

THE TOOTH OF "COLUMBUS"

How Circus Men in Mexico Managed to "Pull" the Mighty Molar

Pulling an elephant's tooth is not the easiest task in the world. This was discovered at the Orrin Brothers' circus, now traveling in Mexico, when two well-known and experienced surgeons and dentists worked for two hours before they succeeded in removing the huge molar.

The patient in the operation was the big Asiatic elephant Columbus, who for years has been one of the leading attractions of the Orrin's circus. For over twenty years Columbus has been with the show. He figures in every parade, does his little act in the ring,

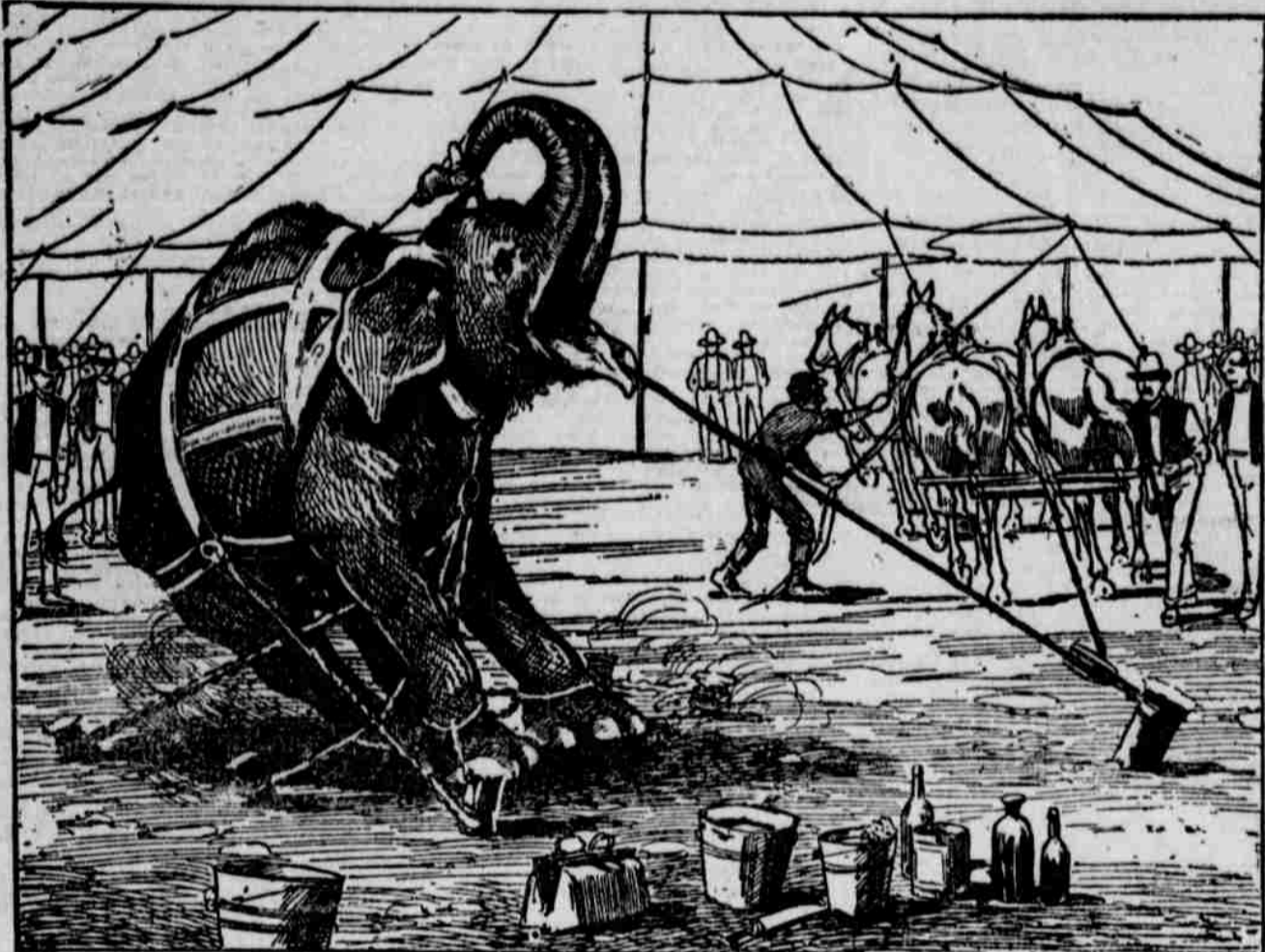
from slipping. While all this was going on the cocaine was being applied. When all the preliminaries had been completed the tarred rope was run through a pulley. It was then carried out and attached to the traces of four big horses. When everything was in readiness the doctors and attendants retired to a safe distance.

