

THE NEW NATIONAL PARK.

Or. The Adventures of An Eton Boy...

BY JAMES GRANT.

CHAPTER XXXV.—(Continued.)
This instrument of the law was simply an upright wooden post rising from the platform. At its base was a low stool, on which the countess sat seated, and about three feet above that appears an iron ring with a handle and screw, by the compression of which they are strained, instantly or slowly according to sentence.

The crowd was very impatient; the hour at which the grim scene was to have taken place was now long past. Loud murmurs arose from the people, who had heard most exaggerated stories of Antonio's stature, strength and ferocity; and glances of anger and impatience were darted at the gill dial of the town house, which a black banner was hoisted but half-mast high, "We recognize nearly all the crew of the San Leonardo in front of the mob; and there, too, were a number of British sailors of H. M.'s steam sloop of war 'Lion,' which had anchored in the harbor that morning.

Several priests in long gray robes were hurrying to and fro, begging a "cessant" to pay for masses for the soul of the condemned man.
As neither Hislop nor I had any desire to witness a scene so barbarous and revolting as an execution, we declined to go to the harbor, where we were some time later joined by Capt. Jose Estremera, who had just come from the countess's apartment, where the culprit was confined, and who gave us all the particulars concerning the execution of Antonio that we cared to know.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

Conclusion.
I have but a little more to add, for with this last episode the course of wild adventures upon which I had been so strangely hurried, nearly closed.
A few hours after the death of Antonio, when Hislop and I, with Lambourne, Carlton and other survivors of the *Esperanza* were waiting in the office of the British consul to make some arrangements for rewarding Jose Estremera for his great kindness to us all, we met Captain the Hon. Egerton B.—her majesty's ship *Active*, who was so struck with our story that he offered us all a passage to England, an offer which we accepted with gratitude.

His ship was leaving the African squadron, and returning home to be repaired.
"Rodney—Rodney," said he, ponderingly, when the consul introduced me, "you ought to have been a sailor, for your name is well known in the service." And his words brought the memory of my poor mother's face before me, and I thought of the old picture which hung in the dining room at home.

His brief conference with his shipmates, Tattooed Tom now came forward, and twirling his fragment of a hat, said that "if the noble captain has no objection, as he, Ned, is a Probat and the other poor fellows of the *Esperanza* were out of a berth, and at uncommon low water, they would gladly slip aboard the *Active*, and enter her majesty's service."

Capt B., who saw at a glance that they were all first-class seamen, readily accepted the offer, and promised them the usual bonus, for which they gave three loud cheers for the queen, and it came from their throats not the least heartily that they were far away from her and in a foreign land, all tattered as they were, with scarcely a shirt to their backs.

"God bless you, my lads," said Hislop; "this is the best thing you can do; and believe me, Capt. B., you will find my old shipmates neither wiser nor green handed, but through A. B.'s."

As they all loved him, another cheer for Hislop followed, and while the captain went off, the *Active* was ready, we all adjourned to a posada to have a friendly glass together.

Soon after, as the war steamer was to sail that evening, a young midshipman came off for us, and we bade farewell to Jose Estremera, to his mate, Manuel Gaudier, to Fra Antonio, and the old governor of Surabaya.

"Come, Dick, we have no time to lose," said Hislop; "let us be off to the ship while daylight lasts."
I shall never forget my emotions of joy when the boat with Hislop and the rest of us came steering alongside the steamer.

She was so clean, so trim, so square aloft; with the bright copper planking in the water below; her black bulwarks and red portholes, through which her sixty-eight and thirty-six pound above the brine; the snow-white hammock cloths, with the gold epaulets of the admiral of the waters, which glimmered above them; the red-coated men on the poop and forecabin; the great scarlet ensign of "Old England" floating at the gaff-peak; and that no part of the illusion might be wanting, a little marine fife, playing shrilly but sweetly "Home, Sweet Home" in one of the boats that lay alongside, by the guest-warp boom.

She was so thoroughly British in her aspect, so unlike anything we had seen since the seas we had traversed, that we felt at home the moment our feet were on the deck of good old English oak—aye, as much at home as if we stood on the chalky South Foreland, and saw the great hold of the *Enterprise* of Kent at our feet, with the gray towers of Dover and the white spires of Deal at the distance. Old Lambourne uttered a shout, and pointed to the Union Jack.

