

WHEN I WAS A BOY.

Up in the attic where I slept
When I was a boy—a little boy
In through the lattice the moonlight
crept,
Bringing a tide of dreams that swept
Over the low red trundle bed,
Bathing the tangled curly head,
While moonbeams played at hide and
seek
With the dimples on each sun-browned
cheek—
When I was a boy—a little boy!

And, oh, the dreams, the dreams I
dreamed
When I was a boy—a little boy!
For the face that through the lattice
streamed
Over my folded eyelids seemed
To have a gift of prophecy,
And to bring me glimpses of times to be
Where manhood's clarion seemed to call,
Ah, that was the sweetest dream of all—
When I was a boy—a little boy!

I'd like to sleep where I used to sleep
When I was a boy—a little boy!
For in at the lattice the moon would peep,
Bringing her tide of dreams to sweep
The crosses and griefs of the years away
From the heart that is weary and faint
to-day,
And those dreams should give me back
again
The peace I have never known since
then—
When I was a boy—a little boy!
—Eugene Field.

The Stolen Diamond

A CRIMINAL who has any peculiarly about his person, such as a missing finger, a club foot, or any mark made by his trade, such as the mark on the hand of a barber, where the scissors had constantly pressed against the roof of his thumb, should be careful lest these means of identification are not the means of his downfall. Most of the cases which have come under my notice have been cases where the culprit has had some bodily deficiency which has left its mark on something with which he has come in contact. The experience which I am about to relate embodies this truth, and had not the criminal in the case had the misfortune of losing one-half of his—but I am anticipat-

ing events.
I had just returned from the continent, where I had been sent in connection with the Duchess of Montrose's stolen jewels, and was prepared to enjoy a rest, when I received a wire from my chief asking me to report at once. Upon arriving at the office he told me that robbery had been committed at the summer home of Mr. George Middleton, the millionaire oil magnate, and that a detective had been wired for. As to the particulars, only one diamond had been stolen, a magnificent stone of great value intrinsically and of incalculable worth to the family as an heirloom.

Mr. Middleton's place was somewhere up the Hudson and I set out at once. When I arrived I was at once taken to Mr. Middleton, who appeared very much upset over the affair, not so much, he assured me, on account of the value of the stone, but it had been so long in the family and had so much to do with the history of the family, having been passed down as an heirloom from one generation to another, that he viewed the loss as a very great calamity. The points of the case were briefly as follows: On the previous night he had taken the diamond from the safe to show it to some of his guests, and Mrs. Middleton, who was to wear it at a ball on the following night, had taken it from him, and, not thinking it necessary to place it in the safe for so short a time, had taken it to her bedroom and put it in a small casket on her dressing table.

The next morning before going downstairs she thought she would see if it was all right, and was astonished to find the casket empty. There were many guests in the house, and at my request I was to be introduced as a friend of Mr. Middleton. Before going into the drawing-room I asked if he would be good enough to give me some particulars about his guests. "Let me see," he said; "there are about twenty guests, mostly gentlemen. With the exception of three they are old friends of the family and above suspicion. The remaining three are gentlemen of high character. One of them is a Russian count, who came to me with letters from intimate friends abroad, and one of the others is an Englishman whom I met in New York, and our kindred tastes led me to invite him here a few weeks; the other is a gentleman from town, greatly interested in dynamics, and whom I met in my club. These are the only acquaintances that are here whom I have met during the last year."

I was then taken to the drawing-room and introduced to most of the guests, among them the three new acquaintances. I gained nothing that night and noticed nothing suspicious about any of the guests. I was rather inclined to think that the robbery had been committed from the inside, by either one of the servants or one of the guests, as all the doors had been found fastened on the morning after the robbery, and no one knew that the diamond was in the house it was always kept at the bank but the members of the household and the guests to whom it had been shown on the night of the robbery. In the morning I asked the servant who brought me my coffee and rolls to come in, and I questioned him as to the guests, and if he had noticed any of the servants were in trouble over money matters.

