

If a man has chronic dyspepsia it is hard to convince him that the world is growing better.

In 1839, by an act of Parliament, the use of dogs in London to draw carts as beasts of burden was abolished.

A man usually laughs when he is amused; a woman usually laughs when she thinks other people think she ought to laugh.

Prof. Emil Yung, of Geneva, Switzerland, has counted the ants in five nests. Their numbers were 53,018, 67,470, 12,933, 93,694, 47,828.

New York city has 1,522 polling places, only 51 less than the whole state of Nebraska, and 9 more than there are in North Carolina.

Owing to the big vintage and the scarcity of casks wine is selling at one cent a quart at many vineyards in the Bordeaux district of France.

No matter how poor a native of the Hawaiian Islands may be, he is never seen begging. The only beggars there, are chiefly the impoverished Portuguese residents.

Kerschdorf, near Heidelberg, has a lively ninety-one-year-old blacksmith and church warden who recently climbed to the top of the church steeple and tied a new rope to the bell after the younger men in the village had refused to risk themselves.

Prof. Kolthoff of Sweden, who recently returned from Greenland with a pair of musk oxen, one of the objects of his travels, believes these interesting animals can be acclimatized in the north of Sweden. In matter of food, he says, they are as easily pleased as the American goat that digests oyster cans. A full-grown ox will weigh between 1,400 and 1,500 pounds, and its flesh is good eating.

Recent improvements in telephoto cameras are said to have obviated the old difficulty which required long exposures, and have rendered it possible to take pictures with such cameras as quickly as with those of ordinary construction. The improvement has been effected by placing a tube, containing a positive lens at one end and a negative at the other, in front of the ordinary lens of the camera.

An electric railway is to be constructed between Liverpool and Manchester, intended especially for the swift transportation of passengers. It is said that the system adopted will be that of the single elevated rail, the cars being suspended from the rail. The projectors talk of sending trains from one city to the other, a distance of about twenty-nine miles, in fifteen minutes, or at the rate of 115 miles an hour.

According to the results of studies by Prof. A. E. Verrill the beautiful Bermuda Islands are merely the remnant of an island, very much larger than the present entire group, but which has sunk in the ocean. The original island had an area of 300 or 400 square miles, whereas the Bermudas today are only about twenty square miles in area. Within a comparatively recent period, says Prof. Verrill, the Bermudas have subsided at least 80 or 100 feet. Their base is the summit of an ancient volcano, while their surface is composed of shell sand drifted into hills by the wind and conso' dated by infiltration.

Captain S. P. Emmerson, who has just died in Denver, was distinguished as the leader of a company of irregular Confederate forces, commonly known as guerrillas, who hoped to capture or destroy Chicago. Captain Emmerson escaped capture on that occasion by stealing a horse and riding away. Many of the exploits of his command were as daring as those of the Quantrell, Morgan or Moseby raiders. He was once captured in Kentucky, but escaped by cutting a hole in the roof of his prison. Captain Emmerson was a warm friend to the James boys. He never recovered from the grief caused by the fall of the Confederacy.

The Census Bureau has made public the returns of the population in Alabama. The population of the state in 1900 is 1,828,697, as against 1,513,017 in 1890, representing an increase since 1890 of 315,680, or 20.8 per cent. This rate of increase is slightly greater than that for the decade from 1880 to 1890 when it was 19.8 per cent. The population in 1900 is more than fourteen times as large as that given for 1820, the first census taken after its organization as a state, in 1819. The total land surface of Alabama is approximately 51,540 square miles, the average number of persons to the square mile at the censuses of 1890 and 1900 being 29.3 in 1890 and 35.4 in 1900.

It is with some surprise that one reads in a recent report of the director of the National Observatory at Athens that, taking area into account, earthquakes are about twice as frequent in Greece as they are in Japan. The latter country has been looked upon as par excellence the land of earthquakes. It would appear that its earthquakes are, upon the whole, more severe than those in Greece, although the great architectural monuments of Greece have suffered much from seismic disturbances.



