

HELD WITH JWELED NAILS.

A Woman's Ingenious Way of Preventing People from Stealing Her Jewels.

A prominent jeweler in Washington was rather surprised the other day when one of his best customers gave him an order to make half a dozen gold nails and place a jewel in the head of each.

The predicament of this lady is not an unusual one for wives of senators and government officials, and, strange as it may seem, it is not the general public whom they dread so much as some of the well-known people.

TRAVEL ON THE LAKES.

In Summer the Steamers Are Kept Very Busy by the Tourist Travel.

The travel on Lake Michigan by boat is immense, far beyond any popular estimate. The along-shore routes from here to Racine, Milwaukee, Lake ports, further north as far as Green Bay, and the routes across the lake to Michigan points are crowded throughout the summer months and in the early fall, says the Chicago Chronicle.

Peripatetic Landscapers. A woman traveling through a mountainous part of Germany recently came upon a small party of young women pedestrians, who had just started out on a day's journey, each of whom carried a long alpenstock, with long, black streamers flying from the uplifted end.

Splendid in Decline. Congratulations to the queen regent of Spain, who has just celebrated her birthday. Her majesty has borne fully her share of the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune, and it must be a relief to her to know that her country is once more at peace with all the world.

A Porto Rico Battalion. The experiment of enlisting recruits in Porto Rico for the United States army has proved successful, and the Porto Rican battalion of volunteers has been fully organized.

Stone Lifeboats. A lifeboat made of pumice stone has been tested. It continued to float with a load even when full of water.

INDIAN CENTENARIANS.

Three Whose Combined Ages Reach Two Hundred and Ninety-Nine Years.

There can be no doubt that the three oldest sisters in the United States—possibly in the whole world—are some Indian women in San Diego county, in southern California. The women are Semul-lah (meaning peaceful), Ning-lie (meaning black-eyed) and Temes-cal (meaning sharp at a bargain). Their combined ages are 299 years.

There is not the least doubt among the people in southern California who have given any attention to these uncommonly old sisters as to their ages. That is a matter of record in the dusty old registers in the archives of the mission at San Gabriel, in Los Angeles county; also in a church census taken in 1810 and now in the mission of Guadalupe, at the City of Mexico, where nearly all the records of the California missions were taken upon disestablishment of the Roman Catholic missions in 1822.

THE BISHOP'S "LADY."

From the Travelling Bag the Porter Thought That He Had Left Her Behind.

Bishop Huntington once went down to a town in Connecticut to perform a marriage ceremony, which had a ludicrous finale for him, says the Washington Post. He arrived the day before the wedding, and he left at the same time the bridegroom did, although he was driven to a different railway station. As he passed through the station, carrying his traveling bag, he was creating a sensation, but was totally at a loss to account for it.

A WONDERFUL CONSERVATORY

That of the White House Is Conducted on a Very Large Scale.

More than a dozen employes are required the year round to care for the white house conservatories. They are under the direction of Henry Pfister, a horticulturist and botanist, who has been for almost a quarter of a century in charge of the nation's floral domain. The conservatories furnish the immense supply of flowering plants and shrubs required each year for the adornment of the white house grounds, and more than 35,000 plants and bulbs are produced each year for this purpose alone.

Two rather unique features of the conservatory are found in the orange grove and the pineapple-beds. Both are rather diminutive, to be sure, but the supply of fruit is not extensive in at least excellent, and much relished on the president's table, writes Waldon Fawcett, in Woman's Home Companion.

Sweep with LL. D. Degree.

A story on the fraudulent conferring of degrees is told in the London Post, which, while it may not be strictly accurate, is not without interest. It seems that a chimney sweep took proceedings against an Edinburgh man for debt, and in the course of his evidence the sweep mentioned that his name was "Jamie Gregory, LL. D."

QUEER BIT OF EUROPE.

A Small Community Where There Are No Rulers, Soldiers Nor Taxes.

About five miles southwest of Aix-la-Chapelle, that well-known junction where so many summer tourists jump in and out of trains, there is a tiny little village community called Altenberg, or Vieille Montagne, says the London Daily Mail.