"Now," I said to him, "have you noticed anything peculiar about any of the guests? No matter how trifling it may appear to you, it may be the means of providing me with a clue."
He thought for a moment and then said that he had noticed nothing out of the common. He had just gone out of the room when he reappeared and told me that he had noticed one thing about one of the guests, but it could have nothing to do with the robbery. He had noticed that one of the men had always had his shoes cleaned while they were on his feet. He always collected all the shoes and took them down to be cleaned, but Mr. Dane, "the man who always talks about machinery and the like," always had his shoes cleaned

President's Own Flag

An Ensign the Existence of Which Has Been Known to Comparatively Few People of This Republic.

NOT everybody knows that the President of the United States has his own flag, which he is entitled to hoist over any boat of the United States navy in which he may happen to be. It is not a new flag. The President's flag is an institution a century old, and has, in some shape, practically been in existence ever since we became a nation.

Congress never legislated on the President's flag. It was established arbitrarily by the Secretary of the Navy, though there was never a set of rules regarding it until 1865, when Secretary Gideon Welles promulgated orders which permitted the President to display his flag at the main royal of any vessel honored by his presence, the flag of the commanding officer to be struck for the time being. These regulations were reaffirmed in 1866, and again in 1869, and have been in force ever since. At that time the President's flag was the blue field of the Stars and Stripes, but in 1879, by order of the Secretary of the Navy, the coat of arms of the United States was placed on the flag, in white, with the constellation above in a single curved line. A few years later the colors of the design were changed to brown and a crest was added, showing the stars within a ring of clouds. There being no way of representing clouds with bunting, the design was painted. This was unsatisfactory, as a few hours of whipping in the wind cracked the paint and ruined the effect.

President Roosevelt's suggestions that the flag be changed to overcome inartistic details and do away with the paint, were received with favor and the President's flag is now the

came and had them cleaned on his feet."

In the evening I had another talk with the man and asked him to give me an account of everything that happened on the night of the robbery. He told me that the gentleman had been out all day, and in the evening Mr. Middleton had sent an order to him to bring some apples into the drawing-room; these apples were of a special kind grown on the place. He had taken them into the drawing-room and it was soon after this that Mr. Middleton had gone and fetched the diamond from the safe.

I made a mental note of these facts. Later on I had a chat with Mr. Dane, and, being myself something of an authority on dynamics, I was able to interest him. I was looking at him closely all the time we were talking. There was only one thing that distinguished him from any other guest. This was that half of one of his front teeth was missing; it had been broken off in almost exactly the middle.

I did not connect Mr. Dane with the robbery; in fact, I had up to this time not the slightest suspicion of a clue. It was early the next morning that I was put on the scent. I had visited the room from which the diamond had been stolen, and was looking to see if I could find any trace of footprints on the beds or the lawn. I did not find any trace of footprints, but I noticed the half of an apple directly under the window. I picked it up and examined it carefully. As I was turning it over and over I was thinking and wondering how it came there. It must have been thrown there recently, otherwise it would have been swept up. Then it struck me that apples had been eaten on the night that the diamond had been stolen, and I understood that no one had gone out on that night. Of course, I thought some one might have thrown it there since that night. Then I noticed a peculiarity of the marks of the teeth on the apple. About half of it had been eaten, and at every place where the apple had been bitten a small portion of the apple remained, a small ridge about an eighth of an inch in width and extending the entire length of the bite. I saw in a moment who had been eating the apple. It was the man with the broken tooth, Mr. Dane, and the ridge was left where the missing tooth must have bitten. Now it occurred to me that it was just possible that after Mr. Middleton had given the diamond to his wife (which was just after the apples had been brought in) Mr. Dane had followed her and taken his partly finished apple with him.

After she had left the room, leaving the diamond in the casket, he had gone in, and when opening the box, had put the apple down, and not knowing exactly what to do with it had opened the window, which opened after the fashion of a door, and had thrown it down on the grass below. Another thought struck me. Why did Mr. Dane have his shoes cleaned on his feet, instead of having them cleaned as the other guests did? There must be some reason for this unless it was a fad. I asked my confidential servant which was Mr. Dane's bedroom, and in the evening when Mr. Dane was in the drawing-room with his pumps on, I went to his room, and, as I expected, I could not find the shoes. I could, however, give a guess that they were in a large box which stood in the corner of the room. Further evidence: Why did he keep his shoes locked up in his box? I pulled a bunch of keys out of my pocket and tried to unlock the padlock, but not one key in my possession would fit the lock. The next morning by six o'clock I was being driven to a locksmith with the purpose of obtaining fresh keys.

