

ANOTHER LOST BONANZA.

Plenty of Evidence in Arizona to Show Where Gold Was Once Found.

The legends of lost mines of fabulous wealth in Pima county are almost numberless, and it might be truthfully added, generally mythical. The old timers can tell of them by the hour, and a few persons have been shown glittering evidences in confirmation of the wonderful tales...

That the precious metals were mined on a gigantic scale in the dim past the many remaining evidences already discovered fully verify, yet the investigation of those that chance has revealed has seldom proved financially successful. Old arrastres covered with the decay of centuries, and crude smelting furnaces that have almost returned to the dusty destiny of all matter...

Some of the traditions told sound like fairy tales, and one, however skeptical, cannot but become deeply interested in their recital. As a sample of the highly plausible, well authenticated and extremely seductive narratives, one related by Charles O. Brown, of this city, may be received with interest.

"Speaking of old mines," said Mr. Brown, "I have spent a good deal of time and money in hunting up clues, and one mine was actually found, and I can go to it any time. Out in the Silver Bell country I can take you to a mountain so full of tunnels and shafts that, if they were in good condition, you could travel through all day long and not reach the end."

"A number of old timers have visited it, and, judging from the vast work done there so long ago, they concluded that a great mine of some kind had existed there, which had likely been worked out. Many times it has been located, and though its walls, roof and floor were carefully scanned and sampled, the result, while showing some gold, was discouraging, assays showing from a trace up to several dollars per ton."

"Many years ago I talked with an old Papago Indian, with whom I was on very friendly terms, having often extended him little favors, about the gold and silver mines. In a burst of confidence he told me that a great many years ago, when he was a very small boy, the Indians at San Navier del Buc made weekly trips to a very rich gold mine. On Saturday night they returned with the products of their toil. The priest in charge of the mission kept a small table in front of the altar, covered with a white cloth, upon which the pious toilers placed their metallic offerings to the church."

"This table was often covered with golden nuggets, varying in size from a pea to one's fist, and it was a rich sight. After the usual service the priest would descend, and as he picked up each precious piece he would proclaim the name of the donor and afterward would call them forward to receive the special blessing of heaven. On the following Monday they would again take up their march in a northwesterly direction for the mines, and for a very long time this was repeated, until the priests were driven out of the country, when they abandoned mining entirely."

"The old Indian had one time gone with the miners, who followed a well beaten trail toward the Silver Bell country, and he saw them take out the gold. He agreed to show me the place, and out of curiosity I sent a man with him one day. They went out to the old mine I have spoken of in the Silver Bell country, and when they reached a certain gulch the Indian pointed to the top of the mountain and said he would find a shaft there, covered with cat claw bushes, out of which the most gold was taken. The man found everything just as the old Indian told him, but long disuse had filled up the shaft until it was nearly full."

"On returning, the old Indian could not be found. He had gone ahead and was not met for several days. He then said he did not dare to show the mine to the white people, and protested that he did not show it for fear the Great Spirit would take his life. He said the white man had found it, but he did not show it."

"I visited the mine afterward, but the work necessary to clean out the shaft was too great and too expensive to undertake, and it has never been touched."—Arizona Enterprise.

True Courtesy.

On one occasion Robert Browning's son had hired a room in a neighboring house, in order to exhibit his pictures there, and during the temporary absence of the artist, Mr. Browning was doing the honors to a room full of fashionable friends.

He was standing near the door when an unannounced visitor made her appearance, and of course he shook hands with her, greeting her as he had the other arrivals.

"Oh, I beg your pardon," she exclaimed, "but, please, sir, I'm the cook. Mr. Barrett asked me to come and see his pictures."

"And I am very glad to see you," returned Mr. Browning, with ready courtesy. "Take my arm, and I will show you round."—Temple Bar.

A Chinese Girl's Fall.

