

TAKES A GERMAN.

QUEEN WILHELMINA OF HOLLAND SOON TO MARRY.

She is Only Sixteen Years Old but Will Probably Marry Within the Present Year Jealousy for the Germans.

IT HAS finally been settled who shall wed little Queen Wilhelmina, the 16-year-old queen of Holland, about whom there has been so much speculation since she has begun to grow up. Her second cousin, Prince Bernhard Henry, a grandson of the grand duke of Saxe-Weimar-Eisenbach, is the lucky youth. He is a German prince and consequently the match is not enthusiastically viewed by the Dutch, who are afraid of German influence. This betrothal brings about a curious relationship. The grand duke's wife, the grandmother of the prince-consort-to-be, was a sister of Wilhelmina's father and an aunt of the young queen. She is the heir-apparent to the crown and in case Wilhelmina died without issue she or her eldest male descendant would succeed to the crown. Wilhelmina is personally very interesting; she is the last



QUEEN WILHELMINA.

Heir of a great dynasty; she is quick, bright and gracious and her Dutch subjects would not exchange her for any king that lived. Her parents' history is very romantic. Old King William III, her father, who died in 1889, left behind him a very unsavory reputation. In fact, he was about the only ruler of whom Holland has had cause to be heartily ashamed. He had his favorite like Louis XV, and was proud of the scandals afloat concerning him. He had no shame, no conscience and no scruples and no domestic affections—he was a satire on monarchy. His first wife, whom he married while he was yet prince of Orange, was Sophia, daughter of the king of Wurtemberg, and she managed to keep him within bounds till he succeeded to the throne and lost his head in his new-found freedom and great wealth. Two sons were born from this marriage, but the eldest died, wrecked by a career like his father's, while the second had a spinal disease which rendered him an invalid unfit for ruling. Sophia had died and at the age of 62 the king fell dead in love with Princess Helen of Waldeck-Pyrmont, who is now the widowed duchess of Albany. The princess laughed at the king when he asked for her hand.

The old king was sadly hurt and soon after heard the princess' younger sister, Emma, saying reproachfully: "Helen, I should never refuse to become a queen." The old king turned and saw a pretty girl of 19 and his fickle heart was once again smitten. As soon as possible he proposed, was accepted and almost immediately married. The young queen was childishly pleased with the state in which she lived in Holland and scandalized the courtier by clapping her hands and dancing with joy, but she soon learned dignity and proved herself entirely worthy of the high honor. She developed into a capable, majestic woman and since the death of her husband has ruled Holland as regent, while training her willful and headstrong daughter to be a queen as well as a woman. Once when out driving with her little daughter, then but 7, the horses ran away and death stared them in the face. When the horses were caught by citizens and stopped at the palace the regent gave orders for them to be reharnessed. "If we do not start out again," said this Spartan mother, "my daughter will learn what fear is." Trembling like a leaf the little queen endured that second drive without a word of remonstrance.

Wilhelmina is of a very nervous, high-strung temperament and a doctor who has studied her says that the pace of her nervous emotions is such that she has already lived as much as some people of 80.

Until she was 4 Wilhelmina spoke nothing but French and was then taught other languages to the exclusion of German in deference to her father's wishes. It is rather a joke that she is now to marry a German prince.

E. A. MacDowell, the American composer, has been appointed to the head of the new musical department in Columbia college. He is of the same age as Paderewski, and the New York Post says of him that he "has no superior among the living composers of Europe."

LADIES OF THE HAREM.

The Muezzin's Call to Prayer—A Brilliant Procession Described.

