

THE RIVER'S GOSSIP.

De river talk on erer' han'—
He gossip fur on free:
He know de secrets er de lan',
En tell 'um ter de sea.

shrewd business man, an excellent
linguist, a skillful writer, and one of
the most savage publishers who ever
lived. When he accepted the famous
memoirs of Count von Arnim he wrote
on the postal card with his acceptance
the proviso: "I reserve the right to
correct your infernally bad grammar."

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 mouldering under ground with his
victim; 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.



THE BARONESS AND HER HORSE.

forced him to let his wife return to the
circus arena with her horses. Faith-
fully 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 started by the
news that a duel had been fought be-
tween 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 baron-
ess. 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 know-
ing 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 reck-
less; perhaps he did not know the re-
cord of her husband. At any rate, he
took no pains to hide his admiration of
the Baroness Jenno. His friends hasten-
ed 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 per-
fect 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 be-
fore 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 ring-
ing through the place she faintly 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 shut-
ters. But the shutters already were
wide open. She was blind. Physicians
consulted and consulted, to arrive only
at the same verdict—hopeless. The cir-
cus 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 hospi-
tal and where she is now dying. All of
her horses were sold for her mainten-
ance.

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 Can-
ada, 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 Eng-
land, into which there has been of re-
cent 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 distrib-
uted, and by the last Federal census
there were 181,000 Canadians in Michi-
gan, 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 Mexi-
cans resident in New York was return-
ed as 330, of Missouri 130, of Illinois
143, and of Colorado 907.

The most frequent explanation given
for the scarcity of Mexican residents in
the United States is found in the differ-
ences 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, re-
sembles that of Mexico; there were
only thirty-one Mexicans in Mississippi
returned by the last census, in Ala-
bama thirty-four, and in Arkansas
twenty-seven, while in the North At-
lantic States there were 650. Another
explanation of the lack of Mexican emi-
gration to this country is given in the
unfamiliarity of its people with the
language, but that view of the case is
not well supported.

World's Smallest Battery.

This picture of "Hink and Dink," the
youngest battery in the world, is
copied from a snapshot taken of Fran-
cis Walsh, a young Kansas City lad, who
has been visiting Boston lately, and Fred
Wiltzinger, a youngster from Dorchest-
ter. Both are friends of Charley Nieh-



HINK AND DINK.

ols, of the Boston Base-ball Club, two
of whose uniforms were remade to fit
the young players. "Hink" is the pitch-
er and "Dink" the catcher, but if
"Hink's" curves fail to bewilder the op-
posing batsman "Dink" takes his place
on the rubber, and "Hink" dons the big
mitt, mask and protector.

No Monotony.

According to the statement of the
ten-year-old daughter of a Massachu-
setts clergyman, there are ways of mak-
ing an old sermon seem almost new.
"Mother," said one of the friends of
this young critic, "does your father
ever preach the same sermon twice?"
"I think perhaps he does," returned
Molly, cautiously, "but I think he talks
loud and soft in different places the
second time, so it doesn't sound the
same at all."—Youth's Companion.

Army Service in Russia.

Russia has three armies, with differ-
ent terms of service. In Europe her
men are five years in the active army,
thirteen in the reserve and five in the
second reserve; in Asia they are seven
years in the active army and six in the
reserve; in Caucasia they are three
years in the active army and fifteen in
the reserve.

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.

A man spends money more freely
when after a cheap office than when
after a wife, and regrets less what it
cost him.

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

Georgie's Gab

Pleasures of the Picnic.

We had had a picknick. The Bas-
satts and Uncle Wesley and Aunt Grace
and me and paw and maw and Little
Albert and the Pupp and the baby and
several more People went. We rode on
a Train and Got off at a Bewtiful Little
Lake thirteen Miles away where they
Had a Murry Go Round and Botes and
things. Maw sed she Didn't care to
go at First, but paw Got her in the no-
shun all rite.

"Here I get a Day off," paw Told her,
"and you Want to just set around like
old people. That's no way to celebrate
the Day."

"Has it got so you Can't enjoy Your-
self at Home with your family enny
more?" Maw ast him. "Must you al-
ways go away sumwhare With other
people to have a good Time?"

"Oh, no, it ain't that," paw aserd.
"I don't care ennything about the Pick-
nick, and I'd rather stay rite here with
you and the boys, but I told Mrs. Bas-
sett when she spoke of Getting it Up
I'd go. I spose she would of let it drop
if it wouldn't of Been for that, so I
can't Brake my Word. If you Don't
feel Like it the mobby you Better not
go, and I Don't believe it Would Do
the baby enny good enny Way. I can
Take the Boys and you'll have a nice
quiet Time here and get rested."

So maw began to get reddy to Go to
the picknick.

After we got there we Found a pleas-
ant place with a roof over and a Long
table inside, and Paw sed that's where
we would Eat, so they put The things
on the Table, and we all got Set Down
to Bizness, but about That time a Man
with a badge on came in and sed it
would cost three Dollars. Paw ast him
Why, and the man sed becuz he Owned
the place and Didn't bld it just to get
Exercise.

