

KNOW OF A HIDDEN MINE.

Two Young Women Hold the Valuable Secret of a Golden Ledge in Colorado.

Away up in the Medicine Bow mountains not far from the Wyoming line, there is a hidden mine for which a generation of men have searched in vain. And it is owned, operated and its locality kept secret by two young women, who have kept their secret since one was 18 and the other 14 years old, says the St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

The mine was discovered 16 years ago by a tenderfoot named Smithers. He was ordered west by the doctors and came to Colorado. Leaving wife and two little girls at Fort Collins, he went up into the mountains to prospect. In some unexplained way he discovered an enormously rich ledge of quartz, and recognized its value. Then he returned to Fort Collins for his family, having been absent about a year. His wife had died during his stay in the mountains, but he found his children in care of a ranchman. The older one recognized him, and they were turned over to him. He took them up into the mountains with him, and they have lived ever since in the cabin built for them.

Smithers cleared off the ranch and did a little farming, got a little stock and raised his own milk and butter and eggs, and lived outwardly like thousands of small mountain ranchmen all over the Rocky mountain region. But secretly he worked on the ledge of gold quartz he had discovered. He broke pieces from the vein, ground them up in a mortar, panned them, and got gold enough to keep him and his children without any other work than tending for their little farm. This he began when the children were but seven and three years old, respectively. When the older one was 15 and her sister 14, Smithers died. He had taught them the secret of the hidden mine, and when he was gone the two orphans lived alone in the same manner. They looked after their little stock, tended their little farm and in secret ground up pieces of quartz and panned the gold from it. The ledge must be of fabulous richness, for these two girls, neither of them very robust, and the younger little more than a child when they began, have taken out all the gold they have wanted in the four years they have led this lonely existence. At rare intervals they take their horses and a pack saddle and go down to the nearest town for provisions. They always have gold dust and nuggets to pay for whatever they choose to buy.

MADONNA IN NEEDLEWORK.

Remarkable Work of a German Woman Which Has Astonished Artists and Critics.

Famous painters have sought to copy Raphael's "Sistine Madonna," but have laid their brushes down in despair. And what painters have failed to do with the brush one woman has accomplished with her needle, says Ladies' Home Journal.

Fraulein Clara Ripberger, of Dresden, has dared to create—it is nothing less than a creation—this picture a second time. She spent between the and six years on her work. From the beginning she had unusual difficulties to surmount, and when the great undertaking was finished, and noted artists came and looked at it, they would not accept the work of the artist until they had examined both sides of the canvas, and recognized that every square inch of the work was unmistakably done by the needle alone. The contention that the eyes at least had been painted had to be abandoned. Not a brushful of paint had touched the picture. Fibrous silk of various colors, and in stitches of various lengths, had wrought the marvel. There is no suggestion of mystery or Gobelins work. It is needle painting, not weaving, both in the flesh tones and expressions of the faces, and in the reproduction of the draperies. The soulful eyes of the Mother and the startled look of the Child are so admirably copied that one feels the full message of the spiritual truth, while the texture and color of the robes leave nothing to be desired. The first exhibition of the embroidered Madonna had not closed before the merit of the work was publicly acknowledged. The king and queen of Saxony came to view the picture and complimented the embroiderer.

From Germany the picture was taken to St. Petersburg, where a large sum was offered for it. The owner declined to sell, and carried her treasure to London, where it was exhibited at Marlborough House before the prince and princess of Wales. From London it was taken to the Paris exposition and received the gold medal from the international jury.

A Very Thing. Smiffles. This little Jones is itching for office. Smiffles. You do not say? Smiffles. Yes, he did an awful lot of scratching when he heard, N. Y. Herald.

A LITTLE NONSENSE.

Hewitt—"No news is good news." Jewett—"That may be; but if you are a reporter you can't make your city editor believe it."—Town and Country.

Old Aunt (despondently)—"Well, I shall not be a nuisance to you much longer." Nephew (reassuringly)—"Don't talk like that, aunt. You know you will!"—Punch.

