A HUMAN ENIGMA

The Count of St. Germain, a Famous Old World Impostor.

CLAIMED TO BE IMMORTAL.

He Dazzled the Court of Louis XV. and Said He Had Lived 2,000 Years and Had Concocted an Elixir That Would Keep Him Young and Alive Forever.

One of the greatest impostors in the annals of France and that the court of any nation has had to deal with was the Count of St. Germain, whose life is written down as one long mystery and tasting much more of fiction than of fact in relating. Who he was no one knew, nor where he came from ... finally became of him. He appeared at the French court within 1748. He had an affable, convincing way about him ... in winning friends. Just ... induced him or how this handsome, elegant stranger came to be in ... the court circle is a mystery ... at the period when the ... etiquette was maintained ... ancestry counted for much and ... nobility had to be thoroughly authenticated before it was accepted ... knew St. Germain nor had ... of him when he made his ... French court, although he ... report that he was 2,000 ... and was able to convince ... more susceptible into believing ... He had no records to show ... entitled to the name of ... no visible means of support ... he took up splendid quarters and lived at an extravagant ... The French court had had experience with adventurers and ... or less suspicious; but, in the fact that they knew nothing about him, St. Germain was received with open arms and the king made his boon companion. Mme. de Pompadour, the reigning beauty of the ... consulted him freely on affairs ... and society. So powerful did ... become that dukes and ambassadors were among his closest friends ... bitterest foes.

... St. Germain's claim to immortality became the general discussion among all who knew him or had ... of him. He claimed that he ... never die, for had he not already lived 2,000 years, and naturally he was pointed out as the wonder of the age. He spoke every language then known and one as fluently as the other. He had a positive genius for chemistry and astounded the world by discoveries he made—or pretended to have made—along this line. The most monumental of all his fakes was the story he told of how, having been born close to 300 years before Christ, he had found age creeping up and determined, through his skill in chemistry, to concoct the liquor that would keep him always alive and young. The man's perfect and intimate knowledge of all history led many people to believe this wild statement. He would relate personal narratives of ..., Dante, Francis I. and other ... notables of former centuries.

St. Germain also claimed to possess ... secret of turning baser metals into ... and of making precious stones. ... untraced wealth and the fact that ... fairly blazed with diamonds lent credence to his stories. He was so clever in the workings of his fakes as not to be detected, and he was never proved to be a swindler, a gambler or a spy, though he was charged with being all three.

He was about fifty years old at the time of his appearance at the French court. He carried everything before him while he remained there, but he was restless and finally drifted from court to court and later is credited with having become the boon companion of the Landgrave, Charles of Hesse, and is reported to have died in Schleswig-Holstein in 1780.

But did he die or is he still living? Naturally he is not alive, but no one ever knew what became of him. Grosley, an eminent scientist and fellow of the Royal society, believed he saw St. Germain in a French prison during the reign of terror in 1794. Lord Lytton in 1860 met a man who seemed the embodiment of the old count. Van Damme writes of a mysterious "major" who was in the court of Louis Napoleon in 1855, who was of no known nationality, of undiscovered origin and with plenty of money from a source none could learn.

A man must have possessed exceptional ability as a faker and must have had the trick down to an art to have fooled such intelligent men as Andrew Lang, Lord Lytton, Grosley ... many others, and for that reason ... must be put down as one of the ... monumental fakes of history.—... Philadelphia Press.

The French Monarchy.

History concedes that Clovis I. was the real founder of the French monarchy, although his father, Childeric, held some sort of tribal rule over part of the country which was destined to become France. Clovis was a progressive king and vastly extended his domains during the period of his rule, from 481 to 511. He made endless war on surrounding tribes and took territory right and left by conquest. ... 493 Clovis took Paris by storm, and thereupon that city became the permanent seat of the French government.

There is only one real failure in life possible, and that is not to be true to the best one knows.

POWER OF MUSIC.

A Wordless Conversation That Made Two Strangers Brothers.

An instance of music forming a base of conversation between strangers each ignorant of the other's language is given by John S. Neihardt in "The River and I." While on the Missouri in a canoe with some companions they came to a place where the Great Northern railroad touches the river for the last time for 500 miles. Here they saw two Italian hands whiling away their Sunday with fishing rods.

