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JEWELS OF LONDON MUSEUM

Ancient and Interesting Relics Are Now to Be Seen at Stratford House.

London.—The London museum, removed from Kensington palace to Stratford house, is twice as interesting as it was, and more. At Kensington there was no scope for definite arrangement. In the noble rooms of Stratford house overlooking the mall it has been possible to follow a chronological order and to convey in the costumes and the pictures, in the pottery and the weapons, in the books and the thousands of other local relics, a clear and telling history of London from Saxon times until the present age.

The most interesting addition that has been made to the museum was shown in the gold and silver room at a recent private view. It is a case containing 150 jewels of the early seventeenth century that were found by a workman two years ago in chalk soil 18 feet beneath the cellar floor of an old house in London.

There are gold and enamel pendants and rings, enameled gold chains, a gold and enamel scent bottle set with diamonds and rubies, and a very fine diamond ring, crystal chalices and other communion relics, amethysts, sapphires, rubies, garnets and turquoise.

Like the box in which they were found, with the earth all over them, the pearls had decayed. But for the rest the treasures, as one of the visitors remarked, have the appearance of being so extraordinarily modern that all the gems look as though they might be bought in a jeweler's shop today.

Three hundred years ago some one must have buried this wonderful casket of treasures, hoping for an opportunity to secure its safe recovery. That opportunity never came, and the romance or crime that led to its concealment will never be unearthed. The scene of its recovery and the sum that was given to the man who found it remained a secret.

SURPRISES HER SOCIAL SET

Miss Jeannette Allen, Noted Horse-woman, Announces Engagement One Day and Marries Next.

Washington.—Miss Jeannette Allen, the daring equestrienne daughter of Lieut. Col. and Mrs. Henry T. Allen, and one of the leaders in the younger army set in Washington, has surprised her friends by announcing on a recent Sunday her engagement to marry Lieut. F. M. Andrews of the Second



Mrs. F. M. Andrews.

cavalry and by marrying him the next day. Mrs. Andrews has won many prizes by her horsemanship at the shows and has the reputation of being always in the fore at the society fox hunts in the vicinity of Washington. The Andrews will make their home at Fort Ethan Allen, Vermont, where Lieutenant Andrews' regiment is stationed.

SELL THEIR WIVES FOR BREAD

Cracow Peasants Starving as a Result of Bad Crops Last Year—Thousands Involved.

Berlin.—Amazing stories are being printed in the German newspapers concerning the terrible predicament of Silesian peasants in the neighborhood of Cracow. Thousands of men, women and children, mostly Poles and Ruthenians, who have come over the border from Galicia, are there begging for food. They belong to the agricultural population of that country, and have been totally ruined by bad harvest and general distress prevailing in Austria in consequence of the money spent for mobilization during the two Balkan wars.

Men are willing to sell their daughters and wives, even, for a piece of bread. A great many are ill from starvation and exposure, but the Prussian police have found at last remedy for these poor wretches. They are being driven back like cattle across the border. Five hundred of them have been so returned. How many perished on the way the officials do not report. There are no coroners in Prussia.

Woman Driven From Home. Poughkeepsie, N. Y.—Declaring that she was driven from home because she could not do as much farm work as a man, Mrs. Alice K. Pitcher, twenty years old, seeks a separation.

TAMPICO DIRTY CITY

Discovery of Oil Makes Change in Mexican Town.

Despite Grimy Evidences of Commerce Port Still is Central American and Interesting—Much Bustle Evident.

New York.—At last Tampico has become world known. On that cluster of bungalows, the old church and the jail built on a sand heap, the eyes of the world are focused.

The little port up the Panuco river, Tampico, ought never to have become a great city. It has none of the instincts of a city. If only oil had not been discovered the place would be today as it was 100 years ago—a lazy, fly bitten center of indolent industry. A point at the end of the river convenient for bartering purposes; somewhere where the Indian women could beach their canoes and exchange their fruits and dye stuffs for cloth and gaudy finery.

Nowadays there are wharves there and a railway depot. Big steamers are alongside the quays and mechanics in dirty blue overalls make the landscape unpleasant to look upon. Where once there was nothing but the subtle murmur of exquisite heat, now there is the noise of locomotives and the jarring rattle of the gear of unloading steamers.

