

MOST UNCANNY SPOT.

BLOOD-CURDLING FEATURES IN SUPERSTITION MOUNTAINS.

Experiences of Night Explorers—Caverns Filled with Ghosts and Devils—Strange March of the Panthers—Weird Sounds and Lights.



THE most uncanny spot on the face of the earth is very likely within the boundaries of the Superstition mountains in Arizona, says the San Francisco Call. The name was given this range of volcanic rock by the Indians, and never was name more appropriate. Of course the educated man of today knows all of the strange and weird phenomenon to be seen there are the result of natural causes and can be easily explained, but the poor Indian who knows not these things can hardly be blamed for having a wholesome fear of any part of the range.

The stories the Indians tell of the Superstition mountains would take months to repeat, but the idea of all of them seems to impress the fact that the arch fiend who presides over the domain has a hatred of the red man and is constantly laying traps to destroy him. All who enter the realms of horror do so at the risk of never coming back, and all who do come back have some new tale to add to the already long list. The most terrible things told of are the swinging stones that turn out from the walls of a canyon and crush the passer by. Then there are places where the ghosts dance; trees that reach out their branches and entangle all who come near them. There are caverns filled with witches and devils and awful birds that make the strangest sounds.

the banks of the Rhine will appear perched on its summit. When near, writes "Last year I was troubled with a cough, a soft muffled sound of footsteps will be heard. What is it? By looking carefully a procession of panthers can be seen walking around the cone shaped mountain, as if guarding the castle on the summit.

Round and round they go, looking neither to right nor left, and though considerable noise is made they will not notice it. Many old hunters say that it is possible for a man to walk right across the line and the panthers will not attack him.

Farther up the canyon are numerous gulches into which the moonlight falls. One of them has a sort of overhanging ledge and beneath it appears a crowd of men. Surely they are talking, for their arms appear to move, their heads turn from side to side. Some have on white clothes and others appear to be of different colors. A peculiar sound like the murmur of voices fills the air.

By climbing a small canyon to the left the most startling sight in the mountain can be seen. Surely it is not of this world. The canyon suddenly terminates in a gulch that crosses it from side to side. At first sight it is only an abyss of inky blackness. Listen! A peculiar rumbling sound can be heard and from the profound depth a white robed figure will appear; then another and another, until there is a whole procession of ghosts passing over the brink.

Many of them will wave their arms, as if beckoning the observer. While this is going on clouds will appear to float in from the sides and perhaps thunder will be heard in the distance. But the procession moves on and passes up a canyon and finally disappears over a cliff. Silence will follow and the act will be repeated. This canyon cannot be traversed farther, but by turning back and entering a small valley on the other side three giants can be seen in conference. They are sitting close to a tree and their at-

ITALIAN ANTIQUITIES.

An Underground Trade in Them in Spite of Legal Interdictions.

Some days ago a well-known dealer in antiquities offered for sale to the Louvre museum, in Paris, a splendid collection of ancient silver vases from Italy or Greek or Italian workmanship, says the London News. The museum was unable to pay the price asked—£20,000—and declined the bargain. The Italian minister of education, having learned of this, has taken proceedings under the Pacca law against Sig. di Prisco, the owner of these antiquities. The latter is a large land owner at Bosco Reale. He secretly made excavations on his estate and found twenty-eight silver vases of remote antiquity. Notwithstanding the Italian law prohibiting owners of antiquities from sending them out of the country without leave, or, rather, on account of this law, which prevents old works of art from commanding anything like their natural price in the impoverished country, Sig. di Prisco smuggled his find out of Italy and offered it to a Paris dealer for £5,000. Continuing meanwhile his search, he found other silver vases, which duly joined their fellows in Paris, and the whole lot was offered to the Louvre. The Italian minister of education throws interesting light on the facilities which underpaid officials are supposed to afford illicit exporters of antiquities. He issues a notification that, should any officials be found to have connived at this latest evasion of the Pacca law, they will be criminally prosecuted.

Buried Thermometers.

Recent observations made by Prof. A. Agassiz in the Calumet and Hecla mine, near Lake Superior, to ascertain the rate at which temperature increases toward the center of the earth give a slower rate of increase than has been found in previous recorded observations. The observations were made at various depths by placing registering thermometers in holes drilled ten

MARRIAGE BROKERS.