The other attendants were armed with elephant hooks, and not a few had Winchesters, as there was no telling how Columbus was going to take the real thing. Finally the word was given and the driver whipped up his

tem. The great potentialities of the invention may be understood when it is explained that under the conditions which the exhibitor, Richard Kerridge, proposes, it will be possible for all the clocks in London to be simultaneously adjusted by one clock to which the necessary contrivance is attached. To render a clock sensitive to the influence of the wave system it will only be necessary to affix the receiving instrument with a coherer arrangement, which might be extended, not only to the public clocks but to those in private residences.

Packing Butter in Glass.

A new use has been found for glass. It consists in packing butter in a box made of six sheets of ordinary window glass, the edges being covered with gummed paper. The closed box is then enveloped in a layer of plaster



THE CRITICAL MOMENT.

and being as docile as a lamb has carried hundreds of thousands of children on his back. In fact, there are grown men and women in Mexico and other parts of the world who have been carried by Columbus when they wore kilts and pinafores.

Consequently there is not a child in the state of Mexico who does not know Columbus. The elephant man with the show never had the least trouble with Columbus. Consequently, when he reported to the owners that there was something the matter with Columbus the owners of the circus were surprised. They went to his quarters and found Columbus sitting back on his haunches swinging his head from side to side. His trunk was swinging around like a huge pendulum. Every now and then he would bellow as if in great pain. The elephant keeper or the owners had no idea what ailed the even-tempered Columbus, who now had become rather ugly. In fact, it was deemed safe to chain him, something unusual for Columbus, who was in the habit of going about very much as he pleased. For two days he was not on exhibition, and the children were not permitted to ride on him.

Several veterinarians were called in and examined Columbus, but they were unable to tell what ailed him. The elephant keeper, however, noticed that when he watered Columbus the latter would fill his trunk and blow the contents into his mouth and permit it to run out. This was reported to Dr. Fabbri, the well-known veterinary surgeon, who made an examination and found that Columbus' gum was swollen in a terrible manner and he was confident that a huge tooth was decaying at the root, and this was the cause of the trouble. An operation was decided upon and Dr. Patchek was called in. It was a new operation for the surgeons, but it proved successful. Pain was relieved by the frequent application of cocaine. This was applied by using a big syringe. As soon as it began to ease the pain Columbus began to grow quiet and he was then chained down on his haunches. His forelegs were chained closely to a couple of stakes, and being safely chained his trunk was strapped up and held tight by a rope around his back. In this position he was put at the mercy of the surgeons, unless he should manage to break loose. The doctors then went to work.

The gum was soaked with cocaine and then a three-quarter inch augur was brought into use. A spot several inches from the gum was selected and a hole was started. Boring through solid ivory is no easy work, and each doctor took his turn at the instrument. Every now and then work would be suspended, as Columbus would be getting nervous. More cocaine was injected around the spot, and the work of drilling through the big tooth was resumed. For nearly two hours the surgeons worked and finally the hole was completed. This done, they rested for a while, and then the real work was begun. A small iron rod was run through the hole, the ends projecting about four inches on either end. An inch rope, heavily soaked and smeared with tar, was then wound or wrapped around the tusk, the tusk preventing it

from slipping. As soon as they began to pull the elephant began to bellow. He tried to release himself by bracing his front feet against the stakes. This was just what was wanted. Another crack at the horses, and amid a terrible bellowing, out came the big tooth. A profuse hemorrhage and a great deal of matter from the ulceration followed. But the extraction was a relief, and Columbus, after a few bellows, became quiet. The surgeons then washed out the cavity with a strong solution of creoline, and then dressed it with a solution of perchloride of iron to stop the hemorrhage. The tooth was twenty inches long and four inches in diameter at the root. It had commenced to decay, and this caused an abscess. In the operation there were used six gallons of cocaine, one quart of creoline and two quarts of perchloride of iron. The doctors received \$300 for their work.

A Wonderful Clock.

