

PAST AND FUTURE.

I saw thee in thy bridal hour;
And through the ancient temple filled,
And thou didst wear the orange flower—
So lovely that all hearts were thrilled.

'Twas night and brilliant was the scene,
And music's strains had died in air,
When to the man of God serene
We heard thy meek responses there.

Then, when all symbol ricks were o'er,
From fearful friends we watched thee glide
Away as one who leaves the shore
Of home for ocean sunsets wide.

A few short years have flown; and now
Slow through those stately aisles again
We see thee pass—ah, not not thou;
It is thy weeping funeral train.

Alas! for life, for hopes and joys;
No more can we behold thee here;
Oh, surely, life which nought destroys
There must be in some loftier sphere.

And thou art there! The soul forgets,
Unerringly, that death is thine;
Thy life immortal life bestows;
And rays thee in its light divine!

—W. Dearden, in Springfield (Mass.) Repub-
lican.



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II.—CONTINUED.

Then it was that old Brax came down
and took a hand. Riding to where
Minor still sat on his patient sorrel,
the senior bluntly inquired:

"What the devil's the matter?"

"I don't know," said Minor.

"Who does know?"

"Well, Drake, possibly, or else he
doesn't know anything. He's been
trying to get Cram to dress his battery
back."

"Why, yes, confound it! he's a mile
ahead of the line," said the colonel,
and off he trotted to expostulate with
the batteryman. "Capt. Cram, isn't
there room for your battery back of
the line instead of in front of it?" in-
quired the chief, in tone both aggrieved
and aggressive.

"Lots, sir," answered Cram, cheer-
fully. "Just countermanded there."

"Then I wished you'd oblige me by
moving back at once, sir; you're delay-
ing the whole ceremony here. I'm told
Mr. Drake has twice ordered you to
dress to the right."

"I've heard it, sir, only once, but
have dressed twice, so it's all right,"
responded Cram, as affably as though
he had no other aim in life than to
gratify the whims of his post com-
mander.

"Why, confound it, sir, it isn't all
right by a da—good deal! Here you
are way out on line with Maj. Minor,
and your battery's—why, it isn't
dressed on our rank at all, sir. Just
look at it."

Cram resumed the carry with the
saber he had lowered in salute, calmly
reversed so as to face his battery, and,
with preternatural gravity of mien,
looked along his front. There midway
between his lead drivers sat Mr. Doyle,
his face well-nigh as red as his plume,
his bleary eyes nearly popping out of
his skull in his effort to repress the
emotions excited by this colloquy.

There midway between the lead drivers
in the left section sat Mr. Ferry, gazing
straight to the front over the erected
ears of his handsome bay and doing his
very best to keep a solemn face, though
the unshaded corners of his boyish
mouth were twitching with mischief
and merriment. There, silent, disci-
plined and rigid, sat the sergeants,
drivers and cannoneers of famous old
Light Battery "X," all agog with in-
terest in the proceedings and all look-
ing as though they had never heard a
word.

"I declare, sir," said Cram, with exas-
perating civility. "I can see nothing
out of the way. Will you kindly in-
dicate what is amiss?"

This was too much for Ferry. In his
effort to restrain his merriment and
gulp down a rising flood of laughter
there was heard an explosion that
sounded something like the sudden
collapse of an inflated paper bag, and
old Brax, glaring angrily at the boy,
now red in the face with mingled
mirth and consternation, caught sudden
idea from the sight. Was the battery
laughing at—was the battery com-
mander gazing—him? Was it possible
that they were profiting by his igno-
rance of their regulations? It put him
on his guard and suggested a tenta-
tive.

"Do you mean that you are right in
being so far ahead of our line instead
of dressed upon it?" asked he of the
big blonde soldier in the glittering
uniform. "Where do you find authority
for it?"

"Oh, perfectly right, colonel. In
fact, for six years past I've never seen
it done any other way. You'll find the
authority on page 562, Field Artillery
Tactics of 1864."

