

An Illinois farmer has taken the new woman movement seriously by applying to an employment office for a woman to plow his farm for him.

What to do with our bad boys is a question which a New Jersey Judge has answered satisfactorily by ordering the mothers to spank them in open court.

Twenty-eight States have declared through their Legislatures in favor of an amendment to the Constitution of the United States providing for the election of United States Senators by direct vote.

The postal check currency idea is endorsed by business men and newspapers all over the country and will surely be adopted. It will be a great convenience to the millions of people who are out of reach of banks and money-order offices.

The inscription prepared by President William A. Tucker, of Dartmouth College, and accepted by the State Committee for the tablet for the United States battleship Kearsarge reads: "From the State of New Hampshire to the battleship Kearsarge, Dedicated to Justice, Honor, and Freedom, in the Service of a Reunited People."

"Elder Benjamin Harrison, Indianapolis," is announced as one of the committee on the revision of the Westminster Confession appointed by the Moderator of the Presbyterian General Assembly, his name following a list of nine ministers and being among seven laymen at the end. Thus in the precedence of the Church worldly dignity yields to religious dignity.

A French educational journal publishes the answers to a number of questions put to the pupils of the academies in the Department of the Nord, or Northern Province of France. The questions were placed in the hands of 37,000 children, who had to answer the questions without consultation with each other or with their friends or relatives at home. Among the boys interrogated more than 14,000 confessed to smoking cigarettes, cigars or pipes. One question put was: "Are you happy?" To this question about 32,000 boys and girls answered "Yes." On the contrary, 1853 boys and 600 girls had the courage to say "No."

Another question put to the pupils was whether they hoped to be happier after they left school. The majority of the boys answered "Yes." A large majority of the girls answered "No." They were also asked: "Do you wish to be wealthy?" to which the great majority of the boys and girls very naturally answered "Yes."

We are so accustomed of beating the world at everything that it is difficult to believe there can be a railway train in France that exceeds the speed attained by our fastest expresses. Yet the Journal of German Engineers declares that the fastest train in the world at present is one on the French Northern Railroad, which makes its regular run from Paris to Amiens, a distance of eighty-two miles, without stop, in one hour and a quarter, which is equal to sixty-five miles an hour. The time schedule of French railways contains not less than ten trains which, in distances of more than sixty-two miles, make an average of over fifty-six miles an hour. Compared with this record, says the Journal, the English railroads are considerably behind. The best time—sixty miles an hour—is made on only one train between Perth and Forfar, a distance of thirty-three miles. The German railroad management does not permit a speed of more than fifty-six miles an hour, and the average is much less.

Liberia has, through its Minister at Washington, made a request of this country for a navy. This may seem strange, but there is a precedent for the demand, because a corvette was presented by the United States when that republic was organized as a sovereign power. Unfortunately, the corvette was lost and Great Britain then presented the West African republic with two flat-bottomed vessels. They also disappeared beneath the waves. The government of Liberia, thinking that the United States might have a surplus of vessels in her auxiliary navy purchased during the Spanish war, made its wants known to the Navy Department, specifying that only light-draught vessels are needed, because they are to be used to patrol the shallow waters of her coast to prevent smuggling. The republic wants only two ships, but Secretary Long has found it impossible to grant even this modest request. If he had been able to do so, Congress would have to be called upon to make the gift.

### THE SUMMER GIRL.

BY SAMUEL MINTURN PECK.

The daisies in the meadow grass are smiling at the sun,  
The apple blooms have drifted in the lane.  
The feet of Spring are passing, Summer's revels have begun—  
Don't you hear the happy robin's mellow strains?  
Yet there's something that I miss,  
A lacking morn'g bliss  
Mid the blossoms which the dew of morn'g empear,  
She tarrys, what belates her?  
Behold a throne awaits her,  
That love hath built her in my heart—  
The winsome Summer Girl.

I know that she will smile at me in just the same old way,  
I know just how her tiny teeth will peep,  
Her frolic laugh will lure me o'er the hillside, through the spray  
Till I see her dimples twinkle in my sleep,  
Naught will alter but her gown,  
When she hies her from the town  
To set the brains of all the beaux a-whirl;  
And when the blossoms shatter  
And the birds of summer scatter,  
She'll vanish with the butterflies—  
The winsome Summer Girl.

Harper's Bazar.

