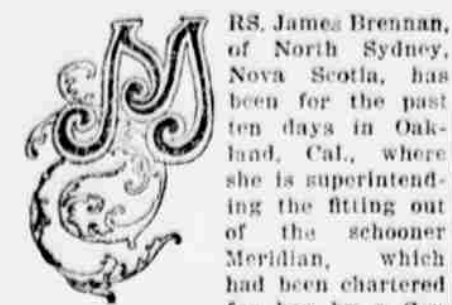


HIDDEN TREASURE.

A CAVE WHICH CONTAINS MILLIONS OF SHINING GOLD.

A Woman Will Lead an Expedition in Search of the Buried Wealth on Cocos Island—Hidden During Spanish-Peruvian War.



MRS. James Brennan, of North Sydney, Nova Scotia, has been for the past ten days in Oakland, Cal., where she is superintending the fitting out of the schooner Meridian, which had been chartered for her by a San Francisco ship agent before she left her home in the Province.



MAP OF THE ISLAND WITH TREASURE CAVE MARKED.

West of Panama, an island inhabited only by herds of goats and known only as having been at one time a watering station for South Sea whalers. Mrs. Brennan is going there to find some treasure, which she knows was there fifty-four years ago, and which she has every reason to believe has not since been removed.

Most expeditions in search of treasure are organized by mere dreamers and enthusiasts, and not a few of them by skillful swindlers. But Mrs. Brennan, who is investing no money but her own in the venture, certainly seems to be a woman of strong common sense, and the story of the treasure, as she herself tells it, is very much more simple and direct than are the narratives which form the stock in trade of the common run of adventurers.

Mrs. Brennan was married for the first time in 1848 to John Keating, of St. Johns, Newfoundland, a seafaring man, who died in 1882. Before he died he gave her a marked map of the island and told her the story of his own connection with the treasure. In June, 1835, Keating was ship's carpenter of the Rose Blanche, of St. Johns, then loading in Rio Janeiro for home.

By the way I notice that, according to a statement published in one of the evening newspapers, the value of the countless floral emblems which lay strewn upon the graveside of Sir Augustus Harris amounted to over £2,500. This only shows to what length a silly and pretentious custom can be carried.

At Mrs. Keating's Thompson grew suddenly worse, and it was when he was about to die that he told John

Keating the story and gave to John Keating the map, which Keating in turn, when it came his time to die, communicated to his wife.

The story as Thompson told it begins with the voyage of the schooner Mary Dear, commanded by Captain William Thompson, which sailed from Lima on the 23d of November, 1820, bound for the Gallapagos Islands under charter to the Spanish Government, which was then at war with the revolted colony of Peru. The Mary Dear, although Captain Thompson was acting as sailing master, was under the control of a young Spanish naval officer, who was accompanied by a guard of twelve marines from a Spanish man-of-war.

In the course of the long continued struggle between the Spanish and the Peruvian colonists any records or documents bearing on the case would undoubtedly have been lost, and it is impossible now to say whether the gold belonged to the Spanish Government or to some private citizen who had procured a naval guard to superintend its transportation to the Gallapagos

CHINESE VIANDS.

Shrewd Celestials Catch the Trade of Bohemian New Yorkers.

Chinatown restaurants at one time were of the strictest sort and no New Yorker thought of showing his face within their sacred precincts, says the New York World. Then came the day when a wave of oriental bohemianism swept over this town and to dine in Chinatown was considered to be one of the most utterly unconventional things which a man could do.



MAP OF THE ISLAND WITH TREASURE CAVE MARKED.

hangings. The tall, ungainly tables were replaced by folding-leaf dining-room tables of the conventional sort. Stock companies were formed, backed by Canton capital, and two new buildings were erected especially for restaurants. The rooms are light and airy. The restaurants are supposed to be distinctively Chinese, yet they are modeled after the most approved American standards.

At almost every door stands a large vessel, in which oil and everything else offensive to the European eye and nostril is thrown. This is a custom prevailing in nearly every great city of China and for this reason natives of Amoy look surprised at the "foreign devil," who, as he enters one of their streets for the first time, grows pale and sick.

Another thing which makes the atmosphere of the street retain its pollution, no matter how much of a breeze may be moving above the low housetops, is the fact that the streets are tortuous beyond description, their irregularity being made to seem even greater on account of the way the corners of many of the houses project out into the streets, making a series of sharp turnings necessary for pedestrians.

