

5,000 gallons per minute. There are times in the year when this overflow is much greater. But even at this minimum figure estimate for yourself the volume of this overflow for a week, or a month, or a year. It is almost incredible!

So much is published annually regarding the medical properties of this spring and that spring that one finally comes to the inevitable conclusion that a large percentage of these statements are made for advertising purposes solely. The physical values of the waters at Monte-Ne admit of so rational and sensible explanation that it is possible to fix their status in a sentence or two. Analytical test proves that Nature has done a very rare thing here, for the waters are almost chemically pure. Experiment and experience have shown that pure water will do more toward relieving the system of

ter and summer, so that the water is delicious to drink, and slakes the thirst perfectly. The place was locally renowned long before the Civil war, and was the objective point for many visitors suffering from rheumatism and organic troubles. It is said by people who live here all the year 'round that these waters have performed many involuntary but effectual cures, resulting from daily use. The larger springs are all appropriately named. One of them, Lithia spring, is, as the title indicates, a natural spring of pure lithia water. Some of the spots where these springs rise are decidedly picturesque. At one point, a considerable stream is formed by the union of seven small springs, known as the Seven Sisters.

The foliage at Monte-Ne is magnificent. Early spring is gorgeous with blossoms of apple, cherry, peach and plum. Splendid oaks, pines, maples and elms cluster along the valley, and crown the rugged cliff that rises nearly two hundred feet above the quiet waters of the lagoon. There is an abundance of shade for the sunniest days, with the pleasant rustle of the breeze-fanned leaves crooning an accompaniment. Over the cliffs and hills there are excellent trails, and they spread some wonderful views before the vision. There is so much to see at Monte-Ne. Following the narrow valley eastwardly for a little less than a mile one reaches White river. From the crest of its steep palisades, towering more than 200 feet above the swift stream, one is presented a beautiful panorama of miles of hazy valley and timber-bordered hills. From the opposite side of White river the palisades themselves compose a striking picture.

There's a romance of old Spain which throws its glamour over the massive cliffs and glinting water. It has all the flavor of mysterious legend of long ago. The tale is as realistic as the narratives of Capt. Kidd's wealth of hidden treasure, awaiting some lucky searcher. It seems that some three years ago a mysterious Spaniard came to that portion of the White river valley



Parlor, Hotel Monte Ne, Silver Springs, Ark.

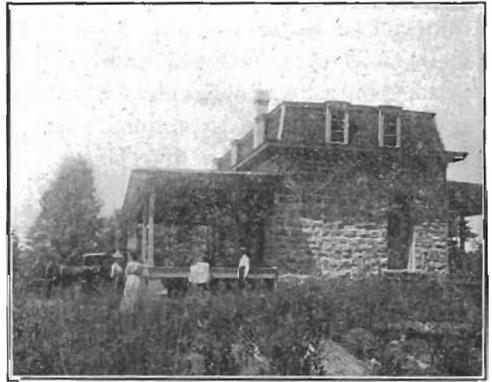
its various ailments than all of the many waters so heavily impregnated with mineral matter. In other words, the drinking of pure water regularly for a reasonable period of time will cleanse the system, washing away the impurities of the blood and tissues. Monte-Ne water possesses a remarkable "lively quality, an endowment of vitality the secret of which is closely guarded in the subterranean depths of Nature's laboratory. For this reason it never tastes "flat," although it has no distinct flavor, mineral or otherwise. These springs have the same temperature—about 50 degrees—win-

lying in Benton county. He bore with him a tattered parchment, yellow with age. This parchment was, he said, the key to a magnificent treasure of gold and jewels buried by Spaniards who overran the country after the Mexican invasion of Cortez, three centuries ago. The record stated that a terrific battle was fought between the Spaniards and Indians. The former lost heavily. The survivors placed their treasure in a secret cave at the base of a tall cliff. The parchment declared the gold to be worth \$5,000,000, and the jewels of unknown value. The description of the location seemed to fit the palisades of White river in Benton county. It was further stated that the cave had been sealed up, and that over the entrance were buried members of the party who had been killed in battle.