## THE LOST PICACHO MINE

By Henry Adelbert Thompson.

**M**INES have been discovered in many strange ways, but any one from Gila Bend to Benson will tell you that there is nothing stranger in the mining history of Arizona than the way in which "Tom" Harper, then a raw Easterner, found the lost mine of the Picacho Peak. Most people in that country say it was "tenderfoot luck" but the Hon. James Penfield contends that his partner worked it all out in his mind beforehand.

Harper was then a young man from the East, who had a little money. Penfield was a young man from the West, who had no money, but who knew cattle. This was the basis of their partnership. They leased the Tortilla Ranch in Arizona for ten years, with the privilege of purchase at the end of the time.

Penfield one day bought a pair of mules, led them home, and turned them into the stockade corral; then he went into the house to supper. "Too dark to see them to-night," he said to Harper, as he tossed his sombrero in the corner and sat down at the table, "but we will have a look at them in the morning. I know them of old, and they are all right. Used to belong to Barlow. But I was forgetting, you never knew Barlow. If you like, I'll tell you his story after supper."

"Well, it was this way," Penfield went on, later. "Barlow kept the first stage station this side of Picacho Peak for twenty years. He was an eccentric old fellow, with a taste for solitude, and he kept no one about his place except a Mexican half-breed who acted as cook. In fact this Mexican was the real manager of the establishment, Barlow devoting most of his attention to cattle-raising in a small way."

"One morning, about three years ago, he found that his only pair of mules had escaped from the corral and taken to the brush, so he started out on their trail. In the evening he returned with them, but stopped at the station only long enough to eat supper, which he ordered the cook to get in a hurry. The Mexican was used to Barlow's ways, and paid little or no attention to his movements. When questioned afterward he remembered only that Barlow changed his clothes, which were very wet, at a hearty meal, jammed some provisions into his saddle-bags, saddled a horse and rode off in the darkness. The next day, near sundown, he came back, again ordered a hasty supper, and took the west-bound stage, which passed his place about 8 o'clock that evening for Casa Grande."

"When Barlow had been at Casa Grande twelve hours, and had made a mysterious visit to the assayer's office every man in the town knew that the grumpy and drunken old fellow had struck one of the richest gold mines ever found in Southern Arizona. His pockets were crammed with specimens which assayed \$3000 to the ton, and this in a country where ore which runs \$100 to the ton is considered rich."

"Barlow told everybody that he had come to Casa Grande to get men and tools to work the claim. He blabbed this in all the saloons, and that was the beginning of the great spree that killed him. Two days after he was dead. The secret of the location of his claim died with him. He had been pried with questions, but had not given the slightest clue which might lead others to his new mine."

"When it was told in Casa Grande that Barlow was dead, there was a great hubbub. I was there, and was one of the first to leave for the Picacho station. All the men of the town were racing at the heels of my horse. It was then that we put Barlow's Mexican cook under cross-examination, but we soon saw that he knew nothing."

"The one important piece of information he gave was as to the length of time Barlow was absent from the station when he went after the mules. As he had been gone only twelve hours or so, we knew that his discovery must lie in the Picacho Peak yonder, for it is the only elevation within thirty miles of Barlow's place, and so the fact of his being absent only a short time was positive evidence that the rich ledge was somewhere in the Picacho Peak, so we went straight to it."

"I think that in twenty-four hours almost every stringer and outcrop of quartz on the sides of that mountain were located. From the very edge of the desert on the east, up the long slope to the high peak at the west end, the surface of the mountain was dotted with corner pieces of claims. In fact, the mountain was examined, as it were, microscopically."

"But nothing more valuable than the commonest kind of 'bronco' quartz was ever discovered. The location of Barlow's gold-bearing ledge is a mystery to this day."

"I would like to find that mine," said Tom Harper.

"So would every man between Tucson and Yuma," Penfield replied. "But where the most expert miners of Arizona have failed, it is not likely that a New Jersey tenderfoot would succeed. It would be fun to see you try it."

"I intend to try it," said Tom, resolutely. "Will you come along?"

"Why, certainly, nothing would please me better. But what line are you going to work on?"

"Did any one think of following the trail of the mules from the Picacho station and back again?" asked Harper.

Penfield says he had to laugh before he replied: "I suppose that the idea of trailing the mules was uppermost in every man in the crowd at the Picacho station the morning after Barlow's death. But every trace left by the animals had been washed out by a thunderstorm, and considerable rain fell while we were prospecting the mountain."

