Tonopah.-The secret of the wealth of "Scotty," the Death valley miner, has been discovered "Scotty" has found an old cache of robbers who held up the transcontinental stage in the early days. Dozens of Wells-Fargo treasury notes that were dragged from the coaches were never heard of again until now. A party of easterners were traveling in the Death valley region in an automobile ... recently when they met a prospector.

"See Scotty?" he was asked. He explained that "Scotty" was somewhere ahead of him, because he had stopped in the shade of his mule to rest, while Scotty pushed on. "He showed me some high grade ore, and he's goin' out to realize on it. He finds out I'm broke, pulls out a lot of gold eagles, and he stakes me to 200,

said the prospector. In the light of the lamps he held out some gold eagles. The date was 1840 on each one, with a mint mark of D. In 1840 there was no Denver, but a mint in Delganus, Ga., coined money

for a time. "They have had detectives after Scotty," said the prospector, "These ore samples he carries are a blind. He gets to a town, dumps the sand in his bags, and turns up with legal money. He's got the old stage coach cache, and he's slick enough to keep it, too."

HOW TO KILL THE MOSQUITOES

Coal Oil Placed in Plow Siots Will Do It.

Washington.-Dr. W. T. Poole, of Columbus, Ca., who is in the city-onbusiness, is making an inspection of the various public institutions of the city, and is much pleased with the way those he has visited are conducted. In a conversation with a reporter Dr. Poole called attention to the fact he believed that many of the mosquite-s which come to life in the capital are hatched in the plow sints in the center of the car tracks. In these slots, after rains, there are many spots where the water stands for days, and, in Dr. Poole's estimation, these are ideal places for the breeding of the little pests.

He believes that if the slots had ikerosene, placed in them after tho rains the mosquito supply would be materially decreased.

According to the tests that have been made. Dr. Poole states that the water that has been standing for from six to seven days.

He believes that in the effort to make Washington the most beautiful city in the world attention should be directed to the plow slots, where mosquitoes come to life, and that some sans be found to cut off part of the supply of the little buzzers that serve to make life so tiresome sometimes.

## LESS WINE DRUNK IN ENGLAND. Statistics Show Remarkable Decrease in Nation's Consumption.

Washington.-That alcoholic consumption is on the decrease in Great Britain is shown by statistics contained in the report from Frank W. Mahn, the American consul at Nottingham, evidencing a remarkable -falling off in the wine appetite of  $\cdot$  the Bridshers.

The amount of wine consumed per capita in Great Britain is now figured at only three pints a year. The chancellor of the exchequer, in his recent budget speech, said that in the past six years the consumption of wine had increased nearly 50 per cent. Imports of wine from the principal sources of supply-France, Spain and Portugalhave decreased in 30 years from 16. 000,000 gallons to \$,000;000 in a year. The decrease from 1900 to 1905 alone was 4,000,000 gallons.

Australia has been selling wine to Great Britain growing quantities, but the total imports of this wine are small in comparison with the decrease in the imports of French, Spanish and Portuguese wines.

Sneezing Less Majesty, Too? Berlin.—The citizen who recently was punished for the crime of sneezing in the street has a companion in misfortune. The new victim is a lawyer named Schmidt, who, as a military reservist under periodical inspection with his regiment at Magdeburg, committed the offense of blowing his nose while standing in line before the reviewing officer. The following day Schmidt was arraigned before a court-martial. He pleaded be suffered from catarrh. The inspecting officer, however, swore Schmidt blew his nose in a manner betraying either scorp or disrespect of military command and the court was so shocked it ordered the offender to be placed under arrest for ten days

Tax Chinese \$300 a Head. St. John's, N. F.-The measure adopted at the last session of the legislature requiring Chinese entering the colony to pay a head tax of \$300 each was put into force by the colonial cabinet. The assent of the imperial ministry was secured before this step was taken. The proclamation comes must in time, it is said, to present a scheme for the importation of 500 coolies into the colony

Tall Men for Tall Com.

Tampico III - The faitners are Rooking for tall hired men to pick. corn his year. The season has been, such hat stalks have shot ears up to ove: the average man's reach

NOT A CASE OF VICIOUSNESS.