For a moment Brax was dumb. He
had long heard of Cram as an expert in
his own branch of the service, but
presently he burst forth:

"Well, in our tactics there's reason
for every blessed thing we do, but I'll
be dinged if I can see rhyme or reason
in such a formation as that. Why,
sir, your one company takes up more
room than my six—makes twice as
much of a show. Of course if a com-
bined review is to show off the artill-
ery it's all very well. However, go
ahead, if you think you're right, sir,
go ahead! I'll inquire into this later."

"I know we're right, colonel; and as
for the reason, you'll see it when you
open ranks for review and we come to
'action front'; then our line will be ex-
actly that of the infantry. Meantime,
sir, it isn't for us to go ahead. We've
gone as far as we can until your adju-
tant makes the next move."

But Braxton had ridden away dis-
gusted before Cram wound up his re-
marks.

"Go on, Maj. Minor; just run this
thing without reference to the battery.
Damned if I understand their methods.
Let Cram look after his own affairs; if
he goes wrong, why—it's none of our
concern."

And so Minor had nodded "go ahead"
to Mr. Drake, and presently the whole
command made its bow, so to speak, to
Minor as its immediate chief, and then
he drew sword and his untired voice
became faintly audible. The orders:
"Prepare for review" and "to the rear
open order" were instantly followed
by a stentorian "action front" down at
the left, the instant leap and rush of
some thirty nimble cannoneers, shouts
of "drive on!" the cracking of whips,
the thunder and rumble of wheels, the
thud of plunging hoofs. Forty-eight
mettleless horses in teams of two
abreast went dancing briskly away to
the rear, at sight of which Minor
dropped his jaw and the point of his
sword and sat gazing blankly after
them, over the bowed head of his placid
sorrel, wondering what on earth it
meant that they should all be running
away, at the very instant when he ex-
pected them to brace up for review. But
before he could give utterance to his
thoughts eight glossy teams in almost
simultaneous sweep to the left about
came sharply around again. The black
muzzles of the guns were pointed to
the front, every axle exactly in the
prolongation of his front rank, every
little group of red-topped, red-trimmed
cannoneers standing erect and square,
the chiefs of section and of pieces sit-
ting like statues on their handsome
horses, the line of limbers accurately
covering the guns, and, still farther
back, Mr. Pierce could be heard shout-
ing his orders for the alignment of the
caissons. In the twinkling of an eye
the rush and thunder were stilled, the
battery without the twitch of a muscle
stood ready for review, and old Brax,
sitting gloomily in saddle at the re-
viewing point, watching the stirring
sight with gloomy and cynical eye,
was chafed still more to hear in a sil-
very voice from the group of ladies the
unwelcome words: "Oh, wasn't that
pretty!" He meant with all his heart
to pull in some of the plumage of those
confounded "woodpeckers," as he
called them, before the day was over.

In grim silence, therefore, he rode
along the front of the battalion, tak-
ing little comfort in the neatness of
their quaint, old-fashioned garb, the
single-breasted, long-skirted frock
coats, the bulging black felt hats
looped up on one side and decked with
skimp black feather, the glistening
shoulder-scales and circular breast-

plates, the polish of their black leather
belts, cartridge and cap boxes and bay-
onet scabbards. It was all trim and
soldierly, but he was bottling up his
sense of annoyance for the benefit
of Cram and his people. Yet, what
could he say? Neither he nor Minor
had ever before been brought
into such relations with the light
artillery, and he simply didn't
know where to hit. Lots of things
looked queer, but after this in-
itial experience he felt it best to say
nothing until he could light on a point
that no one could gainsay, and he
found it in front of the left section.

"Where is Mr. Waring, sir?" he
sternly asked.

"I wish I knew, colonel. His horse
came back without him, as you doubt-
less saw, and, as he hasn't appeared,
I am afraid of accident."

"How did he come to leave his post,
sir? I have no recollection of author-
izing anything of the kind."

"Certainly not, colonel. He rode
back to his quarters with my consent
before adjutant's call had sounded,
and he should have been with us again
in abundant time."

