

HOLLAND'S GIRL QUEEN. She Is Soon to Be Betrothed to a Prince and, Before Long, Married.

The momentous theme of interest in Holland to-day is the coming marriage of Holland's young Queen, Wilhelmina. She will soon be formally betrothed to Prince Bernhard Henry, her second cousin, and a grandson of the Grand Duke of Saxony.

The young couple are related through the Grand Duke's wife, who was the sister of King William III, of Holland, and who is, therefore, not only the young Queen's aunt, but also the aunt of the young Prince. Should Wilhelmina die without issue the Grand Duke's wife or her eldest male descendant would become the sovereign of Holland.

The people of Holland love their young Queen. They love her for her character and courage, for her disposition and her personality, and everything she stands for in the history of the nation. She is the last heir of a great dynasty. On her the patriotism of the land is centered. Thirty-three million people place their hope in her.

It is she who must keep alive the succession to the line of sovereigns who have maintained inviolate the independence of their country. They know that her death without heirs would place upon the throne the Grand Duke of Saxony.

That accession would put an end to Holland's political and commercial independence. The Grand Duke is seventy years of age. Her husband, a Prussian of the Prussians, is a pillar of the German Empire. No petty sovereign has more influence on the national affairs of Germany than the Grand Duke of Saxony. Under his rule in a brief period Holland would become a fact of a part of the German Empire, and the Hollanders, knowing this, love their young Queen all the more.

Wilhelmina is sixteen years of age. Her father was the notoriously dissolute King William III. His scandals were the talk of the world. He had his favorites. They were known and pointed out by every one. His obscurities he gloated over. He was proud of them. He went to the music halls to applaud the singers who referred to them. He had no soul, no conscience, no sense of private honor or of public decency. He was vile, licentious and lecherous, and at sixty-two this rone fell in love. Princess Helen of Waldeck-Pyrmont, twenty-two years of age, merely laughed at his advances. But Princess Emma, her sister, said reproachfully to her: "Telen, I should never refuse to dance with you."

When the speaker asked: "Since you believe your sister was wrong, would you accept me?"

The answer was satisfactory, and before the year was over the old King and the young Princess were married. This was in 1879. On August 31, 1880, Wilhelmina was born. Ten years later William died. Wilhelmina in 1890, at eleven years of age, became the Queen of Holland, and her mother, the Princess Emma, became Queen Regent.

The widowed Queen Emma, though but thirty years of age at the time of her husband's death, has ably acquitted herself of her high duties. As Queen Regent her power was practically unlimited. That power taught her responsibility, and made her a strong, capable and efficient woman. Upon her she devolved the education of Wilhelmina.

"I wish to make her something better than a strong woman," she often remarked. "I wish to make her a king."

Wilhelmina's first governess was a French lady and until her fourth year she conversed in no other language. Then she was taught the other languages. An English governess, Miss Winter, is at present conducting the young queen's education. Wilhelmina has almost from her cradle given evidence of her strong will and courage. Many anecdotes illustrating both are current in Holland. In 1893 the German Emperor made a formal visit to Holland. The Queen insisted that she should attend the banquet given in his honor. This, of course, could not be thought of for a moment. Her mother told her so.

"You are too young," she said: "you must go to bed."

This the young Queen refused to do. Her mother had to conduct her to her bedroom, but before leaving her the Queen begged her to listen to her and tell the Dutch people how you abuse their Queen."

But, of course, Wilhelmina did nothing so dramatic as that. The next day she asked her mother's pardon.

Miss Winter, the English governess, could tell some interesting stories of her royal pupil's independent spirit. Her relations are at times, of course, slightly strained. On one of these occasions Miss Winter, to punish the Queen, ordered her to draw a map of Europe. Wilhelmina sought revenge by drawing Holland of heroic proportions and making Great Britain appear as a very little black dot upon the map.

Wilhelmina is specially beloved by the farming and poorer classes of Holland, and she returns her gratitude in a picturesque and pretty way. She wears the cap, or headpiece, of the common people. This headpiece is an heirloom in every Dutch family. For five hundred years to wear the cap has been regarded as a national custom.

