

MY OWN FOUR WALLS.

The storm and night is on the waste, Wild through the wind the herdsman calls...

sealed. The reporter critically poised his stogie and emitted a low, thoughtful whistle...

Earthquake Depicted.

PRESIDENT JORDAN, OF STANFORD UNIVERSITY, GIVES THE CLEAREST VIEW.

Strained Sections of the Earth Instantly Became Misfits, Some Portions Sinking and Others Rising as They Were Disturbed.

Dr. David Starr Jordan, president of Leland Stanford, Jr., University, lectured at Swarthmore College on "The Earthquake Rift of California."...

were tame, but they were my own. I was awakened at 5.15 on the bright, sunny morning of April 18. I knew and enjoyed the wheezy undulations of the house...

When the Real Thing Came. Then the tremor began to take hold. The bedroom on the second floor swayed like a ship in a hurricane...

I realized that this was the real thing; and it seemed to be overdue. A California earthquake was due to last for a few seconds only, but this did not know when to stop...

Not Another in a Lifetime. The next great shock may be in some other fault, in some other part of the country. It may appear in the Carina Plain, in San Luis Obispo County...

A Crack Four Miles Deep. As for the earthquake of April 15, the first question is, naturally: What was it? It was a crack in the earth's crust about 200 miles long...

Peaceful Burmans. One of the characteristics of Eastern peoples which makes life among them hard for Western conquerors is their readiness to transform themselves from fighting men into apparently meek and humble non-combatants...

Reckless of Partridges. An extraordinary partridge story comes from Conington, Huntingdon. A lady was reading in her sitting room when, to her consternation, a brace of partridges dashed through the window...

Everything Was Wavy. The result when the waves from below and the waves from various distances were received was a series of twisting motions of great violence and of every conceivable kind...

Etiquette in London Clubland. In some of our ultra exclusive clubs it is a serious breach of etiquette for one member to speak to another without obtaining a ceremonious introduction beforehand...

On Highest Bluff Across From Fort in 4 Piles. Each \$20,000. Pierre Mercier. The story of the Taylor fortune is interesting in the extreme. One day in 1830 four bags of gold were received at Fort McKay...

In Memory of Nelson. It is not generally known that Nelson's death was the origin of the black silk handkerchief which the sailor wears under his broad blue collar...

A Magnificent Hospital. A magnificent hospital, to be known as the Ho Min Ling, has just been opened by the Governor of Hong Kong. It was built at the expense of Mrs. Wu Tingfang...

BLACK HAWK'S TREASURE

Indian Riches Buried in the "Half-Breed Tract"—Recent Discovery Made by an Iowan—Soldiers' Pay Hidden by Order of Gen. Zachary Taylor—Money Sent to Iowa Mysteriously Disappeared in Transit.

What has become of the thousands upon thousands of dollars, in gold eagles and double eagles, sent from St. Louis seventy-five and 100 years ago to pay the Sac and Fox Indians for the lands which they had ceded to the United States...

The belief that this golden treasure lies buried in various parts of the State of Iowa has led hundreds of persons to dig industriously for more than half a century. The discovery within the last fortnight of \$45,000 in gold in one part of the State and a map giving the whereabouts of \$9000 of Black Hawk's fortune...

That gold by the thousands of dollars, aggregating far more than \$100,000, was sent from St. Louis to the Northern Indians, both before and after the Black Hawk War in 1832, is undeniable. In 1804, as a result of the treaty negotiated in St. Louis by William Henry Harrison with five Sac and Fox chiefs...

In 1830 no less than \$80,000 was sent from St. Louis to Col. Zachary Taylor at Fort McKay, Iowa, to pay the regular soldiers whose presence was necessary in the Territory of Iowa because of Black Hawk and his anticipated outbreak. That fortune in gold was buried by Zachary Taylor's command, and the men who knew of its whereabouts were killed by the Indians...

In 1832, following the Black Hawk War, a treaty was made with Kookuk and other Sac and Fox chiefs by Winfield Scott and Gov. Reynolds of Illinois, by which the Indians were given a lump sum of \$50,000 and an annuity of \$20,000 for thirty years. Aside from buying whisky and rifles, the Indians had no way to spend the money...