London Special: The Royal Society, at its annual conversazione, Burlington house was shown a remarkable new invention in the shape of a clock controlled at a distance by wireless telegraphy of the Herztian wave sys-

Baroness, for Whom Four Men Were Killed, Lies Dying in Nizza



Wealth and splendor have gone, the man who killed four others for her love lies mouldering underground 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 glance are sightless. It is the end of the glory of the Baroness Jenny von Rahden. She lies in Nizza—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 the high school equestrian Jenny Weiss that she first became one of the celebrities of the continent. Many wooed her. Of them all none wooed as did the big, handsome, 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.

Terrible New Women. A woman made a spectacle of the Sioux City convention, women are annoying the Methodist conference at Chicago, and women have become a terror to the British officials in South Africa. "What's got into um?"—Indianapolis News.

Size of Audiences.

Max O'Reil, who was so ill that he had to give up lecture engagements in this country, has recovered his health since his return home. Wonder if the size of the audiences made him sick?—Indianapolis News.

WHERE HEBER DIED.

Anniversary of His Death Celebrated in a Church in London.

April 3 was the seventy-fourth anniversary of the death of Bishop Heber, author of the missionary hymn "From Greenland's Icy Mountains," which is known as widely as the English language is spoken. This anniversary was last month celebrated in a church in London, and on the occasion the particulars of his life and death were brought forward again. Reginald Heber was the second Church of England bishop of Calcutta. That church had then but one bishop for the whole of India, instead of ten, as in the year 1900, including the island of Ceylon, from whose cinnamon groves "the spicy breezes blow," and Burma, adjoining the mainland of India on the northeast, and which Britain from the very year of his death through the next half century gradually annexed as the result of successive wars. He traveled indefatigably through all parts of his unwieldy diocese, and on Saturday, April 1, arrived at Trichinopoly, a town of now some 90,000 inhabitants, about 200 miles southwest of Madras, and there next day he preached and administered confirmation. On Monday morning he confirmed again in the Fort church and visited a native school. Then, having returned home, he took a cold bath before breakfast, as on the two preceding days; but his servant, thinking him longer than usual, entered the apartment, and there found the body of his master lifeless in the water. It was afterward discovered that a blood vessel had burst upon his brain. He was buried on the north side of the altar, or communion table, in St. John's church, at that same town, where his monument marks the spot. But the most famous of his hymns was written long before he thought of being called to such foreign work. No mercenary motive induced him to accept the bishopric, about which he hesitated, for he inherited through his mother, the estate and living of Hodnet, in Shropshire, where, however, he once almost complained of his odd twofold position as "half parson, half squire," long before Charles Kingsley lived to describe such a combination of title by contracting them into the term "squareson." But if the duties of these different positions seemed sometimes difficult from incompatibility, yet he exchanged them for the ceaseless care of a diocese, in which, besides Christians, Mohammedans and Buddhists, there are now 207,731,727 Hindus who, as his famous hymn says, "Bow down to wood and stone."—Chicago Record.

KITCHENER'S READINESS.

Was Willing to Black Lord Roberts' Boots or Do Other Work. On the steamer which conveyed him to Gibraltar, where he was to meet Lord Roberts, Lord Kitchener was accosted by an officer who introduced himself with the reminder that he had once been intrusted by Col. Kitchener with a message to the then commander-in-chief in India. Lord Kitchener recognized his old acquaintance immediately, but could not recall the message referred to. "It was 15 years ago or more," said his friend, "but I recollect it. You asked me if I had a chance to speak to Lord Roberts on your behalf and beg him to find you a job in the East, near him, if possible. You told me to say you would black his boots or do any earthly thing for him then." "I've no doubt I said that," replied Lord Kitchener, "for I would black his boots or do any mortal thing for him now."—Sphere.

Singing Canaries at School.

Andreasberg, in the Harz mountains, is always musical with the songs of canaries, and the best singing canaries in the world. Every year 250,000 of the golden birds are reared, trained to sing and shipped to various parts of the world. Two hundred thousand of them go to America, 27,000 to England, 10,000 to Russia and the rest to various countries, excepting 10,000 of the very best singers, which are kept in Germany. These accomplished birds become teachers, and as soon as the fledging canary is old enough to have a desire to sing he, with numbers of others, is put in a darkened cage, there to listen to the singing of his teacher, a thoroughly trained singing canary. The dark cages keep the young birds from trying to sing, but do not interfere with their listening. After a few days of this twilight instruction the young bird is taken into the light and given an opportunity to show how much he has learned. So, from week to week, the birds are given lessons until they are good singers. Then they are put in little wicker cages and sent away.

