

THE RED CLOUD CHIEF.

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RED CLOUD, NEBRASKA

A TWENTY-MILE DASH.

Thrilling Adventure On a Wheel in Mexico.



(Original.)

URING the summer of 187- I was employed as a civil engineer by a corporation of Monterey capitalists in superintending the survey of a tract of land adjacent to what is now known as the Red Rock region, in western Mexico.

The ultimate object of the survey was the construction of a railroad with the termini respectively at El Altar, on the Rio de la Asuncion, and at the city of Hermosillo, on the Rio Sonora, of the present Sonora line (the idea was subsequently abandoned as impracticable). By reference to the map it will be observed that these places are some one hundred and thirty miles apart, and I was thus obliged to employ a large corps of assistants and devote my personal attention continually to the work in order that the survey might be finished upon the date stipulated in the contract.

I had established camps or work stations over the entire distance at about twenty miles from each other, and it was my custom to make a journey of inspection to these stations once every fortnight. As the work progressed I found it necessary to increase these visits and I was obliged to spend all of my time in passing back and forth over the line.

This was, of course, tiresome and monotonous, but the work in itself was not difficult, as the *tierra templada* is unusually free from natural obstructions. The only really objectionable feature was the presence of a large number of native Indians and Mexican half-breeds, who seemed to regard us intuitively as worthy of nothing better than the most hearty contempt and as the source of continual apprehension.

It was evident that they considered us as trespassers, and I was aware that most of our movements were slyly watched by them, and they became familiar with the course of our work and appeared to avoid us as if in fear.

For a time I was inclined to view them askance, for I knew the aboriginal characteristics of cunning and treachery. As time wore on, however, I came to look upon them differently, and considered that they had become reconciled, as it were, to our presence and that we need fear no outbreaks on their part as long as they were not molested. I was mistaken, as the incident which I am about to relate will demonstrate.

Along in the latter part of September, near the completion of the survey, in fact it was the very last trip I made over the southern division of the line, I had been to Hermosillo for implements and supplies, and had occasion to run down to Maytoresna, near Haro on the gulf. While at this latter place I met an old tar who had formerly been in my employ and who was doing service on a merchant-man, then in the docks at Long Bridge. Like most of his fellows he was, to use the sailor dialect, "winded" financially. Seeking about for some article to offer me as security, and as an inducement to advance cash, he hauled from the hold of the vessel and brought to me an old fifty-two inch Columbia expert. I owned a wheel myself, and while home was in the habit of riding continually. The thought occurred to me that I might obtain considerable pleasure and also physical exercise by using this one; and so, advancing a few dollars, I took the machine.

I recollected that a large portion of the northern part of the survey lay over an old mining trail, the surface of which was of a clayey composition, well-beaten and resistible; so I resolved to surprise the men some fine day by riding gracefully into camp on a bicycle. The idea was certainly

novel enough, and I would have the satisfaction of realizing that I was the first wheelman to cross that part of the continent.

With this object in view I boarded the cars of the Sonora railroad at Maytoresna with my newly-acquired trophy, after purchasing a ticket for Carrizal Poso. It was my purpose to go by burro from this latter place to Llanos and thence to Maybelos, a small pueblo on the Caline, a tributary of the Rio de la Asuncion. I could strike the trail there. I would hire a Navajoe boy with burro and cart to accompany me with the "cycle."

The preliminary journey was accomplished without incident, and I arrived

in Maybelos about sunset of one of the loveliest of days imaginable. Prospects for propitious weather on the morrow were excellent, and my heart beat high in anticipation of a renewal of a sport I loved so well. The northern terminus of the line—El Altar—was some twenty-one miles distant. I had established a station one mile south, southeast of that point, so that, following the old trail, I would thus have very nearly a straight-away of twenty miles.

Next morning I was awake and up bright and early. What a day it was! The air was crystal. The golden sunbeams danced and twinkled over the earth like swift-flying arrows. I was in the best of spirits. With some adjusting I had succeeded in putting the wheel, which had apparently been used rather roughly, in tolerably good condition. After a hasty breakfast I was ready for the journey.

