

IS A MONSTER DIAMOND.

Latest Addition to World's Great Gems Worth \$5,000,000.

What is said to be the biggest diamond in the world is reposing in a bank in Holborn Viaduct in London.

If, however, it is seen that they mean business, the insurance company is notified, and, according to the American Magazine, a heavy premium is paid by the owner for the removal of the stone from the strong room of the bank.

This gem is twice as big as the biggest egg the biggest hen ever laid, weighs a pound and a third, and is invaluable.

This record stone was not, as might be supposed, sent to Europe in a ship of its own. So prosaic is the civilized commerce of to-day that this vast treasure was merely sealed up in a tin box registered as a postal packet and sent through the mails as though it were a worthless geological specimen.

It was received from South Africa at the London office of the Premier Diamond Mining Company, Limited, and measures were taken at once to insure it for about half its value—say, \$2,500,000.

EVER TRUE TO GREEN ISLE.

Irishman's Patriotism Greater Than His Courtesy.

Stories regarding the various representatives of the British Isles who are frequently made the butt of jokes were the order of the evening at a gathering of Scotchmen at the Fourth Presbyterian Church recently.

"I'd be a Scotchman," replied the Englishman. "What would you be under the same circumstances?" he asked his questioner.

"Not to be outdone in courtesy, and wishing to show his great admiration for his English friend, the Scotchman replied: 'I'd be an Englishman if I couldn't be a Scotchman.'

"Turning to the Irishman, who up to this time had been left out of the conversation, they sought his answer to the same question.

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ICE QUARRIED IN THE ALPS.

Swiss Communes Make Money Shipping Glaciers.

Washington.—Ice quarrying is a new industry that has sprung up in Switzerland, according to a report received here by the consular bureau.

While blasting Alpine glaciers threaten to destroy some of the magnificence of the scenery, Swiss communes are making money granting concessions for quarrying these great masses of ice for distribution in large cities of the continent.

According to the information received here, large sums have been expended constructing ice slides, or V-shaped troughs, in which blocks of ice, often of large size, blasted out of the glacier are transported to the vicinity of the stations for conveyance, in carefully refrigerated cars to Lyon, and other large cities remote from the Alps.

The method of blasting with black powder so as to avoid the discoloration and softening of the ice, and engineering ability displayed in erecting slides and in providing sufficient friction by means of curves to avoid excessive speed in the downward journey of the ice blocks, are spoken of as examples of considerable ingenuity and skill.

Glacier ice, which is perfectly pure and transparent, and which has many qualities greatly appreciated by consumers, commands a higher value than that of the usual kind obtained from the surface of frozen ponds or lakes.

A singular feature in connection with the preparation of the ice for the market is that it has been found necessary to store it several days in special warehouses, formed of a double thickness of boarding with a stratum of sawdust interposed, in order to remove a coating of frosted or non-transparent ice which tends to form on the surface of each block as it leaves the glacier.

MOST ANCIENT APPLE TREES.

Planted by Spaniards in New Mexico, They Borne Fruit 300 Years.

El Paso, Tex.—The oldest apple orchard in America if not in the world is in the center of the ancient town of Manzano, 18 miles southwest of Estancia, Torrance county, New Mexico.

Many of the trees are more than six feet in circumference, but all are still fruitful and vigorous although neglected for generations. Little is known of the history of this orchard, but the oldest inhabitants of the valley of the Rio Grande remember the orchard from childhood and claim that the trees have not changed in appearance since then.

The Estancia valley has been peopled for ages, probably by the kinsmen of the natives found by the Spanish explorers at Gran Quivira, Abo and other ancient cities. Probably in the early days of the Spanish occupation some Franciscan monk found his way to Manzano and there planted the seeds that have developed into these venerable trees. They are no doubt fully 300 years old.

Close by the orchard is a little lake fed by a large spring. A short distance away is a grove of pines and cedars, making an ideal place for picnic and camping parties.

MUST WED, ELSE NO FORTUNE.

Bachelor Uncle Makes Short Stipulation for His Nephew.

Findlay, O.—According to John B. Lowery, of Toledo, he will soon, he hopes, set out for Australia to take possession of \$20,000,000 left to him by an uncle.

Duncan Cameron, the uncle, was a resident of that country and accumulated his money in mines, bank stocks and ships. He died at the age of 90 years. He was a member of parliament and a man of influence, according to the story. He never took a wife and by the terms of the will \$1,000,000 is to be divided among the servants.