"Did any one think of turning the mules loose at the station," asked Tom, "and then following them up?"

"No," replied Penfield, feeling surprised.

"Well, it might have amounted to something. Animals are creatures of habit. They follow the same route in feeding day after day; they go to the same place for water, although there may be equally good springs near. Now those mules of Barlow's probably had the run of the range often. When they bolted that morning the chances are ninety in a hundred that they took a trail that they were used to, and followed it until they were overtaken. And mules, unless closely pushed, would not climb the mountain side, but keep on or close to the level ground."

"Go on," said Penfield, now becoming much interested.

"Now," continued Harper, "we may turn our attention to Barlow. He was simply in pursuit of his runaway animals, and it is not likely that he turned aside to make a prospecting trip up the side of the mountain. So if he found a gold mine that day he stumbled on it accidentally, and he found it at or near the base of the Picacho Peak."

"And you may add," interrupted Penfield, "that he succeeded in hiding it away effectually."

"Yes, that is a point. The problem is to find something which has been concealed somewhere in the neighborhood of the route of two wandering mules. If we knew their route the problem would be simplified."

"And you propose to find it by taking Barlow's mules, which I bought this afternoon, to the old station, turning them loose, and following their trail? Bright boy! The scheme is worth trying. To-morrow we will take the mules up to the Picacho station and turn them loose, and the next morning we will take their trail. We shan't find the mine, but we shall have done our best to find it."

"The surprising thing to me," remarked Harper, "is your way of making a practical application of ideas. The notion of following the mules was simply something that occurred to me, but I am ready to try it if you are. Anyhow, it will give me an opportunity to see the Picacho Peak at close range."

Penfield says they both felt foolish the next morning but one, when they started out from Barlow's old station with provisions for twenty-four hours, and each carrying a light prospecting pick over his shoulder. Barlow had gone afoot, and Harper insisted that they should follow his example.

The trail of the mules, plain to Penfield's experienced eye, led them in a southeasterly direction, around rather than directly toward the peak. The animals had fed leisurely along for some time, and then, as the Western partner announced, had moved on more rapidly.

The two men made easy progress. The occasional patches of mesquit through which the animals had wandered gave them some shade as the sun rose higher and higher over the desert.

Gradually the trail led them to the base of the mountain, and they began to ascend the extreme end of the long ridge in which the peak ends to the eastward.

At this point a well-defined cattle trail led over a low "saddle" in the ridge, and as they reached the top of this saddle Penfield saw the mules

calmly switching away the flies under a mesquit tree on the desert beyond. "There they are," said Penfield, pointing.

"Then," remarked Harper, "I think that we are close to the lost mine."

"Why?"

"Because this is the only point at which the trail of the mules has touched the mountain."

"Standing on the summit of the range they carefully looked over the ground and then went slowly down the north side of the ridge. Near the foot of the slope the trail skirted the edge of a small pond. "One of old man Barlow's tanks," Penfield said.

There had been a small spring in the side of the gully, and when Barlow first began to pasture his stock on the range he built a dam across the gully below the spring, and so made a watering place for his cattle. After Penfield had explained this the two young men set about prospecting the ridge.

They were at this more than three hours, carefully examining every square foot for a hundred yards or more on both sides of the trail. At last Penfield said:

"We are simply beating over ground which has been searched again and again by the best miners in Arizona." He wanted to stop, and before long Harper agreed that it would be useless to waste further time in looking. They caught the mules without difficulty and started in the direction of the station.

Harper was silent and looked moody—he was thinking hard. After they had gone about a mile he proposed to go back.

"What has struck you now?" Penfield asked.

"Why, we looked everywhere except in the place we ought to have looked. There is only one place near the trail over the ridge where Barlow could have hastily concealed the outcropping of a quartz ledge. Come and I'll show you."

Penfield turned back without protest. Harper rapidly led the way to the watering-tank on the nearer slope, and attacked the dam vigorously with his pick. Soon he had made a breach near the base of the roughly constructed bank which backed the waters of the spring. The water began to trickle through the opening, and as the united efforts of both men dislodged a large boulder from the softened earth, the pent-up flood burst through the aperture with great force, and in a few minutes the centre of the dam was swept away.

