

# REAL COWBOY ARTIST

### "TIMBERLINE" KEPLINGER SURPRISES AN ART CLUB.

Canons, Peaks, and Azure Sky the Objects That Led Him to Seek to Reproduce Their Grandeur—Young Woman Aids Him.

FOR fifteen years, ever since he was a boy of 12, a young man from Iowa has haunted the timberline of Colorado's mountains. As a boy he worked in the camps and did any kind of work there was to do. Gradually he became an expert with horses, and for years has made a business of breaking and training them. He has always been called "Timberline," owing to his love for the mountain heights, but his real name is G. G. Keplinger. He is handy with his gun, is as brave as a man can be, and is at present marshal of a camp called "Dillon," not far from Breckenridge, Col. His wonderful bight and strength make him remarkable at first sight, as he stands six feet four and a half inches in his stockings. Perhaps "Timberline," who is a typical mountain cowboy in dress, mannerism and speech, may have inherited an artistic ability from his parents, who still live in Sidney, Ia., and perhaps his life, often in solitude among nature's wonders up in the azure near the snow line, may have developed an artist's soul in his herculean body. At any rate, during the intervals of his wild life among wild men and beasts, he sought to portray with a sharpened piece of lead ore the grandeur of the canons and peaks. His hands were accustomed to holding a Winchester, but his success was sufficient to encourage him. The look of refinement and sympathy deepened in his face, and his study of the gentle art and still gentler nature, made him more of a man, with all the longings of an artist for the beautiful. Like all geniuses he was very modest and did not think the trifling work worth anything except to amuse his lonely hours. His rough companions twitted



him on his "picture work" as much as they dared, for the young marshal would not stand everything. He is but 27 years old now, and full of all the fires and passions of youth. While his mountain friends sometimes laughed at him, they all respected him, and privately expressed their admiration for the young fellow. One day last summer a young woman of Denver visited the vicinity of his home in the clouds. She was a born artist, one who loved art for art's sake. She saw the young man, marveled at his tall, well-knit frame, saw the look of refinement in his storm-seamed face and soon gained his confidence. He hesitatingly told her of his love for drawing and she gave him some water colors to use. For a long time nothing was heard of him, when suddenly he arrived in Denver the other day to show his benefactor some of his water color sketches. He had drawn them over and over again until he thought he had made them pretty nearly like the scenery about him. The coloring is delicate and accurate, the perspective good, and the drawing in proportion. He did not expect praise, but received it, and was at once made the idol of the Colorado Art Club. "Timberline" is like the deer of his mountain home when it comes to close contact with the city world. He made a quaint picture of himself as he stood in midst of the little group of artists, with his cow boy costume, the immense sombrero, and the "gun" sticking in his belt.

**How the Whale Escaped.**  
A whale is seldom caught napping. When, however, one is waked from its after-dinner sleep by a passing vessel, he makes off from the intruder in great haste. The author of a recent book, "With Russian Pilgrims," has a good story to tell of a whale thus disturbed. One day at sea, when I was chaplain on the Vancouver, a big whale created a sensation. The upper deck was covered with loungers, for it was a lovely summer afternoon, and all the deck chairs had their novel reading occupants. The whale was sleeping in the sunshine, and suddenly felt his tail tickled by the passing monster. He leaped bodily out of the water in his anxiety to hurry away. The fashionable crowd gave a shout; novels flew and chairs emptied themselves quickly, as every one rushed to the rail; but the whale dived, and an infant's voice said, "Ma, did the whale jump out of the cabin window?"

**Her Studies.**  
"Is there any necessity of your hanging quite so many young idiots hanging around here, Mabel?" asked the father in the properly deferential tone of a modern parent. "I am studying human nature, papa," answered the sweet girl. "You know the proper study of mankind—of womankind—is man." "Mebbe it is, but I must say I don't like the way you keep the house littered up with your specimens."—*Chinaman Enquirer.*

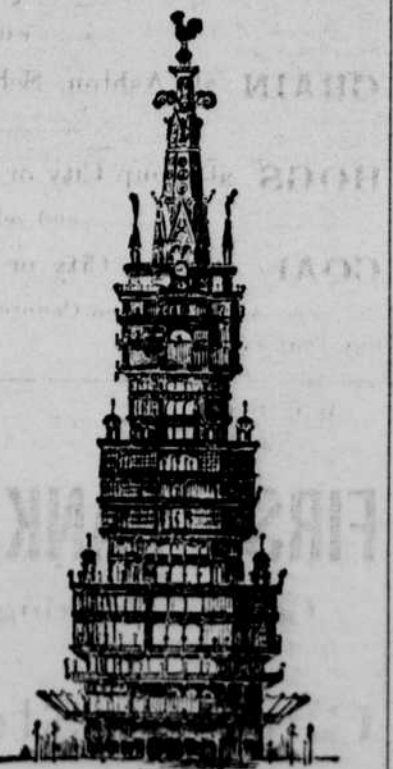
# MITER MADE OF IVORY.