"I went ashore, hoping to buy some fish. Neither of the two could speak English, and Italian sounds to me merely like an unintelligible singing. However, they gave me to understand that the fish were not for sale, and my proffered coin had no persuasive powers.

"Still wanting those fish I lingered, carelessly whistling the while a strain from an opera I had once heard. For some reason or other that strain had been in my head all day. I got up in the morning with it; I had whistled it during the fight with the head wind. The Kid called it 'that dago tune.' I think it was something from 'Il Trovatore.'

"Suddenly one of the little Italians dropped his rod, stood up to his full height, lifted his arms very much after the fashion of an orchestra leader and joined in with me.

"I stopped—because I saw that he could whistle. He carried it on with much expression to the last thin note with all the ache of the world in it. And then he grinned at me.

"'Verdi!' he said sweetly.

"I applauded, whereat the little Italian produced a bag of tobacco. We sat down on the rocks and smoked together, holding a wordless but perfectly intelligible conversation of pleasant grins.

"That night we had fish for supper. I got them for a song, or, rather, for a whistle. One immortal strain from Verdi poorly whistled in a wilderness had made an Italian and a Dutchman brothers."

ONE MAN BASEBALL.

The Game as It Might Be Played on One of Mars' Moons.

According to Professor F. R. Moulton of the University of Chicago, one man is all that would be required to play a baseball game on Phobos, one of the two moons of Mars, provided the man could live in a place without atmosphere. Professor Moulton described the manner of play in addressing a church society on the "Earthlike Planets."

"Our one man team would first take the position of pitcher," he said, "and throw the ball horizontally. The ball would go all the way around the moon. He would then have time to get a bat and strike at it. If he missed it he could take his three strikes, then put on his mask, gloves and chest protector and catch himself out when the ball came around the fourth time.

"In case he hit the ball and it bounded he could play the part of ... infielder by picking the ... up as it came bounding ... around the moon. He then could throw to first and catch himself out on the base as the ball came around again. If he hit a fly in place of a grounder he might draw on his glove and, playing the part of the center fielder, catch himself out. A strong batter might make a home run. This would mean that he struck the ball so hard that it went beyond the attraction of this moon and struck on the planet Mars. It would be what we call 'over the fence.'"—New York World.

Pepys as an Advertiser.

Pepys as a diarist we all know, but Pepys as an advertiser is unfamiliar. An advertisement from the London Post Boy of May 7, 1700, reproduced in "Notes and Queries," gives a list of articles stolen from his residence near Leicester square and offers a reward of 5 guineas for their recovery. It is interesting to note the changes in spelling wrought by a couple of centuries—"puortmantle trunk," "broadcloath coat," "black-silk wastcoat" and "two silk handkechiefs, red and blew." There were also "four laced neckclothes." What were they—collars in an early stage of evolution?—London Chronicle.

Logic.

The man who acts on impulse is frequently placed in a position that makes him wish he had not been so hasty. One man noticed that the friend with whom he was walking had drawn very close to a horse that wore a muzzle.

"Look out!" he cried. "That horse bites. Don't you see he's muzzled?"

"Yes," replied his friend calmly. "That's why I thought he couldn't bite."—Youth's Companion.

The Right Periodical.

Picking up a magazine, Swishley began fumbling the pages.

"What are you looking for?" his wife inquired.

"Oh, nothing in particular."

"Then you have the right book," the wife observed. "I have just finished reading it, and that's exactly what I found."—Exchange.

Equal Rights.

She—I want you to understand before I marry you that I believe in equal privileges and responsibilities. He—All right, dear. I was intending to give the minister $10, so you'd better hand over $5.—Boston Transcript.

Squally.

Daughter (singing to her own accompaniment)—"I'm afloat! I'm afloat!" Father—You'll jolly soon be capsized by such a squall as that!—London Mail.

THE HUMAN BRAIN.

Scientists Claim It Is Distributed All Over the Body.