We had hardly taken our places when some one said: "Here come the ladies of the harem," and a procession of about six closed carriages, splendidly appointed, descended from Yildiz, and, passing in front of our windows, turned in at the iron gates of the court of the mosque, says Longman's Magazine. Here they are drawn up one behind the other, the horses are taken out, and the ladies see what they can from the half-drawn blinds. Each carriage has its own hideous black attendant. The valideh sultan, the sultan's mother, takes precedence. The present valideh sultan is really Abdul Hamid's nurse; his own mother died when he was born. As the carriages passed we could catch a glimpse of the brilliant pink and blue and yellow brocades worn by the ladies, except that on one occasion a young daughter of the sultan, not yet old enough to be veiled, passed in one of the carriages and looked up at us with an expression of great curiosity and interest. By this time the court of the mosque was filled by pashas, aids-de-camp and officials of all sorts in glittering uniforms, only leaving room for the sultan's carriage and those who are in his procession. And now we look up at the minaret and see that the muezzin has appeared on the gallery which runs round it high up, for it is some time past 12, and he only awaits the moment of the sultan leaving his palace to begin his shrill call to prayer. All this time various bands have been playing, one after another, entirely European music, but now they pause, and we hear faintly borne on the breeze, for he has turned toward the south and has the minaret between us and him, the muezzin's first call:

"God is great. I bear witness there is no god but God. I bear witness that Mohammed is the apostle of God. Come hither to prayers. Come hither to salvation. God is great. There is no god but God." As the muezzin moves round the cry becomes more audible. Hark! there is a tramp of feet on the fresh-strewn gravel, it is the long line of pashas who head the procession, all in splendid uniforms, covered with orders, marching one behind the other on each side of the road, down the hill from the palace to the entrance of the mosque, where they draw up in front of those already waiting there.

THE CHINESE SCHOOLBOY.

He Must Study Long Hours Every Day in the Year.

The Chinese school children have instilled into them at an early age habits of hard, steady study, says an exchange. At the age of 5 a boy begins his schooling. At daylight he rises, and, after dressing as quickly as possible, he starts breakfast to school. He is given a task and after it is completed he is allowed an hour for breakfast. Again, later, he has an hour for lunch, but he is at his study nearly twelve hours a day, seven days in the week. All this time when he is not reciting his lessons he is studying aloud at the top of his voice. He is under the eye of his master both in school and on his way to and from school. The lad is taught rudimentary astronomy, physics and natural history, but greater stress is put upon writing and his literary studies. "A Thousand Letters," a poem, is the study that forms the backbone of his literary education. In it are taught the duties of children to parents and all such matters. Whatever the study may be—history, classics or science—every lesson is learned and repeated word for word.

FINANCIAL EXPERT.

Dr. Barth of Germany is Improving His Knowledge Here.

There is now in this country Dr. Theodor Barth, the editor of Die Na-



DR. THEODOR BARTH.

tion, which is an influential paper published in Berlin and an eloquent defender of the gold standard in Germany. It is his interest in the money question which brings the doctor to America just now and it is his intention to remain here until after election, study the progress of the campaign and listen to as many speeches as possible. Dr. Barth has been in America before and has even written a book on "American Agricultural Life," which shows painstaking and thought. He is still a comparatively young man and has taken degrees in philosophy and law and is a member of the reichstag. Some years ago he gave up law to enter journalism, in which he has made a pronounced success.

Honoring a Town.

Belfort, the eastern gate of France and Rambervillers, in the Vosges mountains, have just received the cross of the Legion of Honor, which will be emblazoned on the town arms, in honor of the gallant resistance the people made to the Germans twenty-five years ago. Altogether nine towns in France now have the cross of the Legion of Honor on their coat of arms.—Sketch.

DR. SEWARD WEBB.

HE HAS LATELY BEEN CHOSEN TO VERMONT LEGISLATURE.

Once a Poor Physician in a Charity Hospital—Romantic Meeting With Lila Vanderbilt—Their Marriage and His Wall Street Career.

THE phenomenal success Dr. W. Seward Webb has made of his life has been added to by his recent election to the Vermont legislature. Dr. Webb, though a poor man, married Lila, one of the daughters of the late William Vanderbilt, who dowered her with \$15,000,000. The marriage, of course, laid the foundation of his fortunes. It came about in a romantic way. Dr. Webb was of an old revolutionary family and founded the "Sons of the American Revolution." There were several boys in the Webb family, all well educated, thoroughly aristocratic, but poor. Seward devoted himself to medicine and in

MRS. NATHAN GUTMAN.