This little strip of a few hundred acres owes allegiance to no king, kaiser or president. It is an autonomous republic, smaller than Andorra or the principality of Monaco. Its population is nearly 3,000, and they are mostly farmers, agriculturists and miners. There are no police, no soldiers and (happy land!) there are no taxes to pay.

In 1816 this little corner of Europe was declared by the powers to be "neutral ground," and it has maintained its independence ever since. There is a burgomaster and a council of elders of the village community. They administer such law as is found necessary, but are not overworked in this respect, as crime is practically unknown. The country is picturesque, and for such a small domain, fairly varied in its scenery.

Both French and German are spoken and are often mixed up in a most curious manner.

Altenberg's chief claim to notoriety, however, lies in the fact that the border of this tiny domain actually touches those of the adjacent countries of Belgium, Holland and Germany.

Of the thousands who pass through Aix-la-Chapelle on their summer holidays to one of the many German baths, few are probably aware that they are so close to this quaint little community.

THE CHARM OF YACHTING.

Elements That Lead Zest to a Ride in a Sea Racer During a Blow.

The charm of yachting rests very largely upon its uncertainty. So elusive are the elements of air and water that from the moment when she is set afloat until she is hauled out for repairs a vessel is never at rest. The sea is forever seeking to force an entrance into her from below, and the winds of heaven are ever ready to snap her spars and rend her canvas overhead. It is largely luck if when she is first set afloat she settles nearly enough to her estimated water-line to satisfy the ideas of her designer, and nothing but the keenest watchfulness can keep her up to a perfect standard of effectiveness when she is called upon to endure the complicated strains of a sailing match in a smart breeze, says Lippincott's.

If anyone questions the difficulty of such navigation, let him take the family umbrella and try to make it pull or push him across the lawn against the wind. This is precisely the problem that confronts the yachtsman, save only that in place of the umbrella he has to manage a towering structure of bellying canvas held aloft a hundred and more feet by slender spars and a network of cordage every fathom of which must be under absolute control if the beautiful—almost sentient—creature of canvas, wire and steel is to acquire herself with credit.

EXTRACTION IN NEURALGIA.

Removing the Teeth Affords No Relief and Is a Sin, Says This Authority.

The extraction of teeth for trifacial neuralgia is a sin for which both dentist and physician are responsible, and in about the same degree—the physician for sending the patient to the dentist, and the dentist for extracting the teeth in such conditions, says the Philadelphia Medical Journal. Members of both professions should have sufficient common sense, if not professional education, to recognize the fact that the extraction of sound teeth not only gives no relief, but that it is a most useless mutilation, which the patient is sure to regret deeply because of the injury to personal appearance and the interference with digestion, and for which their professional adviser is certain to be severely censured. This mistake might be more common, but it is common enough, as is evidenced by the statement of a prominent surgeon that he has been consulted during the past two years by no less than six patients, who had had the teeth in both jaws uselessly extracted for ticdouloureux. The medical treatment of this condition is not encouraging in its results, it is true; nevertheless, it should be given a thorough trial, and if persevered in will sometimes give permanent results. In any case extraction of teeth can have no possible permanent value.

Secession in Brazil.

A movement is said to be on foot among the people of the state of Amazonas to secede from Brazil and establish a separate republic. Amazonas is said to be the only state in Brazil which has any money, and its inhabitants have grown tired of shouldering the financial burdens of the whole republic. But before making such a venture they should read up history in order to learn that secession movements do not pay. In their case it probably would not pay even should it succeed. Because it is the biggest nation in South America Brazil is one of the strongest, and were it to be broken up into petty states none of those states would possess strength to live in the international contest for the "survival of the fittest."

Crime in Paris.

It is stated that about one in eighteen of the population of Paris live on charity, with a tendency toward crime.

REMEMBERING PEOPLE.

An Ex-Politician Tells a Trick of Two About the Useful Faculty.

"There is a good deal of pure moonshine," said a New Orleans war horse now out of harness, "in the faculty of remembering names and faces which is attributed to most successful politicians. In nine cases out of ten they have no abnormal powers of that kind, and their apparent feats of memory are very easily explained.

