

SOMEWHAT STRANGE.

ACCIDENTS AND INCIDENTS OF EVERYDAY LIFE.

Queer Facts and Thrilling Adventures which Show that Truth is Stranger Than Fiction.

MANLY COLE of North Walcott, N. Y., in company with two companions, was walking along the beach from Red creek to Port bay when a large fish was observed floating on its back twenty rods out in the lake. It was thought to be dead, but its large size led Mr. Cole to desire its possession. So, stripping off his clothes, he plunged into the water, thinking to tow the fish to land. As he drew near the fish he noticed about four feet of rope dangling from its gills. He seized the rope and started to tow the monster to shore, but the fish was not nearly so dead as it had seemed, and in an instant shot off in a direct line for the Canadian shore, dragging Mr. Cole after it. Mr. Cole, being a plucky man and a fine swimmer, made up his mind to hang to the rope. A desperate struggle ensued, first the fish had the advantage and then the man. This was kept up for a full hour. Then the fish succumbed and was towed to the beach more dead than alive. Mr. Cole was so exhausted that he was unable to speak. The captive was found to be an Ontario sturgeon weighing over seventy-five pounds. It is supposed that it had been caught and anchored by a rope through its gills somewhere up the lake, but had escaped.

ANOTHER life, probably, has been sacrificed in the pursuit of the Pegleg mine in the California desert. The story of the Pegleg is the old one of a wondrously rich gold mine, accidentally discovered, abandoned, and lost. Of the many expeditions which have started out to find it all have failed, while many persons have perished in this pursuit on the arid desert sands. S. N. Pratt, a San Francisco man, made four unsuccessful trips in search of the mine, with the result that he became more sure than ever that the mine existed and that he could yet find it. He barely escaped with his life from his last trip a year ago, but last fall he started out again. He could not get a companion in his undertaking, so started alone from Salton with a horse and pack mule, and he has not been heard of since he plunged into the desert. A party started out from Los Angeles a week ago in search of Pratt. It will follow his trail, or the one he most likely took, and will remain in the desert until they find something to tell of his fate.

DURING the illness of Sampson Wearn, of Beaver Falls, Penn., the doctor in attendance insisted that the patient's heart was on the wrong side. After his death an autopsy by Drs. Kring, Sheets and McCarter revealed the fact that the claim was well grounded. On opening the dead man's right breast the heart, of normal appearance, weight and conformation, was disclosed, but there was practically no lung on that side. The left lung was properly placed, of the usual size, and in apparently healthy condition; and close to the wall of the chest cavity, at the back, was a miniature lung, or the fragment of one. It had never performed any service as a lung, as its construction and character could not have permitted the function of breathing, etc., for the revitalizing of blood passed over it by the misplaced heart on the same side with it. Wearn had breathed all his life with one lung, and seemed to have had enough of the breath of life under ordinary conditions.

A CURIOUS affair is reported from Belfast, Me. Mr. Moody, a druggist of that place, the other day turned upside down a pasteboard box, which had been sitting on his shelves for months with medicines in it, to shake the dirt out of it, when he was astonished to discover that the dust from the shelves had adhered to the bottom of the box in such a way as to make a distinct portrait of a face. He looked at it closely, and discovered that it was an exact likeness of his father. The portrait is that of an elderly man, with white hair and beard. The eyes, nose and mouth are regular, and the bust is perfect. A great many people came to see it, and all agreed that it was a portrait of Dr. Moody, who founded the drug store, and carried it on until his death some time ago. The spiritualists of the place are jubilant and declare that the portrait is the work of the spirit of Dr. Moody himself.

THE other morning when the freight train from the East arrived in Reno, Nev., a man emerged from a car loaded with long-horned steers. He told a reporter that when endeavoring to secure free passage on the cattle train leaving Winnemucca the night before one of the railroad boys said that he would let him into a car where he could ride as long as he wanted to keep company with the steers. To the surprise of the railroad man the offer was accepted, and the tramp jumped in. He says he rode the greater part of the 175 miles between Winnemucca and Reno astride one of the animals, and when he got cold or tired of that position he stood in among them, where he found it quite warm and comfortable, and would have continued on his journey westward had it not been for hunger and the absence of any milk cows in the car; so he got off at Reno to rustle a little grub.

