

FIND TOMB OF QUEEN

MUMMY OF TEIE OF EGYPT DISCOVERED IN THESES.

Secrets Hidden for Centuries Revealed—Coffin and Body Incased in Sheets of Gold—Priceless Crown Still on Head.

London.—Theodore M. Davis, who discovered the tomb of the parents of the Egyptian queen Teie, has made another sensational discovery, that of the tomb and the mummy of Queen Teie herself.

Next to Cleopatra Queen Teie was the most famous woman of Egypt. She was the mother of King Amenhotep IV, the ruler who 1500 years B. C. plunged Egypt into a fanatical civil war by introducing a new form of religion of pantheistic monotheism.

The tomb of Queen Teie is in Thebes, and adjoins that of Rameses IX. It is literally filled with jewelry and sheets of solid gold, which the priests desecrated, who, when the heretical religion had been stamped out, vented their rage on the tombs of Amenhotep and Teie, had left untouched.

Wherever the excavators walked they trod upon fragments of gold plate and gold leaf. There was no sarcophagus, but a huge catafalque, which had been torn to pieces by the priests, had been erected over the mummy of the queen. It was thickly plated with gold inside and outside, and engraved with the names and titles of Teie and her son, as well as with representations of their adoration of the solar disk, the symbol of the religion Amenhotep had tried to force upon his people.

The whole figure of the king has been destroyed, but that of his mother was allowed to remain unharmed. The coffin, with the mummy of the queen in it, had been carried to the south side of the tomb, where it lay upon a bier incrustated with gold, supported by four lions, with claws, also of gold.

The woodwork of the bier, unhappily, has been converted into touchwood by the action of water. The coffin, however, is intact. It is a superb example of the jeweler's work. The wood of which it is composed is entirely covered with a frame of gold, inlaid with lapis lazuli, and cornelian green glass. The inlay work represents for the most part a pattern of scales, but down the middle runs a description from which it is learned that the coffin was made for Teie by her son.

The mummy itself is wrapped from head to foot in sheets of gold. The water, which for many years has been draining through it, has reduced it to little more than pulp, and it fell to pieces when it was examined in the presence of several Egyptologists. There were bracelets on the arms, a necklace of gold bands, and ornaments of gold inlaid with precious stones round the neck.

The head was still encircled by an object priceless and unique, the imperial crown of the queens of ancient Egypt. It is at once simply and exquisitely fashioned, and represents the royal vulture holding the signet ring in its talons, while its wings surround the head, fastened tightly behind by a pin. The whole is of solid gold, without inlay or other adventitious ornament.

It was difficult to avoid a feeling of awe when handling this model of ancient sovereignty which had thus risen up from the depths of a vanished world.

From an artistic point of view, however, perhaps the finest object yet discovered in the tomb is a portrait head of the queen, which forms the cover of her four canopic jars in the place of the heads of the four genii of the dead required by Egyptian orthodoxy. The head of the heretic queen herself is in Egyptian alabaster, with the eyeballs and eyebrows represented by inlays of lapis lazuli and obsidian. The face evidently is a portrait, and a beautiful portrait it is. It is that of a woman at once masterful and engaging, but apart from the lips there is little of the Egyptian about it. The delicate aquiline curve of the nose is European rather than Egyptian.

It is remarkable how little funeral furniture was found in the tomb. The queen's burial, however, was not of the orthodox pattern. She was a heretic and maybe also a foreigner.

Farmer Uncertain Buried Treasure. Fort Worth, Tex.—For several years W. T. Meade, a farmer of Brown county, has been digging for buried Spanish treasure on his farm. He has uncovered a pot at the foot of a big oak tree containing \$2,000 worth of old Spanish coins. The trees in the vicinity are all marked with old hieroglyphics. The treasure found was evidently hidden there by Mexicans, as it consists wholly of Spanish coins, most of which were minted more than 100 years ago. Meade says he believes other treasure is buried there, and he will continue the search.

Teacher Pulls Teeth. Uniontown, Pa.—Miss Jennie Aughtman, teacher of the primary room in the Star Junction schools, looks after the physical as well as the mental needs of her pupils, and has extracted 33 teeth for them during the present school year. The children have learned to go to her when their teeth need extracting, and she is said to do the work as well as a dentist could.

