

YELLOWSTONE PARK OF NEW ZEALAND!

The Wonderland of the South
Pacific.

Hot Springs, Geysers, Volcanoes
and Lakes of Boiling Mud.

Steam Laundries Are Free—What
the Country, the Farms and the
Railroads Look Like to
a Visitor.

Mr. Frank G. Carpenter, in a special
letter to the Pittsburgh (Pa.) Dispatch,
from Auckland, New Zealand, writes
as follows:

Mark Twain says Pittsburg
looks like — Hades with the lid off.
I have been traveling through a part
of New Zealand which looks like
"Hades with the lid on," save that
there are a thousand and one holes in
the cover from which all sorts of poi-
sonous gases, maledorous smells, boil-
ing springs and other devilish evi-
dences are pouring forth.

I am in the Yellowstone Park of New
Zealand, a land of volcanoes, geysers,
earthquakes and lakes of boiling mud,
a land in which old Mother Earth is
ever sending forth hot paint, or belch-
ing out steam loaded with alum.

MANY MILES OF BAD LANDS.
This region is situated 171 miles
southeast of Auckland, near the center
of the North Island. It covers almost
two million acres. It is about 30 miles
wide and 100 miles long, and the crust
upon it is so thin that as you walk or
ride over it you seem to hear a
thousand devils rumbling and raging
below and feel that there is little more
than a sheet of brown paper between
you and the bottomless pit.

The face of the earth changes from
week to week. Great cracks open and
new boiling pools burst forth. There
are frequent earthquakes and now and
then a mountain breaks forth into
eruption. There are active volcanoes,
and no one knows when these devils
may not spring into life, as
Mount Tarawera did in 1886. In that
year, on June 10, the towns about this
mountain were destroyed. Several
villages were covered to a
depth of 60 feet by

A DELUGE OF MUD.
Both houses and inhabitants were
destroyed almost as completely as
Pompeii and Herculaneum by Vesuvius
centuries ago. The bottom of a
big lake was blown out and in its
place came a roaring crater, which
sent up a column of steam to a height
of almost three miles. The earth broke
open. There was one crack nine miles
long. New lakes were formed, clouds
of ashes and dust turned midday to
evening, and for miles around there
was a downpour of water, mud and
stones.

VOLCANIC ERUPTIONS DESTRUCTIVE.

The eruption destroyed the famous
pink terraces of New Zealand. These
terraces were in the form of basins.
They were made by the sediment from
the mineral waters of a geyser 100 feet
above the lake. The basins were filled
with the clearest of hot water,
boiling blue at the top and changing
to color to a lighter hue as it fell from
terrace to terrace. They were sur-
rounded by walls which seemed to be
made of jewels; some were pink, others
white. The water pattered over them
in tiny cascades, and when the sun
shone the hillsides seemed alive
with falling diamonds, pearls, em-
eralds and rubies. The terraces are
being re-formed, and in the near fu-
ture nature will probably have rebuilt
them in an even more beautiful form
than they were in the past.

I spent a day in the train going
from Auckland to the Hot Springs re-
gion. Rotorua, the central town of
this Yellowstone of the south, was my
destination. Leaving Auckland we
shot out into a rich farming district.
The fields were green with luxuriant
grass, or black where the soil was
being turned up for planting. Volcanic
evidences were everywhere. Chunks
of lava were scattered over the fields,
and in many places there were fences
of lava.

COUNTRY SCENES IN NEW ZEALAND.

Near Auckland the farms are small
and the farm houses are especially so.
This I have observed in all parts of
Australia and New Zealand. The front-
ier cabins are not so big as those of
the wooded regions of the United
States. In many of the farms there is
scarcely of lumber. The average farm-
house is a wooden cottage of four,
five or six rooms, roofed with gal-
vanized iron. There are no barns, no
stables, no outbuildings. The stock
feed off the fields all the year round,
for the grass is always green.

