

One-twelfth of the people of England suffer from gout.

It is a singular coincidence that ex-Congressman James Wilson, McKinley's secretary of agriculture, is father of the position, he having first introduced the bill creating it.

The returns of causes for insanity in England show that in every 100 cases 24 are hereditary, 24 may be attributed to drink, 12 to business and money troubles, 11 to loss of friends, 10 to sickness and 11 to various causes.

Dr. Seneca Egbert of the Medical-Chirurgical College, Philadelphia, says that rheumatism often results from drinking too little water, and that the cures wrought at watering places are to be attributed to the free imbibing of that fluid, rather than to the minerals contained therein.

American cotton is rapidly superseding that of India in the markets of Japan because of its superior length and strength, and a representative of the Japanese government is making an investigation into the methods of cultivating and handling the staple in Texas and other southern states, from which valuable results are likely to follow.

The town of Fairfield, Conn., has a large contract on hand. The records of the town have not been indexed since 1899. The selectmen are now considering the best method of beginning the large undertaking. The records comprise seven large volumes, and to index those will require at least a year's labor and an expense of between \$2,000 and \$3,000.

It is said that more than ninety percent of the railway passengers in England travel third-class. They contribute about eighty-three percent of the receipts. A goodly portion of the remaining seventeen percent, it is safe to say, is contributed by wealthy American tourists, who are conspicuous patrons of the first-class carriage during the summer months.

Nansen invented the model of the Fram, making her hull round and slippery, like an eel, with no corners or sharp edges for the ice to seize upon. She is the strongest vessel ever used in Arctic exploration. He said that pressure would simply lift her on the ice, and so her bottom, near the keel, was made almost flat in order that she might not capsize while on the ice surface, and her screw and rudder were also ingeniously protected. The many experts who said her design would not save the Fram from instant destruction were mistaken, for she met these resistless ice pressures, and they merely lifted her out of her cradle, and she rested safely on the surface.

In the heart of San Francisco is the city's principal cemetery, where are buried the bodies of her famous dead, and where loom up in the sky the grand mausoleums of her millionaire mining and railroad kings. A movement to bisect this cemetery with a new street has aroused much opposition, yet it is by no means certain that sooner or later the whole cemetery will not be moved to a quarter where the dead would cost less in real estate and taxes. It seems that when graveyards were started the founders of cities did not know where to place them. For years in Boston the old graveyard on Tremont street showed that some of the most valuable property in the city was occupied by dead heads.

Instead of resenting the action of this country in restricting foreign pauper immigration, the Italian government has recently adopted measures preventing the idle hordes of that country from emigrating to the United States. In Italy, says the Philadelphia Public Ledger, the distinction between worthy and unworthy people is broader than in almost any other country, especially in the class that furnishes the most of the emigrants. The Italian peasantry is largely composed of thrifty, industrious people, such as may be seen any day in our own city, who are willing to work hard for small wages and contrive to save enough out of their scanty earnings to provide for old age. Such people form a valuable addition to the population. But it also contains a class of vicious idlers, who will not work, who have no respect for law, whose passions are easily roused and, when roused, are never restrained, and who make a profession of crime. From this class the Mafia and the brigands are recruited, and it is this class that the government agents are obliged to keep at home under heavy penalty.

The Coming Man.

A pair of very chubby legs
Enmeshed in scarlet hose;
A pair of little stubby boots
With rather doubtful toes;
A little kilt, a little coat—
Cut as a mother can—
And lo! before us stands in state
The future's "coming man."
His eyes, porcelain, will read the stars,
And search their unknown ways;
Perchance the human heart and soul
Will open to their gaze;
Perchance their keen and flashing glance
Will be a nation's light—
Those eyes that now are wistful bent
On some "big fellow's" kite.
—Somerville Journal.

THE ONE GIRL.

They were standing together out on the moonlit terrace. Behind them in the distance sounded the band, playing soft, dreamy waltz music. But what cared they for dancing and the hot, crowded ball room? In all the world for him there was only one woman, and she stood, her hands clasped in his, her head resting on his shoulder.

"You won't forget me, darling," he whispered, "when I am thousands of miles away, at the other side of the world, and letters are long in coming? You'll remember that I am coming back in two years at the latest, to claim my little wife."