Now Smythe Is Thinking.—Mr. Smythe—"I never believe anything I can't understand." Miss Causette—"What a skeptic you must be."—Summersville Journal.

The Provoking Jabberer.—"Don't you despise people who talk behind your back?" "I should say so. Especially at a concert or during an interesting play."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

Miss Stalemate—"Do you think a woman is justified in lying about her age?" Miss Spring—"If her looks won't lie for her, I suppose she is forced to do it herself."—Boston Transcript.

Danger Ahead.—"Now," said the guide, "we'll be ready to start as soon as I can borrow a dog." "Why?" exclaimed the amateur sportsman, "what's the matter with your own dogs?" "They're too valuable."—Philadelphia Press.

First Hunter—"It was your fault I didn't shoot that deer this morning." Second Hunter—"My fault?" "Yes; I saw something moving. When I said: 'It's that you, Jim?' the deer ran. Next time I'm going to say nothing and shoot, so look out."—Pittsburg Chronicle.

A PARROT PROVES HIS WORTH

With His Tongue He Scared a Second-Story Burglar Away from a Girls' Boarding School.

Not far from this city, out in Connecticut, is a girl's boarding school which includes a number of small cottages used by the teachers and older pupils as dormitories. In one of these is kept a parrot, the mascot and private property of the senior class, says the New York Sun.

Polly is a very old bird. In fact he is almost as old as the seminary itself, and many are the classes, long since graduated, whose cheer Polly has learned and can recite to this very day.

But cheers are not his only accomplishment, for every class has taught him some phrase or other, so that in all these years he has amassed a large vocabulary, composed mostly of such words as the popular name for caoutchouc, and other schoolgirl slang.

The entire school assembles for meals in the main building. This custom leaves the smaller cottages practically unguarded during mealtime. As nothing was ever stolen, the girls gradually became more and more lax in locking the doors and windows.

One day lately, when the boarders were all enjoying their midday meal, a violent screeching and yelling was heard from the nearest cottage, that in which the parrot was kept. One of the girls suggested that a stray cat had got into the house and was the cause of the outcry.

At this one of the teachers volunteered to investigate. In a few moments she returned, breathless and excited, announcing that the cottage had been entered by burglars, and was at that very moment being robbed.

For an instant panic reigned among the pupils, but it was immediately quelled by the principal. She directed one of the teachers to telephone for the police, while she went over to the cottage with James, the gardener.

On arriving at the scene they found the building had indeed been entered. Almost all the rooms showed signs of a robbery. The bureau drawers had been rifled and things strewn about.

In the next to the last room on the second floor was found a large bag, packed with all sorts of valuable trinkets, and other articles were lying about the floor, as if the intruder, whoever he was, had beat a hasty retreat. The cause of this precipitate flight was soon made manifest by the sudden outcry of the parrot in the next room.

"Get out of here! Get out of here!" screamed the bird.

Polly was discovered in an exceedingly ruffled state, and his loud "Get out of here!" had evidently done the work.

Outside the building was a ladder leaning against one of the back windows. The burglar had entered and gone through all the rooms, taking whatever he could from each one, till the next to the last was reached.

At this point, it is supposed, Polly heard the strange footsteps, for he was well acquainted with the step of every one who lived in the building, and cried out in alarm, and by some happy chance happened to strike upon the phrase "Get out of here!"

DANGERS OF LAUGHING.

The Occasional Inopportunities of Birth Painfully Evidenced at the Expense of a Court Official.

It was awkward for the czar's confidential adviser, Baron Endhoff, a few weeks ago, that he had not a quicker control over his features, for a laugh at the wrong moment lost him his high position and £12,000 a year, says London Answers.

While the royal suite was at Compiègne, soon after the arrival, the czar was tired, and a little irritable, by the effects of the long journey. While going through the big library, which was part of the great apartments prepared for him, he slipped on a wolfskin mat that lay on the highly polished floor, made a wild attempt to save himself, and clutched at one of his attendants.