On the evening of that day I watched for the appearance of Mr. Dane with a certain amount of excitement. I felt as though I was going to find the diamond that night. Presently he appeared as usual in his pumps and challenged me to a game of billiards. I would rather not have played, but I accepted his challenge and we had a game. It seemed a terrible long game, but at last it was finished, and he made his way to the smoking-room, while I made my way to his bedroom. I closed and locked the door and then started to try the various keys. Almost the first key fitted and I opened the box and got out the shoes. They were of common make and there appeared to be nothing out of the way about them. I noticed, how-



THE PRESIDENT'S OWN FLAG.

blue background of the Union Jack, on which is a pure white eagle, its feathers heavily outlined in black. The constellation is in white, with the rays of the sunburst in heavy stitching of yellow. The flag is of bunting and measures fourteen by ten and one-half feet, for outdoor use, and is of heavy taffeta silk, with gold thread and embroidery for indoor decoration. The flag as it now is, is an exceedingly handsome one and will probably be allowed to remain unaltered for all time to come.

With Secretary Welles' regulations were also provisions for flags which should indicate the presence on board any vessel of the vice president, members of the Cabinet and governors of the States, but they are rarely, if ever used. Indeed, the President's own flag has been so infrequently displayed that when President Harrison went up the Atlantic coast in the Dolphin, with his flag displayed, he was ridiculed by a number of prominent newspapers, the editors of which did not know that the custom was established a century ago.

ever, a little cut in the heel of the right shoe and I put my finger in this cut and gave it a pull, but it remained firm.

I examined it very carefully and discovered the head of a nail driven into the heel from the side, and as this could serve no purpose there, and, moreover, as it was blackened over so that it could hardly be seen without very close inspection, I naturally thought it might have some purpose, so I got my knife from pocket, and, putting it under the head, levered it. It came out easy enough, and I then pulled the top of the heel right off, and there, snugly resting in a bed of cotton wool, lay the missing diamond!

I took it out and looked at it by the light of the candle. It was a magnificent stone and, I could see, of immense value.

At this moment some one tried the door and I fancied I heard an exclamation of rage and then a hurrying of feet downstairs. I rushed toward the door and was just in time to see Mr. Dane disappearing out of a door which led into the grounds. I shouted out to the gentleman that the man who stole the diamond was but a few yards away, and they joined in the pursuit. We were not long in catching him.

Mr. Middleton would not at first believe it was Mr. Dane who stole the diamond, but when I showed him the shoe with the sliding heel he realized his confidence had been abused.

So you see that criminals should be very careful if they have any part of their anatomy missing, even if it is only half of a tooth. Mr. Dane is still in the stone business, but he is in Sing Sing.—Vidocq, in the Independent.

CUBA'S FIRST MINISTER.

Senor Gonzales Represents New Republic at Washington.

When Senor Gonzales de Quesada, the minister from Cuba, presented his credentials to President Roosevelt, the event marked the entry of the new republic as a country into the politics of nations.

Senor Quesada is a native of Cuba and is but thirty-four years of age. He was born at the beginning of the first Cuban insurrection. His parents took sides with the patriots and were exiled. They sought refuge in New York, and in that city young Quesada grew up and was educated. For several years prior to and during the war for freedom Senor Quesada was secretary of the unrecognized legation from the republic, which then existed only in name. During those years he became a personal friend of Mr. Roosevelt, who welcomed him warmly when he received him as the minister of the new republic.

English Tongue's Supremacy.

Two-thirds of all the letters, which pass through the post offices of the world are written by and sent to people who speak English, says Bradstreet's. There are substantially 500,000,000 persons speaking colloquially one or other of the ten or twelve chief modern languages, and of these about 25 per cent, or 125,000,000 persons, speak English. About 100,000,000 speak Russian, 75,000,000 German, 55,000,000 French, 45,000,000 Spanish, 35,000,000 Italian, and 12,000,000 Portuguese, and the balance Hungarian, Dutch, Polish, Flemish, Bohemian, Gaelic, Roumanian, Swedish, Finnish, Danish and Norwegian. Thus, while only one-quarter of those who employ the facilities of the postal departments of civilized governments speak as their native tongue English, two-thirds of those who correspond do so in the English language. There are, for instance, more than 20,000 post offices in India, the business of which in letters and papers aggregates more than 300,000,000 a year, and the business of these offices is done chiefly in English, though of India's total population, which is nearly 300,000,000, fewer than 300,000 persons either speak or understand English.