Nathan Gutman, widower, a well-to-do German saloonkeeper of 217 Avenue B, New York, and Eliza Fass, widow, of 71 Amberg street, Brooklyn, were married at the residence of the latter the other evening, thereby winding up a romance begun in Germany a good many years ago. In days long gone by Gutman was a schoolmaster in the market village of Birkenau, Heesse-Darmstadt. Eliza Goldman, the pretty sixteen-year-old daughter of a prosperous burgher, thought much of the handsome young schoolmaster and the young people became engaged. The girl's parents objected and the lovers broken. Gutman, despondent and broken-hearted, came to the new world to forget his unfortunate attachment and to win fame and fortune for himself. Time healed his wound and he married Miss Helena Wolf, and by frugality and hard work saved money and established himself in the liquor business at 217 Avenue B. For fifteen years he devoted himself to business and accumulated a fortune. Three years ago his wife died. The dainty Eliza Goldman, in the meantime, at her

his twenty-third year was a surgeon at the Vanderbilt clinic. One day a little patient was brought in with a broken



DR. SEWARD WEBB.

leg. She was a sweet and attractive child and the young doctor spent much time with her trying to make existence more bearable for her. The child kept telling him of a "lovely young lady" who came to see her every day and brought her sweets. He thought nothing much about it and was all unaware that the child was also telling the "lovely young lady" all about the good young doctor. Finally the little girl grew very ill and Dr. Webb stayed with her all day. The young lady called to see the child while he was there and it was over the bedside of a dying charity patient that Dr. Seward Webb and young Lila Vanderbilt first spoke to one another. It turned out to be a case of love at first sight. After leaving the hospital the doctor changed his mind as to his career and entered Wall street with Daniel Worden. A

few years later, when he had accumulated a little money, he married Lila Vanderbilt. He was made president of the Wagner Palace-Car company, and when in New York he and his wife live in a handsome Fifth avenue residence. Their principal home, however, is at Shelburne, Vt., from which district he was sent to the legislature. Dr. Webb has his eye on the United States senate and thinks this is a stepping-stone to his ambition. He has a weakness for horses and owns a large stock, his particular fad being the breeding of hackneys. He is unsurpassed as a whip. He is a very domestic man and detests balls and receptions, preferring his own home circle. Several years ago the doctor published a book, "California and Alaska," which was the result of his observations during a trip made with his family and a few guests through those regions. The train in which the party traveled was especially magnificent, being composed of library, dining-room, sleeping apartments, observation and baggage car and another car for the servants. Dr. Webb is a republican. He is in the early 40's and a very popular man.

Eastern Oysters for Oregon. J. J. Brice, United States fish commissioner, has decided to stock suitable Oregon waters with eastern oysters.

AN EAR PUT ON A BABY.

DOCTORS PERFORM AN ORIGINAL OPERATION IN SURGERY.

The Infant's Strength Not Impaired—Nature Had Provided a Meaningless Lump of Flesh—Hearing Not Restored.

It is a case of deafness which has been cured by an operation on the ear of a baby. The operation was performed by Dr. J. J. Brice, United States fish commissioner, who has decided to stock suitable Oregon waters with eastern oysters.

Modern surgery is not dismayed by any such trifle as that. It goes to work and builds noses and ears and almost anything else that the human face and figure lack to be symmetrical. One of the most ambitious, most delicate, as well as the most successful of the recent ventures of the new surgery, was the construction of an ear to supply the sad deficiency of a Connecticut baby.

The patient in this very skillful operation was an infant with the euphonious name of Michael Kopske. The child's parents keep a thriving boarding house in Union City, Conn.