Horse's Escapade Matter of Instinct, Said the Dealer.

Not long ago a certain farmer, well known for his violent temper, sued a

local horse dealer. He had bought a horse, which the dealer had guaranteed to be "quiet to ride and drive," and he now sought to recover the amount paid for the animal.

In stating his case Farmer Hothead lost his temper more than once and had to be frequently admonished by the judge.

One of the witnesses for the defense, a former owner of the horse in question, declared that the animal was "absolutely without vice." "As against that," observed the

judge, "Farmer Hothead asserts that

the animal is vicious—that it ran away and smashed his trap to splinters." Well," said the witness. "I wouldn't have believed that he would have run away from anybody, but after what I've seen of the plaintiff to-day I think it likely that he did run away-and 'ang me if I can blame the 'oss! It

MINISTERS' SONS WIN HONORS.

instinct!"-London Answers.

wasn't vice, though; it was a happy

Far Above the Offspring of Other

Professional Men. The bishop marked the names of those whom he deemed "worthy of remembrance for some service performed in religion or politics or literature or science or art or commerce or philanthropy or warfare, or some other aspects of the various life of the nation." Of such names he found 1.270 who were the children of clergymen or ministers, taking no account of those who were grandchildren of clergymen or more remote descendants. Of the children of lawyers there were 510, and of doctors 350. The sons of clergymen who became themselves clergymen were 350. He further asserts that "the superiority which the clergy enjoy, in respect to their children to the other profes sions, lies beyond dispute.

The superiority has been not of numbers only, but of degree. From cler-<del>n have sprung more dieth</del> guished sons than from the homes of any secular profession."-Lesile's

He Could Not Run Away. To be caught dangling in midalr 200 feet above ground and to be attacked by numberless bees and hornets is the novel experience of J. W. Morton, a painter of Richmond, Va. Morton made a perilous ascent to the topmost elevation of the steeple of the Broad street Methodist Episcopal church to paint the pinnacle.

The bees and hornets which swarm in the steeple resented his sudden appearance and attacked him victously. His frantic yells failed to reach the ears of his companions working below, and he was put to the necessity of lowering himself to the ground, the insects doing business all the way.-Indianapolis News.

Live Within Your Means.

The quiet; honest citizen who lives well within his income, having what he needs in the way of comfortable living, adequate feeding, tasteful dressing, with some relaxations and pleasures, all in such proportion as his means justify, stands agape' at his neighbor who earns no more but who makes a deal of show with what he has and what he does and doubts his own ability to manage. But the difference is not so much apparently in ability to make a given sum of money go its fullest length as of willingness to incur debt and forget it.-

New Bedford Standard. Some Object in Seeing Double. "I knew a woman once," the man was saying, "who saw double. She would see two lamps where one stands there now, two houses, two streets." "Was she married?" asked the

"Did she see two husbands?" "I don't know about that," the man

woman.

replied. "I wouldn't mind seeing two husbands," mused the woman, reminiscently, "if they would both support

Aromatic Petit Larceny. "I hope you notice how sweet I am," smiled the girl when they were out on the street again. "While the man was wrapping up the toothbrush I was trying all the perfume in the bottles on the counter. He looked at me awfully hard."

"I should think he would have had you arrested," remarked her companion, severely, "What if everybody tried all the perfumes like that? How much would he have left to sell ".-N. Y. Press.

Work of Small Scholars.

A school boy who was asked to write a description of "The Angelus," the well-known picture, did so in a way simple, natural and free from the learned pose of the critic. "There's a young man and a young woman digging mealies." he wrote, "and the six o'clock whistle went, and they quit," The charming brevity of this almost rivals that of the small scholar who decribed. Henry VIII. as a "great

Powers and His Tribe.

Liewellyn Powers, of Houlton, representative in congress from the Fourth Maine district, though classed among the "14 millionaires of the national house," is a very companionable man. His appearance is striking. He is tall and lean and muscular. His cheekhones are high and prominent. He wears his coarse black hair long, and in some ways he bears a resemblance to an American Indian.

CHARLES LEVER'S FINE EXCUSE.

Great Irish Novelist Evidently Hard Man to Corner.