RECENTLY a little girl six years of age was tried at the Berhampur (Japan) Criminal Sessions for having committed bigamy with a boy three

years her senior, her husband being then alive. The parents of the children were accused of aiding and abetting them. As the girl was only six years of age she could not plead seven years of absence from her former partner. For three days these two desperate young criminals stood tearfully hand in hand in the dock while their respective parents were being charged with abetting the offense. It is pleasant to be able to record that the jury at length returned a verdict of not guilty, and the youngsters went cheerily home again with the smallest possible conception of what all the bother was about.

JACOB STUELLER, who lives near Piedmont, W. Va., lost a good many chickens last November, owing to a big owl's fondness for poultry. He set a steel fox trap in the top of a cherry tree, fastening it with wire, to catch the owl. One night the trap disappeared, and after that the chickens were not molested. Stueллер supposed the owl would starve to death with the trap on its legs, but he was mistaken, for on the 9th of January the owl was caught again, twenty miles from Piedmont, this time by Ebenezer Kitzmiller. Ebenezer had been annoyed by an owl since Christmas, and set a trap for the bird near his chicken house. The owl got caught and found two traps too much baggage to carry away. It had one on each leg.

A QUEER story comes, with first-class recommendation, all the way from England. Thirty-three years ago, in 1860, a member of the Chaplin family died at Blankney, Lincolnshire, and was laid in the family tomb. This particular Chaplin was a naturalist, and, among his other pets, had a large, gray bat. That bat was permitted to enter the tomb and was sealed up alive along with the corpse of his dead master. In 1866 the vault was opened, and to the surprise of all, the bat was alive and fat. On four different occasions since the Chaplins have looked after the welfare of their dead relative's pet, and each time it has been reported that the bat was still in the land of the living, although occupying quarters with the dead. He was last seen in 1892.

ELLSWORTH DE FRANCE has been sentenced for life to the United States Prison at Sioux Falls, South Dakota. He robbed a wheelbarrow containing United States mail at Gordon, Neb., in October and secured only one cent for his trouble. There is no other penalty under the law. In sentencing him to life imprisonment at Sioux Falls Judge Dundy expressed his sorrow that such was the law, and he said he thought the penalty was too severe. The Judge said that he thought five years would be sufficient, and added that if De France would behave himself and promise to hereafter lead an upright life, at the expiration of a certain period of years he would willingly be one to sign a petition for his pardon.

THERE used to be a sow in England which would "point" partridges, black game, pheasants, rabbits and snipe far better than the majority of trained dogs. For some occult reason, however, she would never stand a hare. She had been often known to stand a partridge at forty yards. She would back the dogs in the field, though the latter, from jealousy, perhaps, and a feeling that they were suffering an indignity by being worked in porcine company, would never back her. Her last owner was a Colonel Sykes, and after she became fat and sluggish, though she would point game as well as before, she was killed, weighing at her death 700 pounds.

A MAN who died recently in Berlin, Rensselaer county, N. Y., at the age of 73, left a record which he began when he was 18 years old and continued for fifty-two years. The book, filled with methodical entries, shows that in these fifty-two years the man had smoked 628,715 cigars, of which he had received 48,629 as presents, while for the remaining 580,086 he paid about \$10,443. In fifty-two years, according to his bookkeeping, he had drunk 28,786 glasses of beer and 86,081 glasses of spirits, for all of which he spent \$5,350. The diary closes with these words: "I have tried all things; I have seen many; I have accomplished nothing."

WIG making, says the New York Sun, is a trade that occupies many people in the down-town Hebrew quarter, because thousands of central European Hebrews in that region require their women upon marrying to hide their natural hair behind wigs. These wigs are usually dark reddish brown in color, and they form a most unattractive style of head-dress. The only wig-makers in town whose handiwork is always beautiful are those that make doll's wigs. These are almost invariably flowing blond curls, because the taste for brunette dolls seems to be as yet undeveloped.

