

A SAGE BRUSH : : : : : : NIGHTINGALE.

KITTY MIMS is not a common name, nor can it truthfully be affirmed that it is at all suggestive of romance. Yet Kitty Mims was a remarkable young woman, but this is due as much to her unusual surroundings as to her undoubted personal charms.

Simon Mims, Kitty's father, was the landlord of the Aurora Hotel, the only one in the mining town of Experience, Nevada, that agreed to furnish accommodations for man and beast and kept its pledge to the letter.

Simon Mims was known far and near as "the doctor," and he felt not a little proud of the title. "I ain't never graduated, as ye mount say," he would exclaim to strangers who came for a prescription, "but that's two pains I set a relieving every time, and they're the ones that most troubles folks in these regions—they're hunger and thirst. Ye you troubled that way, friend?"

The population of Experience was mostly transient and largely composed of rough miners, many of them foreigners, who seemed to have acquired the English language in a very profane atmosphere.

The gentler sex was not well represented. Four sets of cottions exhausted the supply.

But had the ladies been represented in the usual proportion, and had Experience been many times more populous, still Kitty Mims must have been belle.

Her education was limited to a not very familiar acquaintance with the ABC's. But the miners, one and all, were ready to wager their "bottom dollar" that as a singer "Kitty Mims could give the odds to Nelson, Patti and the all-caboodle of 'em, and then come out any length ahead."

Judged by the effect of her efforts, no prima donna that ever trod the boards could surpass her when she sang "The one starry hours give me love," which was always followed by a storm of ancores.

But she came out the strongest in "Way Down Upon de Swanee Ribber" and "Home, Sweet Home," songs that invariably produced a great deal of singing on the part of her bearded auditors, and the use of handkerchiefs just as if they were troubled with colds or dust in their eyes.

Of course Kitty Mims had suitors, and of course she was the cause of such heartburning among her many admirers, for it must be confessed she was not ignorant of her charms, and she used her charms with a fascinating frankness against which the strongest did not dare revolt.

Rufus Ford, the superintendent of the mine, was a confident, fine-looking fellow, and he boarded at the Aurora Hotel. Up to the time of his meeting with her he was in profound ignorance of poetry as an art. But his soul was smitten so that he attempted to compose a song in which he designed having "darling Kitty Mims" at the end of every stanza. He failed miserably in his effort, as a more practiced rhymist might have done.

"If the name had only been Ford," he said, "I'd had no trouble with it, here's 'adored' and 'hoored' and 'pored' and 'and'—"

"And 'swored,'" said Tom Reed, coming to the foreman's aid.

Mr. Ford refused any assistance in this direction that savored of profanity, and it may be added that he had no admiration for the young man who volunteered his help.

Tom Reed was a tall, well-built man, six and twenty, "bashful as a gal," is companions said. He was the only one in Experience who neither drank nor gambled.

It was Rufus Ford's privilege to sit at the table on which Kitty Mims waited. He was always Kitty's first partner at the dances, and the very first time a buggy drove down the one street of Experience Kitty sat in it beside the young superintendent.

some time the men about the walls began shouting:

"A song! A song from the sage brush nightingale!" Having no cold to urge as an excuse, and being as willing to oblige them as they were anxious to have her, Kitty Mims mounted a chair amid great applause and sang the favorite songs.

During the evening Kitty managed to get near to where Tom Reed was standing, and she whispered:

"Thank you, Tom."

His eyes did not deceive him. Some of his flowers were in her dark hair, and the golden heart hung from a chain that encircled her smooth, white throat.

Tom Reed did not wait longer, but went to his cabin up the mountain side and lay down, but it was not to sleep. He could not define his feelings, could

give, if questioned, no adequate cause for the tumultuous joy at his heart. He was too happy for reason, too much excited for rest.

It was near daylight when he fell into a doze, but in his dreams he still saw the blossoms in her hair and the heart of gold upon her breast.

She was calling his name—louder—louder. She was beating on the door.

"Tom Reed! Tom Reed! For God's sake come out! The mine is on fire!"

He sprang up and threw open the door.

There stood Kitty, white-faced and excited.

"See, Tom! see! There are eight men in the shaft and all of them married!"