Instructing the Navajoe lad to follow me the next day with the provisions, I mounted and rode slowly out toward the long stretch of country. I executed a few trick maneuvers and soon felt perfectly at ease. My actions were viewed by the young Navajoe with open-mouthed wonderment. The use of the strange two-wheeled affair that he had been carrying seemed never to have dawned upon his conception, although during the journey to Maybelos I had caught him more than once ogling the concern, and handling it very gingerly.

But to my story: I rode out upon the old path and found the soil as I had expected, hard and level. Striking an easy rate of speed I was away; my ride had commenced. I had ridden possibly a mile, when I observed to the east and a little way ahead of me, a tiny wreath of blue smoke—I had to look twice to distinguish it from vapor—rising from a clump of pines. I knew what it was. It told me that there was a camp there.

I guessed the rest: a roving band of half-breeds and red-skin trappers were resting thereabouts. Whether my way lay directly to this spot or not I was at a loss then to tell. As I proceeded, however, this proved to be the fact. I was not exactly satisfied what course to pursue, but recollecting that since our stay in the region none of our party had ever received bodily injury from the "ringers," I resolved to continue my way, attracting as little attention as possible. Perchance I could pass them unobserved. As I neared the place I found that my course was some twelve or more rods from where the camp was. Under cover of some shrubs which lined the trail for a considerable distance at this point, I was able to reconnoiter. There were fifteen "ringers" in all. Four of these were half-breeds, five native Indians, three Apache and the remainder Creoles. I must confess that I would have given a little for the privilege of altering the situation somewhat. However, I saw that I was "in for it," and placing my feet resolutely to the pedals I continued at an increased speed. I saw that I would be obliged to leave the friendly cover of the shrubbery ere long, and pass over a stretch of about five rods unscanned. If I could make this distance without being discovered I was safe. I resolved to try. I threw the pedals revolving merrily I flew out from the bushes and across the intervening space at a high speed. I was half way across and beginning to breathe much easier, when I saw, coming along the trail a few feet ahead of me, a big Creole buck carrying a huge gourd filled with water evidently from a spring near by. At that instant he caught sight of me. I will never forget the look that came over his face. With a yell that would have made a steam-whistle blush in envy, he sprang into the air, and dropping his gourd, fell headforemost in the path. This was a beautiful state of affairs for me! Hearing his cry of alarm his companions had jumped as one man, and stood gazing transfixed in statue-like amazement at the strange scene that must have greeted their eyes. The next minute both wheels of my machine had passed over the neck of the prostrate Creole and I had disappeared into the shrubbery. The reader may surmise that I did not dismount and return to ascertain whether or not I had crushed the breath out of the unfortunate Creole's body. On the contrary I put spurs to my steed, as it were, and dashed on faster still. My apprehensions were thoroughly aroused. The question forced itself into my mind: "What will the result of the occurrence be—will the 'ringers' give chase?" I felt sure that if I had seriously injured the Creole his companions would certainly follow me, for by them the love of revenge is regarded as one of the noblest instincts, and the greatest incentive to belligerent effort. I had not long to wait for an answer. My alert ears detected the sound of hoof beats; I was being pursued! I observed that there was one fact at least to my advantage, my wheel left no mark upon the trail as the earth was so unusually hard. If the "ringers" really meant business they would be obliged to employ every tactic available to their versatile minds in order to follow me. Whether they would follow me for any length of time was a matter of conjecture; it was at present enough for me to realize that the clatter of hoofs was becoming much more audible. I was certain, though, that they had not caught sight of me yet.

I covered three miles without material change in affairs; in fact, I thought the sounds were hardly as distinct as formerly. I had not proceeded a mile further before they sank away altogether. The "ringers" had either given up the chase entirely, or were off the scent. In either event I was afforded the needed opportunity of rest, for the unusual exertion was beginning to affect me. I continued at a moderate rate until coming upon a clearing I was able to take a look about me. I detected far to the right, and several yards ahead of me, my pursuers. They were evidently trying to head me off, and they were ahead in the race, too! In another instant I was dashing down the trail fairly cutting the air in my flight.