Now we go through plains covered
with brush. We ride for miles along
the banks of the Waikato River, the
largest in New Zealand, and on again
into a country of farms. The holdings
have now grown larger. We go
through a great estate owned by one
of the landed nobles. It contains 56,
000 acres. It will probably soon be
taken by the government and divided
into small farms. At present it is
given up to sheep and cattle. We see
droves of hundreds of cattle and sheep
in flocks of thousands. The sheep are
feeding on turnips, biting them out of
the ground in which they have grown.
There are acres of turnips, their green
tops eaten off and the white, round
roots lying like tens of thousands of
billiard balls upon the ground. The
sheep will feed upon them until nothing
is left.

FEATHER DUSTER BRANCHES ON TREES.

How beautiful the land is! It is
rolling. We go over plains which look
like the blue grass lands of Kentucky
and others which remind me of the
meadows of old England. We pass
through groves of cabbage trees or
New Zealand palms. Each has a tall
trunk ending in a feathery duster of
green leaves, which jut out on all
sides. There is plenty of poor land as
well as good, and some large tracts
which still belong to the crown and
which will some time be turned into
farms.

As we go I examine the railroad.
Like all the colony it belongs to the
government, and its officials are gov-
ernment clerks. The conductor is called

the guard. He comes through the
station and punches the tickets from
time to time. The smaller stations are
also postoffices, and I see signs evidenc-
ing they are government buildings.
Banks and the offices of the govern-
ment life insurance companies as
well.

GOVERNMENT RAILWAY NARROW GAUGE.

The gauge of the railroad is only
3½ feet. The roadbed is ballasted
with lava and pumice stone, and
seems to be well built. The cars are
comfortably made, half after the Amer-
ican and half after the English fas-
hion. At every station a bell is rung
before the train starts. Every train
and then there is a five minutes' stop
that the passengers may get out and
buy a cup of tea, a glass of whisky or
beer. The New Zealanders are great
drinkers. They are always stuffing
and swilling. Nevertheless they keep
fat and healthy. Beer, whisky and tea
are sold at the stations. I try them
all. The whisky is Scotch. It has a
smoky, peaty taste, and is sold in
cents a glass. Tea is tuppence a cup.
Everyone takes it with milk and
sugar. It is strong, but not bad. No
coffee is sold, for no one wants it.
The chief trouble with the railway is
the lack of heating arrangements. The
weather was cold, and every passen-
ger had a traveling blanket which he
clapped around his feet. I had a fox
skin one, and to this I added my rub-
ber hot-water bottle. I took it from
my bag and had it filled by the girls
at the tea stations. One young woman
was amazed at the request and won-
dered what I wanted hot water for.
At last a smile lit up her face
and she said: "I understand. You
want it for the baby (baby)."

THE VERNACULAR OF NEW ZEALAND.

That is something like the English
they talk down in New Zealand. You
hear a great deal of the Cockney ac-
cent. A is frequently like "I" or "ai,"
and you have to often translate the
phrases you hear. This is the case in
stores. In buying the foxskin rug I
spoke of I asked the department store
clerk where the rugs were kept. He
said: "Go through that aisle and
look for the 'ices.' I could not tell you
what he meant by 'the ices,' until on
the other side of the store I saw some
white lace, with carpets and rugs be-
hind it, and I knew the young man
meant lace. As for the letter 'h,' I
have never heard it so misinterpreted
in England as in New Zealand. It is al-
ways off when it should be on. Even
the school children butcher the King
English in this respect, and in every
day conversation the faults are com-
mon. They remind me of the black-
smith whom I like to quote whenever
our English cousins talk about such
Americanisms as "I guess." The black-
smith was discussing the effect of
hunting versus macadamized roads on
the horses' feet, when he said:
"Hit him the 'orses' 'oots, but hit's
the 'ammer, 'ammer, 'ammer on the
'ard hiron road."

RIDING OVER A STEAMING HADES.

But to go on to the Yellowstone. As
we proceed, we pass through a region
of farms. They cover the hills, and
the valleys rise into trees like um-
brellas. The whole earth is matted
with them. The tree ferns have
stems as big around as a telegraph
pole, and some rise 15 feet without a
branch.