"Oh, it can't be really true, Geoffrey, that you are going to-morrow? It is too dreadful to think of! And it's not I that will forget. I shall think of you night and day until you come back. But you'll most likely meet with some lovely American girl—all American women are lovely, you know—and then you'll forget all about poor little Mysie Trafford, who is waiting for you in England."

"When I am out on the great lonely prairies," he said dreamily, "I shall just shut my eyes and think myself back to this night. I shall hear the band in the distance, I shall feel you once more in my arms, and I shall smell the faint odor of the heliotrope you are wearing."

For answer she took a piece of the heliotrope from her dress.

"Here's a little bit of it," she said. "When you meet that lovely American, and wish that you were free, and that this evening had never been, then you can put that little flower in an envelope, and you needn't write a word to put in with it, but just address it to me, and when I get it I shall know what it means, and you will be free."

"What nonsense, Mysie!" he said angrily. "Why do you talk like that? You know—"

"Oh, here you are!" cried a shrill voice. "I have been looking for you everywhere. Mr. Castleford is as cross as he can be, Mysie. He says you promised him the last two dances, and then you disappeared and no one could find you; and as for you, Mr. Hamilton, I think you had better keep out of the way altogether, after disappointing Lady May and goodness knows who besides." And Gertrude, Mysie's sister, chattered on, totally unconscious that she was a most unwelcome intruder.

She and Mysie had been taught that it was their duty to make good matches, and Geoffrey Hamilton, with no money, and just off for America, was so entirely ineligible that she suspected nothing, and ruthlessly insisted on their immediate return to the ball-room.

Mysie looked often at the little hoop of pearls—the pledge of her betrothal—but never put it on, except in her own room just for a few minutes. Somehow as the days went by it seemed harder to speak of that evening to her mother, especially as her mother had not the faintest suspicion of anything of the sort. And so a month passed away.

Then one evening Mysie returned from a walk and saw a letter lying on the hall table. One glance at her own name and the postmark—"New York"—and she snatched up the letter, wondering if any one had noticed it, then ran up to her own room, and closed the door to enjoy it in peace.

The fire burned brightly and looked inviting, and she drew up a low easy-chair and seated herself comfortably as she broke the seal of the envelope. What was the faint perfume as she did so? She drew out a sheet of blank note paper from the folds of which a little piece of dead heliotrope slipped and fell to the floor.

"Mysie, you must come down," said Gertrude. "Mr. Castleford is down stairs, and mother says you are to come," as Mysie looked rebellious. "But you must change your dress; you can't come in that. Has anything happened? You look very queer."
"No," said Mysie, with a strange

little laugh; "at least nothing of importance. I will come down presently."
In a very short time she was in the drawing-room, and Herbert Castleford, as he looked at her, thought he had never seen her so beautiful. He had loved her for years, but he had received so little encouragement from her that he had not spoken; but tonight he had determined to put his fate to the test, while poor Mysie, with a pain at her heart, was saying to herself that if Geoffrey could forget so easily, why, so could she.
And so it came about that a few hours later she returned to her room, having pledged herself to Herbert Castleford. Instead of the little hoop of pearls she had never worn she possessed a handsome diamond ring, and the dead flower and the pearls were put far away out of sight, to be forgotten—if possible.

Six months had passed and Herbert Castleford was pressing for an early marriage. Mysie and her mother had gone away from home immediately after her becoming engaged. Mysie complained of the cold and looked so delicate that her mother took her to the south of France, where, soon after, Castleford followed them.

Mysie seemed willing that the wedding should take place whenever they liked to arrange it, so matters were being pushed to suit the impatient lover, when one day Gertrude ran into the room where Mysie and Herbert were sitting.

"Look, Mysie!" she cried. "Here is a lovely bunch of flowers from that dear count! Isn't he silly? And they are such beauties! Only smell them! Oh, I am so pleased! Look! Here are a bit of heliotrope and some maidenhair that will just do for you."
To her surprise Mysie turned pale and shrank back, looking almost appealingly at her lover, who was watching her.