Unique Present Received by the Bishop of London.

From the London Chronicle: There has just been presented to the bishop of London a miter which is the only one of its kind in the world. It is of burnished ivory, with gold orphreys. On the plaques or plates are written in pure leaf gold the words "Holiness to the Lord," in Hebrew, Greek, Latin and English. These words, it will be remembered, were ordered to be written on Aaron's miter—as it is described in Exodus xxvii-xxix. The Hebrew and the English are on the front plates. The lining is of crimson corded silk, and the lapels are the same covered with cloth of gold, each bearing a Greek cross of thin ivory. Otherwise there is no adornment whatever, and the effect generally is at once plain and rich. The shapes of miters have varied through the ages. There seems to be little doubt that the original linen miter prescribed for Aaron was a fillet of linen. But in Exodus, xxix., it is ordered, "Thou shalt put the miter upon his head, and put the holy crown upon the miter." So that the effect of the original high priest's miter was that of a fillet with a crown superposed. And so it has been since the Christian church adopted miters, there has been the fillet and the crown. In the eastern church the crown has almost concealed the fillet. Miters in the west have been of various shapes. The papal tiara is a three-crowned miter. The Celtic and old English form is much lower than that prevailing generally in the west. The best known type of the former is the Limerick miter—whose lines have been here followed—which has been engraved times untold. Miters have been of linen, of silk, of gold and silver, and all these plain or jeweled. It does not appear to have occurred to anybody until this year to make one of ivory. Unexpected difficulties arose, but they were overcome by a little ingenuity and care. The miter is "a thank offering, 1897," and the donor, with whom the idea originated, desires to remain unknown.

# AT PARIS IN 1900.

Sensitive Parisians have at times suspected that the ingenuity of devising the Eiffel tower was matched, if not surpassed, by the construction of the Ferris wheel at the Chicago world's fair. Inspired by the patriotic duty of conceiving some stupendous project whereby to reclaim their supremacy and outdazzle the American triumph, the novelty producers of the French capital have racked their resourceful brains. The revolving palace is the result. This structure, designed by M. Charles Devic, will consist of a hexagonal shaft 350 feet in height, divided into twenty-five stories. The entire palace is to be covered with nickel-plate, aluminium, ornamental tiling and glass. Illumination will come from 20,000 incandescent and 2,000 arc lights of varied colors, arranged so as to bring out clearly all decorative lines, balconies, turrets, pillars and statues. In the loftiest part of the palace are to be a chime of sixty-four bells and a powerful organ played by compressed air. Above these, and crowning the whole, will perch the weather vane—a cock fifteen feet high and formed from 1,200 incandescent lights. The entire structure is to turn on a pivot and to be moved by hydraulic apparatus, always at the same speed, making a complete revolution once an hour. Spec-



**PROPOSED REVOLVING PALACE.**  
tators may thus occupy the same position and see, spread out before them, the entire panorama of the exposition, with the city of Paris and its environs.

**Origin of Scalping.**  
The Indians, like many other tribes, have peculiar ideas regarding a continuity of life and a kind of spiritual link between animate and inanimate objects. They believe a piece of any article connects them with the entirety. The hair is thought to have a close connection with life, and one possessing it may work his will upon whoever or whatever the hair belonged to. From this idea came the custom of scalping enemies.

**No Pork Chops.**  
An ethical consideration of diet, with renunciation of flesh, alcohol and all gross matters, and the cultivation of new, incoming body-cells with pure, solarized, buoyant foods which shall develop serenity, wisdom and health, prepares the way and makes the path straight for the deliverance of the aspirant spirit from its material gross-intelligences.

# TRUE SHARK STORY.

### HOW A MOTHER FISH WENT FORTH TO FIND A MEAL.

And Fell Into a Cruel Trap—Only One Passenger on the Big Ship Felt Sorry and He Was a Man with No Sporting Instincts.