Monument at Waterloo.

M. Gerome, the French sculptor, has been commissioned by a French military and historical club to design a monument to be placed on the field of Waterloo at the spot where the last squares of the French army fell under Napoleon. It will be the first French monument on the field.

Aged Literary Woman.

Julia Ward Howe celebrated her 81st birthday the other day. In girlhood she and her two sisters were known as the Three Graces, but in late life she became equally identified with the Muses and has been an important figure in the social progress of her time.

Her Unfashionable Figure.

Emma—I must go right away to a cure in Marlenbad. "Indeed! What doctor ordered that?" "No doctor; my dressmaker."—Fliegende Blaetter.

MISS ARCHDALE, RETIRED BOOK AGENT

"Jim," said Mr. Perkins, to his office boy, "put on some more coal." "Yes, sir." "And do you hear? Take this packet of papers around to Penn & Ink's, and ask 'em what they mean by sending me such a blotted piece of work." "Yes, sir," said Jim, evidently preferring the snow-freighted air and slippy sidewalks of the outer world to the close little law office, darted off like an arrow out of a bow. Mr. Perkins took out a fresh bundle of quill pens and a quire of legal foolscap and began to work in good earnest, when, all of a sudden, a tap came to his office door. "Come in," said Mr. Perkins, in a voice that sounded considerably more like "Clear out," and a young lady entered, dressed in a currant-colored merino, with a little plumed hat and a neat looking flat satchel on her arm. "I haven't anything to give," said Mr. Perkins, sternly. The young lady sat down uninvited, and then Mr. Perkins saw that she was pretty. "I was not begging, sir," she said. "May I ask, then, what was your business?" said Mr. Perkins, more frigidly than ever. The young lady took a parcel from her bag. "I don't want to buy anything," said Mr. Perkins. "I am not selling, sir," said the lady. "Please explain your business at once," he said, tartly. "I have no time to spare." "Please allow me to do so, then," said the young lady, "I was soliciting subscriptions for—"



"I don't want to subscribe," hastily interrupted Mr. Perkins. "How do you know whether you do or not," inquired the young lady, with some spirit, "until you have seen the work, at least?" Mr. Perkins smiled a little. She was brusque, but he didn't altogether dislike that. And, besides, she was decidedly original. "Because there have been at least three of your craft before you this morning," said he, "all selling 'Illustrated Lives of Great Men.'"

"But mine is quite different. Mine is 'Careers of Famous Women,' with steel plate engravings," persisted the young lady. "Your business is overcrowded," said Mr. Perkins. "No, you needn't take the trouble to show me the book. Why don't you do something else?" "Will you tell me what?" said the young lady, despairingly. "Will you help me to get anything whereby I may support myself?" "Can you write a clear and legible hand?" Mr. Perkins asked. The young lady sat boldly down at a desk by the chimney-piece. "I'll show you what I can do," said she. Mr. Perkins looked over her shoulder as she wrote, in a quaint, distinct style, the words: "My name is Amy Archdale, and I want to earn my own living." Mr. Perkins looked meditatively at her for a second or two. "I should think you might teach," said he. "I did try it," said Miss Archdals. "I was governess in a private family." "And why did you give it up?" "Is this a catechism?" said Miss Amy smiling. "Well, I have no objection to answering. Do you want me to tell you the plain truth?" "Certainly." "Well, then, it was because my lady employer did not like to have her grownup son address me with common politeness. Perhaps she thought I was endeavoring to fascinate him, but she was entirely mistaken." "O!" said Mr. Perkins. "Please write down your address." "Are you really going to give me some copying to do?" she asked eagerly. "I'm going to try you." And so Miss Amy Archdale walked off with a red-tape-tied parcel of papers under her shawl. "If she does them well and promptly," said Mr. Perkins in a sort of mental soliloquy, "there's no reason I can't let her have some more work. If she doesn't it won't be the first case of feminine swindling in New York. But she had a pretty, innocent little face, too—hang it, I've half a mind to go to her address on the sly, and see if she really is a deserving object of—charity I was going to say. But it isn't. She wants work, not alms. There's always somebody wanting something in this great, chattering Bedlam of a city of ours," added Mr. Perkins, irately, as he drove off two match boys, an apple girl, and a vender of pins and shoe-strings from his doorstep. She brought the folios next day, neat, legible, and without blot or era-

sure, and Mr. Perkins gave her some more work. "You needn't bring it," said he. "I have business that way, and I'll call for it myself."