The Schatchen is an Important Person in a New York Colony.

In wandering through the east side recently, I learned that the "schatchen" is an important and busy functionary in that quarter. The sage who a long time ago observed that marriages were made in heaven evidently knew nothing about this match-making individual who exercises his wiles by day and by night in the teeming Hebrew colony here. The schatchen is a man of middle age, suave and well dressed, who promotes marriages. He works on strictly business principles and don't bother his head about Cupid or that peculiar sentiment called love. He is a diplomat with a visiting list longer than the most popular woman of the Four Hundred. He belongs to no end of lodges and orders, and speedily makes it his business to know all about the families of his married friends. He also acquaints himself with the monetary worth of paterfamilias, and if the latter has any marriageable sons or daughters he gets in his work, first by delicate insinuation and soon more openly. The schatchen has a neatly engraved card which announces his business, and this he distributes liberally. He also believes in advertising, and his card is conspicuously displayed in all the Yiddish newspapers. He brings young couples together, and if a marriage ensues he pockets commissions from both sides. If the bride's father gives her a dot of \$500, the schatchen pockets \$50. He also strikes the bridegroom for 10 per cent, but is frequently compelled to compromise on 2-1-2. He often has a dozen irons in the fire at one time, and in the vernacular of sport, plays off one against the other. Sometimes he burns his fingers, as he not infrequently plays a leading role in the civil courts; but he fills a unique place in polyglot Gotham, and has been the means of making any number of bashful young people happy for spot cash. Here's another queer phase of the marriage business. A strange society has just been organized in this city, composed of young men and women who have decided to subordinate sentiment to science. In other words, they believe it to be a crime against society and future generations for certain persons to marry. So they have pledged themselves not to enter into any matrimonial alliance with any person whose family is subject to hereditary diseases that can be transmitted. This new order is called the Society for the Prevention of Hereditary Diseases, and its officers are in the Stewart studio building in Fifty-ninth street. The president is a young woman, and the vice-president is a young man. The former says that the organization has started off with twenty members, but she hopes to lengthen the list rapidly, as the S. P. H. D. doesn't propose to hide its light under a bushel. As anything which tends to improve the condition of humanity in general will benefit the world at large, this new fad should live long and prosper.—New York Correspondent Pittsburg Dispatch.

A Bold Policeman.

"I wonder," said the policeman who knows more about the local regulations than about biblical history, "why it was that Joshua made the sun stop." And the member of the bicycle squad expanded his chest and looked learned and answered: "That's easy; he probably arrested it for scorching."

Cigarette Smoker Turns Green.

A young man living in Broadville, Mich., is turning green from the use of cigarettes. Most cigarette smokers are more or less green when they begin the practice.

NOTES OF THE DAY.

An effort is to be made this year to raise the minimum salary received by the ministers of the United Methodist churches of England.

Bluff City, Tenn., boasts of a pumpkin sixty-five inches in diameter which is still growing on a vine belonging to Mrs. William Berry.

The French Academy of Sciences has appointed a special committee to investigate the new treatment for consumption advocated by Dr. Crotte of Paris.

Blood poisoning, the result of the prick of a hat pin several months ago, has so enfeebled a young woman of New Albany, Ind., that it is feared she will not recover.

Princess Dhuleep Singh was fined 12 shillings in the Burton-Upon-Trent, England, police court for taking her lapdog to drive in her carriage without having it muzzled.

In Hicksville, Ohio, recently, a wedding party was stormed by tramps, who locked the groom in the smoke-house, ate the wedding supper and stole the marriage license.

The prizes won by the Prince of Wales' yacht Britannia during the past season amount to \$5,000. Some of the crew of the Britannia have returned to their homes at Wivenhoe.

Typhoid fever and other diseases are so prevalent in Daviess County, Kentucky, that the deputy sheriff who served the notices for the last petit jury panel found only one man able to go to court.

During the past two years Douglas County, Oregon, has paid as bounty on wild animals killed the sum of \$5,837, as follows: Bear 262, bounty \$517; coyote 912, \$6,300; panther 370, \$2,010; total scalps 1,544, bounty \$5,837.

