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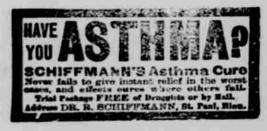
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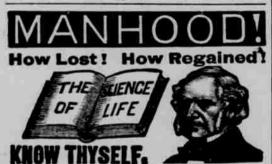
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stock, Many fine specialties to offer; write quick and secure choice of territory NURSERYMEN. Rochester, N. Y A MEXICAN LEGEND.

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 flit bright hued 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, 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 sarrounding you, with the tall cacti looking like ghosts in the half moonlight; the long drawn melancholy of the covote'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 Chircahua 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 meta! 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, out the art of making fine perfumes has been car ried to such perfection of late years to 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 per fumes are made in New York alone ev ery year. Chicago manufacturers put one-half as much on the market, and there are extensive perfumery manufact tories in Boston, Philadelphia, San Francisco, St. Louis and other large places -New York Evening Sun.

Modern Witcheraft.

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 .- Philadet phia Ledger.

A Hard Question. Doctor-My goodness! This won't do You don't eat enough. Nick Boy-You don't want me to eat do you?

Doctor-Indeed I do. Sick Boy (angrily)-Then why in the 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")-Idon't see why they have the clashing of the cymbals.

Young Mrs. Benedict-Why, as a symbol of the clashings which are to follow, of course.-Kate Field's Washington.

HE KNEW.

Hiram Was Not at All Scared 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

"U-ugh," he observed. She gave him another shake. "Hiram," she whispered, "there's robbers down stairs."_

"Ugh? she 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, 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 noth ing 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

"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 must 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 in

quired 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 in-

quired 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 shur the house up for the night and reported to his wife that everything was all right. -Detroit Free Press.

Home of the Sca 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 cur rency 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 ruled over the enormous area of the their young alive, and these can swim as soon as they are born.

Mr. Boulenger tells us that their home | the Moqui towns retain almost entirely 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 and their mode of life-though to a hasty species, however, ranges from west and south Africa to the western coast of like that of their brethren in New Mextropical America and extends northward | ico.—Charles F. Lummis in St. Nicholas to Japan and southward to New Zealand .- Quarterly Review.

Two Guilty Consciences.

and ventured to drop a sly line into a made of old postage stamps of various posted brook. Soon the approaching denominations and six nationalitiesfigure of the owner loomed up in the distance, and the Danbury youth knew he French, German and Italian. It took had been seen. He took incontinently 5,014 stamps to make a cane. The face to the bushes, where he spent a very miserable two hours in hiding and face of the cane, when the stamps were caught a cold that kept him two days in all on, was filed smooth and finished un-

was not the owner at all, had sought a unique canes ever seen in Detroit .similar refuge at sight of the original | Philadelphia Ledger. culprit, and not until his teeth chattered like a typewriter did he venture to leave the friendly but damp shelter and slink 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 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 Idomeneus, 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

"Nonsense! You must be joking." "Not a bit of it; his father was a constable."-Dorfbarbier.

In the Country Store.

Some of the snowbound passengers at one of the depots near Utica were telling stories the other day, and a traveling man was relating his experience in a country store in a small town in Jefferson county. He said he was there nearly the entire forenoon, and had occasion to note the peculiarities of the storekeeper, who carried a general stock, but a pretty small one. Every little while a customer would come into the store and inquire for some article that the merchant did not happen to have in stock. For instance:

"Have you any dried beef, Mr. Cashdrawer?" . . . "No, we have no dried beef today, but we have some nice codfish. John,

show this lady the codfish." "Do you keep any such thing as wicks for those big, round lamp burners?" "We generally do, but happen to be

out just now. We have some fine cotton clotheslines, though. John, show the gentleman the clotheslines." "My gals wanted me to bring them home some confectioner's sugar. Have

you got any of it, Cashdrawer?" "Sold the last ounce about an hour ago, Henry. We've got an excellent quality of toilet soap, though. John,

show Mr. Adams the soap." "Do you keep ready made flannel

"Have had them all winter, and sold three to a lady yesterday, which cleaned the stock ont. But we have a large supply of overalls. John, show this lady the overalls."—Utica Observer.

Civilization and Wilderness.

Upon the 1,500 miles of the shore of Lake Superior there are living now less than 150,000 persons, and these are mainly in bustling cities like Duluth, Superior and Marquette, in industrial colonies like Calumet and Red Jacket, or in struggling little ports like Fort William and Port Arthur. Even there the wilderness and primeval conditions are face to face with the robust civilization which is shouldering its way as capital is accustomed to do rather than as natural growth usually asserts itself. Not that it is not a wholly natural growth which we find at all points on the lake shore, for it is all in response to the inexorable laws of supply and demand. Yet the communities there have sprung into being far apart from well settled regions in answer to these laws.