"How very hard it is to provide for a young fast-growing family nowadays," said the mother shark, turning for the hundredth time that morning upon her broad side in order to get a better view of what might be stirring above. For nearly a week she had been fasting; in fact, ever since she came in hurriedly at the close of a great feast upon the stripped carcass of a recent whale, says the London Spectator. There, by dint of the energy of her massive shoulders, her fourteen feet of length, and fivefold rows of triangular teeth, she had managed to secure a respectable proportion of the spoil for the replenishing of her own huge maw as well as for the upkeep of the fourteen sharklings that were now restlessly darting in and out of their cozy cave at the far end of her capacious throat. Within the immediate range of her glance a vast black shadow obscured a wide, irregularly shaped area of the blazing sunshine. It was so calm that the shadow seemed stationary. In the direction of this cool penumbra her gaze lingered earnestly. For hereditary instinct as well as long experience gave her the knowledge that from the substance of such shadows came food dropping down, varied and toothsome, actually alive on rare occasions. Some what impatiently she wondered at the long time that her little blue-and-gold attendant had been gone. He was so seldom absent from his place between her eyes for a whole minute that she got quite uneasy. But while she fidgeted fretfully, with many witchings of her flexible "gaff-topsail," back came the pilot-fish in a tearing hurry. "Now, then, partner, move along, do. There's a lump of fat pork almost as big as your head hanging over that ship's stern. I don't quite understand why it doesn't sink, but it is good. I nibbled just a crumb, and you can be sure that this time it is no bagful of cinders like that nasty mouthful that gave you the chestache so bad this morning." The latter part of this energetic exordium was lost upon the mother shark, being drowned in the wash set up by her great tail-fin, which was going in grand style, starting her off at such a rate that two or three stragglers of the family had to skip like shrimps to get indoors before they were left behind and lost. Straight as an arrow to the mark went the tiny guide, keeping just in front of his huge friend's snout. Together they swept into the shadow, where, sure enough, a mass of meat hung just below the sea surface, though gently lifted almost out of the water every now and then. "Oh, do look, mamma, there's a big fish. Is he going to eat that pretty little one, do you think?" "Oh, no, my little man," struck in the mate, "but you watch him now." As he spoke the great gray body took a curve laterally, a dazzling glare of white appeared, and there beneath the speaker was a crescentic gap in the smooth, livid white under side, fringed with innumerable points like chevaux-de-frise, and as big as the gap of a coal sack. Around it the small pilot circled excitedly at top speed. Slowly it rose beneath the bait, which the mate as gently slacked away, there was a gulp, and the big joint disappeared. There was a flash, a splash, and an eddy. Then the rope attached to the shark-hook concealed in that pork groaned over the rail as it felt the strain. "Lay aft the watch," roared the mate, and amid the tramping of many feet, a babel of directions and a tremendous tumult alongside, through the writhing of the captive monster, she was transferred forward to the lee gangway, where, by the aid of a stout watch-tackle, she was hoisted out of water.

"Don't take him aboard," cried the captain; "make such an infernal mess if you do. Just spritsle—yard him 'n let him go again." So a piece of scantling was got from the carpenter, pointed at both ends, about four feet long. This they drove between her jaws from side to side. Another wedge-shaped piece was planted diagonally down through her broad snout, the upper end pointing forward. Then they cut off the wide pectoral fins, letting the quivering carcass fall into the sea again by the simple expedient of chopping the hook out. "What abominable cruelty," muttered a gentle-faced man among the crowded passengers, as he turned away sick at heart. But the bustling seamen looked pityingly at him, wondering doubtless at his lack of sporting instincts. Thus disabled, the miserable monster plunged blindly in uncertain directions, unable to steer herself, unheeding the frantic carresses of her faithful little satellite, who had almost exhausted himself by leaping up at her side as she hung struggling against the vessel's side. Neither did she notice the puzzled, wavering movements of her wondering brood. So she disappeared from the view of the laughing, happy crowd on deck. But whichever way she rushed she always fetched up at the surface promptly, because of the vane in her head. Thus for a day and a night she fought aimlessly with all the forces of amazing vitality pent up in her huge body against those torturing disabilities, until mercifully she fell in with a couple of ravenous congeners. Scenting fresh blood, they made for her straightway. Like mad things they fell upon her. Long and hard they strove, tearing their way through the

tough framework until assistance came from all quarters, and a motley multitude of various hungry ones cleaned up every shred of the welcome banquet, leaving only the deserted pilot to seek another partner.

# PROLIFIC ALASKA.

Whales, Seals, Reindeer and Birds of Many Kinds in Great Numbers.