THE ALHAMBRA CRUMBLING.

Beautiful Moorish Palace in Spain Fast Going to Pieces.

Paris.—The Alhambra, the beautiful old Moorish palace at Granada, whose history has been written by Washington Irving and which is visited annually by crowds of tourists from America, is in a serious state of decay.

Four years ago cracks began to appear in the walls, one great fissure now extending from the base of one of the towers nearly to the top. The historic building now contains many other cracks, both inside and outside, and its general state of repair is very unsatisfactory.

The Spanish government contribution toward the care of the Alhambra has been quite inadequate, only \$2,500 a year being allowed for restoration to the official conservator of the Alhambra. It is hinted that the present conservator, Don Mariano Contreras, does not devote even that amount to repairs.

American and other tourists have noticed the state of decay into which the Alhambra is falling, and blame the government for its parsimony, forgetting that they are not charged a cent for inspecting the glories of the Alhambra, and that the government has in fact been spending much money on the restoration of such famous Moorish relics as the Alcazar at Seville, and the Mosque at Cordova.

If a small charge for admission had been instituted, a fund might have been collected to keep the place in good condition.

Some action to save the Moorish palace from gradual ruin has now become imperative. The Spanish government being unable or unwilling to spend more money on the work, it is suggested that a subscription should be raised among lovers of the historic and beautiful in architecture all over the world. Or some wealthy American might put down the cost of the Alhambra's complete restoration.

CORSETS FOR FAT MEN.

Tailors in Convention Fix Fashion for the Swells.

Washington.—Corsets for corpulent men, waistcoat buttons costing from five dollars to \$50 apiece for those who wish to put up a swell front, the long, soft roll effect in lapels and straight box coats whether or not they are friendly to your physical conformation are a few of the rules which were laid down for the well-dressed man of 1907 by the Merchant Tailors' National Protective Association of America at its recent meeting here.

Spring styles and plates exhibiting them will be issued within a few weeks, according to leading members who were present.

Narrow shoulders, with a rather square effect, and shorter sack coats will rule. Pads upon the shoulders and the long, loose effect of all coats will have to go.

Vents in the coats will be "cut out," or, rather, not cut at all, unless the customer insists, and so far as possible the tailors bind themselves to discourage him in persisting in following the styles of the two last years. Double-breasted coats also will be tabooed, and the sleeves will be made easy-fitting.

Anything that is bright and expensive will be permitted for waistcoats, and the ultra-fashionable will add to them jeweled buttons to his limit as to the price. One of the samples shown was a sort of rich brocaded silk with amber buttons whose centers were tiny rubies.

Trousers may be turned up at the bottom or according to the owner's taste. They will be in blue, brown and various shades of green, although mixed goods will be permissible.

In overcoats the skirt and pailot will be dropped and a form-fitting, straight box coat will prevail.

BALL ON VACANT LOT UPHELD.

Iowa Supreme Court Decides in Favor of the Small Boy.

Des Moines, Ia.—There is no opposition now to the small boy indulging in baseball on vacant lots, for the supreme court of Iowa has just held that baseball is an inoffensive sport and that the presumption that a foul ball might strike a neighboring house, break out a window pane or some similar damage is beyond the province of a trial court.

The decision comes in the case of J. F. Spiker et al. against Elkenberry from Lucas county. The plaintiff secured an injunction against the defendant, who owned a vacant lot adjoining his property, because, he said, as permitted by the defendant, annoyed him and endangered his property.

Justice McClain firmly announces in his opinion that baseball is not a nuisance per se. He calls attention to the fact that the evidence discloses that ministers of the gospel and women attend the games and surely if they were objectionable to these people they could not be to others. He therefore dissolves the injunction granted by the lower court.

Pays His Own Way to Prison.

St. Louis.—Thomas V. Peck, a confessed forger, is so anxious to get into the penitentiary and begin his two years' term that he said he would pay the expenses of himself and the sheriff from here to Jefferson City if the sheriff would take him at once. The sheriff agreed, and started with his prisoner. By this means Peck avoids being detained here for several weeks until the sheriff takes the next consignment of prisoners to the penitentiary.

HARES ATTRACTED BY A BELL.

New Jersey Rabbits Deceived by Hearing Unusual Sound.

