

RABBITS WILL FIGHT

Meek Animals Are Terrors When Run Into a Corner.

Have Been Known to Do Battle as Desperately as Bulldog or Bear—Illustrative Instance.

The rabbit is more than an impetuous and desperate fighter. He is frequently the most cunning of strategists. One day he will precipitate a fearful onslaught, hurl himself like an avalanche at the doomed and dastard foe. Again he will lure his victim to destruction by wiles so deep that Fabius himself might well have been thrilled with envy at the spectacle. Furious in onset as Sheridan or Stonewall Jackson, cautious in maneuver as Beauregard or McClellan, he is in either capacity the most devastating warrior that walks on legs, says the Washington Post.

Read this: "Middletown, N. Y. Thursday—Milton Reynolds, an Ontario & Western fireman, living at Livingston Manor, went hunting for rabbits with Frank Pomer, an engine driver. Reynolds held a cotontail, and while proceeding to drive the animal out placed his double-barreled shotgun on the ground a short distance from the hole. The rabbit soon appeared, and making straight for the gun, stepped on the trigger in such a way as to set off both barrels.

The shot struck Reynolds in the left hand, leg and face, and tore one foot off his dog. The rabbit escaped."

On many occasions in the past, always carefully confining ourselves to well-authenticated testimony and rejecting all witnesses not of unquestionable credit, we have reproduced in these columns stirring chronicles of rabbit achievements in the line of outright, rough and tumble, knock-down and drag-out fighting. Our readers have not forgotten the hand-to-hand combat between the Jackrabbit and the bulldog at Medicine Lodge, Kan., on which occasion the bulldog was torn to shreds and left dead in its agonized condition.

Everybody has read Mr. Ernest Seton's description of the battle between the Michigan molly cottontail and the rattlesnake, when the serpent was let a mangled wreck upon the ground. But why recapitulate the long and gory history at this time? We are now considering the New York rabbit as a deep, dark, wily strategist—as an intellectual rather than a brute force in deadly conflict. We already know with what terror his hurling attack is regarded by experienced hunters in all parts of the country. Very recently a Maryland gentleman, known throughout the neighborhood as a fearless and accomplished Nimrod, woke from a troubled sleep and seizing a double-barreled shotgun, blew both his own feet off, thinking they were rabbits about to fall upon him. That shows what big-game veterans think of rabbits. It is the same story, from the tangled forests of the Adirondacks to the chaparral of western Texas—a story all men know. But here is a new side to this astounding beast, showing that his craft is as destructive as his ferocity. We commend it to the prayerful contemplation of hunters everywhere, especially the city variety of the tribe.

You can meet the mountain lion and efface him with a fence rail. You can run an umbrella into a Jersey bear and open it, and let the thing be done. You can hire an Indian to hold the antlered monarch of the wilderness while you fill him full of lead. But when you meet a rabbit in a narrow path, you want to offer him a cabbage and a plate of oatmeal, and then call up madly home while he is eating it.

HADRIAN'S WALL.

Remains of Historic Defense Still Stretch from the Atlantic to the German Ocean.

History would be the pleasantest sort of learning in existence if it had the nations of the past had left memorials such as the Romans have, and if we could take our class books and read of events there where they actually happened. This thought occurred to me last summer, writes Edwin L. Arnold, in "A Day with Hadrian," in St. Nicholas. When I was bicycling alone in the wild, unpopulated fall country which still separates England from Scotland, and came almost by chance upon the remains of the great wall which Emperor Hadrian built to keep those lively gentlemen, the Picts and Scots, out of the Roman province of Britain.

I had read of it before, as every boy has, and traced the long 70-mile line of that wonderful fortification on my map right across Northumberland from the Atlantic to the German ocean, but it was just a line to me, as it probably is to you. And then all of a sudden that day, miles from even a shepherd's hut, I came upon the splendid ruin, straggling across hill and vale as far as one could see on either hand, solitary and forgotten, yet impressive even in its decay. It was just as if I had tumbled right out of this hundred-layers-day world right into the old one of emperors, prefects, centurions, and all the gold and glitter, the splendor and wrong-doing of that great empire which once embraced all the known world.