After that we Went out under some
trees and Were agoin to Eat, but Be-
fore it got to be Paw's turn to Have
a piece of Cold chicken I Comment
to Rain and every Thing got soaked.

"Well," paw says, "lets all Be mite-
sokkle and not Care. Mobby they mite
of Been smuthing in the Cake or gley
that would of made us all Sick enny
way. You never Can tell about Such
things if they don't Happen. Just
make the Best of it. That's my mottoe
when you go to picknicks."

Mrs. Bassett sed she Was glad paw
Looked at it that way and didn't blame
Her for getting him to come, but the
Rest looked kind a sorraffe and Hun-
grty.

We huddled around under trees and
in Sheds a cuple of ours and Got all
Wet, but it Cleared up at Last and was
Bewtiful. Then Maw wanted paw to
Hold the baby so she Could give Little
Albert a ride on the murry Go round,
and paw says:

"That's one of your failings, maw.
I Told you it would be Better if you
Staid at Home with the Child. If I
wouldn't want to Do ennything at a
Picknick but Hold the Baby I could
stay rite at Home and do it just as
Well, but You haft to always want me
to Be around sumwhars maked myself
yosofe when it's my Only chanet to
have a good time. I come out here to
rest and Be quiet far away from the
Ware and tair of the grate sittle, and
Now you go and Try to upset the Hole
plan. Why don't you Have some thots
about other people's enjoyment?"

So paw Gave us ten Sents and I held
Little Albert in the murry Go round,
and maw held the Baby. Pretty soon
paw and Mrs. Bassett and her Ant
from Since a natto Went down to the
Lake to have a Bote ride. When maw
seen them she sed:

"Paw, I that you Came out here to
not Get enny ware and tair?"

"This is sumthing I need," paw Told
her. "They are nothing like rowing
for the Helth. If I could roe more it
would be Better for me than medasun."

After Mrs. Bassett and her ant got in
paw Give the Bote a shuv, and was
agoin to Step on the middle Seat
when it came to Whare he stood, but
some Way it Didn't seem to be whare
he thot it was when he stepped Down,
so he struck the End of it and They
were a Splash and a Lot of screams
and the Bote upside down.

After it got so we Could see what
was Goin on in the watter paw Was
standin in it a Little bit abuv his knees,
Holdin Mrs. Bassett's Hand and Tell-
ing her he was agoin to Safe her at
the Risk of his own life. Mrs. Bassett
is young and Bewtiful, and Her ant
waded Out alone.

When maw put me and Little Albert
to Bed that nite she nelt Down with
us to say our prayers and told Us to
ast God to bless Everybuddy but Mrs.
Bassett, so we done it, but Nothing
ain't happened to her yit.—Chicago
Times-Herald.

Whisky Frozen by Liquid Air.

A tablespoonful of liquid air poured
on a fluid ounce of whisky will freeze
it at once into flat scales. As an agent
of destruction liquid air is enormously
powerful, but no useful object has been
found for it as yet.

Unjust.

Assistant—The critic finds fault with
the prima donna for "uncertainty of at-
tack."

Manager—He ought to be around
when she tackles me.—Puck.

Li Hung Chang's Palace.

The palace of Li Hung Chang, prime
minister of China, consists of a collec-
tion of nearly 100 buildings, surround-
ed by a high wall.

Unless you have one fault, you can
never have two. One crime makes an
other necessary.

A MINIATURE BOOMERANG

A New Toy that Affords Lots
of Amusement.
To make this miniature boomerang
all that is needed is a sharp knife and
some heavy cardboard. Cut a
circle, as shown in the picture, mak-
ing one end slightly broader than the
other. To shoot this boomerang
just under the nail of the forefinger



THE MINIATURE BOOMERANG

the left hand. Do not put it
under the center, but place it in such a
way that the larger part of the boomerang
is towards the left. Then give it a
slight twist with the thumb of the right hand
and the boomerang will strike the
ground and then returning to the
hand from which it was shot, it will
require some little practice and
experiment to get the shap-
ing the boomerang exactly right, and
at the same time to place it in the
proper position and give it the proper
twist. This is, of course, a play boomerang
compared with the wooden boomerang
which the Australians throw with
force that they can strike and
kill a man or animal at 200 yards
with a weapon returning to the hands
of the person who threw it.

YOUNG GIRL LAWYER.

Miss Nellie Noble, of Des Moines,
Iowa, Graduating Honors.
Miss Nellie Peninah Sparks Noble,
Des Moines, Iowa, carried off the
prize for the commencement exercises
of the Iowa College of Law, Drake
University, at Des Moines. Miss Noble
completed the two years' course of
law school, and has been admitted



MISS NELLIE NOBLE.

the bar, after passing examination
of the Iowa Supreme Court. Two
years ago she received her bachelor's
degree from Drake University. The law
each year presents as a prize the
best thesis of some member of
the graduating class \$225 worth of
books. The faculty submits the
subject upon which the theses are
written. This year the students wrote on
the fence of a purchaser from a trust,
whether the fact that a trustee is
member of a trust or legal consti-
tution is a sufficient defense for the
chaser. Miss Noble was the winner
of the prize this year.

