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 Pittsburg (Pa.) Dispatch, from Auckland, New Zealand, writes as follows:

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 poisenous gases, maledorous smells, boiling springs and other devilish evidences 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 belching 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 those dormant may not spring into life, as Mount Tarawera did in 1366. In that year, on June 10, the towns about this mountain were destroyed. Several native 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

VOLCANIC ERUPTIONS DESTRUC-

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 fill-ed with the clearest of hot water. boiling blue at the top and changing in color to a lighter hue as it fell from terrace to terrace. They were surrounded 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 oun shone the hillsides seemed alive with falling diamonds, pearls, emeralds and rubies. The terraces are now being re-formed, and in the near future nature will probably have rebuilt them in an even more beautiful form than they were in the past.

I spent all day on the train going from Auckland to the Hot Springs rerion. Rotorua, the central town of this Yellowstone of the south, was my festination. Leaving Auckland 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

COUNTRY SCENES IN NEW ZEA-LAND.

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 frontier cabins are not so big as those of the wooded regions of the United States. In many places there is a scarcity of lumber. The average farmhouse is a wooden cottage of four, five or six rooms, roofed with galvanized 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 Walkato River, the largest in New Zealand, and on again into a country of farms. The holdings have now grown larger. We ge through a great estate owned by one of the landed nabobs. 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. sheep will feed upon them until noth-

FEATHER DUSTER BRANCHES ON TREES.

How beautiful the land is! It is colling. 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 feather 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

As we go I examine the railroad. Like all the colony it belongs to the government, and its efficials are government cler abe 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 evidencing they are government savings banks and the offices of the government life insurance companies as

GOVERNMENT RAILWAY NARROW GAUGE.

The gauge of the railroad is only 3½ feet. The roadbed is ballasted with lava and pumice stone, and it seems to be well built. The cars are comfortably made, half after the American and half after the English fashion. At every station a bell is rung before the train starts. Every now shion. At every station a bell is rung before the train starts. Every now 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 it costs 12 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 cars is

The chief trouble with the cars is the lack of heating arrangements. The weather was cold, and every passenger had a traveling blanket which he wrapped around his feet. I had a fox skin one, and to this I added my rubber hot-water bottle. I took it from my bag and had it filled by the girls at the tea stations. One young wo-man was amazed at the request and wondered what I wanted hot water for. At last a smile lit up her face and she said: "I understand. You want it for the baiby (baby)."

"Yes, my dear," said I, as I handed her a shilling, "but I am the baiby."

THE VERNACULAR OF NEW ZEA-LAND.

That is something like the English they talk down in New Zealand. You hear a great deal of the Cockney accent. A is frequently like "1" or "ai," clerk where the rugs were kept. He said: "Go through that aisle and down by the lices." I could not think what he meant by "the lices," until on the other side of the store I saw some white lace, with carpets and rugs be-yond, and I knew the young man meant laces. As for the letter "h," I have never heard it so mistreated in England as in New Zealand. It is always on when it should be off, and always off when it should be on. Even the school children butcher the King's English in this respect, and in every day conversation the faults are common. 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 horse's feet, when he said:

"Hit hisn't the 'opping hover 'edges what 'urts the 'orses' 'oofs, 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 ferns. They cover the hills, and in the valleys rise into trees like umbrellas. 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

their wide-spreading branches covered ful where you step. A girl slipped into with green leaves. Many of them are that vat the other day and came out loaded with orchids, which ornament | cooked. the living as well as the dead, hanging 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 wonder if the crust may not break and drop us into the bubbling, boiling, steaming mass which evidently lies be-

We pass the village of Koutu, which is almost hidden in columns of steam from the ground above and sail 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 properties. There are hotels and cottages and all the surroundings of such a resort in the United States. The government has charge of the springs and fixes the tariff, and the people thus keep 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 all impurities out of the system, has been called after Madame Rachel, which the French pronounce Ra-shell. The people here drop the Madame and say Rachel, as though they were speaking of an English girl. Another is called the Priest 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 BENEFI-

CIAL. Joking aside, the baths are wonderful. Rachel comes from a boiling cauldron 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. your skin seems to have turned 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 is at 98°. It is delightful. In the Coffee Pot the pool is covered with an oily slime and the water thick, brown and muddy. Still it a cure for rheumatism. Others of the baths are so strong in their mineral properties that one must be exam-

ined by a doctor before he can enter THE MAORIS.

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

MOTHER EARTH DOES THE COOKING.

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

make a fire nor put the kettle on.
Each woman has a steaming box of temperature. This one is an old drygoods 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 drop-ped 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 into bags made of a network of rope, each holding a quarter or a half peck.
The bag is then dropped into the pool and a string which is fastened to it 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 steamed. 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 their washing in one hot pool, the water of which is soft and cleansing. 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 nearly all are barefooted. Some would be good looking were it not for the tattoo 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 vast pool in which the yellow fluid within bub-bles and boils is known as the champagne 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 from 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

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 Tilstere. 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 acres of boiling springs separated by thin walls upon which we walk looking down into the terrible commotion be-

Here is a whirlpool. The water is as black as ink. It boils and steams and bubbles and spits. It is hotter than the Shadrack, Meshac and Abednego furnaces. Watch out, for if your foot slips you will be scalded to death!