Like the gentlemen in his novels, the Irish writer, Charles Lever, carried his responsibilities with audacious ease.

In 1869, when he was consul at Trieste, he paid a visit to England. On his arrival, says his latest biographer, Edmund Downey, he catted on Lord Lytton. The two novellsts chatted for some time, and at length Lord Lytton said:

"I am so glad for many reasons to see you here. You will have an onportunity presently of meeting your chief, Clarendon. I expect him every

moment." Lever was aghast. He recollected suddenly that he had left Trieste without obtaining formal leave. He endeavored to excuse himself to Lytton -he had to be off-he was very sorry, but-. While he was explaining, the minister for foreign affairs was announced.

"Ah, Lever!" said Lord Clarendon, in surprise. I did not know you had

left Trieste." "No, my lord. The fact is," said the ready Lever, "I thought it would be more respectful if I came and asked your lordship personally for

STOPPED AT WRONG LETTER.

In String of Adjectives Lawyer Had Overlooked a Point.

The prosecuting attorney in a lawsuit had waxed especially indignant at the defendant, whom he characterized as an "abandoned, baneful, cynical, Ciabolical, execrable, felonious, greedy, hateful, Trresponsible, jaundiced, knavish, lazy, meddlesome, noxious, outrageous and profligate rowdy."

The learned counsel on the other side," said the attorney for the defendant, when he arose to reply, "should have put his adjectives in a hat and shakon them up a little be fore using. You must have noticed, gentlemen of the jury, that they were in regular alphabetical order. This shows that he selected them from a dictionary, beginning with 'a.' He stopped at 'p.' but in his manner of reproducing them he has given us the

'cue' as to how he got them." This turned the laugh against the other lawver, and he lost the case.

Cigar Saved His Life. M. Guizot, the great French historian, once owed his life to his cikar Walking in one of the Paris gardens, he noticed that he was being followed by a shabbily dressed man M. Guizot calmiy sat down on a bench upon which his unwelcome follower seated himself, watching him all the time with an uncomfortably threatening air. The historian, how. ever, was not troubled, but cigar from his pocket and quietly lighted it. As he did this the stranger rose and, muttering that he had been mistaken, added: "That scoundrel I seek does not smoke." Some days later the man was arrested for a murderous assault upon a public official against whom he had a grudge and for whom he had mistaken M. Guizot. whose cigar was thus a veritable life-

Whisky Not Scotch National Drink. "One of the grossest misconceptions from which Scotland suffers," says a writer, "is that her national drink is, and always has been, whisky. But this is just as untrue-neither more nor less-as that the national garb of Scotland is the kilt. Whisky, like the kilt, is a purely Celtic or highland product, and up to the middle of the eighteenth century it was just as unfamiliar in the lowlands as the clan tartans. It was only after the '45 that the Highlanders began to settle in the lowlands and bring their whisky with them, but before that the national drink of the lowlanders had been ale. Tam o' Shanter and Souter Johnny got 'roarin' fou'-not on whisky, but on strong beer."

Returns from Small Capital.

. Many of the great mines of the west were developed by men who had comparatively little capital. The Aspen, which yielded about \$23,000,000, gave its fortunate lessee \$467,000 in 45 days. He had spent only \$8,000 in opening it. The Hecla, of Burke, Idaho, was opened by six dairymen who a few weeks ago refused \$2,670,-000 for it. Ex-Senator Thomas Kearns, general manager of the Silver King, which has paid \$10,505,000 in dividends, says that it cost \$58,000 to put the property on a paying basis. He and his partners had nothing but their wages and savings from them when they began to develop the mine. -Leslie's Weekly.

A Very Busy Man. A western senator has a brother who is in the live stock business. The brother sent a letter to the statesman that was entirely typewritten, even to the signature. The statesman was mad. He thought it an outrage for his brother to write to him like that, and not even sign the letter, and he sent a bitter protest. This was the reply he received: "Dear Jim: Cheer up. I am so busy that I never use a pen except for sheep."

Not Too Exacting. Lord Alverstone, now lord chief justice of England, once sang in the choir of the parish church, Kensington, London, and one day a lady asked the verger to point him out. The verger did not know him, and exclaimed: "Well, ma'am, that's the vicar, them's the curates, and I'm the verger; but as to the choir -well, as long as they does their dooty, we don't inquire into

their hanteredents.