The down-rush of the water carried with it much of the sand and sediment which had accumulated in the bottom of the pool, and exposed the original rock floor of the gully. A projecting knob attracted Penfield's attention. Sliding down the bank to the bottom of the pool he struck this knob a few resounding blows with his pick, stooped a moment to examine the broken surface, and arose with a cry of exultation, holding aloft a fragment of white honeycomb quartz.

"Gold!" he cried. "The richest quartz I ever saw! Harper, we've got it!"

"The mystery of the lost mine has been clear since that moment."

Barlow, following his mules, overtook them near this tank. At the same time he discovered that the dam had been broken by the rush of the torrent down the gully. This torrent, by washing away the accumulated sediment, had exposed the ledge. Barlow, contemplating the wreck of the dam, had seen the outcropping quartz. A quick examination convinced him of the richness of his find. Hastening to his station he procured the necessary tools, returned to the tank, secured some specimens of the gold-bearing rock and then rebuilt the dam.

It was a simple, but most effectual method of concealment, for five hundred of the sharpest men in the Southwest had passed over the place and passed by it without ever thinking of drawing off the water from Barlow's tank.—Youth's Companion.

**Little Foxes Rescued by Their Parents.**

Some weeks ago a den of foxes was discovered on the bank of the Miami River near Redbank, by three boys, John Bain, Lewis Shumate and a boy named Lloyd. Young Lloyd took two of them to his father's place, near Redbank. They were fastened to a kennel with stout cords attached to collars. It is stated that persons in the vicinity frequently heard the old foxes bark at night, and a few days ago Farmer Lloyd, hearing a commotion in the barnyard, went out and saw the parent foxes scurry away. He then went to the kennel and found that the cords which had confined the young animals had been chewed in twain and the little ones were missing. It is the supposition that the parent animals released their young and carried them away in their mouths, as a cat does her kitten.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

**The Wettest Hours of the Day.**

J. R. H. Scott, who was until recently the chief of our meteorological office, has made a detailed examination of the records of the fall of rain in each of the twenty-four hours of the day, in order to find out which are the driest and which the wettest hours. The results show that in the West the heaviest rains occur in the early morning hours, and the least rain in the early afternoon. In the East, and also at inland places, the heaviest rains occur in the afternoon. The records as a whole show that everywhere in our islands the hours from about 10 o'clock in the morning to noon are drier than the rest of the day.—London Leisure Hour.

**Le Teuf-Teuf.**

Teuf-teuf is the nickname bestowed upon the automobile by the inventive Parisians. The name is supposed to express the murmuring plaint, half grunt and half gasp, which these vehicles give vent to when en route.

### HOUSEHOLD AFFAIRS



**Useful Hints For Blue Monday.**  
Clothes soaked over night are more readily loosened of dirt than if washed without any preparation. Mend all rips and tears before allowing the clothes to go to the wash and remove any stains.

Prepare the clothes for soaking in this manner: Sort them into three piles, the fine white pieces that are little soiled, the medium soiled pieces and the dark, heavy pieces.

Fill tubs with tepid water, mixing dissolved soap shavings and washing soda well into the water. There should be three tubs, one for each pile of clothing. Allow the clothes to soak over night.

In the morning ring the clothes from the water and plunge them into a tub filled with hot water and dissolved soap shavings and soda. Wash and rub them until they are as clean as they can be got, then rinse them in a second tub of hot water and soap and put in a boiler over the fire. The water in the boiler should be cold at first, and a little soda added to it if the water is hard. Let the water come to a boil in order to scald the clothes, then rinse them in two waters, and then in bluing water. The bluing water should never be too dark. A good way to test it is to take a handful from the tub, and if it is a light blue it is the right color.

Flannels will require more care. They should be washed in water as warm as the hands can bear and in strong suds. The water should not be hot. Rinse in waters of the same temperature, and quickly. Do not rub the flannels nor wring them with the hands.

Iron them before they are quite dry.

**Furnishing the Parlor.**

In every parlor there must be a center of interest to which the way is clear. All fire lovers make the hearth the point toward which all the interests of a room converge. Sofas are drawn up by it, chairs arranged near it, the best picture placed over it.

The question of lights is carefully studied, and wherever a comfortable chair or sofa is placed, some provision for a lamp or a light from the window is considered.