P. J. Farrell and Jerome Sigler, whom everybody in Montclair, N. J., knows, have learned much recently about shooting rabbits, says an exchange. They went to Morris county to hunt rabbits and trapped around Pine brook for two hours without ever seeing a cottontail. Hungry, cold and tired, they sought John Johnson's farmhouse for lunch. When they bewailed their bad luck Johnson ridiculed them, saying:

"Why I can get a dozen rabbits out of that ten-acre meadow over there." "Bet you a gallon of applejack you can't," exclaimed Farrell and Sigler together.

"Go you," said Johnson. He got a long rope, tied a cowbell in the middle of it, and called his hired man, Jim Belden. Johnson took one end of the rope, Belden the other, and while the cowbell jangled loudly they walked slowly across the meadow.

"Keep close behind the bell," Johnson told Farrell and Sigler.

As if unable to resist its sound, rabbits appeared out of the brush faster than ever magicians drew them from a hat. The bunnies sat up and listened; never did snake fascinate them more. One would not move out of Belden's way; he kicked it aside.

Farrell and Sigler were so astonished they forgot to shoot at the first. Then they blazed away and got 13 out of the 16 rabbits that answered the call of the bell in those ten acres.

DERELICTS OF THE OCEAN.

Abandoned Vessels Are a Constant Menace to Shipping.

Even if our merchant marine is languishing we still seem able to lead the world in derelicts. The great proportion of them are American vessels abandoned in American waters. Few are reported west of the sixtieth degree of longitude or south of the Bahamas, the Caribbean sea being very free from them. The reports to the hydrographic office last month allowed no fewer than seven of these menaces afloat off the coast. There was one off the New England coast, two off the coast of the Carolinas, one each off the Virginia and Florida coasts, and one still farther out at sea.

Lumber laden derelicts are the most troublesome. It takes them a long time to sink. One such reported in the early 50s drifted over 7,000 miles in 860 days. She was sighted 38 times during that period, showing that she was frequently putting herself in the way of charted ocean travel.

Tunes Against Woman Suffrage.

H. G. Turner, the "literary banker" of Melbourne, Australia, has publicly proclaimed his apostasy from the cause of female suffrage. He advocated it for many years on the ground of equal rights for adults of both sexes; but now that it has become an accomplished fact in Australia he is grievously disappointed. What he saw and heard during the recent commonwealth general election revolutionized his views on the subject. He draws a terrible picture of the effect of female suffrage in the constituency in which he lives. According to Mr. Turner, "in this electorate evil has been wrought that it will take years to eradicate. Dissension and disintegration have fallen upon the domestic circle. Lifelong friendships have been withered and an attitude of defiance has replaced that affectionate trustfulness which is woman's chiefest charm."

Horrors of the Staircase.

A Dublin landlord said: "It often happens that when peasant girls come into our service, directly from the wretched hovels in which they have been reared, in a wild part of the country, they are surprised and perplexed by all they see. The commonest things to us are new and astonishing to their simple gaze. As the dwellings of the Irish poor are never more than one story high, what excites their perplexity, and often their fears more than anything else, is, of course, a staircase. I have actually seen these girls creeping up and down stairs on all fours in the utmost terror. One remained in the attic all day before she could summon courage to encounter the apparent horrors of coming down, and she at last came down backward, as if descending a ladder. They get accustomed to an elevator before they do to the stairs."

Eclipse.

The only daughter of the multimillionaire was green with envy when she gazed upon the startling millinery of her rival.

"The ideal," she exclaimed, wrathfully. "Just to be bizarre she has had her hat trimmed with silver pheasants."

Then after a pause:

"But I shall eclipse her yet. Just wait."

And going to the telephone, she ordered her milliner to decorate the most exquisite Paris creation with gold eagles.

Ought to Have Money.

Brown—Do you ever play the races?

Green—No.

Brown—But you play cards or billiards?

Green—Neither.

Brown—You take a drink occasional,ly, I suppose?

Green—No, I neither drink nor smoke.

Brown—Say, old man, you are just the chap I've been looking for. Lend me \$10, will you?

TO HARNESS THE MONSOON.

Scheme to Utilize Its Energy to Run Bombay Cotton Mills.