YOKE THAT LINCOLN MADE

Now in the Agricultural Museum of
the University of Illinois.
A recent rearrangement of the
Agricultural Museum of the Uni-
versity of Illinois brought to light
an old ox yoke made by Abraham
Lincoln and presented to the university
in early '70s. By orders of President
Draper the yoke was included



YOKE MADE BY LINCOLN.

glass-topped case, made of hewn
wood, and placed in the
of the old Lincoln home at Springfield.
The yoke was made by Lincoln
when he was on a farm near Decatur,
Ill., several years it was in service
of the Lincoln homestead. The yoke
is made of black walnut, and shows
evidence of hard usage. The workmanship
is rough, the iron parts being
of crude, indicating that they were
made at a country blacksmith shop.

A Fin-de-Siecle Church.

The rector of St. Mary's
Church, Monument (the Rev.
John H. H. H.), in whose church the elec-
tronic has for some time been installed,
is now arranging for the introduction
of a large gramophone, to be used at
1:15 o'clock daily (bright light)
of the church. By means of this gram-
ophone the congregation—wholly
composed of city merchants and
will hear brief addresses from the
leading dignitaries of the church and
don Globes.

Some women think it is a sin if
they are good if they abuse the

Polly's Change of Mind.

"Of course," he was saying, "if
the question concerned only
you I should not ask you for
more than a simple answer, but I am
involved too deeply myself to be
shelved lightly, and I feel that I have
at least an honest right to be answered
more lengthily than by a short 'No.'
However significant that word may be,
it is at best insufficient."

"I might be angry with you for what
you have said," she replied.

"Well, yes, but I am willing to run
the risk," he said, with a short, mirth-
less laugh. It had to her ears a little
pathetic ring, and she turned and looked
curiously at him.

"Does it really hurt you so much,
Dicky?" she asked.

"Ab, Polly," he broke out, roughly,
"you women little know how stinging
even your softest words are sometimes.
And the sting does not always go away
quickly," he added bitterly.

"Poor Dick," she said softly, "really
I didn't mean to hurt you so. I didn't
know that you cared so much."

He raised his head and looked at her
eagerly, but he saw only pity, and the
drawn, tense look came again over his
face.

"I thought that we were merely good
friends," she continued, "I never
dreamed that you would have been so
foolish. We have been such jolly com-
rades, and now you have spoiled every-
thing. No, don't interrupt me," she
said, quickly. "You need not get angry.
You have, you know well, spoiled all.
We shall never be on really good terms
again. There will always be a con-
straint."

"Polly," he interrupted gravely, "do
you know how you are hurting me?"

She turned upon him, startled at his
words. Surely the man sitting opposite
her was not her old Dick.

"Forgive me," she said, contritely; "I
was heedless, dear." She really pitied
him, yet somehow she hardly knew
how to take him as he appeared now.

"Poor Dicky," she said again, "I ought
to have seen the drift of things, but I
have been unkind. I see it all now, but
you will forgive? It was simply un-
intentional."

"Dear Polly," he said, "you weren't
to blame. I, not you, was blind. I
should have known that you could never
have cared for such a I. I am un-
worthy of you, I have always felt, but,"
he added, "I chose to dream, I chose to
play with fire, and I have got the usual
punishment."

"Poor Dicky," she said, softly, and
even as she spoke a look of wondrous
pity came into her eyes. All her former
ideals seemed to totter and to be on the
verge of falling.

The other rose unsteadily and held
out his hand. "Dear little Polly," and
his voice trembled, "you were not to
blame. I think I had better go. I am
in—good-by. I shall go away for a
while. I don't know when I shall re-
turn."

He remained for an instant waiting
for some answer, but none came. He
tried to scan her face, but there was a
haze before his eyes and he could see
only the blurred oval outlines. Her lip
was quivering, too, and her eyes were
full of tears, yet he did not see them.
Then he turned and walked mechan-
ically toward the door, opened it and
went out of the room.

The other remained standing, look-
ing apparently at the floor, but in real-
ity saying nothing.

"Poor Dicky," she murmured, "poor
Dicky," and in her eyes a never light
still shone through the tears. Then run-
ning swiftly to the door she opened it
and called his name.

The sound of her voice startled him,
and he turned and looked wonderingly
at her. The haze seemed suddenly to
lift from before him, and he noted for
the first time the little, tear-stained
face. The new light in her eyes stirred
him strangely. The smile that hovered
around her still quivering lips tanzled
him, and at the same time raised a
wild hope in his breast. He ran rather
than walked to her, grasped her hands
roughly and searched her face eagerly.
Neither spoke for a few seconds, and
then it was she who broke the strained
silence.

"You foolish boy," was all she said,
but he understood.

A Candid Publisher.

In the recent death of J. Schabelitz,
the well-known Zurich publisher and
author, Switzerland has lost one of its
extraordinary characters. He was a