One of the provisions of the will is that Lowery is to marry before he receives the legacy, and for that reason he will not consent to have his picture published, fearing an avalanche of letters from many irresponsible women. He will marry as soon as he finds a woman to his liking and will then go to Australia to claim the fortune. He says his wife must be able to maintain the dignity his vast wealth will bring.

Lowery was left an orphan at the age of 11 years and has been making his own way since that time. For years he has operated in the Michigan mining country and owns several mines.

Cadets Are Expert Fencers.

West Point, N. Y.—In the first fencing tourney of the season the cadets defeated Columbia, winning seven of the nine bouts fenced. In the first round Large and Ayers tied, and after they fenced an extra period the judges were still unable to decide. After the other bouts had been fenced Large won this bout in the third period. Dwyer won Columbia's other bout from Halabrid in an extra period to decide a tie. Dickinson showed up in his old-time form and handily won all his bouts. The army team was composed of Cadets Halabrid, Dickinson and Ayers. Columbia was represented by Berne, Large and Dwyer.

IS AN ATHLETE AT EIGHTY.

Lois Lewis of Girard College is Oldest Physical Instructor.

Philadelphia.—Girard college boasts of probably the oldest physical instructor in the United States. His name is Lois Lewis and this is his seventy-eighth winter. For 33 years he has been teaching and directing the boys of Girard college in their gymnastic work, and so understandingly does he deal with them that they consider their hours spent daily under his instruction not hours of work, but hours of positive pleasure.

One and all they leave the college with a great affection for the old professor.

Professor Lewis is the son of an old soldier. Although German, his father fought valiantly under Napoleon in the memorable battle of Waterloo. Lois Lewis was born in Frankfort-on-Main, Germany. When a mere boy he was noted for his proficiency in every branch of gymnastics and made quite a record as an athlete. Following in the footsteps of his father, Lois, too, became a soldier. The future began to look very rosy for young Lewis when, in the year 1848, a revolution put the fatherland in a turmoil. Lewis got mixed up in this revolution and, unfortunately for himself, was on the wrong side. He was forced to flee from the country.

Lewis arrived in Philadelphia in 1850. In a little hall on Poplar street, between Second and Third streets, he helped to form an organization which eventually developed into the Philadelphia Turngemeinde, which now flourishes in its home at 429 North Sixth street. From 1859 to 1887 he conducted a gymnasium at Ninth and Arch streets.

Thirty-three years ago Lewis was asked to become the physical instructor at Girard college. He accepted the offer, and his name was dignified by the little professor.

Professor Lewis' long term of service at the college has been one of continual success. The weight of his 78 years apparently hampers him not in the least in his work.

VALUE OF EUCALYPTUS OIL.

Neither Poisonous Nor Irritating, May Be Applied to Most Delicate Tissue.

Washington.—The department of agriculture has issued a bulletin in which it says that eucalyptus oil is so useful and popular information concerning it is so meager that a few words concerning it will not be out of place. This oil has been used for about 40 years, but only during the past ten years has it been employed in medicine very extensively. Its use is now constantly increasing as its properties and medicinal value become better known.

The fact that it is non-poisonous and non-irritating makes it especially safe and valuable. As much of it as a fourth of an ounce has been taken internally without injury and it may be freely applied to the most delicate tissue. Notwithstanding the fact that it is neither dangerously poisonous nor irritating to the human system, it is a very effective antiseptic and disinfectant and has come to be used quite extensively for dressing wounds, ulcers and other diseased tissues. It enters into the composition of several antiseptic preparations.

The oil is also a well-known remedy for malarial and other fevers, and is used in treating diseases of the hair and skin and of the stomach, kidneys and bladder, and is especially valuable for affections of the throat, bronchi and lungs.

WOMAN SERVES AS JUROR.

Miss Hilda Smith First to Be Impaneled Under Colorado Law.

Denver.—"Hilda Smith!" As the clerk in Judge McCall's division of the county court called the name the other afternoon, a young woman with golden hair and blue eyes stepped forward, and Colorado's first woman juror was ready to answer truthfully all questions touching upon her "qualifications to sit as a fair and impartial juror."

Miss Smith was impaneled in an open venire in the trial of the divorce case of Harvey H. Fretz against Hattie F. Fretz. She sat in the juror's box beside five men, with no outward sign of trepidation.