When a girl over 26 is still a belle, either her father is rich, or she lives in a big house, and gives parties. Many a woman clothes her body until she resembles a fashion plate, while she lets her mind go ragged.

TREED BY WILD HOGS.

Illinois Hunter Has a Very Unpleasant Adventure.

In the cane-brakes along the Illinois river wild hogs have appeared in great numbers this year, coming from no one knows where, the St. Louis Republic says. These hogs seem to have little in common with the domestic species. They are gaunt of form, long-legged, and as ferocious as bears, many of them with enormous heads and savage-looking tusks. Several rather unpleasant adventures have occurred with these animals, among them one in which J. P. McGee played a part.

On his return from a successful bird hunt recently Mr. McGee saw a small pig rolling in the dirt. He had heard of the wild hogs, but up to this time had seen none. With the sportsman's instinct he raised his gun, fired and wounded the pig. Its squeals were answered by grunts from all sides, and hundreds of hogs issued from the cane. McGee knew that they meant mischief, and throwing down his gun, he hastily scrambled among the branches of a small tree. Still the hogs came, hundreds of them, and their grunting and squealing, added to their ferocious aspect, were appalling to the frightened man.

The hunter felt reasonably safe in the tree, for he knew the enraged animals could not reach him. But they squealed, snapped their ugly jaws, and leaped up. McGee saw them chew up and destroy the stock of his gun. And then they began to root at the tree wherein he sat.

At first he smiled at this rooting, but as a half dozen of the big boars kept at it, he began to wonder if they meant to root the tree down. In the course of a half-hour his wonder changed to alarm. The hogs had made a big hole around the roots of the tree, which was but small, and they were still rooting vigorously. Doubtless they had learned by experience how to get at a treed enemy.

Night came on, and in the moonlight the luckless hunter saw countless numbers of hogs moving about, and the rooting at the tree went on. Hoping to divert the savage brutes, he had thrown down to them the contents of his game-bag, which had been eagerly devoured.

Time passed, and the tree began to sway. McGee knew well that his chance for life was nothing if he fell among those hogs. More and more the tree swayed, then leaned to one side, and the hunter gave himself up for lost.

Suddenly there was a cessation of the grunting and squealing down below, and then a rush of feet. The hogs had departed, for some mysterious cause. The hunter did not know then and does not know now why they fled. But go they did, and the hunter was safe.

Waiting barely long enough to make sure of the departure of his enemies, he dropped from the tree and made the best possible time to his home.

BILL NYE AS A DAIRYMAN.

When I was young and used to roam around over the country, gathering watermelons in the light of the moon, I used to think I could milk anybody's cow, but I don't think so now. I don't milk the cow unless the sign is right and it hasn't been right for a good many years. The last cow I tried to milk was a common cow, born in obscurity; kind of self-made cow. I remember that her brow was low, but she wore her tail high and was haughty, oh, so haughty.

I made a common place remark to her, one that is used in the very best society; "So" and she soed. Then I told her to "Hist" and she histed. But I thought she overdid it. She put too much expression in it. Just then I heard something crash through a window of the barn and fall with a thud, sickening thud, on the outside. The neighbors come to see what it was that caused the noise. They found that I had done it in getting through the window. I asked the neighbors if the barn was standing. They said it was. Then I asked them if the cow was hurt much. They said she seemed quite robust. Then I requested them to go in and calm the cow a little and see if they could get my plug hat off of her horns.

I am buying all my milk now from a milkman. I select a gentle milkman who will not kick, and feel as though I can trust him. Then if he feels as though he can trust me, it is all right.

Bound to Be Right.

The superintendent was visiting the class. It was of the variety known as A1. The teacher was very much awed, also very nervous. The superintendent had asked her to give a lesson in number. Little 6-year-old Annie was neither awed nor nervous, so when the teacher said, "If four pieces of candy cost 1 cent, how many pieces can I buy for 2 cents?" she quickly solved the problem. She wished to make sure she was right before answering, however, so with her hand partly shading her mouth, she looked at the superintendent and with a knowing little wink whispered the word "eight," and then nodded her head as much as to say, "Is that right?" The superintendent, repressing a smile with difficulty, nodded that it was, and soon another little hand waved frantically in the air.—New York Evening Sun.