This is not the only country which has large water power engineering plans on hand. There is a project under way at Bombay which literally aims at harnessing the Indian monsoon and utilizing the resultant energy in running the cotton mills of Bombay and other factories in the adjacent districts.

The Western Ghats, or mountains, 42 miles from Bombay, are among the rainiest districts in the world; even during the famine years 1896-7, when thousands of people were perishing elsewhere because of the lack of rain, the inhabitants of the Ghats district were nearly ruined by a rainfall of from 22 to 26 feet for the season, June to October.

This speedily drains off to the sea. Hence it is proposed to build three great dams, thus utilizing three of the many valleys as reservoirs, an undertaking made all the easier by the stony formation, which does away with the necessity of artificial floors in the proposed reservoirs.

How steep the approach is appears from the fact that there will be a descent of 1,734 feet in less than two and one-half miles. At the base of the mountains will be a great power station, from which the electricity generated will be transmitted to Bombay and other points. The largest dam will be 95 feet high and 8,000 feet long; the second will have a length of 4,500 feet and the third of 2,840 feet.—New York Evening Post.

SAVINGS OF THE SOLDIERS.

Paymaster's Department Has \$2,911,737 of the Regulars' Money.

The American soldier is not highly paid, yet he is a thrifty chap. Last year 54,260 enlisted men saved and deposited with the paymaster's department \$1,495,228. This is a respectable sum and represents about 12 per cent of the total pay of all the enlisted men for that period. Had every enlisted man made a deposit the average saving for the year would have been \$27.50, but that is the least interesting feature of the system.

The figures show that the soldier can deposit, under the law of 1872, only sums of \$5 and over. As the pay is small, the total deposits for the year show that the saving habit is continuous with many enlisted men.

These deposits bear interest at the rate of four per cent a year, but they can not be withdrawn until the soldier receives his discharge. Last year there was repaid to soldiers the sum of \$1,168,238; interest was also paid to the amount of \$70,112. The number of men discharged is not given, but the amount repaid shows that their average saving must have been considerable.

Since the enacting of the law of 1872 the total deposits have amounted to \$27,798,533 and discharged soldiers have received \$1,532,993 in interest on deposits withdrawn. There remains on deposit with the paymaster general the sum of \$2,911,737.

Defends Waiter's Calling.

"Why do the young men of America sneer at the waiter's calling?" said the quiet man in the black swallow-tail coat. "A waiter can travel all over the world, become a superb linguist, and earn from \$25 to \$50 a week, yet the young clerk or salesman with 'eight per' and no future sneers at him."

"When I was a young chap my good mother wanted me to take a job in a department store selling clothes. No, I said I'd be a waiter. And my mother was shocked."

"Yet, look at me. As a waiter I travel wherever I wish. One winter I'm in Egypt, the next on the Riviera, the next in Rome. Spring finds me in Paris and thence I leap the channel in time for the London season. In autumn I am back in America again with full pockets."

"I have learned French, German and Italian. I have made friends with many rich, intelligent, amiable people. I have seen the world and earn \$2,000 a year. Yet clerks and counter jumpers think they can sneer at me. They had better learn my trade."

Even in Those Days.

Methuselah was approached by an oily-tongued young man who wanted him to sign some bogus testimonials.

"Just say you have been using our 'Fountain of Youth' pills for 700 years," whispered the tempter, "and we will do the rest. It is a fine opportunity for a nice little graft on the side."

But wise old Methuselah shook his head.

"No, young man," he said, slowly, "I have no desire to be alluded to as the 'age of graft.'"

And then the ancient man called his pet pilothecus and had the oily-tongued young man chased off the cliffs.

"Water is a 'Nerve Tonic.' "If nervous women would only drink more water they would not be so nervous," remarked a trained nurse the other day.

"Nearly every physician will recommend a woman who is suffering from nervous prostration or nervous exhaustion to drink lots of water between meals, but many women who do not come under the doctor's care would feel better and look better if they would drink, say, a quart of water in the course of a day. Water is a nerve food. It has a distinctly soothing effect when sipped gradually, as one can test for herself."

TEST OF THE GIRL'S LOVE.

Her Sweetheart Wins, but Admits He Took a Long Chance.

