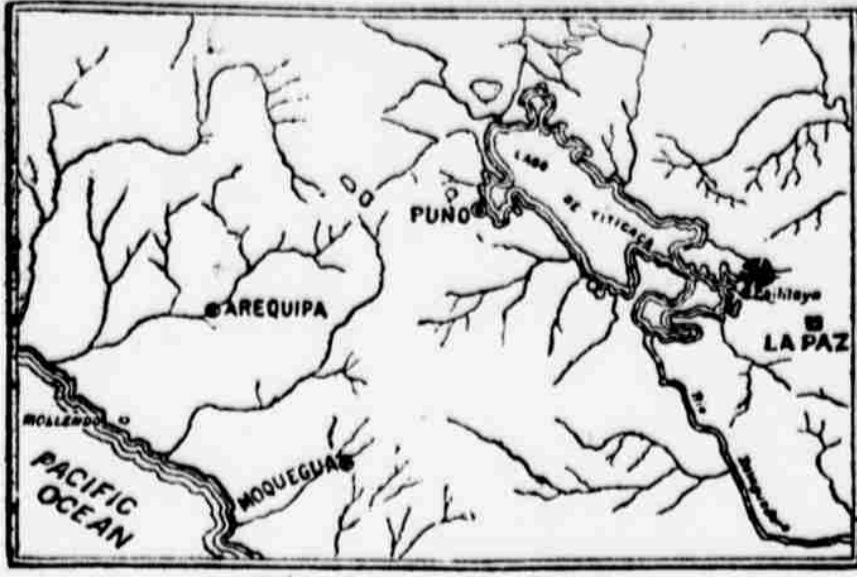


## IMMENSE BURIED TREASURE FOUND



Where Treasure Was Found.

After the lapse of a century and a quarter since the mysterious disappearance of the vast treasure of gold, silver and precious stones, once the property of the Incas of Peru, a portion of that treasure has been found near the City of Chillaya, on the southeast shore of Lake Titicaca, and not far west of La Paz, once a great city of the Incas. The treasure was turned up by a prospecting party of American and European engineers, and from advices recently received from Bolivia, of which Chillaya is now a part, is valued at about \$14,000,000.

In the history of the world no buried treasure caused such a general search as this. The very existence of all other hidden treasures like that of Capt. Kidd has been doubted, but in

the case of the Incas treasure, those most familiar with the history of Peru have always maintained that somewhere within the confines of that country there was concealed one of the greatest collections of gold, silver and precious stones that the world has known.

News travels but slowly in the ancient wilderness in which the treasure has been found, and the Bolivian authorities have taken means to prevent the spread of the reports. That it has been found, however, is firmly established by semi-official advices which have been received in this country during the past week. Several of the newspapers of Lima, in Peru, having been advised of the discovery, have dispatched correspondents to Chillaya, but the reports of these men have not yet been received.

## MIGHT HAVE BEEN DIFFICULT.

But Luckily Colonel Was Not Called Upon to Explain.

Representative Kittredge Haskins of Vermont is a lay reader in the Episcopal church at Brattleboro. He is also a lawyer, and on occasion is capable of emphatic language. Over at the senate there is a doorkeeper, A. J. Maxham, noted as a campaign singer, whose home is also in Brattleboro. When the rector of the little church at Brattleboro is unable to be present, because of duties elsewhere, Col. Haskins and Mr. Maxham practically run the church. Col. Haskins preaches and Maxham sings.

A story is told about a prolonged absence of the rector, which put upon Col. Haskins unexpectedly the duty of conducting the Sunday service. He met Maxham, who said that he could not sing that Sunday.

"Not sing," exclaimed the colonel hotly. "Well, now, Maxham, if you don't sing I'll be—"