**He Voted for Jackson.**  
James W. Bradbury of Augusta, Me., ex-senator of the United States, recently celebrated his ninety-eighth birthday. The career of this venerable statesman covers a period of American history unexampled in the experience of any other man. He was born in 1802 and consequently is able to give personal recollections of the war of 1812, being a lad of 10 when that struggle was in progress. He was 18 years old when Maine was admitted to the Union; he helped welcome Lafayette to the state in 1824; he participated in the celebration of the semi-centennial of American independence in 1826; he was a United States senator from 1847 to 1853, and was colleague and personal friend of Webster, Clay, Benton and Calhoun; he is the only survivor of the 100 men who sat in the senate during his term; he is the only living member of the Bowdoin college class of 1825, which included Longfellow, Hawthorne and John C. Abbott. Mr. Bradbury has lived in Augusta for sixty-three years, over half a century in the house which he now occupies. From Jackson to Bryan he voted for every Democratic presidential nominee. He has never tasted liquor or tobacco and today is able to attend to his considerable correspondence without the aid of an amanuensis.

**The Youngest D. D.**  
Rev. Morgan Wood, pastor of the old and fashionable Plymouth Congregational church of Cleveland, O., is making a phenomenal record in the theological world. Although but 33 years old, he has been honored with the degree of Doctor of Divinity—the youngest man in the country to have received such an honor—and has made a national reputation as a lecturer. Rev. Morgan Wood is the son of Rev. E. M. Wood, a Methodist minister, of Pittsburgh, Pa. He received his education in the public schools and high school of that city, where he had an extraordinary record for brightness. Afterward he attended Mt. Union College and Yale and Boston universities. His

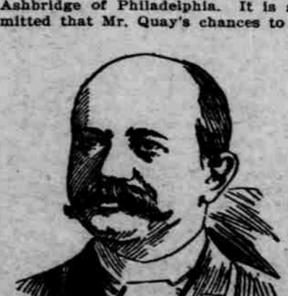


charges have always been successful, as Dr. Wood's personal magnetism has endeared him to his congregations. He has had churches in New Orleans, La.; Bloomington, Ill.; Detroit, Mich.; Toronto, Can., besides his present charge. Much of his time is in demand in popular lecture courses throughout the country.

**Sculptor Will Become Painter.**  
Frederick Macmonnies, whose great work (the fountain) at the world's fair was among the great attractions at the Jackson park exposition, has determined that next spring he will take up his residence in New York and will temporarily give up mallet and chisel for palette and brush. He is now in Paris at work on the equestrian statue of General Slocum, which is to be set up in Brooklyn. When that is completed he will for a time abandon sculpture for painting.

**Wins Fame in Berlin.**  
Arthur Van Ewyck, who made a great stir in Berlin musical circles recently, is a young Milwaukeean whose relatives are still residents of that city. Mr. Van Ewyck is one of the brightest of young musicians which Milwaukee has produced. He studied with all the best teachers, and gave promise very early of having a bright future before him. About ten years ago he went to Berlin, where he studied with Felix Schmidt. He possesses a rich, resonant barytone voice, which taken with his artistic rendering of the later music has brought him rare praise from continental critics.

**Widener May Be Senator.**  
P. A. B. Widener, the millionaire street railway magnate, is credited with coveting a desire to represent Pennsylvania in the United States senate, and it is said that his candidacy will be endorsed by Mayor Samuel H. Ashbridge of Philadelphia. It is admitted that Mr. Quay's chances to be



selected senator by the new legislature will be slender, and it has been known for some time that Mayor Ashbridge is not anxious to see Quay go back to the senate. The mayor will control 23 representatives and two senators in the new legislature and without these Quay's fight would be useless. It is believed that a deadlock would follow in an attempt to elect Quay.



