

FOR THE PRETTY TEACHER.

There Was a Fight, But the Fighters and Ideas and the Whole School Got Left.

"That there story reminds me," said Uncle Dan, who had come up from the country to spend the holidays, relates to E. Kiver, in the Chicago Record-Herald, "of the school-teacher we had down to the Plum Run district three years ago this winter. She came from somewhere over in Chester county— I dunno just where—but anyway, she was a mighty purty lookin' girl, and it wasn't more'n a week after she got there before about every young feller in them parts was shyin' around tryin' to make up with her. They took 'er to all the dances there was goin' on, and a different chap brought 'er to protracted meetin' nearly every night, and all the other girls got to kind of turnin' up their noses at 'er and sayin' she used stuff to make 'er lips red and 'er eyebrows black, and so on. But that didn't have no effect on the boys. They were plumb crazy after 'er. She finally seemed to give up one after another till she got down to Tom Hammond and Bill Bigelow. Then it looked like as if she was stuck and didn't know which one of 'em to let go.

"What made it more interestin' was that Tom and Bill was the worst kind of enemies. They'd both licked all the other young fellers around there that had any pretensions to bein' fighters, but somehow they'd never got together themselves. They blowed around a good bit about what they'd do to each other, but it looked as though one was afraid and the other wasn't.

"Finally they was to be a spellin' at the Plum Run schoolhouse, and some way it got noised about that Tom said he was goin' to give Bill a lickin' if they met there that night. I guess nearly everybody in the district was on hand when they commenced choosin' sides, and the little teacher up on the platform lookin' 'er purties. Bill and Tom got spelled down before they'd been at it long and slipped out. Everybody knowed the fight would be started right off, and all except the ones that were still spellin' snuck out to see the fun. When I got there they were at it good and hard. They'd clinched and were biffin' and kickin' and goug'n' and chokin', and purty soon they went down with Tom on top.

"Everybody was so excited that nobody noticed when or how the teacher got there, but the first thing anyone seen she'd got through the crowd with a bucket of ice water and poured it all over both of 'em.

"The fight stopped quicker'n a wink, and when they stood up she told 'em they were rowdies and ruffians, and said that people that stood around watchin' them wasn't any better. Then she told them to shake hands and beg each other's pardon. Well, they done it, and she asked everybody to go back in the schoolhouse. When we got there she told us all to set down. After things got quiet, and Tom and Bill were settin' there, all scratched and bruised and wet and shiverin', she says—'o' course I dunno as I can use her very words—but she says:

"I understand this fight was on account of me. I hate fightin' and I despise fighters. If there is any young man in this schoolhouse that never had a fight in his life let him stand up. I'm going to ask him to take me home, and after that we can see about making future arrangements."

"What happened then?" the old man was asked.

"Every blamed feller in the house but Tom and Bill stood up. When they all set down again she said they was only one thing she hated worse'n a fighter or ruffian, and that was a liar. So she rode home with Deacon Swasey and his folks, and you never seen such a gum lot of fellers in your life."

"And is that all of the story?"

"Purt' nigh. She give out word that she'd be willin' to keep reg'lar company with the first Plum Run young man that took up grammar and learned learned to talk English as she ought to be talked, but that was too much. By golly, us directors made up our minds it was bad enough to let our boys be called ruffians, and liars, but when she come to casin' slurs at the eddycation of the hull blamed district, whereupon an ancient death chamber was discovered full of bodies of men and women, many of them wearing uniforms and fine dresses. The bodies being shut off from air, were perfectly preserved; there were no coffins. Some of the corpses leaned against the walls, others lay in heaps on the floor. Investigation showed that the dead were prisoners of war during the French invasion of 1795, and that they were murdered by the garri-son or by the French when the citadel was taken. Many of the bodies show stab and shot wounds; others had knives and stilettoes sticking in their throat or breast. One hundred and forty-five bodies were recovered, among them many belonging to noble Italian families, according to papers found in their clothes.—London News.

Not Flattering.
"I want my photograph to be a natural likeness, without any retouching or embellishing. I suppose you will charge less for it."

"On the contrary, madam, we must charge more."

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

Her Mama.—Daughter, I am surprised that you would suffer a man to kiss you." Her Daughter: "But, mamma, it wasn't suffering."—Detroit Evening Journal.

The Distance.—"I hear you're a distant relative of the Vanderbilts." "Not exactly. You've got it twisted. They're distant relatives of mine."—Philadelphia Press.