The presence of the Spaniard and his parchment caused a furor of excitement. People flocked in for miles from every direction. Tools and workers were promptly volunteered. Excavation was begun at once at the spot indicated. Presently, eight skeletons were unearthed. The natives went wild with excitement. Here was certain evidence of the existence of the treasure. Their cupidity became so great that they drove away the Spaniard, threatening his life so that he fled in mortal terror. But further digging failed to reveal the treasure, or the entrance to the cave. The search was continued at other points without success. The necessity for daily bread cooled the excitement in a large degree. But still the search continues, in a desultory way. Many people in the locality believe implicitly that the wealth is there. Who the Spaniard was, or whence he came, no one knows. He declared when he went away that he would return. He has not yet reappeared. Meanwhile, you may see the various excavations at the base of the palisades, and if you are desirous of finding the hidden fortune yourself, you are privileged to search to your heart's content. Incidentally, if you are interested in physiology, you may examine various portions of the

skeletons, which are now pretty generally distributed among the farmers over the county. They, at least, were genuine. Whether they were Spanish or not is purely a matter of conjecture.

There are other things beside hidden treasure here to sharpen one's appetite for exploration. This section abounds in caves. There are at least twenty-five excellent ones within a radius of ten miles. Some of these are of remarkable size and not a few of them have never been thoroughly explored. The entrance to one of them is a stream, and it is possible to row back in for miles. Others contain stalactites and stalagmites of great beauty. One in particular exhibits curious natural phenomena. This is Wind cave, so designated because a steady breeze issues constantly from its entrance. This air current is so strong that it sways the grasses in summer. And the temperature remains invariably 53 degrees



Carl Starck's Home, near Monte Ne.

winter and summer. Thus one may be deliciously cooled on a warm day, or comfortably warmed on a very cold one. This cave extends back into the hill for miles, and no one has ever followed its windings to the end. Wind cave is only a few hundred yards from Hotel Monte-Ne, at the east end of the valley.

There are many points of historical interest to visit near Monte-Ne. One of these is Cross Hollows, a mile and a half to the west, where two ravines intersect the valley. After the famous Civil war battle of

Pea Ridge, the Confederates retreated to this spot. Here a desperate battle was fought, the conflict being almost hand-to-hand, and the mortality fearful in view of the number of combatants engaged. Pea Ridge itself is but a few miles from Monte-Ne, and the drive is a favorite one.

Visitors to Monte-Ne during the early part of the season are delighted with the strawberries and fresh vegetables. The resort is in the heart of one of the finest fruit sections in the world.

It is said that Benton county has sold its apple crop of a single season for over \$2,000,000. Think of such an output from a single county! The soil is wonderfully adapted for fruit raising. Peaches, plums, pears and small fruit of every kind are raised with signal success. Late summer offers a perfect feast of fruit for the visitor to Monte Ne.

Half a mile from the resort is the Vinola winery, a fruit farm property belonging to Mr. Starck, a former resident of Washington, D. C. The residence and buildings are located upon a fine knoll, splendidly shaded and commanding an exceptional view of White river valley. Mr. Starck is a close student of nature. He is also an able scientist, and has applied his knowledge to the cultivation and perfecting of many varieties of fruit. Chief, in point of successful development, is his vineyard. From this source he is enabled to produce annually a considerable quantity of native wines. Mr. Starck is authority for the statement that grapes grown in North Arkansas are by actual test the finest wine grapes in the world. He bases this statement on the fact that they exceed the highest test of the saccharometer, the universal instrument for determining the relative qualities of grape sugar.

The accommodations at Monte-Ne are excellent. Hotel Monte-Ne is new, and correspondingly modern. Its table is appetizing; its rooms are ample, well-appointed, and perfectly ventilated. All are outside rooms. For families or parties who so de-

sire there are cottages and tents for rent. Table board may be secured at the hotel if desired. Rates throughout are very reasonable.