For four miles I rode on. My muscles were strained to their utmost ten-

sion; the wheels of my machine seemed to hum as they revolved. The openings became more frequent, and I saw that while I had gained considerable as to relative position, the "ringers" were much nearer to me than before. I attempted to locate the angle at which they would intercept the trail. Then it was I remembered that for seven miles near its end the trail lay over a plateau absolutely devoid of bushes or trees. I would therefore be afforded no means of concealment. My heart sank. What should I do, forsake my wheel and, waiting under cover till night, steal out on foot and complete the journey under cover of darkness? No! That would be too rash, for if the "ringers" failed to head me off they would be sure to return and scour the trail from end to end. They would surely discover me then. There was but one thing to do—stick it out, and trust to providence! With a firm resolve to "do or die" I sped on.

I flew out from the last clump of shrubs and shot away across the plains. I had gone some distance before the "ringers" saw me. The shout of mingled joy and rage which came to my ears as they perceived me, sent a chill through my whole body. I saw them turn their mustangs quick to the left. This unexpected movement indicated that they had not known my whereabouts before, but were merely following the direction I had taken when last seen. In turning sharp toward me it was their intention to overtake me immediately. This maneuver allowed me to gain greatly upon them, and I felt sure that I could out-distance them, but soon seeing their mistake they resumed their former course, evidently satisfied to intercept my way at the angle. I realized that I had my hands full, and although I had a good half-mile lead, I needed every inch of it.

Nearer and nearer came the "ringers" as the distance to the angle decreased. Slowly but surely they were gaining! I could hear the hoof-beats plainly now. As for myself I was becoming exhausted. The strain upon my nerves was terrible. Of a sudden a

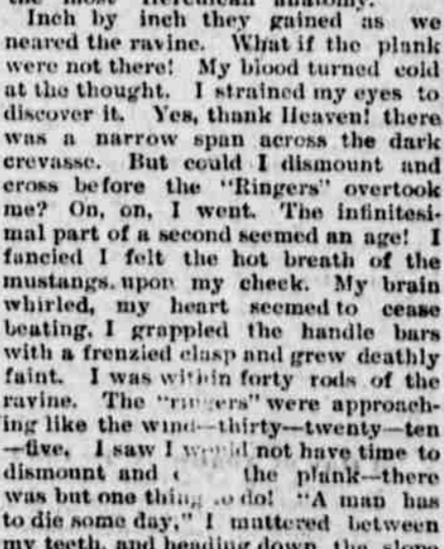
thought flashed through my brain that well-nigh paralyzed me. About half a mile south of the station the trail crossed a ravine one hundred and thirty feet in depth. There had formerly been a rude bridge there, but the action of the elements had long since demolished this structure, and I recollected that upon my last journey over the trail I had been obliged to cross this gully upon a narrow plank at least twenty feet in length. If I could reach this place before the "ringers" and crossing, draw the plank after me, I would be safe—but supposing the "ringers" reach there first; and worst of all, what if the plank be gone entirely! The thought was sickening!

My attention at this point was attracted to my pursuers. One of the number had been precipitated from his saddle. This event caused the whole party to draw rein for an instant, but they were shortly to hoof again with renewed strength. I could distinguish their angry voices as they came on. I looked ahead and estimated the distance. It was a good two miles at least to the ravine, for I had covered scarcely five miles of the plateau. The "ringers" had gained upon me, so that I would have only about sixty rods lead at the angle. It was at least a quarter of a mile from there to the ravine. Could I make it? Indeed it became a question, too, of whether my strength would last! Strong and vigorous as I was, I had been subjected to condition that would tend to annihilate the most Herculean anatomy.