On Nov. 28, 1880, a schoolgirl named Ng A Soo fell from the roof of a four storied house, a distance of sixty or seventy feet. Her skull was fractured in several places and the right parietal eminence was deeply impressed. Enough to kill anybody, one would say, or at the best, to induce lifelong idiocy! Not a bit of it! In exactly six weeks Ng A Soo left the hospital, "seemingly" says the clinical report, "in no way the worse for her fractured skull."—London Hospital.

Occasionally the English viper will attempt to engulf too large an animal, and Mr. Bell found one on Poole heath the skin of whose neck had thus been burst in several places.

HE KNEW.

Hiram Was Not at All Seared by the Noises Down Stairs.

It was 3 o'clock in the morning when Mrs. Higinbotham shook her husband.

"Ugh," he responded unconsciously. "Hiram! Hiram!" she exclaimed in a whisper.

"Ugh," he observed.

She gave him another shake.

"Hiram," she whispered, "there's robbers down stairs."

"Ugh!" he ventured again, this time with a rising inflection indicating that he was gradually absorbing the idea that something was wrong.

She gave him a tremendous shake.

"Ugh," he almost shouted, sitting straight up. "What in thunder's the row, Maria?"

She clapped her hand over his mouth.

"Sh—sh!" she whispered, "there's burglars down stairs."

"Aw," he growled, "we ought to be thankful they are not up stairs. Go to sleep!" and he fell back to the pillow.

"Hiram, I tell you," she insisted, with another shake, "there's burglars down stairs. I heard them. You go down and see what they want."

"Maria," he protested, "I'll do nothing of the sort. If they don't see what they want they can ask for it. That's business."

"But you shall go down, Hiram, and see," she urged and pleaded at the same time.

"I won't, I tell you, Maria. Because your father owns a dry goods store is no sign that I believe it is no trouble to show goods, and I repeat, madam, if those burglars want anything they've got to wait on themselves. It's after business hours anyway. You can't think we run an all night place. Go to sleep, I tell you."

Mrs. Higinbotham gave a sudden clutch at his arm.

"There," she nearly screamed, "I hear them coming up stairs now."

"Well, dear," he said soothingly, "you'd better jump up and put on a dress. It will never do in the world for you to receive strange gentlemen in your present attire."

"We'll be murdered in our beds," she wailed.

"Do you really think you will," he inquired with some interest.

"I'm sure of it, Hiram," she sobbed.

"Suppose you get out and lie on the floor, Maria, and then you won't be," he suggested heartlessly. "I'm willing to take mine right here in bed, where it's warm."

Mrs. H. began to cry.

"What's the matter, Maria?" Mr. H. asked, as if he had just that moment discovered her grief.

"You're a mean, horrid man, Hiram Higinbotham," she said in her natural voice, and she began to get out of bed.

"Where are you going, Maria?" he inquired uneasily.

"Down stairs," she answered heroically.

"As between you upstairs and the burglars down stairs, I prefer the burglars," and down stairs she went, and the black cat in the preserve closet upset four jars of her finest quinces in its mad effort to escape.

She screamed, but Hiram Higinbotham made no sign; he knew he had forgotten to put the cat in the cellar when he shun the house up for the night and reported to his wife that everything was all right.

—Detroit Free Press.

Home of the Sea Serpent.

The question of the "great sea serpent" has of late come before us with an episcopal sanction; but whatever may be the explanation of the various appearances which have given a certain currency to a belief in the existence of an unknown marine monster of some kind, that small sea serpents exist is most certain. They are all marine, and with the exception of one or two species never quit the water. As might be expected under such circumstances they bring forth their young alive, and these can swim as soon as they are born.

Mr. Boulenger tells us that their home is essentially the coasts of the Indian ocean and the tropical parts of the western Pacific, from the Persian gulf to New Guinea and North Australia. One species, however, ranges from west and south Africa to the western coast of tropical America and extends northward to Japan and southward to New Zealand.—Quarterly Review.

Two Guilty Consciences.