Would Not Have Time.

Having once lost a case in New York "Counselor" Nolan sadly remarked: "My poor client is little likely to get justice done here until the judgment day."
"Well, counselor," said the court, "if I have an opportunity I'll plead for the poor woman myself on that day."
"Your honor," replied Nolan, "will have troubles of your own on that day."

Internally Wrenched.

Dick—Have you got the ping-pong wrist yet?
Tom—No; but since our club charges for bad plays, I've got the ping-pong pocketbook.

One reason it is easier for a girl to be more strictly honest than a boy is, that she is never so hungry.



REMARKABLE ANIMAL SURGERY.

Dentist to the Hippopotamus and Chiro-podist to the Elephant.

THERE is probably no animal outside of the range of conventional domestic pets, which provokes so much curiosity among, or proves such a magnet of amusement to, the juvenile fraternity, either at the circus or Zoological Gardens, as the elephant. This ponderous and apparently clumsy, albeit, as a rule, perfectly harmless and docile creature is a never-ending source of delight to children. Especially is this the case with "Big Tom," the noble creature in the public Central Park of New York. He is an unusually tractable and playful animal, and consequently is a great favorite with the youngsters.

But one day "Big Tom" suddenly changed his manner. He became vicious, and the keeper, apprehensive that he might hurt some of his young visitors, fastened him up out of the



FILING DOWN THE TEETH.

way. Contemporaneously, the elephant displayed a difficulty in walking. At first the keeper could not assign any reason for this unexpected development on the part of his charge, and forthwith subjected the animal to a minute diagnosis. But he could not discover any reason to which either the animal's bad temper or lameness could be attributed, since "Big Tom" appeared to be enjoying the best of health.

The keeper, however, observed that the animal was lame in his legs, and also that his toenails had grown to an unusual extent. It then occurred to the man that possibly the animal's crippled condition was due to the abnormal size of his toenails. If such were the case, then the pain "Big Tom" endured while walking would be excruciating, and would account for his display of bad temper. The keeper thereupon decided to cut and trim the creature's nails, as, even if the operation did not cure the lameness, it would at any rate do no harm. Had "Big Tom" been roaming about in his native jungle, plowing and plodding in the heavy, rough soil, the nails would have been kept down to their proper size, but as he was deprived of these natural means of chirpody, then the same result would have to be accomplished by artificial means.

But the task was not so easy as it appeared from a cursory glance. The keeper realized that the work would have to be carried out with consummate skill, if the result were to be attended with satisfactory success. To insure this end, a special set of tools were prepared. This peculiar chirpody outfit comprised a saw, chisel, sharp knife, coarse rasp, sandpaper and smooth polishers, all specially manufactured for the operation. The elephant's legs were secured to the ground by means of chains to prevent movement, but otherwise "Big Tom" was left entirely free, since as the nails are of hard horn no pain would be experienced in the actual cutting, though as the flesh around the nails had become inflamed and tender,



SAWING OFF THE TUSKS.

It was feared that the creature might strongly emphasize its disapproval of the operation by dealing its keeper a powerful blow with its trunk. Despite this possibility, however, no interference was made with regard to the freedom of the animal's trunk. Subsequent events proved that all qualms on this point were groundless.

The saw was first utilized to cut away a large quantity of superfluous nail, and this tool was followed by the chisel, which removed the portions inaccessible to the saw. The animal at first appeared a trifle fidgety, but displayed no resentment to the manipulations of the operator, as if he comprehended that the labor of the keeper was to his own advantage.

Sawing and chiseling completed, the chirpody proceeded to rub down the nails to their required shape with the coarse rasp. This filing proved no light task, as the texture of the nail was exceedingly hard and great care had to be exercised that the tool did not slip and injure the leg of "Big Tom," in which event he would doubtless have reminded the operator of his clumsiness in a most forcible manner by means of his trunk. The filing process accomplished to the surgeon's satisfaction, he proceeded to complete his operation by smoothing and polishing the trimmed nails with the sandpaper.