Inch by inch they gained as we neared the ravine. What if the plank were not there! My blood turned cold at the thought. I strained my eyes to discover it. Yes, thank Heaven! there was a narrow span across the dark crevasse. But could I dismount and cross before the "ringers" overtook me? On, on, I went. The infinitesimal part of a second seemed an age! I fancied I felt the hot breath of the mustangs upon my cheek. My brain whirled, my heart seemed to cease beating, I grappled the handle bars with a frenzied clasp and grew deathly faint. I was within forty rods of the ravine. The "ringers" were approaching like the wind—thirty—twenty—ten—five. I saw I would not have time to dismount and cross the plank—there was but one thing to do! "A man has to die some day," I muttered between my teeth, and heading down the slope I dashed out upon the long, quivering plank. I felt the wood snap and settle as my weight came upon it, and then a wild yell of rage rang out and I felt the handle-bars jerked violently from my grasp, while with a lunge I shot into the air and fell head first on the opposite ledge. Jumping to my feet I turned about just in time to see both bicycle and plank disappear into the ravine. One of the "ringers" had lassoed the little wheel to the machine. The sudden tension of the rope jerked him bodily from his saddle to the earth. I walked the remaining mile to the station, and related my novel adventure to my companions over our pipes around a roaring camp-fire that evening. I had covered the entire distance of twenty miles in two hours and twenty-one minutes.

JEAN LA RUE BUENET.

I SHOT INTO THE AIR.



sworn to avenge any death among their number, and that, if he were executed, the lives of the king and his ministers would not be worth five minutes' purchase, Charles gave way completely. He incontinently pardoned the whole gang, and in addition settled Blood on an estate in Ireland and gave him a pension of £300 a year. All this for "reasons of state."

STEALING ENGLAND'S CROWN.

One of the Most Original and Daring Robberies in Modern History.

Perhaps one of the most daringly conceived and executed robberies in history is that which occurred in the year 1673, when the bold attempt was made by Col. Blood and his associates to get away with the crown, orb and scepter of English royalty. One is almost tempted to wish that the scheme, carried so far, had been a success—a feeling engendered, no doubt, by the instinctive sympathy that humanity feels with any who attempt a daring deed. Blood was no ordinary thief or burglar. As his title indicates, he had served his king and his country in the army, and had been a gallant officer. His confederates were one Parrot, a silk dyer, who had seen some fighting in the civil war between Roundheads and Cavaliers, and a young man named Hunt, a son-in-law of the colonel. Blood fancied he had a grievance against the king, alleging that he had not been sufficiently paid for his services. He had indulged in plots against the king and the Duke of Ormonde, who, failing here, he betthought himself of the crown jewels as offering rich plunder as well as his coveted revenge. His plan was ingenious. Attired in a parson's habit and accompanied by a woman who posed as his wife, he visited the Tower of London, and requested to be shown the regalia. The warden, a Mr. Edwards, received them courteously, and conducted them to the jewel tower. While they were inspecting the symbols of royalty the woman pretended to be suddenly seized with severe pain and fell in a faint. Sympathetic yet cautious Edwards sent his wife for restoratives, but did not leave the apartment. Mrs. Blood soon recovered sufficiently to be able to stand, but as she was still weak, she was invited into the house to rest awhile. The "parson" and his lady returned in three or four days with a gift of some gloves as an evidence of gratitude to their kindly hosts, and from this sprang a friendship and intimacy which ultimately culminated in the proposition by Blood of a match between his nephew (really his son-in-law) and "that pretty gentleman," Edwards's daughter. Ed-wards was immensely pleased with the idea, and invited the parson and his wife to dinner the next day, when the final arrangements were to be made, ostensibly for the engagement of the young people, but in reality for the theft of the royal jewels.