The general form of the cap is similar in all parts of Holland, but the different provinces have from time to time made slight changes in it, and these changes are now, through long usage, distinctive of the province in which they were made. The cap is always made of white lace, and for this purpose the well-to-do purchase the most expensive lace they can procure. The very poor people sometimes, through carelessness, make the cap of blue material, but even they are careful to trim it with lace. The cap, drawn tightly around the forehead and at the back of the head, fits closely, much like a skull cap, and the cap in most general use has attached to it a flowing piece of lace, which, falling over the shoulders and back, reaches in some cases to the waist.

In some provinces, however, this "back-piece," as it is called, does not fall lower than the shoulders.

Beneath the lace cap a thin plate of gold, which fits closely around the head, is worn. This plate of gold has a narrow opening at the back, which permits the free circulation of air.

In many cases a band of gold is worn around the forehead, and sometimes this band is studded with diamonds.

The Dutch are the only people on earth whose women adhere to an unchanging fashion in the dressing of the hair. Instead of utilizing the hair to magnify the stature by piling it up in elaborate coiffures upon the top of the head, the women of Holland for five hundred years have plastered their hair down close to the skull. The effect of this has been to throw the face into greater prominence.

Closely fitting to the head, the white lace or linen cap makes a strong contrast with their ruddy skins. The simplicity of this headpiece is relieved by enormous ornaments of gold and silver on either side of the cap.

Among the upper classes these take the form of large silver plates of filigree work, one placed over either ear. A commoner custom, however, is to employ gold or silver wire in a big corkswear form in either ear.

The girls of Haarlem, Mariken and Zeeland are to be met in the streets wearing these curious metal ornaments, which are handed down from mother to daughter as heirlooms for generations. In Frisia the girls wear a cap that entirely covers the ears, having a piece of silver filigree over either temple. At Friesland, in Holland, the women wear a cap that comes in two pieces, reaching from under the ears to the top of the forehead, and held together by a little strap that passes across the forehead.

A young Dutch bride wears a cap that is somewhat more elaborate. It entirely covers her hair, and is made wholly of delicate lace, if the family wealth permit, being in any event trimmed with lace, no matter how poor her folks may be.

This cap comes to a point at the top. Two enormous flaps stick out from either side, being held at the temples by clasps of gold or silver.

These clasps are a present from the mother of the bride, who in turn gives them to her daughter upon her wedding day. They form the most precious of the family possessions.

Upon every formal occasion the Dutch women proudly wear these clasps in their headpieces. So pious and conservative are the Dutch that even the wives of the richest burgomasters strictly adhere to the national dress, and rarely venture to introduce any modern novelty. For this reason Holland preserves to-day a more distinctive national dress than any other nation, and the Queen, in order to find favor with her subjects, is careful to wear the garb that has been endeared to them by many centuries of tradition and usage.

The gold and silver ornaments for the headpiece of the Queen are preserved among the crown jewels as property of the nation. In addition to this, Wilhelmina has had some new ones made by the best jewellers of Amsterdam, taking care, however, not to depart too radically from traditional designs. When she wears the cap which so delights her subjects, she inserts on either side gold filigree ornaments bearing the letters "W." surmounted by a royal crown in jewels. Except for the costliness of these ornaments, the headpiece of the Queen is almost precisely the same as that of the average Dutch woman.

The poorer classes instead of the closely fitting gold cap, wear one of silver, but the cap is never worn by rich or poor without the ornaments of gold or silver. On each side of the cap, directly over the temples, another gold ornament is worn. These ornaments are known as "books." These ornaments take the form of an open book. In some provinces, however, these ornaments are circular in form.

The cap is worn at present only in the country districts. The city people rarely wear it. But Wilhelmina, the young Queen, wears the cap often as a delicate tribute to the common people whom she loves.

HADAN OSTRICH STOMACH
Thirty-seven Different Articles, Including a Fork, Spoons and Nails, Swallowed by a Woman.

The popular belief that the ostrich's stomach was supposed to be that of the human has been disproved by a woman who lives in Yalta, not far from the Black Sea. She has been, it seems, in the habit of swallowing everything to which she happened to take a fancy, and as a result was sent to the hospital in Odessa.

There it was found an operation was necessary, so the doctors examined the contents of her stomach. They found thirty-seven different articles, including a fork, a piece of iron, two small spoons, a needle, a piece of lace, two nails, four bits of glass, eight buttons, a key, etc. The operation was completely successful. The different articles taken from the stomach of the patient are exhibited in a room of the hospital, and attract enormous crowds. The doctors declare that most of the objects must have been in the stomach for months.

