A TITIAN OWNED BY INDIANS.

The Great Art Treasure Hidden Away in a Mexican Village Church.

Tzintzuntzan was once a great city and the capital of Tarascan kings; now only a straggling village with a group of ruined churches. I made my way quickly to the old tower where the Titian treasure is, the populace following in my wake or gazing after me with wondering eyes. My carefully studied salutation, in Spanish, a handful of cigars and a bottle of wine soon made the padre and myself the best of friends. He seemed to know before I asked him that I wanted to see the picture, and opened the high arched door of carved wood which led to a patio or court.

Here, seated on mats spread on the stone paving of a pillared and arched corridor, were fifteen or twenty women with their work, braiding mats and hats or coloring feathers. As was explained, they were doing penance. They bowed reverently as the padre passed. I thought he did not look like a hard task master, and, perhaps, did not care how long they staid, as his life is a lonely one at best and their presence surely was not his.

A little surpliced Indian boy came with a lighted candle, the padre led the way, and a wondering little procession followed through a dark corridor that led up to another massive door, barred and chained and padlocked. We were back in ancient feudal days, it seemed, and some old castle had opened to us. It might be that the clanking chains and rusty, creaking hinges were on our prison doors, but the boy held the tallow dip high and showed the padre's kindly face, that reassured us that we were only at Tzintzuntzan in search of a Titian.

The door opened into an inner room as dark as night. The padre unfastened a grated window and a flood of golden sunlight came from over the western hills beyond the lake and fell upon the picture. Such coloring, such feeling could only come from a master hand. Whose? Tradition says Titian, and presented by Philip II of Spain. Eminent men, authors and artists agree. We had seen the Titian at Tzintzuntzan, and it was worth the coming for.

The padre closed the window and the door after us, locked and chained it again, the boy held up his flickering torch and we marched out, leaving the padre and his treasure as a dream too unreal to be true. An effort has been made to buy the painting, and $20,000 was offered by the bishop of Mexico, but the faithful, devoted Indians refused, and the price that bought "The Angelus" would be no temptation. "The Entombment" is some hundreds of years older, is the work of an old master and is big enough (the figures are all life size) to make a hundred of "The Angelus."—Toronto Globe.

Interesting to Steel Manufacturers.

A very ingenious device has been introduced that will prove of great value to steel manufacturers. In the formation of cast steel ingots, especially those containing a large proportion of carbon, it is common for the shrinkage of the metal when poured into the ingot mold to form a cavity or cavities in the upper end of the ingot, and if such cavity be exposed to the atmosphere its walls become speedily oxidized, and in that condition are incapable of welding closely.

The new idea is to chill the top of the casting, and then turn the ingot upside down before it is solidified. The cavity then forms in the other end of the ingot, where its walls are fully protected against the oxidizing influence of the atmosphere. The molds are arranged in such a manner that the cavity is formed in a stud or projection at one end of the ingot. In order to protect the metal first poured in from hardening too rapidly a cap of refractory material is placed in the bottom of the mold.—New York Telegram.

Wise Expense.

The old Latin proverb, "Difficilia quæ pulchra," has often been set as a "copy" for high school boys and girls. The idea in it is that "the best things are hard to get," and certainly a good personal education usually implies a sacrificing parent as well as a studious child.

An Englishman visiting Sweden and noticing the care for educating children, who were gathered up from the streets and highways and placed in school, inquired if it was not costly.

"Yes," was the answer, "it is costly, but not dear. We Swedes are not rich enough to allow a child to grow up in ignorance, misery and crime, to become a scourge to society as well as a disgrace to himself."

It was an English judge who first said, "A boy is better unborn than untaught."—Youth's Companion.

Shelling Peas by Machine.

An Albany firm has gotten out a patent on a device for shelling peas. The novelty about this machine is that the peas are cut down like wheat or barley, and the vine and pea are all fed into the machine, which separates the green pea from the vine and pod perfectly fine and clean. The machines are large, being 16 feet long, 11 high and 8 wide. The company do not sell these machines, but let them out on a royalty, and they are in great demand in all places where canned goods are put up, as they make a very great saving in the harvesting of peas.—New York Telegram.

A New Kind.