When the task was completely achieved, the elephant was released from its fetters, and to the unbounded delight of his keeper, "Big Tom's" lameness had completely disappeared, and his quondam good temper had re-

turned. Now, whenever "Big Tom" evinces the slightest trace of bad temper, his toenails are immediately trimmed. The operation always works like a charm. "Cutting the toenails is an infallible cure for an elephant's bad temper" is now the precept of "Big Tom's" keeper.

Another interesting and extraordinary animal surgical operation was recently undertaken in the arena of a well-known traveling circus before a few privileged spectators. The creature on this occasion was a hippopotamus, and the complaint was that some of his teeth had grown to such an abnormal length that it was only with considerable difficulty and pain that the brute could masticate his food. Few creatures are so valuable to the traveling showman as the hippopotamus. These animals are neither so plentiful nor so easily caught as the elephant, and as they seldom thrive in captivity they are, therefore, most highly prized by their fortunate proprietors.

The particular hippopotamus upon whom this unique dental operation was performed is an unusually fine specimen of its kind, and its welfare is accordingly zealously attended to by its owner. It is affectionately called "Babe," by no means an appropriate sobriquet, when it is remembered that he turns the scale at just under two tons; but the creature is as docile as a child, which favorable characteristic suggested the name to its owner.

"Babe" has an unusually finely developed set of teeth, numbering twenty-eight in all. Among these are two very prominent teeth, properly called tusks, growing out of the lower jaw, and start in a vertical direction, but bend in a backward, graceful curve. They are two of the most useful teeth to the hippopotamus, being requisitioned by the animal for tearing up the trees and bushes upon which it thrives, since it is purely a herbaceous animal.

Under normal conditions these tusks grow to about six inches in length. The rough work to which they are subjected by the creature when roaming



HOW A SQUARE YARD OF NEW SKIN WAS GRAFTED ON.

through the forests in quest of food prevents them from growing to a very great length. But in the luxurious residence of the menagerie cage, and the preparation of dainty dishes of loaves, hay and branmash, the tusks have no hard chewing to do. Therefore, they grow to such a length that if not cut back they would pierce the upper jaw, prevent "Babe" from eating, and gradually starve him to death. Consequently, "Babe" has to submit to periodical overhauls of his teeth—the operation takes place on the average about once a year.

In the front of the mouth, also in the lower jaw, are two other prominent teeth, projecting straight forward. These are not used for biting, but for digging up the earth when the animal fancies a tasty root for dinner. These also, in "Babe's" case, have to be kept cut back, though they do not cause him so much inconvenience, when too long, as the tusks.

To enable the operation to be satisfactorily performed, "Babe" was led out into the arena and placed near a stout iron post which had been deeply and rigidly fixed into the ground. The hippopotamus looked about him quizzically as if endeavoring to divine what move was in contemplation. Chains were passed round his short legs, and fastened firmly to the ground. "Babe," not quite comprehending the meaning of this secure hobbling, gave a sonorous grunt, and looked threateningly at his keeper. But at this juncture a loaf was offered to him, and his momentary anger was instantly appeased.

"Babe" was then enticed to open his mouth widely by means of further dainties held temptingly above his nose. At first he refused point blank, but he finally succumbed to the bait, and opened his capacious jaws to the extent of two feet. Immediately two assistants, standing in position, dexterously threw chains over the distended jaws—one over the lower and the second over the upper—and passed the ends through ringbolts fixed to the post. "Babe" attempted to close his jaw, but in vain. He was a secure prisoner, bound literally foot and mouth.

The keeper then proceeded to perform the necessary operation with all possible celerity. For this delicate dental work the menagerie proprietor has provided a special outfit, consisting of a small, finely tenoned saw, three files, one of which is about as coarse as a wood rasp, and the other two very fine and more suited for polishing purposes. The files are only cut upon one side, the other faces being covered with tick and soft leather, so that in the event of the file slipping off the tooth, the brute's mouth would not be wounded in any way.

The front digging teeth first claimed attention. The keeper set to work with a will, merrily filing at the teeth as if he were rasping a piece of wood fixed in a vice. The animal gurgled and spluttered, and large tears, like balls of crystal, rolled from his eyes. He grew restless, and in two or three minutes his struggles became so violent that the operator had to desist.