A TINY NATION IS TO VOTE.

Smallest Republic in the World on the 'Eve of a Presidential Election.

By a strange coincidence, at the very moment when the republic of the United States for the next four years is being battled for another Presidential contest is starting, the smallest republic in the world is looking around for a new Chief Magistrate, and, though no questions of "standards" or "financial planks" are raised, the fight promises to be just as exciting. Tavolara, the little republic, is outnumbered a million and a half to one by the American Commonwealth, its population being but fifty-five souls, yet its enthusiasm, long bottled up for this occasion, is rising quite as near fever heat. The mightiest and the least of the free governments of the world are passing through the same throes.

In one way the Presidential election of the United States is a far greater event to the tiny republic. No war or revolution has ever touched it; no foreign power has ever laid its hand upon it; yet it has passed through the stages of monarchy into those of free government. Sixty years ago it was part of the kingdom of Sardinia, then an independent nation under the rule of Charles Albert. That monarch gave the island outright to the Bartolomei family late

THE YOUNG QUEEN OF HOLLAND AND THE QUIANT NATIONAL HEAD-DRESS.



Tavolara has even more of interest about it. All of the people within its boundaries are taking part. Woman suffrage is one of the foundation stones of its government, and every petticoated being there has a vote to cast. It would not be out of the question, in fact, for a woman to be elected President, though altogether unlikely. Yet the miniature constitution does not prohibit it, and by the time our next President is determined upon there may be a sister Chief Executive already settled at Tavolara.

Lost to the world, to all intents and purposes, because of its isolation from the haunts and routes of commerce and tourists, is this tiny republic. Not only is it the smallest republic on the face of the earth; it is the smallest government of any kind as well. San Marino on the eastern hills of Italy, overlooking the Adriatic, generally considered to be the tiniest republic, is, with its 8,000 inhabitants, a great nation beside Tavolara. San Marino, too, has thirty-three square miles of territory, while Tavolara is but five miles long and half a mile broad.

It lies on the northeast coast of Sardinia, an island a dozen miles or so from the mainland, lapped by the blue waters of the classic Tyrrhenian Sea. On the Italian maps it is shown as Isola di Tavolara, and the only time the outside world ever regard it is when the lookout on some little trading vessel sees at night the gleam of the lighthouse on its eastern end. And this is seldom, for this corner of the Mediterranean is at all times deserted. Sardinia's days of glory and active commerce are long since past, and whatever trade comes to her now collects at Cagliari and Alghero.

Away from these towns, and up at her northeast corner especially, Sardinia is still in the thirties, and that Sardinian house set up at once a miniature kingdom, with thirty to forty subjects, the smallest the world has ever known. Sardinia kept on in her course, never disturbing this pocket edition of a nation. Years went by, Sardinia was merged into the kingdom of Italy and in 1870 Italy was unified and made a powerful state; territory after territory was gathered in, San Marino, though nominally keeping her independence, having to recognize the Italian power in some degree, but little Tavolara, under her Bartolomei kings, remained as free as air.

It would be a kingdom to-day had not one of the most curious events in all the annals of history taken place. In 1882 King Paul I. was on the little throne, and, much to the horror of his people, he was found one day late in that year dead in his armchair. On a table before him, spread out, the ink of the signature hardly yet dry, and the penholder he had used still in the clench of his fingers, lay his last will and testament.

This will was a unique document. It took no heed of legacies or bequests, but simply stated that he, the King, head and last of the Bartolomei family, gave the island to the people, to be made a republic forever. It was not until two years later, however, that the republic was actually formed. It took that time for the fishermen, unacquainted with government and law, to draw up a constitution and statutes. But once made, these have been so satisfactory that they have never been altered in the slightest degree.

This is the miniature republic's third Presidential contest, and it bids fair to be more exciting than either of its predecessors, for there are two candidates in the field.

and uncultivated, a region of forests and primitive people. The best hunting in all Europe is to be found there to-day, and what villages there are have not changed a whit in the past five hundred years. The old customs of the inhabitants—the Sardes, as they are called—continue to be preserved, and, cut off from the world of travel and trade, these people still keep up modes of life closely resembling those of the ancient Greeks. As some stray tourist has said: "They are like the people in Homer and the Bible in all their ways."