As their eyes met there was something in his—an expression, a consciousness, a what? Mysie did not know, but a great trembling seized her. A hundred thoughts seemed to pass through her mind in a moment, but of one thing she was certain—Herbert Castleford knew all about those playful, loving words spoken out on the terrace on the never-to-be-forgotten night.

Then, leaning forward, she asked, as if they had already been speaking to each other:
"How did you send it from New York?"

"—that is—what do you mean, Mysie? I never sent it!"
Seeing that her clear eyes seemed to read him through, he attempted no more denial, but just caught her hands in his and implored her to forgive him.

"I came out to look for you that night," he said, "and I heard what you were saying just as Gertrude came upon you from the other side, and it was such a temptation, for I loved you dearly—much better than he did. It was all done for love of you, Mysie."

She tried to wave him away, but instead fell fainting to the ground.

When she recovered Herbert Castleford had gone. A few hasty lines from him besought her forgiveness, and told her Geoffrey was now on his way back to England to find out why she had not written to him; that he hoped they would have been married before Geoffrey could arrive, but that now he would go away and never trouble her again.

"You will forgive me, Geoffrey, won't you," she said, "for doubting you? But it seemed so terribly true! Look! Here are the envelope and the flower."
"And here is the flower you gave me," said Geoffrey. "There's not much difference, certainly, between them, but regarding the envelope—well, I must give you a few specimens of my handwriting when I go away again, so that you may not be taken in so easily."

"But I shall never let you go away again," said Mysie.
And that was how they arranged it.

The "Tippecanoe" Inauguration.

Mr. Joseph B. Bishop contributes an article on "Inauguration Scenes and Incidents" to the Century, which is an "Inauguration number." Concerning the inauguration of General William Henry Harrison, Mr. Bishop says: A magnificent carriage had been constructed by his admirers, and presented to General Harrison, with the express wish that he ride in it to the Capitol; but he declined to do so, insisting upon riding a horse instead. The crowd of visitors along the avenue from the White House to the Capitol was the largest yet seen in Washington. The procession created such enthusiasm that the novel expedient was put in operation of having it march and countermarch several times before leaving its hero at the Capitol. For two hours it went to and fro in the avenue before the spectators were supposed to have their fill of it. Mr. Adams, who saw it from his window, under which it passed, describes in his diary a mixed military and civil cavalcade, with platoons of militia companies, Tippecanoe clubs, students of colleges, school-boys, a half-dozen veterans who had fought under the old hero in the war of 1811, sundry awkward and ungainly painted banners and log cabins, and without carriages or showy dresses. The coup d'oeil, he adds, was showy-shabby; and he says of the general: "He was on a mean-looking white horse, in the center of seven others, in a plain frock coat or surcoat, undistinguishable from any of those before, behind, or around him." The day was cold and bleak with a chilly wind blowing. General Harrison stood for an hour exposed to this while delivering his address, and at its close mounted his horse and returned to the White House with the procession again as an escort.

He Surprised the Drill Sergeant.

A clipper-built man of 39 or thereabout enlisted in one of the troops of the Fourth Cavalry at the Presidio of San Francisco a few years ago. When he was asked by the recruiting officer if he knew anything about horses, he replied, "Not very much." The day after his enlistment the troop drill sergeant gave the recruit a horse and took him out to the "bull ring" to give him his first whirl at riding horseback. The recruit labored into the saddle with great apparent difficulty, and for 15 minutes his awkwardness taxed the resources of the drill sergeant's vocabulary. Then, with a grin, he sprang to the ground, quickly uncinched the horse, and threw off the saddle. Starting his saddleless horse around the ring on a dead canter, he leaped upon its back without the use of his hands, and standing with his boots upon the horse's glossy back, he rode around the ring for a few times. Then, the horse still at a swift lope, he stood on his head on its back. He followed this up with a monkey drill that almost gave the drill sergeant apoplexy. When, a few days later, the recruit got a first sergeant's stripes, it came out that he was one of the best-known circus riders in the country, and one of the most unreliable, on account of his predilection for liquor. He kept straight in the army, however, and at the close of his enlistment started a riding school in San Francisco, which he is still managing with immense success.—New York Sun.

The "Ears" of Insects.