"Take, for example, the case of a political personage at a public reception. He is sure to be surrounded by a group of local leaders, who know everybody in town. Presently a valuable constituent approaches. 'Colonel,' whispers one of the henchmen, 'here comes Mr. Blank. He's an active party worker and a great admirer of yours. He met you here last fall.' The personage catches on promptly. 'What does Blank do?' he whispers back. 'He's a produce merchant,' replies the henchman. By that time the valuable constituents get in range. 'How are you, my dear Mr. Blank!' exclaims the notable, cordially. 'I'm delighted to see you again; and how is the produce business coming on?' Poor Blank has the spasm of joy. That the famous man should remember him so accurately makes him as proud as a peacock, and 20 spectators proceed to tell the story in proof of the colonel's miraculous mental gifts. Thus reputations are made.

"I use this illustration because such incidents are the commonest things in the world. I have witnessed hundreds of them and happen to know that the fame of more than one big man for the retention of names and faces rests wholly upon little remedies of that character."

AMIALE BUT FATIGUED.

The Great General Had Been Recently Treated But He Wanted a Few Winks of Sleep.

The Roman conqueror was home again, says the Washington Star.

He had viewed the triumphal arches and heard the plaudits of plebs and patricians. The calcium lights had played on him for miles along the line of march. The chairman of the committee on arrangements approached him and said, deferentially: "General, have we left anything undone which might convey our appreciation of the fact that you are the hero of the hour?"

"Nothing," was the answer. "Has the procession been as long as you think it ought to be in passing a given point?"

"It has surpassed my expectations." "Have you heard all the speeches you want?"

"Yes, thank you." "Have you had all the music you care for from the glee club?"

"Yes, thank you." "Have you had all the breakfasts and dinners and suppers you want?"

"Yes, thank you." "And all the fireworks?"

"Yes, thank you." "And all the speeches?"

"Yes, thank you." "Now is there anything else you would enjoy? If there is, please mention it, for you must remember, general, we think the world of you and there isn't anything we wouldn't do for you."

"Are you sure that if I spoke candidly there would be no offense?"

"Absolutely." "Well, to tell you the honest truth, I'd like about 20 minutes' sleep."

RUSSIA'S FINANCES.

Vast Railway Plans Must Be Postponed Because of Stringency in Money Market.

A great deal of interest is aroused in both political and financial circles by the appeal for assistance now being made by Russia in the London money market. For many years to come, writes Arnold White, in Harper's Weekly, Russia will require large financial resources to carry out her vast plans for railway development in China, Persia and Siberia. Unless London comes to the help of M. de Witte, the Russian minister of finance, the building of these railways, which bulk so largely in the scaremonger's eyes, is likely to be postponed for an indefinite period. It seems odd that Russia should come to London to borrow money for the advancement of schemes which are openly designed to thwart the political and commercial interests of England and the United States in the far east. It is unusual, to say the least of it, to invite prospective victims to subscribe for the expenses of their own internment. The only ground on which the application is to be justified is the cosmopolitan character of modern finance, which knows neither country nor patriotism. Every shilling subscribed in England or America for the building of Russia's strategic lines in Asia will be used against them. The spirit in which that portion of the Russian government which is hostile to Anglo-Saxon development administers the affairs of the interior of the empire and will administer the far east, is shown in the arrest and exile of thousands of students, and in the closing of nearly all the principal universities and colleges in Russia.

The Life of Japan.

The better class of Japanese do not live in the treaty ports of Japan, which are frequented by the casual traveler. Life in these towns is so different from the real life of Japan that it is impossible to get an idea of the country from them.

Growth of Vesuvius.

The habit of smoking does not seem to affect Vesuvius as it does the small boy, by stunting his growth, for the old veteran has added 150 feet to his stature within the past year.

SPANISH MASHERS.

Their Dazzling Effrontery on the Principal Thoroughfares of Spain's Cities.

Madrid streets are by no means altogether delectable. Some are broad and well kept, but others are narrow, dirty and malodorous. Worst of all, to my own thinking, is the Madrid stare, which, hardly less offensive than the Paris stare, is more universal, says a Madrid correspondent of the New York Times. It is amusing to see how fearlessly a maiden of 18 years sallies forth alone, while many Madrid spinsters of 50 would not go to a block unattended.

