

MINISTER FROM NICARAGUA



Senor Luis Felipe Corea, who has represented Nicaragua at Washington since 1900, is very popular in diplomatic society at the capital. He also represents his country in Mexico. Mr. Corea was a delegate to the recent Central American peace conference held in Washington.

MARRIAGE RECALLED

ALFRED VANDERBILT'S WEDDING MOST GORGEOUS IN AMERICA.

New York Society Discussing Brilliant Nuptials as Result of Divorce Suit—Union Was Genuine Love Match.

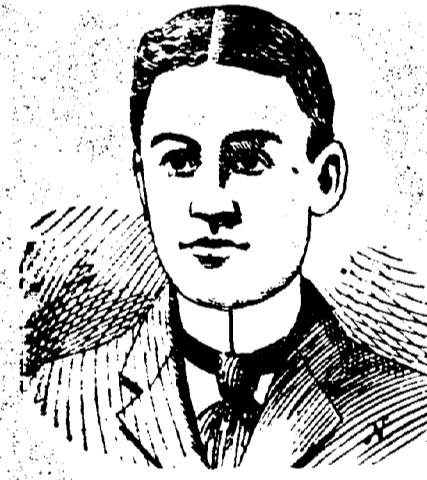
New York.—Society has recovered from the shock of Mrs. Alfred G. Vanderbilt's divorce suit to recall details of her gorgeous wedding at Newport, January 14, 1901.

The marriage was the most brilliant ever held in America. Presents valued at more than a million dollars were given the young couple by their admiring friends, and the cost of the event mounted far up into the thousands.

Aside from the unusual richness of the ceremony, it was notable, society people recall, as a "real love match among the 400." Alfred Vanderbilt really loved Elsie French, and she returned his affection. The marriage was expected to last, but the voice of scandal was heard, and now the former sweethearts are fighting in court for the custody of their child, with sensational charges carefully hidden from the public.

Mrs. Vanderbilt, her acquaintances say, wants to marry again, and that for this reason is hurrying the proceedings.

It is with a feeling akin to sadness that members of the 400 are to-day



Alfred Vanderbilt.

recalling the details of the splendid Newport wedding. The guests went to Newport on special trains to witness the event, and it was the sensation of society for months afterward.

The ceremony took place at noon in the Zabriskie Memorial church, and was attended by about 100 guests, among whom were many of the ultra-fashionable set of New York society.

The wedding gifts were admitted to be the most magnificent ever seen at an American wedding. Mr. Vanderbilt's gift to his bride was a silver box containing securities worth \$3,700,000. William K. Vanderbilt, Sr., gave to his new relative a collarette of diamonds of unusual brilliance and size, the central stone of which weighs six carats and is considered a gem of rare value. It was selected by experts from among the great stock of diamonds in the market of Amsterdam. The collar was fashioned by the most skilled artists of the old world. This ornament is certainly the prettiest among the many costly gifts received by the bride.

Mrs. Cornelius gave to her daughter-in-law a superb tiara of the most striking beauty. Every stone used in its manufacture is very valuable and as near perfection as it was possible to obtain. A unique brooch of precious stones is the gift of Lord Chylesmere, the brother of Gen. Eaton, who is the husband of the bride's sister.

For many days decorators were busy getting Harbor View ready for the reception and the breakfast. The interior of the house was arranged in a variety of colors, and the plants and flowers were so distributed as to im-

itate the arrangements of an old English rose garden. Under a canopy of golden gate roses Mr. and Mrs. Vanderbilt received their friends in the large hall of the French home. Fire-places were filled with roses and hanging baskets were seen in most unexpected places. The well-lighted rooms and the glowing sun outside gave the house the appearance of a garden in June.

The marriage would have taken place sooner were it not for the objection of Cornelius Vanderbilt, Alfred's father. Having made the young man his principal heir because of the marriage of Cornelius, Jr., to Grace Wilson against his wishes, the father was especially interested in Alfred's marriage.