The naturalists have not as yet been able to answer the burning question, "Can bees hear?" but their researches along that line have resulted in many queer discoveries. Simply because a bee has no ears on the sides of his head, it is no sign whatever that he is wholly without some sort of an auditory nerve. This last assertion is proven by the fact that grasshoppers, crickets, locusts, and flies all have ears situated in queer places—under the wings, on the middle of the body, and even on the sides of their legs. The common house fly does his hearing by means of some little rows of corpuscles which are situated on the knobbed threads which occupy the places which are taken up by the hind wings of other species of insects. The garden slug, or shell-less snail, has his organs of hearing situated on each side of his neck, and the common grasshopper has them on his broad, flat thighs. In some of the smaller insects they are at the bases of the wings, and in others at the bottom of the feet.—St. Louis Republic.

The first number of a new paper entitled the German Industrial Advertiser, in the Japanese language, has appeared.

AMERICA'S FIRST.

JEANETTE WAS THE PIONEER ELEPHANT OF AMERICA.

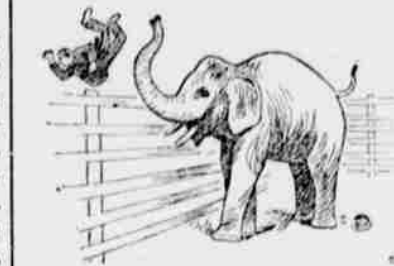
Death of the Old Beast Said to Have Come to This Country in 1823 and to Have Had Forty or More Owners.

JEANETTE, an elephant which most showmen believe to have been the oldest in the United States and the first ever brought to America, is dead at Peru, Ind. Her age is known to have been 116 years. The Chicago Times-Herald says she has been a tenant of menageries in this country since 1824. Jeanette really died of old age. Her skin was wrinkled and drawn and her



JEANETTE, AMERICA'S PIONEER ELEPHANT.

eyes had that peculiar lackluster appearance which always accompanies decrepit old age. Jeanette had passed through the hands of so many showmen that to anyone of her entire history is practically unknown. She came in possession of her last owner in 1885. Previous to that time, it is estimated by those who know scraps of the aged elephant's career, she had been owned by at least forty different persons. She was of African birth and was sold for a bagful of gold. Anyone who saw her, and was familiar with elephants, would know in an instant that she was an African. Her ears were of the enormous, "umbrella" kind, which make elephants look not unlike huge foxhounds. The first that was known of Jeanette in this country was in 1823. At that time an agent of an American menagerie was in England, and there saw the elephant, in company with a number of others just arrived from the Cape, as Africa is termed in Britain. She had been employed as a working elephant for some time in Africa previous



SETTLING AN OLD SCORE. (Two scenes in the life of Jeanette.)

to her purchase by an English official, who was engaged in gathering a small herd to export to England. At that time, it is asserted, there was not an elephant in the United States. The agent from America conceived the idea that he had found a tremendous card for his menagerie. He purchased Jeanette for \$25,000. The purchase was the talk of London.

The next thing to do was to get Jeanette to the United States, and that was no trifling matter. The year 1823, it must be remembered, was far in advance of the ocean greyhound, and the voyage across the Atlantic for even a human being was considered an event. The agent, however, was equal to the emergency, and one June day when a clipper ship sailed from Liverpool she had aboard of her, snugly stowed in the hold, the bulky form of the comparatively youthful Jeanette. Detail is lacking as to how Jeanette enjoyed the voyage, but she reached New York with but a few abrasions of the skin and a sour temper.

Naturally Jeanette created a sensation in Gotham. People came from a great distance to see her lodgings not far from Battery Park. Then her owner placed her in a tent, because the lodgings were not large enough to accommodate the people who came to see her. He made money rapidly and Jeanette waxed fat and strong. After a while patronage began to slacken a bit, however, and Jeanette's owner, who had long ago given up the idea of placing her in any menagerie except



THE DUEL.

his own, put her in a wagon that was considered a triumph of architectural skill, and with just enough other things to justify him in calling his outfit a menagerie started out to tour the east.