"But why do you mind?" said a high-bred Madrid lady to me with a puzzled look. "Men have their own heads full of this silliness and they suppose women are as foolish as themselves. They are much more careful, too, with foreigners than with us." Another lady, who, under stress of family misfortune, was taking a few boarders, told me that she had never received Spanish gentlemen because of her daughters.

"Foreign gentlemen, the Germans, English and Americans whom I have had here," she said, "are very strange about that, but it is much nicer. They treat the girls as friends and show the same respect the last day as the first. Of Spaniards that couldn't be expected. Our young men are all for loveliness and such nonsense. And my daughters have no father or brothers to protect them."

"That very fact ought to be their perfect protection with gentlemen," I said. "Oh, Spaniards are gentlemen," she loyally hastened to declare. "They are the most gallant gentlemen in the world. The trouble is they are a little too gallant."

Madrid is better than the cities of Andalusia and worse than the cities of northern Spain in its treatment of women. A young Spanish girl cannot walk alone, however sedately, in Seville, without a running fire of salutations: "Oh, the pretty face!" "What cheeks of roses!" "Blessed be thy mother!" "Give me a little smile!" And even in Madrid Spanish girls of my acquaintance have broken their fans across the faces of men who tried to snatch a kiss in passing.

A COSTLY DRESS.

To Be Composed Exclusively of Precious Stones and Precious Metals.

Of course it comes from Paris—the home of strangely extravagant ideas. A young lady of noble family is determined to get up a costume far more gorgeous than any ever before worn by women. She is now having the designs made according to her notions. She was acquainted with the theory that added brilliancy is given to jewels by the sheen of a healthy skin, having often noticed the fact that diamonds and pearls flash most brightly on shining necks and shoulders. She has, therefore, given orders for an entire costume to be made of nothing but precious stones and precious metals, says the New York Herald.

The pearls, diamonds and rubies are to be so set that they will be in immediate contact with the wearer's skin. The lower part of the costume will be almost solid, the gold and silver being beaten very thin, so as to be extremely pliable and light. The arms, hands, feet, neck and shoulders are to be almost covered with loops of pearls, stars of diamonds, and rings of all kinds. The breast will shine with stars and crescents of rubies, emeralds and diamonds. The rest of the body will be covered with pliable bands of woven gold, on which jewels will glisten like dew-drops.

Many of the brilliants will be purchased in the rough and cut into the shapes which best accord with the places in which they are to be set. That the costume when finished will cost a large fortune goes without saying.

PERHAPS NOT FRAGRANT.

How Some Onions That Had Gone to Seed Created a Mild Sensation.

A bicycling party was pursuing its leisurely way along a delightful country road the other day, when it came to a particularly well-kept kitchen garden. A patch of most interesting growing things ran beside the fence for a distance of 40 feet. There were innumerable stalks bearing aloft globes of 20 different exquisite shades of grayish green and grayish purple, which were so striking that the party dismounted with one accord, says the Philadelphia American.

"How decorative!" said one of the men.

"What lovely color!" said one of the girls.

"They would do to paint," said the artist.

"Won't you please tell us what those beautiful things are?" asked the girl.

The gardener glanced around in amazement, and then simply said: "Which?"

"Why, these things growing along the fence here. I never saw anything like them."

A pitying smile spread slowly over the gardener's features.

"Them?" he answered with a chuckle. "Them's onions gone to seed."

An Architect's Symbolic Jewel.

According to the Evening Post, the architect of the new palace of the reichstag has given evidence of originality in the symbols he has devised for the "Aye" and "No" lobbies, says the London Globe. Above the door of the "Aye" lobby there is a mosaic in wood representing leaping sheep and above the "No" door is a cabbage. Finally above the reporters' door is a duck ("canard")—an emblem which has the same significance at Berlin as at Paris and in London.

TENOR MADE A BIG HIT.

He Couldn't Understand Why an Audience Laughed at His Love Song.