**New Minister from Corea.**  
In place of bizarre and eccentric Ye Pom Chin Corea will soon be represented in Washington by Prince Min Tong Whan, who would have been been there now but that he was needed at home, where he is one of the Corea-king's most trusted advisers. The new minister belongs to the progressive party in his native land and is one of the most influential statesmen of the "hermit kingdom." He has traveled widely and leisurely, remaining for some time in most of the large cities he visited and studying the customs of the people. The new minister is taller than the average Corean, with a military figure and carriage that might have been acquired in West Point, an intellectual face and the grace and manners of a man of the world. He is cultivated, erudite and familiar with the history and traditions of the occident as well as with those of the orient. He is, in a word, a broad-gauged, well balanced man, who may be expected to administer his legation in a way creditable to his country and acceptable to this government, to gain a social position denied to his predecessor and to wield a moral influence Mr. Ye failed to exert.

**Jonah F. R. Leonard.**  
Jonah F. R. Leonard, who received 60,000 votes as the candidate of the United Christian party for the presidency of the recent election, is an Iowa farmer of sturdy character and irreproachable life. In the neighborhood of Arnsworth, where his property is located, he is highly respected and popular. Mr. Leonard is a native of Pennsylvania. His parents removed to Kansas in 1856 and his father was a free soiler. At that time the recent candidate for president was 34 and was a participant in the many border skirmishes that followed the agitation. The elder Leonard was a personal friend of John Brown and his son shared his enthusiasm. After the war, through which he fought with an Illinois regiment, Mr. Leonard settled in Iowa and has lived quietly in that state ever since. He had been a Republican, but

**So Build Largest Pulp Mill.**  
American and Canadian capitalists contemplate establishing in the Rainy Lake region of western Canada the largest pulp mill in the world. Spruce in inexhaustible quantities is found in the region named and unexcelled water power is also available. The American capital for the enterprise will come principally from the Fox river valley in Wisconsin. A hydraulic engineer of Appleton, Wis., has just returned from the Rainy lake country, where he made preliminary observations and arranged for surveys.

**Rich Widow Disappears.**  
Despite all efforts of the police no traces have been discovered of Mrs. Mary Taylor, the aged Brooklyn widow and supposed miser, who is said to be worth in the neighborhood of \$100,000. They are still working on the theory that the old woman has been spirited away by persons familiar with her circumstances, who seek a reward for her release. Annie, the professional nurse who was attending Mrs. Taylor, still

**Lily That Is Not a Lily.**  
Our interest in lilies is always revived by the Easter season, and this is a good time, therefore, to talk about a member of the family that really does not belong there. I refer to the calla lily—so called. The calla is not a lily at all, but an arum. It belongs to the same family as the well-known Jack-in-the-pulpit, so common in our woods in early summer. The Jack has a flower shaped like that of the calla, only smaller. In the calla, the broad sheath resembling a petal is pure white, enclosing a golden club; in the Jack, the club and shield are both pale green, the sheath being sometimes streaked with brown. Many persons call the white sheath of the calla a petal, and speak of the calla as the "lily with one petal." This is not correct. What they call a petal is really a sheath, or envelope, properly named a spathe. It is an ornamental appendage, surrounding the true flowers, which are inconspicuous little growths clustering at the base of the club, which latter is botanically named the spadix. A similar arrangement exists in Jack-in-the-pulpit. This last species is also well known under another name. When the green spathe and spathe have withered away, a bunch of bright scarlet berries appears where the little inconspicuous flowers bloomed, and the children then call the plant "Indian turnip," not recognizing it as their old friend Jack in another guise. Woe to the unfortunate wight who bites either the berries or the root! His tongue will declare, without uttering a word, that mustard is mild in comparison! One common name for the calla lily is Calla Ethiopica, or "Lily of the Nile," but this is said to be a misnomer. Some species of calla may be found in Ethiopia, but the one with which we are most familiar is more abundant in South Africa. It is so common in some places as to be regarded as little more than a weed. The Dutch call it the "pig-lily," as the pigs eat the roots. Those of us that have visited California about Easter time can easily understand what this means. The calla, on the Pacific coast, is as common as the crocus or the daffodil is with us. Callas grow out in the open air, and attain a size from four to six times as large as anything of the kind here. Imagine a row of callas along an ordinary paling-fence, as tall as the fence itself, and as thick as the neighboring hedge, with flowers as big as good-sized milk pitchers, and leaves nearly as large as those of