A Danbury youth went trout fishing and ventured to drop a sly line into a posted brook. Soon the approaching figure of the owner loomed upon the distance, and the Danbury youth knew he had been seen. He took incontinently to the bushes, where he spent a very miserable two hours in hiding and caught a cold that kept him two days in bed.

Meanwhile the terrible owner, who was not the owner at all, had sought a similar refuge at sight of the original culprit, and not until his teeth chattered like a typewriter did he venture to leave the friendly but damp shelter and sink away from the scene. He was an elderly man, and his share in the day's sport resulted in a four days' rheumatic limp.—Boston Transcript.

Ancient Sacrifices to the Sea.

The navigators of antiquity, to whose imaginative ignorance the ocean seemed peopled and beset with chimeras dire and supernatural agencies of all sorts, used often to sacrifice human lives to the mysterious water gods. It is regarded by tradition that Idomenus, king of Crete, vowed to sacrifice to Neptune the first living thing he met after escaping from a storm, and this happening to be his son, he fulfilled his vow religiously. Medea nearly became a sacrifice during the return voyage of the Argonauts.—Washington Star.

No Reflection on His Character.

"That stylish looking gentleman was under police supervision in his younger days." "Nonsense! You must be joking." "Not a bit of it; his father was a constable."—Dorfbarbier.

A MEXICAN LEGEND.

A Mythical Story of an Illusive Valley of Gold in Eastern Arizona.

The story of the famous treasure of the "Madre d'Oro" is an old one. It comes from the Aztecs of Mexico. Somewhere in southeastern Arizona there is a small valley, about five miles long and two miles wide, walled in by towering mountains. The sides are so precipitous that it is impossible to climb down them, and there is only one entrance, through a cave, which is carefully hidden by Indians, who guard the treasure for the second coming of Montezuma. It is said that even among them the entrance is only known to the three most aged men, and is never communicated except when, on the death of one, it is necessary to give the knowledge into the keeping of another.

The valley itself, though surrounded by inhospitable rocks, is a paradise. Watered by the stream which flows through it, its soil is covered with flowers and beautiful trees, through the branches of which fit bright fanned birds. The only reptiles seen are the gold snakes, with their glittering greenish yellow scales.

Stretching across the valley from one side to the other is a ledge of pure gold, its masses of virgin metal gleaming and glistening in the sunlight. It is said to be five feet, ten feet, fifty feet, 100 feet wide. The gold lies in it in great veins and nuggets, imbedded in clear quartz, the sharp angles of which glitter in the sunlight like gigantic diamonds. Across the ledge the stream flows, forming a little waterfall, below which the nuggets of gold can be seen in the water and out. Gold in the ledge, gold in the scales of snakes, gold in the stream, gold in the birds—gold, gold, gold—is the refrain of the golden story.

The fearful precipices which surround the place, the strange ceremonies and horrid banquets which have served to keep the secret safe, the tribe of Aztecs, living only to preserve for their mysterious ruler this treasure house of nature, have all aided in giving to the story its strange interest. Small wonder is it that the pulse should quicken and the eye grow bright as you hear the tale from the lips of men who more than half believe it. The lonely desert surrounding you, with the tall cacti looking like ghosts in the half moonlight; the long drawn melancholy of the coyote's howl, the prospector's fire of grease wood, the men with their rough clothing and quaint language, all vanish as you listen, and in imagination you are transported to the wonderful valley in which is the "Madre d'Oro," the "Mother of Gold."

Nor are they content to tell the story as an Indian legend. They cite instances of white men who have seen the place, who have descended into the valley in some way and returned with all the gold they could carry. The location of the spot is always in a dangerous Indian country. I have been told twice that it was in the Chiricahua mountains. It is always said to have been found merely by accident by men who were either hunting or prospecting for ledges, about the only two occupations which will make unscientific men climb the mountains. It can only be seen from the upper end after the morning mists in the valley have cleared away. Then, as one stands on the rugged peaks and looks down, he sees the great ledge spanning the valley below him, the virgin metal glittering in the sunlight, and he knows that he has heard his place of which he has heard so much and dreamed so often.—Interview in Washington Star.