"That young gentleman needs more
discipline than he is apt to get at this
rate, Capt. Cram, and I desire that you
pay closer attention to his move-
ments than you have done in the past.
Mr. Drake," he said to his adjutant,
who was tripping around after his
chief afoot, "call on Mr. Waring to ex-
plain his absence in writing and with-
out delay. This indifference to duty
is something to which I am utterly un-
accustomed," continued Braxton again,
addressing Cram, who preserved a most
uncompromising serenity of counten-
ance; and with this parting shot the
colonel turned gruffly away and soon
retook his station at the reviewing
point.

Then came the second hitch. Minor
had had no experience whatever, as
has been said, and he first tried to
wheel into column of companies with-
out closing ranks, whereupon every cap-
tain promptly cautioned "Stand fast,"
and thereby banished the last remnant
of Minor's senses. Seeing that some-
thing was wrong, he tried again, this
time prefacing with "Pass in review,"
and still the captains were implacable.
The nearest one, in a stage whisper,
tried to make the major hear "Close
order, first." But all the time Brax
was losing more of his temper and
Minor what was left of his head, and
Brax came down like the wolf on the
fold, gave the command to "Close
order" himself, and was instantly
echoed by Cram's powerful shout "Lim-
ber to the rear," followed by "Pieces
left about! Caissons forward!" Then, in
the rumble and clank of the respond-
ing battery, Minor's next command
was heard by only the right wing of
the battalion, and the company wheels
were ragged. So was the next part of
the performance when he started to
march in review, never waiting, of
course, for the battery to wheel into
column of sections. This omission,
however, it, no wise disconcerted

Cram, who, following at rapid walk,
soon gained on the rear of column,
passing his post commander in beau-
tiful order and with most accurate salu-
te on the part of himself and officers, and,
observing this, Minor took heart, and,
recovering his senses to a certain ex-
tent, gave the command "Guide left!"
in abundant time to see that the new
guides were accurately in trace, there-
by insuring what he expected to find a
beautiful wheel into line to the left,
the commands for which movement he
gave in louder and more confident
tone, but was instantly nonplussed by
seeing the battery wheel into line to
the right and move off in exactly the
opposite direction from what he had
expected. This was altogether too
much for his equanimity. Digging his
spurs into the flanks of the astonished
sorrel, he darted off after Cram, waving
his sword, and shouting:

"Left into line wheel, captain. Left
into line wheel!"

In vain Mr. Pierce undertook to ex-
plain matters. Minor presumed that
the artilleryman had made an actual
blunder and was only enabled to cor-
rect it by a countermarch, and so rode
back to his position in front of the cen-
ter of the reforming line, convinced
that at last he had caught the battery
commander.

When Braxton, therefore, came
down to make his criticisms and com-
ments upon the conduct of the review,
Minor was simply amazed to find that
instead of being in error Cram had
gone exactly right and as prescribed
by his drill regulations in wheeling to
the right and gaining ground to the
rear before coming up on the line. He
almost peevishly declared that he
wished the colonel, if he proposed
having a combined review, would as-
sume command himself, as he didn't
care to be bothered with combination
tactics of which he had never had
previous knowledge. Being of the
same opinion, Braxton himself took
hold, and the next performance,
though somewhat erroneous in many
respects, was a slight improvement on
the first, though Braxton did not give
time for the battery to complete one
movement before he would rush it in-
to another. When the officers assem-
bled to compare notes during the rest
after the second repetition, Minor
growled that this was "a little better,
yet not good," which led to some one

giving in low tone that the major
got his positives and comparatives
worse mixed than his tactics, and in-
quiring further "whether it might not
be well to dub him Minor Major."

The laughter that followed this sally
naturally reached the ears of the
seniors, and so Brax never let up on
the command until the review went
off without an error of any appreci-
able weight, without, in fact, "a hitch
in the fut or an unhitch in the harse,"
as Doyle expressed it. It was high
noon when the battalion got back to
barracks and the officers hung out
their moist clothing to dry in the sun.