If this is the case with the Sardes on the northeastern end of the mainland of Sardinia, it is much more so with the men and women of Tavolara, whom no traveler ever visits, and who are as far away from the world as if they were some little, savage nation on a desolate island of the South Sea. They are a republic of fishermen and farmers, fishing being the main industry and little of the land being cultivated. Not much of it is fit for cultivation, in fact, as it is, for the most part, high, rocky tableland, rising steeply from the sea, the wild goats for which the island was famous a century ago continuing to browse and disport themselves as freely as ever and without restraint.

Romantic in the extreme is the history of this tiny republic. No war or revolution has ever touched it; no foreign power has ever laid its hand upon it; yet it has passed through the stages of monarchy into those of free government. Sixty years ago it was part of the kingdom of Sardinia, then an independent nation under the rule of Charles Albert. That monarch gave the island outright to the Bartolomei family late

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A GEM WORTH \$3,000,000. The Greatest Diamond Ever Found Has Been Unearthed in South Africa.

The greatest diamond in the world, the most valuable gem ever discovered, is at last to be cut and put on the market. Any lady or gentleman who has an odd \$2,000,000 or \$3,000,000 lying around loose in the house may now acquire this gem as soon as the cutting process is finished.

In the rough the diamond was valued at \$2,500,000. How much the cutting may enhance this valuation or depreciate it only the future can tell. If it falls into the hands of a particularly skillful man he may easily add \$200,000 to it. If, on the other hand, the cutting is unskillfully done \$500,000 may be cut off with equal ease.

The stone has never been out of the hands of the Jager Fontein mine, near Kimberley. It is known as the Jager Fontein Excelsior. From the moment of its discovery up to the present time it has been guarded as carefully as the treasure in the Bank of England.

To make its security all the greater, strict secrecy has been observed as to its exact location. It was first kept under military guard at the syndicate's South African place, and then sent under special escort to London. There it has remained ever since. But, beyond the fact that it is in the city somewhere, no one has been permitted to know anything about it. The secret of its location has been kept by the officers of the company and a few trusted employes.

No effort has heretofore been made for its cutting, because a customer for a two and a half million solitaire is not to be picked up every day. And as the cutting process is very expensive the syndicate did not care to go ahead with the work until there was some prospect of a sale.

It takes an emperor or a king to secure control of such a stone as this, and the emperors and kings of Europe are rather hard up at present. Who it is that has finally promised to take the Jager Fontein Excelsior off the syndicate's hands is not known. It is rumored in London, however, that, like all the other great things in the world, the big diamond is coming to America, that some great American millionaire, who has much more good money

than good sense, is going to enter the lists with the effete monarchs of the old world, who now practically control all the big diamonds.

As to this, however, the syndicate people refuse to say anything, and beyond the fact that the stone is in process of cutting, the officers decline to give information. Compared with the Jager Fontein Excelsior, all the other great stones at present in existence are as hazel nuts to him's eggs.

It weighed when exhumed 69½ carats. Its extreme girth in width was 5½ inches, and its extreme girth in length was 6½ inches. Its greatest length on any one side was 2½ inches, and its greatest width on any one side was 2 inches. Its smallest width was 1½ inches. Altogether it is not unlike a small baseball in size, and in the shirt front of a Sumner hotel clerk it would make a showing that would be simply dazzling, bringing ruin and desolation to all his rivals.

There is only one stone in all the world that is larger than the Jager Fontein Excelsior, and as this other stone is not, in all probability, a diamond at all, it does not count. The "Braganza," as it is known, weighs 1,880 karats. It belongs to the King of Portugal. It was found in Brazil when that country was a Portuguese dependency, and presented to the Crown. It has never taken rank with the great diamonds of the world, because, for reasons of their own, the Kings of Portugal have never permitted it to be examined by experts.

They have simply stated that it was a diamond, and that, as far as they are concerned, settled it. It is not good form to dispute about such trifles with a king, and, therefore, the "Braganza" will probably continue to be classed by the Portuguese monarchs as a diamond, until they take it to a pawnshop, when it will find its proper name and valuation.

A few persons of experience have had a glimpse of the huge stone. Without excep-

tion they have declared it to be not a diamond, but simply a white topaz of high quality.

