- A CAVE WHICH CONTAINS MIL-LIONS OF SHINING GOLD.
- A Woman Will Lead on Expedition in Search of the Buried Wealth on Cocos Island-Hidden During Spanish-Pernvian War.



RS, James Brennan, of North Sydney, Nova Scotla, 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

egent before she left her home in the Province. When the schooner is ready for sea Mrs. Brennan will occupy the cabin, and the Meridian will be at her disposal for a period of three months, with an option of a further period of six months.

The Meridian is not a yacht.

Mrs. Brennan is not a yachtswoman. She has never been at sea in her life, and, although she has been married to two different seafaring men and outlived them both, she is a demure little old lady, who looks as if she had lived an old mald's life in a quiet country village and never seen any one more adventurous than the country parson, says the New York Journal. And yet Mrs. Brennan is going to try to effect

HIDDEN TREASURE. 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. The schooner was manned by Thompson's own crew. On the 7th of December the Mary Dear anchored off Cocos Island. Why she went to Cocos instead of the Gallapagos Islands, and how the Spanish officer and the twelve marines disappeared from the narrative Mrs. Brennan says she does not know. Apparently Thompson slurred over this part of what he told Keating. At any rate, when the lawfully constituted authorities vanish from the narrative treasure, which it had no doubt intend-Islands. And these Thompson and his crew buried on Cocos Island.

In the course of the long continued struggle between the Spanish and the Peruvian coloniats 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 proa landing on Cocos Island, a little shell cured a naval guard to superintend of volcanic rock about 500 miles south- its transportation to the Gallapagos CHINESE VIANDS.

Shrowd 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. The red ink, pagnetti, table d'hote dinner was an ordinary affair compared to the delectation of cating chopsucy in the presence of men with almond eyes and flowing queues. Hence the rise of the Chinese-American restaurant. The original Chinese restaurant down in Mott and Pell streets was generally a dreary little hole in the wall, redolent of stale odors. There were a few greasy tables, with long spindle legs, surrounded by high stools. The service was very bad and the food was cheap and coarse. Chinamen who lived cheaply patronized it and squealed over unsavory dishes. They leered at the chance Americans who came in and made them there appear six chests of inestimable feel as though they were in the state of the guest who came to the weded to conceal on one of the Gallapagos dipg without a suitable clawhammer. There are shrewd men in Chinatown, and when they saw that the "heathen devils" really wanted to come to Mott and Pell streets for dinner occasionally these thrifty souls methodically prepared to meet the demand. They gave public dinners, to which they invited rented the most commodious rooms in all Chinatown. They put windows where there had been blank walls. They walls and ceilings with rich oriental

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.



MOY, 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 com-

merce and civilization for over half a century. Aside from the quarter where the foreigners live the streets reck with filth and the air is heavy with stenches so poisonous they can be endured by no one but Chinaman who has been reared among them. The city of Amoy is on an island of the same name and pessesses one of the finest harbors along it had a population of over a million. but the latest estimates obtainable say that its inhabitants number hardly a tenth of that now. Properly speaking, there are two cities, an outer and an inner, the latter being a sort of citadel, the mayor and all his cabinet. They perched upon some rocky hills and encircled by a massive wall. It is the outer town, which lies along and around the harbor, at the mouth of the scrubbed the floors and decorated the Lung Kiang river, which is, for the most part, the paradise of filth and dis-

> 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. They are, on the average, twelve feet in width, but their depth is unknowable, for during the seasons of the rains they turn to rivers of liquid mud.

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 from towns, the quiet of the country hese drains exist.

At almost every door stands a large vessel, in which offal 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

In dry weather the streets are deep with fine dust and the air is quite as badly tainted as during the rainy scason, though the quality of some of the most noted characteristic smells undergo a slight change. It would not be so bad if there were a chance for the wind to have full sweep once in awhile awnings which in fair weather keep out the sun and in the rainy season afford ineffectual protection against the wet, but always prevent the air from

circulating freely. 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. Horses and carriages, of course, are unknown, lar. for there is hardly room, even under the best conditions, for the long files of people to brush past each other.