LAUGHTER THE GREAT TONIC.

More of It Would Do Away With Many

Woes, Says Writer.

The woman who can make her lover langh is clever, but the wife who can keep her husband laughing is one of the seven wonders of the world, says a writer. Depression, ill-health, worries, quarrets, all these cease to be when one can laugh. Learn to charm the heaviness from your husband's brow, the moodiness from his mien, and you will reign in his heart for all time. Does it seem a little thing to provoke laughter, a thing hardly within the scope of the dignity of a wife? That is where so many women make a great mistake. There are many times in a man's life when he longs for the gayety of a sweetheart. There is, you; see, so much of the frolicsome schoolboy left in a man, even when he has; but away boyish things. The misschievous spirit is eager to show itself, could it but obtain opportunity; don't check it, never mind if your dignity is a wee bit ruffled or you have perforce to join in a laugh against yourself. "Laughter breaks no bones," the saying goes, and again, "laugh and"

AND THEN GIRL FELT SMALL Indignation at Fulsome Compliment

Not Necessary

grow fat."

A Riverside drive girl whose pretty face and attractive figure are sources of embarrassment at times, owing to the comment they excite in public places, tells a goood story on herself. "I was crossing One Hundred and Twenty-fifth street last week to make a few purchases," she says, "when I passed two callow youths lounging in front of a shop. As I went by one of them turned to the other and said in a perfectly audible voice: 'Jim,

there's a duck." "I was deliberating between a withering stare and a lofty ignoring of the incident as the proper way to treat such impertinence, when a particularly line duck dangling just overhead almost brushed my nose. The next establishment was a butcher shop and ducks were among the commodi-

ties for sale. "For a few minutes I felt so small that I seemed in thuninent danger of fading out of existence."-New York Press.

--- The Wonders of Concrete. Here are some concrete possibilities. You can build concrete foundations, sidewalks, fences, water froughs, cisterus, water tanks, shelves, cesspools, gutters, floors of all sinds in the cellar, barn and stable, steps and stairs, well curbs, horse blocks, stalls, hog pens, trouths, chicken houses, corn cribs, ice houses, incubator cellars, mushroom rellars, hothed frames, bridge abutments, chimneys, ventilator dams, windmill foundations, fence posts, clothes posts and hitching posts. There is one farm where the post and rail fences, and the feed bins are concrete; and in another even the lattice under the house plazza and the laundry stove are made of it. Cases of this kind are extreme and impractical, however.--Farming.

Pull That Won Her. ...The ice trust magnate looked up at the eager young man. "You want to marry my daughter,

"That is my ardent wish, sir." "And what claim have you on my

consideration?" "I know that the case against the ice trust comes up in court next week sir. "Yes. What of that?"

"Well, perhaps it isn't worth mentioning, but my father is a professional juryman, and-" "She is yours, my boy; she is yours!"-

Trees. Possibly by reason of some mysterious defect in the national character Americans seem to have little appreciation of the value of trees. The destruction of forests has gone on apace for many years, and even now that the absolute necessity of protecting the remaining tracts is generally recognized, it is only with great difficulty that legislation to this end is secured. Although the establishment of Arbor day has been regarded as an effective means for cultivating the appreciation of trees, there is still nothing like the sentiment there ought to be against their wanton destruction.

Just Missed It.

An elderly woman who had, during the course of a somewhat eventful life, buried four husbands, encountered at the gates of the cometery where they reposed an old but timid lover, whom she had not seen for years. She took him inside and showed him-not without a feeling of pride—the wellkept tombstones of her former lords and masters. "Ah, James," she remarked, feelingly, "you might have been lying there to-day if you had only had a little more courage."

Discouraged. "Mamma," said Pickaninny Jim, "why didn't you name me George Washington?"

"Sonny," was the answer, "I isn't gwine to name no mo' chillen George Washington. As soon as dey hyahs dat story 'bout not bein' able to tell a lie, day 'pears to git 'curious to find out whether it's so or not, an' dey ants in 'sperimentin' as soon as dey kin talk."