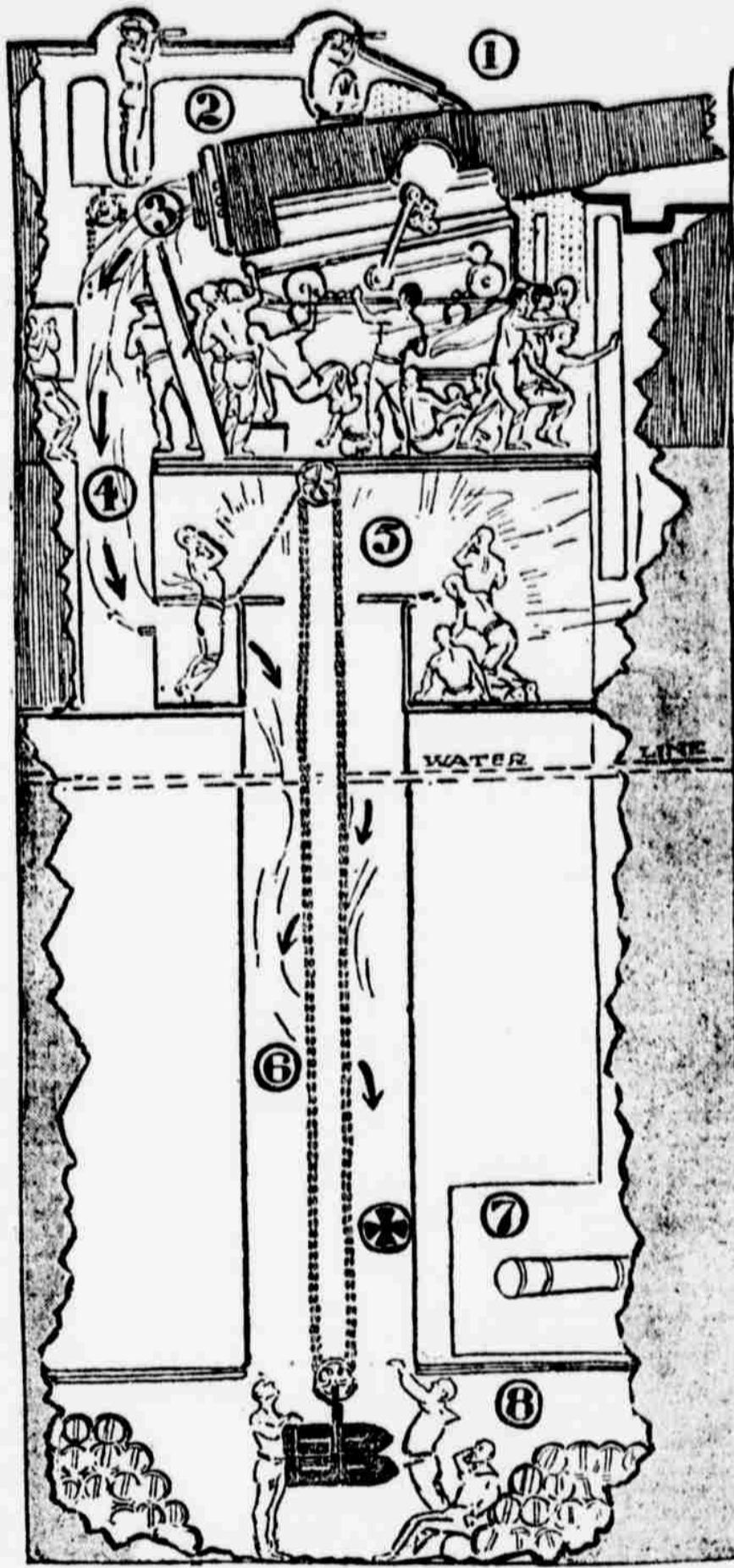
Right there Col. Haskins hesitated a moment, and, as a guilty look came into his eye, added: "If I'll preach."

But Mr. Maxham agreed to sing, and there was no occasion for Col. Haskins to explain that hiatus in his remark.—Washington Post.

## Leaves Society for Stage.

Miss Margaret Parnell Stewart, a young society woman of Borden town, N. J., has gone on the stage, having made her professional debut in Troy, N. Y. Miss Stewart is a granddaughter of Commodore Stewart, who commanded the United States frigate Constitution in the war of 1812, and a cousin of Charles Stewart Parnell, the late Irish parliamentary leader. She is known among her acquaintances as a young woman of much ability.

## HOW THIRTY-FIVE SAILORS DIED ON U. S. BATTLESHIP



SHOWING HOW THE MISSOURI EXPLOSION HAPPENED.