At the hour appointed Col. Blood, his "nephew" and two friends, of whom Parrot was one, appeared at the tower and were met by Edwards with a cordial greeting. Edwards was arrayed in purple and fine linen for the occasion, or, as we should put it nowadays, he "was gotten up regardless." To pass the time until dinner was ready they went into the jewel house, leaving the "nephew" at the door as a sentinel. Once inside work was quickly begun. A cloak was thrown over Edwards and a wooden gag forced into his mouth, an iron hook being used to close the nostrils and prevent him from making the slightest noise. He was told that to resist meant death, but, nevertheless, he kicked, struggled, and tried in every way to give the alarm. He was then knocked on the head with a mallet, a dagger was plunged into his breast, and the conspirators believed him dead. One man put the globe into his breeches pocket, Blood hid the crown under his cloak, and the third man tried desperately to file the scepter in two, it being too long to carry away in its entirety. While all this was going on Edwards's son, who had just returned from the sea, reached the tower. He was met by the sentinel, who asked him his business, to which Edwards replied that he belonged to the house. Supposing that the young man wished to see his father, the warden, Edwards went up-stairs and promised to send his father down. Hunt—the "sentinel"—immediately gave the alarm and the conspirators took flight. The old man Edwards, who had only been feigning death, immediately pulled the gag from his mouth and yelled "Murder! Treason!" His daughter heard the outcry and rushed to his side. Seeing her father wounded she immediately ran out upon Tower Hill and cried: "Treason! the crown is stolen!" The alarm being thus given, Blood and his companions found themselves in danger. They nudged each other's arms and thereby aroused suspicion, whereupon they quickened their steps. Young Edwards and an officer of the Tower named Capt. Beckman were by this time on the trail of the fugitives, who had got beyond the main guard. The alarm was again given and the sentry at the drawbridge challenged the men. Blood drew a pistol and discharged it at the soldier, who was so terrified that he immediately dropped. At the ward house, for some unaccountable reason, no effort was made to stop the thieves, and they gained the street. They then had the misfortune of a chase after the miscreants, meanwhile making their way towards their horses, which were tied at St. Catherine's gates. Young Edwards and Beckman were close at their heels, however, and Blood fired his pistol at Beckman. Beckman dodged the shot and immediately grappled with his opponent, from under whose cloak he wrested the crown. Edwards tackled Parrot and took the globe from him. Hunt and the other conspirator, however, had stood not upon the order of their going and had reached the horses, upon which they galloped away. A cart, however, turned abruptly in the street ahead of them, and into this they ran, Hunt being struck in the head by a pole and dismounted. Both were captured. The ending of the story is as interesting as the beginning. The king (Charles II.) heard the case himself, and affected to be much impressed by the gallantry of Blood and his fellow-conspirators. He was inclined to be clement with them, but when Blood (who, by the way, must have had a rare knowledge of the king's character) said in a nonchalant manner that he did not care for his own life and he expected to suffer the extreme penalty of the law, but that he belonged to a band of men

sworn to avenge any death among their number, and that, if he were executed, the lives of the king and his ministers would not be worth five minutes' purchase, Charles gave way completely. He incontinently pardoned the whole gang, and in addition settled Blood on an estate in Ireland and gave him a pension of £300 a year. All this for "reasons of state."

EMBARKATION OF COLUMBUS.

The Great Mariner and His Crew on the Historic Eve.

On August 2, 1492, everything was ready, and the crew were notified to embark, to await the uncertain moment when a favorable wind should permit the little fleet to set sail. Nothing so befitting that solemn hour as a votive procession from the caravels to the monastery, to which the eyes of the mariners turned as to a spiritual beacon, brighter than any that flared along the headlands. This pious duty performed, the crew returned on board the caravels, where they patiently awaited the order to sail, while Columbus retired to the monastery eagerly to watch for a favoring wind.