Alfred had known Elsie French ever since the two were children. The girl had been his playmate and friend for years, and it was while he was a student in Yale that Alfred decided he was in love with Elsie and would marry her. It was his desire that the wedding should take place immediately after his graduation, and he told his father so. But Mr. Vanderbilt appealed to his son's reason and pointed out the unwisdom of such proceeding. The boy's choice was fully approved by his father, and all Mr. Vanderbilt cared to do was to ascertain if the young people really cared enough for each other to warrant a marriage contract. He told Alfred that he would give his consent if the young man would agree to take a tour around the world before the marriage.

Alfred consented somewhat reluctantly. His party left New York July 6, 1899, and, after visiting the Pacific coast and the Alaskan glaciers, went to Japan, where the further progress of the journey was checked by the news of Cornelius Vanderbilt's death.

When the will of Cornelius Vanderbilt was opened it was found that he left the bulk of his estate to Alfred, while to his eldest living son he gave a share similar to that bequeathed to other heirs. These provisions were objected to by Cornelius, and Alfred consented to compromise by giving \$5,000,000 to his elder brother.

The entire sum bequeathed to Alfred Gwynne Vanderbilt was \$14,500,000.

DEATH ENDED THIS ROMANCE.

Deathbed Marriage Recalled by Filing of Papers.

Los Angeles, Cal.—The filing of a petition in Oakland asking that Superior Judge William H. Waste be named as special administrator of the estate of the late Eugene S. Beadles, recalls a sad romance that culminated with a deathbed marriage in Berkeley, December 24, 1907, and was followed four days later by the death of the groom. The marriage is believed to have nullified the will left by the deceased.

Eugene Beadles was a member of a prominent Mississippi family, with relatives residing at Big Creek, Glendora, Coffeeville and Stonewall. Ten years ago he came to San Diego because of ill health and there met Miss Marion Baker, a pretty young resident of the border town. There came a romance, but ill health prevented a marriage, and for nine years the couple loved, but were not wedded. Two years ago Beadles came to Berkeley and established a home. His health continued to grow worse and the day before last Christmas his physicians informed him he could live only a few days. Then he asked that Miss Baker become his wife, and on December 24, while Beadles was hovering near death, she became his wife. He died four days later.

About a year before Beadles had made a will in which he left a certain amount of property and some money to Miss Baker. He gave the bulk of his estate to his father and mother and other relatives living in Mississippi. Owing to the fact that the marriage was solemnized after the will was executed, the will is nullified. The estate is worth about \$30,000 and consists of property in Berkeley and Kern county.

NOVEL HEADSTONE FOR DANNY.

Washstand's Marble Top Seemed Just the Thing to Mary, the Cook.

The cook was very new and very Irish. This is a fact which cannot be got over, declares a writer in the Craftsman. From this central fact he cannot travel far. I don't care whether it is an individual or a class, the life which is far removed from this becomes corrupt, shriveled and diseased. You may explain it how you like, but it is so. Administrative work has to be done in a nation as well as productive work; but it must be done by men accustomed to manual labor, who have the healthy decision and primitive authentic judgment which comes of that, else it cannot be done well. In the new form of society which is slowly advancing upon us, this will be felt more than now. The higher the position of trust a man occupies, the more will it be thought important that, at some period of his life, he should have been thoroughly inured to manual work; this not only on account of the physical and moral robustness implied by it, but equally because it will be seen to be impossible for anyone, without this experience of what is the very flesh and blood of national life, to promote the good health of the nation, or to understand the conditions under which the people live whom he has to serve.

All of which is not fiction but truth, and it happened in the suburbs of the borough across the big bridge.—N. Y. Sun.

"Wud yea mind, mum," she said, "if Ot tuk th' bit of marble?"

"Why, what do you want with it?" asked the mistress.

"Sure, mum," said Mary, "I would be after making a fine headstone for me dead Danny—that's me husband, mum, who died a year ago."