"I couldn't feel sure," said he to his chum, "that she really cared for me, so I wrote myself this telegram: 'Will you go as accountant for tea firm in China at salary of \$50 per week? Start Thursday. Answer at once.' I signed the name of a fictitious firm and showed her the telegram as soon as I got to her house that night."

"What do you think about it?" she asked.

"I don't know what to think," said I.

"She mused a little while."

"Do you want to go?" she asked me.

"If it wasn't for you I'd want to go."

"Then she said in a faint voice: 'Do whatever you think best.'"

"I'd go if it wasn't for you," I replied.

"She sat still, looking at the fire. Then of a sudden she began to cry."

"Oh, don't go! don't go!" she wailed. "Don't go and leave me all alone. What would I do—what would I do without you?"

"So I told her I wouldn't go. It is a grand thing to have a girl to care for you so much as that. I know that this girl loves me truly."

"If I had been the girl," said the young man's listener, "I should have said, 'Accept the offer and we'll be married at once and start for China together.'"

The young man grinned. "By Jove, I hadn't thought of that," he admitted. "Wouldn't I have been in a fix, though, if she had said that?"

SAW MISTAKE IN PICTURE.

Woman's Homely Art Criticism Based on Knowledge.

An aged woman was standing before a beautiful picture of a blacksmith in a local department store. The picture was a remarkable painting, and had evoked so much praise that hundreds of visitors thronged around it. The figure was that of a village blacksmith standing at his forge, which was blazing with a light that illuminated the whole room.

The woman came to the canvas with several younger women, apparently her children. They all stood with rapt attention before the work of art, contemplating the light effects and the beautiful shadows. One of the younger women asked of the elderly one what she thought of the picture.

"Well, it's all right but the sleeves," she replied. "I lived in the country a long time and I know something about the painter with all his knowin' didn't know that blacksmith's sleeves are rolled out. Now they don't wear them that way. A blacksmith always turns his sleeves in so the flyin' sparks won't catch."—Indianapolis News.

Retreating in Good Order.

She had refused him, and he stood twirling his mustache and looking quizzical until she was in a tearing temper.

"What are you standing there for?" she demanded, stamping her foot.

"Well, I am wondering," he said, slowly, "whom you are going to marry, since you won't marry me."

"It's none of your business!" she flamed, angrily.

"Oh, yes, it is," he drawled. "At any rate, I'm interested. I shouldn't like you to marry a fellow I didn't think well of, you know, since I came near marrying you myself."

It seemed to her that she should faint with indignation.

"You never came near marrying me," she at length managed to gasp.

"I didn't think even of marrying you, and as to whom I do marry, you have nothing to do with it. I shall marry anybody I please."

"That's just it," he returned, thoughtfully; "suppose you don't please anybody?" Then there was nothing left to her but raving hysterics.—Tit-Bits.

Elephant Lives 100 Years.

Many animals live to a great age, while others die soon after birth. Comparative ages of different animals show that the elephant lives 100 years or more; the rhinoceros 20, camel 100, lion 20 to 70, tigers, leopards, jaguars and hyenas, in confinement, about 25 years, beaver 50 years, deer 20, wolf 20, fox 14 to 16, llamas 15, chamois 25, monkeys and baboons 10 to 18, hares 3, squirrel 7, rabbit 7, swine 25, stag 50, horse 30, ass 30, sheep 12, cow 20, ox 30, swans, parrots and ravens 200, eagle 100, geese 80, hens and pigeons 10 to 16, hawks 36 to 40, cranes 24, blackbirds 10 to 12, peacock 28, penguin 40 to 50, thrush 8 to 10, wren 2 to 3, nightingale 15, blackcap 15, linnet 14 to 23, carp 70 to 150, pike 30 to 40, salmon 16, codfish 14 to 17, eel 10, crocodile 100, whale, estimated, 1,000.

Von Moltke a Hard Loser.

Count von Moltke, Germany's great field marshal, never lost a battle and it annoyed him to lose a game of cards. A recent biographer says of his old age: "The family were trained to let him win if they could without his noticing their maneuver, and they would reckon up the sum to the smallest amount. It is really wonderful that I have won in spite of my bad play," he remarked once, rather suspiciously, but he abided by the result.—Exchange.

Probably.

"I saw a picture of a group of children who will be rulers of men some day."