It was near one when the batteryman,
officers and all, came steaming up
from the stables, and there was the
colonel's orderly with the colonel's
compliments and desires to see Capt.
Cram before the big batteryman had
time to change his dress.

Braxton's first performance on get-
ting into cool habiliments was to
go over to his office and hunt through
the book shelves for a volume in
which he never before had felt the
faintest interest—the Light Artillery
Tactics of 1864. There on his desk lay
a stack of mail unopened, and Mr.
Drake was already silently inditing
the summary note to the culprit War-
ing. Brax wanted first to see with his
own eyes the instructions for light ar-
tillery when reviewed with other
troops, vaguely hoping that there might
still be some point on which to catch
his foeman on the hip. But if there
were he did not find it. He was tacit-
urn enough to see that even if Cram
had formed with his leading drivers on
line with the infantry, as Braxton
thought he should have done, neither
of the two methods of forming into
battery would then have got his guns
where they belonged. Cram's interpre-
tation of the text was backed by the
custom of service, and there was no
use criticizing it further. And so, after dis-
contentedly hunting through the dust-
covered pages awhile in hopes of stum-
bling on some codicil or rebuttal, the
colonel shut it with a disgusted snap
and tossed the offending tome on the
farthest table. At that moment Brax
could have wished the board of officers
who prepared the Light Artillery Tac-
tics in the nethermost depths of the
neighboring swamp. Then he turned
on his silent staff officer—a not unusual
expedient.

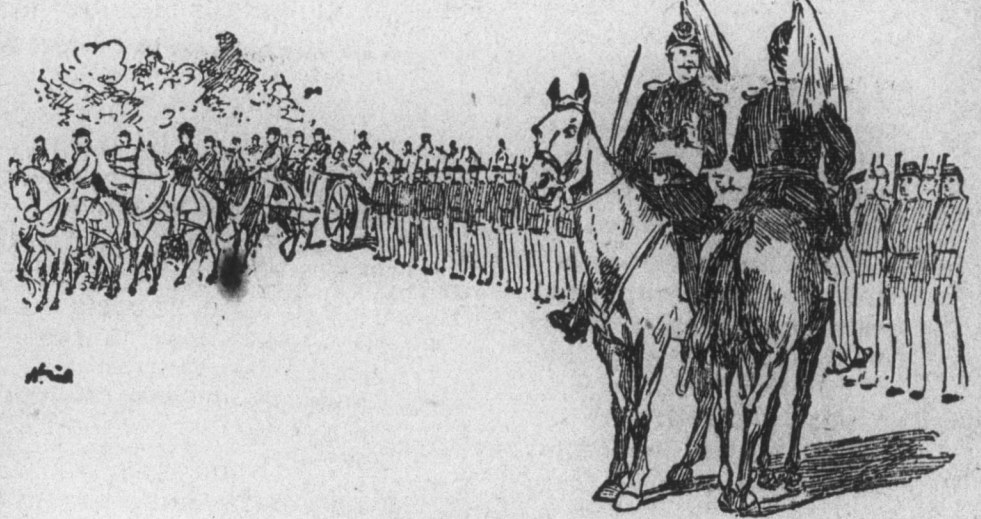
"Why on earth, Mr. Drake, didn't you
look up that point, instead of making
such a break before the whole com-
mand?"

"I couldn't find anything about it in
Casey, sir, anywhere," replied the per-
turbed young man. "I didn't know
where else to look."

"Well, you might have asked Mr.
Ferry or Mr. Pierce. The Lord knows
you waste enough time with 'em."

"You might have asked Capt. Cram,"
was what Drake wanted to say, but
wisely did not. He bit the end of his
penholder instead, and bridled his
tongue and temper.

"The next time I have a review with
a mounted battery, by George!" said



"WHAT THE DEVIL'S THE MATTER?"

the post commander, finally, bringing
his fist down on the table with a crash,
"I just—won't have it!"