The grouping of chairs, tables and sofas is another point not to be neglected, so that different sorts of interests may be provided for without interfering with one another—that one may sit by the piano, for instance, and others have a tete-a-tete somewhere else.

When one has no pictures, a flowered paper on a parlor wall is effective. Sometimes relief is lent by a dado of velours or jute running to a height of some four feet, and finished by a narrow braid to match the body color, nailed on the wall with invisible tacks. The furniture in this case should be covered to match the dado, so that all the lower part of the room is left in one tone. Brass scones and mirrors alone should be hung on the walls.

Yellow on the walls gives brightness and cheerfulness and sometimes a sense of uplifting, but one cannot get coziness with it. Much white is permissible with yellow. Relieved with a note of crimson, as when a red curtain is hung at a door or a red cushion makes itself felt, a yellow and white parlor becomes individual and charming.—Harper's Bazar.

**A Dog's Supplication.**

"Mike" is the name of a little gray, silky-haired spaniel, whose home is on Maryland avenue, and he is a most cunning and amusing animal, and as wise as it is possible that a little dog can be. His mistress has taught him many tricks. He can tell you what he does when the policeman comes, playing dead dog, and he can call his mistress when the telephone bell rings, and is altogether a delightful dog. He has been taught to beg for things, and his begging looks for all the world like coaxing, so cunningly is it done. The other day his mistress sent him up stairs to get her slippers. He came down presently with one, and she sent him back for the other, but again he returned without it. He was sent back, and this time he stayed so long that his mistress went up stairs herself to see what was keeping him. A heavy satchel had fallen upon the slipper, and the little dog, after trying in vain to move it, sat on his hind legs, with his little paws raised in supplication, hoping that he might persuade the satchel to get off the slipper. He was probably convinced that his prayer was efficacious when his mistress lifted the hindrance.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

**An Irish Horse-Tamer.**

It is no easy matter to quell "the fiery untamed steed." "The man who can break in a vicious horse is not to be met with every day," observed a horse breeder, "and when a really good man is found he may command a lot of money."

"I suppose that an Irishman named Sullivan was one of the greatest of horse-tamers. His power was wonderful, and owners of vicious horses clamored for his services. He always performed his work in secret, causing himself and his fractious charge to be shut up together for about half an hour."

"When the signal was given, the door was opened, and the horse, covered with perspiration and trembling violently, was seen lying down with the Irishman familiarly playing with him. The spirit hitherto so intractable was completely broken; the steed from which the boldest rider shrank to mount a child might have ridden with the utmost safety."—New York News.

**HOUSEHOLD RECIPES**

**Orange Fritters**—Divide the oranges into quarters, previously removing all the pulp carefully, so as not to break the skin. Dip each piece into frying batter and fry in deep fat till a golden color.

**Chicken Mayonnaise**—Remove skin and bone from cold cooked chicken. Divide in rather large pieces. Just before serving dip each piece into mayonnaise dressing. Arrange neatly on a bed of lettuce and serve very cold.

**Currant Buns**—A piece of dough the size of a pint bowl, add one-half cup sugar, one-half cup butter, nutmeg and cinnamon to taste, one cup currants, a little lemon peel. Knead well and form into a loaf, put into a deep buttered dish and rise two hours. Bake slowly for one hour.

**Mexican Cod-Pick**—Pick a cupful of salted cod and soak in different waters until fresh enough to use. Fry a chopped onion in a tablespoonful of butter to a rich brown and add the drained fish, with water enough to cover it, a green pepper chopped fine and a cupful of steved tomato; cover and stew slowly for one hour. Serve.

**Corn Meal Crumpets**—Two cupfuls of buttermilk, one heaping tablespoonful of flour, one beaten egg, one teaspoonful of sugar, one teaspoonful of salt. Add Indian meal sufficient to make a batter of the proper consistency. Dissolve a teaspoonful of soda in a little warm water and add to the batter. Bake on a hot griddle.

**Molded Cabbage**—Put a head of Savoy cabbage into a kettle of boiling water; cover, put in where it will keep hot—just simmer—for thirty minutes. Drain and chop fine; season with a tablespoonful of butter, a teaspoonful of salt and one-fourth of a teaspoonful of white pepper. Press into small molds, stand the molds in hot water for fifteen minutes. Turn onto a hot platter and serve with white sauce. Cabbage cooked slowly in this way will be white and delicate.