THE RIVER'S GOSSIP.

De river talk on ever han'-He gossip fur en free: He know de secrets er de lan'. En tell 'um ter de ses.

He run 'long whar de gyarden grow W'en Springtime melt de snow; He tell de Sea Win', "Et you blow Dat way you'll fin' a rose.

De Lily in de gyarden spot Say, "Rock me, please, ter res'!" He take de fines' er de lot, En wear 'um on he breas'.

He know des whar de Sunshine keep En kiss de rose ter red; He see de Moonlight go ter sleep 'Pon top de ri'let-bed.

He tell de news er ever' place. En w'en yo' Sweetheart pass He give her back her purty face Des lak' a lookin' glass!

He pass de big house en de hut, En spread de gossip free-O Mister River, tell me whut My Sweetheart think er me! > -Woman's Home Companion.

Polly's Change of Mind.

66 F course," he was saying, "if the question concerned only F course," he was saying, "if 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 lengthly 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," be said, with a short, mirthless 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 aded 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 comrades, and now you have spotled everything. 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-

"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 pitled 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 unin-"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 as I. I am unworthy of you, I have always felt, but," be 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 return."

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 mechanically toward the door, opened it and went out of the room.

The other remained standing, looking apparently at the floor, but in reality saying nothing.

"Poor Dicky," she murmured, "poor Dicky," and in her eyes a newer light still shone through the tears. Then running 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 tantalized 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 allence.

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

A Caudid Publisher. In the recent death of J. Schabelitz, the well-known Zurich publisher and 87,364 men-a well-armed and well- at the same verdict-hopeless. The cirauthor, Switzerland has lost one of its trained militia, making with the Aus- cus folk did what they could until the extraordinary characters. He was a

the most savage publishers who ever memoirs of Count von Arnim he wrote BARONESS JENNO VAN RAHDEN on the postal card with his acceptance the proviso: "I reserve the right to correct your infernally bad grammar."

To an aspiring poet who had submitted manuscript he answered by postal card: "I refuse to be disgraced by printing your doggerel. I don't return the copy because you don't inclose enough postage. If you will send it, with the price of this card, I will return to you, but I don't think the stuff is worth the expense on your part."

One of his postal cards to a novelist read about as follows: "For heaven's sake, come and take away the unnamable mass of paper you left here for me to look at!"

An ambitious historian was crushed by the following, written, like all of his correspondence, upon a postal card: "You are making the mistake of your life. You don't want to study history. You want to learn how to write."

QUEER FISHING IN JAMAICA.

You Pound on the Boat with a Club and They Jump Aboard.

A gentleman who has returned from Kingston, Jamaica, tells how they catch "red snappers." All you need in the way of tackle is a club, with which you beat a tattoo on the side of your boat. This seems to charm the fish so that they leave their native element and jump aboard in schools, almost swamping the boat sometimes. Here is his account:

"I have just returned from Kingston, Jamaica," said he, "where I saw many interesting things, chief among them-to an ardent fisherman like myself-being the method of taking the red snapper, a large fish common to the waters around that island. Soon after my arrival I heard how the natives caught these fish with clubs, which seemed either to attract or alarm the fish so much that they jumped out of the water in all directions and many fell into the boat.

"In order to prove the truth or falseness of the account to my own satisfaction I made arrangements with one of the native fishermen to take me with him on one of his midnight excursions, all the fishing there being done at night on account of the heat.

"The moon was high when we started for the fishing grounds, a couple of miles outside Kingston harbor. As soon as we got there my boatman forced him to let his wife return to the ceased rowing and peered round for circus arena with her horses. Faithsigns of the fish. Suddeny he whispered and pointed to a spot where the and her work was rewarded excellently otherwise calm surface was ruffled, as If by a sudden squall.

"Squall or fish, it was gradually approaching, and presently the ripples were all round the boat. Now, massa and every glance that seemed to lack Buckra, start de racket,' cried my boatman, at the same time commencing a imply admiration, even the applause loud tattoo on the side of the boat with that was lavished on her, bit into him his club. I followed suit, and in an in- as acid into a wound. stant the air seemed to be full of fish, coming from all points of the compass.

"One big fellow struck me in the chest and knocked me flat on my back in the bottom of the boat, where I lay floundering among the fish that had fallen aboard.