Dead City-Away.

A man who has just been known a glass of wine stirred a few school friends to dinner one evening. In the midst of the meal his Irish servant brought up a very old-looking bottle of wine.

"Ah, John," said the master, "you forget to take the cork out of this bottle before you brought it up."

To his surprise and discomfort, John replied: "Sure, sir, I thought ye didn't want 'em taken off, after putting 'em on so careful!" Spare Moments.

HOW SCALLOPS ARE TAKEN.

They Are the Most Expensive Shell-Fish in the Market—Only the "Eye" Eaten.

"Have you ever gone scalloping?" asked the Rhode Islander, after he had eaten a clam chowder, some broiled bluefish, half a broiled live lobster, a half dozen anchovies, and was helping himself to a liberal portion of scallops, relates the New York Tribune.

"By scalloping I suppose you mean fishing for scallops," replied the New York dry-goods merchant who had invited his old college chum from Providence to dine with him.

"That's it, that's it. Only we sort of dig them up. Ever seen it done?"

The New Yorker only shook his head. He was still wondering how his friend could make a whole meal of such a conglomerate assortment of sea food, and not want to take to water himself, as his natural element.

"Well, then, I suppose you wonder where this round, meaty, fishy scallop comes from?" continued the Rhode Islander. "The scallop shell as you know, is flat, with a wavy edge as that of a freshly flared petticoat. It's a beautiful shell. The Crusaders used to wear them, when they came back from Palestine, to show they had been there. Lots of scallops along the Syrian coast. Well, I'll tell you. The scallop that you eat is only what we call the 'eye' of the animal. But it isn't actually the eye. It's the big, meaty muscle which holds the two halves of the shell together, and which opens and shuts them as the scallop may desire. It fits up the round socket near the hinge. So when a scallop man is preparing this food for the market, he just scoops out the eye and throws all the rest away. He doesn't ship them in the shell to the market, the same as clams and oysters. Only the eyes."

"For that reason, I should think, they would be less expensive. Not so much money for freight," remarked the host.

"You might think so, but as a matter of fact scallops are the most expensive kind of shellfish we have. There is so much waste. One bushel of scallop shells will only make about three dozen eyes."

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TRADING IN TITLES.

Rulers of Foreign Countries Confer Nobility for Cash.

High-Sounding "Honors" and Membership in Royal Orders Handled Out for Coins of the Realm.

There are various foreign countries where a man can obtain a high-sounding "honor" by the simple and convenient method of writing out a check for the amount at which the distinction is valued. In fact, the rulers of these particular countries derive no small part of their incomes by conferring titles, orders and decorations upon those who are willing to pay the price for them.

Italy has earned the reputation of being one of the best title-selling countries. For about \$1,600 the king will confer on you the title of prince, a distinction which carries with it many privileges. If this amount is a little more than one can afford, there are the lesser distinctions of duke and marquis, which cost \$1,200 and \$1,000, respectively. Or for \$800 Italy will make you a count, while \$450 will buy you the title of baron, and \$200 enable you to become a "noble."

There is another way of obtaining a title in Italy. This is by purchasing an estate in the country. This method, however, is not often resorted to, as it is less sure, and often more expensive, than buying the title outright.

For the comparatively small sum of \$175 the king of Spain will make a foreigner a knight of the Order of Isabella. A knightship of the Most Noble Order of St. James and the Sword, on the other hand, costs \$325, and the candidate must also become an honorary officer in the Spanish army, which will cost him a matter of from \$50 to \$100 more. The title of commander can also be bought for \$300, with the star, \$375. The latter decoration is much sought after, by the way, as it greatly resembles that of the Prussian eagle.