Old Cruelty.—"How did you dare, sir, to kiss my daughter last night on the dark piazza?" Young Gayboy:—"Gad, I wonder myself. I've seen her by daylight, I wonder myself."—Smart Set.

A Far Seeing Man.—"Mean!" exclaimed the museum freak. "Why, he's so mean that he broke his engagement to the two-headed girl because he was afraid of her millinery bills."—Chicago Post.

Yes. said the student of digestive economics. "There is one part of the doughnut that wouldn't give you dyspepsia." "And what part is that?" we ask in astonishment. "The hole in the middle."—Baltimore American.

Bixter.—"Do you know, Jipson, that your play is positively indecent?" Jipson:—"It is very kind of you to say so. Bixter, but what's the use? I haven't been able to get any of the papers to denounce it as unfit to be seen."—Boston Transcript.

I have broken the record. wrote home the student from college. "I don't care a hang if you did," scrawled back the father, "but if the record you broke is very expensive you'll hev to go to work an' pay fer the mendin' o' it yourself!"—Baltimore Herald.

A Waste of Energy.—The bad man from the west poked his gun in the stranger's face. "Will you drink with me?" he demanded. "Aw, say!" retorted the stranger. "what's the use of wastin' your energy like that? You don't need to pull a gun except to keep me from drinkin' with you."—Chicago Post.

Startling Effect of a Young Woman's Queer Fara on a Man Who Sat Opposite.
A passenger in a Broadway car the other day was surprised, not to say startled, glancing up from the newspaper he was reading, at seeing opposite him and just over the top of his paper, the yellow and black head of an enormous leopard, relates the New York Herald.

The animal's ears were laid back and its lips drawn apart in an ugly snarl that showed its long, white teeth; and its blazing yellow eyes glared fiercely at the astonished passenger.

The man dropped his newspaper suddenly and was confronted by another pair of staring yellow eyes and more gleaming teeth. His consternation was very evident, for he had been completely absorbed by his newspaper, but he quickly recovered and smiled when he saw a very pretty pink and white human face between the leopard's heads.

The heads formed part of the attire and not a small part of the adornment of a very attractive young woman. They were real leopard's heads, the fur a bright yellow, dotted with big black rings, and they had belonged to two full grown animals.

One head was made into a cap, which fitted closely against the girl's head. The upper row of sharp teeth, two of which were about 1/4 inches long, nearly touched her forehead, while the great yellow eyes glared fiercely down from the crown of her head. The other head, which was a little larger and of even more ferocious aspect, was made into a muff.

The effect was quite novel and at first glance rather startling. The same young woman was seen a few days later wearing a wrap of leopard skin, and the man who had seen the heads found himself wondering if there was not an interesting story of the lady's prowess as a business connected with the trophies she wore.

Ancient Death Chamber.
The governor of the ancient citadel of Aquila, contemplating repairs in the subterranean arrangements of the old pile, a wall was broken through, whereupon an ancient death chamber was discovered full of bodies of men and women, many of them wearing uniforms and fine dresses. The bodies being shut off from air, were perfectly preserved; there were no coffins. Some of the corpses leaned against the walls, others lay in heaps on the floor. Investigation showed that the dead were prisoners of war during the French invasion of 1795, and that they were murdered by the garri-son or by the French when the citadel was taken. Many of the bodies show stab and shot wounds; others had knives and stilettoes sticking in their throat or breast. One hundred and forty-five bodies were recovered, among them many belonging to noble Italian families, according to papers found in their clothes.—London News.

SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY.

Discoveries of extensive iron ore fields have recently been made in northern Norway.

Brussels has a church clock wound by atmospheric expansion induced by the heat of the sun.

The roar of a waterfall is produced almost entirely by the bursting of millions of air bubbles.

Near Tiverton, Devonshire, there is to be seen a blackbird with a white head and speckled back.

Wooden ships are rapidly becoming superseded on the Rhine by iron ships, both for freight and passengers.

The tonnage of merchant ships in course of construction in Great Britain is less than at any time since 1897.

Wisconsin's most valuable crop is hay. Last year's product was worth \$38,000,000. The oat crop was next in value at \$26,600,000.

In six hours after leaving Yarmouth the fishing boat Tantalus returned with 105,000 herrings, caught after the nets had been only 40 minutes in the water.

Fancy two plants being so unfriendly that the mere neighborhood of one is death to the other. Yet that is the case with two well-known British plants. These are the thistle and the rape. If the field is infested with thistles, which come up year after year, and the rape crops, all you have to do is to sow it with rape. The thistle will be absolutely annihilated.