At a recent meeting of the Paris Academy of Sciences M. Baland presented a memoir describing an analysis of a sample of rice over a century old. He found the rice only slightly deficient in fat.

Though butterflies are often blown out to sea, and have been thought by inexperienced observers to belong to a different species to the ordinary land butterfly, there are none which can be said to live on the sea.

It is reported from Paris, where pneumatic tires have been introduced on some of the cabs, that in consequence of the lessened shock to the vehicles the cost of repair has been reduced fifty per cent, to say nothing of the saving to the nerves of passengers and the muscles of horses.

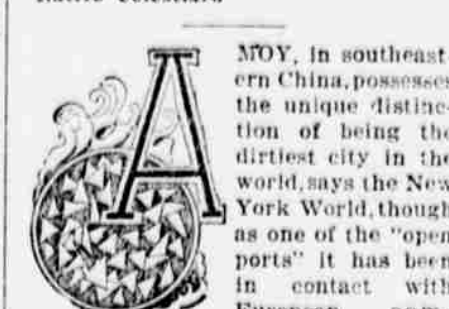
Sir John Lubbock says that the house fly, which produces the sound F, vibrates 29,169 times a minute, or 335 a second, and the bee, which makes the sound of A, as many as 25,000, or over 420 a second. On the contrary, a tired bee hums on E, and vibrates its wings only 230 times a second.

The tongue of the cat family is covered with recurring spines. In the common domestic cat these are small, but sufficiently well developed to give the tongue a feeling of roughness. In the lion and tiger the spines are strong enough to enable the animal to tear the skin of a man's hand by licking it

DIRTIEST ON EARTH.

AMOY, IN SOUTHEAST CHINA, HAS THAT DISTINCTION.

The Filth, Disease, Beggars and Dogs—Latter Are Sold Alive in the Markets and Eaten as a Great Delicacy by the Native Celestials.



AMOY, in southeastern China, possesses the unique distinction of being the dirtiest city in the world, says the New York World, though as one of the "open ports" it has been in contact with European commerce and civilization for over half a century.

The streets in some forgotten dynasty are said to have been paved with granite, but the accumulation of decades of filth is so deep as to leave this statement open to doubt. The thoroughfares of this Chinese town are even worse from a sanitary point of view than those of the other cities of the empire.

In this particular part of the city the ground is fairly level and an attempt was once made to construct a system of drainage, but vestiges of these drains exist.

Another friend was drifting about the streets of this old City of Mexico, doing almost nothing. He began to think of the hot country and what it might offer, took the train, got down there, explored, took up a little land and now, after four years, would not sell his possessions at less than \$100,000. He is a sugar and coffee planter.

Another man, a surgeon, with a railway practice, threw up the saw and the scalpel and is now making sugar and \$15,000 a year at the same time. He says he is only beginning and that in two years more he shall pass his summers yachting off the New England coast.

These are specimens. They have had their trials and their obstacles to overcome. But they had pluck, fertility of resource, tact in handling the native laborers and they are now independent men who need not ask of any man a dollar.

Much has been written regarding the people who throng the narrow streets of this and other Chinese cities, but one thing that is especially noticeable is the vast number of beggars, most of whom are afflicted with some sort of repulsive disease. The ammoniacal gases and the ever-present foul smells are the cause of many sorts of disgusting maladies, as well as the epidemics of fever, smallpox and other filth-bred contagious diseases which periodically decimate the dense population.

Next to the people in Amoy streets the most striking thing among living objects is the vast number of dogs. They are about a foot high and two feet long, with bristling, pale, dirty yellow or black hair and tails that curl up high over the back. They cannot run very rapidly owing to the unusual straightness of their hind legs, which makes their attempts at rapid locomotion seem awkward. They have black eyes and all possess this striking peculiarity—the insides of their lips, mouths and tongues are black.

In Amoy, as in other Chinese cities, there are regular markets where dog meat is sold, the animals which supply it being reared expressly for the table. Their flesh is quite expensive; so much so that it is considered a luxury far out of the reach of all but those in good circumstances. These dogs are generally sold alive in cages and keep up a frightful yelping, which is accelerated when a customer approaches, for then ensues a thorough pinching and prodding of the poor beast's body to find out if he is tender. They are fed on rice, which fattens them and is said to give their flesh a delicious flavor. In the same market kittens are sold alive for food. A black cat or a black dog will always command a higher price among the people of Amoy because their meat, especially if eaten in midsummer, is supposed to insure

health and strength during the year to come.