The king of Portugal, too, has a number of suitable purchases. To buy upon a man the one-entitled title of knight of the Christe order, his majesty charges \$500. A fifth-class of the Order of the Tower and Sword, however, costs only \$145, while the fourth, third and second class can be had for \$75, \$125 and \$150, respectively.

Of course a man does not usually deal direct with the rulers or their private secretaries in purchasing any of the aforementioned distinctions. They are usually to be obtained through agents, mostly resident in Holland and Germany. As a matter of fact, the German newspapers have standing advertisements offering for sale distinctions ranging from count to prince.

Occasionally such advertisements appear in English papers. A few months ago, for instance, one of the most important "dailies" published in London advertised for sale the title of count in the Portuguese peerage. For \$1,200 the agent guaranteed to arrange the whole transaction, and the only qualification beyond drawing the check required of the would-be noble was that he should make a preliminary residence of three months in Lisbon.

Servia's ruler has at his disposal the Order of Takoma, which he will bestow on anyone for \$150 and \$200, the first charge being made for knighthood and the latter for a commandery. A similar price is asked for the Sun and Lion orders of Persia, and for the Medjidieh decoration, which the Turkish sultan sells to the faithful as well as to the faithless. The sultan of Turkey also sells the Osmanieh order of the first class for about \$1,000, and the third class of the same order for \$250. The Star of Roumania, possessed by many literary men, is quoted by agents at \$200, while the sultan of Tunis offers the Order of Nishanet Istikar, in three classes, at \$30, \$125 and \$150, respectively.

San Marino, the smallest republic in the world, which is situated in Mount Titano, in the Italian province of Emilia, does a flourishing business in titles. Unlike other countries, however, San Marino devotes most of the money so gained to the maintenance of charitable institutions. As a matter of fact, the system of selling titles in the little republic originated in this manner: A hospital was required, and there being no money in the treasury to pay for the building of it, the authorities hit upon the novel idea of offering patents of nobility for sale. The republic will make you a duke or a baron for \$1,000, while \$300 will buy you the title of count.

Told of Gladstone.

Gladstone's biography tells of a royal party at Windsor in Queen Victoria's reign which, after dining, instantly took to cards. The sums involved were not, however, enormous. "I found," writes Gladstone, "for once a gambler, I had won two shillings two pence at the end, of which eight pence was paid me by the prince. I mean to keep the two penny piece (the sixpence I cannot identify accordingly). This unique souvenir of his gambling prowess one would scarcely expect to be prized by a serious statesman."

Bells on Trees.

St. Peter's cathedral in South Africa, has doubtless the most unusual bell-fry to be found in any cathedral. It boasts of a fine peal of four large bells which have hung for years from a large tree in the open. There are several church bells in England which are hung from trees, as is the case at Thirmer church, Surrey, but there is only one cathedral equipped in this way—the church of the late Bishop Colenso.

Associations.

Things that have a common quality ever quickly seek their kind.—Marcus Aurelius.

ARMY MULE DOOMED.

Will Be Supplanted by the Zebra, Part Horse and Part Zebra, Says This Authority.

The days of the mule are numbered. Within the next few centuries his melodious voice will have been stilled forever. This is the prophecy of United States Consul General Richard Guenther, at Frankfurt, Germany, reports the Washington Times, who sends an official report to the state department on the chances of the zebra, a cross between the horse and the zebra, superseding the mule. He says of the qualifications of the zebra:

"German papers contend that it has been demonstrated that the mule, the cross between horse and donkey, is inferior to the cross between horse and zebra.

"Formerly the opinion prevailed that the zebra was almost extinct. The opening up of Africa, particularly the eastern part, reveals these fine animals in large numbers.

