

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 these that chance has revealed has seldom proved financially successful. Old armories covered with the decay of centuries, and crude smelting furnaces that have almost returned to the dusty destiny of all matter, speak of industries once in active operation that history and even aboriginal tradition fail to mention.

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 has it 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 went 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.

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 lured 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 greasewood, 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 Chircahu 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 before him the 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 manufactories 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 th' name o' sense did you tell me to take a big dose o' 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 symbol of the clashing which are to follow, of course.—Kate Field's Washington.

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 trains 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, to risk 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 E. 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 muster roll of his company of the Eleventh Pennsylvania volunteers 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.

CATHOLIC.—St. Paul's Church, at the corner of Fifth and Sixth. Father Garney, Pastor. Services: Mass at 8 and 10:30 A. M. Sunday School at 2:30, with benediction.

CHRISTIAN.—Corner Locust and Eighth Sts. Services morning and evening. Elder A. Galloway pastor. Sunday School 10 A. M.

EPISCOPAL.—St. Luke's Church, corner Third and Vine. Rev. B. B. Burgess, pastor. Services: 11 A. M. at 7:30 P. M. Sunday School at 2:30 P. M.

GERMAN METHODIST.—401 and 6th St. Rev. H. H. Pastor. Services: 11 A. M. and 7:30 P. M. Sunday School 10:30 A. M.

METHODIST.—Services in new church, corner Sixth and Granite Sts. Rev. J. T. Baird, pastor. Services: 11 A. M. and 7:30 P. M. Teaching at 11 A. M. and 8 P. M. The Y. R. S. C. E. of this church meets every Sabbath evening at 7:15 in the basement of the church. All are invited to attend these meetings.

FIRST METHODIST.—Sixth St., between Main and Pearl. Rev. L. F. Britt, D. D., pastor. Services: 11 A. M., 8:00 P. M. Sunday School 9:30 A. M. Prayer meeting Wednesday evening.

GERMAN PRESBYTERIAN.—Corner Main and Sixth. Rev. W. White, pastor. Services: usual hours. Sunday School 9:30 A. M.

SWEDISH LUTHERAN.—Granite, between Fifth and Sixth.

COLORED BAPTIST.—St. Olive, (back, between Tenth and Eleventh. Rev. A. Rossell, pastor. Services: 11 A. M. and 7:30 P. M. Prayer meeting Wednesday evening.

YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION.—Rooms in Waterman block, Main street. Gospel meeting, for men only, every Sunday afternoon at 4 o'clock. Rooms open week days from 8:30 A. M. to 9:30 P. M.

SOUTH PARK TABERNACLE.—Rev. J. M. Wood, Pastor. Services: Sunday School, 9 A. M.; Preaching, 11 A. M. and 8 P. M.; prayer meeting Tuesday night; choir practice Friday night. All are welcome.

I. H. DUNN

Always has on hand a full stock of FLOUR AND FEED, Corn, Bran, Shorts Oats and Baled Hay for sale as low as the lowest and delivered to any part of the city. CORNER SIXTH AND VINE

Plattsmouth, Nebraska

W. H. CUSHING, J. W. JOHNSON, President, Vice-President.

—O O O T H E O O O—

Citizens - Bank, PLATTSMOUTH - NEBRASKA

Capital Paid in - \$80,000

F. R. Guthman, J. W. Johnson, E. S. Greusel, Henry Eikenberry, M. W. Morgan, J. A. Connor, W. Wettenkamp, W. H. Cushing

A general banking business transacted. Interest allowed on deposits.

FIRST NATIONAL BANK

OF PLATTSMOUTH, NEBRASKA

Paid up capital \$50,000.00

Surplus 10,000.00

the very best facilities for the prompt transaction of legitimate

Banking Business

Stocks, bonds, gold, government and local securities bought and sold. Deposits received and interest allowed on the certificates drawn, available in any part of the United States and all the principal towns of Europe.

COLLECTIONS MADE AND PROMPTLY REMITTED.

Highest market price paid for County Warrants, State and County bonds.

DIRECTORS

John Fitzgerald, D. Hawksworth, Sam Waugh, F. E. White, George E. Dovey, S. Waugh, John Fitzgerald, President, Cashier

HENRY BOECK

The Leading FURNITURE DEALER

—AND—

UNDERTAKR.

Constantly keeps on hand everything you need to furnish your house.

CORNER SIXTH AND MAIN STREET

Plattsmouth - Neb

Lumber Yard

THE OLD RELIABLE.

A. WATERMAN & SON

PINE LUMBER!

Shingles, Lath, Sash.

Doors, Blinds

Can supply every demand of the city. Call and get terms. Fourth street in rear of opera house.

SANTA CLAUS SOAP. OH SAY! bring out some of that ar SANTA CLAUS SOAP we've bin usin' it right smart, and the wimmen folks say it's as good as I kin get it fur 'em they want peeter 'pe about gittin' a washin' machine. All of you fellers keep it I reckon if you dont I kin send to N. K. FAIRBANK & CO. CHICAGO.

GO - TO -

I. PEARLEMAN'S GREAT MODERN House Furnishing Emporium.

WHERE you can get your house furnished from kitchen to parlor and at easy terms. I handle the world renown Haywood baby carriages, also the latest improved Reliable Process Gasoline stove. Call and be convinced. No trouble to show goods.

CORNER SIXTH AND VINE

I. Pearleman, OPPOSITE COURT HOUSE PLATTSMOUTH, NEB.

F. G. FRICKE & CO

WILL KEEP CONSTANTLY ON HAND

A Full and Complete line of

Drugs, Medicines, Paints, and Oils.

DRUGGISTS SUNDRIES AND PURE LIQUORS

Prescriptions Carefully Compounded at all Hours.

TRY THE

H. E. R. A. L. D

Advertising - and - Job - Work

Full Information And Rates on Application.

A. B. KNOTS

BUSINESS MANAGER.

501 Cor Fifth and Vine St.

PLATTSMOUTH - NEBRASKA

Mexican

Mustang

Liniment.

A Cure for the Ailments of Man and Beast.

A long-tested pain reliever.

Its use is almost universal by the Housewife, the Farmer, the Stock Raiser, and by every one requiring an effective liniment.

No other application compares with it in efficacy. This well-known remedy has stood the test of years, almost generations.

No medicine chest is complete without a bottle of MUSTANG LINIMENT. Occasions arise for its use almost every day. All druggists and dealers have it.