Apart from the unlovely evidence of increasing prosperity, Tampico is still picturesque. Only its water side, its river front, has been "improved." Behind the smashing noise of the railway depot the old rabble of houses and drinking shops and churches remain. The place in its essence, as it were, is still Central American and beautiful. Dirty, yes, but splendidly dirty.

The old square remains, and by the square the green and white cathedral and the white painted, dirt incrustated jail. The jail is a romance in itself. It is a place unique. Perhaps the most democratic prison in all the world. There you can be lodged for some trivial offense—drunkenness, for instance—and then perhaps forgotten. If you have no friends or no money, you might remain there for months. Justice—or should we call it law?—in Tampico is a casual thing. Everything is a matter of tomorrow—the tomorrow which never comes. So that if you happen to be a prisoner without outside influence your stay may be a prolonged one—unless you have a few dollars with which to bribe the jailer. The worst of it is, your fellow prisoners will probably steal your clothes.

But, in spite of the wharves and the railway, the old native market remains. The people from upriver still come downstream in their dugout canoes and barter with the town folk. They exchange honey and sarsaparilla and luscious fruits for pulque, tobacco and cloth. Puigue of course, is the native spirit—the fermented juice of the aloe—which produces quick drunkenness.

The little brown skinned, dark eyed children still gambol in happy nakedness beneath the old bridge; and there one still hears the music of the native instruments. The women from the far-off, unspoiled districts of the interior—copper colored, straight haired women, shy and beautiful—sing their curious songs as they unpack their bundles of fruit, while their menfolk sun themselves and discuss cock-fights. Yes, by the old bridge in old Tampico one can always find gorgeous pictures—ever changing and entrancing, filled with flashing colors and infinitely brilliant.

But, of course, Tampico is important in spite of these things. It is called the oil metropolis of Mexico. Certainly it is the safest port on the Mexican gulf. The place commands most of the commerce of the City of Mexico, and all of that of a vast number of mining camps and centers of the interior.

American industry and capital have combined; together they have converted a remote, shallow and most treacherous roadstead into an important harbor. The engineers brought rocks from the mountains—70 miles away—and piled them out to sea. They built two great breakwaters, 1,000 feet apart, which extend to a distance of 7,000 feet into the gulf. Thus, after a million dollars or so was spent, Tampico, from being a little village seven miles up a surf guarded river, became a widely known port. The city is still seven miles up the Panuco river, but now big steamers cross its shattered bar and moor alongside the wharves which front its railway system.

The Panuco river is a curious stream, wide and swift flowing. It winds and twists, and is instinct with many weird currents. Navigators are not in love with it. As a matter of fact it is easier for big ships to hit one of its banks than to keep within the fairway.

Man's Ashes Over Racetrack. Lexington, Ky.—Relatives of George W. B. Blair, who has driven many of the world's famous horses, have agreed to comply with his dying request that his body be cremated and the ashes scattered over the Lexington driving track.

Jailers Attend Banquet. Chicago.—After making every prisoner promise to be good and not get into mischief, jailers and guards at the county jail—locked cell doors, turned out the lights and attended a banquet to Sheriff Michael Zimmer in the Congress hotel.

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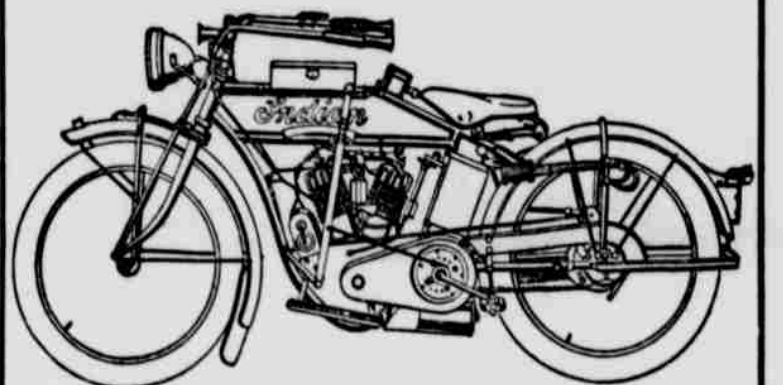
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