

IS BLIND AND POOR.

BARONESS JENNO VAN RAHDEN DYING IN AUSTRIA.

She Has Had a Career in Which the Romantic and Tragic Were Strangely Blended—Infatuated Husband Killed Four Admirers.

Wealth and splendor have gone; the man who killed four others for her love lies moldering under ground with his victims; the world that bowed before her beauty has forgotten her, or, if it remembers, remembers only to pity for a passing moment; the beautiful eyes that once were watched eagerly by hundreds for a glance are sightless. It is the end of the glory of the Baroness Jenno van Rahden. She lies in Nizza Austria—blind, miserably poor and dying. The magnificent trained horses which she loved passionately, and with which she won applause from all of Europe, have been sold long ago for debt, and she does not know who owns them now. She has made with barely one step the voyage from magnificence to bitter misery.

It was as an equestrian that Jenny Weiss first became one of the celebrities of Europe. Many wooed her. Of them all none wooed as did the big, handsome, dashing, prodigally rich Russian, Baron von Rahden. He won her, and became as fierce an adorer of his wife as he had been her adorer during courtship. He showered upon her love and wealth and watched over her with jealous care.

For this man, with his savage love, there came torment. His wealth was swept away in a night, and he faced life as a beggar. Unfitted for work, he struggled bitterly, until sheer necessity



THE BARONESS AND HER HORSE.

forced him to let his wife return to the circus arena with her horses. Faithfully she labored for him and herself, and her work was rewarded excellently with both fame and money. But the life was mortal agony for the Russian. Night after night he stood where his fierce eyes could watch the audience, and every glance that seemed to lack respect, every word that seemed to imply admiration, even the applause that was lavished on her, bit into him as acid into a wound.

Soon Vienna was startled by the news that a duel had been fought between him and an officer of high rank, and that his opponent had been killed at the first fire. It was proved that the dead officer had attempted to force his attentions on the equestrian, and the baron was not prosecuted. The tragic affair cooled neither the baron's blood nor that of the admirers of the baroness. A second duel in the south of Europe soon followed the first, and another dead officer was left on the field to testify to the prowess, this time, of the baron's sword. Again, in France, a civilian, one of the richest men of the day, tried to send a note to the baroness. The baron intercepted it, and the next morning it became known in the town that the baron's deadly record had been increased by another victim.

This third duel sufficed to frighten the most daring, and for a considerable time even this insanely jealous man found something like peace, for there was no man in any of the crowds that watched the beautiful woman ride who did not keep himself in rein, well knowing that the Russian's sharp eyes were roving over each face in turn with fierce watchfulness in every glance. But finally, in France, a Danish naval officer became infatuated with the graceful rider. Perhaps he was reckless; perhaps he did not know the record of her husband. At any rate, he took no pains to hide his admiration of the Baroness Jenny. His friends hastened then to acquaint him with the truth, but he only laughed at them. It was a pretty romance and it amused him.

One day the officer stared at the baroness with open insolence. The next instant a great form towered over him, a voice thick with rage addressed him and he fell, shot dead. As this killing was not in a duel the baron was arrested and tried. The end was that he was acquitted. There followed a few years of comparatively serene life. Through it all ran the strain of a perfect love between these two. And then the baron died.

That was two years and a half ago. In that time the baroness appeared with few interruptions and earned the admiration of all. Last January she appeared in Nizza. For some time before that she had suffered from pain in the spine, but she insisted on appear-

ing. She rode all evening, and her acts were even more brilliant than usual. But even while the applause was ringing through the place she fainted and slid helplessly to the ground. She was carried to the hotel burning with fever. When she awoke the next morning she begged her attendants to open the shutters. But the shutters already were wide open. She was blind. Physicians consulted and consulted, to arrive only at the same verdict—hopeless. The circus folk did what they could until the show had to depart from Nizza. They left her behind them in the hotel, whence later she was taken to a hospital and where she is now dying. All of her horses were sold for her maintenance.

PREFER TO REMAIN IN MEXICO.

Natives of Our Sister Republic Seldom Emigrate to the States.

By the last census taken in 1895 the population of Mexico was 12,578,000. By the last census of Canada, taken in 1896, its population was 5,125,000. There are thus more than twice as many inhabitants in Mexico as in Canada, and the facilities of travel between Mexico and the United States are equally good, but by the last census there were 1,000,000 Canadians in the United States and only 77,000 Mexicans—a disparity so great as to require some explanation.