No. 1, the turret; 2, interior of turret; 3, the breach of the twelve-inch turret gun, showing how the back draft blew the flash back to the powder piled up for the next charge; 4, the hoist, down which the flame swept that ignited the 1,600 pounds of powder in the handling room; 5, 6 is the hoist communicating with the magazine, and the cross shows the point the flames reached before they met the water by which the magazine was flooded and by which the ship was saved from being completely destroyed; 7, torpedo tube; 8, the magazine.

## WELCOME TO "UNCLE RUSSELL."

Aged Financier Pleased at Cordiality of Brokers.

Russell Sage was seen in Broad street, New York, the other day for the first time in over a year, and the occasion was seized by a crowd of brokers who made their headquarters in front of the Exchange building to give him an ovation. Mr. Sage's right hand was converted into a pump handle and one young broker stood off from the crowd and shouted: "What's the matter with Uncle Russell?" Instantly the reply came: "He's all right!" The aged financier was evidently much pleased by the warmth of his greeting, and he lifted his hat and bowed all around, just like a man who has been elected a school trustee by his admiring townsmen. For two years Russell Sage has been seen on the street only at intervals, which have been gradually widening during the last year.

## DIDN'T WANT AN ASSISTANT.

Musician's Rebuke More Gentle Than Was Deserved.

Dr. Hans Richter, the great musical conductor, who entered on his sixty-second year a few days ago, is noted for his absolute mastery and ease while wielding the baton. The noted German was rehearsing in London on one occasion when a peculiar little tapping sound, soft but most irritating, caught his attention. After enduring it for some minutes in silence he looked around for the offender, and said, in his broken English: "I must ask you not to beat time with your foot," and then quietly added, as if it had only just occurred to him: "When I am conducting, I cannot always agree with your foot!" The expression of his face drew the sting out of the sarcasm, and everybody laughed.

## School to Teach Auctioneering.

Col. Carey M. Jones of Davenport, a well-known live stock auctioneer, in association with a number of other prominent auctioneers, will open in July in Davenport, Iowa, a school of auctioneering and oratory. The aim of the school will be to develop auctioneers capable of rolling off talk by the yard. There will be courses in oratory, grammar and other branches, and a competent specialist in charge of each department. Col. Jones conducted sales of fancy cattle in seventeen states of the union last year.

## REPARTEE IN COUNCIL HALLS.

Shafts of Wit Pointed and Not Very Delicate.

Repartee as practiced by dignified solons in the New York legislature takes on somewhat of a flowery complexion at times. One day the house was considering a certain measure when Mr. Cook of Erie said courteously: "The gentleman who has spoken in opposition to this bill is a pin-head." He referred to Mr. Cox of Buffalo, who in his politest manner replied: "The gentleman who favors this bill, of course referring to Mr. Cook, 'has a vacuum where his brains ought to be.'" Whereupon Assemblyman Lynch hastened to observe cordially: "Mr. Speaker, it gives me great pleasure to find that, for the first occasion since I have served in the legislature with them, I can agree with both Mr. Cox and Mr. Cook. I agree with what Mr. Cook said about Mr. Cox and I endorse what Mr. Cox said about Mr. Cook." Then the bill was passed.

## Pope Pius Makes Many Changes.

Pius X. is still engaged in planning and decreeing numerous important reforms in the Roman curia. He has just reduced his Noble guard from seventy to forty-five, and reductions both in numbers and salary are anticipated shortly in the ranks of the Palatine and Swiss guards, whose disciplinary regulations, more especially as regards morality and mixing in quiral society, have been of late revised with startling severity. There is reason for believing that the pope will shortly publish *motu proprio* a decree ordaining that no post in the Roman curia, diplomatic or otherwise, shall hereafter carry with it any right to a cardinalate. Considerable reductions in the salaries of nuncios and other diplomatic servants are also announced.

## Copper King's Reputation Good.

Out among Montana miners some wonder is expressed because police protection was sought in New York the other day by W. C. Green, the copper king, when someone threatened him with a gun. Twenty years ago and more "Billy" Green was known in Montana as about the last man on earth to go to the police with his troubles. In those days he was "plenty quick on the draw," and always ready to fight his own battles, being known as "a dead game man" from Anaconda to Tombstone.

## AS THE WORLD REVOLVES

STABBED PREMIER OF SPAIN.

Anarchist at Barcelona Fails in Attempted Murder.