"Must be girl children, aren't they?" Houston Post.

DECLARES SHE SAW GHOST.

Visitation in the Form of a Skeleton Startled Young Woman.

The inhabitants of Dronfield, Derbyshire, England, have been thrown into a state of excitement by the reported appearance of a ghost. So frightened were the occupants of the house in which the "ghost" appeared that they hurriedly left. The house possesses a remarkable feature. In the cellar is a dry, disused well, which for some unknown reason has never been filled in or covered. A young married couple went to occupy the house, and one night they had some children staying with them. Owing to this the wife slept with the children upstairs, and the husband remained on the sofa downstairs. In the middle of the night footsteps were heard by both husband and wife, but as each thought it was the other moving neither got out of bed. In the morning they naturally spoke about the matter, and were surprised to find that the footsteps had not proceeded from either. This occurrence was followed by mysterious knockings coming from the corner of the room over the cellar. Their origin could not be discovered. The fear of the young couple was now so great that they never slept without a light in the bedroom. The climax came a day or two ago when, in the middle of the night, the wife woke up and found that the light was out. She struck a match. Then she saw in a corner of the room, she declares, the figure of a skeleton, which, as the flame of the match died away, moved slowly towards the door.

BOTH APT AND WITTY.

Biblical Quotation Effectively Used by Political Speaker.

Edgar Saltus, the novelist, was asked by a young lady at a tea if he thought that the use of quotations was a good thing.

"Quotations are only good," said Mr. Saltus, "when they are extremely apt."

"There was once a witty Irishman, James E. Fitzgerald, who made excellent use of a quotation in a political speech.

During this speech he was repeatedly interrupted by a butcher, the proprietor of a large sausage-making plant. An adherent of Fitzgerald's finally took offense at the butcher's mocking remarks, and yelled:

"Hey, you, leave politics alone, and go back to your sausage machine!"

"The butcher glared at the man and returned:

"If I had this speaker in one of my sausage machines, I'd soon make mince-meat of him."

"Then Mr. Fitzgerald quoted from the platform with a smile:

"Is thy servant a dog that thou shouldst do this thing?"

Some Desimplified Spelling.

The colonel was simply infoloneel. He said he would be gould to trail on the rights of the whlights.

"No man," said the raidnot colonel in his dioloneel diatribes, "whose blood is not mood can chose to weigh what I say and pronounce one word as absurd as any he ever herd. One may oneder because one color is doloer than another that it is a sign of something less than O, ye who know the truth his tongue and longue to its proclaiming. Why do ye say when sighs are not wighst? Let no pain or ache mache you queache. Though you may be lough, rise higher and inspligher the sacred songs of justice to all. Who is the who that shows the choir is a loir? His own lies show his aies; he cannot dispuse his lulse; his eyes despeyes those laves and tell on him, one may buy a luv, but not the ye."

And much more of the same sort from which it may be inferred that having herred, the colonel's werrad, the whites still had some rites which were bound to be respected. And the blacks? Well, take an acks to them. Also the infernal cernal.—Judge.

The World's Danger.

Lord Kelvin, the well known British scientist, foresees that as the world grows older earthquakes will grow bigger, until it is to be supposed that Jamaica and Sumatra—latest of earthquake victims—will sink into the sea. In the distant time, when the central fires of the earth are burning themselves out, Lord Kelvin believes that earthquakes will occur only at intervals of a few millions of years. But even when the earth has been cooled down to a uniform temperature throughout and all further disruption by sinking has ceased, a new terror looms on the Kelvin horizon—a shattering and remelting of the earth by collision with some other larger body.

Mark Was Sore.

Mark Anthony was disturbed in his slumbers by the wailing of an army of cats.

"Great Caesar!" roared Mark, peering down in the courtyard. "What would I give to annihilate those felines!"

"Be careful, Mark," hastened Cleopatra. "Remember that Cats are worshipped here in Egypt."

"That may be," growled Mark, "but the next time I return from Rome I shall bring a camel load of boot-jacks."

And then Mark vowed if alarm clocks had been invented he would have tossed one out of the window at the furry serenaers.

Finished.

"Why has she stopped slim work?" "She has accomplished her object."

"Relieved all the distress?" "No; become engaged to the new preacher."—Houston Post.