"Compared with horses and cattle, they possess peculiar advantages, as they are immune against the dangerous horse disease of Africa and also against the deadly fever fly. The question was therefore raised whether the zebra could not take the place of the mule, commonly used in the tropics. The greatest credit with reference to the solution of this problem is due to Prof. Coszar Ewart, who has been trying since 1895 to produce crosses between horses and zebras, with a view to developing an animal superior in every respect to the mule.

"Prof. Ewart produced crosses from mares of different breeds and zebra stallions of the Burchell kind. The offspring is called zebra, and on account of its form and general bodily condition—especially the hardness of the hoofs—is specially adapted for all transport work heretofore performed by mules. The zebra is much livelier than the mule and at least as intelligent.

"The Indian government has already experimented with zebras for transport mountain artillery at Quetta.

"In Germany much interest in this animal is manifested. The well known Hagenbeck is experimenting in this direction and intends to introduce the zebra into the market."

MICHIGAN'S NAVAL VESSEL.

Took Part in the Civil War, Carried Arctic Relief Expedition and Still Floats.

The United States steamship Yantic, the training ship of the Michigan naval brigade, is one of the most noted of Uncle Sam's war vessels, and has an interesting history, says the Toledo News-Bee. She stormed Fort Fisher during the civil war, and has been dismantled in a tornado and half wrecked several times, but is still the "good ship Yantic." With Admiral Schley (then a commander), she carried an arctic relief expedition close to the north pole, and has sailed over the oceans and seas of the world. The commander of the Yantic is Capt. F. D. Standish, and her crew served on board the Yosemite during the Spanish war.

The Yantic was built by day labor by the government in 1863 and 1864, and as nothing but five oak and copper fastenings were used, she is as staunch and strong to-day as when she was launched just in time to take part in the closing engagement of the civil war. Her last engagement was the storming of Fort Fisher where she was considerably battered and lost a number of men.

In 1897 she was turned over to the Michigan naval militia at Montreal by President Roosevelt, then assistant secretary of the navy. The Michigan men took her, cut her in two, put pontoons under her, and brought her up the canal of the St. Lawrence with tugs, and finally after a struggle of 30 days landed her in Detroit. There she was rebuilt, and new boilers, new engines, electric lights, etc., made her a modern craft, and each year she takes the Michigan naval militia, 200 strong, on an official cruise lasting eight or ten days. She is manned entirely by naval militia from the captain down through the engine room. Prof. Cooley, the noted engineering expert from the University of Michigan, is in charge of the engine room, and has as assistants others, etc., graduates and pupils all enlisted in the state service.

Capt. Standish, who commands the Yantic, is a charter member of the Michigan naval militia, and holds the envied record of "continuous service," never having been absent from a drill, parade, or roll call.

Scholar or Athlete.

Statistics would tend to show that while the chance of the kind of distinction recorded in Whos Who is about the same for the crew as for the average of the class, and is much greater for the captains of the crew, it is for the football and baseball men far less than for the average graduate. Such a result cannot be attributed entirely to the fact that high scholars no longer play upon the nine or eleven, for this is equally true of the crew. In fact from 1861 to 1898 no member of the crew won a Bowdoin prize or stood in the first seventh of his class, and only one took final honors in any subject; but the oarsmen proved in other ways that they possessed in as great a degree as the average of the class the qualities that make for distinction. Why should this not be true of the baseball and football men also?—A. Lawrence Lowell, in Atlantic.

NOT FOUND IN MEXICO.

Finger-Bowls Have Their Uses in Some Countries.

Amateur Experience of a Fastidious American in the Land of "Pretty Soon"—The Coasting Mill.

"I am glad to get back into the United States," said Dr. Gordon Beadle. "No more Mexico for me."

Dr. Beadle had just returned from a trip to Bernal with a party to inspect some mines. It was his first tour of the southern republic and he had had enough—for the present, anyhow, states the Kansas City Journal, of recent date.