And what is there to do at Monte-Ne?

Well, to start with, there are charming walks and drives and rides. A good livery service is maintained, with comfortable carriages, and surc-footed, easy-gaited saddle horses. Then there are bowling alleys, and billiard and pool rooms, and kindred amusements. There is a fine swimming pool, 25x50 feet, with careful appointments. There is an auditorium with a seating capacity of 500. Here during the season may be heard some of the famous speakers, entertainers and concert people of the day. There is a large dancing pavilion where regular parties are given. White river, less than a mile away, affords the best of fishing. It is indeed a poor day when the angler cannot find all the sport he desires here.

At night, Monte-Ne is a veritable fairyland, with the reflection of myriad lights in the lagoon, the echo of laughter and song as the gondoliers wend their way over the winding waters. The evenings here are made to spend out of doors. And listen to this: There are no mosquitoes at Monte-Ne. Can you fancy an inland resort with a body of water without these spiteful pests? Well, it's true here! Isn't that worth remembering?

Monte-Ne has the accommodations and the amusements of other resorts. And beyond all these things, it has a wealth of natural charm distinctly its own. Its wonderful climate and magnificent water are destined to re-invigorate thousands of weary people for the return to labors that are inevitably to be resumed when vacation days are over.

"We all have burdens to bear in this world of sorrow," said the easy-going philosopher.

"But some of us have a double load," remarked the father of twins that were troubled with insomnia.

COTTON.

The cotton blossom is the lotus flower of the South. No matter what new crop may be planted beyond the Potomac or what may come out of its mountains in the way of minerals, or from its forests in lumber, cotton is to the Southern planter what wheat and corn are to the grain farmers of the Western prairies; but, unlike the latter, he has a love for it inherited from long lines of ancestors. The true native of the Southern States cherishes the same feeling for the cotton that his grandfather did years before the war.

The people of the South, indeed, have good reason for this sentiment toward the fleecy staple, for it has done more than anything else in making over the South and bringing its present share of prosperity. A second Birmingham and Sheffield are to be found in Alabama. The world's greatest pine forests are located in Texas. Enough phosphate to fertilize every farm in America underlies the earth's crust in Florida, South Carolina, and Tennessee. Along the Atlantic coast stretches a great garden from Hampton Roads to the Florida capes, which feeds the people of the North and West during the months when their own gardens are covered with snow and ice. But cotton overshadows all of these in its benefits. Even if a 10,000,000-bale crop sends the price down close to the cost of production, nearly a fifth of this goes into the doors of the mills at home every season to be turned into all kinds of fabrics, from the coarsest sheeting to velvets and even carpets. There are plantations in North and South Carolina whose owners haul the contents of the boll to the factory in sight of the field. The men and boys who gather the crop may next season be wearing shirts made from it in the near-by towns, for the cloth was purchased at the mill. The days when nearly every pound went a thousand miles perhaps before being converted into cloth or yarn have passed away, although a large fleet of steamships every season leave the string of seaports from Norfolk to Galves-

ton, carrying it by the thousand packages to England's great spinning center, while long train-loads cross the continent to be placed in ships bound to China and Japan. Perhaps the same trains may carry cargoes of cloth made from the staple which in a few months will be worn by the coolies of eastern Asia, for some of the Southern mills are sending their entire product to the Orient.