He nearly brought himself and his standstill to the ground, but he just managed to avoid a fall. The spectacle was rather ludicrous, especially in such a stately personage; and when the rather irritated monarch turned round he found his favorite Endhoff indulging in a grin of amusement, which he could not suppress.

The czar, who detests levity on state occasions, spoke very sharply to the culprit, who, next day, was dismissed his post, and relegated to an assistant secretaryship, with plenty of hard work to do, and wherein he never sees the czar at all. Although wealthy and of the oldest nobility, the baron dared not refuse the minor service. His former stipend was £12,000 a year.

But the Kaiser, on the whole, is the most dangerous person to laugh at, or before, and more than one person has "done for" himself in this way. So did the unfortunate Gough Milbanke and it—the clever but bluff Scottish colonial administrator. It was he who used to command the Sultan Arabi's troops and manage the Arabian finances.

The Kaiser took him up, four years ago, as a guest, with a view to making use of him in the new "expansion" policy of the German empire, and had decided to give him a fine position in the east, to guard German interests in China, at a princely remuneration, of course. The Kaiser sees to these things himself, and any body who becomes one of his right hand men is pretty well set up for life.

At one of the audiences given him at Potsdam, Milbanke was giving the emperor the benefit of his experience, and receiving his orders, when the Kaiser made a rather absurd suggestion as to eastern discipline, proposing to win the confidence of the Japanese and Kurile islanders with presents.

Milbanke, bursting into a guffaw, asked the Kaiser if he thought the Japanese were Congo niggers, who could be bought over with a few glass beads and a flat lock gun? The Kaiser froze at once, wished Milbanke good night, and never reopened relations with him.

The moral is, when you are chatting with a King don't forget he is a King, and dig him in the ribs. A still more amusing case of this kind was the mistake of another Scottish administrator, Duncan McVea, who was, next to McLeavy Brown, of Korea, the most famous of "wandering" governors. Scotland, by the way, supplies 80 per cent. of the world's pioneer administrators, as well as its engineers.

McVea was dealing with that pleasant but touchy monarch, the king of Portugal, who had proposed to put the rather shaky government of the Cape Verde islands into his hands, to set things going and pull the finances together. This would have been a big step, and meant some £3,000 a year to the famous adventurer; but he had too much of what Scotchmen are supposed to lack—sense of humor. At any rate, it was the ruin of the finest prospect he ever had.

The king became a little excited and irritated at the various common sense objections that McVea, knowing what he was talking about, opposed to some of the monarch's plans, and though the king speaks admirable English as a rule, when excited it becomes a very odd mixture indeed. This, finally, so worked on McVea's feelings that he smiled audibly, with the result that he was promptly ordered away, and the Cape Verdes still lack a Scottish governor to look after their affairs.

Meals in Russia. The Russian has no fixed meal time. He eats when he is hungry, which is often. He has about six square meals a day. He has at least a dozen lunches, a little bit of salt fish or some caviare, or a piece of bread and cheese, washed down with a nip of fiery vodka. He never passes a station without a glass of tea—marmalade tea, with a thin slice of lemon floating in it. You get a fondness for Russian tea, and forever, he mimicked derisively, forever. The table manners of the Russians, such as you see in hotels and buffets, are not pleasing. He sprawls with outstretched elbow on the table, and so that raises the food to his mouth. He makes objectionable noises in his throat. He has a finger bowl, and rinses his mouth as the rest of us do when cleaning our teeth in our bathrooms. Then he squirts the water back into the bowl. In time one may get used to this. London News.

Not a Nice Way of Putting It. She O. Dr. Pillsbury, I am so anxious about poor Mrs. Perkins. She is in your hands, is she not? Dr. Pillsbury. She was, but I have left off attending her for the present. "O, that's good. She is out of danger then!"—Punch.

BROOKLYN BRIDGE UNSAFE.

Experts Declare That the Immense Structure is in Great Danger of Collapse.