"We haven't seen your Uncle Elisha lately, dear," said Mrs. Molyneux Martin to her eldest daughter. "Kate must work a penwiper for him, and you must embroider him a pair of slippers. It won't do to let him lose sight of his nearest relatives."

"Ma," said Miss Katherine, "it's a pity you discharged Miss Archdale so suddenly, because she was so handy at fancy work." "And besides," added Edith Rosabelle, "it really and truly wasn't her fault because Walter chose to make eyes at her!"

"Don't use such vulgar expressions, my dear," said the mamma. "She was a pert, bold faced thing, and would have eloped with your dear brother if she had remained in the house another week. And I told her so, pretty plainly, too. Who's that? The postman? Give the letter at once, Edith Rosabelle!"

"Somebody has sent us wedding cards," said the youngest hopeful of the family of Molyneux Martin. "Open it, mamma, quick, and let us see whom they are from."

Mrs. Molyneux Martin tore open the envelope, and giving one glance at its contents, fell backward with a hysterical scream.

"Elisha Perkins!" she shrieked. "Girls, it's your uncle. Alas! my poor, disinherited pets!"

For Mrs. Molyneux Martin had educated her daughters in the full belief that each and every one of them was to be an heiress in the right of Uncle Elisha Perkins' money.

"But, mamma, who's the bride? Whom has he married? You don't tell us the name," persisted Katherine, who was endowed with a goodly spice of Mother Eve's bequest.

"I don't know! I don't care!" screamed Mrs. Molyneux Martin, tapping the soles of her slipped feet on the carpet in a way that threatened a yet more violent attack of hysterics.

"Pick up the cards, Kathie, and look," urged Edith Rosabelle.

"Amy Archdale!" she read aloud. "Why, ma, it's the governess you discharged! It's our Miss Archdale!"

"The old fool!" shrieked Mrs. Molyneux Martin. "To go and marry a girl young enough to be his granddaughter! Well, that caps the climax!"

"You forgot, ma," said Edith Rosabelle. "Uncle Elisha's only two years older than you are. I heard you say so lots of times."

"Hold your tongue, you ungrateful, unfeeling daughter," ejaculated Mrs. Molyneux Martin. "I'll never speak to him again."

But she did. Sober, second thoughts convinced her that it was better to submit to the inevitable—and she was one of the first to call on Mr. and Mrs. Elisha Perkins in the elegant brown stone house that the lawyer bought and furnished for his bride.

And perhaps one of the most triumphant moments of Amy Archdale's life was that in which she extended a gracious and patronizing greeting to the woman who had turned her out of doors scarcely three months before.

"Things do balance themselves evenly in this world, if one only has the patience to wait!" she said to her husband.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Schools in Germany.

The college man, says Prof. Hugo Munsterberg, who specializes in political economy or philosophy or chemistry from his freshman year, knows in his special field, far more than any one of us know; but if we take a composite picture of all seniors the boy who leaves the gymnasium is not at a disadvantage in the comparisons of intellectual physiognomy, while he is, of course, far less mature, according to his much lower age. If any man in Dartmouth or Amherst takes his bachelor's degree with that knowledge in mathematics, history, geography, literature, Latin, Greek, French or physics which we had on leaving school he is sure to graduate with honors. Our going to the university can thus be compared merely with the entrance into the post-graduate courses. Our three highest gymnasium classes alone correspond to the college, and whoever compares the German university with the college instead of the graduate school is either misled by the age of the student or by the external forms of student life and instruction.—Atlantic Magazine.

Generous New York Givers.

New York city unquestionably leads in the bestowal of charities and in the generous nature of its contributions to every deserving cause. It is the center to which the collectors of money for educational, benevolent, or relief purposes first direct their steps. New York, as the reservoir of the nation's wealth, is constantly giving, and most of its gifts go unrecorded. Its annual contributions to the hospital fund, its Easter day collections and many other special contributions foot up in the aggregate to amazing figures. For instance, the Easter collections of a few of the leading churches in New York city aggregated over a hundred thousand dollars, including nearly \$20,000 at Grace church, \$12,000 each at Calvary, St. Bartholomew's and Holy Trinity; \$11,000 at St. Thomas and St. Andrew's, and nearly \$9,000 at St. Ana's, Brooklyn.