"Gentlemen of the jury—" and Judge McCall paused in his instructions when he glanced at the smiling face of the girl juror, "and lady of the jury," he added, gallantly, and then proceeded.

The jury found in favor of the plaintiff and gave him a decree on the ground of desertion. Miss Smith collected \$1.50, and resumed the work with which she is more familiar—that of gathering news.

"It is not hard work," said Miss Smith, "but I have no desire to become a professional juror."

Old Document Found.

Denver.—A bill of lading for 20 African slaves, and dated July 14, 1867, was found a few days ago by John W. Anthony, of Denver, while rummaging in the bottom of a trunk. The document is 100 years old. The paper announces the shipment of the 20 negroes to his father. The slaves were bought in Charleston, S. C., and shipped to New Orleans. The bill of lading is signed by William Flagg, master of the old ship Carolina. One of the peculiar notations is this: "Shipped in good order and well condition." The freight charges on the slaves from Charleston to New Orleans were \$500.

WHERE WOMEN RULE

CONSERVATIVE AND EXCLUSIVE WELSH VILLAGE.

Town of Langwm Remarkable for Its Self-Enclosed Male Population—Girls Kept Within Bounds Until Recently.

London.—The county of Pembroke in Wales is perhaps able to find as much food for the antiquary as any two others in Great Britain. It is a land of ruined palaces and castles, ancient churches and still more ancient history. Its towns of any size are few and far between and for this reason its nooks and corners are but little visited by the quickly passing tourist, while the townspeople themselves seem neither to know much nor care about the hundred and one interests in the hamlets and villages about them.

A marked case in point is the little village of Langwm. Little Langwm is now practically the only self-contained community in the county able to point to a direct descent from their lusty ancestors across the North sea.

So conservative and exclusive are the little village's traditions that it was not till quite recently that its daughters were allowed to go forth into what must have been to them a very foreign domestic service or marry beyond its bounds, while their tongue to this day is far less intelligible to their neighbors than it must have been in late Norman days when the Flemish language only differed in the dialect from that in fairly general use in England.

But it is in their domestic affairs that the dwellers in Langwm differ so widely from their neighbors. Here woman rules the roost in a fashion that would commend itself to many of her English sisters. A recent writer had it that none but the gentlest sex sat in the village council and that the misdeeds of husbands were swiftly dealt with by a selected bevy of Langwm beauty in painful but thorough fashion.

This imputation was much resented at the time and the libeller would no doubt have been as carefully "attended to" had he put in an appearance in the village.

There is no question, however, that Langwm womanhood has an equal word in the conduct of this temperate and well-governed little colony, while its men folk are of the self-enclosed order, caking and mending in the creek and rarely found upon the roads outside the village.

One is wholly to meet a group of its sturdy women-folk hawking fish upon the rough roads of Havertfordwest, Tenby and Pembroke clad in short red and blue homespun skirts, thick worsted stockings and mighty hobnailed boots, with pea jacket and soft felt hat as a picturesque finish, to grasp the fact that mere man would have but a poor show in wordy or physical argument with one of them.

Woman rules here as much upon the water as upon land. Langwm's little fleet of boats is almost invariably manned—one should almost say womaned—by two women and a man, with one of the former at the tiller. The intricate windings and currents of the upper Haven, or a dirty day beyond it, are taken with equal skill and philosophy by these sturdy Amazons.

SELLS COW TO BUY CORK LEG.

New Yorker Obtains Needed Limb Through Novel Means.

Glens Falls, N. Y.—If there is more than one way to skin a cat, there is certainly more than one in which to acquire a cork leg. The usual way is to earn money and buy it. The way adopted by Julius Thorne, who lives on the outskirts of the town, is to let a cow raise herself and then raffle her off for a leg.

Thorne was hit by a railroad train about a year ago, and when the doctors cut off his left leg, a disease of the bone set in. The injured man was taken home where, while he lay on his back waiting for the bone to heal, he cast about for some means whereby he could procure a cork leg. This was absolutely necessary that he might work when well.

Being supplied with little in the way of the world's goods, Thorne was forced to use his ingenuity. From a neighbor he bought for a couple of dollars a sickly calf less than a month old. This he raised on skimmed milk provided by another neighbor who made his own butter, and in time the calf got strong enough to be turned out to pasture.