Jeanette's fame spread far and wide, and after exhibiting her until he had made his fortune her owner sold her to a menagerie. How often she changed hands after that even the best posted menagerie and circus man refuses to estimate, beyond the fact that it was at least forty times. It is certain, however, that there has been no prominent menagerie in the country in the last half century which has not had a claim on Jeanette at one time or another. When elephants began to be common Jeanette's fame faded. She was probably the most traveled elephant the world ever

knew. The fact that she fell from the pedestal of fame so many years ago did not sour her temper, for she was always considered a special pet by



THE FUNERAL.

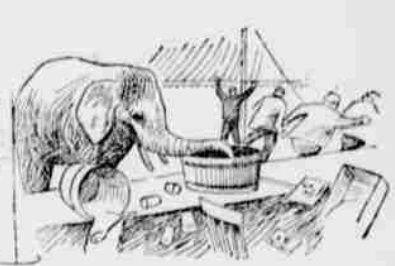
everyone who ever had anything to do with her.

Although possessed of this good nature, she was resentful of fancied or real injuries, and if she once took a dislike to a person was beside that unfortunate individual if he ever ventured within reach of her trunk.

Jeanette had an antipathy to a painter named Fraser, which seemed to turn her against all painters. Once she broke loose and discovered a gang of painters outside the gate on their way from work to dinner. She gave a shrill warning and thundered after them. They ran as fast as they could, but Jeanette gained so rapidly that they were forced to take refuge in a barn, the great doors of which swung right open. Jeanette pressed them so hard that they climbed up into the haymow, and there the elephant kept them until their cries for help brought aid.

Jeanette was not a large elephant. She weighed only three tons. She had a persuasive way, however, whenever she took after anyone. To tell the complete story of her escapades would be an almost endless task. The greater portion of them were good-natured, and she was never known to really hurt anyone who had not injured her. It was a favorite pastime of hers whenever she broke loose in the menagerie tent to make for the lemonade vendors, put them to flight and drink all their lemonade. This she seemed to consider a most delightful treat. The same method of treatment was applied to the men and boys who dispensed candy, and Jeanette appropriated so much of their stock that they grew to be afraid to venture near her.

The people of Peru mourn for Jeanette. She was one of the sights of the town during the winter season, and was a friend of two-thirds of the popu-



WEAKNESS FOR LEMONADE. (Two scenes in the life of Jeanette.)

lation. Her funeral was as largely attended as that of the most prominent citizen would have been. She was only an elephant, but it is something to have been a good elephant.

Bismarck is Bored.

A sadder utterance can hardly be imagined than that said to have been lately made by Prince Bismarck, now near the end of his life, after having occupied the position of dictator of Europe:

"I feel weak and languid, but not ill. My illness is want of the joys of life. My existence is no longer of any use; I have no official duties, and what I see as an onlooker gives me no pleasure. Should I live longer it will still be the case. I feel lonely. I have lost my wife, and as regards my sons, they have their own business. With growing age I have also lost interest in agriculture and forestry. I rarely visit the fields and woods, since I can no longer ride and shoot and move about as I like. Little by little politics begins to tire me."

The faculty of retiring gracefully from active labor and responsibility when years become a burden and others can do the work better, is one Bismarck has not learned. He has no such resource as Gladstone has in other interests than statercraft. He finds nothing to do but to meddle and complain. The knowledge that he created a strong empire gives him little comfort, for he has not faith that anybody but himself can keep it strong. When Milton was old, and had for "three weary years" lost the sight of his eyes, he could say:

"What supports me, dost thou ask? The conscience to have lost them overpaid. In Liberty's defense, my noble task."

But liberty is a better work than empire.—New York Independent.

The Ballot Here and Abroad.

In the United States there is one voter to every four and a half persons; in Great Britain one to every six persons; in France one to every three and a half persons; in Italy one to every ten persons.
The United States cast 13,923,102 votes in 1896.

Great Britain casts 6,416,000 votes. Scotland has 630,000 electors. Ireland has 830,000 electors. France has 10,000,000 electors. Germany has 10,000,000 electors. Austro-Hungary has 5,300,000 electors.

Italy has 3,006,000 electors. In 1892 out of 3,006,000 qualified electors only 1,600,000 voted in Italy or about five per cent. of its total population.

Belgium had 100,000 voters ten years ago, but since then has increased its suffrage so that some citizens have several ballots.