Well, Mary got the marble slab and she found a stone-cutter, friend of Danny's who carved an appropriate inscription rather crudely, and the novel stone was set up at the head of Danny's grave.

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WARNS FOLLOWERS OF DANGER.

Responsibility Assumed by Leader of Band of Apes.

Apes know how to face danger or to avoid it by flight, and they also try to foresee it and avoid exposing themselves to it. A troop of apes, it has been found, generally give the leadership to one of their strongest and most experienced members, who takes a great deal of trouble for the security of his subjects and does not abuse the authority which he possesses. Always at the head, he leaps from branch to branch, and the band follows him. Every now and then he scales a tall tree and from this height carefully scans the neighborhood roundabout. If he discovers nothing to arouse his suspicions, a long, deep grunt so informs his waiting companions. If, however, he perceives some danger, he warns them by a cry, and all draw in, ready to follow him in his retreat, which he directs in the same way in which he guided the forward march.

Island's Abnormal Climate.

Of the abnormal climate of Kodiak island, Alaska, a writer says: "In spite of its situation in such high latitudes we find here what may well be described as 'the parting of the ways' between the arctic and more temperate regions. For, thanks to the moderating influence of the Japanese current which flows along its southern coast, Kodiak is favored with climatic conditions such as are unknown even in places a few miles north or east of it on the mainland of Alaska. So pronounced is the demarcation line that even on the island itself a traveler in summer will suddenly emerge from amid forests and vegetation of almost tropical luxuriance into a barren, desolate land of silence, where lofty snow-capped mountains tower aloft, brooding, as it were, over the past terrors of an arctic winter, which will soon descend once more, enveloping them in its icy grip."

South Carolina Cork Tree.

There is a cork tree in Fairfield county, The Enquirer had never heard of such a thing in this state before, but the tree is certainly there and it is a whooper, three feet through.

W. W. Blair of Blairville brought into the Enquirer's office a specimen from the cork tree, a section of bark several inches long and an inch and a half through. It looks like good commercial cork. Mr. Blair said that from the best information he could get the tree was set out about 1850 or a few years before by a man named Youngville.

The bark has been stripped from the tree from time to time for quite a distance up. The tree is an evergreen and very beautiful.—Yorkville Enquirer.

Dress of Japanese Noblewoman.

When she gets past 25 years of age the Japanese noblewoman lays aside bright colors and brilliant effects and wears a dark brown or dark blue kimono. This is always of the richest material, however, and always the family crest is embroidered on neck, shoulders and sleeves. Sometimes during this period a simple design of storks or cranes or a mountain with clouds around it will be embroidered around the bottom of the kimono. Bright colors are absolutely forbidden to the Japanese lady of quality after passing her twenty-fifth birthday. Since she is usually a grandmother about this time, or very shortly afterward, the deprivation is not as great as a westerner would think.

Always Getting Stuck.

Stubb—What is Coggswood doing since he bought his new automobile? Penn—Following the horses. Stubb—Ah, playing the races, eh? Penn—No, following the farm horses that tow his machine to town every time it breaks down.

A High Aim.

"To what do you attribute your success as a monarch?" "After a moment's thought the European ruler replied: "Largely to bad marksmanship."—Washington Star.

MUST WORK WITH THE HANDS.

Writer Points Out Value of Manual Labor to Society.

"Man is made to work with his hands. This is a fact which cannot be got over, declares a writer in the Craftsman. From this central fact he cannot travel far. I don't care whether it is an individual or a class, the life which is far removed from this becomes corrupt, shriveled and diseased. You may explain it how you like, but it is so. Administrative work has to be done in a nation as well as productive work; but it must be done by men accustomed to manual labor, who have the healthy decision and primitive authentic judgment which comes of that, else it cannot be done well. In the new form of society which is slowly advancing upon us, this will be felt more than now. The higher the position of trust a man occupies, the more will it be thought important that, at some period of his life, he should have been thoroughly inured to manual work; this not only on account of the physical and moral robustness implied by it, but equally because it will be seen to be impossible for anyone, without this experience of what is the very flesh and blood of national life, to promote the good health of the nation, or to understand the conditions under which the people live whom he has to serve."