Grazing ground cost little and while the calf was growing and fattening, Thorne made baskets that he might have enough cash to winter the animal. By fall he had earned enough to more than do this and a week ago he started a raffle. All his friends took tickets and when the drawing takes place Thorne will celebrate by wearing his new cork leg.

London Eats 2,000,000 Tons.

The total amount of foodstuffs that reach London yearly, according to the secretary of the public health commission, is between 2,500,000 and 3,000,000 tons. Three-fifths of the whole quantity is consumed by Londoners. The shipments include 1,000,000 tons of meat, fish, milk, butter, eggs, lard, etc., 500,000 tons of fruit and vegetables, including sugar and preserved fruits, and 1,400,000 tons of grain and flour.

INCREASES YIELD OF CROPS.

Wonderful Effect of Vaccination on the Land.

The farmer emptied a white powder into a pail of water and added thereto a tiny wad of cotton.

"I'm getting ready to vaccinate my land," he said. "This is the virus. The government gives me the virus for nothing and the vaccination increases my crops from 50 to 300 per cent."

Stirring the fluid, he went on: "Dr. G. T. Moore of the department of agriculture is the inventor of soil vaccination. Thanks to him, you can fertilize for four cents as much soil as \$40 worth of nitrate would cover.

"You see, the thing that fertilizes soil is nitrogen. Well, there is a lot of nitrogen in the air—seven-tenths of the air is nitrogen. And Dr. Moore has bred a germ, a little living germ that all its life long works like a Rockefeller at extracting this nitrogen from the air and storing it in the soil around it.

"This germ is what I vaccinate my land with. This germ put in my soil toils day and night—a true little hired man. To it the air, the free air we breathe, is a perfect guano bed and from that guano bed I draw all the profit.

"And the result? Well, a potato field yielded 50 per cent. more potatoes after vaccination, an oat field yielded 300 per cent. more oats, a wheat field yielded 52 per cent. more wheat, a rye field yielded 400 per cent. more rye."

CHANCES FOR THE REFORMERS.

Old Printer Points Out Where Real Good Might Be Done.

"Did you ever think," said an old printer, "that we really notice only the upper halves of the letters? The lower halves are in many cases only the stems, the remainders of ornamental flourishes which have been gradually reduced in size and length and are now meaningless. Take, for instance, the heading of a paper. Cover up with a blank sheet the lower half of the letters, and even if you did not know what they were you would have no difficulty in reading the words. Now, reverse the process and cover the upper half and if you did not know the words it would be impossible to make out the letters. This fact is even more plainly seen in the case of the Roman letters used for headlines. An L might be mistaken for an I, but nearly all the other letters are so plainly indicated by the shape of the upper half that the lines may be read without difficulty. In their zeal for reform and economy the advocates of the new spelling might make this idea useful and instead of abolishing a few letters in a few words they might cut off the lower quarter or half of every letter and so save 25 per cent."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Father's Fond Hopes Dashed.

"Times are changed," said Mark Twain, speaking of Washington. "I doubt if nowadays a man of Washington's unswerving integrity would be able to get on."

"A rich lawyer after dinner the other night went into his den for a smoke. He took down from his pipe rack a superb meerschaum, a Christmas present from his wife, but, alas, as he started to fill the pipe it came apart in his hands. The bowl had been broken in two and then carefully stuck together.

"With loud growls of rage the lawyer rushed from his den and demanded to know who had broken his new meerschaum. His only son, a boy of 11, spoke up bravely.

"Father, he said, 'I can not tell a lie. I did it.'"

"The lawyer praised the lad's Washingtonian veracity, but that night on his pillow he groaned and went on terribly about the incident.

"Heaven help me," he said, "it had been my life's dearest wish to rear up my son to my own profession, but now—alas—alas—"

Scripture and Business.

The use of Scriptural mottoes in the Wall street office of Mrs. J. Alven Gaylord, broker and Bible promoter, are by no means an original idea with her. More than one commercial house in New York has found such devices effective. It is recalled that the late Harry Hill, whose special mission in Houston street was the refreshment of the thirsty, made a great moral hit with his patrons by his keen discrimination in Biblical precepts. The same form of device has long been a fixture in the downtown establishments of a celebrated purveyor of pie. There its influence became so potent that it was adopted as a daily editorial inscription by a New York evening newspaper, whose name would readily be recalled by hundreds of persons now living in Manhattan who to-day buy it, under different management, because of its sporting page.