Premier Maura of Spain was attacked and wounded at Barcelona April 12 by a would-be assassin armed with a dagger.

The premier had just returned from a requiem service for the repose of the soul of the late Queen Isabella, when a youth, 19 years old, named Joaquin Miguel Artao, approached, and shouting, "Long live anarchy," struck the premier in the chest with a dagger he had concealed in a handkerchief. Artao was immediately seized and imprisoned. The premier himself was able to send to Madrid the news of the attempt on his life.

The force of the blow was broken and its direction diverted by the heavy lace on the minister's coat, resulting in only a slight scratch under the sixth rib.

Joaquin Miguel Artao, the assailant, is an anarchist, and when arrested at



PREMIER MAURA

tempted suicide by dashing his head against the wall. He declared he had no accomplices, but had acted on his own initiative because of his hatred of Maura's politics.

## GOT TIRED OF APPLAUSE.

Actor Weary of the Efforts of Hired Claqueur.

The claque is now a recognized institution in some New York playhouses, but the hired applauders have not come to understand their duties nearly so well as their Parisian prototypes. At one of these theaters the other evening the leading man was brought before the curtain half a dozen times after a good scene, chiefly through claqueurs' efforts. The actor, rather disgusted with the made-to-order enthusiasm, was bowing himself off when the most vociferous claqueur broke into another volley. The leading man paused, held up his hand, and said, when silence was restored, "Stop it, my good friend. I believe you would encore a miracle." This produced a real curtain call, to which the actor smilingly responded.

## JOKE ON SECRETARY SHAW.

Washington Laughs at Ingenuity of Statesman's Excuse.

A government scientist not long ago gave a dinner in Washington in honor of Speaker Henderson. The scientist hailed from the hawkeye state, so it was distinctively an Iowa dinner. Of course Secretary Shaw was a guest, and he was the only one absent when 7 o'clock arrived. The host waited half an hour and then gave orders to serve. At exactly 7:55 the secretary of the treasury was announced. His explanation has been a joke among the Iowa contingent in Washington ever since. "I thought this dinner was for 8 o'clock," said he, in evident embarrassment. "I arrived outside at 7:30 by my watch. It was so early I decided to walk up and down the street till I saw someone else come. But no one came, and so I had to enter alone."

