IT IS A QUEER CAVE.

MYSTERIOUS CHAMBER ON PORCUPINE ISLAND.

Was This Capt. Kidd's Retreat?—Firearms, Chains and an Old Anchor Were Discovered, with Hundreds of Living Serpents.

PERHAPS the strange, mysterious cave, with its rusty arms and anchors and chains, which has just been discovered on an uninhabited island of Bar Harbor is the long-sought-for retreat of Capt. Kidd. The pirate frequented this part of the coast, which afforded many an ideal harbor for his ship. The newly found cave is close to an excellent anchorage, writes a New York correspondent.

Bald Porcupine is one of the many islands in Frenchman's Bay, which, on account of its inaccessibility, has not been made a place of visitation by the summer tourist. It has been used for sheep raising.

Harvey Hodgkins and Eri Bunker, of Bar Harbor, were strolling about the island recently and when near the highest point saw a dark spot on the cliff. The top of the rough cliff towered fifty feet above.

Bunker let himself in for a dozen feet, but soon appeared again and said it was dark as night within and that the passage led away to the right into a big chamber. The two men then procured torches and lanterns. They knew that men were then digging for Capt. Kidd's buried treasure near Ellsworth, only a score of miles away, and they thought that if the pirate had buried his wealth anywhere on the Maine coast he could not have selected a better place than the cave on Bald Porcupine, which guards the entrance of a harbor fitted by nature for a pirate's retreat.

When they returned the light from a torch lit up a vaulted chamber about 50 feet long and from 15 to 20 feet in height. There was a noise as of running water.

The floor of the chamber was found to be level, and it was covered with an oozing mud to the depth of a foot or more. The light from the torches began to grow dim and the men realized that the foul air was fast sickening them. They hurried out into the open air with blanched faces, but with anticipations of the possible treasure to be found in the cave.

The secret leaked out in Bar Harbor, and the discoverers consented to take a few friends to the spot. In the party were Serenus Rodick, Milton Rodick and Fountain Rodick, the owners of Rodick or Bar Island, which lies near Bald Porcupine, and who know every spot about Frenchman's Bay. They were enjoined to secrecy and consented to share in the treasure equally.

The party brought with them oilskin and firearms|fezeemo- M suits, long rubber boots, lanterns, torches and firearms. The Rodicks had been on exploring expeditions on Mount Desert Island before, and built a big fire at the entrance to the cave. In half an hour the party entered, and the light from the half dozen torches and the bonfire illuminated the cavern, disclosing an ideal retreat for smugglers or pirates. The space before them extended half a hundred feet in one direction, upward to the height of twenty feet and was about twenty feet in width.

As the men stepped into the room they sank in the mud a foot or more and cautiously poked their way along the floor, oftentimes knee deep in slime. On the side walls little scintillating glimmers cautioned them that there were snakes in the cave. A hissing noise all about caused the men to stop and listen.

Coiled in a corner was a huge bunch of snakes of all colors and sizes. The men fired a volley from their guns and blazed away with revolvers until the corner was strewn with brightly-colored bits of snakes and writhing remnants of tails. It is estimated that there were 200 snakes in the bunch.

Suddenly one of the party stumbled across a rust-eaten anchor and chain. The links of the chain parted on being lifted, and the anchor crumbled at a touch. Further on were a number of shelves hewn out of the stone, and near by was a passage extending beyond the ceiling, which appeared to lead to the top.

A few pieces of old crumbling iron and half a short sword rewarded the searchers. This part of the cave had also been used for a fireplace.

At another part of the cave a stream of water trickled through from the mountain side, and this explained the mud on the floor. At one end the roof sloped into a dark, narrow passage through which Milton Rodick squeezed himself against the protests of his comrades. When he emerged he said that the passage led down a steep hole, and that he was compelled to retreat, but that he believed it led to another room as big as the one they were then in. A battered pewter mug was found in a crevice on the southern side of the cave. Another expedition to fully explore the strange cave is now being organized. The mysterious passage will be investigated and a search is to be made for buried treasure.

He Shot a Yellowstone Buffalo.