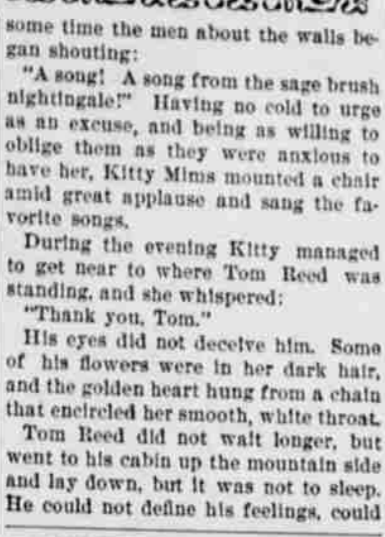
"Stand by! the fire has not touched the shaft. Pull up—usual signal!"

That was all Tom Reed said. The next instant he was lost to sight. He had gone down the chain, "hand over hand."

After long minutes, a signal came up from the smoking depths. The stationary engine was started, and the bucket rose, holding four blackened, half-suffocated men.

Again the signal was given and again the bucket rose, with four other men, and one of them gasped out: "For heaven's sake, lower away! quick! Tom Reed is roasting!"

The bucket flew down the shaft, from which lurid heat gusts now came with the smoke.



THESE STOOD KITTY, WHITE-FACED AND EXCITED.

CAUGHT BY THE CAMERA.

Criminals Often Brought to Justice by Accidental Photographs.

By both accident and intention, on numerous occasions, the art of the photographer has proved of immense utility in compassing the conviction of criminals.

An amateur photographer in Chicago cunningly concealed an automatic camera in the tapestried wall of his drawing-room, for the purpose of securing some reliable evidence as to the behavior of certain members of his household during his absence from home.

One moonlight night a burglar broke into the house by way of the apartment mentioned. In so doing he disturbed the spring which set the hidden machinery in motion, and left an excellent photo of himself upon the faithful camera, which, when produced in court, secured his speedy conviction.

In another instance, a man who murdered his mother was arrested by the operation of the omniscient camera. The dreadful deed was committed in a forest, where a student of photography was at work. A particularly pretty glen was so admired by the artist that he took three copies of the scene.

One of these, when duly developed and enlarged, portrayed the details of the terrible tragedy, and by its aid the culprit was brought to justice.

During the jubilee celebration a well-known photographer in London took a number of street scenes of historic interest. In one of these pictures, where a vast concourse of people were assembled near St. Paul's Cathedral, the camera revealed a pickpocket in the very act of plying his peculiar profession.

An old detective, who afterwards inspected the photograph, said that he knew the man well. He was badly "wanted" for frauds committed on the continent, but the officers were not aware that he was in London. A week later he was arrested.

A snap-shot at a summer crowd on the sands at Margate came out so clearly that the knight of the camera showed it with satisfaction to a number of his friends. Among these was a Scotland Yard officer, who discovered among the mass of faces the familiar features of a man whom he had been hunting for months.

Taking the next train to Margate he haunted the beaches until he sighted the fugitive and effected his arrest.

gers. In such a place they are protected against their enemies. If alarmed, the spider drops into the liquid at the bottom of the plant and remains there until its enemy has disappeared, escaping afterward, probably by means of a silken cable which it had spun as it fell. A short submergence in the digestive fluid is not injurious to the spider.

WILHELMINA AND HER PEOPLE.

The Dutch People Treat Their Queen in a Democratic Way.

In the St. Nicholas there is an article on "A Girl Queen," written by Jeanette May Fisher. The author says: "Almost any day the little Queen and her mother may be seen driving in the pretty streets of The Hague. Their carriage is noticeable only for the royal liveries, which are rather conspicuous. The Dutch people are fond and proud of their two queens, but do not show them that exaggerated deference that a less democratic nation might. They are treated much as we treat the President of the United States."