He had brought down the pile of let-
ters as well as his fist, and Drake
sprang to gather them, replacing them
on the desk and dexterously slipping a
paper cutter under the flap of each en-
velope as he did so. At the very first
note he opened Brax threw himself
back in his chair with a long whistle
of mingled amazement and concern,
then turned suddenly on his adjutant.

"What became of Mr. Waring? He
wasn't hurt?"

"Not a bit, sir, that I know of. He
drove to town with Capt. Cram's team
—at least I was told so—and left that
note for you there, sir."

"He did—left the post and left a
note for me! Why!" But here Brax-
ton broke off short, tore open the note
and read:

"MY DEAR COLONEL: I trust you will
overlook the informality of my going to town
without previously consulting you. I had pur-
posed, of course, asking your permission, but the mis-
hap that befell me in the roadway of my horse
prevented my appearance at the review, and
had I waited for your return from the field it
would have compelled me to break my engage-
ment with our friends the Allertons. Under
the circumstances I felt sure of your com-
plaisance.

"As I hope to drive Miss Allerton down after
the matinee, might it not be a good idea to
have the dress parade and the band out? They
have seen the battery drills but are much
more desirous of seeing the infantry.

"Most sincerely yours,
"S. J. WARING."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

DID NOT RECOGNIZE GEORGE.

American Naval Officers Who Were Non-
plussed by a Statue in Europe.

An American man-of-war put into a
Mediterranean port for several days in
the course of a cruise not long ago, and
several of the officers taking advan-
tage of a bright, cool Sunday made up
a party to explore the town. They en-
joyed themselves immensely in ferret-
ing out all the notable sights, but ac-
cording to the Kansas City Times
there was one thing that puzzled them.

Occupying a conspicuous place in the
heart of the city was an excellent
statue, in heroic size. A Washington
violinist, who, if it were necessary,
could read music in half a dozen dif-
ferent languages, translated the inscrip-
tion. No name was given; that doubt-
less would have been purely a work of
supererogation, but the individual was
described as the pride of his country-
men and the ornament of his century.

Hyperbole struggled with euphemism
in an effort to do justice to his great-
ness. The Americans, all men of wide
reading and considerable information,
were completely mystified. They re-
called scores of portraits of famous
men to compare them with the
features and general makeup of the
hero in bronze in vain. Rather discon-
certed at their failure to place so ex-
alted a personage, they trudged back
to the hotel and ordered all the guide
books available to be sent up at once.

The page at which the first book that
was taken up fell open contained a cut
and voluminous description of the
statue in question. The inquiring
traveler was therein informed that the
monument had been erected by the
citizens of the town as a witness of
their admiration of the nobility and
unselfish patriotism of George Wash-
ington.

PEERS AND THEIR PERQUISITES

They Show Unwillingness to Tell of Sal-
aries and Pensions.

The peers were asked by Lord
Monckswell recently to assent to a re-
turn showing the amounts they severally
draw from the public exchequer
for salaries, pay, pensions or allow-
ances of any other kind, says the Lon-
don Daily News. They did assent in
the long run, when they were told
that it would be perfectly easy to
make the same motion in the house of
commons, but it was with evident un-
easiness of mind. Peer after peer rose
to ask Lord Monckswell what he meant
to do with the information when he
got it. One bitterly insinuated that it
was perhaps for the use of the county
council. This went on until another
noble lord tried to cure his colleagues
of their terror by the well-known ex-
pedient of a shock. He suggested the
dread possibility of "The Financial
Reform Almanac"—and in a tone of
approval which must have made the
blood of his hearers run cold. Some
pleaded for the right to put down
what they paid, as well as what they
received—as though "horses, servants
and subscriptions" would be taken as
a sort of offset in the form of contribu-
tions to the welfare of the country. It
will be a useful return to have the
drawer, or the lords would never have
made such a fuss about it. We hope it
will give no encouragement to low
radical politicians by showing that the
system of "paid members" already
flourishes in rank luxuriance in the
upper house. The only course left—
and most of the lords may take it with
perfect sincerity—is to plead that they
are not paid for anything they have
done, but only for what their fathers
did of old time.