It has generally been supposed that a majority of the Canadians in the United States are residents of either the northern counties of New York or the manufacturing districts of New England, into which there has been of recent years a very large immigration of French-Canadians, but it is a fact that the Canadian-born population of the United States is pretty evenly distributed, and by the last Federal census there were 181,000 Canadians in Michigan, 26,000 in California, 40,000 in the State of Illinois, 17,000 in Iowa, and more curious still, perhaps, 3,000 in Texas. Two-thirds of all the Mexicans in the United States are to be found within the State of Texas and the other one-third in the other forty-four States and Territories of the country. By the last census the whole number of Mexicans resident in New York was returned as 330, of Missouri 130, of Illinois 143, and of Colorado 607.

The most frequent explanation given for the scarcity of Mexican residents in the United States is found in the differences of climate. But this explanation is not the true one, as is shown by the figures in Mississippi, a State whose climate more nearly, perhaps, than any other, with the exception of Texas, resembles that of Mexico; there were only thirty-one Mexicans in Mississippi returned by the last census, in Alabama thirty-four, and in Arkansas twenty-seven, while in the North Atlantic States there were 650. Another explanation of the lack of Mexican emigration to this country is given in the unfamiliarity of its people with the language, but that view of the case is not well supported.

The republic of Mexico has not been increasing much in population through immigration in recent years and the number of American emigrants to Mexico has been continuously small. There were by the last enumeration 7,200 foreign residents in the capital city of Mexico, the total population of which was 345,000.—New York Sun.

World's Smallest Battery.

This picture of "Hink and Dink," the youngest battery in the world, is copied from a snapshot taken of Francis Walsh, a young Kansas City lad, who has been visiting Boston lately, and Fred



HINK AND DINK.

Wiltzinger, a youngster from Dorchester. Both are friends of Charley Nichols, of the Boston Base-ball Club, two of whose uniforms were remade to fit the young players. "Hink" is the pitcher and "Dink" the catcher, but if "Hink's" curves fail to bewilder the opposing batsman "Dink" takes his place on the rubber, and "Hink" dons the big mitt, mask and protector.

A Trade in Itself.

Citizen—See here, I'll give you a dime, but I believe you asked me for money only yesterday. Why don't you learn some good business?
Able-bodied Beggar—I have learned one, sir; I'm a re-toucher.—Life.

Every one reaches a day when he tells something he has always kept a secret.

UMBRELLA WAS AT FAULT.

It Gave This Young Woman a Bad Few Minutes.

Umbrellas get people into strange predicaments now and then. In proof of which this story shows how accidents in the best regulated families will produce a decided feeling of discomposure.

A well-regulated looking young woman of the haughty beauty type walked down the street, head well in the air, shoulders squared, chin drawn in, obeying the behests of her physical culture teacher to the letter, in fact. Her costume was pretty and appropriate to the warm day, and an air of well-being pervaded her entire personality until



BOTHERED BY HER UMBRELLA.

she had gotten exactly opposite a group of men who were lazily interested in her.

As was natural, her air of haughtiness and her "physically cultured" bearing were intensified the moment she became aware of the observers, and therefore it was a great pity that the light umbrella she carried should have taken this inopportune moment to shut up, catch her hat in its folds, turn it awry, disarrange her hair and generally rob her of peace of mind.

When the young woman had extricated herself, folded her tent—that is, her umbrella—and gone on her way—but not rejoicing, she seemed to have shrunk in size and the well-regulated look was quite gone. So much are we the creatures of circumstances.—Chicago Chronicle.

The Great Seal of England.

The seal consists of a large mass of sterling silver, measuring about six and a half inches in diameter by one and a quarter inch in depth or thickness. It is in two parts, both smooth on the outer side, but elaborately engraved within. These two surfaces are impressed upon a lump of wax attached in an ingenious way to any document to which her Majesty as sovereign gives her royal assent. The weight of the seal is one hundred and eighty-five ounces, and its value in metal about £30. Each seal is engraved during the reign of the sovereign whose name it bears, and the collection presents a curious and accurate epitome of English history. All lord chancellors have taken the greatest care of the seals in their charge, and have contrived recesses and elaborate devices for their safe custody. One of them, in the reign of Charles II, actually slept with the seal under his pillow, and by this loving precaution saved it from thieves who one night broke into his house and carried off the mace belonging to the House of Lords and other valuable property.—Chambers' Journal.

A Dish for an Ep cure.