A Nevada paper wants convicted murderers dropped into the shaft of a mine in that state which is 806 feet deep. It says that a person falling will lose all consciousness after descending 400 feet, and the death to be found at the bottom of the shaft will be entirely painless and without any chance of bungling as own gallows.—Detroit Free Press.

Unequivocal.

She—He hasn't much education, but he makes a good show, doesn't he?

He—Oh, quite a circus.—Munsey's Weekly.

SPOTTERS ON THE HORSE CARS.

How Conductors Learn to Recognize Them and Fool the Ward.

Every street car line in New York employs from forty to sixty "spotters," who are paid twenty cents a round trip, and whose business it is to see that the fares received are rung up on the car indicators.

"It's the easiest thing in the world," said a Broadway car conductor, "for us to spot them. In the first place they have to keep track of every person who gets on the car, and they can't be seen taking notes. The usual method is for the spotter to carry a pocketful of beans. As a passenger gets on the car he transfers a bean from the full pocket to an empty one, and when he leaves the car, as he usually does when it nearly reaches the terminus, he looks at the indicator, and at his leisure counts the beans and sees if the number tallies with that shown on the register.

"Usually the spotter gets on the car about five blocks from the starting place. One of these men told a friend of mine that he had two pockets in one, so that he didn't have to take his hand out at all. The spotter's word is always taken, and it is seldom that a conductor gets anything but his dismissal notice.

"There is no appeal from his report. Seven trips a day is the average made by these men, and if they do not report a man or two a week the officials think they are not attending to business. There is one consolation to honest conductors, however, and that is that the spotters have men to watch them, and no one spotter is known to another. Their statements are all mailed to the car superintendent at his residence, and they get their pay each month by mail. It sometimes happens that two will board the same car unknown to each other, and perhaps give in different reports. Whenever I am sure of a spotter I give him the sixth degree as he gets off the car.

"I can't tell you how it is done, but it works to a charm, and before night four or five other conductors know him, and the next day he is known to as many more, so that in a few weeks most of us 'get on,' as the boys say. It never fails, and the spotter becomes a walking sign to the men on the road, whose eyes are as keen as can be."—New York World.

Indians as Smokers.

Every Indian worships tobacco. Give the Sioux a sufficiency of beef and tobacco and there will be no more war between them and the United States. They do not get any tobacco from the government in these days, so they sell what little else they do have, and with the proceeds procure cigarettes and tobacco. It used to be that the red man was satisfied with dried red willow bark, but he has been civilized very materially, and now insists on the best brands of the most thoroughly cultivated and manufactured weed.

Some of the older fellows still mix the willow with their smoke—they prefer the kinnick-kinnick—but the younger men take the tobacco straight. Their love for cigarettes amounts almost to a passion, and yet the Indian is master of the situation. He can smoke enough cigarettes to kill every dude on the face of the earth, go on the warpath for a couple of months and starve, and yet turn up with a physique that seems uninjured. The suggestion that unlimited cigarettes were cheaper than soldiers thus falls to the ground and becomes valueless.—Washington Star.

An Accommodating Theft.

A singular little incident occurred in front of the Gedney house. A handsome young lady, stylishly attired, was walking down Broadway, and a young man, equally captivating in his way, was coming up town. They met in front of the aforesaid hotel, and as they passed the youth deftly slipped his hand into the girl's pocket and drew her pocketbook from it. It was done before the very eyes of twenty astonished guests of the hotel, but before they had time even to express their surprise at the young man's audacity he turned with a polite bow to the young lady, handed her the purse, gave her a mild warning not to be so careless in the future and passed on.—New York Continent.

Boston's Historic Playground.

There is one thing about the Boston common of which Boston people are very proud, and they may be forgiven for telling strangers about it pretty frequently and persistently. In summer you will see no signs of "Keep off the grass" on the common. People are allowed to go wherever they please on that common—everywhere, except in the little pond. Boys play ball on the fields, run races, and in everything that they do show that this is in verity a common—a playground for the people—not a pretty ornament only to be looked at. All credit to Boston for this display of great common sense and for this rich gift to her children.—New York Tribune.

Jewelers Never Get Rich.