A ROCHESTER man was confined to the house for three weeks because of the bite of a large spider. He held a policy in an accident insurance company and put in a claim for \$25 a week, the total being \$75. The company refused to pay because the policy exempted it from liability for accidents caused by contact with poisonous substances. The party insured will at once commence a test action. The case is likely to bring out some novel points as to insurance.

A LARGE lump of beeswax was recently found in the Nehalem River (Ore.). Its dimensions were about 2 1/2 by 2 feet, and on one of the sides were three letters, but so indistinct

that they could not be deciphered. It was found near the spot on the beach where a Spanish vessel is supposed to have gone ashore many years ago, and where so much wax has been found from time to time for twenty years past.

THE Gainesville (Ga.) Eagle has this remarkable item: "W. S. Durst relates a remarkable find. He attended a turkey shooting which occurred a short distance from the city last Saturday. He was fortunate enough to make a successful shot, and on dressing his fowl five gold nuggets were discovered in its crop. One is of considerable size and is worth as much as the fowl."

THERE was a constant stream of people pouring into the Stanwix Hall barns at Chatham, N. Y., a few days ago to see a freak of nature which was on exhibition there. It was a calf with nine legs, two heads, seven jaws, four ears, two tails and weighing 115 pounds. The calf was dead when born and the mother died soon after giving birth to it.

ROANOKE College, Virginia, which has been educating Choctaw Indians for more than twenty years and has a number of Mexican and Japanese students, has now received one of the first Koreans to enter college in this country—Mr. Surh Beung Ki, of Seoul. The only other Korean student in America is at the University of Pennsylvania.

AN English woman, while in a fit of depression, swallowed a razor, with suicidal intent. She was taken to a hospital, and six days later the operation of gastrostomy was performed, and the razor was successfully removed. The incision in the stomach was sewed up and healed satisfactorily.

WHEN Brakeman Molloy of California was run over and had his legs smashed, he felt no pain at all, even when the doctor cut them off. He died very soon, however, and his insensibility to pain was doubtless but a precursor of death.

AMONG a party of pilgrims who arrived at the Toritzo-Sergievski Monastery, in St. Petersburg, recently, was a man of 113 years. He had tramped from Luga, some eighty-five miles, and showed no weariness.

When the Justices Enter the Court.

Another innovation has made its appearance at the capitol. It is worth while to make a trip to the building just before 12 o'clock every day to witness it.

The room in which the Supreme Court Justices adorn themselves with their flowing silk robes is across the hall from the chamber in which the court meets. Hitherto a few moments before noon the door of the retiring room would open and forthwith would emerge the solemn justices. On one side of the corridor—which, by the way, is the main passageway through the capitol—would stand a court official and another man would be stationed on the opposite side. Between this guard the justices would walk and a moment later disappear behind the heavy door of the entrance of the private corridor to the bench. But this simple and modest method has been relegated to the past. It is different now.

When the justices are now ready to leave their retiring apartment four court messengers appear. They bear two pieces of plush covered rope. A man stands on each side of the two doors and across the corridor they stretch their plush-covered barrier. Through the avenue thus formed the black-gowned justices walk, the brilliant plush covering gleaming like a streak of fire against their sombre robes. While the procession marches across the corridor all the common people are held back at a safe distance. If the justices are a little slow the crowd must possess its soul in patience. Not until the last black gown has disappeared are the plush-covered ropes taken down and the ordinary course of travel allowed to resume.—[Washington Post.]

Inhabited Only By Hogs.

In the northern part of Limestone County, Alabama, says a writer in the Pittsburg Dispatch, is a tract of land consisting of more than 1,000 acres which is not on the map of the State, nor can it be found in the register's office of that county. No one claims it and no taxes have ever been paid on it. It is a vast wilderness, inhabited by snakes, deer and razor-back hogs. It is a free hunting ground and thousands of these hogs are killed every year, more for the sport than for anything else. The hogs are wild and cannot be domesticated. Their yield is said to be enormous. Tom Booth, of Pulaski, Tenn., secured a male and female and did all in his power to tame them, but failed. He kept them a year and at the end of that time they were as wild as at first. The more he fed them the thinner they became. Within the year they consumed 400 bushels of corn and were as lean as church mice. During that time the sow had five litters of pigs, numbering 210. Mr. Booth could not tame any of these nor get them fat enough to make even soap grease. Finally he gave them to a colored man, who now considers himself under no obligations to Mr. Booth. The flesh of these hogs resembles horseflesh. It is as tough as con skin, and a large-sized hog of this species rendered would not make grease enough to fry a skillet of butter cakes. They go through a garden like a shovel-plow, and no vegetable escapes them. They can crowd through a crack that would hardly admit a mouse and their sharp noses act as levers for great gates. The Tennesseeans make great fun of Alabama's razor-back hogs.