Farther south we come into high-
lands. We pass through forests, the
trees bound around with vines and
their wide-spreading branches hang
with green leaves. Many of them are
loaded with orchids, which ornament
the living as well as the dead, hanging
down among the green leaves and
wrapping themselves around the dead
limbs to make green again.

When we reach an altitude of about
1,000 feet above the sea we come into
a region of active volcanic energy. The
earth seems hollow. It rumbles, and
grumbles as our train moves over it.
We see steam coming forth from the
cracks here and there, and we won-
der if the crust may not break and
drop us into the bubbling, boiling,
steaming mass which evidently lies be-
low.

We pass the village of Koutu, which
is almost hidden in columns of steam
which rise from the ground above and
on by Lake Rotorua to Rotorua itself.

NEW ZEALAND'S HOT SPRINGS.
This is the famous health resort of
the South Pacific Ocean. The land all
about it is steaming, clouds of vapor
go up from pools of boiling water, each
of which has its own medicinal prop-
erties. There are hotels and cottages
and all the surroundings of such a
resort in the United States. The gov-
ernment has charge of the springs and
keeps the place for themselves. The
government has put up bathhouses
with enormous swimming pools.

The baths have curious names. One,
owing to the beauty which it gives
the complexion, steaming hot and im-
pure, is called the "Painkiller." The
other, which was named after the French
pronounce it "Ra-sheil." The people here
drop the "s" and say "Rachel," as
though they were speaking an Eng-
lish girl. Another is called the "Pri-
or Bath," another the "Painkiller," a third
the "Coffee Pot," and a fourth the "Blue
Bath." The names sound curious at
first, and when I was told that I could
have half an hour at the "Priest" I felt
like protesting I was not a Catholic,
but a cast-iron Presbyterian.

MUD AND HOT BATHS BENEFICIAL.

Joking aside, the baths are wonder-
ful. Rachel comes from a boiling cau-
dron of enormous depth, which yields
50,000 gallons daily. The water seems
to be loaded with sulphuretted hydro-
gen, and a smell of decayed eggs flows
into your nostrils. You are disgusted
until you walk down into it. Then
your skin seems to have turned to
satin, and you lie as comfortable as
though on beds of rose leaves.

The blue Bath has a swimming pool
about as big as the average city lot.
The water at 85°. It is delightful.
In the Coffee Pot the pool is cov-
ered with an oily slime and the water
is thick, brown and muddy. Still it
is a cure for rheumatism. Others of
the baths are so strong in their min-
eral properties that one must be ex-
amined by a doctor before he can enter
them.

THE MAORIS.

There are many native Maori vil-
lages in this region. The Maoris, you
know, are the aborigines of New Zea-
land. They correspond to the Indians
of North America, although far differ-
ent from them in character and cus-
toms. There are only about 40,000 of
them left. I went into many of the
houses. They are a sort of cross be-
tween an Indian hut and that of a
lower class Englishman. They are built
right over the steaming earth. Many
of them have bathing pools be-
hind them, and in the pools you see
boys and girls bathing together in the
steaming water.

MOTHER EARTH DOES THE COOK- ING.

Old Mother Earth is kind to her
Maori daughters. She does their cook-
ing for them. They never have to

make a fire nor put the kettle on.
Each woman has a steaming box of
her own which is always at the right
temperature. This one is an old dry-
goods box, a shoe box or soap box,
with the top and the bottom knocked
out and the bottom covered with slats.
It is sunken in the earth over one of
these steam holes. The food is dropped
in, and an old piece of carpet or
cloth thrown over it, and in due time
it is cooked.