**Primitive Way of Lighting Fire.**  
Sir Joseph Fayrer, who served a long time in India as surgeon general of the British army, gives an account of the method used by the Burmese natives in producing fire. Matches are unknown in many parts of the Orient, are not needed, in fact, for most Oriental peoples are skilled in ways of obtaining flame through friction. A Burmese messenger brought a note to Sir Joseph one day and while he was writing the reply for the waiting man he noticed an object somewhat like a boy's popgun suspended by his waist. In reply to an inquiry the native told him that it was an implement for producing fire and gave a practical illustration of its working. A small tube several inches long and closed at one end, held a tightly fitted piston, the latter was hollowed slightly at the lower end and smeared with wax to receive a bit of cotton or tinder, which adhered when pressed into it. Placing a small wisp of cotton upon the wax, the messenger fitted the piston into the tube and forced it down by striking it a sharp blow. When it was withdrawn the cotton was on fire, having become ignited by the sudden concussion of the compressed air.

**Aged Lutheran Divine.**  
Rev. Dr. Daniel J. Hauer, who has just celebrated the ninety-fourth anniversary of his birth at his home in Hanover, Pa., is the oldest Lutheran minister in America. With perfect health, in full possession of all his faculties, his interest in current events as lively as ever, Dr. Hauer is spending his old age in calm enjoyment and soothing retrospect. He is surrounded by his children, his grandchildren and his great grandchildren, who lovingly anticipate his few days with their affectionate solicitude. The aged clergyman was born in the famous old town of Frederick, Md.

**The Election of Senators.**  
F. M. Simmons, Democrat, will succeed Marion Butler, the Populist, in the senate from North Carolina. The legislature chosen Nov. 6 will practically have nothing to do but register the choice of the people. This is because at the state primaries held by the Democrats of North Carolina last April the voters "recommended" the selection of Mr. Simmons. In the same way the Democrats at the primaries in Arkansas last spring recorded their preference for the re-election of Senator Berry over ex-Senator Jones. These methods of nominating a senator are not recognized by federal or state laws. Yet members are frequently nominated pledged in advance after a contest in the primaries. In Montana and in Pennsylvania the fitness of legislative candidates was entirely lost sight of in the struggle for the legislature. In these states rival candidates of the same party contended in many districts, he division being on the senatorship. In this indirect way Clark's election from Montana seems assured and Quay's from Pennsylvania is possible. These are facts which seem to show that there is much merit in the North Carolina plan. At all events it enables the legislature to get down to business at once without a prolonged struggle over the senatorship, which sometimes, as in Pennsylvania last year,



**Two Little Americans.**  
When Cousin Mabel returned from America, bringing two little "Yankee" dogs with her, you can imagine how eager the little English cousins were to see them. The puppies were such funny, brown little fellows! They were not mastiffs nor pugs nor spaniels, not like any dogs that the little folks had ever seen before. When they squeaked out their droll, tiny bark, and jerked their little bushy tails, the children could not help laughing. The little fellows were named Yankee and Doodle, and they were a credit to their native country; in fact, they were model puppies. They did not tease the cat, nor chase the chickens, nor care for any of the tricks that tempt other little dogs into mischief. They never even played with a bone, for, strange to say, they were strict vegetarians. Perhaps it was because they had seen so much of the world that they were so wise and well-behaved. They had come "way over the big green ocean, which perhaps looked to them something like the big green prairie. The first thing they could remember was living in a nice, snug village with hundreds of little playmates. It was a very queer village; the houses were not built, but dug in the ground, and in these houses there was not a man, woman or child, but only families of dogs lived in them. Ah, now you have guessed, have you not, that these dogs were only prairie dogs? The little Americans seemed to like their English home, and lived there very happily, till one day a stupid terrier mistook poor Doodle for a rat or a squirrel—I don't know which—and put an end to his harmless little life. Yankee, however, continued to thrive, and Mabel and he were capital friends. He used to climb her knee and poke his little head into her apron pockets for dainties which she hid there for her dear doggie. If he found nothing, he would jerk his little tail and bark so funnily, as if to say, "I want my dinner!" Now, although Yankee was usually so good, I must confess that once he was guilty of a naughty caper. Mabel's mother had prepared a great number of thick, wadded coverlets for cold weather. They reached from the shelf of the linen closet almost to the ceiling, and looked so clean and soft and warm! Yankee thought this would be a fine place for a burrow, so he nibbled his way, alas! through every one of those nice coverlets, and cuddled down cozily inside. Perhaps he dreamed that he was snug at home once more in Prairie Town. If you ever go to London, you can see Yankee in the great museum where the stuffed animals are kept, for he was a "really, truly" doggie, and his funny little figure has been admired by thousands of little British boys and girls.—Youth's Companion.