Dogs of the Mines.

Many of the hills about Pittsburgh
are pierced with horizontal shafts ad-
mitting to the rich deposits of bitumin-
ous coal, and for many years there has
been a race of hardy dogs employed as
beasts of burden in these mines. A team
of two dogs will gallop out of the mine,
dragging after them over the narrow
gauge tramway a little car laden with
many hundred pounds of coal. To the
stranger who visits one of these mines
it is somewhat alarming to hear be-
hind him the rumble of the car, accom-
panied by the quick steps of the dogs,
for the creatures are sometimes fierce,
and the man who should find himself
in the way might fare ill. The guide,
however, always finds a place of re-
fuge, and the invisible team rolls by in
the darkness, leaving the stranger un-
harmed.

That Is Why They Survive.

"I flatter myself that this is a very
good joke," said Snickers as he hand-
ed a witticism to the editor.

"Yes," replied the latter, "these very
old jokes generally have a good point
to them."—Judge.

INDIANA STATE NEWS.

At Jeffersonville, the other after-

noon Wm. Smothers buried his son. At
the funeral and when Smothers was
kneeling at his son's bier, George Hall
edged against him, deliberately picked
his pockets and stole therefrom a gold
watch and chain. Smothers did not
miss his watch until he was about to
enter his carriage, when he gave the
alarm. Suspicion pointed to Hall, and
after a lively chase he was overtaken
and the time piece found on his person.
No time was lost in placing Hall in
jail.

I. H. LERHSUTZ & SON, clothiers at
Vincennes, made an assignment the
other day. The assets and the liabili-
ties will each be over \$30,000.

A TELEGRAM was received from Con-
troller Eckels the other afternoon not-
ifying Mr. Edward Hawkins that he
has been appointed receiver of the In-
dianapolis national bank. The dis-
patch was forwarded to Mr. Hawkins,
who is summing with his family at
Benton Harbor, Mich.

EMANUEL ROTHSCHILD, the proprietor
of the Golden Rule store, at Bedford,
whose stock of goods was set on fire,
was arrested and given preliminary
trial. Some very strong testimony be-
ing against him, he was bound over to court
under \$5,000 bond. The goods were all
lost, but were insured in several com-
panies.

A STATEMENT of the affairs of the Ex-
change bank of Buck & Toan, of Ply-
mouth, by the assignee, shows liabili-
ties at \$43,716, of which \$37,110 are de-
posits, against \$51,349 available assets.

The ladies of the churches of Green-
town have wrecked the one saloon in
town with axes, clubs and other femi-
nine weapons of warfare. They first met
at the saloon and held prayer to get the
proprietor to stop, but failing to melt
him, they adjourned to take more de-
cided action. Church bells were rung,
and then the work of destruction be-
gan.

TED IRVINE, the author of several sen-
sational tales under the nom de plume
of "Frederic S. Butte," was married at
Logansport, the other day, to his
divorced wife, nee Artie Leamer. When
they were parted last spring the court
ordered that neither re-marry within
three years, but they succeeded in
securing a modification of this decree.

SIXTY tramps boarded a freight on
the Pittsburgh road, and fought while
the train was in motion, near Liver-
pool. An unknown white man was
shot and fatally wounded by a Negro.
Seven tramps were arrested.

In the State Demorest contest, at
Mitchell, Miss Lizzie Crim, of that
place, took the gold medal over eight
contestants from other parts of the
state. This is the third medal she has
taken.

GEORGE DODSON, a Brown county
farmer, subject to epilepsy, was righting
up a burning log heap on his farm
when he was taken with a fit and fell
into the fire. A small boy standing by
was unable to drag him from the flames
and ran for help. When rescued from
his perilous position he was seriously
burned.

YOUNG & THATCHER, implement and
music dealers, Tipton, have failed.
Their liabilities are placed at \$11,000,
with assets amounting to \$7,500.

Mrs. LIZZIE STORMS is the woman
implicated in the murder of Kent
Browne at Winchester.