Cooking is also done in the boiling
pools. Potatoes are pared and put in
to bags made of a network of rope,
each holding a quarter or a half peck.
The bags are dropped into the pool
and a string which is fastened to it
is tied to a stake outside. In a few min-
utes the potatoes are ready for eating.
Meat can be boiled the same way or
it can be put into a bucket and steam-
ed. In fact, almost anything in the
boiling or steaming line is so done by
these people. They have lately taken
up some English customs, and now
celebrate Christmas, when they make
plum puddings and cook them in these
petty volcanoes.

In some places the villagers cook at
one great vat, and in others, such as
Whakarewarewa, the women do all
the washing in one hot pool, the
water of which is soft and clear.
They kneel down on the outside of the
pool and scour the clothes together.

I like the Maori women. Their dress
is now much like ours, save that near-
ly all are barefooted. Some would be
good looking were it not for the tat-
too marks upon their chins and lips,
making them blue. Many of them
speak English, and I'd take one for a
guide through the cracking, steaming,
rumbling, spitting region about me.

AMONG THE HOT MUD GEYSERS.

She leads me from one wonder to
another. Here is a pool of boiling,
bubbling mud, which now and then
shoots a column high into the air.
That great round vat with the white
walls is made of the silica and other
minerals thrown up by a geyser; it is
called the brain pot. The vat pool
in which the yellow fluid within bub-
bles and boils is known as the cham-
pagne pool; its contents stir about just
like champagne, and the gases now
and then throw the water up to a
height of six or eight feet. The walls
are of different colors, here white,
there dark red and there yellow with
sulphur. We go to see the Pohutu
geyser, which twice a day, for about 20
minutes to three hours at a time sends
a majestic column of water high into
the air; and then take a look at the
giant's cauldron, which bubbles and
boils and seethes, heated by the fires
below.

INTO THE MOUTH OF HADES.

Come and take a trip with me into
the mouth of Hades. This is a region
about 12 miles from Rotorua. We steam
across the lake, sailing over what was
evidently once a volcanic crater, then
take horses over the country to Tiler.
As we near it we see great columns of
steam rising into the air. We tie our
horses, and with staff in hand, plunge
into the vapor. We are in the midst of
crescent of boiling springs separated by
thin walls upon which we walk looking
down into the terrible commotion be-
low.

Here is a whirlpool. The water is as
black as ink. It boils and steams and
bubbles and spouts, and the steam is
Shadrack, Meshach and Abednego fur-
naces. Watch out, for if your foot slips
you will be scalded to death!

Now we are on a great yellow mound
looking into the boiling mud, which
which almost sickens us as we stoop
over. The pool is filled with boiling
mud. There the steam is so thick you
can hardly see through it. Be care-
ful where you step. A girl slipped into
that vat the other day and came out
cooked.

THE DONKEY ENGINE.

Look at this hole, see how it bubbles
up mud and oil. It makes a noise as
if it were run by machinery, and the
people have named it the donkey en-
gine.

See the white stuff on which you are
standing. It looks like salt. You have
passed out of the sulphur hills and are
now on hills of snow, which show out
in contrast with the boiling mud. Pick
up some of the snow or salt and
taste it. How it puckers your
mouth. Your lips and tongue wither as
though you had bitten into a green per-
simmion. The stuff is in great quan-
tities. There are bushes of it here,
but mixed with other minerals. There
are parts of New Zealand where there
are cliffs of alum, and where the
springs flow out of the ground.

But let us take a look at the inferno.
We walk through the steam over a
thin crust of sulphur and look down into
a great vat 20 feet deep and so large
that you could drop a Martini house
into it without touching the sides. It
is filled with boiling paint, and as it
seethes it now throws up a column of
mud. The scent is nauseating. Our
hands are so hot that we cannot touch
the guide and beg him to lead us
forth. We go out through clouds of
steam loaded with camphor, by the De-
vil's Punch Bowl, in which the mud is
the color of cherry, and on into the
open, where the green hills and the blue
sky bring us back to earth.

Dog Teams.

