BRAVE KATE WAYLAND'S DARING EXPLOIT

She Was From Montana and Her Courage Was Superb

RISKS HER LIFE TO SAVE HER LOVER

A romantic adventure befel a young couple in Texas the other day which the Lone Star state is yet thrilling over.

A beautiful young girl rescued her lover from death by going down a precipice where she had sent him after a bird of paradise.

Charlie Waynock is the young man's name, and he and his sweetheart, Miss Kate Wayland, the belle of the Guadaloupe valley, set out to hunt birds of paradise. The Texas bird of paradise is not so brilliant as birds of its kind in the semi-tropics, but it has some beautiful feathers, and she wanted them to wear on her wedding day.

According to the story of the Houston Post, Miss Waynock is a Montana girl, who lived with her parents in this state until the family's removal to Texas, several years ago.

No lover was ever more sincerely devoted to his sweetheart, and the happy young man would have eagerly faced almost any danger to have satisfied her lightest wish. He knew that a colony of the famous birds of paradise had long made their abode in a cleft of a precipice of the Guadaloupe mountains. This well-known lofty range is located on the southern side of the Guadaloupe valley, near Japonica. It is a stupendous mass of solid granite, rising straight up from the waters of the river to the height of 350 feet, according to the latest geological survey. A man on top of the mountain looks about the size of a monkey to one who is standing in the valley below. About fifty feet below the summit of the mountain and 300 feet above the sparkling waters of the Guadaloupe there is a few stunted cedars.

No human foot ever touched the cleft in the precipice, nor did any human hand ever pluck one of the beautiful flowers that can be seen blooming among the evergreens. Only creatures endowed with wings could ascend to such dizzy heights and perch where the eyes of admiring mortals must be satisfied with contemplation. Many pairs of birds of paradise have made their nests in perfect security on the narrow ledge and in the boughs of the cedars for several years. The old birds often visit the fields in the valley, and they frequently mingle their morning matins with the sweet notes of the mavis, while flitting from bough to bough in the oaks and pines on the top of Joy mountain.

The ardent young man was familiar with the habits of the pretty birds that his sweetheart had sent him to capture, and when he willingly set out in obedience to her wishes he went straight to the top of the mountain, hoping to find one or more of the gay songsters in the trees. He had hardly reached the desired locality before he saw a cloud of gaudy colors arising from the precipice. Purple and gold mingled with flashes of every color of the rainbow dazzled his eyes as the flock rose to the music of their sweetest songs and settled in the branches of an oak that stood almost on the brink of the precipice.

A magnificent specimen of the feathered colony, with plumage seemingly of a thousand hues spread out in its most attractive form, perhaps to fascinate some coquette of his kind, sailed above the chirping throng and perched on a bow alone. This pleased Waynock, for as he was a great admirer of the birds, having no desire to commit useless slaughter, he was glad of the opportunity to get a shot at a single specimen.

Rising his gun to his face he quickly fired, and the feathered beauty fell fluttering to the ground. Waynock ran forward to secure his prize, but it struggled nearer to the edge of the bluff. In his eagerness to grasp the bird he did not notice how near he was drawing to the brink of the terrible precipice. Once he had a hand on one of the wounded beauty's wings, but it slipped from his grasp, and, in his anxiety, he slid after it again, reaching as far as he could. The bird pecked his hand and he drew it back. Knowing that Kate had set her heart upon possessing the plumage of a bird of paradise, he slid a little nearer to the dangerous abyss.

Only the hot blood of a reckless lover could have blinded the youth's eyes to the fact that he was within a few inches of the brink of the perpendicular wall of rock 350 feet above the foaming waters of the Gaudaloupe. Small rocks began to roll from under his body. He saw the bird disappear and he felt himself sliding forward. In vain he dug his fingers against the sloping surface. Cold prespiration streamed from his brow, and he realized that his heart had ceased to beat. Though his eyes were wide open darkness surrounded him. He rolled over on his breast and threw his open palms against the earth with all his power. The heroic effort was useless. Slowly his body slid over the brink, and, with a wail that startled the wild birds, he shot forward into the air.

Old man Joy, who lived at Japonica, happened to be riding along the road on the opposite shore of the Guadaloupe. He heard the frightful wail of the unfortunate youth, and noticing the flight of a flock of birds of paradise, he looked towards the mountain. He saw a human form shooting through the air. At first it fell feet foremost and then the body turned over and over, and the birds of gay plumage flew about it shrieking. Joy saw the body strike among the cedars on the cleft where birds of paradise nested. He expected to see it pass on and fall crushed and lifeless into the Guadaloupe, but it did not. He gazed at the cedars in amazement and terror. Spurring his horse close to the edge of the water he strained his vision in the direction of the ledge far up on the side of the awful precipice. A moan of despair reached his ears, and, as he looked among the still trembling bows so far above the water, he recognized the body of a man.