Paper cog wheels have been satisfactorily tested. One would imagine that paper in any form could hardly be strong enough for such a purpose, but it has been found eminently suitable in respect to tenacity; the behavior of pinions that have been working incessantly for two years have not suffered to show that paper pinions are not only strong, but, as might be expected, exceedingly durable. Perhaps their most conspicuous merit is their noiselessness in working with iron or other metallic wheels.

USELESS, SNOWLESS WEEKS.
Summer Time in Vermont as Viewed by the "End Man," Who Was a Native.

A number of members gathered about the seat of Representative Foster, of Vermont, yesterday were discussing cold weather in the New England and other northern states, says the Washington Post. Mr. Foster declared that Vermont had sleighing more weeks in the year than any other state of the union, and to prove his assertion related the following story:

Hank White, a noted minstrel in his time, who probably was the original "end man," was a native of Vermont. One of his jokes used to run something like this:

"So you come from Vermont?" the middleman would ask. "Yes, I am proud to say I was born and raised in the good old state of Vermont." "You make pretty good maple sugar up in Vermont?" "Yes, our maple sugar is the sweetest on earth." "Have some pretty good horses up there, too?" "The Morgan horses bred in Vermont are not excelled anywhere in the world."

SHOPPING IN CUBA.

Curious Articles Purchased by Tourists on the Island.
Large Stocks of Sambreros, Drawn Work, Snake Skins, and Other Fancy Bits Eagerly Taken by Americans.

A correspondent in the Philadelphia Public Ledger writes as follows of shopping in Cuba:

"Speaking of hats, a kind that is distinctly Cuban is known as the 'Guajiro,' and is worn by the country people—and by the countrymen, I should say. It is a large hat, with tall crown and broad brim, more apt to turn up than lie flat; the favorite way of wearing it is turned up in front and pulled down in the back. It is braided of palm leaves, a fringe of which is left around the edge. Most Americans buy them as wall decorations or for waste baskets. If placed together, one within the other, the lower one inverted, they answer the purpose excellently.

"For the feminine eye a still larger variety of articles is offered, chief among which is drawn work. The making of this is an accomplishment very common among Cuban women, and is done at a very low price. It is possible to buy a very handsome luncheon set of table cloth and two or three dozen doilies of various sizes for \$30 American money. Tumbler doilies at 35 cents apiece and plate doilies at 65 cents seem very reasonable for the hours of labor spent. While embroideries are exquisitely done, colored embroideries are rarely seen—they fade too quickly in this climate. No better idea of work done by Cuban women can be obtained than at the woman's exchange. This organization reaps a harvest from the winter visitors. If any one orders a piece of work there and on completion does not like it, the directress assures her that she need not take it; that it will be no loss, as the winter tourists will take it. Like the curio shops, the exchange has a large stock at the beginning of winter, a very small one at the end.

"Pocketbooks, belts, etc., of snake skin are of real Cuban production, from the growing of the snake to the manufacture of the article. The snake is the maja, and it is found all over the island; its skin is not scarce. It grows to considerable length, and in many instances is beautifully marked in a regular pattern. In place of pieces of skin made in belts, etc., many of us have a whole skin hanging on our walls. In several houses I have seen these reaching almost if not quite from ceiling to floor, where the ceiling was 20 feet high. If one has not killed a snake and scoured a skin for himself he may buy one at various places; \$5 being asked for one of moderate length.

"Sponges growing on their native rock or shell are other natural curiosities much prized as souvenirs by those that have them. They are brought from the sponge fishing grounds on the south coast, and are not for sale in Havana.

"On small pieces of native wood very attractive views of places near or in the city are painted on shells, large and small, the same scenes appear—the small shells are found near the city, the large ones further away. Colored photographs of all points of interest are for sale at many places; although highly colored they exaggerate but little the actual tints.

"Small cards on which are pictured birds made of real feathers are very popular. One of these, three in number shows a cock fight in its various stages, the third view shows one of the birds prostrate. Framed in a red mat, this series is very interesting and gives an excellent idea of the sport—if it may be called that.

"Few, if any one, come and go without buying fans at one of the fan stores. These are taken home as souvenirs of Cuba, and yet, with the exception of palm leaves, all come from elsewhere—from the United States, from Spain, from France. Even the popular bull fight fans are marked 'Espana.' A certain kind of palm leaf on which a native scene is painted is unique; a sugar ingenio lends itself well to the rough surface.