Columbus kept all sail on his caravels during the night of August 2. The old salts of the crew looked for a favoring wind at starting, and Columbus's eager watchfulness was not to pass unwarded. From the height on which La Rabida stood, he scanned sea and sky with steadfast gaze, like one of those sea-birds, presagers of changes of wind and weather, clinging to the scarred and storm-beaten cliff. About three in the morning, while the stars yet twinkled in the skies and all earth slumbered, the awaited breeze sprang up, bringing new life to the discoverer's veins and quickening the throbbing of his heart. The pines murmured as though hymning the dawn, and the waters rippled as though heaving with the breath of love and hope. Columbus awakened Padre Juan, and he in turn repaired to the chapel in quest of heavenly aid and religious solace for the approaching pangs of separation and for the fateful voyage. As in the boundless ether shine the stars, so the lamps flickered in the little church, lighting with their rays alike the courses of the ocean and the pathways of the soul. The monk put on his priestly vestments and celebrated the holy sacrament at the high altar, before the taper-lighted virgin. The hour was come, and Columbus resolutely descended to the shore, plucking himself away from embraces that held him to the land like some deep-rooted oak, for the sail-wings were ready to bear him to the realm of sea and sky. He soon reached the wharf, and as the dawn broke in the east the flag-ship majestically ran in shore to take the new argonaut on board. The fluttering sails, the hurried maneuvers of the crew, the boatswain's whistle, and the cries of the sailors as the ships got under way, announced a speedy departure and attracted the early risen villagers to the shore in their natural desire to witness the scene and to bid farewell to departing friends and loved ones. When Columbus sprang from the skiff on board the caravel, and the anchors were weighed, a shudder ran alike through the departing sailors and the leave-takers on the strand. Where they were going they knew, but as their westward course after leaving Cadiz and the Canaries was to take them far beyond those lately won islands, none knew whither they were bound or the duration of the voyage. The cross floated above the flag-ship, which bore seaward toward the unknown, seeking mysteries perchance impenetrable and inaccessible to the human mind and unconquerable by human will.—Emilia Castelar, in Century.

FUNERALS ON THE CONTINENT.

In Paris Every Spectator Takes Off His Hat as the Cortège Passes.

"Funerals in Continental Europe differ as widely from those in this country as one can imagine," said D. D. Cuney, of Philadelphia, at the Southern "More outward manifestations of respect are paid to the dead in Paris than in any other city that has come under my observation. When a funeral procession passes through the streets of Paris every man takes off his hat and bows his head until the rear of the cortège gets past him. The women stop and express their conventional sorrow by courtesying. In Germany the hearse is peculiar. A common style, such as I have often seen in Hospital strasse in Leipzig, is a sort of combination hearse and hack. A place in the forward part is constructed to contain the casket, while in the rear are seats for the near relatives. Another style which I have seen there consists of a low, long wagon, with squat little wheels, and the body of the contrivance is like a flat car, with no covering. There is no rush or hurry about getting to the cemetery, and I have seen large processions blockade all business for hours, so slowly did they move.

"The biggest cortège I have ever seen were at St. Petersburg. There a funeral is quite a jolly affair, and the city is full of professional mourners. The richer the man the bigger the funeral, because the more mourners his family can hire. The employment of these professionals is a recognized custom, and many men and women at the car's gay capital make a good living out of their curious business. The stipend of a St. Petersburg mourner varies according to the length of time their services are required and the character of costumes they are required to wear. They are also expected to make the church hideous with their moans and wails, and at the grave they engage to scream and yell as if in wild paroxysms of grief. If they discharge their duties with properunction they are treated to a banquet after the funeral."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

FIRESIDE FRAGMENTS.

—Clusters of clover, if hung in a room and left to dry and shed their perfume through the room, will drive away flies.

—Soups.—A few sliced potatoes and any other vegetable convenient, with a little rice and an onion added to the soup stock will make a good soup with very little time and trouble. Season carefully to suit taste.—Housekeeper.

—Pickled Salmon.—Soak the salmon twenty-four hours, changing the water, put in boiling water with a little vinegar. When done and cold, boil your vinegar with spice and pour over the fish.—Home Magazine.

—To hasten the cure of a burn or scald, there is nothing more soothing and effective than the white of an egg. It is contact with the air which makes a burn so painful. The egg acts as a varnish and excludes the air completely and also prevents inflammation.

—To restore steel blued by heat, dip it into pure muriatic acid. First by dipping a piece of refuse polished steel into it; if it destroys the polish reduces the acid with rain water until it will not. Then dip the article to be restored into the weakened acid.—Detroit Free Press.