Bum Pronunciation. "Why is Cupid represented as a maked boy?"

"Because real love never has any

HAD THE COLDIER'S INSTINCT British General Immediately Diag-

nosed Meaning of Shot. To understand war, says the author of "A Peuple at School," is an instinct. To illustrate the aphorism, he tells a story of an English general whose understanding of sounds was phenomenal. One night, he says, after dinner they were all sitting talking at headquarters. They were expecting an attack, and sentries and pickets were posted far out beyond,

the stockade. Suddenly we heard one shot; of course, every one jumped up. The bugies sounded; the men fell in; the officers ran to their posts. Gen. Symons alone had not moved. After listening intently for a moment or two, he had sat down again.

I myself was between two minds, whether to go out with one of the parties heatily assembling outside or to stay with the general. So I stood irresolutely by the door. "You can sit down," said Symons;

"It is nothing. A sentry has let off his rifle by accident. That is all." So it proved. While he was leaning upon his rifle it had gone off, and so had his fingers -- Youth's Companion.

ABSENT-MINDED PERSONS.

Domestic Dialogue Which Betrays Laxity on Both Sides of the House.

"What did you do with my pocket knife when you 'finished' using R? asked a young man of his wife as they stepped from a street car returning from Swope park yesterday. A look of consternation spread over the wife's face as she replied:

"Oh! I'm so awfully sorry. I left it sticking in the tree after we ateour luncheon. We were in such & hurry to catch a car, you know."

"You probably hold the record for absent-mindedness," reforted the haif angry husband. Just then she caught him wiping the perspiration from his brow with a paper napkic which had placed in his micket instead of his handkerchief. He had bit the handkerdief lying on the grass. The family score is now oven.-Kansas City Star.

Stilt-Marks on Old China. Hunting for stilt-marks on old China is often good fun in itself. Almost every old piece of flatware-i e. plates, platters, saucers, etc -shows three little rough spots, more or less: clearly marked on both sides, usually in the margin. These spots were made in the firing, by the cockspur or stilts

-little tripods used between the plates in piling them up in the kiln The three points where the cockspur ton find the place cares of a forcethe glaze Unfortunately, still-marks are not as sure a guarantee of authenticity as some collectors have supposed, for they are not only casy to imitate, but they are sometimes im perceptible on the old Staffordshire Furthermore, they appear very frequently on modern tableware of the cheaper sort, and so are no sign of an-

tiquity -- Country Life in America. Believes in the Newspapers.

\*I believe in the newspaper, said Mr. Alexander, the singing evangelist. "To illustrate their carrying power, let

me tell a story: "A newspaper, published in England, one day carried in its columns a sermon by the late Rev. Charles H. Spurgeon. That newspaper found its way to Australia, and eventually was part of a bundle that was thrown under the counter of a store to wrap up packages with, In course of time it was reached. and inclosed some articles that were sent to the house of a most ungodly man. He unwrapped the goods, and as he did so the heading of the sermon struck his eye. The man read it, became thoughtful, read it again. It convinced him, and he became an

earnest and devout Christian." What Father Does.

Mothers may talk, work, struggle tomake their sons models by which to shape a new heaven and a new carth. But the boy's world is in the man who is his father and the boy believes that, whatever may be right on Sundays or at prayer time, the things that arereally good, that really count in life are what father does. Moreover, it iswhat father does which defines the means with which the boy shall work, the sphere wherein his efforts shall be shaped. In a word, what father does is the beginning as it is the end of the boy's achievements. - Harper's Bazar.

A Difficult Public. "Why don't you have newspapers in

Russia?"

for it."

"What's the use," rejoined the St. Petersburg official, "of bothering with headlines and editorials? The people here don't even pay attention to a ukase

True Enough. "Some men are like wine-they improve with age." "Yes, but the likeness must be per

fect, though." "How do you mean?" -"Well, no wine can improve with age that has ever been drunk "

"Does that Mrs. Sharply always say such cutting things behind people's "No. If they are present she usually says them to their faces."-De-

Either Way'll Do.

troit Free Press. The Usual Way. "Did you ever get something for

nothing?" "Yes, but I've found afterward that I've usually paid a pretty high price HERE'S THE MODERN COGSERRY Judge's Maintenance of Dignity Un-

happily Expressed.

