

REAL COWBOY ARTIST

"TIMBERLINE" KEPLINGER SURPRISES AN ART CLUB.

Enthus, 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 light 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 more 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 looked



"TIMBERLINE."

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 cowboy 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."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

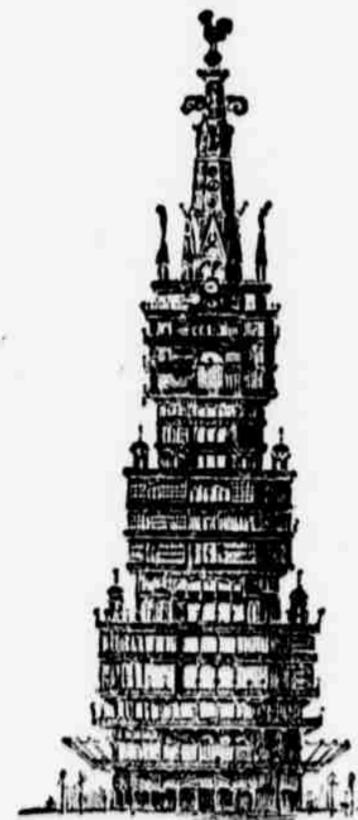
MITER MADE OF IVORY.

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 xxviii-xxix. The Hebrew and the English are on the front plates, and 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 Devle, 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, aluminum, 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 gyves.—Intelligence.

MR. FRYE'S REASONS.

WHY HE FAVORS TAKING IN HAWAII.

His Chief Reason Is That All the Progress in the Islands Is Due to Our Civilization—His Views on Commercial Advantages.

To the Editor: You ask me why I am in favor of the annexation of the Hawaiian islands.

All my reasons I cannot give in a limited space, but a few I will, with pleasure. Missionaries from this country gave to this people their Christianity and their civilization. They are thoroughly American; their government, schools and judiciary are modeled after ours. Of the property of the islands Americans own thirty-three millions of dollars; all others nine. We supply them with 92 per cent of their imports, and receive about the same of their exports. Eighty-two per cent of their carrying trade is done in our ships. Last year there were more entries into our ports of vessels carrying our flag from Honolulu than from the United Kingdom and all of Europe.

Our relations with them for the last half of the century have been singular—a kind of half-protectorate. Our treaty relations have been peculiar—differing from those of any other country. We now own by cession, Pearl Harbor, the most commodious and safest one in the Pacific, the only one ours other than Pago Pago in the Samoan islands, the other nations having appropriated everything else.

If we are to have any part in the commerce of the Pacific, they are a necessity to us for a coaling station. When the Nicaragua Canal is constructed they will be in the direct pathway of all our ships seeking China and Japan, and their importance to us greatly increased.

The Commercial Advertiser, a conservative business paper, said a few days ago, in commenting on the present apparent occupation of China by the European powers: "These events conclusively silence the objections that have perhaps been well taken against connecting the Atlantic and Pacific



A STREET SCENE IN THE CITY OF HONOLULU.

oceans and annexing Hawaii. Both achievements have now become inevitable."

From a military point of view, for offensive and defensive operations for the protection of our western coast, the possession of the Hawaiian group is essential. Admiral Belknap says: "I know of no point in the Pacific ocean which we should hold for the protection of our western coast so necessary as the Hawaiian islands."

Commodore Jewell says: "If the Nicaragua Canal should be constructed, I consider that the possession of the Sandwich islands by the United States would be absolutely essential."

Capt. Mahan, the world's authority in such matters, in his "Sea Power in History" says: "Shut out from the Sandwich islands as a coal base, an enemy is thrown back for supplies of fuel to a distance of 3,500 to 4,000 miles—or between 7,000 and 8,000 miles, going and coming—an impediment to sustain maritime operations well nigh prohibitive. It is rarely that so important a factor in the attack or defense of a coast line—of a sea frontier—is concentrated in a single position, and the circumstance renders doubly imperative upon us to secure it if we rightfully can."—Wm. P. Frye, U. S. Senator from Maine.

Special Train to Carry a Bottle of Medicine.

All sorts of special trains have been run over Kansas railroads, but the oddest one yet is reported from Fort Scott. It ran over the "Katy" from Parsons to Appleton City, Mo., and consisted of one car and a locomotive. On one of the seats of the car, under the watchful eye of the brakeman, rested a small bottle, and it was to convey this bottle that the special train was run. It seems that a doctor at Appleton City had broken his leg and lockjaw followed. A certain kind of medicine was needed, which could not be procured nearer than Parsons, 100 miles away, and the special train was called to go in quest of it. The run was made at a faster rate than a minute a mile.—Kansas City Journal.

Knew Her Audience.