I remember being in the beautiful Dutch capital one summer when Queen Wilhelmina returned from a visit to Germany. The newspapers commented gladly upon the expected arrival, and a gaily crowd hung about the palace. Finally the royal party came, accompanied by a considerable suite. The little Queen was stately but becomingly dressed. She bowed and smiled with winsome grace to her devoted subjects, but hurried into the palace, there by causing some disappointment. Either Queen Emma spoke to her on the subject, or else Wilhelmina herself repented of her shyness, for a few minutes later her pretty face appeared at a window, and she waved a most cordial greeting to the people below. Another time we saw her riding along the beach at Scheveningen, a famous watering-place three miles from The Hague.

The young Queen wore a plain habit of bottle-green cloth, surmounted by a coquettish little hat. She was accompanied by her governess, the lord chamberlain, and an eunuch. They made an imposing group as they galloped swiftly over the smooth, hard sand of the North Sea shore. It was the height of the Scheveningen season, and hundreds of people were loitering on the perfect beach. A murmur of "The Queen is coming!" arose, and instantly every one was on the alert to catch a glimpse of her. The royal party came tearing along at breakneck speed, the girlish Queen easily in the lead. But as they approached, Wilhelmina good-naturally drew rein, and graciously returned some of the many salutations offered her; but, being of a retiring nature, she seemed not really to enjoy such public demonstrations.

Disraeli's Ambition.

The late Lord Beaconsfield had a two-sided nature. When plain Mr. Disraeli and a young man, he was noted for "love of tinsel, glitter and flamboyance," and for "delighting in fine clothes and fine dishes." He was also noted for his mental cleverness and for a certain audacious frankness as to aims and hopes in life, which were high.

The Hon. Grant Duff mentions in his "Diary" that at Lord Melbourne's Mrs. Norton introduced Disraeli to the prime minister.

"I am glad to meet you, Mr. Disraeli," said Lord Melbourne. "I hear you're a very clever young man. What's your ambition?"

"To be prime minister of England, my lord," the frank young man answered.

The sage, good-humored statesman, who had weighed most things of public life and did not think "their metal worth the clink it made," must have been amused at the ingenuousness of the gaudily dressed youth; but in less than thirty years from that interview Disraeli had realized his ambition.

Some time after Disraeli became prime minister, writes Grant Duff, his old traveling companion, Clay, the great whist player, met him somewhere about the House of Commons and said to him:

YEARS OF SLAVERY.

EXPERIENCES OF TWO OF THE MAHDI'S PRISONERS.

Subject of Horrible Torture and Abuse—After Years of Suffering They Once More Breathe the Air of Freedom Through the Fall of Omdurman.

When the Anglo-Egyptian forces, under the command of Gen. Kitchener, captured Omdurman, the Mahdist stronghold in Egypt, inflicting heavy losses on the natives, besides wreaking a terrible vengeance for the cruel death of one of England's greatest soldiers, "Chinese" Gordon, the martyr of Khartoum, they also liberated several Christian prisoners who had been in the hands of the Mahdists for years and who had been treated by their captors with great cruelty. Among these prisoners were Karl Neufeld and Sister Theresa Grigolini. The former was captured by the Mahdi's men in 1887 and for eleven years has been the unwilling slave of a barbaric ruler of one of the most fanatical people on earth. Sister Grigolini fell into the hands of the Mahdi in 1882. The hardships through which Neufeld and Sister Grigolini passed during their captivity were most severe and the wonder is that they are alive to tell of them today.

In the '70s Neufeld was studying medicine at Leipzig, and one day his adventuresome spirit got him into a quarrel with a fellow-student. A duel resulted, and Neufeld fled the country to avoid arrest. He went to Cairo, stayed there but a short time, and then to more effectually hide himself made for the interior. He landed at Assuan in 1879 and for two years practiced medicine there. When the Mahomed Achmed rising occurred Neufeld's love of adventure prompted him to join the British troops. His knowledge of the people and their language made him a valuable aid to the British commander. Moreover, he showed wonderful



KARL NEUFELD.

shrewdness in dealing with the natives, and his courage in action was undoubted. When one day he saved a whole detachment of British troops by a clever trick which put the enemy on the wrong scent the camp rang with his praises, and for this service he was appointed purveyor to the army.