Despite the fact that many Christian missions have been established infanticide is still very common in Amoy. Some years ago a Mr. Abeel made a thorough investigation. He found that in some places the proportion of female infants murdered annually rose as high as one-third, while the average was one-fourth. One of eight brothers told me that only three girls were left among all their children, sixteen having been killed.

The reasons Chinese parents give for committing these murders are various. The custom is far less prevalent among the rich than it is with the poorer classes, for with the latter the girl child must be sold if the means of the family are not sufficient to dower her richly enough to insure a husband.

FORTUNE MAKING IN MEXICO.

Thrifty Americans, Once Poor, Now Enjoy Princely Incomes.

You need not starve on the Mexican tierra caliente. Everything you need for your table you may have without much trouble, says the Boston Herald. You can raise chickens and have eggs and fat, and you can grow yams and fruit and corn, and your own tobacco if you wish, and drink your own coffee and make your own sugar to sweeten it with! You may not be rich, you shall not put in a fourth of the work that is needed in cultivating New England rock pastures and yet you will be fat and hearty. Corn grows down on the isthmus like the blessing of God, as the Spanish saying has it. You will see it being harvested from one field while it is two feet high in an adjoining field and in another is just shooting up out of the ground.

Hernan Cortez, the conqueror of Mexico, was no fool when he struck for the isthmus to locate his big estates. It is rich soil and now has a railway from ocean to ocean and, as President Diaz said the other day on his return from that country, the isthmus is fertile enough to support a nation. There is, says the president, room for another New York at Alvarado, on a splendid bay, and some day I believe we shall see a great city there, for it will have all that magnificent agricultural region behind it.

One does not wish to paint everything rose color, and surely the life remote from towns, the quiet of the country and the society of but few of one's own race do not constitute an attractive prospect for most men; but, as I must insist, there is independence from hard grinding conditions in tropical agriculture. A few cases in point: A friend of mine came here many years ago, married a charming Mexican girl, has a pretty family, and, after drifting from one thing to another, hit on sugar, and now he is in receipt of an income of \$1,000 a month. He tells me life is very sweet and that he goes to Europe next year.

Another friend was drifting about the streets of this old City of Mexico, doing almost nothing. He began to think of the hot country and what it might offer, took the train, got down there, explored, took up a little land and now, after four years, would not sell his possessions at less than \$100,000. He is a sugar and coffee planter.

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DENVER WOMAN CYCLIST.

She Has Scoured Over 1,052 Miles in Ten Days—Has Made 30 Centuries.

St. Louis Globe-Democrat: Mrs. A. E. Rinehart of Denver has just completed the feat of riding 1,052 miles in ten days upon a bicycle, an average of over 100 miles a day. She set out to ride seven centuries in seven consecutive days, and when she had finished that task she concluded to go on riding, as she said, "for the fun of the thing." Mrs. Rinehart has ridden thirty centuries now, and she has done them so rapidly that she has been able to secure all the gold bars to which she is entitled. When she ends the summer season she expects to have the world's record for century runs. She did not begin riding until last September, but she is now a veteran wheelwoman. Her wheel is a diamond frame of 72 gear. When she rides alone she wears a short divided skirt of blue woolen goods, a sweater of blue and yellow to match, and a little cap. When she has an escort on the road she discards the skirt and rides in knickerbockers. During her ten days of hard riding she lost ten pounds in weight. One day she arose at 4 a. m., rode to Colorado Springs and returned, climbing an altitude of over 2,000 feet in crossing the divide and arrived home by 10 p. m., having covered a distance of 150 miles. Her fastest century was made in ten hours and ten minutes, though in former trials she has made a century in eight hours and five minutes. Her last of the series of ten-century rides was done in ten hours and fifteen minutes.

A Natural Mistake.

Seaside Guest—Why did you send an attendant to help me out of that Turkish bath in which I spent all last night?

Proprietor—Turkish bath, sir! That was your room.—Philadelphia North American.

DESIGNS FOR PINCUSHIONS.

These Accessories of the Toilet Table May Be Very Attractive.