A vandal pot hunter named Courtney shot and killed a buffalo in the Yellowstone park recently and sold the head to a taxidermist in Butte, Mont., for $150. He was traced by the United States officials and was arrested a few days ago. He will be tried in Wyoming for the offense.

FAME BY ACCIDENT.

The Great French Painter Bastien Lepage Thus Won His.

The French painter, Bastien Lepage, who died recently, was pursued by unmerciful disaster through his youth in his efforts to study art, says an exchange. His mother worked in the field to keep that sickly boy at school. At 15 he went to Paris alone, starved for seven years, painted without success, but still painted. He had just finished a picture to send to the salon when Paris was besieged and he rushed with his comrades to the trenches. On the first day a shell fell into his studio and destroyed his picture and another shell fell at his feet, wounding him. He was carried home and lay ill and idle for two years. Then he returned to Paris and, reduced to absolute want, painted cheap fans in order to earn for himself a living. One day a manufacturer of some patent medicines ordered a picture from him to illustrate its virtues. Lepage, who was sincere, gave his best work to the advertisement. He painted a landscape in the April sunlight, the leaves of tender green quivered in the breeze; a group of beautiful girls gathered round the fountain from which the elixir of youth sprang in a bubbling steam. Lepage believed there was real merit in it.

"Let me offer it to the salon," he said to his patron.

The manufacturer was delighted. "But first paint a rainbow arching over the fountain," he said, "with the name of my medicine upon it." Lepage refused. "Then I will not pay you a sou for the picture!" The price of his picture meant bread for months and the painter had long needed bread. The chance of admission to the salon was small. He hesitated. Then he silenced his hunger and carried the canvas to the salon. It was admitted. Its great success insured Lepage a place in public recognition and his later work a place among the greatest living artists.

SCOTCH HONESTY.

A True Picture of Ancient Life in the Highlands.

At one time in the highlands of Scotland to ask for a receipt or a promissory note was considered an insult, and such a thing as a breach of contract was rarely heard of, so strictly did the people regard their honor. The Presbyterian Witness tells a story of a farmer who had been in the lowlands and had there acquired worldly wisdom.

After returning to his native place he needed some money, and requested a loan from a gentleman in the neighborhood. The latter, Mr. Stewart, complied and counted out the gold, when the farmer immediately wrote a receipt.

"And what is this, man?" cried Mr. Stewart, on receiving the slip of paper.

"That is a receipt, sir, binding me to give ye back your gold at the right time," replied Donald.

"Binding, ye, indeed! Well, my man, if ye canna trust yurself, I'm sure I'll not trust ye. Such as ye canna hae my gold!" and gathering it up he returned it to his desk and locked it up.

"But, sir, I might die," replied the needy Scot, unwilling to surrender his hope of the loan; "and perhaps my sons might refuse it ye, but the bit of paper would compel them."

"Compel them to sustain their dead father's honor!" cried the enraged Celt. "They'll need compelling to do right, if this is the road ye're leading them. Ye can gang elsewhere for money, I tell ye; but ye'll find nane about here that'll put more faith in a bit of paper than a neighbor's word of honor and his love of right."

No Right to Think.

"If you don't take care what you are about you will simplify cavalry movements to such a degree that any fool will be able to drill a regiment," was the remonstrance addressed by Lord Cardigan to Gen. Sir James Scarlett, his coadjutor on a committee appointed about forty years ago to bring into harmony with utility and common sense the then prescribed evolutions, which were so fanciful as to suggest a circus show and so complicated that the binomial theorem might be accounted comparatively simple.

The indignant reproach of the light cavalry hero to the heavy cavalry hero was, however, but the keynote to a principle which formerly governed military superiors in their opinions and subordinate officers in their actions; for these latter never presumed—at least in theory—to entertain any "opinion" whatever. "I thought, sir——" might be the exculpation of some unwary subaltern, wigged by his colonel. "You thought! Who gave you leave to think?" was the stereotyped reply, heedless of the obvious mental rejoinder: "The great God who gave you leave to breathe."—Blackwood's Magazine.

Spanish Tradition.

A tradition in the Spanish army requires that an officer should never fall farther back than the first rank and it is considered the proper thing to precede it—a bit of bravado which costs Spain many valuable men every time she indulges in the pastime of street fighting with barricades. Lieutenant Winston Churchill, who has been observing the Spanish campaign in Cuba, noted with astonishment the manner in which the officers exposed themselves to the insurgent fire.