"It was some moment's before I could acramble to my feet. When I did so, the school had passed on and the flight was over. At least a score of the snappers had fallen on board. They were large fish, resembling a sea bass, except in color, which, instead of being black, was red.

"During the night we ran igto several more schools, and the same performance was repeated, excepting that I kept my seat and did not again mingle with the fish in the bottom of the boat.

"On the way back to Kingston I asked the darky fisherman how they first discovered this method of taking the red snapper. He could tell me nothing about it; all he could say being; 'Him take dat way long time, massa.'

"I heard later that a Chinaman was the first to discover that a red snapper could be persuaded to leave its native element at the sound of a club applied to a boat's side, but how he found it out nobody seemed to know."

Snake Imprisoned in a Tree.

The Rev. S. S. Crain, in the city today from Emberson, reported a pecullar incident. He had W. M. Fears, living on the Jesse Caviness place, cutting posts for him a few days ago. At the end of one of the pieces of post timbers truth, but he only laughed at them. It was a hollow fork. When the cut was split open a little black snake about him. two feet long was found in the hollow. It was alive and writhed and squirmed, but could not escape. It was dis- next instant a great form towered over covered that an inch and a half of the tail projected through the wood on the him and he fell, shot dead. As this outside of the bark. The fork of the killing was not in a duel the baron was tree had completely grown around it. arrested and tried. The end was that The supposition is that the snake crawled into the hollow to hibernate, few years of comparatively serene life. that its tail got caught in a crack of Through it all ran the strain of a perthe fork and that it grew over him fect love between these two. And then while he remained in the torpid state. The wood had so thoroughly grown around the snake's body that when the chip was split open in which it was encased the snake stuck to one side of the chip. The snake must have been appeared in Nizza. For some time beheld in its peculiar prison for years .-Dallas News.

The Swiss Army. According to official reports the strength of the Swiss avmy on Jan. 1, 1900, was as follows: (1) "Auszug" (men from 20 to 32 years of age), 150,- carried to the hotel burning with fever. 876 men, comprising 113,617 infantry, 4,551 cavalry, 20,443 artillery, 5,586 engineers, 4,928 in the sanitary corps, and ters. But the shutters already were 1.751 in other departments. (3) "Land- wide open. She was blind. Physicians wehr" (men from 33 to 45 years of age), aug a total of 238,240 men.

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 glauce are sightless. It is the end of the glory of the Baroness Jenny von 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 Welss first became one of the cele britles of Europe. Many wooed her. Of them all none wooed as did the big. bandsome, 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.

fully she labored for him and herself. with both fame and money. But the life was mortal agony for the Russian. Night after night he stood where his flerce eyes could watch the audience respect, every word that seemed to

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 due! in the south of Europe soon followed the first, and another dead officer was left on the field to testify to the prowess, this 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 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 flerce 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 was a pretty romance and it amused

One day the officer stared at the baroness with open insolence. The him, a voice thick with rage addressed he was acquitted. There followed a

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 fore that she had suffered from pain in the spine, but she insisted on appearing. 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 When she awoke the next morning she begged her attendants to open the shutconsulted and consulted, to arrive only show had to depart from Nizza. They secret,

shrewd business man, an excellent IS BLIND AND POOR. | left her behind them in the hotel, linguist, a skillful writer, and one of IS BLIND AND POOR. | 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 Bister Republic Seldom Emigrate to the States. By the last census taken in 1805 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 countles of New York or the manufacturing districts of New England, into which there has been of recent years a very large immigration of Freuch-Canadians, but it is a fact that the Cauadian-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 lowa, 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 Mississippl returned by the last census, in Alabama thirty-four, and in Arkausas twenty-seven, while in the North Atlautle 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 iad, who has been visiting Boston lately, and Fred Wiltzinger, a youngster from Dorchester. Both are friends of Charley Nich-



ols, 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 fall to bewilder the opposing 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 Massachusetts clergyman, there are ways of making an old sermon seem almost new, "Molly," 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 armles, with different 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

Unless you have one fault, you can tells something he has always kept a

----Georgie's Gab *******

Pleasures of the Picnic.

We hav had a picknick. The Bassetts and Uncle wesley and Aunt grace and me and paw and maw and Little just under the nall of the foreign albert and the Pupp and the baby and several more Peeple went. We rode on a Train and Got off at a Bewtiffe little Laike thirteen Miles away where they Had a Murry go Round and Botes and things. Maw sed she Diden't care to go at First, but paw Got her in the noshun all rite.