In the spring of 1887 Neufeld gathered together a caravan of forty retainers and, announcing that he was going on a trading trip, started on a journey into the Mahdi's country. Many, however, doubted the announced purpose of the little expedition, and rumors were soon afloat that Neufeld had been sent to spy on the Mahdi, and that he was to attempt the rescue of Slatin Pasha, then five years a captive in the Mahdi's hands. Arabian treachery was responsible for the failure of the expedition and for Neufeld's capture. One of his own men played the traitor, and a body of howling fanatics swooped down on the caravan one morning while they were encamped near a well. Neufeld's captors held him until March, 1888, when he was taken to Omdurman and led before Khalifa Abdullah, the Mahdi's successor.

The dervishes and other tribes under the Mahdi's rule were wild in their exultation over Neufeld's capture, believing him to be an Englishman, and he was brought into the Omdurman under a strong guard. The Khalifa looked upon the capture as most important. Two captive Europeans told the fanatical ruler that Neufeld was not an Englishman, but from another country in Europe. It took some time for Abdullah to see things in the right light, which was a lucky thing for Neufeld. He was loaded down with chains, however, and thrown into a vile prison at Omdurman. During the night the Khalifa apparently made up his mind that the white man ought to hang whether an Englishman or not and orders were given that the prisoner should be hanged in the morning. Neufeld received the news through the beating of a huge drum close to his ears. The populace was encouraged to heap indignities on the prisoner; black slaves spat at him as he passed on the way to the scaffold. Neufeld did not flinch. The Khalifa's indecision delayed matters until noon, when it was announced the march to the scaffold would be continued. The immense crowds gathered to witness the execution of the hated "Englishman" hooted and yelled in wild delight as Neufeld stepped fearfully up and coolly bent his head to receive the noose. At this moment a messenger from the Khalifa ordered the execution stopped, and then it developed the exercises were arranged only to frighten the prisoner.

A few days later Neufeld, loaded down with all the chains that could be fastened to his body, was placed on a camel's back and paraded through the streets of Omdurman to give the populace another chance to hoot and deride their captive, who was now duly entered as one of the Khalifa's white slaves.

The first four years of captivity were full of horrible suffering for the unfortunate Prussian. The prison consisted of four walls, inside of which were huddled 200 prisoners, white and black and of both sexes. In the center of this inclosure stood a stone hut, with heavily-barred door and windows, into which fifty of the prisoners—as many as could be crowded in—were forced each night to better secure their safety and incidentally inflict sufferings which would more forcibly remind them that they were captives of the



CAMP LIFE.

Singing ballads, playing cards, eating side meat, running guard, marching, drilling, exercising, lying round philosophizing, digging ditches, learning tactics, standing guard until one's back aches, doing laundry, picking trash up, cleaning camp and dishes, washing up, cooking pork and taking baths, eating hardtack, cleaning paths, telling stories, making wishes, splitting wood and washing dishes, thinking that we're not in clover, wondering when the war'll be over.

Mahdi's successor. The sun beat down on the stone walls of this hut during the day, and at night when nearly all air was excluded by the shutting of the door the heat which the walls gave forth made the breath-seeking, cursing mass of sick humanity inside almost another "black hole," like that of Calcutta. Typhoid fever, dysentery and other ailments assailed the miserable occupants of this horror hut; the floor swarmed with vermin; now and then a howl of pain told of a scorpion bite, or an agonized groan would tell of the death of a victim of the terrible heat, which produced nightly cases of apoplexy. Live men and women slept side by side with corpses and the death of one more only called forth an exclamation of anger if the dying one happened to fall on or roll too close to a neighbor.

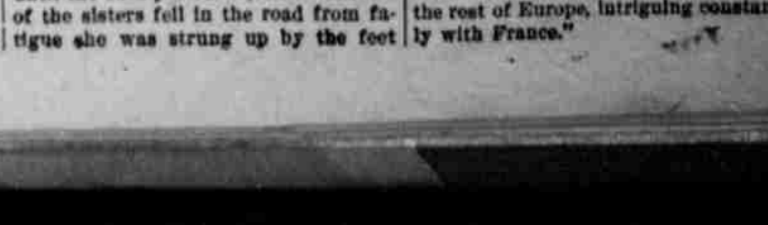
All during Neufeld's four years in the vile prison the European slaves who were not in Irons—notably Slatin Pasha and Father Ohrwalder, who had gained many friends—made every effort to secure his release from chains and the horrors of the stone hut. The Khalifa was obdurate, however, until it was suggested that Neufeld might be utilized in making powder, of which the Khalifa's army was in urgent need. This put the matter in a new light and Neufeld's release was ordered. The day after his release from the prison Neufeld was sent with a strong guard to Halfaeth in search of salt-peter, and in a month returned with enough to make all the powder needed. He was given an Egyptian assistant, and a powder factory was established in a vacant mission house still standing among the ruins of Khartoum.