To make a diamond cushion, cut two pieces of cardboard in the shape of a diamond. The length from point to point, endways, should be three inches. Cover these neatly with silk or satin, in two contrasting colors, say gold one side and brown the other; or black and pink look very well. The two sides must be seamed together. The heart-shaped cushion is made in exactly the same manner as the diamond, two pieces being cut out in cardboard, covered with silk, and seamed together. The star cushion requires more work than one would imagine; it consists of no less than twelve pieces of diamond-shaped card, each covered separately with silk. You will require two colors for this—two shades of pink are very pretty, or two shades of blue. The diamonds must be cut an inch and a half long, and six pieces must be seamed together to form the front, and the same number of the back. A small piece of wadding in the center of the two must be added, just to give a little fullness to the middle before they are finally sewed together. The most effective way of carrying out a pansy cushion lies in as near a copy of the pansy itself as possible. Two different shaped pieces are required for it. Cut out first a piece of cardboard in the shape of a heart, and cover on both sides with purple velvet or silk seaming the edges neatly and finishing it off well, this being the back. Then cut out another piece of cardboard in the shape of a clover leaf and cover with yellow silk. Place one over the other and sew them both firmly together and buttonhole stitch them right through with purple silk. This makes a charming pin cushion, and if carried out in a large size—that is to say, about six inches—it is a pleasing cushion to hang at one side of the mirror in the bed-room.

WOMEN AS NATURAL KICKERS.

She Kicks Physically, Mentally, Morally, Psychologically and Perpetually.

From the New York Herald: "A woman is a natural 'kicker,' anyhow," said the man who felt he was being cornered in the argument. "She's a kicker physically, mentally, morally and psychologically. Beside her a man isn't it for anything." "I don't see it," was the rejoined. "Any man can give her caris and spades—whatever that means—and beat her."

"He can, eh? Where are your high kickers on the stage? Where a man goes at anything with his fist she goes at it with her foot. She could kick a chandelier down while a man was hunting a chair to reach it. Did you ever notice the dining room girl? No? Well, you know, out West and throughout Canada they employ girl waitresses instead of men waiters. Sometimes they have both. I can tell as soon as I enter a dining room whether the help is male or female. Women almost invariably open the swinging doors with their foot—men open them with their hand or arm. The consequence is the doors are either worn out or patched with brass below or above, as it happens to be men or women. When a woman approaches a swinging door she just gives it a kick that sends it flying open, and she walks through like the Israelites through the Red Sea. In case of a man the door is opened by hand, or, if his hands are full, with his elbow or forearm. All through Canada you'll see the doors worn out at the bottom—sometimes clean through. In many cases they are covered with brass where the kick is administered. A woman is a kicker by nature."

With Pomp and Circumstance.

A popular Vienna caddy, Ignatius Berger, died the other day and was buried with princely honors. He lay in state, as a notable, right honorable citizen of Vienna should, and many were the high tapers and floral tributes surrounding all that was left of one of the smartest, jolliest, and wittiest "Zeugl" drivers. "Zeugl" is the name given by the Austrian "gentleman Joe" to his carriage and pair. The aristocracy in deep mourning were assembled around the bier, Prince Paul and Prince Lajos Esterhazy and Baron Herman Koenigsarter, the millionaire, being among the number.

Rather Mixed Up.

"I can't help being a little melancholy," he said, apologetically. "In trouble?" "Not on my own account. But I can't help thinking over the misfortunes of two friends of mine who recently married. One got a girl who can cook and insists on playing the piano. The other got one who knows how to play the piano and insists on cooking."

A Royal Executioner.

The name of the man who beheaded Charles I. is said to be Richard Brandon. In the burial register of St. Mary's, Whitechapel, there may be found entered a register of the death of Richard Brandon of Rosemarylane, on the 21st of June, 1649. Appended to this is the following statement: "This R. Brandon is supposed to have cut off the head of Charles the First."

A Protracted Visit.

"I don't think your father feels very kindly toward me," said Mr. Stalate. "You misjudge him. The morning after you called on me last week he seemed quite worried for fear I had not treated you with proper courtesy." "Indeed. What did he say?" "He asked me how I could be so rude as to let you go away without your breakfast."

Well Fixed.

"They say the soprano has large estates in Italy." "Yes; she is one of the fixed stars." —Detroit News.