There are perhaps a half dozen diamonds in the world that will rank with Jager Fontein as among the greatest gems in existence, though none of them approach it in any sense, either in value or size. The Mogul diamond, which is among the Persian crown jewels, weighs 280 karats. It is one of the chief assets of the Shah of Persia, and all sorts of fabulous prices have been offered for it.

Among the British crown jewels is the Kohinoor. This stone has had a most remarkable history, and until it fell into the hands of Queen Victoria caused wars unnumberable. At a date not fixed by history, it was discovered in the Gand mine, near the famous mines of Golconda. In 1526, at the sack of Delhi, by Ala Ed Din, then Sultan of the Mogul dynasty, it fell into the hands of the conquerors, who, it is related, "esteemed it at the sum of the daily maintenance of the whole world."

At this time it weighed 793 karats. The gem passed along from generation to generation, until the Emperor Aurengzeb came to the throne. This old gentleman became infatuated with Western heresies, and concluded that the Mogul in its state of cutting was not fashionable enough to serve for court purposes. So he had a Western lapidary, Borgio by name, take it under contract to cut it according to European ideas. Borgio was highly pleased at the commission, but before he got through he devoutly wished that he might have been drowned before the Emperor ever sent for him. For six months the stone was in the lapidary's hands, and when he had finished his job he returned it with much pride to its royal owner.

It took the Emperor Aurengzeb just three seconds to order the Borgio should be haled in, out, torn limb from limb, have his head cut off and nailed to the city gates by the ears, and to undergo various other equally pleasing and cheerful experiences. In cutting the diamond Borgio had been compelled to reduce it three-quarters in size. That the job was scientifically and artistically done from the lapidary's standpoint cut no figure with the enraged monarch. He wanted the gem trimmed up according to Eastern ideas, but he didn't by any manner of means intend to lose three-quarters of it. He was finally prevailed upon to spare Borgio's life, but got even by confiscating all the property possessed by that unfortunate individual, which was not inconsiderable.

In its reduced form the stone passed along from generation to generation, causing wars and riots innumerable, until, in 1847, the British in the calm way they have appropriated it. Queen Victoria had been then but a few years on the throne, and it was sent to her as a gift "from the Loyal Army in India." It has remained with Her Majesty ever since, and the day has probably passed when it will be ever won again by fighting.

Among the other big gems are the Orloff diamond, the Pitt or Regent, the Shah, the Polar Star, the Mattan, the Florentine, the Sancy and the Hope. Every one of these represents an enormous fortune, and to each is attached a romance that will furnish material for a half-dozen novels. They have all been the cause of wars, rebellions, intrigues and murders without number almost.

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A PRIESTESS AND A FREAK.

The Idol of the Mexican Peons, the Witch of Sonora, Yields to Money's Power.

The high priestess of the peons of Mexico known far and wide as "the Sonora Witch," has become a museum freak.

Men have worshipped her, fought for her, died for her, and many of the living still fear her. But she is a dime museum freak now, just as much as the bearded lady or the human billiard ball.

She is a veritable goddess in the estimation of the Yaqui Indians, and they will do her bidding at any and all times. In fact, it is possible her museum career may be cut short, for it is said the Mexican Government is about to ask her extradition from the United States on the ground that she inspired the recent Yaqui uprising.

Her manager and the person who expects to profit most by her powers of attracting the amble dime is Dr. A. G. Huff, who for several years has been a practicing physician of San Francisco.

Several weeks ago, when the excitement along the Mexican border was at its height, Dr. Huff conceived the idea that the fair Teresa would be a drawing card as a theatrical attraction, and wrote to a friend in Arizona asking him to ascertain whether she could be induced to leave her home to journey to the United States to give the longing populace a chance to see her. Of course this was the only light in which the matter was to be placed before her.

At this time Nogales Custom House, just across the Mexican border, had been attacked by Teresa's followers, seven of them killed, and the Sonora Witch was too busy explaining that she was for peace and not for war and riot to think of leaving her native home. So the negotiations for the time being came to naught.

Dr. Huff was not to be baffled, however, and telegraphed to a friend, a Spanish lawyer at Los Angeles, to go to Mexico and see what could be done toward inducing the woman to change her mind. Apparently he succeeded better than his predecessors, for a few days ago Dr. Huff received word that a bargain had been made and that funds were all that were needed to start her on her way to pecuniary fame and fortune.