Nowhere on my travels so far have I seen so much warm-blooded rejoicing life as in this grand arctic reservation by so many regarded as desolate, says the Atlantic. Not only are these whales in abundance along the shores, and innumerable seals, walrus and white bears, but great herds of fat reindeer on the tundras, and wild sheep, foxes, hares, lemmings, whistling marmots and birds. Perhaps more birds are born here than in any other region of equal extent on the continent. Not only do strong-winged eagles, hawks and water fowl, to whom the length of the continent is only a pleasant excursion, come up here every summer in great numbers, but also many short-winged warblers, thrushes and finches to rear their young in safety, re-enclose the plant bloom with their plumage and sweeten the wilderness with song, flying all the way, some of them, from Florida, Mexico and Central America. In thus going so far north they are only going home, for they were born here, and only go south to spend the winter months as New Englanders go to Florida. Sweet-voiced troubadours, they sing in orange groves and vine-clad-magnolia woods in winter, in thickets or dwarf birch and alder in summer, and sing and chatter more or less all the way back and forth, keeping the whole country glad. Oftentimes in New England, just as the last snow patches are melting and the sap in the maples begins to flow, the blessed wanderers may be heard about orchards and the edges of fields, where they have stopped to glean a scanty meal, not tarrying long, knowing they have far to go. Tracing the footsteps of spring, they arrive in their tundra homes in June or July, and set out on their return journeys in September or soon as their families are able to fly well.

# WEBS WOVEN INTO A NET.

Balloon Coverings Being Made from Threads Spun by Spiders.

According to the Paris Temps' correspondent at Antananarivo, a special fine net, made entirely of spiders' webs, is being manufactured in the professional school at Antananarivo. The process is a very simple one. The thread of several dozen spiders is wound on winders, the quantity produced by each spider ranging from fifteen to forty yards. The covering of the web is removed by repeated washings, and the web made into a thread of eight strands. When the thread is spun, it is easily woven into a gauze, which is very fine but very strong. It is to be used for an experimental covering of a navigable balloon by Mr. Renard, the head of the French military balloon school at Chalais, near Paris, who has been engaged for many years in experimenting in aerial navigation. It is believed that the difference in the weight of an ordinary spiders' web net will make a great improvement.

# OUR BUDGET OF FUN.

### SOME GOOD JOKES, ORIGINAL AND SELECTED.

**A Gaiety Girl—A Great Opportunity—A Klondike Croesus—A Faulty Reasoning—Were the Corn Shocks Visible—Always the Case.**

**The Gaiety Girl.**  
IGHT and airy, and fresh and fair, With her sparkling eyes and golden hair, A charm to Youth, a delight to Age, She reigns the queen of the vaudeville stage; Her catchy songs to the ceiling soar, As she waits in the wings for the earned encore; The spell of a glance and the charm of a curl Belong to the rollicksome gaiety girl.

A laugh and a smile her charms enhance, At home the heart of the dazzling dance, Always gay where the footlights shine, Always bright, like the rosy wine; Winning the world with her simple grace, Shadows fly from her sunny face, And no heart beats in the daily whirl As light as the heart of the gaiety girl.

Here and there like a bird that wings its flight in many lands and sings; Now in the realm of the drifting snows, Now in the South where the orange blows; Holding hearts in her gleesome thrall, Nightly winning the smiles of all; Beautiful ever in pose and twirl, The world's less dark for the gaiety girl.

"Only a gaiety girl!" you say, With a toss of the head as you turn away, And you never think 'neath the starry dome How beats her heart for mother and home; How soft and gentle her hands can be, With a heart as white as the foam of the sea; And Love doth weave 'mid the season's whirl A crown for the brow of the gaiety girl.

**He Got the Girl.**  
"Mrs. Trelawney," said Francis Wallingford, "there is something that I have for a long time wished to say to you."

The president of the Society for the Squelching of Husbands looked over her glasses and frowned. She evidently knew what was coming, but after a moment's silence she said in her most impressive platform tones: "Well, go on. What is it?"

"I—I love your daughter, Miss Gladys. I have reason to believe that she returns my passion, and I want to ask you to give her into my keeping." Mrs. Trelawney's features hardened, and there was a cold, metallic ring in her voice as she answered: "What recommendation have you to offer for yourself? How can you convince me that you will always love her—that you will always think her beautiful?"

"She looks like her mother," said Francis Wallingford. "That is enough to convince me that her beauty will not diminish as her years increase. Of course, I know that this can hardly be regarded as a final test. You have not reached the age at which women begin to lose their—"

They were interrupted then, but he got the girl.—*Cleveland Leader.*

# A Great Opportunity.

**Jim.**—"Hey dere, Tommy! Oh, Tommy!"  
**Tommy.**—"Well, wot's de trouble?"  
**Jim.**—"Git yer brudder Ted, an' yer brudder Bill, an' yer sister Kit, an' all de kids yer can, an' hurry up!"  
**Tommy.**—"Wot fur?"  
**Jim.**—"Cause dere's a dago orange peddler out here in de alley dat's bin taken sick an' fell down, an' dere's a cinch for us ter git away wid a good 'ting. Come on."