The dangerous condition of the Brooklyn bridge has not been half told in the few words which District Attorney Philbin gave out concerning the report of the two experts employed by him to examine into the strength and safety of the structure. The fall report is still kept secret by Mr. Philbin, but it became known the other day that if something is not done to strengthen the bridge there is danger of a collapse. That the danger is now imminent it is admitted, but the necessity for making the bridge stronger is immediate if it is to be kept in a condition of safety.

Only a few more tons of weight massed together on the bridge would make it unsafe, according to the convincing figures which District Attorney Philbin now has in his hands. From other sources it is learned that the report declares that the bridge is now loaded to its extreme capacity, and that it should be greatly strengthened to enable it to carry its present burden.

Edward Duryea, Jr., the chief expert employed by Mr. Philbin, found the bridge full of defects, some serious. Mr. Duryea's report calls for material changes in the construction of the present bridge structure. The suggested improvements will cost less than \$1,000,000, and the report says that the bridge can be made perfectly strong for the sum named.

District Attorney Philbin, when asked about the matter, said: "The Brooklyn bridge is safe. At least until next August, by which time a protracted hot spell and the remaining expansion may have gotten in their work in the weakening of the great structure. It is as safe as it was the day it was opened to the public."

OXYGEN NULLIFIES POISONS.

The Pure Gas Found to Be Antidote for Morphine, Strychnine and Arsenic.

The discovery that pure oxygen is an antidote for many poisons is the startling result of experiments now in progress in the Berlin Institute of Physical Diagnosis, under the direction of Dr. Rogovin, a Russian medical scientist, in conjunction with Dr. William Cowd, of New York. Numerous experiments in cases of morphine, strychnine and arsenic poisoning were made with cats, rats, mice and guinea pigs. In each case where oxygen was given an unqualified cure was effected.

The experiments were conducted in the utmost privacy, with the intention of making their result known for the first time at the German medical congress in 1902.

The health authorities of Berlin are keenly interested in the experiments on account of the possibility of saving the lives of suicides by this means. It is pointed out that 90 per cent. of suicides by poison are the result of morphine despondency, against which medical antidotes are powerless.

FINDS GENUINE CORREGIO.

A Resident of Rochester, N. Y., Hurra Supposedly Priceless Gem from Gypsies.

Under the accumulation of dirt gathered during hundreds of years Rochester (N. Y.) artists and connoisseurs have discovered in a painting purchased from a wandering band of gypsies years ago a genuine Corregio, a production of priceless value, Forest Cheney is the owner. It was covered with black asphalt paint when he discovered it, but his practiced eye saw the brush of a master in the few figures that the iconoclasts had left comparatively untouched. The canvas was almost rotten with age, the paint being in flakes almost parting the cloth. He filled the picture with a treatment and removing the mass of black pigment the wonderful coloring came into view and the figures took form. It was the nativity. Cherubs appeared, a shepherd with his crook bent over the divine babe, richly clad worshippers came into view and there was no doubt that he was assisting the rebirth of a Corregio "Nativity." All who have seen agree as to the authenticity of the picture.

Urging Preaching in Schools. The general conference of the German Evangelical synod of North America, in session at St. Louis recently, adopted a resolution which seeks to give the ministers of the Evangelical church and other Protestant denominations the right to enter public schools for certain periods each week to instruct the children in Christian doctrines and principles. The resolution provides that the legislatures of the various states be implored to grant the churches this right as a means of bringing the children up to a full realization of their duty to their fellow men and government.

Will Teach Lord's Prayer. Hereafter children in the Cleveland (O.) public schools must study the Lord's Prayer, the Ten Commandments and the Twenty-third Psalm. The school board has voted to add these to the course of studies now taught.

"We ought to be improving the moral as well as the mental capacities of the children," said Mr. Holbart, a member of the board, "and I know of no more fitting way in which to do this than to add the Lord's Prayer, the Ten Commandments and the beautiful Twenty-third Psalm to the studies."

Newspapers in United Kingdom. The daily circulation of newspapers in the United Kingdom rose from 60,000 copies in 1801 to 200,000 in 1850, and now reaches 8,500,000.

MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.

The people of the south think that as soon as they can have faster steamers and more of them they can keep all their cotton mills working full time making cloth for export.