A large business is carried on in Shasburg in the manufacture of pate de foie gras. In the process of manufacture the livers used are those of the common goose, and by a special method of stuffing they are often made to attain a weight of two pounds. As many as seven or eight hundredweight of them are required daily during the season. The livers must be absolutely fresh for use, and the sorting is done with great care. When they reach the factory they are of a pinkish yellow color. It was in 1788 that Jean Pierre Clause, the famous chef de cuisine of the Marshal de Contades, the Governor of the then French province of Alsace, made the discovery that cold goose liver served in Madeira jelly was not to be despised, and that, enclosed in a crust with truffe de Perigord, it was the dish of an epicure. So highly was Clause's discovery prized that his master kept the recipe a profound secret, and never omitted a dish at the dinners he gave to high dignitaries.

Needed Patience.

"I learn," she said, reproachfully, "that you were devoted to no fewer than five girls before you finally proposed to me. How do I know that you didn't make desperate love to all of them?"

"I did," he replied promptly.
"You did?" she exclaimed.
"Certainly," he returned. "You don't suppose for a minute I would be foolhardy enough to try for such a prize as you are without practicing a little at first, do you?"—Chicago Post.

When the hostess no longer apologizes for the lack of ple, a wise guest knows her welcome is worn out, and talks of going.

Some people are good for no other reason than that they may better abuse those who are not.



A new system of gun-firing, consisting in enlarging the chamber at the breech and filling it with water between the charge and the projectile, is claimed to give enormously high muzzle velocities, with less fouling and corrosion.

Flowering plants are not certainly known to reach a greater height than seventeen thousand feet in the Alps. At least half a dozen species—including a saxifrage, a mallow, a valerian and several compositae—have been brought by Sir Martin Conway from heights of eighteen thousand to 18,500 feet in the Bolivian mountains.

Before a meeting of the Biological Society of Washington Mr. W. A. Orton described the result of experiments made to determine the cause of the flow of maple sap in the early spring. His conclusion was that the flow has a mechanical cause, being due to the increasing heat which expands the gases in the wood cells, and thus forcibly expels the sap. This contradicts the view that the flow of sap is due only to physiological action in the plant.

The fur of the blue fox has become so valuable of late years that "fox farms" now exist on some of the islands off the coast of Maine as well as on the Aleutian Islands and the Pribilof Islands in Behring Sea. One of the problems now confronting the fox ranchers is how to provide more abundant food for the foxes in the winter time. On the Aleutian Islands they have been fed with dried salmon when other food gives out. They will even eat sea-urchins, searching for them on the beach at low tide.

The members of the International Commercial Congress recently held in Philadelphia were told by W. C. Barker, as the result of his observations among European manufacturers, that time seems to be regarded as of comparatively little value abroad, while in America the maxim that "time is money" is practically applied. Mr. Barker found that in a large agricultural machinery manufactory in Europe the only trip-hammer in use was worked by hand, the weight being drawn up with ropes and pulley, and allowed to drop. The American power-hammer strikes 100 and more blows in a minute.

The discovery that there is a kind of struggle for existence and survival of the fittest among rivers is one of the most interesting results of the modern study of physiography. A notable example of this contest is exhibited by England's two longest rivers, the Thames and the Severn. Between their valleys lie the Cotswold Hills, and exploration shows that the Severn, by eating backward among these hills, where softer strata underlie them, has diverted to itself some of the headwaters which formerly flowed into the Thames. So considerable has this action been that the two rivers concerned have been denominated "the waxing Severn and the waning Thames."

TO INTERVIEW A PRINCESS.

How a Clever New York Woman Managed to Converse with Eulalia.

Mrs. Cynthia Westover Alden, who conducts the woman's department of the New York Tribune, is credited with the following in the Saturday Evening Post:

"One day when I was writing for the now defunct Recorder I was assigned to interview the Princess Eulalia, the Spanish royal representative to the World's Fair at Chicago. I missed her in New York, so I paid my own expenses to Washington to interview her there, but I did not succeed. She would not see reporters. I interviewed the master of ceremonies, an American who had charge of the royal party, and asked him to help me. He replied that 'Her highness would return to New York the next day, but you cannot meet her unless you are introduced by Mayor Gilroy himself.'