PERSIAN SHAH'S NEW MASCOT.

Boy Takes Place of Black Cat as Luck-Bringer to Monarch.

This curious title has quite as curious a story, for it concerns the "mascot" of the late shah of Persia.

Nasr-ed-din was an intensely superstitious man and believed that his luck lay in his beautiful black Persian cat, which was a remarkably handsome cat in a land where cats are nearly all handsome. The shah never allowed the black cat to be away from him, and it was given in charge of one of his wives, Amin Agdas, who was styled "The Wife of the Cat."

When the shah went on his long shooting expeditions the Persian cat was put into a decorated basket and carried by a special attendant directly behind his master. Unluckily one day an accident occurred and the black cat came to an untimely end. The shah was in despair at the loss of his luck-bringer, but the clever "Wife of the Cat" exerted her influence and brought her nephew under the shah's notice, says Hunt Notes. The lad was sharp enough to make the most of an accident (planned by his aunt) and save the shah's life, and the monarch was so pleased that he gave the boy the name of "The Cherished of the Sovereign" and installed the new luck-bringer.

Everyday Placism.

Walt Whitman, the poet, had a plain, true word to say, which every sort of man, including those who deny to him the appellation "poet," may accept: "There is no trade or employment but the young man following it may become a hero." A great many people have the notion that romance is a thing of the dim and distant past, with which present-day people have no sort of concern; that the tragic and the wonderful, the heroic, the glorious, the beautiful in life are to be sought and found only in some distant era; that exalted virtue and greatness of soul are things to read about, and that the opportunity to display and emulate the highly prized qualities that ennoble and lift up men and women only comes to certain favored peoples in romantic ages, remote from the actual living present and far distant from the country and clime in which they live.

London's Shabby People.

Let the reader keep his eyes open as he walks about London, and he will see on every side of him the broken soldiers of this innumerable army. The old journalist, the old clerk, the old actor, the old shopman, the old nondescript of those odd and multifarious employments whose very names are unknown to most of us—there they go, pensionless, comfortless, and homeless, living on the gratuities of their children, and seeking in chance employments to earn a casual sixpence for their hunger. The common lodging-houses, the miserable garrets in court and alley, and the cheap bedrooms in small suburban streets are always full of London's shabby people.—The Strand Magazine.

Sad Lives of Indian Women.

Voluntary immolation on the funeral pyre of her husband was of frequent occurrence in India before Lord William Bentinck's suppression of it. In olden times the tendency of thought and feeling gave an impetus to the doing of such deeds. This devotion to the departed husband is not confined to the widow only. It is expected of the wife, in circumstances of unnatural conduct on the part of the living husband. No man spurn her; still she should not only bow to her lord without a demur, but be loyal to him.

Picture Made by Lightning.

A log of mahogany which has been sawn through at Belfast, Ireland, was found to contain right through a very clearly defined "photograph" of a small deer and a large animal running.

The "photograph" was probably transmitted by lightning during a storm and the pictures must have been taken a long time ago, as the log, being four feet in diameter, is an exceedingly old one.

Every plank on the log right through shows the images clearly.

GOOD, BUT FAIL TO WIN LOVE.

Why Man of Sterling Worth is Seldom a Favorite of Women.