"Jewelers never get rich," said a Chicago jeweler. "If we could secure only 10 per cent. of the profits which many people suppose we get we would make more money than we do now. There never has been but one rich jeweler in America. Tiffany, of New York, is a rich man, and he is the only exception. And he made most of his money in the stationery business. There are many rich men in almost any other line of business—rich dry goods merchants, rich hotel men, rich grocers, rich hardware dealers. But jewelers, who are quite generally believed to be wealthy as a class, are rarely outside of the well to do circle, financially speaking."—Chicago Mail.

A Would Be Plausible Explanation.

Kate—Why, Maud, how you have changed! When I saw you three years ago your hair was auburn, and now it is as yellow as gold. So pretty!

Maud—Yes, Katie; you know last year I was ill for a long time with the jaundice.—Judge.

An Amusing Mistake.

It is an amusing thing—this mistaking a stranger for some one you know or it is amusing to see some one else do so.

And did you ever notice the difference between men and women in the way in which they get around the mistake?

A man will go up to another one and say:

"Why, how do you do?"

As he puts out his hand the other man takes it and gives it a cordial shake and says:

"How do you do? How are you? It is a fine day. Let me see—where have I met you?"

When they come to compare their mental notes they discover that they never have met anywhere, but they sit down and discuss politics and religion or anything else, with the same freedom as if meeting was an every day occurrence.

A woman will bow to another, thinking she has met her before, and unless the one is taken completely off guard she will draw herself up in the haughtiest manner and say, "You are mistaken." The first one blushes and apologizes and settles down thoroughly convinced of the enormity of the crime of making a simple mistake.

If one is taken unawares, however, and thinks possibly she has met the very cordial greeter somewhere, she evinces much more tact than does a man under the same circumstances. She returns the cordial handshake and lets the other woman do the talking until something is said by which she can recall the former meeting, or trusts to luck in not letting the woman discover her mistake.—Chicago Herald.

The Panther Wouldn't Let Him Sleep.

Deputy marshals who work in the Indian country lead a hard life. Accommodations are not always to be had. Tom Smith told a reporter of an adventure he had.

Night overtook him near an old cabin, but as the Indian custom of burying the dead in their houses and then moving away flashed upon him he decided to sleep under a tree some little distance, and thus avoid a possible interview with an aboriginal spook. In the night a rain set in, and he got up and went in the cabin, and shut the door to keep out the rain and water. He wrapped his blanket around him and lay down. Presently he heard a growling and whining, but he paid no attention to it. The whines and growls grew fiercer and louder; but he lay quiet, trying to go to sleep. The animal ran around the walls, scratching and yelling in a way to make one feel very uncomfortable, and made such a thing as sleep impossible. It was a panther.

Finally Smith concluded that the beast was not going to be quiet and let him rest, so he got up and opened the door and let it out. Then he lay down and slept without further disturbance until morning.—Cor. Fort Worth Gazette.

He Kept the Watch.

Gen. Bligh and his wife happened to arrive at a Yorkshire inn when there was only just as much in the larder as was sufficient for them, and of course they bespoke it. Some sporting gentlemen presently arrived, and on hearing what had happened asked who was the guest. "An Irish officer," said the landlord; whereupon one said: "Oh, if he's Irish a potato will do for him. Here, take my watch up to him" (a very handsome gold one) "and ask him what's o'clock." The inquiry had doubtless some impertinent significance in those days, which it has now lost. At all events, it brought down the general, with the watch in his hand and a pistol under each arm.

"I am come," he said, "to tell you what o'clock it is. Whose watch is this?" Everybody hastened to deny any knowledge of it whatever. "Then I have made a mistake," said the general, "in the company. I received an impudent message, which I came down to resent, but I find I have come to the wrong room." The watch, which would have paid his dinner bill fifty times over, he kept to his death, and left it by will to his brother, the dean of Elphin.—San Francisco Argonaut.

Modifications of Iron.