When "Babe" had quieted down once more, the dentist again set to work vigorously, and ceased for a few moments every time the hippopotamus grew restless. Probably the animal suffered little real pain, but experienced a disagreeable sensation as the strong steel file rasped over the bone, which proved to be extremely hard. At the end of five minutes, one tooth had been filed down an inch and a quarter, and before a quarter of an hour had elapsed both the digging teeth had been treated and polished.

A curious feature was observed during the operation. The body of the animal appeared to be bathed in blood, and the ground immediately beneath it was dyed a deep red. This was due to "Babe" violently perspiring, as the perspiration of the hippopotamus, when excited, is red in color.

The dental surgeon then directed his skill to the tusks. This task was considerably facilitated by sawing off the tusk to the desired length, and then finally grinding the teeth down to the requisite shape by the files. They were then polished, and the unpleasant operation was completed. Great excitement now followed. Every man, with the exception of the keeper, decamped from the scene of action. The keeper then hurriedly knocked away the chains holding the animal's mouth, and also quickly bled him to a safe distance, in case "Babe" proved obstreperous. The hippopotamus closed his released mouth with a snap, and spluttered viciously with violent anger. He glared at the keeper as if he would have liked to have killed his tormentor. He opened and closed his mouth several times, found his teeth more comfortable, and then signified his appreciation of what had been done to him by sniffing about for something to munch. The keeper warily approached with an appetizing pail of branmash, which "Babe" devoured with great zest. The shackles were knocked off his legs, at which the brute gave a grunt of satisfaction. All signs of viciousness had vanished and he accompanied the keeper back to the cage with the greatest content, entering which the animal lay down and went to sleep.

One of our illustrations depicts what is indubitably an unparalleled operation in the annals of pachydermatous dermatology. The elephant, so securely strapped by heavy chains to the ground, is having a square yard of new

skin grafted on to its shoulder. Belle—that is the elephant's name—was getting out of a railway carriage, when the vehicle gave a sudden jolt, and she was thrown heavily to the ground. As she fell and struck an iron cage standing near by, and severely lacerated her shoulder, the abrasion extending over a space of one square inch.

Inflammation set in, and poor Belle's life was despaired of. The wound was syringed with gallons of antiseptic, but the poor brute gained little relief. The gravity of the situation was accentuated by the fact that her baby would probably pine away if Belle succumbed, and the circus owner would thus suffer a double loss.

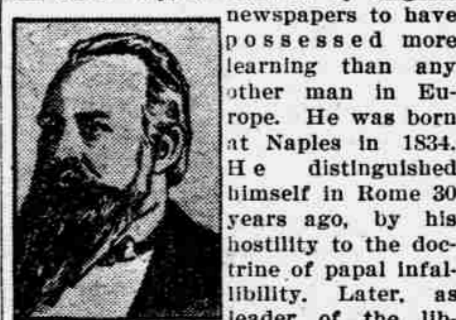
Specialists were called in, and it was resolved to remove some of the tender growing skin from the young elephant, and to graft it on to Belle's wound. The mother was chained on her side to the ground, and a small section removed from the baby's leg and applied to Belle's wound. The skin adhered to the lacerated flesh, and gradually the abrasion was closed up. A small portion only was operated upon at a time, and the wound was soon completely healed. —Frederick A. Talbot, in London Magazine.

LORD ACTON WAS EUROPE'S MOST LEARNED MAN.

Lord Acton, professor of modern history at Cambridge university, who died the other day, is declared by English newspapers to have possessed more learning than any other man in Europe. He was born at Naples in 1834. He distinguished himself in Rome 30 years ago, by his hostility to the doctrine of papal infallibility. Later, as leader of the liberal Catholics in England, Lord Acton came rapidly into prominence by his strenuous contribution to the controversy on the Vatican decrees and by brilliant essays on Wasey and German schools of history. All universities in England honored him, and for six years he held the chair of modern history at Cambridge, succeeding Sir John Seeley. His last days were spent upon a universal history of monumental proportions.

What The Consumer Must Pay.
The first cargo of wheat from the United States to England since the British government imposed a duty on wheat imported paid \$3,000.

If a boy thinks his sister is pretty, there is no doubt that she is.



LORD ACTON.