In the 18 years of its existence the Woman's Relief Corps, auxiliary to the grand army, has grown from 50 to 143,000 members, and disbursed \$2,500,000 in aid to veterans and their families.

In the time of Pliny silk was supposed to be a vegetable product and his "Natural History" contains a long story of the way in which it was picked from the trees in the East Indies and spun and woven into fabrics.

Arloch, "the Lion King" of Assyria, was so called not only on account of his military achievements, but because his shock of curly hair and grizzled beard gave him something of the appearance of the king of beasts.

The first spelling-book printed in this country was entitled "The American Spelling-Book," by Noah Webster. It was issued in 1783, and for considerably more than half a century was the standard work used in all American schools.

The German railroads are slowly adopting modern ideas. Quite an innovation was inaugurated the other day, when the railroad authorities announced that excursion tickets to London would be good for 45 days, via the Hook of Holland or Antwerp.

The "Alexandrian Era" is by some authorities begun with the death and by others with the birth of Alexander the Great. For a long time after the death of Alexander this era was in common use in Egypt and many of the countries which had been under his rule. It began November 12, 224 B. C.

Birds are made to take their own pictures by the ingenious apparatus of O. G. Pike, an English photographer. A bait of fat is placed on an electrical wire which is so connected with a camera that, when the bait is removed, the camera shutter is released, giving an instantaneous exposure of the sensitive plate.

DURING LUCID INTERVALS.

Numerous Philosophy from the Editor of the Prison Paper, "Star of Hope."

At county fairs, as in life, the side-shows cost the most. No man should complain if measured with his own yardstick. One drowsy woman in a block will run a dozen innocent men in debt. It's always surprising how much deeper a hole is after one gets into it. Men always speak of their better halves, simply because they "half" to. People who have nothing to do lead a dog's life hunting entertainment.

The man who is able to keep his mouth shut has a knack of appearing wise. Zeal and duty are now slow, but curiosity gets there before either of them. There are more things in some newspapers than heaven and earth can boast of. We are our own architects; ideas are the bricks and perseverance is the mortar. There are three ways of getting out of a scrape—push out, back out and keep out.

The full meaning of executive ability is the faculty of getting some one to do your work. This checked career, we call life, is full of mystery, measles and more or less malaria. It's the man without much mind who always "has a mind to do" something and never does it. We may not be able to read a Chinese laundry sign, but we know it is nothing but marks of irony.

"All things come to him who waits," except political "pie," a fellow has to go after that, and sometimes "tip" the waiter. Some people wear spectacles because they are almost blind; others to prevent themselves from becoming blind, others just for a blind. Some men, if they had a chance, would spend a fortune every week, while others would almost starve if they had all the gold on earth in their possession.

Old age brings experience, and some kinds of experience brings old age. Guess many of us in durance vie can testify to the truthfulness of the statement. One of our exchanges relates that when a farmer's prodigal son recently came home "busted" and hungry, all the old man's fat calves jumped a fence and fled from his ranch. We suppose, in that event, the lad had to take up with pancakes and sausage.

Troubles of a Lady Lecturer. A certain lady lecturer tells two good stories against herself. "I was on tour through the provinces," she says. "One night, as I appeared on the platform in a small town, the chairman introduced me to my audience in the following way: 'You have heard of Mr. Gladstone, the grand old man. Let me now introduce you to the grand old woman.' 'This was intended as a sincere compliment. 'On another occasion a bluff old farmer, who boasted of his ability to look on all sides of a question, announced me as follows: 'This lady' come here to talk about her rights,' he said. 'She hired the hall, and so she's got a right to be here, and if any of you don't like what she's got to say, you've got an equal right to walk out in the middle of it.'—London Tit-Bits.

NO ESCORT NEEDED.

The Old Commodore Was Equal to the Occasion as Was Certainly Shown.