Once it was believed that the gray matter of the brain was confined within the skull. Now physicians and other students of physiology tell us that this same "gray" matter is found in other parts of the body—for instance, in the tips of the fingers of the blind, where the thinking has been consciously much exercised. One physician tells us there is little brain in the throat, and it often seems to be an independent thinking organ. An operator on the throat must become a friend and confidant of that little brain or his operation will not be successful. The little brain has a memory, and if the operator's hand has slipped and misused that throat the brain in the head may consent to the operation and desire it, but that little throat brain will resist even if it be months after the mistake, and if the operator persists the patient may be thrown into convulsions, such is the memory of that little brain.

And what has been discovered in the throat and in the finger tips will yet be discovered throughout the whole body, because we will consciously think in every part. At present much of the thinking is involuntary, not with the co-operation of the eye or central consciousness, but self knowledge brings you where you co-operate with yourself, and there are harmony and unity in all the activities of the body because of confidence throughout in the master of it.

The cells of your body can be seen as little selves or people, forming a government over which you exercise good rule by becoming acquainted with your people, educating public sentiment in noble thinking, putting away internal strife, hatred and other forms of inharmony. Certain persons suffer because they have hatred and despised parts and functions of their bodies. Hatred withers, paralyzes and congests. No one can do his best under disapproval—seek out a way to think kindly, generously, truly of yourself.—Detroit Free Press.

MORBID BLUSHING.

A Terrible Affliction That May Be Helped by Convex Glasses.

The essential cause of morbid blushing is a morbid temperament, says Dr. H. Campbell, M. R. C. P., in the Practitioner. A normal person may blush, but he is not greatly disturbed by it. He may be disconcerted for the time; but, the storm over, he soon forgets all about it. The morbid blusher, on the other hand, suffers mental torture. The blush throws him into a state of panic such as in the normal person can only be excited by some desperate experience. The anguish is so great that he lives in constant dread of being exposed to the conditions which excite it. This dread colors his entire life. He wakes up with it; he falls asleep with it. It haunts his dreams.

Morbid blushing is, in truth, a terrible affliction. In its severe forms, Dr. Campbell says, it always calls up thoughts of suicide and not infrequently actually prompts it.

The female sex is more apt to blush than the male sex, although more men than women seek medical help for morbid blushing. Those who suffer from the complaint may gain some confidence by using strong convex glasses. The artificial myopia thus induced by blurring the surroundings tends to diminish self consciousness."

In other words, distort the faces of people by means of spectacles and it will not matter to you how they look at you, for you will not notice them.

Russia's Parquetry Floors.

Most flooring put down in Russia is parquetry, and it is generally oak. Even in the unpretentious houses and flat buildings this parquetry is to be found. In some cases, of course, the finish is not so fine as in others, and in ordinary buildings the designs are not so elaborate. One of the most noticeable features of a Russian house is that rugs and carpets are used for wall decorations instead of floor coverings. Floor polishing by professionals, who come regularly once every week or ten days, is considered a part of the regular routine of running a house.—Detroit Free Press.

Churchyard Yew Trees.

One reason given why very old yew trees are so often found in country churchyards is that originally these trees were planted to supply the peasants with wood for their bows, for in lawless times it was soon discovered that the only place where trees would be safe from nightly marauders was the churchyard, where the most hardened thief dared not venture between darkness and dawn.—London Mail.

A Philosopher.

"My! You wanted fried potatoes, didn't you?" said the careless waitress as the customer in the restaurant finished his meal and rose to leave.

"That's all right," answered the patient man. "I've wanted so many things all my life that I didn't get I'm used to it."—Newark News.

Social Parasite.

"You needn't brag about your social connections if you do belong to an aristocratic family. Don't you work for a living?"

"I work! How do I work?"

"Everybody you can."—Baltimore American.

An Exception.

"They say that lightning never strikes twice in the same place."

"Doesn't it? I know a woman who's been married for her money three times."—Detroit Free Press.

SCHUYLER'S TOY CANAL.

It Made the Principle of Locks Clear to the Dutchmen.