Since 1801, up to his liberation, Neufeld has, so far as known, continually worked in this hut at the powder industry. A ball and chain was attached to one leg, and he was told it would never be removed. So far as known it was still forged to his leg when Kitchener entered Omdurman at the head of the triumphant Anglo-Egyptian force.

The story of the captivity of Sister Grigolini is even darker than that of Neufeld. She belonged to the Austrian Mission, and with Fathers Ohrwalder and Binomi, two Caymen and three other sisters was seized at the mission at Delen, near El-Obeid, which was then being besieged by the Mahdi, in 1882. The capture of Delen and the missionaries was due to the cowardice of the captain of a company of Egyptians, who surrendered to an inferior force of the Mahdi's followers.

After being made prisoners the eight white men and women were marched to El-Obeid, where they found the Mahdi in person superintending the siege against Slatin Pasha. They arrived before the Mahdi so exhausted they could not speak. Insults and indignities indescribable were heaped upon the little group. A council of the Mahdi's advisers was held and the fate of the captives discussed. Several times the sentence of death came near being pronounced, but it was finally decided the captives were entitled to live, a Moslem law providing that priests who surrender without resistance shall be spared. The missionaries were called upon to adopt the Mahdi's faith, the penalty for refusing being death. They held a consultation and decided death to be preferable. "We have chosen death," they sent word to the Mahdi, but for some inexplicable reason the Mahdi did not carry out his threat.

Soon afterward the sisters were seized and distributed among the Emirs of the Khalifa's army. On journeys hither and thither with their Emir masters these women were forced to walk barefooted over the burning sand with their feet bleeding from innumerable thorn wounds. The torture of the march was unpeakable. The Emirs took delight in beating their white women slaves, insulted them at every opportunity, and abused them most brutally. The sun burned their faces until the skin peeled off, and when one of the sisters fell in the road from fatigue she was strung up by the feet



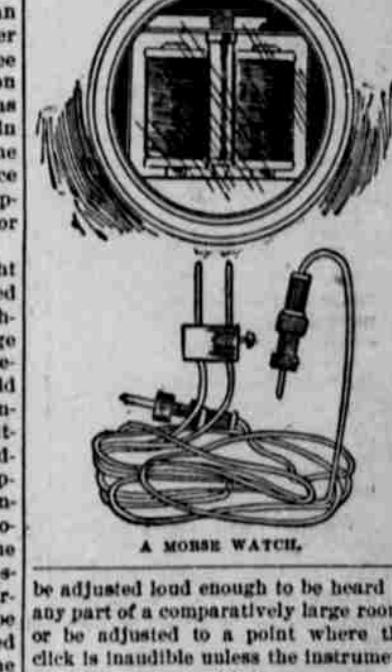
SISTER GRIGOLINI.

NEW TELEGRAPH INSTRUMENT.

Can Be Strapped to the Ear Like a Telephone Receiver.

A new telegraph instrument, known as a "Morse watch," has been put on the market. Outwardly it looks like an ordinary time-piece, but in reality it is a transmitting and receiving telegraph instrument, a key and a sounder, inclosed in an ordinary watchcase.

This type of instrument, says Electricity, is known to the telegraph craft under the general title of "secret sounder." The Morse watch is so constructed that the click of the instrument can



A MORSE WATCH.

be adjusted loud enough to be heard in any part of a comparatively large room, or be adjusted to a point where the click is inaudible unless the instrument is held in contact with the ear.

The Morse watch is accompanied with a suitable flexible head band to fasten the instrument in place on the head over the ear, leaving both hands free for transcribing messages or other work. It also has a very neat silk conducting cord, with specially designed terminals, so that the instrument can be conveniently and quickly attached to or disconnected from the ordinary instrument of a telegraph line.