"I went back to New York crestfallen. The next day I induced the editor to send me on the chartered boat which took the royal party up to West Point. The boat started and Eulalia and her escort took up a position on the main deck. The Mayor stood on one side and navy and army officers on the other. All about were soldiers with crossed sabers. The procession of invited guests started two by two to be presented to the Princess, but when I saw that they did not get near enough to her to touch her hand I determined not to take my place in the line, but to devise other means of being introduced. Finally a bright thought occurred to me, and, breaking through the ranks, I said to the soldiers:

"Let me pass; I've a message for Mayor Gilroy."

"I went through. I walked up to the Mayor and said: 'Mr. Mayor, everybody has met the Princess but myself. Will you present me?'

"He recognized me and replied: 'I am delighted to have the honor. Your highness, this is Miss Cynthia West-

over, who has for years been a part of the city government.'

"The Princess looked up and smiled, and I spoke to her in Spanish and told her how pleased I was to meet her. She answered that I was the first woman she had met who spoke her own tongue. We talked for over an hour on Spanish and American customs. She told me of her love of horses, music and literature, and of the training of her Spanish sisters. She asked me to step outside with her, and I did so. We walked up and down the deck for about ten minutes when I saw the master of ceremonies coming. He instantly recognized me, and advancing quickly toward the Princess he spoke hurriedly in Spanish and put his finger to his lips. I looked up to him and said:

"I've got my two-column interview, thank you, and I obeyed your orders strictly. I was presented by the Mayor."

DIET AND TUBERCULOSIS.

Effects of One Upon the Other—Value of Ample Feeding.

An important feature of the "fresh air" system of treating tuberculosis, as most readers are already aware, is ample feeding. The sanatorium at Nordach is famous for its requirement that the patients shall eat a certain amount of food at each meal and take their repasts in the presence of a medical supervisor.

Fresh illustration of the benefits to be derived from an abundant diet by persons who suffer from tuberculosis are afforded by Dr. Jane H. Walker, physician to the New Hospital in London, and superintendent of the East Anglian Sanatorium. A particularly striking case was that of a housemaid who was under Dr. Walker's care at one time. The maid exhibited some unusual symptoms. Her temperature would run up to 105 or even 110 degrees without apparent cause, and then drop down to the normal level. The girl was exceedingly obstinate and difficult to manage, too. She was so determined to preserve her figure that she would not at first comply with the demand that she either relax or abandon her stays. However, she lost weight steadily for six weeks, and in other respects appeared to be losing ground. She then became alarmed and consented to obey the doctor's orders. She left off her stays, began to eat heartily, and at the end of a single week she had gained twenty-three pounds. Suspecting that there was some mistake, the physician caused the patient to be weighed on three different sets of scales. These figures were fully verified, however. During the next week she gained only six pounds. She improved in other ways also, and was soon afterwards discharged. The girl is alive and well to-day, and hard at work in her old place.

Dr. Walker expresses the opinion that the perceptible falling off in mortality from tuberculosis in England of late years is due to the fact that the working classes there are better paid and consequently better nourished than formerly. It is probable, however, that they are also housed more comfortably and amid better sanitary surroundings. Possibly more than one cause operates to produce the observed effect.

A Jeweler's Story.

Diamonds can be broken, but they very seldom are. In the course of an experience of nearly forty years I have known of only two cases of diamonds being broken. One occurred many years ago, when I was working in a shop in Chattanooga. A lady customer dropped a cluster brooch from the counter to the tiled floor, a distance of about three and a half feet. It struck squarely on the center stone, which was broken into a number of small, irregular fragments. The diamond had weighed about two carats. The other instance took place in New Orleans, about six years ago. A St. Louis traveling man had a solitaire weighing one and a half carats set in a ring. He was standing in the store, and while conversing about something made a sudden gesture, and struck the stone against a metal fixture. It was split into small, jagged splinters, a number of which we found on top of the showcase. The drummer himself was the most astonished man I ever saw. He had supposed diamonds were indestructible, simply because they were hard.

Dobley's Revenge.

"John, there's a burglar trying to get in the house?"

"Is there?"

"Yes. Aren't you going to do something about it?"

"No, Maria. I'm a humane man, but if that fellow falls over Johnny's tin wagon, and steps into a toy drum, and gets frightened by trending on a rubber doll that says 'papa,' and barks his shins the same as I did when I came here in the dark to-night, 'twill be all his own fault. I don't feel called upon to interfere with my advice or to offer a helping hand, for it won't be a deserv'ing case. G'night."—Collier's Weekly.

Papa's Idea of It.

Little Harry—Papa, what is the still, small voice?

Papa—It's the voice in which your mother makes suggestions to the cook.—Chicago News.