Diphtheria and Serum.

In Germany 6,626 cases of diphtheria have been treated by serum inoculation, 2,460 of them in hospitals, according to a report of the government's medical department. Of these 86.5 per cent recovered, 12.9 per cent died, and the rest were still under treatment. In the hospitals alone the cures were 80.5 and the deaths 19.5 per cent. The remarks attached to the reports of the cases were highly favorable to the treatment in 4,871 and unfavorable in sixty.

ARNOLD'S COUNTRY PLACE.

Where the Traitor Once Entertained Ham and Eggs Are Now Sold.

If you wander far enough through the broad drives and cross the ample fields of Fairmount park, Philadelphia, you will presently encounter a commodious stone building, surmounting a wooded knoll, set down between two subsidiary ones of the same material, into and out of which a small crowd of people, mainly women and children, are constantly passing, says the New York Press. It is now known vaguely and generally as the "Dairy" and is a pleasant enough little place for ice-cream, tea and other light refreshments, pleasantly dispensed by a neat maiden, in the employ of the lessees of the house. But probably not one in 1,000 of the persons who so indulge themselves is aware of the fact that this quiet little refectory, with its trim gravel walk in front and its grassy banks in the rear, sloping gently down to the Schuylkill, was once the country seat of Benedict Arnold.

It was conveyed to him in 1776 by John McPherson, a Philadelphia merchant, for 16,240 pounds, subject to a mortgage of 1,760 pounds and a lease to Don Juan Mirailles, the Spanish minister. In this sumptuous mansion, with its high ceilings, decorated walls, massive mantelpieces and deeply carved oaken doors and windows, Arnold lived and entertained for more than three years. The north room on the first floor, where the visitor now sips his tea and leisurely munches his sweet cakes, was probably, from its appearance, the morning-room of Arnold and the gay party he constantly gathered about him. In the fine wide hall, where the guests were wont to be received with stately courtesy, is now a row of small tables on one side and a confectionary counter on the other. The portion in front, to which queued gallants and powdered dames were wont to retreat in the cool of the evening, is now covered with small signs, calling attention to the ham sandwiches, ham and eggs and other delicacies that may be procured by the hungry.

When Arnold was attainted of treason in 1780 this property was confiscated by the government and was subsequently owned, among others, by the Hon. Edward Shippen, chief justice of Pennsylvania; Gen. Jonathan Williams and Baron von Steuben, inspector-general of the army under Gen. Washington. It was acquired by the city of Philadelphia in 1868.

Where She Got It.

"I tell you I need nothing," she said, conclusively, preparing to shut the door.

"But," pleaded the peddler, despairingly, "surely I can sell you some little thing or other—hairpins?"

But the woman laughingly shook her short, curly locks, showing that she had no use for such articles.

"Some new ribbons," urged the man. "A dainty powder-puff; a button hook?"

"I tell you, nothing," she repeated, becoming angry.

"Ha!" exclaimed the peddler, suddenly catching sight of her bloomers. "The very thing. Let me sell you a pair of suspenders."

"Don't need them," was the reply.

"Don't need them?" echoed the vender. "How do you keep your blomoers up without suspenders? By will power, I suppose," he added, sneeringly.

"Sort of," she asserted, tersely. "Call it hypnotism."

"Hypnotism, eh?" said the man, packing up his wares. "Keep your bloomers up with hypnotism! Where do you get it?"

"I get it——"

Here the woman glanced complacently over the bewitching bulginess of her curvilinear figure.

"——from the hip!"

And the door banged slammily.—New York World.

Almost Incredible Coincidence.

The recent accident in Manitoba in which A. M. Bell of Portage La Prairie fatally shot J. Muir of Pembina, N. D., mistaking him for a deer, formed part of an almost incredible coincidence. On the same day, a similar accident took place near Sault Ste. Marie, in which a son of Mr. Bell figured. The son was out hunting with a doctor of the town and mistook the doctor for a deer that he was stalking and shot him. The wound, though dangerous, has not proved fatal, and the victim is recovering. A more remarkable coincidence has seldom occurred, father and son on the same day, hundreds of miles apart, mistaking their comrades for deer and shooting them.