Michael was a healthy baby and comely in all respects, save that some mischievous fate had sent him "into his breathing world" scarce half made up in the matter of ears. It was the source of vast embarrassment to the fond father and mother that the baby should be thus incomplete, and they knew that their discomfort was small compared with that which the lack of the ear would cause little Michael when he grew older. His left ear was nothing more than a meaningless lump, and the absence of a genuine ear made the child look sadly one-sided.

The father and mother consulted three doctors in Bridgeport. They decided to see if some means could not be devised of making an ear—not alone an outer ear that would improve the youngster's looks, but an orifice through which he would be able to hear, for there was no ear with which nature had provided him.

The baby, now scarcely seven months old, was taken to the office of one of the doctors and the council of physicians set to work upon it.

The child was carefully examined, but it was impossible to find any sign of an opening whereby sound might be transmitted to the ear-drum and thence to the brain.

The first step after an anaesthetic had been applied and the child made unconscious was to locate the spot where the opening should have been. Then the operation began—an operation which, so far as records tell, has never been undertaken before.

An incision was made in the place where the ear ought to be and a way found from the exterior of the lump to the tympanum. It was found that the interior formation of the hearing apparatus was all normal. Dividing and turning back the unornamental knob of flesh which had disfigured the infant, the three doctors sewed the flaps to the head to hold them back and stitched the four sections together.

That was plastic surgery with a vengeance. Then a spectrum was inserted in the opening, to prevent its closing as the healing process went on. Altogether, the operation was a very successful one. It was a bold one, too, but was performed deftly and very quickly. In all the child was under the influence of chloroform for less than an hour.

His health and strength were not impaired by the ordeal and the made-to-order ear is growing into a really good looking member. The doctors are afraid that as an organ of hearing it will not be in any great degree serviceable. They think that the cartilaginous structure about the inner ear may have developed a tendency to ossification from having been so long kept in an unnatural condition.

JAVA'S NATURAL WONDER.

Home of the Hot Devils Possesses Great Interest to Travelers.

The greatest natural wonder in Java, if not in the entire world, is the justly celebrated "Gheko Kamda Gumko," or "Home of the Hot Devils," known to the world as the "Island of Fire," says an exchange. This geological singularity is really a lake of boiling mud, situated at about the center of the plains of Grobokana, and it is called an island because the great emerald sea of vegetation which surrounds it gives it that appearance. The "island" is about two miles in circumference and is situated at a distance of almost exactly fifty miles from Solo. Near the center of this geological freak immense columns of soft, hot mud may be seen continually rising and falling like great timbers thrust through the boiling substratum by giant hands and then again quickly withdrawn. Besides the phenomenon of the boiling mud columns there are scores of gigantic bubbles of hot slime that fill up like huge balloons and keep up a series of constant explosions varying with the size of the bubble. In times past, so the Javanese authorities say, there was a tall, spire-like column of baked mud on the west edge of the lake, which constantly belched a pure stream of cold water, but this has long been obliterated and everything is now a seething mass of bubbling mud and slime—a marvel to the visitors, who come from great distances to see it.

Disposing of Smoke.

In a device for disposing of the smoke from boiler fires brought forward in Germany the American Machinist says that the waste gases of consumption or combustion are drawn through a conduit at the end of which is a ventilating fan, which forces them into the lower part of a gasometer. Here they bubble through a sheet of water, where they are cleansed of the solid particles held in suspension and collect in the upper part of the gasometer, whence they may be set free into the atmosphere or used for any purpose desired. The wash water is continually renewed, and, as a measure of economy, the combustible solid matter contained in it may be extracted by decantation or evaporation and used a second time for fuel. The draft is regulated simply by varying the load upon the bell of the gasometer. The system is applicable only where power is available for operating the ventilator.

Twelve newspapers to a population of 15,000 is the record of Caldwell county, Missouri.

SHE RODE A WHEEL.

She Got the Meat and Then She Drove Him from the House.

"Madam," he began, as the lady of the house opened the door in answer to his ring, "you ride a bicycle, do you not?"

"I do," she answered, proudly, according to the New York Telegram.