Indian dogs have been at a premium
in the Klondike, the demand for them be-
ing so great that they were bought up
rapidly at prices equal to those which
a good horse would fetch elsewhere. All
sorts and conditions of men found their
way to the gold regions, and nobody
troubled himself to inquire into their
antecedents, but inquiry came fast enough
when a dog was in question. Here the
value was in inverse ratio to the civil-
ization of the dog. A wild, untrained
found that dogs accustomed to complete
fidelity can be utilized in the drawing
of sledges.

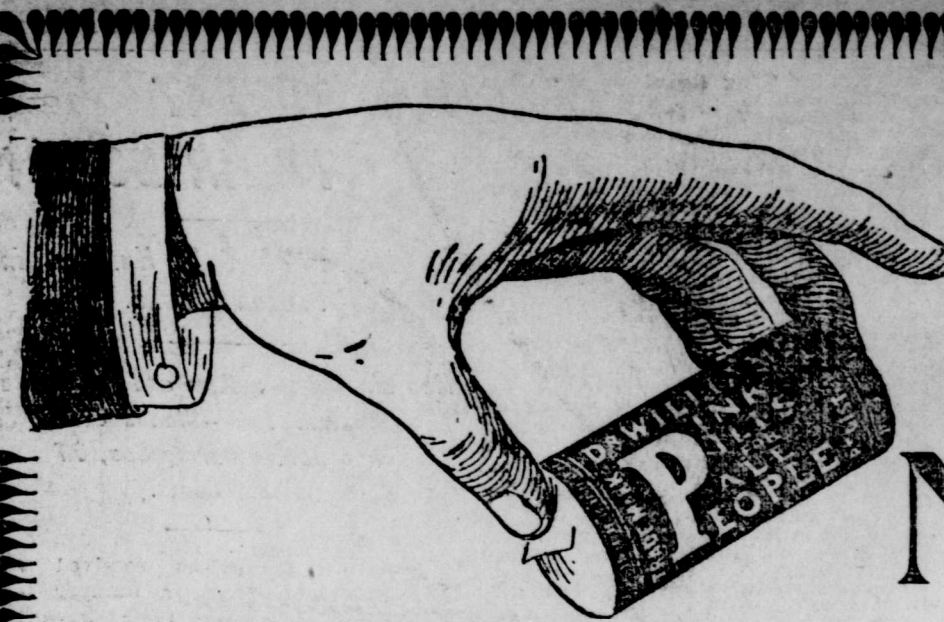
The discovery was made when the Cana-
dian government decided to send a police
force to the Klondike. An agent went
to the most likely spots in the Northwest
to purchase dogs for the force, and re-
ported that he "could not get a dog that
was a dog" for any price within the
limits of reason.

The government then sent out another
agent, with orders not to be too particu-
lar in his selection. The result, according
to Z. B. Burnham, in *Fort and Stream*,
was a company of all sorts of creatures
called dogs. They were quite
amplified for the purpose of going
along the Indian trails, but the agent
went down to Lake Superior and
bought up everything in the form of a
dog, from performing poodles to the pet
dogs of barbers' shops.

And the strangest part of the business
was that the purchases were not made
by the government, but by the Indians.
Many of the dogs were turned into useful
sledging animals, and the dogs of civilized
men were soon in competition with the
native teams.

One set of fine mongrels, about the size
of large Scotch terriers, none of them
weighing 40 pounds, drew a load of 2,000
pounds over the ice of Lake Bennett.
The sledges were always started for them,
one started they started for them, but
owner, a half-breed, would follow out of
sight, encouraging them by voice and by
a system of rewards. Dogs previously
educated to other businesses acquiesced
themselves well.

"I saw a trick poodle in one team,"
says Mr. Burnham. "His leader—there
were only two dogs to this sled—was a
big, sulky fellow, and he had a picture
of pessimism. The poodle had been re-
cently clipped, and still had his heavy



For Use Now

The necessity for a Spring Medicine is recognized by
most people. The reason is easily explainable. Close con-
finement in badly ventilated houses, shops and school rooms
during the winter months makes people feel languid, depressed,
easily tired and generally "out of sorts." Nature must be
assisted in throwing off the poison that has accumulated in
the system during the winter months, else people fall an easy
prey to disease.