How She Valued Her Life.

Postmaster Ed Voris of Crawfordsville, Ind., has received word that he has been left $500 by the will of Mrs. Eliza J. Tolman of Minneapolis, Minn. Several years ago Voris was traveling in Germany and rescued Mrs. Tolman from being run over by a train at the risk of his life. He had his foot injured and was tossed from the track and severely injured. He had almost forgotten the incident until he received word of $500 having been left him by her will.

Wife Sale in England.

In 1859 hundreds of people assembled in the town of Rudley, England, to attend a wife sale. The first bid was three half-pence, and ultimately rose to sixpence. The husband, in his ignorance, thought that, after the ceremony had been repeated three times, she actually had no claim upon him.

Bridges of China.

That wonderful people, the Chinese, are said to have constructed bridges from very early times, but those known to us date from comparatively late periods, and many of them are timber structures of the cantilever type.

THE VASSAR GIRLS.

HAVE RECENTLY FORMED AN ATHLETIC CLUB.

Also the Owners of a Fierce College Yell—What Will Become of the Men Who Marry Those Young Women—Some Field Records.

THE field day which was held at Vassar College last November marked the opening of a broader interest in athletics for women, and the example will probably be followed by other colleges. In spite of bad weather, five hundred girls, whose enthusiasm could not be damped by the fog, which took the curl out of their hair, put on overshoes and mackintoshes and hied them to the college oval, where they made the gray and dismal day glorious with their shouts and cheers.

The Athletic Association is the darling of the hearts of ever so many girls, and so is the president of the association, Miss Marie Champney, the daughter of the popular artist, J. Wells Champney. So, as a little surprise for her, when the basket ball game was in progress the enthusiastic girls cheered her pluck in playing with a sprained ankle by giving the new "yell"—"Oscawowwow-wow-wow, oscawowwow-wow-wow-wow, skinnywow-wow-wow-wow-wow-wow (very long drawn out), V. C. A. Arah!!!"

MARIE CHAMPNEY.

On paper, this looks like Welsh, or some other unpronounceable language, but when it comes in the musical voices of 500 charming young women it is inspiring to a degree. The athletic organization, now that it has officers and an exclusive cheer, feels itself of full grown stature and able to take care of itself, allowing only for the chance of a little spreading and strengthening as a club as well as the members individually, which is the raison d'etre of an athletic club.

The feeling was so strong in the college last season that there should be some definite athletic stand made, that in June, before the girls scattered far and wide to their homes, the new association was started, a constitution drawn up and submitted to the faculty, who gave their approval, and then the officers for the coming year were elected. These are: President, Miss Marie Champney of the class of '96; vice president, Miss E. Lester Baker of '97; secretary, Miss Amy Wentworth, '98, and treasurer, Miss Marie Rheimer, '97.

There are five branches of work under the auspices of the organization, which does not include the regular gymnasium work—basket ball, battle ball, lawn tennis, golf and bicycling. The captains for these divisions are Miss Harriet Sketchley Banks, of Englewood, class of '96; Miss F. B. Scott, class of '97, and Miss Harriet Isabel Ballintine, the gymnasium director. Miss Banks is captain of both lawn tennis and basket ball, Miss Scott of battle ball, and Miss Ballintine of golf.

The captain of the bicycle corps has not yet been chosen, for, although many of the students ride, the faculty has not yet been willing to allow any contests in wheeling, feeling that they would be very dangerous on the narrow track around the oval, which is the only available racing ground at present. These captains and the regular officers of the association form the Executive Board, and all questions are settled by them, except in cases where a general opinion is necessary, when a large meeting is called in the college hall.

MISS E. L. BAKER.

In the matter of rewards and distinctions for athletics there are not many as yet, the whole interest in the subject being so new. There is a banner, on which are the words "V. C. A. A. Field Day," and under that is to be put the year of the class which wins the banner each field day, the winner to be the class which gets the most points in track athletics, running, jumping and vaulting. In November the banner was won by "'97," which class proudly carried it off the field and will point to it as their pride and glory as it stands in the gymnasium all winter.