An inkling of the truth flashed across his mind. Certainly someone had fallen over the bluff, and the body had lodged among the cedars on the ledge, 300 feet above the Gaudaloupe. He shouted with all the power of his lungs, and, to his amazement, a voice answered him. It shouted like a far away echo.

"Tell Kate I fell over the bluff. Tell her good-bye."

Mr. Joy was familiar with the love affair and he knew what had happened. Fortunatly he is a sensible, energetic old pioneer.

"Holdfast, Charlie," he shouted. "Don't give up. We will save you."

Driving the spurs into the flanks of his horse he made the animal fly towards his house. He had not gone far before he met five cowboys—all Waynock's comrades—who had just started out to round up a herd of steers. In the fewest possible words he explained to them what had happened, and asked them to follow him. It was necessary to pass Joy's house and cross the river in order to reach the trail that led to the top of the mountain. The distance was not great, but they had to ride against the steep ascent.

Fortunately, Joy and the cowboys met Kate Mayland and one of the old man's daughters mounted on their ponies starting out for a ride. Shouting to them to follow and ask no questions, Joy led the way through his gates to the ford on the river. As the old man fairly flew along the trail he calculated that the cowboys had perhaps 250 feet of rope, and he carried a long lariet at the horn of his own saddle. If they could only get to the summit before Waynock gave out they would have plenty of rope to reach him twice over, from the ledge was not more than fifty feet from the brink of the precipice. Not until they had all dismounted and were collecting where the desperate lover had shot the bird of paradise only a few moments before did the girls know what had happened.

Kate proved to be of heroic mold. There was one little moan from her lips, and then with deft fingers she fell to work to help splice the ropes. One of the fearless cowboys crawled to the brink and peered down into the awful abyss.

"He is still there," se said. Give me a lariat, quick."

A big strong fellow by the name of Tom Houston, after bracing himself against a tree, was about to drop the noose over the bluff when the cowboy, who was looking at Waynock said:

"Stop; someone will have to go down there. He is too weak to hold the rope or tie it about him if it was by his side."

"I will go," said Kate. "He did it all for me. I would be ashamed to let one of you boys risk your life, knowing that I caused the poor boy to fall over there."

She already had the noose around her body.

"Now, Tow," she said, "let me down. It is my duty to go to him."

They saw that it would be useless to try to stop her. Houston had taken a half hitch around a tree with the rope and he slowly let the girl slide over the precipice.

"I can hold her," he said. "There is really no danger, for this rope would hold a steer."

One of the boys leaned far over the brink to watch the brave girl and catch her words, while Joy and the others let down another rope.

Kate reached her sweetheart's side, and a glance at his colorless face and bleeding hands convinced her that not a moment could be spared if she succeeded in saving him from plunging headlong into the yawning abyss. He was lying on the thickly matted branches of a cedar, which the brave girl could plainly see was fast yielding under the boy's weight. The roots of the tree had only a precarious hold in the clefts of the rocks, and it was slowly swaying in the breeze and bending farther out from the perpendicular wall. The trembling boy knew that it was slowly giving way, and though he had grasped the boughs until blood was oozing from under his finger nails, he fully realized that only a few moments would pass before the tree top would descend faster and faster and finally sweep downwards with the rapidity of a falling stone and tear its roots from the ledge.

"It is going fast, Kate," he whispered through the blood and froth on his lips.

She had the dangling noose prepared for him in her hand, but she could hear the roots of the cedar snapping and the top with its precious burdan was fast descending. At the next instant it would certainly go with a crash, and her sweetheart would shoot through the air, bleeding and mangled, into the surging waters of the Guadaloupe, three hundred feet below.

"Bravo, Charlie!" she whispered, as she swung the noose below his feet and drew it close under his arms.

"Saved," shouted a cowboy on the summit.

The dexterous cast of the lariat had occurred at the last moment. Terror had conquered courage, and endurance had yielded to despair. The tree gave way with a crash and the hopeless boy, with a shudder and a pleading look in his glassy eyes, had only time to whisper, "Good-bye, Kate," when he felt himself jerked loose from the falling boughs. Mingled with the shrieks of the birds of paradise he heard the word "saved."

As the two lovers swung from the fall of granite their faces came together, and the brave girl kissed the blood from the limp form she had saved from being mangled upon the waters and rocks of the Gaudaloupe.