The Citizens' national bank, one of
the oldest and soundest banks in Mun-
cie, suspended business the other morn-
ing. Withdrawals of deposits and in-
ability to realize on paper is the cause.
President Kerwood claims that the as-
sets are as two to one.

WILL JEFFRIES, 14, colored, was smothered
to death at his home near Churru-
busco. His folks left him to take care
of the house, and while lying on the
bed he had a fit and was smothered in
the bedclothes.

A DESPERATE attempt was made by
seven prisoners to break the Clark
county jail. They were only prevented
from accomplishing their designs by
the timely arrival of Mollie Donovan,
sister of the sheriff.

It turns out that Eleanor Mullen, a
young woman of Indianapolis, was
kept a prisoner at the state reformatory
for three years, when her sentence
was for but thirty days.

Mrs. SARAH T. BOLTON, known for
half a century as "the Indiana poetess,"
died at Indianapolis, the other night.
She was born in Newport, Ky., in 1811.
Mrs. Bolton's poems were published in
book form. For many years she stood
foremost among the writers of Indiana.

Among her poetic effusions probably
the best known are "Paddle Your Own
Canoe," and "The Union Forever."

JOHN JEFFRIES, a stock-dealer near
Carmel, had \$550 stolen from his house.
Tracks show that three men went
through a corn-field near by.

A CONNERSVILLE machinist named
Morgan has invented a unicycle. The
vehicle consists of a wheel eight feet
in diameter, and the operator sits in-
side this monster cycle to propel it. As
the model of the machine is not com-
pleted a full description can not be given.
He claims that it will revolution-
ize modern wheeling and that it can be
easily and successfully operated.

The Bank of Commerce, of Indian-
apolis, has collected \$16,500 of out-
standing debts since the bank sus-
pended, and most of the notes held by
the bank will be due in a few weeks.
The vice president reports that it is the
intention of the bank management to
be able to pay all claimants in full and
resume business on October 1.

Gov. MATTHEWS has pardoned Wm.
Hudson, convicted of bigamy.

Mrs. W. W. RITCHIE, of Noblesville,
swallowed a pin and needle about six
years ago. The pin passed from her
directly after the accident, but the
needle has just come out of her flesh in
the side. She has suffered no pain
whatever.

ATTY-GEN. GREEN SMITH has sus-
tained Gov. Matthews in regard to the
latter's stand on the Roby prize ring
matter. The attorney general holds
that the offenses committed by Roby
are simply misdemeanors over which
any Lake county justice of the peace
has jurisdiction.

THE HAND OF NATURE.

How the Rapid Leveling of Mountains and
River Banks Takes Place.

The geologist studying in the Rocky
mountains is ever astonished at the
rapid degradation of mountain forms.
Cliffs, peaks, crags and rocky scars
are forever tumbling down. The rocks
break asunder above and roll down in
great slides on the flanks and about the
feet of the mountains. As the slopes
are thus diminished gradually the
slides are covered with soil, in part
through the decay of the rocks them-
selves, in part by wind-blown sands,
but perhaps in chief part by the wash-
ing of the soils above. In this manner
a great mountain is ultimately buried
by overplacement. This overplace-
ment gradually washes down, to be
distributed on still lower grounds,
but it is replaced from above
from the newly-formed soils. The
process goes on until the mountain is
degraded into hills and the streams
have carried away the greater part of
the material of the ancient mountain.

Now, in studying these mountains, the
geologist is always on his guard to dis-
tinguish overplacement from founda-
tion structure. When the mountains
are all gone the hills are degraded in
the same manner, and the process con-
tinues until a grand base-level is estab-
lished, below which degradation can
not take place; then the mountains
and hills have all been carried away by
rivers to the sea. As mountains and
hills are degraded, so valley slopes are
brought down. The river, meander-
ing now on this side and now on
that, increases the length of
its course, as every bend
throughout the valley is cut back; but
ultimately bend works back against
bend, until shorter channels are pro-
duced. By cut-off channels