There are two more distinctions to be won by the "sweet girl athletes." One is a "V" on the sweater, which may be worn by any girl who has made a record—that is, won in any event; and the other is the class date borne in the same fashion across the chest of its wearer, who can only attain this honor when she has been admitted to the basket ball team. For basket ball is the football of the girls' colleges, and the "elevens" are as proud of their prowess as the stoutest and longest haired collegian among the boys. The right to wear the white "V," therefore, and also the date, may be owned by the same young woman, who in such a case would probably be compelled to ask for an increase in her allowance that she might own two sweaters and not have her trophies clash with each other.

Work in the gymnasium is obligatory, unless the student is excused by the physician on account of her health; so a good standard of muscular development is kept up, and there was a good foundation to build on when the era of more active athletics was inaugurated. Every girl on entering the college must go to the cosey little office in the gymnasium, where Miss Ballintine and her assistant, Miss May, make a thorough physical examination and record, and tell the student what exercises she can take and what muscles need developing.

Dr. D. A. Sargent's system of physical training is used, and in six months' work in the gymnasium last year, less than two hours per week being required, the average strength of a class of 127 students was increased most materially. One hundred per cent of the class added nearly five kilos to the chest measurement, and improved in the same degree in all parts of the body.

The gymnasium hall is large and well fitted up, and in an adjoining room there is a swimming bath, 43 feet long by 24 feet wide, where the physical director gives lessons in swimming to any who wish to learn. In the theater, above the exercise room, there is a sufficient space for indoor tennis and basket ball.

But, of course, the new Athletic Association has in view systematic training in outdoor exercise more than general gymnastics, and in these lines the girls have done very good work, considering the recent date of their interest in the matter. In the 100 yard dash on field day, Miss Wilkinson of '98 won the first heat in 15¼ seconds, while Miss Vassar's time for the final heat, in which she won, was 16 seconds. In the running broad jump, Miss Baker made a record of 11 feet 5 inches, which was not considered a fair test of her abilities, as the ground was very slippery on account of rain. In the high jump Miss Baker was expected to win, as she had the highest record before, but she sprained her thumb, and, in consequence of this mishap, was beaten by Miss Brownell, who made 48 inches, which height Miss Baker had made in practice before field day.

MISS HARRIET BANKS.

Same Old Story.

Near Mead's, a lumber station, twelve miles from Ashland, Ky., Robert Jenkins accidentally shot and fatally wounded Charley Gudgell, while hunting wild turkeys. The men had separated after locating the feeding ground of a flock of the fowls, and each for a time began sounding decoy calls. Answers which each took for the cries of the flock reached both, and working toward the supposed flock, each kept as closely beneath the underbrush as possible. Finally Jenkins saw something he supposed was a turkey and fired. Gudgell, with a cry, fell to the ground, struck with six buckshot, two of which penetrated his lungs, the others lodging in his breast and shoulders.

Money in It.

Jimson—"Hello, old boy, I hear you spent several hundred dollars learning a new, sure, quick and easy way of getting rich."

Jamson—"Yes, I did."

"Making any money?"

"Lots."

"How?"

"Teaching other people the new, sure, quick and easy way of getting rich."—New York Weekly.

One Better.

"When I was in India," said the man who had traveled, "the native thieves stole the sheets from under me while I slept and I never knew it."

"Yes, and when I was in the northwest during the boom," said the man who will never admit that America can be outdone, "I had to sleep in a room where there were four real estate agents and one of them stole a porous plaster from my back without awakening me."—Indianapolis Journal.

Bear Trapping.

Bear trapping is a profitable business in Maine this year. One trapper, of Brighton, realized $31 on one bear last week—$18 for the skin, $5 for bounty and two gallons of oil at $4 a gallon.

MADAGASCAR'S RESOURCES.

Sugar-Cane, Cotton, Vanilla Plant, Coffee and the Chocolate Tree.