The fearless girl maintained her self-possession. While swinging by the apparently lifeless body of her sweetheart in midair, at such dizzy heights, she carefully instructed those above as to the way to draw the ropes. She made them pull up the body of the rescued youth first, and frequently said to her friends, "Be careful," or "Don't get excited." Her face appeared above the edge of the terrible abyss, radiant and triumphant, while her bright eyes sparkled with happiness.

The body of the exhausted young man had been carried back to a safe distance from the edge of the bluff, and it was only when the brave Texas girl had fallen on the earth by the side of her sweetheart and drawn his white face against her bosom that her woman's heart yielded to the strain she had endured, and tears began to stream from her eyes, she rained kisses upon the cheeks of the barely conscious youth, and upbraided herself for being the cause of his misfortune.

"Fall off of the mountain!" excla med Bill Terry, with a snort as he riveted his eyes upon the marvelously beautiful girl, kissing life back into Waynock's limp form. "He was hunting birds of paradise for her, and if I could exchange places with him right now for two minutes I would willing ride the wildest bucking broncho in Texas right over that there precipice, though it were forty times higher than it is, and I would not care for the lodgment in the boughs of a friendly cedar."

DISCOVERY OF EXTRAORDINARY PLANT.

WHAT is probably the most extraordinary plant ever discovered has now been found by E. A. Suverkrop, of Philadelphia, who, during trips to South America, has for some years been contributing to the collection of his friend Prof. N. E. Brown, of the Herbarium, Kew Gardens, London. The amazing plant which Mr. Suverkrop has now found is an orchid that takes a drink whenever it feels thirsty by letting down a tube into the water, the tube, when not in use, being coiled up on top of the plant.

"One hot afternoon," says Mr. Suverkrop, "I sat down under some brush wood at the side of a lagoon on the Rio de la Plata. Near at hand was a forest of dead shorn trees, which had actually been choked to death by orchids and climbing cacti. In front of me, and stretching over the water of the lagoon and about a foot above it, was a branch of one of these dead trees. Here and there clusters of common 'planta del ayre' grew on it and a network of green cacti twined round it.

"Among the orchids I noted one different from the rest, the leaves, sharp lancehead shaped, growing all round the root and radiating from it. From the center or axis of the plant hung a long slender stem about one-eighth of an inch thick by one-fourth inch wide, the lower end of which was in the water to a depth of about four inches.

"I at once went over to examine my discovery. Imagine my surprise, when I touched the plant, to see this center stem gradually contract and convulsively roll itself up in a spiral like a roll of tape

"But more surprising yet was the object and construction of this stem I found on close examination and dissection that it was a long slender flat tube, the walls about 1-32 of an inch thick, cellular in construction, open at the outer end and connected at the inner end to the roots by a series of hair like tubes

"By subsequent observation I found that when the plant was in want of water this tube would gradually unwind till it dipped into the water. Then it would slowly coil round and wind up, carrying with it the amount of water that that part of the tube which had been immersed contained, until when the final coil was taken the water was dumped, as it were, direct into the roots of the plant. The coil remained in this position until the plant required more water. Should the plant, however, be touched while the tube is extended, the orchid acts like the sensitive plant (mimosa) and the coiling action is much more rapid.

"I found many of these plants, all directly over the water or over where the water had been. In the latter case it was almost pitiful to see how this tube would work its way over the ground in search of the water that was not."

THEIR VISION IS NOT HAZY

Think They See Something at the Rear of the Injunction Matter.

"The stay which was granted by Vice-Chancellor Pitney yesterday, in the Amalgamated consolidation case," says the Boston New England Statistfi "was variously interpreted. The effect of it is to prevent the directors from consummating the consolidation without the consent of the stockholders and furthermore the consent of the stockholders must be given at a meeting of which 15 days' notice has been given. The order expressly states that no interference is intended with the arrangement of the terms of the proposed combination. The stay is in force until June 9, when the court of appeals will be in session to hear arguments on an appeal from the former order of Chancellor Pitney dissolving the injunction.

"It would seem therefore that if the Amalgamated directors decide to do so they can proceed with the negotiations, announce the terms upon which the Amalgamated will buy the Boston & Montana and Butte & Boston companies and call a meeting of the stockholders to authorize the purchase.

"There is no reason to doubt that the terms of the purchase will be ratified by a very large majority of Amalgamated stock, showing that the Heinze innterests who brought suits as holders of less than 1 per cent, of the total stock, do not represent any considerable number of shares and bring into greater prominence the fact that the suit is actuated by motives entirely apart from the reasons named in the application for the injunction. The judge seems to have been unwilling to interfere with action by the Amalgamated stockholders, but at the same time restrained the directors from taking action without their knowledge. It was good opinion that the Amalgamated company would proceed along the lines indicated, although there was no official announcement and the belief is almost universal that the consolidation will take place sooner or later.'