The employment of the art of telegraphing has so far developed at the present time that the telegraph operator is found in one corner of many brokers' as well as newspaper offices, police stations, etc., and in such places it is desired to maintain for the transaction of other business as much quiet as possible. The Morse watch secures that end by permitting the telegraphing to go on to all intents and purposes in perfect silence.

Probably the most important use, however, that the Morse watch will serve is in connection with the military telegraphs and all offices where absolute secrecy is one of the first requirements.

SCIENCE AND INVENTION.

In India the average duration of life of the natives is twenty-four years as against forty-four in Britain.

Submarine volcanoes are constantly being discovered, and are at times, owing to their sudden appearance, a great danger to navigation.

The sewage of the city of Paris is now being used to irrigate an immense farm of nearly four square miles' area. It has proved such a benefit to the land that farmers in the vicinity, who opposed it, are now anxious to arrange to receive sewage on their own farms.

It has been shown that, acre for acre, water is capable of supplying a much greater quantity of nitrogenous food for man than land can supply. The cultivation of water areas is called aquiculture, and its products, in contrast to those of agriculture, are fish, crabs, oysters, clams and other edible marine animals. The art and science of "marine farming" are attracting especial attention in Rhode Island.

When the brain is at work marshaling ideas, producing mental pictures, and calling into action stored-up memories and impressions, the cells of its mysteriously potent "gray matter" undergo a change of form. Cavities are formed in them, which, as the brain becomes wearied by long-continued action, fill with a watery fluid. Part of the substance of the cells appears to have been consumed in the process of thinking, but in the hours of sleep the exhausted cells regain their original form, the supply of reparative material coming from the blood, and in awakening, the mind finds its instrument restored and prepared again for action.

A 8-0-ft Answer.

An English tramp steamer had just been tied to a wharf in Boston. From her dingy boat there leaped upon the dock a man who was evidently a stoker. He was black with grime, reckless of face, eager for release from an almost unbearable confinement, and ready for any animal gratification for which he could find opportunity.

As he emerged upon the main street, looking probably for the nearest saloon, he saw a colored woman walking sedately toward him, carrying a basket of apples. Full of mischief, the stoker stumbled against her, upset the basket upon the pavement, and then stood aside to laugh at the invectives which he supposed his trick would bring forth.

But the old colored woman did not even look at her tormentor. She bent and quietly picked up her apples. There was not even an expression of resentment upon her face. She bent here and stooped there, and when she had recovered her last apple she turned upon the astonished man with a pathetic dignity that forced respect, and said, in tones of simple kindness:

"God forgive you, my son, as I do." The rudeness that had counted on a bitter berating was softened in an instant. The man's coarse lips parted, his hard eyes fell, he tried to speak; then he thrust his hands into his pockets and pulled out all the silver he had. This he forced upon the silent woman.

"Take it," he said, and then added, as she looked at him in astonishment, "God bless you, mother! I'll never do it again!"—Youth's Companion.

Do you, like most people, give more to relieve distress away from home than you give to relieve distress at home?



KITTY MIMS MOUNTED A CHAIR AND SAID THE FAVORITE SONGS.

Kitty had never "sweetened his coffee by looking into it"—a plan that was thought to save her father much sugar. He had never danced with her, though once when he did muster up courage to ask her hand for the next set she was engaged.

Tom Reed spent many of his spare hours at the hotel, watching for Kitty Mims and pretending not to see her when she came in sight.

On her 19th birthday Tom sent her a bouquet of wild flowers he had gathered in the hills that morning—in honor of the occasion the whole camp took a holiday—and in the center of the flowers he hid a golden heart which he had himself rudely fashioned from a nugget he had long kept by him.

It was rumored that Rufus Ford had sent to "Frisco for a 'dime-an' ring," and that Kitty would wear it at the dance that evening.

As often before, the dining-room of the Aurora Hotel did service as a ball-room that night, and from the crowded doorway Tom Reed looked at the dancers, and he caught the flash of a Jewel on Kitty's hand.

After the dancing had progressed