ROCKING STONES.

HUGE Boulders that are Delicately Balanced.

Connecticut Has Some Specimens to Be Proud Of—Other New England States Possessing Historic Interest.

There are a number of "rocking stones," so called, in New England, but about two years ago a city geologist published the statement that he knew of less than half a dozen of the kind in the region noted. There are boulders enough in the New England States, he explained, that are set up on small bases, and some of them are more or less delicately balanced, but that "genuine rocking stones," that may be made to rock, it is safe to say that there are not more of them than the number I have named," says a Norwich (Conn.) correspondent.

The scientific man's statement was published far and wide, and in three months was contradicted forty times, mainly by dwellers in rural towns in all parts of New England. Three rocking stones were reported in one town in Massachusetts, and one or more of them were mammoth monoliths. Eight or ten were reported in New Hampshire and several in Maine, while no end of rocking stones were located in Connecticut and Rhode Island, since, as is well known, these States, which evidently caught the greatest part of the rocky debris of the glacial era, are thickly strewn with boulders of all sorts and shapes. In this country alone rural observers cited not less than a dozen or more instances of perfectly rocking stones.

Recently an influential Mystic citizen has declared that there are no less than five perfect rocking stones in the little seashore hamlet of Quianbaug, near Mystic, in the southern end of this county. "The quiet little village," he says, "can boast of more rocking stones than any other town of its size in the United States can do." Good authorities say that only two good specimens exist in New England, one in Massachusetts and one at the Haley farm, at Noank, a quaint little old-fashioned hamlet on a knoll at the seashore, not far from Mystic. It is evident therefore that the present ones are not well known.

"But there is no doubt that they are as excellent examples of the glacial period as any that can be found anywhere. They vary in size from a stone weighing three tons, on the land of Miss Nancy J. Morelock, to one weighing forty-five tons, on the farm occupied by James Lord. Another stone is found on the lands of Elias Davis and two on the farm of Ambrose Miner. "Perhaps the best specimen of the whole lot is the rocking stone on the land of Miss Morelock. It is about four feet long, two feet wide and three feet high, and it oscillates about five inches. It can be rocked by the pressure of two fingers. It is set on a sloping ledge, and it looks as if it could be easily rolled off and down the hill, but the combined strength of half a dozen men could not stir it an inch out of its place. The rock has been a great play-house for children, and the oldest inhabitants can remember the spot as their earliest play-ground."

All of these rocking stones are in the immediate neighborhood of Fort Hill, where the once powerful and illustrious Pequot Indians made their last stand against the whites, in the latter part of the seventeenth century, a region that is thickly dotted with lonely isolated, sentinel-like, tall boulders. At Fort Hill, near Mystic, overlooking the ocean, the Pequots, with all their braves, squaws and papooses, were gathered in their largest and strongest fort, when Capt. Jack Mason and his band of Puritan braves, coming from Saybrook, at the mouth of the Connecticut River, stormed the fort, burned the red men's wigwams and massacred most of the warriors, with the women and children who were not burned in the wigwams.

The descendants of Capt. John Mason's soldiers—the people of Mystic and Noank—a year ago dragged a great boulder, with thirty yoke of oxen, from its resting place in a lonely pasture near the famous rocking stones and cut and carved it in a handsome monolith, which they erected, amid a great concourse of people, in honor of the Pequot massacre, on the summit of Fort Hill. The great boulder handsomely polished and bearing on one of its finished sides an appropriate inscription in commemoration of that mighty deed of arms, is now one of the most conspicuous objects along the Sound shore as seen from the ocean. It weighed in the rough not less than twenty-eight or thirty tons. In an open meadow, near the old Norwich Town green, two miles north of this city, there is a similar monolith that was erected a great many years ago at the grave of Capt. Mason.