AS GOOD AS SHERLOCK HOLMES

Chief Wilkie Surprises a Visitor by His Power of Induction.

A short time ago a visitor from a western state entered the office of John E. Wilkie, chief of the secret service division of the United States treasury department, bearing a letter of introduction from a common friend. He was accompanied by his daughter, a remarkably pretty girl. The girl had a bad bruise on her cheek near the corner of the right eye, and the visitor said smilingly, as they were leaving:

"I didn't strike my daughter. She got that bruise in another way."

The chief leaned back in his chair, holding his brier pipe in his hand, and looked thoughtful for a moment.

"I think I can tell you how it happened," he said. "On the morning of the day before yesterday she was sitting on the side of her berth in the sleeper from Indianapolis. She leaned over to lace her shoe, the car lurched and she fell across the aisle, striking her head on the arm of the opposite seat."

The visitor was astounded.

"Were you on the train?" he asked.

"No," replied the chief; "but I reason in this way: Personal violence in the case of this young lady is out of the question. Painful accidents sometimes occur from colliding with the edge of an open door in the dark, but in that case the bruise would most likely have been on some prominent feature, like the temple, the cheekbone or the nose, and not in the slight depression near the eye. You have been on the sleeper for two days, for you told me so early in your conversation here. The bruise is not a very fresh one, so it seemed almost certain that the accident occurred from a fall on the train, as much as, and not more than, 48 hours ago. My reasoning is quite simple, you see."

Both visitors expressed their amazement and took their leave. The father then went to the office of one of the higher officials of the treasury department and in a straightforward way explained that he had called to express his appreciation of the chief of the secret service.

"I have just come from his office," he said, "and in my short interview I am convinced that he is the best man who ever occupied the place."

The official spoke about the matter to Mr. Wilkie the next day, and the chief told of the visit and of the supposed detective incident.

"But it wasn't a clever thing at all," said he, "and I must write a letter to that man. I didn't think it was going to make such a fuss. Some friends of my family came from Indiana two or three days ago, and I heard them up at the house talking about a pretty girl on the sleeper from Indianapalis who fell across the aisle from her berth while dressing and bruised her face. When that man brought his daughter into the office and told me where they came from it just popped into my head that here was the girl my friends had been talking about."—Saturday Evening Post.

Prayed for Mark.

Once when Mark Twain was to lecture in a small western town he was greeted at the railway station by the minister, who was to be his host during his stay. On their way to the parsonage the minister asked if it would be agreeable to Mark if he opened the lecture with a prayer, as was the custom.

Of course, the humorist assented and, accordingly, when they reached the hall that evening the minister left the lecturer sitting in the corner of the platform, took the center of the stage himself, and proceeded to offer a prayer, which he concluded by saying:

"And now, O Lord, we have with us tonight a man who is known throughout all the world as the great American humorist. Help us to understand what he is about to say to us and to be amused by it, and, if possible, grant that we may derive some real benefit from his lecture."—Chicago News.

Are Americans Good as Foreigners?

As Mr. Schwab admits that "those classes of steel and iron manufactures in which the cost of labor is not a heavy item, such as billets and rails, could get along now without any tariff," the American consumer should insist that he be put upon the same level as the foreigner, whose burdens he has helped to bear with uncommon patience. Philadelphia North American.

IT GREW ON HIM.

Monk—"I wonder what's gone wrong with Alligator. He looks worried."

Other Monk—"Can't say, but I've noticed him wearing a long face for some time."

BLACK CHIEF HAS SWITCHED

Once Offered for $15,000, But Later Went for $300.

The old Black Chief mine on Norwegian, once owned by C. E. Finch, has changed hands, John W. Northey and Jack Martin being the new possessors, says the Pony Sentinel. The finding of this mine created quite an excitement in the early days. A number of years ago it was offered for sale at $15,000, a purchaser found and the money deposited in a Butte bank. A 30 day extension was asked, not granted and the deal fell through. Later it was sold at sheriff's sale and bid in by Rufus Barter, who had a lien on it, for $300. The mine is a free milling proposition with a vein three to eight feet wide, and assays up to $68. A large number of tons have been milled in town and a good saving made, although it needs cyanide to treat the tailings. The new owners will put a whim on the property and thoroughly develop the vein.

The Booklyn woman was showing her little niece through the art gallery.

"Oh, look, auntie, at the woman without any arms!"

"Yes, dearie, that is an ancient goddess."

"I didn't know they had trolley cars in those days, auntie."—Yonkers Statesman.