To be sure that everything was all right Dr. Huff started at once for Mexico and is now arranging for her tour.

It has not yet been decided whether the mystic Teresa will start her career as a freak in New York or San Francisco, but in any event she will soon be before the footlights as a star attraction. Dr. Huff expects to make a fortune out of his venture, particularly if the fair Teresa proves to have the wonderful powers attributed to her by her followers.

WITH THE KAISER'S BOYS. Their Life is by No Means One of Luxury, for They Work Like Young Trojans.

In the Spartan upbringing of his children the Kaiser rivals his ancestor, Frederick William of Prussia. According to inmates of the imperial household, the life of the royal children of Berlin is not sweetened by hours of inactivity. If the young sons and daughters of wealthy American families were disciplined half so severely these would be a nursery uprising of tremendous strength.

In their years of infancy the young princes have all their wants carefully attended to, and up to the age of nine, life is one grand holiday. But when they have passed their ninth birthday the play scenes and work begins. They are allowed about an hour and a half out of their waking hours for themselves; all the rest of their day is spent in study and physical training. Even in holiday times their tutors accompany them to superintend their studies.

Here is the routine followed: In Summer they are expected to be out of bed at 6 o'clock, and in the Winter an hour later. Breakfast, consisting of one cup of tea and a roll, is served at 7:30. From 8 to 9:30 they are hard at work at lessons, to help the digestion. Then they are supplied with a second breakfast of bread and water thinned with red wine. Immediately afterward they start on their books again, but mental exercise is mingled with physical, and an hour is spent in gymnastics and horse exercise, which last until 1:15. Thereupon they accompany to dinner the military and civil governors of the castle, and, following this, they have a brief breathing time to themselves.

But the happy moments soon pass, and again they are with their instructors, this time science and music, until 6 o'clock. Then supper is served, and by 8 o'clock they are all snug in bed. In sport and other manly exercises they are proficient, and can ride as well without a saddle as most people can with.

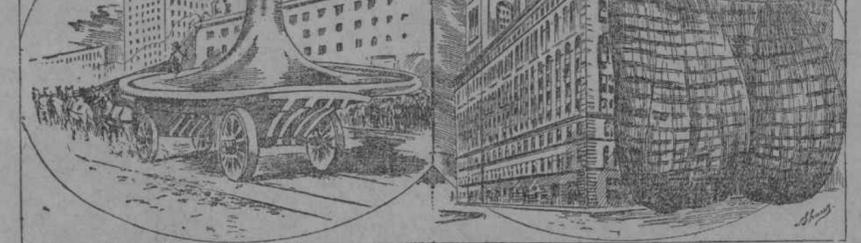
AMERICAN INSTITUTE FAIR

Sixty-fifth Exhibition Will Very Soon Fill Madison Square Garden and Will Be Finer than Ever Before.

From Monday, September 8, until Thursday, October 29, the American Institute Fair will occupy Madison Square Garden with its sixty-fifth exhibition, and it is announced by the director, at the offices of the Institute, No. 113 West Thirty-eighth street, that exhibitors may begin work on the main floor on Wednesday morning, September 23, in order that everything may be in good shape by the opening night.

Already in the machinery hall, which is under the amphitheatre, the shafting is being placed, and the engines will be installed next week and exhibitors in that department may work any time after September 15. The main floor spaces are nearly all taken, and the Board of Managers promise a better show than has been given for years. The concert hall will be used for an exhibition of flowers, fruits and vegetables from October 5 to 24. The meetings of the Farmers' Club and other associations, also an exhibit of homing pigeons, will be given in the assembly room, the birds to be shown for the week ending October 24.

HAS CHICAGO GONE CRAZY?



FROM THE CHICAGO RECORD, SATURDAY, AUG. 29.
What the Chicago people want to know is, what would be the effect if all the bloomers in Chicago were piled together into one gigantic pile of bloomers, to be nailed on the front of the Auditorium Hotel?
If all the hair cut off by Chicago barbers during the fiscal year ending June 1, 1896, could be saved and put into a mattress, what would be the picturesque effect if this mattress were dumped in Madison street to impede travel?
Suppose all the collar buttons in Chicago were made into one collar button, what would be the appearance of this collar button when loaded on a dray? *