"I recall an amusing episode in the life of Commodore Tom Keats, who was killed in the Galveston storm," said a resident of that city, relates the New Orleans Times-Democrat. "Back in the early 80's, or thereabouts, he was paymaster on the Gulf, Colorado & Santa Fe railroad. There had been a number of hold-ups on the line, and the loss in both money and prestige among the traveling public had been so great that the company finally decided to take extreme measures to put a period to the trouble. Accordingly, they built a special car, designed particularly for the use of the paymaster and for the transportation of extra-valuable express matter. On the outside it looked like any other car, but the interior was so arranged as to make it a veritable fortress on wheels. The walls were lined with sheet-iron, pierced with masked loopholes, and in the center was a sort of a turret, to which entrance couldn't have been forced with anything short of artillery. Four or five noted 'bad men,' who were employed as guards, secreted themselves inside on every trip, and the old commodore had strict instructions to retire to the turret, with his cash, whenever trouble began.

"About a month after this machine was put into service, the road detectives discovered a plot to hold up the train at a point the other side of Waco. They learned the exact date of the proposed robbery, and elaborate preparations were made to give the scoundrels the surprise of their lives. When the train pulled out, a special force of guards were in the pay-car.

"The crowd included Luke Short, Jim Cartwright, 'Doc' Holliday, and two or three other celebrated marksmen, and all were armed to the teeth with shotguns and revolvers. Unluckily, however, the robbers got wind of the arrangements the day before, and promptly removed. Consequently, there was no attack, and the posse were deeply disappointed.

"After the appointed place had been passed, somebody suggested that it would be a good joke for part of the crowd to slip out at the next station and fire a few shots in the air, just to see the old paymaster dive into his turret. None of the bad men knew the commodore's record, and they supposed him to be simply an inoffensive old gentleman, who would run like a rabbit at the first alarm. The plan was instantly adopted, and when the train presently slowed down, three men sneaked away, and a fusillade of pistol-shots rang out from the darkness. 'There they are!' yelled the guards, who had remained inside, and then lay back to see the fun.

"The commodore remembered his orders, and, at the first report, started instinctively for his turret; but the fighting instinct was too strong, and, dropping his money-sack, he whipped out two enormous revolvers and leaped through the end door. As soon as he struck the ground, he opened fire on the humbugs, and the way they sprinted for cover was a caution to snakes. He chased them nearly half a mile across country, and finally lost them in the woods. The others didn't dare to explain, and the train pulled out as soon as the old man returned. The three fenny guards had to walk fully 20 miles to the next town, and when they showed up at headquarters were immediately fired. After that episode the company dispensed with their paymaster's escort. They came to the conclusion that the commodore could take care of himself."

QUEEN ELIZABETH'S CHAIRS. Some of Them Are Still Preserved at Rushbrooke, in Suffolk, England. Curiously interesting, says the London Lady's Pictorial, are the Queen Elizabeth chairs. In the days when Sir Robert Jernyn owned the large red-brick moated mansion at Rushbrooke, Suffolk, her majesty, Queen Elizabeth, and the French ambassadors were several times entertained by him, "with which charges and courtesies they stood marvelously contented." The Elizabethan hall still displays as much dignity as when royally feasted beneath its spacious roof, and nobles and ladies in all the splendor of the sixteenth century waited upon their sovereign within its massive walls. A great deal of interest attaches to the two old chairs, which formed part of the suite used by Queen Elizabeth when she visited Rushbrooke hall, and which are still retained by the present owner, Wyndham Rushbrooke, Esq., as mementoes of her majesty's visits. The high-backed arm-chair is of carved beech, the back and seat are upholstered with the original Geneva velvet with chenille borders. The arms and legs are carved and pierced; cabriole connected with carved scrolled rail in front. The back rails are turned. The chair at his side is also a high-backed arm-chair, with scrolled legs and arms. The front bar between the legs is carved with the royal crown legs is carved with the royal crown and scrolls; the top rail and splats at the back are carved with cupids and royal crown; the seat and back are of cane.

A Big Concession. Crawford, I hear your wife insisted on your getting her an automobile. "Crawshaw" Yes; but after refusing to speak to me for three days she was willing to compromise if I bought her an automobile coat. Judge.