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

"Has it got so you Can't enjoy Yourself at Home with your fambly enny more?" Maw ast him. "Must you always go away sumwhare With other peeple to have a good Time?"

"Ob, no. it sin't that," paw anserd. I don't care ennything about the Picknick, and I'd rather stay rite here with you and the boys, but I told Mrs. Bussett 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 the boomerang will act like the fa feel Like it the mebby you Better not go, and I Don't beleave it Would Do the baby enny good enny Way. I can and then returning to the pensis Take the Boys and you'll have a nice quiet Time here and Get rested."

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

After we got there we Found a pleasant place with a roof over and a Long This is, of course, a play bonn 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 kill a man or animal at 200 min with a badge On came in and sed it weapon returning to the hands g would cost three Dollers. Paw ast him of the person who threw it. Why, and the man sed becox he Owned the place and Didn't bild it just to get Exercize.

After that we Went out under some trees and Were agoing to Eat, but Before it got to be Paw's turn to Have a peace of Cold chicken It Commenet to Rain and every Thing got soaked,

"Well," paw says, "lets all Be filesofickle and not Care. Mebby they mite of Been sumthing in the Cake or ple 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 sorrafte and Hungry.

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

"That's one of your fallings, maw. I Told you it would be Better if you Stald 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 sumwhairs maken miself yoosfle when it's my Only chanct 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 dan. Why don't you Have some thots about other peeple's enjoyment?"

So paw Gave us ten Sents and I held little Albert in the murry Go round, and maw held the Baby. Pritty 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. "Thay 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 agoing to Step on the middle Seat when It came to Whare he stood, but some Way it Didn't seem to be whare he that 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 abuy his nees, Holding Mrs. Bassett's Hand and Telling her he was agoing to Safe her at the Risk of his own life. Mrs. Bassett is young and Bewtiffe, 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 attack." 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 collection of nearly 100 buildings, surrounded by a high wall.

never have two. One crime makes an other necessary.

A MINIATURE BOOMERAND Toy that Affords Law Ammement, To make this miniature because all that is needed is a sharp take some heavy cardboard. Out a circle, as shown in the pleture, but one end slightly broader than the er. To shoot this boomerang play



the center, but place it in such as that the larger part of the boost is towards the left. Then give zar with the thumb of the right hadweapon of the Australian and striking the object at which this shot it. It will require some lime tice and experiment to get the may the boomerang exactly right at the same time to place it in the position and give it the proper ge compared with the wooden bost which the Australians throw winforce that they can strike sold

YOUNG GIRL LAWYER

Miss Nellie Nobic, of Bes Molen, ries Off Graduating Honors Miss Nelle Peninah Sparks Sak

Des Moines, lown, carried off the ors at the commencement exerts the Iowa College of Law, Daniel versity, at Des Moines. Miss Neigi completed the two years' course law school, and has been admin-



the bar after passing examinat the Iowa Supreme Court Two ago she received her bachelors from Drake University. The lave each year presents as a prim b best thesis of some member # graduating class \$225 worth books. The faculty submits first ject upon which the theses are will This year the students wrotesti fense of a purchaser from a track whether the fact that a venter member of a trust or liegal on tion is a sufficient defense for the chaser. Miss Noble was the wine

YOKE THAT LINCOLN MAN

the prize this year.

Now in the Agricultural Museum University of Illinois A recent rearrangement of nin the Agricultural Museum of the versity of Illinois brought to light old ox yoke made by Abraham Dr and presented to the university a early '70s. By orders of Pres Draper the yoke was inclosed



YOKE MADE BY LINCOLS.

glass-topped case, made of board the old Lincoln home at Springs The yoke was made by Lincoln he was on a farm near Decata several years it was in service the Lincoln homestead. The job black walnut, and shows eride hard usage. The workmand) rough, the iron parts being ego crude, indicating that they were at a country blacksmith shop.

A Fin-de-Siecle Church The rector of St. Marre Church, Monument (the Rev. W. lile), in whose church the electrohas for some time been install now arranging for the introde a large gramophone, to be use 1:15 o'clock daily limelight set the church. By means of the P phone the congregation-wholl posed of city merchants and will hear brief addresses from the ing dignituries of the church shi a number of prominent laymes

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