"The housekeeper finds things to her liking in the gauze jellies and pastes, packed in wooden boxes ready for transportation. Every one who has lived in a Cuban hotel knows that the dessert served all the time is one or the other of these and cream cheese. There are other pastes made of native fruits, such as mame, mango, zapote, but they are not as well liked as the paste and jelly of the Guyaba.

"Handmade torchon laces are not made in the island, but are found in great quantities and at much lower price than in the states. Linen also, from sheeting down to the sheerest fabrics for dresses, is much cheaper than in our own country, and every one buys it."

Here's a New Fur.
Everyone has heard of Astrakhan fur, but how many have heard of "breitschwanz?" Yet it is also Astrakhan fur, though not exactly the kind of fur that is usually worn. It is obtained, not from living animals, but from those which have not yet been born, and it naturally follows that in order to obtain it the mothers must first be killed. According to foreign journals, "breitschwanz" fur is in great demand at present, and, as it is not easily procured, it is unusually costly. The name "fur" is hardly applicable to it, as there are only faint traces of hair on the tender skin.—Detroit Free Press.

HAIR IN COLD CLIMATES.

It Grows Long and Luxuriant, While in Warm Regions Many Men Get Bald.

"Why is it that women in the colder sections of the country grow more luxuriant hair than women in the warmer regions?" asked an observant man who just dropped in from Chicago, reports the New Orleans Times-Democrat. "My attention was first directed to the subject while in Chicago some time ago. Up to that time I had never thought of making a critical comparison, for, having spent all my life in the south, where I was born, I simply assumed that the women of my section of the country were superior even to the rich and rarely luxuriant hair which covered their heads and rolled in bewitching ringlets around their temples. The happy custom of not wearing hats during the performance at theaters has given me a good chance to make a comparison.

"While at a New Orleans theater a few nights ago I made an effort to observe every woman in the place, remembering the while a similar observation made at a Chicago theater under exactly the same circumstances. The result was surprising, despite the fact that I was partially prepared to note a rather marked difference. Chicago women have a much more luxuriant growth of hair. The hair is evidently much longer and much thicker. Now, why is this? No doubt there are many things which contribute to the difference in the length and thickness of women's hair north and south. Take Chicago for example. There is a mixture of blood, a racial mixture, which no doubt has its influence on the growth of hair. It may be that climatic conditions have much to do with it. I am inclined to believe that this has much to do with the matter, if it is not, indeed, the controlling factor. It has been conceded for some time that too much heat is not good for hair. Men have been cautioned to wear the hat as little as possible because of the danger of overheating the scalp and thus injuring the hair.

Many of the bald heads have been attributed to this very fact, and not without reason. Hair breathes, you know. That's one of the reasons why nature has provided the tiny holes which run through the centers of hairs. The hair must oxidize itself, as it were, else it deadens, and the oil will not come up from the scalp to nurture it. Upon these grounds I think we can account for the difference to which I have referred. At any rate, I am right on the fact that there is a difference in the hair of women north and south, and the idea of climatic influence being responsible for it seems to me the most plausible at hand."

ORATORS OF TWO NATIONS.
Speakers of England and America Compared—Both Highly Entertaining.

The men who enter parliament and the men who enter on platforms have for the most part received the best education that England can supply. They are, therefore, naturally disposed toward a fairly high standard of oratory, a stately and dignified standard, at any rate. Also, they come to close quarters with their subject. Their speeches are packed full of meat. They excel in concrete precise work, and are not afraid of dry details. They rarely generalize, and one may say they are never florid or bombastic, says Harper's Weekly. They have a strong turn for exposition, and like to hammer things out. They are naturally didactic. All Englishmen are. If they are not preaching themselves, they like to listen to some one who is. It is a habit not without its unfortunate side. It leads Englishmen at times to address an audience as though they were professors lecturing a class. One detects in some of them a note of pomposity or condescension that Americans would not stand for a moment, any more than Englishmen would stand a tempestuous fury of the Bourke Cockran species. They have not the flexibility of French orators, and are nothing like so well versed in the mechanics of their craft as Americans. The latter feel the pulse of their audience more exactly, are more quickly sensitive, and, being in absolute sympathy with those in front of them, have a freshness and ease and colloquial persuasiveness that Englishmen rarely master. Their touch, too, is lighter and more deft. On the other hand, English speakers are more restrained and possibly more thoughtful; they are much more intent on reason and argument than on declamation. But as they mostly have the national habit of spoiling sound ideas by a proxy and pointless way of putting them, this does not count so heavily in their favor as it should. I have sat under scores of orators in both countries, and my general impression is that Englishmen give you more and entertain you less. You run considerable risk of being instructed at an English meeting and more of being bored. In America there is not much danger of either fate—none at all, indeed, of the latter.