One must be abroad and far away to feel the little emotions that are excited, and the confidence which is inspired on seeing the old flag, that had swept every sea and shore, waving in a breeze from the gaff-peak of a British ship—aye, as much at home as if we stood on the chalky South Foreland, and saw the great hold of the *Enterprise* of Kent at our feet, with the gray towers of Dover and the white spires of Deal at the distance. Old Lambourne uttered a shout, and pointed to the Union Jack.

Mount Rainier Now Stands as the Sentinel of the Most Beautiful Park.

(Seattle, Wash., Letter.)
Mount Rainier, the grandest mountain peak in America, is holding up its massive, snow-capped head with added dignity. Its tremendous greatness has been recognized by the congress of the United States, and it now stands as the sentinel of the most beautiful national park in the world.

On March 2 last President McKinley approved an act to set aside a certain portion of lands in the state of Washington known as the Pacific Coast Reserve, which future generations will call the Mount Rainier National Park. A great transcontinental railway company was forced to return the government its title to many, many thousands of acres of the eighteen square miles in the newly established park.

The improvement of transportation facilities, which is already being considered, will make the Mount Rainier National Park Mecca for tourists from all parts of the world. It is now, with all its difficulties of ascent, the goal for the world's famous mountaineers who have not yet reached its summit. Scores of people have climbed its slippery sides over glacier ice and snow, and many others will do so in the future.

There are several routes to the summit, but the only one that has ever proved practical is known as the Paradise valley route. All of the most interesting features of the great mountain are reached by this route.

The scenery of Mount Rainier is of rare and varied beauty. The peak itself is as noble a mountain as has ever been seen in its lines and structures. We have seen nothing more beautiful in Switzerland and Tyrol, in Norway or the Tyrolean Alps, than the Caribou river glacier and the great Puysallay glaciers. Indeed, the ice of the latter is unusually pure and the crevasses unusually fine.

The combination of ice scenery with woodland scenery of the grandest type is to be found nowhere in the old world, unless it be in the Himalayas, and so far as we know nowhere else on the American continent.

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MOUNT RAINIER, THE SENTINEL OF THE NEW NATIONAL PARK.

Washington's National Park is undoubtedly the peer of the famous Yellowstone and other world famous parks. In fact, comparison is impossible, as there are no points of similarity between Yellowstone and Rainier. Yellowstone simply has a hot water fountain with a few hot-water fountains when compared with Rainier, its majestic scenery and boundless attractions for lovers of nature.

Mount Rainier must be named with Fujiyama, St. Elias, Ararat and Blanc. It is more like the mighty mountain of Japan than the supreme peak of the snowy Alps. Unlike Mount Blanc, it is not merely the dominant peak of a chain of snow mountains; it is the only peak, and for hundreds of miles around, the only one, which is a snow mountain. Mount St. Helens and Mount Adams are similarly isolated and are many miles away to the south. Rainier rises simply a few feet above the surrounding mountains, and its loneliness. It springs out of a valley of wondrous beauty 11,000 feet in seven miles from the top of the mountain to its base. Beyond these a mountain climber's world over are ready to bear witness to its grandeur.

The first view of the mountain to the newcomer is awe-inspiring. But its beauty is not confined to the huge peaks. There are acres of meadow land running clear up to the snow line—veritable flower banks—and in the summer season gorgeous with brilliancy that can scarcely be described.

There are wonderful glaciers, scarred with grim crevasses of unknown depth. These are bordered with evergreen forests, and they present a spectacle of wild beauty that is not equaled elsewhere in the world. On the summit of the mountain is the crater of a extinct volcano, out of which jets of steam and boiling water are continually spouting, giving evidence of terrible heat. Beyond these a mountain climber's world over are ready to bear witness to its grandeur.

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A Story of Sterility SUFFERING AND RELIEF.

Who are injured by the use of coffee. Recently there has been placed in all the grocery stores a new preparation called GRAIN-O, made of pure grains, that takes the place of coffee. The most delicate stomach receives it without distress, and but few can tell it from coffee. It does not cost over one-fourth as much. Children may drink it with great benefit. 15 cents and 25 cents per package. Try it for GRAIN-O.

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2. Deering machines have the only perfect ball and roller bearings.
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4. These are drawn. They will show the wind holes. They should be helpful hints to the man on the fence.

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