APÉMANTUS.

We have before us the five-cent Omaha on which is pictured John Charles Fremont explorer, general, politician; who was closely connected with the affairs of this country for more than forty years.

It is not the purpose of this article to write a biography of General Fremont but to portray something of the change that has taken place in this western country during the past sixty-years.

The writer had an uncle connected with the expedition of Mr. Fremont to the Rocky Mountains in 1842, and many are the stories to which we have listened, of that wild mountainous country, and since that time we have witnessed many changes.

The great plains are now a grazing country, the buffalo given place to tame cattle, farm-houses everywhere, wolves, bears, and Indians numbered among the things that were. The gold in those mountains has built cities in the waste and planted hotels and gambling houses among the haunts of the grizzly bear. A few fanatical outcasts groped their way across these plains to seek an asylum from gentile persecution, and have reared a swarming Jerusalem in the bosom of solitude itself. Commerce and gold have bred nations along the Pacific, the disenchanting screech of the locomotive breaks the spell of weird, mysterious mountains, woman's rights invade the fastnesses of Arrapahoes, and despairing savagery, assailed in front and rear, vails its scalp-locks and feathers before triumphant common place.

The wildcavalades that defiled down the gorges of the Rocky Mountains, with its paint and war-plumes, glittering trophies and savage embroidery, bows, arrows,

lances and shields will never be seen again. Those who formed them have found bloody graves, or a ghastlier burial in the maws of wolves. The Indian of to-day, armed with a revolver and crowned with an old hat, legs encased possibly in trousers or muffled in a tawdry shirt, is an Indian still, but one shorn of the picturesqueness which was his most conspicuous merit.

The mountain trapper is no more, and the grim romance of his wild, hard life is but a memory of the past.

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It is probable that but few of our readers know that the bridge pictured on the two-dollar Omaha is the second longest bridge in the United States, being the bridge over the Mississippi river at St. Louis, and is 2,200 feet in length. The longest bridge in the U. S. is the Brooklyn, N. Y., 6000 feet. The longest in America is the Victoria Bridge in Canada, 7,200 feet.

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Philately as a Science.

BY H. D. HENNESSEY.

To a great extent philately has been looked down upon by a large majority of the people as a craze and the philatelist regarded as a crank. These people know nothing about the art, and nine cases out of ten do not care to learn, but prefer to stand off and talk about "those little bits of paper."

That stamp collecting is amusing and beneficial is shown by the fact that it is a rare thing for a person who once begins collecting in earnest, to turn his back completely upon philately.

The boy or girl who does not collect stamps is considerably handicapped by the collector in different ways. One, is study.