A woman entertained a number of friends at cards. The guests were surprised to find three non-players in the room, who, at the end of every point in the game, came forward to shuffle and deal the cards.

"I had to do it," the hostess explained, confidentially, "to prevent the charge of cheating. At all my previous parties there was a shameful row precipitated by every woman accusing all the others of dishonest dealing. This is the first card party that I have attended this season that did not end in a riot. To employ independent dealers seems to be the only way to avoid trouble."

Avoiding Trouble.

"How beautiful," we exclaimed, "has ever been your wife's devotion to her flowers?"

"Beautiful?" he granted. "Yes, it's been all of that; especially on them cold nights when she's dragged the blankets off my bed to keep her measly little geraniums from getting frost-bitten."

A Beautiful Devotion.

"Say, mister, in the New York city is thur much corn and oats?"

WANTED TO KNOW IT ALL.

Kentuckian Thought of New York as a Farming Community.

A traveler in the more thinly settled mountain districts of Kentucky, as a rule, will meet with hospitality wherever he encounters the natives, but insular mind and character abound, says the Chicago Record-Herald.

A backwoods host and his guest usually sit before the door with the visitor and family in the early evening. One recent sojourner in the land endeavored, in return for rapt attention, to picture at length the superior attractions of city life and scenery.

"In New York," he said impressively, "there are buildings taller than the highest pines and sycamores of these mountains. In one block alone are a dozen called skyscrapers each containing a larger population than this county. On one avenue there are miles of millionaire mansions. At night the busier streets are bright as noon. One called Broadway has more electric lights than there are stars in a clear sky."

A pause to note the effect of his account was followed by a long silence. Presently, when it seemed that the subject was about to be forgotten, a voice from the stillness inquired with deep interest:

"Say, mister, in the New York city is thur much corn and oats?"

"Yes, indeed."

"Much lumber?"

"Great quantities."

"How 'bout gingseng?"

"Plenty. More of everything there than any other one place alive."

"But thur ain't much live stock?"

"Oh, yes, there is."

"Flocks?"

"A sigh of reluctant capitulation from the earnest questioner and another deep silence ensued. Finally the same voice broke the silence again:

"Plant early or late?"

HE WAS AFRAID OF GHOSTS.

Negro Wouldn't Dust a Table Upon Which a Man Died.

There is a large table in one corner of a police station in an eastern city which the police themselves have had to dust off lately. Recently a negro that was stabbed was carried into the station and died on the table. It is a part of the negro trusty's duties to dust the table every day. The day after the death the sergeant noticed that the table had not been dusted and he called the trusty.

"Dust that table," he said.

The trusty took off his hat and made a low bow.

"Look heah, sergeant," he said. "Ah always does what you tells me. Now, a nigger done die on dat table and if Ah must take my choice of dustin' it, Ah braken rock, Ah ready fuh de rock pile. Ah doan want take no risk with dem goster."

Why the Waste?

Mrs. Clews Parsons, whose brilliant and daring book on marriage has created so much excitement, said at a dinner in New York:

"They who are happily married are shocked at the idea of trial marriages, but they who are unhappily linked together and are yet too proud and sensitive to get a divorce must see much in my idea that is of value.

"How many marriages would be dissolved if the dissolution could be accomplished without shame? How many married people feel toward each other like a husband I heard of the other day.

"He said to his wife at breakfast crustily:

"I dreamed about you last night."

"What did you dream?" she asked.

"I dreamed that I caught a cheap running away with you."

"And what did you say to him?" she inquired, listlessly.

"I asked him what he was running for."

Boys' Four Seasons.

"Spring, summer, autumn and winter, these are the four seasons as the man sees them," said a school teacher a few days ago.

"The boy has another way of dividing the year, however, and, while he does not watch the seasons of his year on a calendar above his desk, he never forgets them. His division is marbles, ball, shinny and skating. Marbles come in place of spring, baseball in summer, shinny in the fall and skating in the winter. You can tell what season it is by watching a group of boys at play just as well as by an almanac."

His Favorite Subject.

A clubwoman who has for some years been an active worker in the Sunday school of the denomination to which she professes allegiance told recently of one of the boys who belonged to her class, but upon whom she did not seem to make much of an impression. One Sunday when the rest of the class had found the lesson particularly interesting she asked Hobby why he was so indifferent.

"Aw, why don't yer talk about the devil?" was Hobby's query. "I know something about the devil."

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