"I thought as much," said he with a sad flickering smile lighting up his features. "Your bright eyes and ruddy cheeks, the glow of health that mantles your brow proclaimed that fact even before you had spoken. But what is one person's meat is another's poison and the same toy, plaything or vehicle, call it what you will, that has lured the roses to your cheeks, madam, and sent the blood bounding through your rejuvenated veins has driven them from mine, dried up my life's juices and sent me forth a broken down, hopeless wreck and wanderer on the face of the earth. Yes, madam, that is unfortunately what bicycle riding has done for me."

"Why, my poor man!" she gushed, with a look of tender pity in her blue eyes; "take this half dollar—sorry I can't give you more, but it's all the change I have. Then sit right down and rest while I get you something to eat."

Half an hour later, when he had eaten all he could hold and was preparing to travel on, she sympathetically observed: "Poor fellow! You must have suffered a great deal. Were you laid up long?"

"When?" he asked, with a puzzled look.

"Why, when you were injured bicycling?"

"Injured bicycling? Why, I never mounted a wheel in my life."

"Never mounted a wheel?" she fairly shrieked. "I thought you said bicycling was what reduced you to your present state?"

"Correct, madam," he responded, hastily backing down the steps. "The bicycling of others is what did it. I used to be the proprietor of a livery stable."

She dived behind the door, but a second later when she emerged with a broom it was too late. Her caller had disappeared.

Making It Plain.

"This here piece in the paper makes use of the word 'superfluity' several times," remarked the man who was sitting on the empty soap box. "Now what do ye take superfluity to be?"

"I dunno's I kin exactly tell it," answered the man with the twine suspenders. "But I sense it all right enough."

"Kin ye illustrate it?"

"M' yes, I reckon I kin. Superfluity is a good deal the same thing ez a feller's wearin' a necktie when he's got a full beard."—Washington Star.

Unusual Facilities.

Unusual facilities for matrimony are offered at Americus, Ga. Justice Graham, while walking on the street one evening lately, was approached by a negro man and woman, who asked to be united, and he joined them in the solemn bonds then and there.

Puzzled.

"Paw," said the little boy, "did you know that the housefly lays more'n a million eggs?"

"Maybe she does, Willy," answered his baldheaded parent, "but I'll be eternally dinged if I can tell when she takes the time."

Has Stopped Smoking Cigarettes.

Charlie Parsons, aged 19, for more than a year smoked three packages of cigarettes a day. He died a short time since at his home in Kokomo, Ind., after being in convulsions for four days.

BITS OF KNOWLEDGE.

The horse, of all animals, is the quickest to succumb to cold. People who wore shoes in Italy during the fourteenth century had to pay a tax for the privilege. In Germany the men as well as the women wear wedding rings. When either dies the survivor wears both.

Fashion plates containing designs for clothing for pet dogs are regularly issued by some of the Parisian tailors. The longest tunnel in the world is St. Gothard, which is 48,840 feet. The next longest are Mount Cenis, 39,850 feet; Hoosack, 25,080 feet; Severn, 22,992 feet; Noehistongs, 21,659 feet; Sullis, 21,120 feet.

The following are said by a Swiss hunter to have been found near the nest of an eagle recently discovered in the Alps: A hare, 27 chamols' feet, 4 pigeons' feet, 30 pheasants' feet, 11 heads of fowls, 18 heads of grouse and the remains of a number of rabbits, marmots and squirrels.

A careful examination of the trees that are struck by lightning shows that over half of them are white poplar. From this fact scientists conclude that the poplar has some value as a conductor of lightning. This being the case, agriculturists are advised to plant these trees in the vicinity of their farm buildings.

One of the big steamship companies is about to make a novel departure. It has ordered a steamship to be built for the "sole use of invalids." It is to be a vessel of the largest class, fitted up with a luxury heretofore never attempted, to be devoted entirely to the service of the wealthy sufferers of that class, who are afflicted with pulmonary troubles, and who can only prolong life in the dry, salubrious climate of perpetual summer.