Such a lucky man is Frank Blint, a farmer residing near Denmark, in the famous half-breed tract of Iowa, just across the Des Moines River, which separates the northeastern corner of Missouri from the southeastern corner of Iowa. The half-breed tract was once the home of Indians as wealthy as the Osages of today...

It was fire, not earthquake, which destroyed our joyous San Francisco. Mindful of the lesson, a joyous people will build the city again. And for every man who leaves California in fear that will return of no man, who will love the land where nature is so gracious, man so free minded, and where the very stones are alive with the force of creation...

Calling together the command, Col. Taylor chose four of the bravest and most trustworthy men and, after informing them of the importance of the mission upon which he was about to send them, he gave to each a bag of gold with instructions to carry the bags to some safe place, which they should jointly select, and there hide the treasure from the Indians. An attack being feared at any moment, the four men started at once. They never returned...

Hardly had the four men left the stockade when the well-planned attack was made by the Indians. The fighting was fast and furious and extended over several days. When at last the Indians had been repulsed Col. Taylor lost no time in selecting a party and sending it out to rescue the gold hunters. The party searched for many hours before they came across the four men lying dead and entirely naked, the Indians having murdered, scalped and stripped them. Not the smallest suggestion of the whereabouts of the gold could be found about the place where the men had lost their lives in defense of their trust, but after a thorough search one of the members of the party was rewarded by finding a scrap of paper near the body of one of the men, known as Mercier. It is that scrap of paper which has inspired three-quarters of a century of digging. On it was scrawled:

ON HIGHEST BLUFF ACROSS FROM FORT IN 4 PILES EACH \$20,000. PIERRE MERCIER. The story of the Taylor fortune is interesting in the extreme. One day in 1830 four bags of gold were received at Fort McKay, near where the little town of North McGregor, Iowa, now stands. It was the largest shipment ever sent out from St. Louis to any of the frontier posts and was to be used to pay off the white soldiers who were under Col. Zachary Taylor, which was buried under the Indian trouble should blow over, and which has never been discovered. Men and even women have dug for this money for many years, but the success of the searchers in the southern part of the State has inspired those in the northern, and the search is being taken up again as never before.

It is now the custom in New York City, with few exceptions, for girls to attend the public schools without wearing hats. On pleasant days there is only one hat to about twenty girls.

A BENEFACTOR.

Of Bill is a complaint sort of man. He's always a-kin' the best he can to make you think that your troubles ain't as bad as your fancy tries to paint. When you're feelin' weak in the brosin'...

When in winter you start to cold At the bitin' wind an' the pinchin' cold, He says, an' he proves it, too, complete, That cold ain't nothin' but lack of heat; Tain't nothin' real an' positive— I tell you, it's a relief to live Where Bill kin come round every day, Explainin' your troubles all away. —Washington Star.

Did I not love my neighbor As myself I'd be a churl; Because, you see, my neighbor Is a very pretty girl. —Philadelphia Ledger.

"Well!" he muttered, butting his head on a landing as he fell down the elevator shaft; "as Mr. Kipling would say: 'That is another story.' —Harvard Lampoon.

Sunday-school Teacher — "Now, Tommy, can you tell me whose day this is?" Tommy — "Yes'm; it's Bridget's. Della had last Sunday out!" —Philadelphia Press.

Lady Maud — "Do you think it's unlucky to be married on Friday, Sir John?" Sir John (confirmed bachelor) — "Certainly. But why make Friday an exception?" —Punch.

"Want any typewriter supplies?" Asked the peddler of that sort of fix. "Not today," the young business man cried. "She's just got a pound box of mixtures." —Philadelphia Press.

Lady — "I think you are the worst-looking tramp I have ever seen." Tramp — "Ma'am, it's only in the presence of such uncommon beauty that I look so bad!" —Scraps.

Country Deacon — "Our salary is \$400 per year, and we give you two donation parties. How'll that suit you?" Clergyman — "Call it \$350— and leave off the donation parties." —Puck.

Rawhide Rube — "What are these here magazine guns, anyhow?" Hair-trigger Hank — "Oh, I s'pose they are the weapons them editors have to plug poets with." —Chicago Daily News.