American Perfumes.

"It does not follow nowadays," said the druggist, "that because a toilet perfume is made in France it is superior in quality to one of American preparation. Such was formerly the case, but the art of making fine perfumes has been carried to such perfection of late years in our own country that not more than one-eighth as much of the French preparations is sold in the United States today as was sold a few years ago. Nearly \$3,000,000 worth of home distilled perfumes are made in New York alone every year. Chicago manufacturers put one-half as much on the market, and there are extensive perfumery manufacturing in Boston, Philadelphia, San Francisco, St. Louis and other large places.—New York Evening Sun.

Modern Witchcraft.

In divers villages in Pennsylvania, some of them in the Dunkard settlements, are women who are supposed to be witches. Some are shrewd enough not to apply their arts for strangers, but to those whom they know, as stated in a newspaper article some years ago, they will sell charms to ward off lightning from buildings, dry up the wells of the enemies of applicants, force cows to give bloody milk, cause sickness in the family, destroy beauty, separate man and wife and reunite estranged lovers.—Dr. Buckley in Century.

A Remarkable Growth.

Wonderful things happen in Ireland as well as elsewhere, if the following can be vouched for, which is not likely. It is related that a gentleman in Ireland, on cutting open a potato at dinner, found in the center a half sovereign, around which the vegetable had grown. Though discolored, it was in a good state of preservation, and is now a pretty ornament to a watch chain.—Philadelphia Ledger.

A Hard Question.

Doctor—My goodness! This won't do. You don't eat enough. Sick Boy—You don't want me to eat, do you? Doctor—Indeed I do. Sick Boy (angrily)—Then why in the name of sense did you tell me to take a big dose of cod liver oil before every meal?—Good News.

Had Been There.

Maiden (listening to Mendelssohn's "Wedding March")—I don't see why they have the clashing of the cymbals. Young Mrs. Benedict—Why, as a fellow of the clashing which are, as you say, of course.—Kate Field's Washington.

A Hawk Killed by a Railway Engine.

To railway officials it is a well known fact that the engines of high speed express kill small and large heavy flying birds, such as partridges and grouse, in great quantities, sometimes carrying their bodies long distances. A few months ago the writer was shown by a locomotive superintendent of one of the principal northern lines a dead bird which, strange to say, though a very rapid flier, had met its doom through the agency of the iron horse. This bird was a sparrow hawk, and it is now stuffed and may be seen in the Carlton road board school museum, Kentish Town.

The driver of the train relates that he was traveling between sixty and seventy miles an hour near Melton, when just on the point of entering a long tunnel he observed fluttering in front of the engine some object which he at first mistook for a rag, but when on leaving the tunnel he went forward he discovered, to his astonishment, that it was a sparrow hawk which had become entangled between the handrail and smoke box of the engine, and was held there firmly by the pressure of the wind. It was not quite dead when taken out of this curious deathtrap, though one eye had been destroyed. There is no doubt that it met its death accidentally, as a hawk can fly quicker than the fastest train-travel—so the drivers say, who often observe them flying low down in the hedgerow and keeping up with the train till some unwary small bird, frightened by the noise, flies out of the fence, when the hawk pounces on it and devours it.—Strand Magazine.

Why Birds Migrate.

Why some birds which could pick up food among us all the year around should leave when food is plentiful, while others with similar ways of life remain, is still a mystery. It is easy to understand that a species which preys on fresh water fish and on frogs should seek other quarters when the ponds are frozen and the frogs buried in the clay. But it is not quite so clear why the swallow and the flycatcher leave a region where there is perpetual summer and winged food in abundance, rise, a long journey over sea and land, only to find a great scarcity of the same kind of food. And it is equally puzzling that the seed and fruit eaters who since October have been fattening among the gardens of Algeria and Egypt, should suddenly, in March or April, be seized with such an inordinate craving for a change of diet as to fly 3,000 miles on the chance of picking up the short commons of an English spring.