**Then She Scanned Him.**  
Miss Coldwater—"Is it possible that you believe in the use of spirituous liquors for medicinal purposes?"  
**The Naughty Man.**—"No, whoever told you that wronged me. I don't believe in wasting liquor on people who are too sick to appreciate it."—*Cleveland Leader.*

# Tea and Coffee Drinking.

Englishmen drink five times as much tea as coffee, Americans eight times as much coffee as tea.

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# A Fine Bit of Luck.

"Oh, Queenie, such sweet news! What do you think?"  
"No idea, Flo. What is it?"  
"Papa has been bitten by a mad dog, and now we are all going to Paris. Isn't it a bit of luck?"—*Punch.*

# Always the Case.

**Banks.**—"I don't mind the influenza itself so much—it's the after effects I'm afraid of."  
**Rivers.**—"The after effects is what ails me. I'm dodging the doctor for 25 shillings."—*Tid-Bits.*

# Counter-Arguments.

"Hallo, Jones, you in this disgraceful condition again, and you might be quite a rich man if you didn't drink!"  
"My dear 'lar, wh'd be ther use—bein' rich man if I didn't drink?"—*Pick-Me-Up.*

# In the Bar.

**Bosely.**—"That fellow whom I made you acquainted with is an expert glass-blower."  
**Jagley.**—"I noticed how expertly he blew every bit of foam off."

# An Alluring Idea.

"What I want to see," exclaimed Senator Sorghum, "is the annexation of Hawaii. I envy the men who will one day come to this capitol to represent the interests of that far-distant state."  
"Yes," rejoined the enthusiastic young friend. "They will loom up as giant reminders of the progress of civilization and of the increasing power of this young republic."  
"So they will," answered the senator; "so they will. And in addition to all that, just think of the mileage!"—*Washington Star.*

# Not in Philadelphia.

**Diggs.**—"Something occurred in police circles yesterday that caused genuine surprise."  
**Biggs.**—"What was it?"  
**Diggs.**—"A detective started out on a clew in the morning and at noon arrested a man."  
**Biggs.**—"Pshaw! That's nothing; they usually arrest four or five in that length of time."  
**Diggs.**—"But this man, strange as it may appear, was the real criminal."—*Chicago News.*

# Were the Corn Shocks Visible?

**Business Man.**—"You say your maps are absolutely true to life? I don't know as to that, but the workmanship is on the blacksmith order. Look at this map of Kansas! It's all covered with dirty little spots; looks like fly specks."  
**Map Agent.**—"Ah, yes, I neglected to explain. Those are to represent farmers marketing their crops."

# The Wretched Middle Class.

**Doctor.**—"You ought to take that child into the country for several weeks every summer."  
**Mother.**—"Oh, doctor, I'm sorry to say we are not rich enough."  
**Doctor.**—"Well, then, have her sent by a fresh-air fund."  
**Mother.**—"But, doctor, we're not poor enough!"—*Fliegende Blaetter.*

# A Klondike Croesus.



**First Klondiker.**—"Wealthy? That man is wealthier than the hero in the fairy story."  
**Second Klondiker.**—"Ah! Has plenty of gold, has he?"  
**First Klondiker.**—"Gold! That man eats genuine butter on his bread three times a day."

# Gave Her Away.

The blushing bride-elect was rehearsing the ceremony about to take place. "Of course, you will give me away, papa?" she said.  
"I'm afraid I have done it already, Caroline," replied the old gentleman, nervously. "I told your Herbert this morning you had a disposition just like your mother's."—*Tid-Bits.*

# Didn't Want the Kindness.

**Charlie.**—"Will you lend me a quid, Jack? I'm awfully hard up."  
**Jack.**—"Certainly, old man. Here you are."  
**Charlie.**—"Thanks, awfully. I can never repay your kindness."  
**Jack.**—"Oh, hang the kindness! Repay the quid, and I'll be satisfied."—*Tid-Bits.*

# A Bargain.

**Aunt** (who has received a letter from Johnnie's home).—"Oh, Johnnie, your mamma has got two nice new babies."  
**Johnnie.**—"That's just like mamma. I suppose by having two she gets them cheaper."—*Punch.*

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# 4th. These Girls!

**Miss Westlake.**—"I really believe George Buttonwood is weak-minded."  
**Miss Cutting.**—"Why, dear, has he been making love to you?"—*Cleveland Leader.*