Purgatives are of no use—they only leave people still
weaker. It is a tonic that is needed.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills

FOR PALE PEOPLE

Surpasses all other medicines in their tonic, strengthening
qualities. These Pills have a larger sale than any other medi-
cine in the world, which is solid proof of their merit. Wher-
ever they are used they make dull, listless men, women and
children feel bright, active and strong.

GREATLY RUN DOWN.

Mr. E. Hutchings, a printer in the office of the News, St. Johns, Nfld., writes: "I am
greatly indebted to you for the benefit I have derived from the use of Dr. Williams' Pink
Pills. I was in a greatly run down condition, and suffered from pains in the back and
stomach. My appetite was very fickle and often I had a loathing for food. I was subject to
severe headaches, and the least exertion would leave me tired and breathless. I tried several
medicines, but with no benefit—rather I was growing worse. Then I consulted a doctor,
and was under his treatment for three months, but did not get any better. Having read
much concerning Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, I finally decided to try them, and bought two
boxes. Before these were all used I could see a marked improvement, and I purchased
four boxes more. These completely restored my health, and I can now go about my work
without an ache or pain of any kind. My recovery leaves no doubt as to the remarkable
curative properties of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and I may say their value has been further
proved in the case of a friend to whom I recommended them."

Pink colored pills in glass jars, or in any loose form, or in boxes that do not
bear the full name "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People," are not Dr. Wil-
liams'. The genuine are put up in packages, with wrapper printed in red. Sold
by all dealers or direct from the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont., at
50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50.

mane and tasseled tail. He was the
best-tempered little animal imaginable.
Every time the team stopped he would
capitulate in his harness, and do every-
thing short of turning somersaults. He
stood on his hind legs, turned backward
and forward, and was never out of
an instant. Our sympathies went out to-
ward this poor little strolling actor of
a dog, forced to join in the search for
gold.

Wild Beasts and Mirrors.

[From the Philadelphia Press.]

A glance at himself in a mirror yester-
day frightened Ben, the Zoo's largest
lion, so badly that the keepers in
charge feared he would do violence to
himself. He was in an angry mood all
day, and paced restlessly up and down
his cage, stopping at the bars and raving
at every chance passerby.

The antics of a small boy particularly
excited his ire, and he raged and stormed
as only a big lion can. The lad enjoyed
the performance, and waited until Ben
had finished his tirade, and then drew
a hand mirror from under his coat and
held it directly in front of Ben.

The lion looked over and then jumped
for the intruder who dared face him in
such a fashion, but brought up against
the bars with force enough to throw him
to the floor. Surprised at the appearance
of the invader, he lifted the house with
his roars. The keepers ran to the cage
and endeavored to quiet him, but he con-
tinued the uproar until exhausted.

In the meantime the adventurous youth
had disappeared, and was discovered in
front of the wolves' cage, trying to excite
them in the same way. He was led from
the garden and warned to keep away.
About a year ago a serious disturbance
at the Zoo was due to the flashing of a
mirror in front of the lions' den. At that
time the lions, with the exception of one
or two of the wildest, were kept in one
cage. A visitor held a mirror in front
of them one afternoon, and the beasts
were thrown into a panic. They fought
and dashed at the bars with such violence

that it was feared several would die as
a result of their frantic struggles. It
required the combined efforts of all the
keepers for several hours before they
could be quieted.

IS THE BITE FATAL?
Professor Edmund J. James, of Chicago
University, Says the Rattlesnake
Is Not Deadly.

Appropos of this subject of rattlesnakes,
the remarkable statement may be quoted
recently made by Professor Edmund J.
James, of the University of Chicago, to
the effect that death from rattlesnake bite
is a great rarity, says Leslie's Weekly.
He has been working for twenty years,
he says, to obtain a well-authenticated
case of death from such a cause. Many
stories of people dying from rattlesnake
poison had been found, upon investiga-
tion, to be without foundation. One
genuine case was discovered recently in Geor-
gia was considered by Professor James
sufficiently remarkable to warrant him in
obtaining a sworn affidavit from the
physician known to him as the "diamond
rattler." The man died from
paralysis of the heart, caused by the bite,
watering in great agony for eighteen
hours.