Naylor — "Is that a new henhouse you're buildin'?" Mr. Snappy — "No; this is an old one I'm buildin' to take the place of the new one I tore down last week." —Philadelphia Ledger.

Her Mother — "Look here, Ernie, I thought your father told you not to encourage that young man?" Ernie — "Oh, dear, mamma, that young man doesn't need any encouragement." —Chicago Daily News.

"Your husband met an accidental death, did he not?" remarked the new boarder. "Yes," replied the landlady; "noor John tried to cross the street one day and was auto-cuted." —Chicago Daily News.

"You don't realize that there are other considerations in life than money," said the censorious friend. "Yes, I do," answered Senator Sorghum. "But whenever I want anything done I can't get the other fellow to realize it." —Washington Star.

Don't you feel kind of lonesome since the legislature adjourned?" "Well," answered the business man, "it's a good deal with me as it was with a man who had a pet lion that got lost. I feel a little lonesome, but not near so scared." —Washington Star.

THE ARREST OF MUGGSY

So it happened that Muggsy and Mary Ann, the waitress, became engaged. Muggsy was to borrow some money from a friend, and get a job, and be married.

Now, it is hard for a burglarious loafer to get a job. It is harder still for him to borrow money. But after five days of tramping the streets and visiting mills and factories and striking old friends intermittently for pecuniary aid, he obtained the promise of work in a foundry, to begin the following Monday, and a former "pal" lent him \$10 to begin housekeeping.

It was Saturday night, and Mary Ann's fiancé was strolling through the streets, restless and happy. Tomorrow he would be married. It seemed impossible, and yet there could be no doubt of it.

Muggsy found himself starting vacantly into a shop window. The shop was closed, for it was late, and lights in the window were dim. There were three glided balls over the door.

Then Muggsy's gaze fell upon a tray of rings in the window, and he started. The awful truth flashed upon him. When people get married they use wedding rings! And he had forgotten the ring.

He took only one ring; once he would have taken the whole tray. He was triumphant, but he was in danger. He ran quickly down the street to a passageway he knew of leading to an alley and thence to another street, where he would be safe.

But suddenly a blue uniform loomed up, and an excited voice ordered the fugitive to stop. A pistol shot added force to the command. Muggsy was frightened. He darted into the passageway, the patrolman after him in full chase. A fence had been built there since last he came that way, and he was cornered.

Muggsy was a man of peace. The game was up, and he surrendered. When the turnkey searched him at the police station he still had the ring. It went into an envelope marked "Exhibit A."

There was a big docket in police court on Monday morning. An endless line of "drunks" shuffled out of the reeking "bull pen" and stood, nervously expectant, before the bench, where the mild-mannered Judge O'Rourke dispensed fines and imprisonment for the protection of society.

"Well, well!" ejaculated His Honor, with a broad grin. "Not very cheerful this morning, Muggsy. What is it now, Mooney?" "Burglary and larceny, Your Honor—at 'old tricks'—smashed a jewelry window an' copped a ring—a weddin' ring, too." The court officer smiled indulgently, and the prosecuting attorney inspected the ring, while the clerk read the affidavit and the spectators craned forward with interest—for the prisoner had many acquaintances present.

The proof was too easy. The prosecutor yawned, and held up the ring for the inspection of the court. "Why didn't you take the rest?" he asked. "This ain't worth much, and there was a whole trayful." "I didn't need any more," muttered Muggsy. "Didn't need any more?" repeated the prosecutor, while the court attaches and police reporters showed signs of interest. "Then you confess to the theft?" he shrewdly added.

"Naw, I don't confess nothin'." "Needed a weddin' ring, did you, Muggsy?" queried His Honor, with a smile that lit up the courtroom. "Me? Naw. "That reminds me," remarked Lieutenant O'Hara. "We found a marriage license in his clothes—Exhibit B over there. It's got his name on, too, only he says it's for a cousin as has the same name as he has, an' was to be married yesterday. I wonder—" and while he was wondering, a light suffused his massive face. "No such weddin' in the saastie columns," volunteered Mooney. "Why, what you blushin' about, Muggsy?" "You go to the devil," growled Muggsy, who, now the centre of all eyes, was really blushing for probably the first time in his life.

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