Thus it happens that today one may ride in an electric street car to the starting point for a short walk to a tront stream, or one may take the steam rail road and in an hour alight at a forest station, breakfasting there, but enjoy ing for luncheon a cut of the deer or a dish of the trout or the partridge which he has killed for the purpose. It is, so to say, a region wherein the wholesale fisherman with his steamboat disturbs the red man who is spearing a fish for supper, where the wolf blinks in the glare of the electric lamp, and where the patent stump puller and the beaver work ide by side.—Julian Ralph in Harper's

The Moqui Indians.

A hundred miles north of the Petrified forest and well into the edge of the Arizona desert are the seven strange and seldom visited Pueblo cities of Moqui. They all ha e wildly unpronounceable names, like iyualpi, A-hua-tu and Mishongop-avi, and all are built on the summits of almost inaccessible mesasislands of solid rock, whose generally perpendicular cliff walls rise high from the surrounding plain. They are very remarkable towns in appearance, set u on dizzy sites, with quaint terraced houses of adobe, and queer little corrals for the animals in nooks and angles of the cliff, and giving far outlook across the browns and yellows and the spectral peaks of that weird plain. But they

look not half so remarkable as they are. The most remote from civilization of all the Pueblos, the least affected by the Spanish influence which so wonderfully southwest, and practically untouched by the later Saxon influence, the Indians of their wonderful customs of before the conquest. Their languages are different from those of any other of the Pueblos; glance the same-is in many ways un-

A Detroit Man's Cane.

A Detroit man has a novel walking cane that represents the work of odd A Danbury youth went trout fishing hours every day for six weeks. It is United States, Canadian, English. value of the stamps was \$100. The surtil it glazed. A heavy gold knob com-Meanwhile the terrible owner, who pletes one of the handsomest and most

Telling the Bees.

The curious custom of "telling the bees" is observed in some parts of nearly every country in the world. Those who observe the custom always go to the beehives and tap gently on each one, then stoop and whisper under the cap or lid that Mary, Jane, Thomas or William is dead. This is done to keep the little imaginative ignorance the ocean seemed | honeymakers from forsaking their place of abode should they have to wait and find out the news of the calamity themselves. The custom is alluded to in Whittier's poem, "Telling the Bees."-St. Louis Republic.

East and West.

The failure of the people of the Atlantic states to understand the area, conditions, products and needs of the west is not infrequently illustrated in national legislation. The late Editor Bundy, of the New York Mail and Express, said a short time before his death:

"The people of the east know little about the west, but I have always found that the people of the west were well informed about the east."-San Francisco Examiner.

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

EPISCOPAL.—St. Luke's Church, corner Third and Vine. Rev. H B. Burgess, pactor. Ser-vices: 11 A. M. and 7:30 P. M. Sunday School at 2:30 P. M.

GERMAN METHODIST.—Corner Sixth St. and Granite, Rev. Hirt. Pastor, Services: 11 A. M. and 7:30 P. M. Sunday School 10:30 A. M. PRESBYTERIAN.—Services in new church, cor ner Sixth and Granite sts. Rev. J. T. Baird pastor. Sunday-school at 9;30; Preachin

at 11 a. m. 25d 8 p. m.

The Y. R. S. C. E of this church meets ever Sabbath evening at 7:15 in the basement c, the church. All are invited to attend these FIRST METHODIST.—Sixth St., betwen Maland Pearl, Rev. L. F. Britt, D. D. pasto Services: 11 A. M., 8:00 P. M. Sunday School 9:30 A. M. Prayer meeting Wednesday ever-

GERMAN PRESENTERIAN.—Corner Main and Ninth. Rev. Witte, paster. Services usu-hours. Sunday School 9:30 A. M.

SWEEDISH CONGREGATIONAL—Granite, be-tween Fifth and Sixth.

COLORED BAPTIST.—Mt. Olive, Oak, between Tenth and Eleventh, Rev. A. Boswell, pattor. Services 11 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Praymeeting Wednesday evening.

Young Men's Christian Association, Rooms in Waterman block, Main street, Gct pel meeting, for men only, every Sunday a ternoon at 4 o'clock. Rooms open week ds from 8:30 a. m., to 9:30 p. in.

SOUTH PARK TABERNACLE.—Rev. J. Wood, Pastor. Services: Sunday School 10 a.m.; Preaching, II a. m. and 8 p. s. prayer meeting Tuesday night; choir pritice Friday night. All are welcome.