## NOT TO BE IMPOSED ON.

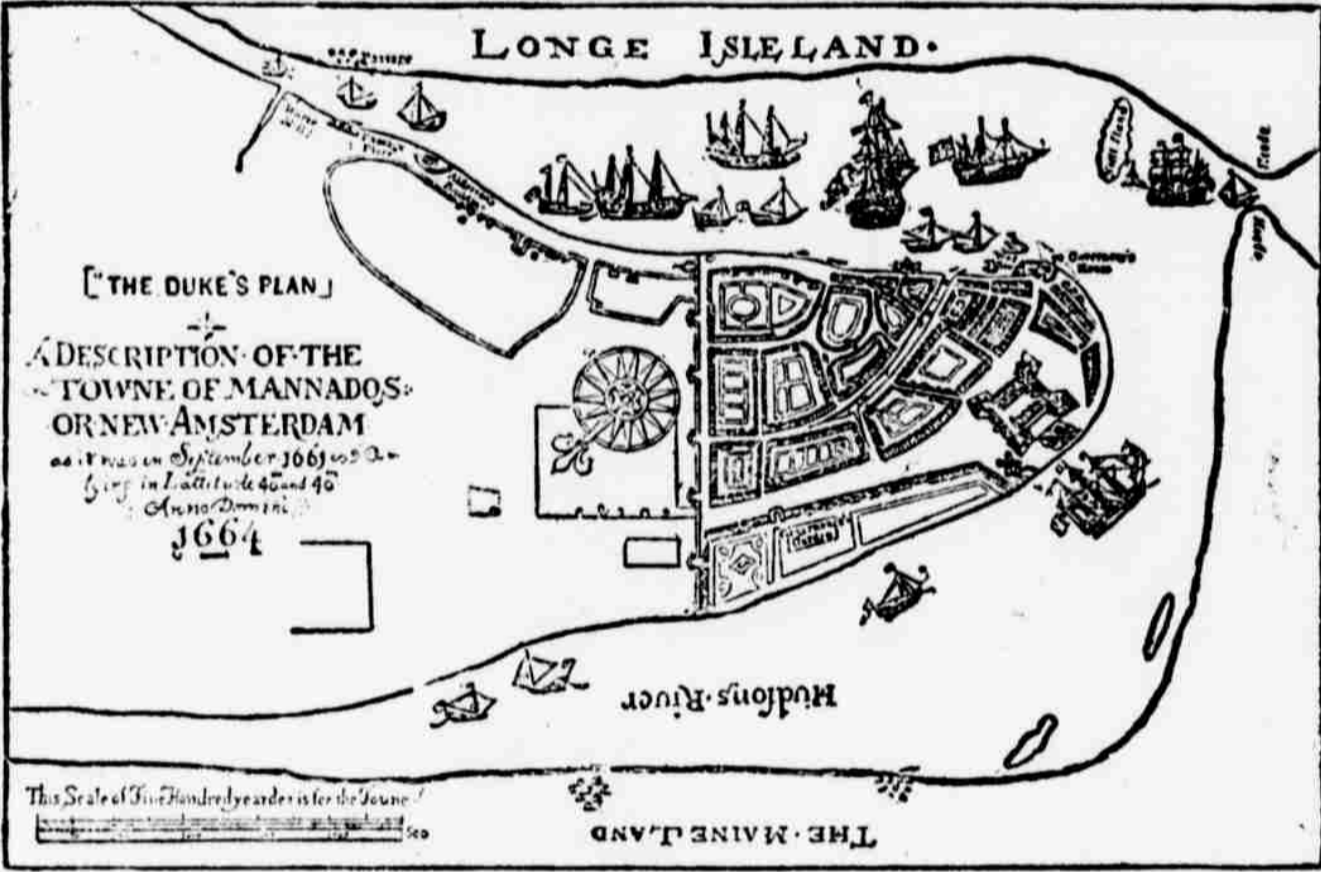
Little Jarky's Humorous Assertion of His Rights.

Congressman James of Kentucky, a giant in stature and weight, was standing with some friends on the rear platform of a Washington street car. The platform was rather crowded and Mr. James did not observe that a little colored boy was there until he felt a punch in the small of his back. He looked around and the little ducky said: "Ain't gwine have you stan' all over me, man." Mr. James replied with mock severity: "Don't you know that if you lick anybody here you'll get arrested?" "Done care nothin' 'bout dat. You ain't gwine stan' all over me no mo'." The little chap's sturdy attitude was enough to win him a quarter all around from the Kentuckian and his friends.

## Only Known Woman Coal Miner.

There is only one woman coal miner in Missouri, and she has but one arm. Miss Minnie Petrie began to work in the mine of her nephew, Theodore Petrie, near Fulton, a few years ago because he could not get as many men as he wanted. The first day she worked she wore feminine clothes, but finding them unsuitable the next day she wore an old suit of her nephew's and, attired in men's clothes, she has been digging coal ever since. She is 50 years old.

## FORTIFICATIONS OF OLD NEW YORK



The extremely interesting plan herewith reproduced was discovered by the late George H. Moore in the British Museum and copied for him, in 1858. It shows the "lay-out" of the original Dutch settlement. It includes, as will be seen, only that part of the island which is below Wall street, which was all that there was of the trading post of forty years' existence. The trading post began with a fort at the most convenient place of landing, which was at first a mere blockhouse with cedar palisades, the present Battery. The very first trad-

ers, who could hardly be called settlers, were doubtless lodged within its shelter, within which also the first church was built. The first church of masonry, by the way, and the first tavern, were built in the same year, 1624, the former within the fort, the latter at the corner of Pearl street and Coenties Slip. As real settlers came in increasing numbers, those of them who were traders and villagers established themselves as near the fort as they could, and along the water front of the East river, for along the water front of the North

river there was very little building, and that side of the lower city has ever since continued to lag behind the other in its commercial development. To the north of the village was established another defense, a real "wall," or at least a real palisade, with gates, erected under Stuyvesant, on the announcement of war between Holland and England in 1652, as a defense against the encroaching Yankees, and this, now become Wall street, was the northern boundary. There was nothing beyond it but farms.—New York Times.

## "KEEP OUT THE FLIES."

Pathetic Reason for Old Man's Constant Reiteration.