**Dog Laughed.**  
One day I sat upon a piazza overlooking our large back yard, while beside me Pat, my terrier, was busily tearing to pieces a palm leaf fan. Suddenly he became perfectly still, staring so intently into the yard that I turned to see who had attracted his attention. There was only Polly, our cook's little mulatto girl, who was solemnly parading up and down with a gorgeous brand-new rag doll in a cigar box chariot, and I wondered what Pat could see in this to interest him. But the next moment he had darted from my side, and I saw his sharp little face cautiously peeping in at the open yard gate, still watching Polly. Waiting until she had passed and her back was toward him, he stole in, literally on tip toe, and softly taking the doll in his mouth, dashed out of the gate, pursued by the exasperated Polly. Then ensued a wild chase, ended at length by Pat dropping the doll into the box and immediately seeking refuge in his former place on the piazza. Here he thrust his head through the balustrade, and to attract Polly's attention gave vent to a queer, smothered little bark, at which she looked up and shook her fist at him in impotent rage. And it was then that I saw Pat laugh, Trembling all over with delight, he turned his head from side to side, and cocked first one ear and then the other in the most comical fashion. His little black nose and forehead wrinkled, his eyes snapped and his eyebrows twitched, while his lips quivered, and—yes, there could be no mistake about it—the corners curled upward and Pat was laughing.

**The Fly as a Balloonist.**  
According to Messrs. I. M. Aldrich and L. A. Turley, two well-known European zoologists, man is not the only living being who delights to go skyward in a balloon. There are certain flies, they say, which invariably go through the air in balloons whenever they get tired of flying in the ordinary way. These airships are composed of small bubbles, which are exuded from the bodies of the flies, and the air in which suffices to support the insects whenever their wings become weary and the fancy takes them to ride through the air on their tiny gossamer bladders. They can go, it is said, in any desired direction by simply swaying their bodies toward the goal they expect to reach. In one of these curious airships the zoologists found the body of a very small insect, and they are now wondering whether it got there by chance or whether the proprietor of the balloon thoughtfully placed it there with the object of feeding on it during its aerial journey. As an argument in favor of the latter hypothesis they point out that flies while traveling in balloons cannot satisfy their hunger unless they return to the earth.

**Dog Died for a Child.**  
John Lynch of Coraopolis today gave an order for a monument over the grave of a water spaniel named Fido which had twice saved his children from death, says the Philadelphia Ledger. Yesterday the animal noticed his 4-year-old daughter try to cross in front of a trolley car. The dog ran into her and forced her off the track in safety, but the dog was crushed to death. Three years ago Fido pulled Charley Lynch, aged six years, out of the river.

**Ye Pom Chin.**  
Portrait of Ye Pom Chin, the former minister from Corea.

**Jonah F. R. Leonard.**  
Portrait of Jonah F. R. Leonard, candidate for the United Christian party.

**Mrs. Mary Taylor.**  
Portrait of Mrs. Mary Taylor, the aged Brooklyn widow.

**Arthur Van Ewyck.**  
Portrait of Arthur Van Ewyck, young Milwaukeean musician.

**Mrs. Mary Taylor.**  
Portrait of Mrs. Mary Taylor, the aged Brooklyn widow.