It Didn't Work.
Johnny—Say, ma, our teacher told us to-day that "through nature's providence" a cat always lands on its feet when it is dropped, so it won't be hurt. Mother—Well?

"Well, I went up on the roof and dropped our cat off, and I guess she'll have to be picked up with a piece of blotting paper."—N. Y. Times.

TO SAVE ELEPHANTS.

Congo Free State Trying to Prevent Their Slaughter.
Renewed Efforts Being Made to Domesticate the Animals—Would Be of Great Service in Colonization.

The government of the Congo Free State has recently taken energetic measures to prevent the ruthless slaughter of elephants in the state, and renewed efforts are being made under the auspices of the government to domesticate the African elephant. To prevent the total extermination of these useful animals is a problem of vital importance for the future of Belgium's great African dependency. It has been calculated that, at the present rate, the elephant will have become an extinct species in the Free State in eight or ten years, says the New York Times.

An agreement was recently reached between the French National society for the taming of the African elephant and the government of the Free State concerning the measures to be taken to domesticate young elephants. All hope, therefore, has not been abandoned, notwithstanding numerous fruitless attempts to transform the African elephant like his Asiatic brother into a precious help to the explorer colonist. The only pity is that this movement for the protection of the elephant should have been started so late, when the race has been almost destroyed.

In this connection I have just had an interesting interview with Felix Fuchs, vice governor of the Congo Free State, who is now in Brussels, and on the point of returning to the Congo. In the course of my talk with him M. Fuchs stated that the destruction of the African elephant was due entirely to the development of the ivory trade. "In former days," he said, "the Congo natives only killed off a certain number of elephants every year and confined their slaughter to the male adults. But to-day the natives, spurred on by the greed of Europeans for ivory, kill indiscriminately the old and the young animals, whether male or female. Elephant hunting, moreover, as practiced in the Congo, is a much easier operation than is generally supposed. The usual method of the Congo natives is to prepare large pits into which the elephants are driven and killed without trouble or danger.

"As for the so-called European sportsmen," continued M. Fuchs, "they make an easy prey of elephants, thanks to their perfected firearms. A Belgian sportsman of this kind is mentioned who, between April and October, 1901, shot no less than 152 elephants."

M. Fuchs now proposes that an agreement be reached between Belgium, France, Great Britain and Germany to regulate elephant hunting and to encourage the domestication of the animals. Such an agreement, says M. Fuchs, would have strong chances of being crowned with success. Certainly there is no time to be lost if the last remaining remnants of the species are to be saved. But, once thoroughly domesticated, the African elephant would, like his Indian brother, become a valuable strength and intelligence, an important auxiliary in the work of colonization.

"In the whole animal creation," said M. Fuchs, "there is not to be found a more intelligent and harmless creature, nor one more easily managed, and more apt, in other words, to become man's friend and helpmate, than the elephant. It has taken all the ferocious brutality of the African negroes, incited by the criminal cupidity of Arab and European ivory traders, to transform into a savage and ferocious animal a creature best suited by nature to be man's associate. In order fully to realize the effect of man's kindness on the elephant it is but necessary to compare the animal to-day as it is found in India on the one hand and in Africa on the other. In India the elephant is man's inseparable companion, and when the Hindu does hunt him it is not for the purpose of killing him and saving off his tusks, but to catch him alive and tame him. The elephant has rendered such great services to the natives of India that, in the depth of their gratitude, the animal has been elevated by them to the rank of a god."

An attempt was once made by the African association to introduce the Asiatic elephant into the Congo country. The success of the famous Abyssinian campaign, largely due to the help of 44 Indian elephants, who carried the heavy British artillery across the mountainous ravines of Ethiopia, was, at that time, still fresh in everybody's mind. In 1879, therefore, four Indian elephants, which had been brought from Calcutta, were landed in the Bay of Massani. The animals, however, only survived a few months, and the failure of the attempt led to the supposition that the Asiatic elephant could not stand the climate of Africa. This is probably true, though the coarseness of the food given the Indian elephants in Africa had much to do with the death of the four animals.

In ancient times African elephants were tamed by the Romans, who used them in battle. Afterward they trained them for circus games.

None on Top.
Wiggers—Do you know how bald Mugby is?
Jiggers—No; how bald is he?
"Why, he's so bald that he can have his hair cut without taking off his hat."—N. Y. Times.