Weeks—I understand you married a professional reader and elocutionist? Meeks—Yes, that's right. Weeks—I suppose she frequently entertains you with her readings? Meeks—Oh, yes; she often reads me the riot act.

OLD-TIME CONFECTIONERS.

Pomegranate Tree Which Adorned Queen Mary's Banquet Table.

It was not from either Italy or France that we got the best confectioners in the earlier days of English cookery, says the Gentleman's Magazine, Spain, notably Toledo, furnished England with the most celebrated pastry cooks, or pasteleros, as they are called, though we have since looked most to France for these artists. Under the patronage of "Bloody Mary" and of Queen Henrietta Maria Spanish methods flourished apace in the court cuisine. We read that when Mary entertained the Princess Elizabeth at Richmond in the summer of 1557 a sumptuous banquet was served, in which there was introduced as an ornament a pomegranate tree in confectionery work bearing the arms of Spain, showing Henry's Spanish leanings in a rather ostentatious fashion. These Spanish and Portuguese confectioners were very skillful.

In the comedy of "The Sun's Darling," by Ford and Decker (first acted in 1623-4), the "Spaniard," who is one of the dramatic persons, declares himself "a confectionador, which, in your tongue is a conit maker, of Toledo." He says: "I can teach sugar to slip down your throat in a million ways," and he professes himself skillful in "conserves, candies, marmalades, sinkadoes, ponadoes, marablans, bergamotto, arankues, muria limous, berenezas of Toledo, oriones, potatoes of Malaga, and ten millions more." The confectioners here mentioned take us over a wide field. That Malaga potatoes were much used by the skillful conit maker is indicated by a passage in Gerard's "Herbal" (1567), which says: "Potatoes may serve as a ground or foundation whereon the cunning confectioner or sugar baker may make and frame many comfortable conserves and restorative sweetmeats." In Marston's "Satires" (1598) it is said: "Candied potatoes are Athenian's meat." This Malaga potato was not the potato now in common use, but the yam or sweet potato of Virginia, first brought to England by Sir Walter Raleigh in 1584, and out of which our present common or garden potato has evolved. Harrison, in his chronicle, speaks of the Virginia

IS A WICKED WOMAN.

METEORIC CAREER OF VICOMTESSE D'ABBANS.

Where She Gained Fame Overnight as the "Velled Lady"—Her Marriage and Subsequent Career—Queen of Parisian Adventuresses.



THE eternal complications of the Capt. Dreyfus case, besides being of enormous interest to the French temperament of romance and intrigue, have served incidentally to bring into strong public view a personality notorious enough to most men of the world who know their Paris, but one which up to now has been content with exploitation in the more or less discreet light of the half-world. Not that she has been obscure; the Paris woman of her class seldom is that, especially if the moral disabilities under which she labors are capital. She has, on the contrary, been conspicuous for a number of years in the dress parade, whether at the opera, at Longchamps, or in the Avenue des Acacias, and she has even been the holder of a "salon." This woman is the Vicomtesse Jouffroy d'Abbans, who became famous overnight as the "velled lady" concerned in the case of Dreyfus or of Esterhazy, according to one's sentiment.

The Vicomtesse is called in Paris not an adventuress, but a "woman of the world," which is euphemistic for a variety of attributes, most of them subject to scrutiny in Christian communities. She belongs properly to the division of Parisian society of which Mme. Cora Pearl was the best-known example of latter days—membership in which, it is of course unnecessary to explain, is not always, according to the Paris code, considered disadvantageous. The purely social existence of these women is confined, as far as feminine intercourse is concerned, to their own drawing rooms; but they are usually considered the true leaders of fashion. As such they are always dealt with first by the newspapers; the description of their gowns and jewelry, in reports of a public function at the opera or at the race track, invariably precedes that of the wife and the daughter of the President himself, not to speak of the ladies of the Faubourg St. Germain. They enjoy the intimacy of the great men of Europe, and, at somebody's expense, outshine the wives of those great men in dresses, in jewels, and in equipages.

The Vicomtesse is not exactly a leader in this peculiar world, although she has done her share in adding to its gaiety. She is no longer young, and she has seen that if she wished to gain a lasting position she must do something besides the mere showing of herself in handsome gowns. Her "salon" has been in existence now about fifteen years, but it is only latterly that she has become exclusive. Her drawing rooms are frequented by statesmen, literary men, artists, and, above all, by officers of the army, and the military attaches of the various foreign embassies and legations; consequently she is popularly supposed to be the receptacle of enough State secrets to set all the governments of Europe by the ears. The history of this woman and of her rise to be the friend, and perhaps the confidant of men high in the councils of nations is a singular one, but in no wise more singular than the histories of her sisters of like class; all are tinged with an unreality that is almost ridiculous. She was born in a little village of the Jura, the daughter of a tavern keeper, one Chabaut, a drunkard and wife beater. At the age of 8 she was already tending bar, serving drinks to the rough teamsters and laborers who frequented the place, working early and late, and getting hard knocks as recompense. She was precocious, of course, and pretty. She learned something of the ways of the world—at least the uncouth world in which she lived—