It is not known who first conceived the magnificent idea of connecting by a canal Lake Erie with the Atlantic ocean. Experiments to improve the navigation of the Mohawk by means of small canals and locks had been tried years before De Witt Clinton built the Erie canal. The purpose, which was to connect Lake Ontario through the Mohawk with the Hudson, met with a formidable obstacle at Little falls, where the river descended for a mile or two over a series of rapids.

General Philip Schuyler of Revolutionary fame had planned a series of locks to overcome this descent of the river. Knowing that the success of the project would depend upon the favor with which the Dutch farmers, settled near the river, received it, he visited them. Calling a meeting at a tavern, he unfolded his plan. The old Dutchmen loved and honored Schuyler, for he was the head of an old Dutch family. They were delighted with the prospect of the commerce of the state sailing past their farms, but they could not comprehend how boats could ascend Little falls.

The general by means of drawings explained the principle of locks. It was in vain. The stolid Dutchmen shook their heads, saying that they did not believe a word of it. Water would not run uphill, and it was useless for the general to endeavor to make them believe that it would.

The general went to bed mortified at his failure. Turning over the thing in his mind, a happy thought suggested itself. He arose, lighted a candle, took a knife and a few shingles and went into the tavern yard. Digging a miniature canal of two different levels, he connected them by a lock of shingles. Then he summoned the Dutchmen, who came grumbling at being aroused from their slumbers. Pouring water from a pail into the little canal, he locked a chip through from the lower to the upper level.

"Vell, general, dot beats eferything!" exclaimed the astonished Dutchmen. "Now ve understands und ve goes mit you unt your canal!"—New York Press.

HIDDEN HOARDS.

Fortunes Buried or Tucked Away In Wasteful Neglect.

None can estimate the wealth hidden in the days of the war between the states. Down mountain slopes, across the great plantations and along the streets of cities of the south are trails of lost fortunes. On the Mississippi river the shanty boaters tell tales of kettles of gold coin and money that were buried in the brakes or revealed in the caving bank of the Mississippi by a cascade of coin rushing down the crumbling slope into the flood. Now and then some sharp darky appears with a handful of old gold.

A mathematician might estimate the quantity of nugget gold hidden by the placer miners, the loggers, tinkers, tramps, soldiers—all the kinds of fortunes that are tucked away in useless and wasteful neglect in all parts of the country—in stockings, mattresses, old clothes, garrets, cellars, hollow trees, hovels, mansions, caches of desperadoes and hidings of foreigners. If only one in 10,000 hides $100 that is never found, and in every village and town the proportion is larger, among farmers and back country people much larger, the loss will amount to $900,000. The chances are that there is a hundred million dollars of hidden fortunes in this country now—gold, silver, precious stones and paper wealth. Many a farm, many a city property goes into neglect and decay because the heirs never knew of it.—Raymond S. Spears in Harper's Weekly.

Falconry.

In medieval times falconry was exceedingly popular. To be seen with a hawk upon the wrist was the seal of a gentleman, and his rank was also known by the species of hawk he was using—for a king the ger-falcon, for a prince the falcon-gentle, for a duke the falcon of the rock, the peregrine falcon for an earl, for a lady the merlin, the nobby for a young man, the goshawk for the yeoman and for the serving man the kestrel.

Had to Swallow Many Things.

An amusing anecdote is related of the late Hungarian statesman Tisza, who when one day dining at the Hofburg with the Austrian emperor placed a large pear upon his plate at dessert. The emperor remarked to his minister that cold fruit after a hot dinner was injurious to the digestion.

Tisza replied, "The stomach of a Hungarian premier, your majesty, is obliged to be a strong one."

Changed Plans.

A Chicago banker was dictating a letter to his stenographer.

"Tell Mr. So-and-so," he ordered, "that I will meet him in Schenectady."

"How do you spell Schenectady?" asked the stenographer.

"S-c, S-c—er—er—er— Tell him I'll meet him in Albany."—Chicago Post.

Architecturally Speaking.

"I am the architect of my own fortune," said Mr. Dustin Stax.

"Well," replied Mr. Holden Hawes, "by being your own architect you're liable to get some curious effects, but you do save a lot of money on plans and specifications."—Washington Star.

The Pity of It.

"Do you believe necessity is the mother of invention?"

"Yes, and she is also closely related to the promissory note."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

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