A Southern lawyer tells of a judge of a county court who had many duties besides his legal ones to perform, but who never for an instant. forgot that he "embodied the law" under all circumstances. On one occasion the judge was acting as an auctioneer to dispose of the stock of a retailer who had died a short time before. While the auction was in progress a certain bidder was the cause of a disturbance that finally so exasperated the auctioneer that he auddenly assumed his character of judge and fined the offender in the sum of \$25 for contempt of court. Of course an application for the remission of the fine was immediately filed by an attorney on the ground that there had been no contempt of court. The attorney maintained that the judge when acting as auctioneer was not a court and was not, therefore, liable to contempt. The judge, who heard this application with increasing wrath, assumed every bit of dignity he possessed, and glaring flercely at attorney, said: "Sir, I would invite your attention to the fact that I am the judge of this county nuder any and all circumstances; I am, air, the judge, from the rising of the sun to the setting of the same! And as such, sir, let me tell you that I am always and everywhere an object of contempt!"

His Hard Luck. "Yes," said Mrs. Herliby, pressing a damp handkerchief to her eyes, "he's an unfort'nate man, me cousin Cella's man is. If Iver there's anny chanst of rar good thing he's always, a little to wan side. If it hadn't been for that he'd be in his home now, instid of inthe hospital, ma'am."

Why, I understood that Timothy stepped backward off the staging and fell clear to the ground," said the district visitor, sympathetic but puzzied. He dil said Mrs. Herbby, with a tench turnet of teams but their fail a bit more to the right there was a great pile o' bricks, an' it would have broke his fall, annyway."-Youth's Companion

City of London Churches. Within the narrow limits of the city of London, with its mere handful of residents-only sufficient to people a small provincial town-there are still so many churches that you might worship in a different one every Sunday of the year without nutting foot inside them all. Within the rural deanery of the East City there are to-day no fewer than ten churches, each of which ministers to a norminion of sers than

ime tie att zafe babben loners is 1,473, while the churches have accommodation for 2,750, thus providing almost two seats for every possible worshiper, including he is-Cants in arms

So Kind of Her.

"That to think," chuck'ed the fallsuburfanite on the early local, "my wife mays she do not going in my vest prickets, again for two for three mon'hs."

"How pice of her!" commerced the short suburbanite. Now you will beable to find the price of a migar, when you get up in the morning." "Hardly."

"Ru" she has promised not in 30 in your vest pockets" mith, that's because I am not going

to wear any vest until fall." A Charitable Cardinal.

Cardinal Honaparte was a grandson of Lucien Bonaparte. He was a very charitable man. During one of his illnesses a servant came to him and said that a poor person at the door begged for alms. "Give him what money you will find in my purse," said the cardinal. There is no money, eminence. The silver spoons are all given away. We have nothing left but pewter spoons" "Well, bring him in and give him a good meal."

Honest Man.

"Will you love me when I am old" asked the littenish damse) with the corkscrew curls, the false frizzes, the suspiciously bright teeth-and the

farge bank account. "Why, I love you now, don't I !" asked the plain, every-day, matter-offact, undiplomatic man who was try-

ing to provide for his future And oh, brethren! the voiceless wynd that drifts across the open Polar sea was a hot wave compared to the atmosphere that surrounded him in a minute.-Judge.

An Inference. Gailey-Been: down at the beach,

haven't you? Miss Sharp-Yes: I was stopping at the Seacrest house for a couple

of days. Gailey-Really! Why, I always made that house my headquarters, Miss Sharp-You don't say? I

didn't know there was a bar connected with that hotel.

An Inapt Comparison. "He looks like a Greek god," said the girl who raves.

"I shouldn't say that," replied Mise Cayenne. "Most of the Greek gods. ! have seen in art galleries had vacant stares and pieces chipped off their. ears or noses."

How It Sounded.

Miss Thumper-That old gentlem as cried when I played the nocturne, He said it reminded him of his past life. Is he a great blayer?

Mr Chumper-No, he used to be plano tuner.

## L'ABEILLE DE LA NOUVELLE-ORLÉANS

Kallies Rechievater ! Banks.