VICOMTESSE D'ABBANS.

before she had got all her second teeth. Many of these ways were unkind, and she suffered in consequence; she was hardly fifteen when she was obliged to fly from home to escape her father's anger. She sought refuge at Lyons, the nearest large city, and after the ordinary vicissitudes of the girl placed in such a position, finally went out to service as a maid. The life did not suit her. She thought herself too good-looking to spend her days in drudgery, particularly as the other and easier road was not unfamiliar to her. In a short time she became one of the most noted of provincial gaiter butterflies. In Lyons she was mixed up in a number of notorious affairs, the male participants in which were usually army officers, and often the sons of wealthy manufacturers. She is credited with having been the cause of several shameful suicides and family estrangements, and altogether seems to have been a very disquieting person in the

bourgeois circles of that part of the country. Finally she determined to extend her sphere of action by going to Paris. According to one report she was influenced in this decision by the payment of a large sum of money; according to another, political influence brought to bear upon the government was the instrument of her departure. In any event, she transferred her household to the capital, where she seems to have been warmly welcomed from the very start.

It required but a short time for her to make influential acquaintances—among men, of course; she had beauty, and wit, and some money, and her launching made quite a splash. In some way or other—the opportunities are many in Paris—she made the acquaintance of the Vicomte Jouffroy d'Abbans, an old man of whom not much is known except that he was very rich, had a genuine title, and likewise a fondness for the "little women" of the all-night cafes and the afternoon parade of the Bois. It surprised no one when she induced this gay old gentleman to endow her legally with his name and fortune. Those were the palmy days of the former barmaid. In the Vicomte's hotel of the Rue Montaigne she established a court, as untrammelled in its way, as that of the Merry Monarch. It was a fast pace, and under it the weak old Vicomte succumbed. There are various stories current as to the circumstances of his taking off, and it is known that he never drew a sober breath after the marriage; but an incident in which figured a revolver in the hands of his wife is nothing to the purpose. The Vicomte was out of the way, and his sorrowing widow was left to her own devices with a retinue of lovers and a large fortune. Presently the staid, old-fashioned inhabitants of the Rue Montaigne, scandalized at the orgies taking place at their elbows, rose up in protest, and the Vicomtesse had to move. She went to the Rue Royale, and was likewise driven from here. Another house in the Avenue de l'Alma afforded her but a temporary refuge, and finally she went



CAPT. DREYFUS.

to the Rue d'Anjou, where she quieted down somewhat, and established, instead of a beer garden, a "salon." She also had a country house near Lyons, the scene of her first triumphs, and a chateau in the mountains. The Vicomtesse was at this time hardly more than 20 years of age. She had educated herself superficially in odd moments, particularly in languages, and she assumed pretensions of intellect. She affected the friendship of men of science and art and literature, but she also received bankers and merchants, and a host of young men of leisure, or of minds not yet made up to a career. Above all, however, her boon intimates, as at Lyons, were military men. She was cosmopolitan, so she drew recruits in this field from all countries. For this reason, and long before the Dreyfus affair, her "salons" were looked upon with suspicion by the government, which, however, never could gather sufficient evidence upon which to act, even if it had wanted to. Among the many persons with whom she was upon intimate terms at this time were Capt. Borup of the United States army; the Baroness von Krauze, whose husband, suspected of being a spy, was forced to leave the country; Marie Valant, the mistress of an Italian military attaché, and Anna Bordsdon, for five years the mistress of Capt. Dreyfus. Ex-King Milan was afterward the master of the house until his money gave out, and was succeeded by M. de Fraissinet, a well-known young man, who declares that his fortune of several millions was entirely dissipated by the Vicomtesse. For the last six or eight years the Vicomtesse has been comparatively out of the movement. It is known that at one time she experienced a change of heart and got exceedingly virtuous, insisting upon making the acquaintance of the families of the great men she knew. Provided with an authentic title, and having a certain distinction of manner, this demand was not refused, and she made some headway in fashionable life for a while. But she doubtless thought the respectable society of Paris a dreary waste, for she soon gave up all her new-made connections and returned to what she liked better. And it is precisely this relation of women of her class to the respectable elements of Paris society that makes her career interesting, if not more noteworthy than the careers of her sisters.

Living Without Air.

A bald-headed professor recently delivered a lecture entitled "The Air We Breathe" before an east London audience. In the course of his remarks he said: "It is quite impossible for any person to live without air." At this a small boy called out: "Ow about yerself, guv-ner?"—London Tit-Bits.

If two souls find they have but a single thought it is useless to waste any time contemplating matrimony.