"I had some funny experiences there," said the doctor, "but I think my funniest was in the hotel at Parral. I sat down to a sumptuous meal when our car arrived there, but at its conclusion I noticed that the waiter had not brought a finger bowl. Of course, I do not know any more Spanish than he does English, so I had to make signs for what I wanted. As my fingers were sticky I went through the motion of washing them, afterward drying them on my napkin. The waiter nodded 'yes' with a funny grin, and went and talked to the head waiter. That functionary came to me and looked inquiringly I went through my performance again and added 'Quien sabe?' which I think means 'Are you or?' or something of that sort. Anyhow, I said it. The head waiter seemed considerably puzzled, and made signs as if to ask if I wanted the finger bowl there. I nodded that I did, so he threw up his hands as if not able to understand why a man should wish to lave his hands at table and nodded to the waiter. That fellow vanished, and I thought it was all off.

"The next minute in through the door came three men led by my waiter. One bore a white china wash bowl, one carried a bar of soap, and the third had a regular Turkish bath towel. Graciously my waiter took up my dishes, and then with polite and profound bows these implements of the cleanliness which Mexico cannot understand were placed before me.

And so it was with the dinner. I washed my hands, while the rest of our party shrieked with laughter.

"I don't suppose to this day that those Mexicans have solved the problem of why I wanted to wash my hands any place, let alone at table, for seemingly they never do. I reckon they laid it to be freaks of the American traveler. But I never asked for finger bowls any more, they don't use them there."

"I had another experience in Parral. The center of the town is a plaza and about this the young men and women walk after nightfall. But they don't walk together, for that would be highly improper. The señoritas walk with their mothers, in one direction, and the men walk in the other direction. Around and around this square they mill, and so many cattle in a stampede pass each other in long lines. If a man sees a girl in the throng that he fancies he calls at her when her dinner is not looking and if she smiles back he follows her when she leaves, and serenades her beneath her window that night. Some of the boldest may slip a note to the girl, but as only a small number of Mexican men can either read or write, this is a rare exception. The girl when she hears the serenade knows who is doing it, and if she approves she will look out and smile if she is bold, or not, she will merely open the shutter. If she disapproves, she keeps down the blind and that settles it.

"My wife and I joined with our party in this wild and about the Parral plaza, and when our smart señor smiled at us, we not only saw the custom there, but we saw it. That night we had a serenade too. Needless to say we did not open our blinds, as we had been informed of the meaning of this move, and feared that if we encouraged the chap and he found that we were married, I might be missing an undertaking.

"I found a great mining center in Parral. The operations there are tremendous. A peculiarity of the Mexican mining laws is that one may run lateral works beyond the confines of his lease on the surface. In other words, his lease hold extends down exactly on the same lines that it is surveyed and bounded on the surface. Thus if a man finds a fine vein of gold he cannot pursue it beyond the confines of his own holdings, unless he can lease the land through which it runs. His neighbor, who never heard of the vein, may thus profit by all his work."

Habit of Exaggeration.

"Exaggeration is one of the most serious evils of the day. It is common in all the walks of life, people not being willing to see what is actually before their eyes, but permitting their imaginations to enlarge and extend their view frequently to the limit of the mental horizon. Few will deny its deleterious effect. Rumors on each side of the ocean for which there is no reasonable basis throw the country into a state of unhealthy anxiety and do positive harm at times of a serious character. Very recent events have strikingly illustrated this. It is the rumor, or it is a temporary evil which has set upon the public, and there does not appear to be any remedy except to let it run its course like any other epidemic, and pass away.—Baltimore American.

New Classification.

Dr. Francis R. Lane, until lately director of the high schools of Washington, is fond of repeating the following extract from a composition submitted to him for approval during the days when he was a worker in the school teaching ranks. The extract runs as follows: "Beings are divided into names, according to that which they feed on. The lion eats flesh—the lion is carnivorous. The cow eats grass—the cow is herbarious. Man eats everything. Therefore, man is omnivorous."

VALUE OF TRADE SCHOOLS.