Add carbon to pure iron and it becomes steel. Add a hydro-carbon to iron, and steel itself becomes so extensively modified that its properties are not recognizable. Thus steel may be as soft as pure iron. Add hydrogen in varying quantity, and it has the quality of resilience, as in the watch spring, or the quality of tenacity, as in the knife of a razor, or may be given nearly all the hardness of a diamond, as in a file. With steel at a low temperature, from 400 degs. to 450 degs. Fahrenheit, edge tools are produced, and color in the yellow shades; from 500 degs. to 525 degs. various sorts of springs are produced, color blue; while by heating iron to whiteness and plunging it into water, which is mainly composed of hydrogen, files are produced or forms even harder.—Chicago News.

Corea.

Corea has no political connection of any sort with either Russia or England. It holds a sort of relation of dependence to China, however. That is to say, the "hermit nation" acknowledges the suzerainty of China, and has done so for the past 200 years. Its government, to a large extent, is modeled after that of China, and on the frontier between it and China there are trade regulations favorable to the latter. Virtually, though, Corea, so far as regards all the rest of the world, except China, is an independent country. It has its own line of monarchs, and its own laws and regulations.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

There is no longer any doubt among scientists but that the sponge belongs to the animal kingdom and reproduces its kind by eggs, although it grows like a tree. When it is taken out of water it is a soft mass of animal tissue surrounding a framework of horny, glass like or limy fiber. It is the horny kind that is the sponge of commerce.

That Tired Feeling

Is experienced by almost everyone at this season, and many people resort to Hood's Sarsaparilla to drive away the languor and exhaustion. The blood, laden with impurities which have been accumulating for months, moves sluggishly through the veins, the mind fails to think quickly, and the body is still slower to respond.

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Train 1 leaves ... South & Main St. ... 8.30 a.m.
" arrives ... 6.20 p.m.

PARK CITY.

Train 1 arrives Park City ... 11.00 a.m.
" 2 leaves ... 4.00 p.m.

FREIGHT TRAINS.

Leave Salt Lake at ... 7.00 a.m.
Arrive ... 3.40 p.m.
Leave Park City at ... 11.00 a.m.
Arrive ... 12.00 p.m.

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RIO GRANDE WESTERN RY.

CURRENT TIME TABLE, MARCH 15, 1891.

East Bound Trains.		No. 2. Atlantic Mail.	No. 4. Atlantic Express
Lv.	Ogden	[illegible]	[illegible]
Ar.	Salt Lake	[illegible]	[illegible]
Lv.	Salt Lake	[illegible]	[illegible]
Ar.	Provo	[illegible]	[illegible]
Lv.	Provo	[illegible]	[illegible]
Ar.	Green River	[illegible]	[illegible]
Lv.	Green River	[illegible]	[illegible]
Ar.	Grand Junction	[illegible]	[illegible]
Ar.	Glenwood Springs	[illegible]	[illegible]
Ar.	Leadville	[illegible]	[illegible]
Ar.	Pueblo	[illegible]	[illegible]
Ar.	Col. Springs	[illegible]	[illegible]
Ar.	Denver, Col. Mid.	[illegible]	[illegible]

West Bound Trains.		No. 1. Pacific Mail.	No. 3. Pacific Express
Lv.	Denver	[illegible]	[illegible]
Lv.	Col. Springs	[illegible]	[illegible]
Lv.	Pueblo	[illegible]	[illegible]
Lv.	Leadville	[illegible]	[illegible]
Lv.	Glenwood Springs	[illegible]	[illegible]
Lv.	Grand Junction	[illegible]	[illegible]
Ar.	Green River	[illegible]	[illegible]
Lv.	Green River	[illegible]	[illegible]
Ar.	Provo	[illegible]	[illegible]
Lv.	Provo	[illegible]	[illegible]
Ar.	Salt Lake	[illegible]	[illegible]
Lv.	Salt Lake	[illegible]	[illegible]
Ar.	Ogden	[illegible]	[illegible]

LOCAL TRAINS.

SALT LAKE AND OGDEN.

Leave Salt Lake [illegible] a.m. and [illegible] p.m.; returning, arrive Salt Lake City [illegible] a.m., [illegible] p.m.

BINGHAM.

Leave Salt Lake [illegible] a.m., returning, arrive Salt Lake [illegible] p.m.

AMERICAN FORK, PROVO, SPRINGVILLE, THISTLE, MT. PLEASANT AND MANTI.

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