Referring to Professor James' state-
ment, Dr. Menger says that his own ex-
perience, and that of many of his pro-
fessional associates in Texas indicates
that death from rattlesnake bite is not
so rare a thing as the Chicago professor
would have the world believe.
"Rattlesnakes," says Dr. Menger, "are
not in all instances deadly, depending
upon the parts injured, the amount of
poison injected, susceptibility, etc. Often
the snake's tooth breaks off in striking,
or it penetrates thick clothing, the boot
or shoe, etc., before the fang reaches the
flesh, and in these cases only painful and
superficial wounds are inflicted, with per-
haps only slight symptoms of the poison.
When, however, the poison fang strikes
a vital part, especially blood vessels, the
poisoning symptoms are at once alarm-
ing, and in most of these instances death
generally occurs. Fright during the sud-
den meeting of a rattlesnake, with the
blood-curdling hiss of its rattles, and the
consequent shock upon the nervous
system, especially the heart centers, un-
doubtedly has also produced sudden
death."

ANOTHER KIND OF VEGETABLE.

A well known electrical contractor
recently told the following story on
one of his foremen, an Irishman of
ability in electrical installations, but
whose knowledge of outside matters is
limited. On the day in question Pat left
his assistant electrician in charge of
the plant they were installing while he
trooped down town to a jeweler's to
buy a ring for his wife-to-be. After
waiting until he could obtain the ear of
the clerk without letting others know
his business, Pat whispered hoarsely

to him: "Give me the best wedding-
ring you have in the shop."
"Eighteen karats?" queried the
clerk.

"No," snapped Pat, drawing back in
an offended manner. "Ain' onions, if
it's any of your business."

Training in Sight.

[From the Hospital.]

Lord Wolseley having lately remarked
upon the good sight of the Boers as one
cause at least of their good shooting, and
having ascribed this good sight to its
constant exercise in the open air, Mr.
Drummond Carter has pointed out that it
is not merely a question of open-air, but
of the training of the sight upon things
that are afar off and difficult to see.
"Vision," he says, "like every other
nerve function, must be cultivated for
the attainment of a high degree of ex-
cellence. The visual power of London
children is not cultivated by their en-
vironment. They see the other side of
the street in which they live, and the
cars and omnibuses of the thorough-
fares. They scarcely ever have the vi-
sual attention directed strongly to any
object which is difficult to see, or which
subtly a visual angle approaching the
limits of visibility. Hence the seeing
function is never exerted to anything
like what should be the extent of its
power. With a country child the case
is widely different." Mr. Carter would
like to see a place given to excellence of
vision among the various physical qual-
ifications which are habitually tested by
competition, and for which prizes are
awarded.

Garden Fruit

Do you want Currants, Gooseberries,
Grapes, Strawberries, Asparagus or
Rhubarb, Roots, Flowering Shrubs,
Roses, Climbers or Perennial Flowering
Plants? Cheapest strains, finest stocks,
Favorable prices. Send name and ad-
dress. Mailed free.
THE STEELE BRIGGS SEED CO., Ltd.,
TORONTO, Canada's Greatest Seed
House.

THE RUSSELL,

...OTTAWA...

Palace Hotel of Canada.

Fitted up in the most modern style.
Contains accommodation for over 400
guests. Passenger and baggage eleva-
tors. Commands a splendid view of the
City, Parliament Grounds, Park, River
and Canal. Visitors to the capital have
the business with the government and
it more convenient to stop at The Rus-
sell, where they can always meet lead-
ing public men. Entire hotel supplied
with fire escapes. Electric cars to all
points of city. Trains pass hotel door.
P. K. ST. JACQUES, Prop.