"A man who lacks popularity among women are prone to say it is because we are attracted by the worst side of man's nature," remarked a matron who thinks. "The man who knows himself to be steady and loyal above small weaknesses is likely to become rooted in that belief when he sees men he knows to be below him in worth walk off with the matrimonial prizes. He thinks the woman who marries a wild chap does so because of the wildness. It's in spite of it. The chances are that the wild young man takes pains to make himself agreeable to women. He studies their likes and dislikes and always professes, whether he feels it or doesn't, profound interest in their health, their whims, the fit and fashion of their clothes and even the welfare of their pet dogs. Now, the man of sterling worth, as he likes to be called, will not condescend to court favor in those little ways. He is convinced he would make a good husband for any woman. He knows he is honorable, industrious and purposeful, and he thinks those qualities ought to suffice. But they don't. And the woman, repelled by his indifference to her in tiny things, turns to the microscope devotion of the other, forgiving his wildness for the sake of his charm."

PROPER JUDGMENT OF MANKIND.

Not by Weaknesses, but by Positive Good Achieved.

When we reflect that life itself, considered in its physical manifestations, is a process of oxidation; that we remember that the nerves of those who accomplish most for others are inevitably the most fretted by the corrosion of the chemical reactions which make possible the activities of physical existence; when we know that under the calm or phlegmatic exterior of men of great achievement there is the latent consciousness of the sum of all the suffering it has cost them, we cannot afford to judge them by their weaknesses. The man who, however blind, follows at his own expense, the impulses of his sense of duty, is to be judged by the positive good he has achieved—not by his negativities. When we do consider these things, when we judge the evil in the greatest and strongest nature by the consciousness of the evil in our own, we can better understand why after such self-judgment, Lincoln, aware of the force of a period of affliction, should continually repeat: "Oh, why should the spirit of mortal be proud?"—William Vincent Byars.

Where Eau-de-Cologne is Made.

Cologne's toilet water industry was established in the beginning of the seventeenth century. At that time the city numbered about 50,000 inhabitants, while the present population is 450,000. The inventor of toilet water (eau de Cologne) was Paul Farnesin and Maria Clementine, a Catholic nun. They began on a small scale, with few persons employed, whom they did not initiate into the secrets of the whole process, the last and most important mixture being made by the inventors themselves. Paul Farnesin left the secret with the Farnesin family, while the nun bequeathed the secret to one Peter Schaeber, who had been her assistant for many years. Both families still carry on the business and are the leading manufacturers. There are about 150 manufactories of eau de Cologne in that city, five of them being of importance. They each employ on an average ten men.

Related.

Persons prosaically concerned with the present perhaps lack sympathy with those genealogists whose souls are obsessed with a worship of ancestry. A number of these unregenerated found amusement in the remarks of two club women with a long line of forefathers. The two women were cousins. They were discussing a new acquaintance.

"By the way," said one, "what did Mr. Blank mean by saying he is related to us? How is he related to us? Is it a near relationship?"

"Oh, yes," answered the other in deadly seriousness, "we are both descended from the Plantagenets."

Several heathen nearby actually snickered, but the daughters of the Plantagenets couldn't see anything to laugh at.

How Animals Doctor Themselves.

Man might often take from the lower animals a lesson as to the care of himself when ill. All sorts of animals suffering from fever eat little. He quiet in dark, airy places, and drink quantities of water. When a dog loses his appetite he knows where to find chibdent—dog grass—which acts as a purgative and emetic. Sheep and cows when ill seek certain herbs. Any animal suffering from chronic rheumatism keeps as far as possible in the sun. If a chimpanzee be wounded he has been known to stop the bleeding by a plaster of chewed-up leaves and grass.

Old-Time Fountain Pens.

It is a popular fallacy that fountain pens are quite a modern invention. As a matter of fact, an old work of reference published in 1795 contains an illustration of a fountain pen, the appearance of which is very much like those sold at the present time. Its construction, however, was somewhat elaborate and clumsy, the pen consisting of various pieces of metal, which had to be screwed and unscrewed here the pen could be used.—Tit-Bits.

LITTLE WORLD OF THEIR OWN.

Inhabitants of Ascension Island Live in State of Socialism.