"Something to keep out the flies, mum; something to keep out the flies." Day after day, week in and week out, sunshine or rain, the housewives in the Mission bear this cry from a little old man who owns a little carpenter shop on Castro street, near where the cars turn. He has been there for years, and during all that time he has done nothing but make screen-covered cupboards—"something to keep out the flies." Occasionally he will take an order for a screen door.

An order for a cupboard pleases him greatly and is always received with a chuckle and a muttered something about flies, "the pesky critters."

Recently a woman who ordered a cupboard from him sought to find out why he had such a hatred for flies. For a time all she got from the old man was a mumbled "Keep 'em out, the pesky critters—keep 'em out."

She persisted in the inquiry, and after a minute or two the old man, with a savage look in his eyes, snapped out:

"Twenty years ago in Missouri I had a wife and five children. We had a nice little farm. In a town five miles from us there was a plague. The flies carried it to my little farm. Within a week wife and little ones died. Keep 'em out, the pesky critters; keep 'em out."—San Francisco Call.

## Additions for British Navy.

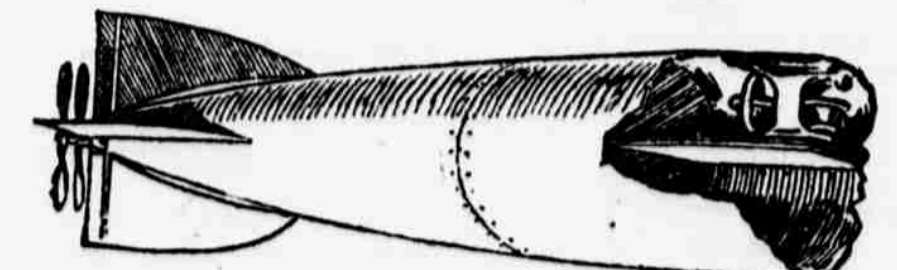
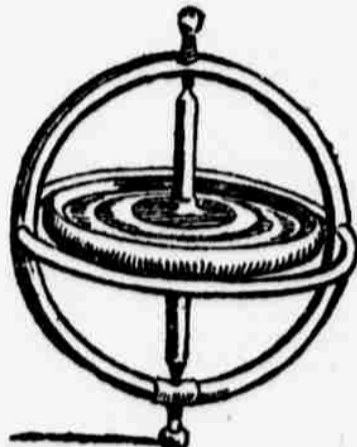
Great Britain has in course of construction: Battleships, 8; armored cruisers, 13; second-class cruisers, 1; third-class cruisers, 4; scouts, 8; destroyers, 23; submarines, 11; river gunboats, 6. The new battleships, to be known as the Lord Nelson class, will cost \$8,000,000 each.

## Strength of Nonconformists.

The Nonconformists, who are resisting the new educational laws, under which all are taxed for schools controlled by the Established church of England, are in London alone, 163,052 Baptists, 158,913 Congregationalists, 122,607 Wesleyans and 38,986 members of the Salvation Army.

## THE BRAIN OF THE TORPEDO

It has been stated that much of the Japanese success in naval fights around Port Arthur was due to the gyroscope. This is a delicate apparatus for keeping a torpedo straight in its course, even through a distance of 2,000 yards. It is a small weighted wheel-like object, carefully suspended on symbols in the buoyancy chamber of the torpedo. Attached to its axis is a steel spring connected with the tooth gearing. A rod to the air lever actuates it. When the lever is thrown back the spring is released, and the gyroscope spins around at the rate of 2,200 revolutions a minute. In his book on "Torpedoes and Torpedo Ves-



sels" Lieut. Armstrong of the British navy says:

"The gyroscope works a servomotor, actuating a pair of movable vertical rudders placed in recesses in the vertical fins. These rudders, he it remembered, are therefore supplementary to the small adjusted vertical rudders ordinarily fitted, but which may be discarded if a gyroscope is being used. If now, the torpedo from

any cause, external or internal, be deflected out of the line of fire, the gyroscope, by maintaining its axial position in the line of fire, acts on the servomotor, and by means of the vertical rudders steers the torpedo back again to its original direction.

Thus the torpedo is endowed with a brain, so to speak, that directs its course through the waters on its mission of death