Smelts are running in such numbers in Bellingham Bay, Wash., that quantities of them are taken daily by means of garden rakes and scoop nets just as the tide turns to the ebb. They run to the very borders of the high water.

PRETTY SALVATION ARMY MAIDS.



The ever progressive Salvation Army has just added to its equipment what many people consider its most attractive feature. The latest novelty of this up-to-date organization, and the one which is shortly to come to New York, is called the "Singing Battalion," and is attached to the Western division, which has its headquarters at Chicago. Its members are all women officers of the army, and have been selected with a special view to their comeliness. As a result the new corps makes a charming appearance, and, as each of these pretty girls is attired in the costume of her native country, the effect is extremely picturesque. The idea of organizing this band of singers of all nations grew out of a desire on the part of the army commanders in different sections to reach people of every nationality in the most direct and effective way. There were plenty of fine singers in the army, but they

all sang in English, and this language was unintelligible to thousands of lately landed foreigners who came to the meetings. It was not feasible to give songs in all the living tongues, but it was comparatively easy to find members of the army belonging to all the different countries represented in the various audiences. So pretty girls from Japan, Russia, Roumania, Sweden, France, Scotland, Holland and even Turkey, were pressed into service and instructed to provide themselves with becoming costumes, modelled after those common to their several countries. The result was that this novel band is creating a furor through Indiana, Wisconsin, Michigan and the other Western states which it has visited. In the coal and iron mining districts which are scattered thickly over these states, a large proportion of the workmen are foreigners, and when they discovered that the

army had girl singers who came from the Fatherland they flocked to the meetings in great crowds. By giving their gatherings this international character the army has brought within its influence many people who would otherwise have remained away. Often when a little family of Swedes or Poles, for instance, have sat through one of the Singing Battalion's concerts one of the men will leave his seat and, stepping up to the young officer who happens to wear the costume of his country, address her in his own language. His delight is touching when he hears her kindly response in his own familiar tongue. The dialogue, which is as much enjoyed by one as the other, usually ends by the army lassie joining the family group and volunteering to sing for them religious songs with which they have been familiar since childhood.—New York Journal.

Wild animals by the thousands come right out of the solid rocks. Fishes with legs come from the lakes and drown all within their reach. Fire and smoke and horrible groans and howls fill the air on all sides.

To see the weird aspect of this uncanny region is best to select that time of the month when the moon is full. The most interesting portion is in a canyon that opens on the north side of the range, and if an explorer will manage to get about ten miles into this during the daytime, and, after selecting a quiet spot, wait for the moon to rise, he can have an experience he will never forget. But don't go unless your nerves are strong.

In most parts of the world silence comes with the night. Just the reverse seems to be the case in the Superstition mountains. Or is this imagination? But suddenly the air is rent with the most unearthly shriek that ever fell on mortal ears. Again and again it comes and rolls and echoes through the canyons, getting weirder with each reverberation. The cry is taken up on all sides until the mountains seem like pandemonium.

Big nerve yourself and pass on. Keep to the bottom of the canyon and you will be in no danger of a fall. Silence will come again and if you keep on you will soon come to a cone shaped mountain rising before you. Approach closer and a castle is perfect as any on

titudes show them to be interested in what one of them is saying.

Farther up the canyon there is a large cliff and behind it at intervals can be seen flashes of light. Thunder follows and the earth beneath your feet will shake. Possibly one of the flashes may throw you to the ground, and you can hear the hissing of serpents near by. If you happen to be in the right place you can hear a grinding sound and a rock on top of a cliff will swing outward. But it won't fall, as the next shake will swing it back.

Dozens of experiences like those just related are likely to befall the night explorer in the Superstition mountains, so that when daylight comes he will feel as if he has been to the infernal regions or with Alice in Wonderland.