The tenor of a local concert company made the hit of his life recently. It was at an entertainment in a town within 100 miles of Chicago, and it is safe to say that the tenor's voice will never be heard in that place again, says the Inter Ocean.

He is tall and angular, built rather on the fence-rail plan of architecture, and is, without, rather excessively dignified. On this occasion he had been entrusted with the duty of "opening the ball" with a comic solo. Although comedy is not exactly the tenor's strongest hold, he found this time before he had fairly commenced that he had the large audience with him, and he sailed in and did his best.

From start to finish he was greeted with applause—and at the end of the verse there was such a storm of laughter, hand-clapping and even cheers that the singer felt obliged to respond to the encore.

As soon as he could make himself heard he essayed a love song, but before he had sung ten words the laughter broke out afresh. In vain he threw his soul into the tender words. It was no go, and the hilarity of the audience increased until at the close of the first verse he rushed bewildered and furious from the stage, amid an uproar greater than before.

Behind the scenes he found the other members of the company speechless with laughter, and it was several minutes before they were able to elucidate the cause. The tenor, before leaving his hotel, had pinned up the tails of his dress coat to keep them from showing below the bottom of his short summer overcoat, and upon arriving at the hall he had forgotten to unpin them. The spectacle of the coat tails pointing skyward was too much for the risibilities of the audience, and the tenor could not be induced to sing again that night.

AUSTRALIAN CATTLE-RUSH.

When a Stampede Occurs the Very Best of Horsemanship Is Called For.

When a cattle-rush comes in the blackest of the night, among thick-standing, low-limbed trees, with the nature and levels of the country unknown and invisible, to stem it calls for the finest and fiercest quality of the horseman, says a writer in Harper's Magazine. As he dodges, swerves, and clings in the saddle to avoid mutilation from the rushing trees, he must see to it also that the horse shall win to the lead of that thundering multitude beside him, if hands and spur may compass it. And when he does, the maddest of the danger is still to come. The rider's hands must do double duty now as he lets loose the whip and guides the horse as well. The rout must be turned and directed against itself. The horse is dragged inward, the whip hisses and falls; the man, silent until now, opens throat and lungs in the stockman's battle-cry. If the leading cattle swerve and swing away, carrying confusion among the rest, and breaking the directness of the rush, it is the finest moment of the drover's life. As the beasts that come thundering blindly on feel the scorching of the thong on head and flank, and hear the note of man's supremacy that they have feared since branding-time, the eddy spreads.

The blind rush becomes a maelstrom, the maelstrom spreads into eddies of confusion—the clash of horns and huge muttering sounds. Then the herd settles down and spreads out. When the sound arises of big muzzles blowing and nibbling at the grass, the horseman knows that his danger is past. Low down in an embrasure of the woods a white planet burns; it is the herald of the dawn.

HE CERTAINLY WENT.

When the Football Captain Got to Him the Contrary Pupil Hestitated No Longer.

The football squad of a certain educational institution not far from Chicago lined up for practice the other day. These honored young collegians were being taught to fall on the ball, says the Chicago Evening News.

Discipline in football practice is, as is doubtless generally suspected, of an exceedingly strict nature, and therefore after several falls had been made and the players were lined up for another, it was with considerable surprise that a voice from the line was heard announcing: "I don't think I'll go this time!"

It is true that the young man making this assertion was an only child, and one who had been accustomed to having his own way, but he certainly did not understand the situation properly.

The captain looked at him queerly for a second or two.

"Come on," he said, mildly. "No, I don't think I'll try it this time," the voice repeated, decisively.

Just what happened then the rest of the squad will not say. They only smile when asked for further details, and in order not to seem rude to the questioner, usually add: "He certainly went."

This is doubtless true, for it would be far better to shake a red rag at a bull than to say to your superior officer on a football field: "No, I don't think I'll go this time."

The Thrifty Yankee.

The Kennebec Journal tells of a man who catches seals, cuts off the noses and gets the one-dollar bounty offered by the state of Maine, after which he collects the tails and hies himself to Massachusetts, where he collects the bounty offered for the tail of every seal caught in Massachusetts waters. Then he returns to the pine tree state to work the skin into gloves, hats, pocketbooks, etc.