—Cottage Cheese.—Set a pan of clabbered sour milk over the fire, scald until the whey separates, pour into a strainer and squeeze dry, put in a dish, season with salt, a tablespoonful of butter and sweet cream enough to moisten, mix well, make into balls and set in a cool place.—N. Y. Observer.

—Cherry Charlotte.—Stone and stew some Morella cherries; to each pound of cherries add three-quarters of a pound of sugar and one teaspoonful of flour, mixed smoothly with a little water. When the fruit is done, butter some baker's bread, lay it on a dish, spread some of the stewed fruit over it, then put another layer of bread and fruit; cover the top with the fruit. This is very nice served with cream.—Boston Budget.

—Nickel-Plated Tableware.—One subscriber asks me about nickel-plated tableware. Several years ago I bought a dozen nickel-plated tablespoons to use in my lectures, because they seemed so much stronger than plated ware. I found that the nickel melted and peeled off when exposed to a high temperature, making the spoons rough and unsightly. A dealer told me a few days ago that this ware is not made now because of this flaw.—Ladies' Home Journal.

—Apricot Ice.—To a quart of fresh, ripe apricots allow a quart of clarified sugar or about a pint and one-half of simple syrup. Grate or press the apricots through a sieve, mix them with the sugar and freeze. Then add the whites of two eggs that have been stiffly beaten and sweetened with two ounces of sugar, mix the meringue thoroughly into the ice, and set the latter away, carefully packed, for an hour before using.—Good Housekeeping.

—Rice Cream.—Take an ounce of rice in half a pint of milk with a little cinnamon; when done, remove the skim from the top. Dissolve one-fourth ounce of gelatine, previously soaked in two tablespoonfuls of cold milk, in half a pint of boiling milk, add the yolk of an egg, four tablespoonfuls of granulated sugar; stir over the fire for five minutes, mix with the rice, pour it into a mould and let it remain until set. More or less sugar may be used as desired; the above quantity will make the cream rather sweet.—Good Housekeeping.

FASHIONABLE FINERY.

Reasonable Fads and Fancies in the Jewelry Line.

Iridescent single petaled roses are among the new brooches.

Large turquoise brooches in shape like fleur-de-lis are new.

"The Baby's Friend" is a little silver box to hold baby's safety pins.

Frosted silver has taken a fresh impetus, probably because it looks cool.

Silver bracelets in heavy links and corresponding to popular styles in gold are produced in numbers.

Smoking sets of frosted silver are ornamented with flowers in enamel. The fancy is for such delicate blossoms as the May flower.

Rings have scroll work set obliquely in small diamonds, with a large colored pearl in the center. This is a new and very pretty fashion.

Cone shell hearts, double and single, mingled with pearls, make the prettiest of new summer pins, and are by no means expensive.

Large oval sleevebuttons of white lustrous enamel are powdered with tiny gold disks. This is one of the handsomest of the new designs.

Oblong brooches containing the name of Jeanne, Ida, Lucie and the like, in a lot of ornamental wreathing, is an English fancy that has come in.

There is some pretty new gold jewelry. It is floral with a fine rough finish, if the term may be allowed, and rich in color. There is an attractive likeness about it.

Men's loosely-worn watch chains in some instances have the different sections treated so as to give coppery tints, yellow, steel, blue, and as a novelty are very pretty.

Silver head necklaces are in demand for summer wear. They are in single strands, but prettier and more desirable are collarets of three or more strands and small in size.

The moonstone is in abeyance, but several pretty new fancies are found in this stone. One is a flower brooch in which moonstones are shaped into the petals. The same form appears in red semi-precious stones.

One of the prettiest new silver hairpins has an enameled pansy as its ornament. The petals of the flower are raised and charmingly suggest the natural flower, but only in form. Otherwise the petals are of pale blue enamel with ornamental silver tracery.

Brooches consisting of sprays of fine enamel flowers variously tinted and with a jeweled center are seen. That is to say the different flowers on one stem, shaped like a forget-me-not, shall be into pinks, blues and purples. They are prettier than solid sprays of one color.—Elsie Bee, in Jeweler's Circular.