Though a fair crop may add \$400,000,000 to the wealth of the South in a single season, this is but one item of profit. It represents merely the cotton converted into cash. Machinery is to be found in cotton-growing States, which, when the package or wagon-load is placed in it, cleanses the fleece, separates the berry or seed, rolls the fleece into bats, turns the seed into oil and meal, without the touch of a human hand. The product of the seed itself in a year is worth \$60,000,000 to the South, in oil, meal, and "linters," thanks to this wonderful mechanism. About 1,750,000 barrels of cotton oil leave the Southern States yearly, some of it to be used in making salads for the table, some going into soaps and medicines, and some forming the base of various food compounds. Its use to-day is almost world-wide, and it must be admitted that not a little crosses the Atlantic to Europe to be refined and come back in packages labeled as oil from the olive trees of Southern Europe. But chemists and physicians say that it contains no harmful ingredient, and perhaps this deception is not as dangerous as some of the others with which the public is daily victimized.—Harper's Weekly.

Maude—"Which would you rather be—rich or handsome?"

Clara—"Well, I'd like to be rich also."

* * *

"You say Smith's credit is bad?" asked the drummer of the village hotel proprietor.

"Bad!" echoed the v. h. p. "Why, he can't even borrow trouble."

THE WHITE FLYER.

The tale of an Eastern millionaire, and the prominent part he took in the sequel to a Western murder case.

BY E. M. RHODES.

I hardly know whether to begin this story with the great murder and robbery in Bronco City or with the advent of the White Flyer in Leadtown. Each of these events was of major importance in its respective metropolis.

On second thoughts, remembering the deadly rivalry between the two settlements, I deem it wiser to seek a middle course, and begin with the arrival of Simmons, of Broncho City, in the chief hotel of Leadtown on the day of the double excitement.

Simmons was wearing a broad brimmed hat, and had two pistols in his belt, so he supplied just the local color to attract the eye of young Vanderwent, the son of an Eastern multimillionaire, and on his first Western trip.

It was not long before the two were exchanging friendly remarks and young Vanderwent was setting up drinks for them both.

Simmons was a cautious man by nature, but he was a good judge of character withal.

His caution had led him to conceal from the denizens of Leadtown the nature of his errand to that place; but his knowledge of human nature showed him that here was just the ally he needed—a man conventional and law abiding, who would throw his weight on the side of law and order; and at the same time fearless to undertake a hazardous adventure in the cause of right.

So Simmons waited for a chance to propose his plan, and meantime listened to young Vanderwent's confidences, occasionally putting in a word to draw out the young fellow.

He learned that Vanderwent was the son of a railroad president, viewing the West from his father's private car, the White Flyer; that he had been educated abroad and had never before been west of Buffalo; that he was delighted with the West, and especially with the mining towns, and that Leadtown had struck him as so unique that

he had switched the White Flyer here, so that he might have a day or two to look about him.

"It is a pretty fine place for the West," assented Simmons. "I'm an Eastern man myself; but I tell you it teaches you to respect Western enterprise when you see the rapid growth of these little towns. Still," he added, with pardonable pride, "Leadtown can't hold a candle to Bronco City."

"Bronco City?" returned Vanderwent. "That's the rival town I've heard so much about."

"Guess you have," said Simmons, smiling. Then he added with sudden seriousness, "I'll bet there's one thing you haven't heard about it."

"What's that?" said Vanderwent.

Simmons looked cautiously around the barroom.

The saloonkeeper had slipped out for a moment into the little room adjoining the bar. There was no one else in sight.

Simmons lowered his voice and said:

"There was a big robbery in Bronco City last night. A fellow from Frisco killed one of our most respected citizens and robbed him of eight thousand dollars cash?"

"Did they catch him?"

"Pretty near," said Simmons impressively; "but he shot Potts, the sheriff, through the leg, and made his escape."

"And they lost him?" asked Vanderwent.

Simmons took a long swallow from his glass. Then he placed it on the counter and solemnly winked at Vanderwent.

"They did not lose him," he returned. "The sheriff appointed me his deputy, and I got on his trail and tracked him"—Simmons' voice was low and eloquent—"right here to Leadtown."

"Have you placed him under arrest?" asked Vanderwent, all interest.

"No," said Simmons. "I dissent. He's wanted right here in Leadtown, wanted for horse stealing, and wanted badly. Now, if I