Now we are on a great yellow mound looking into a sulphur pool, the gases of branch.
Farther south we come into high-lands. We pass through forests, the tall trees bound around with vines and their wide-spreading branches covered ful where you are the steam is so thick you can hardly see through it. Be care-

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-

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 about you. 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 persimmon. The stuff is not salt. It is alum. There are bushels 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 alum water.

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 Maori house into it without touching the sides. It seems to be filled with boiling paint, and as it seethes it now throws up a column of mud. The scent is nauseating. Our stomachs turn and we give our hands to the guide and beg him to lead us forth. We go out through clouds of steam loaded with camphor, by the Devil's Punch Bowl, in which the mud is the color of lavender, 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 being 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 civilization. Lately, however, it has been found that dogs accustomed to complete idleness can be utilized in the drawing

idleness can be utilized in the drawing of sledges.

The discovery was made when the Canadian 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 reported 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 particular in his selection. The result, according to Mr. J. B. Burnham, in Forest and Stream, was a company of all sorts of creatures called dogs. The were quite civilized dogs; for instead of going among the Indians to purchase them, 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 purchase was not a failure. Many of the dogs were turned into useful sledge animals, and the dogs of civilized man were soon in competition with the native teams.

One set of fine mongrels, about the size

The necessity for a Spring Medicine is recognized by most people. The reason is easily explainable. Cose confinement 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 Pils

FOR PALE PEOPLE

Surpasses all other medicines in their tonic, strengthening qualities. These Pills have a larger sale than any other medicine in the world, which is solid proof of their merit. Wherever 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. Williams'. 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 caper round in his harness, and do everything short of turning somersaults. He stood on his hind legs, turned backward in the harness, and was never still for in the harness, and was never still for an instant. Our sympathies went out to-ward this poor little strolling actor of a dog, forced to join in the search for

As an animal of draft, the dog has in the Klondike been found decidedly superior to man, although men have pulled sledges without glumbling. A man can draw a weight equal to his own, and travel fifteen miles a day. The dog will pull a load equivalent to his own weigh, and travel thirty miles a day.

Wild Beasts and Mirrors.

[From the Philadelphia Press.] A glance at himself in a mirror yesterday frightened Big 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 that 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 filled the house with his roars. The keepers ran to the cage and endeavored to quiet him, but he continued 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 mirror in front of the frons 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

I cured a horse of mange with MIN-ARD'S LINIMENT. CHRISTOPHER SAUNDERS.

I cured a horse badly torn by a pitch-fork with MINARD'S LINIMENT. EDWARD LINLIFF. St. Peter's, C. B. I cured a horse of a bad swelling with MINARD'S LINIMENT.

THOMAS W. PAYNE. Bathurst, N. B.

IS THE BITE FATAL?

Professor Edmund J. James, of Chicago University, Says the Rattlesnake Is Not Deadly.

Apropos of this subject of rattlesnakes, the remarkable statement may be quoted recently made by Professor Edmund J. James, of the University of Chicago, to 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 investigation, to be without foundation. One genuine case discovered recently in Georgia was considered by Professor James sufficiently remarkable to warrant him in obtaining a sworm efficient to the facts. obtaining a sworn affidavit to the facts from the attending physician. The case was that of a man, a "snake charmer,"
who was bitten by a large rattlesnake
of the variety known in the south as the
"diamond rattler." The man died from
paralysis of the heart, caused by the bite, after lingering in great agony for eighteen

hours. Referring to Professor James' statement, Dr. Menger says that his own experience, and that of many of his professional 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 clething, the boot

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 perhaps only slight symptoms of the poison. When, however, the poison fang strikes a vital part, especially blood vessels, the poisoning symptoms are at once alarming, and in most of these instances death generally occurs. Fright during the sudden meeting of a rattiesnake, with the blood-curding 'hiss' of its rattles, and the coverence shock upon the coverence. the consequent shock upon the nervous system, especially the heart centers, undoubtedly has also produced sudden

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 trotted 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 weddingring you have in the shop.'
"Eighteen karats?" queried the "No," snapped Pat, drawing back in

an offended manner. "Atin' 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. Brudenell Carter has pointed out that it the effect that death from rattlesnake bite 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 excellence. The visual power of London children is not cultivated by their environment. They see the other side of the street in which they live, and the carts and omnibuses of the thoroughfares. They scarcely ever have the visual attention directed strongly to any object which is difficult to see, or which subtends a visual angle approaching the that are afar off and difficult to see. subtends a visual angle approaching the limits of visuality; hence the seeing function is never exerted to anything like what should be the extent of its powers. With a country child the case is widely different." Mr. Center would wers. With a con widely different." Mr. Carter would like to see a place given to excellence of vision among the various physical qualifications which are habitually tested by competition, and for which prizes are

Garden Fruit

Do you want Currants, Gooseberries, Grapes, Strawberries, Asparagus of Rhubarb, Roots, Flowering Shrubs, Roses, Climbers or Perennial Flowering Plants? Choicest strains, finest stocks, Favorable prices. Send name for catalogue. Mailed free.

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