Now and then one hears of out of the way places where the conventions of life, as they are understood, do not exist. One of these is where money is useless. This is Ascension island, in the Atlantic.

This island is the property of the British admiralty, and is governed by a captain of the royal navy. There is no private property in land; so there are no rents, taxes, etc. The flocks and herds are public property, and the meat killed is issued in rations. So are the vegetables grown on the farms.

Here, it would seem, is real socialism. When a fisherman makes a catch he brings it to the guard room, where it is issued by the sergeant major. The only private property is fowls and pigeons. Even the wild donkeys are under government control. They are listed on the books of the paymaster, and are handed over at stock taking.

The population consists of a few blue-jackets, a company of marines and some Kroos from Sierra Leone.

There a marine can do anything. The mulattoer is a marine; so are the gardeners, the shepherds, the stockmen, the grocers, the masons, the carpenters, and the plumbers. Even the island trapper, who gets rewards for the tails of rats, is a marine.—Sunday Magazine.

USURPS PLACE OF THE STORK.

Buzzard is Revered by Inhabitants of Pennsylvania Town.

Rather than being about an epidemic of rare suicide in East Nottingham township by keeping imprisoned the famous belted buzzard which acts in the capacity of the leg-endary stork for that community, Samuel Winchester, who captured the bird a few days ago, has decided to set it free, says a correspondent of the Philadelphia Record.

Great numbers of persons have flocked to see the big bird, and its capture aroused great interest throughout the entire township. The buzzard is an unusually large one and is somewhat differently colored from others of its species. It has for years been recognized by a white bell wired to its leg.

For nearly a quarter of a century its hovering over a farmhouse has been regarded as an infallible sign that there was to be an addition to the family. Mothers instead of telling their children of the stork's visit informed them that the belted buzzard was the bearer of the little one. People have been trying to capture it for years, but no one ever succeeded until it fell into Mr. Winchester's hands.

Light of the Moon.

The light of the moon has been determined by the appropriate means of a selenium cell. The selenium cell, which, as is well known, discloses a varying electric resistance according to the amount of light thrown on it, has been generally used in light telephony (and in Kern's transmission of photographs to a distance). It is not entirely trustworthy, because of the differing color sensibility of various cells, but the values it gave of the moon's illuminating power have a distinct value and interest. As determined by this method, the light of the full moon is 21 of a standard candlepower, or rather more than one-fifth that of a candlepower. The full moon gives us approximately nine times as much light as the half moon, and the gibbous disc is brighter before than after full moon. The selenium cell was sufficiently accurate and sensitive to determine the central phase of a lunar eclipse within one minute of the predicted time.

Bostonian Appreciation.

Dr. David Starr Jordan told a story on his last Brooklyn visit of John Muir leading a cultured Bostonian up the mountains that overlook the Yosemite valley. Muir said that he led the Bostonian along dovous ways, so that the great, splendid valley would burst forth on a sudden upon his astonished eyes.

Finally, at a turn of the road the vast, multi-colored panorama was spread out before them. The Bostonian's ejaculation was as sudden as Muir could desire; but it was this: "Well, now, how can we get across that damn gap?"

Burglar Stole Baby.

"I am taking away your baby which you will have to buy back, as I found neither jewels nor money in your house," ran a note left by a burglar who visited a house at Fribourg, Switzerland. The child had been left in charge of a maid, who had gone out while the infant slept. The burglar was met in the street by the maid, who, recognizing the baby, gave the alarm. Many joined in the chase, the burglar was caught and thrashed, and the baby restored to the maid.

Should Go as Cook.

"Understand," she said, "that I must have all I want, nothing to do, and nobody to boss me."

With compressed lips the man shook his head.

"My dear young lady," he said, "remember that this is a matrimonial agency, not an employment bureau."

Just So.

"Second thoughts," remarked the moralizer, "are always best."

"That's right," rejoined the demoralizer. "By the time you think them the chap who might have mopped up the sidewalk with you is several blocks away."