Now that France has Madagascar securely in her grasp, her wise men are beginning to direct attention toward the best methods of turning to account that island's vast but undeveloped agricultural possibilities and to assert that in time it should become a veritable mine of wealth for the nation, says the New York World. It is stated that sugar-cane can be cultivated as successfully in Madagascar as in Cuba. Cotton grows wild almost everywhere and in a few instances where its cultivation has been attempted the product has been of extraordinary fine quality. The vanilla plant also flourishes in Madagascar. Few people are aware that the source of this commonest of flavoring extracts is a parasite plant like the orchid. Though it grows wild, the best results are obtained from its cultivation. It is propagated by cuttings and it takes eighteen months for the first flowers to appear. The flowers, as well as the tiny seeds, are the basis for the extract of commerce. Eight hundred flowers will furnish a little over a pound of prepared vanilla and each well-grown plant is said to bear 2,000 flowers. The annual product of vanilla from all parts of the globe is estimated at about 250,000 pounds, nearly half of which comes from the island of Reunion, in the Indian ocean, another of France's colonial possessions. The present value of a pound of this product in France is about 5 francs, or $1. Coffee also grows readily in Madagascar and tobacco and rice have been cultivated there on a small scale with great success. The climate and soil are likewise admirably suited to the growth of the cocoa or chocolate tree. This reaches the height of about twenty feet and lives for some forty years. It does not begin to bear its seeds in abundance, however, and be profitable until after the seventh year. Then the owner of a chocolate plantation may take his ease and live with little toil and grow rich for the next three decades.

A BEAUTIFUL DEED.

How Gov. Northern of Georgia Helped an Embarrassed Woman.

A beautiful deed once performed by Governor W. J. Northern of Georgia has found its way into print. The Atlanta Constitution relates it:

A patient-looking woman in a faded poke bonnet and a homespun dress was driving along Whitechapel street in a dilapidated buggy drawn by a lean and jaded mule. The harness was a patchwork of ropes and leather.

Then came a catastrophe. Suddenly the mule stopped, and one of the shafts dropped—a piece of harness was broken. The woman gazed at the wreck, with calamity written in her face. For full a minute she surveyed it without moving, and then looked around for some friendly face. The sidewalk was crowded with people, and the street was full, but all were hurrying on, and no one paid the slightest attention to the woman. Slowly she began to descend from her seats.

Just at this moment a passing carriage halted and a gentleman alighted. He spoke to the woman in a kindly tone and offered to assist her. She gratefully accepted the offer, and stood by almost trembling while he worked at the broken harness. It was a hard job, but the gentleman was determined and even got down on his knees that he might get at the work better. Finally the repairs were completed and the gentleman stepped into his carriage and drove out.

A man who was passing noticed the almost tearful gratitude of the poor woman, and stepping up to her he said: "Do you know who that was that fixed your harness?" The woman shook her head. "That was the governor of the state!"

Dog Gets a State Funeral.

A weeping colored girl rushed into an undertaking establishment uptown in New York last week and guided the coffin constructor to an elegant apartment. There he met a sobbing lady, who told him that a dear member of her family had fallen from the roof of the house and was fatally injured. The undertaker asked to see the body, and was taken into the parlor, where on an onyx table lay the cold corpse of a fox terrier. Visions of a fat funeral vanished from his mind only to return with the entrance of the weeping woman, for she slipped ten $5 notes in his hand and told him that her pet must have a state funeral. The pup was buried in a plush-lined and silver-mounted casket in the family lot at Woodlawn.

Dumas Was Kind-Hearted.

Personally M. Dumas was one of the most polished and fascinating of men as he was also one of the most kind-hearted. He was a great discoverer of dramatic stars and always testified the warmest and most disinterested friendship for his proteges. The Parisian stage owed to his keen appreciation of talent the lamented Desclee, the gifted and ill-fated Tallandiera and the unhappy Feyghine, whose tragic fate Paris has scarcely yet forgotten. The brilliant comedienne, Mme. Celine Chaumont, was discovered by him in a little suburban theater, and owed to him her first engagement at the Gymnase.

The Bible Society.

The New York Bible Society has had a good year financially and spiritually. There have been 17,771 copies of the Bible distributed among the public institutions, churches and Sunday schools, 3,853 to families and individuals, 406 to individuals at the office of the society, 579 by the postal card system, 56,030 to immigrants, 7,472 to sailors, and 200 hotels were also supplied, making a total of 83,311 copies.