Much has been written regarding the people who throng the narrow streets of this and other Chinese cities, but one thing that is especially noticemost 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 telephone this morning. McSwilligen of disfiguring maladies, as well as the epidemics of fever, smallpox and other filth-bred contagious diseases which periodically decimate the dense popula-

Next to the people in Amoy streets the most striking thing among living objects is the vast number of dogs. feet long, with bristling, pale, dirty yellow or black hair and tails that curl Though butterflies are often blown up high over the back. They cannot out to sea, and have been thought by 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 flaver. In the same market kittens are but sufficiently well developed to give black dog will always command a sold alive for food. A black cat or a the tongue a feeling of roughness. In higher price among the people of Amoy the lien and tiger the spines are strong because their meat, especially if eaten

health and strength during the year to

Despite the fact that many Christian | These Accessories of the Tottet Table missions have been established infanticide is still very common in Amoy. Some years ago a Mr. Abeel made a infants murdered annually rose as ing been killed.

The reasons Chinese parents give for committing these murders are various. The custom is far less prevalent among 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 En-

joy Princely Incomes. You need not starve on the Mexican tierra callente. Everything you need for your table you may have without much trouble, says the Boston Herald. You can raise chickens and have eggs ad lib, and you can grow yams and the Chinese coast. Some 150 years ago | fruit and coin, and your own tobacco if you wish, and drink your own coffee it withal! 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 Sparish 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 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 \$4,000 a month. He tells me life is very sweet and that he goes to Europe next

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, exthrough these narrow streets, but they plored, took up a little land and now, are covered wholly or in part with 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 dol-

DENVER WOMAN CYCLIST. She Has Scorched 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 t∈n days of hard riding she lost ten pounds in weight. One days she arose at 4 a. m., rode to Colorado Springs and return, climbing an altitude of over 2,000 feet in crossing the divide and arrived home by 10 p. m., having covcred 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 t 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 DESIGNS FOR PINCUSHIONS.

May Be Very Attractive.

To make a diamond cushion, cut two pieces of cardboard in the shape thorough investigation. He found that of a diamond. The length from point in some places the proportion of female to point, endways, should be three inches. Cover these neatly with silk high as one-third, while the average or satin, in two contrasting colors, say was one-fourth. One of eight brothers gold one side and brown the other; or told me that only three girls were left black and pink look very well. The among all their children, sixteen hav- 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 the rich than it is with the poorer 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 posand make your own sugar to sweeten sible. 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 Kicke 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 in it for anything."

"I don't see it," was the rejoined. 'Any man can give her cards and spades-whatever that means-and beat her."

"He can, ch? Where are your high bickers on the stage? Where a man goes at anything with his fist she goes at it with her foot. She could kick a chandeller 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 Canaoa 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 cabby, 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, joillest, and wittiest "Zeugl" drivers. "Zeugl" is t' 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 Eszterhazy and Baron Herman Koenigswarter, the mile lionaire, 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 plane. The other got one who knows how to play the piano and insists on cooking."

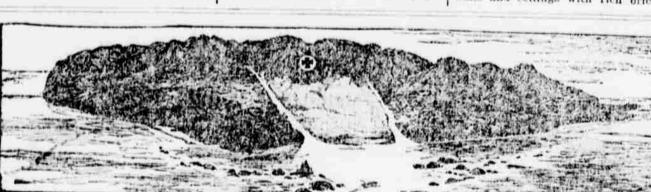
A Royal Excutioner.

The name of the man who believeded 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 of 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."



MAP OF THE ISLAND WITH TREASURE CAVE MARKED.

west of Panama, an island inhabited Islands and its concealment there. In hangings. The tall, ungainly tables 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. The old lady has no reason for making any mystery about her plans, except, of course, as to the precise spot on the island in which the treasure lies, as it is a matter of common knowledge that there is a great deal of gold hidden somewhere on the tsland, and extensive excavations have from time to time been made by seachers, who hoped that chance would Brennan knows the exact location.

Most expeditions in search of treure 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 adventur-

Mrs. Brennan was married for the first to in 1848 to John Keating, of St. Jeans, Newfoundland, a scafaring man, who died in 1882. Before he died be gave her a marked map of the island | the sauce of harmony to the meal. I 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 Janerio for home, A man who looked like a tramp came out from behind a pile of boards on the wharf one morning and asked Keating touched their pockets also, though if the Rose Blanche would like to ship another hand. He was, he said, an able seaman, and had been trying to do mandolinist as an integral part of my some trading on his own account in the Yguassu country, but had been robbed and made his way to the coast with great difficulty. Keating at once essumed that the man was a deserter From some other ship, if nothing worse, but as two of the crew of the Rose Blanche had run away at Porto Seguro, he told the man to wait until Captain Humphries came on board. He gave Thompson, as the stranger called himself, something to eat, and later in the day found the captain very glad to add one to his depleted complement. The Rose Blanche sailed the next day, and as she made her northing Thompson who had contracted a fever while tramping down to the coast, was compelled to take to his berth. Keating, who was a good-natured young fellow, did what he could for the sick man, who made loud protestations of his gratitude and talked vaguely about a great reward which Keating might hope to reap for his kindness. When the Rose Blanche reached St. Johns, Thompson said he would like to find board in some quiet place where he could regain his strength before going to sea again, and Keating said his mother would be glad to take in any well-conducted man. Upon this Thompson said that he was not so poor as as Paris and Florence.- New York he looked and showed Keating some Evening Post. old gold pieces, which he carried in a belt conceated beneath his tattered clothing.