Perhaps it will be found that immigration is natural to all birds, and is greater or less as circumstances may determine. Every animal shifts its quarters according to the plentifulness or scarcity of food. Even our residents move up and down the country at different periods of the year, living in the lowlands in the winter and in the uplands in the summer, and it is well known that all winter there is a continual drifting of the birds from the Continent to our islands, according to the weather.—London Standard.

Two Narrow Escapes.

Twice in his experience has John B. Obermeyer, of Chicago, owed his life to the practice of carrying papers in his inside pocket. The first time was on a battlefield in the war of the rebellion. Then the master roll of his company of the Eleventh Pennsylvania volunteer, stopped a musket ball fired at random from the enemy's lines. The second time was on Monday, when a bullet from a 38-caliber revolver, fired only six feet distant, and aimed deliberately at his breast, failed to penetrate an envelope filled with bank bills and a pass-book in his inside vest pocket.

After this second event Mr. Obermeyer, it is said, looked coolly at the would be assassin, and called him a coward, and invited him to shoot a second time, but the latter stood for a moment irresolute, then, with his hand trembling, laid his revolver on the desk, and surrendered to the police.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Soda Water Not So Much in Demand.

An up town dry goods store last summer tried the experiment of giving soda water to its patrons free. An enormous fountain, well equipped for service, was placed in the back part of the store and on each hot day half a dozen attendants were kept busy serving a clamorous, thirsty and never diminishing crowd. One day upward of 7,000 glasses of soda water were drawn from that free fountain. This year the firm charges three cents a glass for its soda water, and as a result the patronage has fallen off to a remarkable extent. On two very hot days a fortnight ago, although the large store was well filled with customers, the soda fountain was at no time overworked.—New York Times.

The Preacher's Industrious Hen.

The Congregational minister in Newington thinks he has the champion hen of the place. She began laying in February, immediately after he first owned her. She kept this up until she went to sitting and hatched out a brood the first part of April. About a week ago she was allowed to run at large with her brood, but returned to the coop during the day and laid an egg, brooding her chickens at night. This she continues to do, laying her egg daily and still caring for her chicks.—Hartford (Conn.) Times.

The coffee crop of Brazil has been so large that the railroads of one of the provinces have for weeks been blocked, every available car being in service, freight depots being crowded and further receipts of coffee being declined.

Major Renard is constantly improving his dirigible balloon, and he has now announced that he has invented a motor of seventy horse power weighing only 430 kilograms.

Melbourne is just emerging from the overwhelming effects of a land boom. All trades are stagnant and the unemployed are clamoring for work.

O. H. Ballou of Omaha is in the city to-day.

Daniel Thrumb of Weeping Water is in the city to-day.

The L. L. A. will meet at the home of King Wise Monday evening.

Dan Sweeney of South Bend brought in nine wolf scalps to the county clerk to-day.

W. C. Showalter, J. M. Leyda and Lew Gibberon passed satisfactory examinations last evening and are now entitled to practice their profession—law.

The Evening News is constantly violating the United States postal law. The mail edition was thrown out last night on account of publishing objectionable matter.

Mr. Wright's oration was a grand effort. By its pathetic influence many a sympathetic heart beat with commiseration, and from the well-springs of the soul, from out which speak the hidden secrets of the heart, flowed many a tear.—Echo.

The address delivered by A. C. Wright was the most able ever listened to by the people of Elmwood, and many eyes were wet with tears while he told of the part his father took in the great conflict for the preservation of the union.—Echo.

Polk's evening paper made a great stir last night about ex-Senator Taggart getting into trouble. It hasn't been very long since the ex-senator of Cass county was very red-headed because THE HERALD published an account of some of his doings. Ex-Senator Taggart was a member of the senate at the time when M. D. Polk represented(?) Cass county.

JOHN A. DAVIES,

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MICHAEL O'CONNEL

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