Peach Marmalade.
Delicious peach marmalade may be made from very ripe, soft peaches, wiped carefully, but not peeled; cut in halves, remove the stones; allow half a pound of sugar to every pound of peaches. Put the peaches in a preserve kettle, add water to cover, and bring slowly to a boil; stir and mash the peaches; add the sugar with a paste, boil and stir until thick and smooth, being careful not to scorch; put away in glass jars. Apple and pear marmalade may be made in the same way.

feet into the rock and plugged with wood and clay. After the thermometers had remained in place three months the holes were opened and the results obtained. The highest temperature recorded at a depth of 4,580 feet was 79 degrees Fahrenheit. At a depth of ten feet the rock temperature was 59 degrees. Between these limits there was a column of rock, or 4,475 feet, with a difference of temperature of 20 degrees, or an average increase of 1 degree for each 223.7 feet. The observations in the St. Gothard tunnel gave an increase of 1 degree for each 60 feet and those of Lord Kelvin elsewhere made the increase degree for each 51 feet. The thickness of the crust of the earth deduced from Lord Kelvin's rate of increase of temperature downward was twenty miles; from the St. Gothard rate would make the crust over eighty miles thick. It is conceded however, that the close proximity of the enormous mass of cold water in Lake Superior is a possible source of error in observation made in the Calumet and Hecla mine.—Popular Science Monthly.

A Chicago Circle of the King's Daughters combines its Bible and art studies. The latter, as outlined in The Silver Cross, is based on photographs of scripture subjects, and the corresponding Bible text and context are studied at the same time with the picture.

Rev. P. J. Berg, pastor of the Swedish M. E. church, Des Moines, Iowa, on March 4th, 1896, writes: "Last year I was troubled with a bad cough for about five months. I got medicine from my family physician and I tried other remedies without relief. When I first saw Dr. Kay's Lung Balm advertised I thought I would try it and I am glad I did. I bought a box and took a tablet now and then without any regularity, and after a few days to my great surprise the cough was gone. Ten days ago I had sore throat. I was out of the tablets and could not get them in Des Moines, and I sent to the Western Office of Dr. B. J. Kay Medical Co., Omaha, Neb., for six boxes, and as soon as I took it a few times that soreness and hoarseness all passed away in one night. I believe it is also good for sore throat." Dr. Kay's Lung Balm does not cause sickness at the stomach like many other remedies, and is more effectual than any other we know of. Sold by druggists at 25 cents or sent by mail.

Napoleon's Army Before Waterloo.

On the eve of hostilities Napoleon had 124,000 effectives, with 3,500 in his camp train; Wellington had 106,000, but of these 4,000 Hanoverians were left in garrison; Blucher had about 117,000. Neither of the two allied generals dreamed that Napoleon would choose the daring form of attack upon which he decided,—that of a wedge driven into the scattered line nearly a hundred miles in length upon which his enemies lay,—for to do so he must pass the Ardennes. But he did choose it and selected for the purpose the valleys of the Sambre and the Meuse. Allowing for the difference in typography, the idea was identical with that which, nineteen years before, he had executed splendidly in Piedmont.—October Century.

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Birmingham's Parks. One feature rather surprising to an American is that every park is made for use, there is no fear lest the grass may be injured, but in every ground adapted for them are cricket and football fields, picnic grounds, croquet lawns, tennis-courts, bowling-grounds, the use of which is permitted for a merely nominal payment. Every park, large or small, has one or more concerts each week during the summer, paid for by a neighborhood subscription.—The Century.

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The War With Mexico.
The war with Mexico was a war of conquest, and of conquest chiefly it is the interest of African slavery. It was also an unjust attack made by a powerful people on a feeble one; but it lasted less than two years, and the number of men engaged in it was at no time large. Moreover, the treaty which ended the war the conquering nation agreed to pay to the conquered \$18,000,000, in partial compensation for some of the territory wrested from it, instead of demanding a huge war indemnity, as the European way is. This treaty also contains a remarkable clause which undertook to impose a mutual obligation to submit future differences to arbitration. The results of the war contradicted the anticipations of those who advocated and of those who opposed it. It was one of the wrongs which prepared the way for the great rebellion; but its direct evils were of moderate extent. October Atlantic.

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He Was No Fool.
"Are you a single man?" asked a lawyer of a stolid-looking German on the witness stand. "Now you look," was the indignant reply, "but don't you try to make no shoke mit me shoost because I was green. Do I look like I was a Simese dwin? Huh! I am no fool if I am not long in dia guntry."—Harper's Bazar.

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