At Mrs. Keating's Thompson grew tates in Italy.' suddenly worse, and it was when he was about to die that he told John |- Detroit News.

either case it would now be impossible for the original owners to prove their property, and the present government will not, Mrs. Brennan thinks, give her any trouble. It is a strange undertaking for a respectable little old lady, with side combs and gray curls and gold-bowed spectacles, this search for buried gold. But if there are blood stains on the bags which hold the coins or skulls of murdered men lying hidden with the brass-bound chests, Mrs. Brennan has nothing to do with the lawless past of which no witnesses remain. She wants the money if she can get it as earnestly and as simply as she wants the money for the crop of poguide them to the cache, of which Mrs. tatoes on her little farm three miles from North Sydney, Nova Scotia,

And if it is to be gotten, she will ge

The Mandolinist - Florence.

How excellently these sweet strummers aid digestion in this city of the Medici! They and their stringed toys appear everywhere. Indeed, the more obscure the eating house the more systematic their visitations. The music dignifies the viands. Not always was the wine good nor the cutlet a la milanaise of the tenderest; but one forgets these defects in the plaintive spectacle of a white-bearded, sightless mandolin-1st led into the room by an angelfaced (though not very clean) little girl to add have seen a warm-hearted neighbor shed tears over his "carciofi" during the melody and another let his meat go cold while he beat time to the musician's strumming. The Florentines are all sensibility-or nearly. Touch their hearts and you may be sure you have there may be naught inside these. For my part I reckoned the copper to the dinner bill.- Cornhill Magazine,

The Flower Abuse. 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 We are always congratulating our selves on the discstablishment of Mr. Mold and his myrmidons, but it is but a nominal reform which delivers us from the tyranny of the undertaker only to hand us over into the clutches of the fashionable florist. Two thousand five hundred pounds absolutely wasted! How much better would it have been to add this sum to the Harris memorial fund that is about to be raised.-London Truth.

Where Silver Is Worked.

The most beautiful and finest filigree silver in the world is made in Delhi. The lace-like silver made at Malta is also very much admired by collectors. This delicate hand-made silver is made in a number of other places and comes to us from Norway and Sweden as well

"Yes; she is one of the fixed stars."

"They say the soprano has large es

were replaced by folding-leaf diningroom 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. The visitor who goes to them is surprised by a show of fine linen on the tables and the glint of silverware. The dishes are of the finest Chinese porcelain. The bills of fare are printed in Chinese and English and the prices are high enough for both. Knives, forks and spoons are provided for those who cannot wrestle with the ivory chopsticks. The Chinese waiters have acquired the airs and polish of the French garcons. They formerly shuffled over the floor at the patron as though he were a nulsance. Now they caper from dining room to kitchen and deposit the dishes on the tables with ineffable grace. The bill of fare is especially modified to meet the American palate. There is chicken, which somehow the Chinaman succeeds in cooking until it is so tender that it almost melts in the mouth. The rice is cooked in the conventional Chinese way. There are all kinds of birds brought dried from China and then cooked and stewed until their pristine plumpness returns. There are all manner of small cakes and sweetmeats, soups of the most delicate flavor and desserts which are linked sweetness long drawn out,

No Wonder.

A .- I hear your son has been punished recently for inflicting grievous bodily harm. B .- And no wonder. He able is the vast number of beggars, is apprenticed to a barber. Standard,

Worked Both Motions. Squildig-My wife called me up by -What for? Squildig-To call my down.-Exchange,

POPULAR SCIENCE.

At a recent meeting of the Paris Academy of Sciences M. Balland presented a memoir describing an analysis of a sample of rice over a century old. They are about a foot high and too He found the rice only slightly deficient in fat.

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 20,100 times a minute, or 335 a second, and the bee, which makes the sound of A, as many as 26,000, or over 430 a second. On the contrary, a tired bee hums on E, and vibrates its wings only 200 times a second.

The tongue of the cat family is covered with recurving spines. In the common domestic cat these are small, enough to enable the animal to tear in midsummer, is supposed to insure American. the skin of a man's hand by licking it