Boulders, some of which weigh thousands of tons, are altogether too plentiful in Connecticut and Rhode Island to have any commercial value, but not many months ago a wealthy Ohio gentleman journeyed to the Quoquocheaug (R. I.) boulder plain, on the shore of the ocean, purchased a gigantic boulder there and shipped it to his home in the West. Its weight was over thirty tons. In transporting it from its site on the plain six miles to the Niantic Railroad station, several teamsters, with fifteen or twenty yoke of oxen, were busy for six days. It cost the Ohio man about \$1,000 to get the big stone home with him. It is now the central figure in his spacious lawn.

The army of boulders on Quoquoche-

taug plain, which are mainly oval in shape and sit up like penguins, often in parallel rows, or like companies of soldiers on parade, is one of the most curious phenomena in New England. Although they were deposited there by nature in a haphazard way, with no orderly alignment, yet so symmetrical is their shape as a rule, so startling their posture and withal so numerous are they that they are said to be quite as singular and impressive, in respect to the appearance they give the desolate plain, especially at dusk, as the famed stone rows of Stonehenge, England.

A LIGHTHOUSE TRAGEDY.

Destruction of the First Structure on Minot's Ledge.

The lighthouse on Minot's Ledge stands within the shadow of a tragedy. It is the second structure erected upon the ledge. The first lighthouse and the lives it held were claimed by the sea. Begun in 1847 and completed in November, 1848, it was overwhelmed in April, 1851. Its destruction was the most tragic event in the history of our lighthouse establishment. The structure was an octagonal tower supported upon wrought-iron piles strengthened by braces. The piles penetrated five feet into the rock. On the braces, thirty-four and a half feet above the rock, the keeper had constructed a platform for the storage of bulky articles, and had fastened to the lantern-deck, sixty-three feet above the rock, a five-and-a-half-inch hawser which he had anchored to a seven-ton granite block. Along this hawser articles were hoisted up to the platform, and there landed. These "improvements" were convenient—and fatal; not, however, to the keeper who had made them, for he was on shore when the storm which has become historic for its fury burst over the coast.

On Monday, April 14, 1851, there was a strong easterly gale blowing. At that time there was on the tower two assistant keepers and a friend of the principal keeper. The visitor became frightened at the first indication of a storm, and, in response to a signal from the tower, a boat put off for Cohasset and took him ashore. On Tuesday the wind swung around to the northeast, the most dangerous quarter from which the elements can hurl themselves on Minot's, as they then rejoice in the accumulated fury of miles of wind-torn sea. By the 16th it had increased to a hurricane, and the tower was so completely buried in the heavy seas that nothing of it could be seen by the group of anxious watchers at Cohasset.

About four o'clock in the evening of the 16th the platform was washed ashore. Then the watchers knew that the water had risen to within seven feet of the tower. At nightfall it was seen that the light was burning. It was observed at fitful intervals until ten o'clock that night, when it was finally lost to sight. At one o'clock on the morning of Thursday, April 17, just at the turn of the flood, when the out-streaming tide and the rushing hurricane met at Minot's, a violent tolling of the lighthouse bell was heard. After that no sound rose above the din of the storm. About six o'clock in the morning a man walking along the shore saw a chair washed up a little distance ahead of him. Examining it, he recognized it as having been in the watch-room of the tower. After this discovery no one had any doubts of the tragedy which had been enacted behind the curtain of the storm. When it lifted, naught was seen over Minot's Ledge but the sea, its white crests streaming triumphantly in the gale.

It is believed by those competent to judge of such matters that the destruction of the tower was due to the surface which the platform constructed by the keeper offered to the waves, and to the strain of the hawser upon the structure. Every time this hawser was struck by a sea it actually tugged at the tower. There seems also little doubt that the sum appropriated by Congress for the building of the lighthouse was insufficient by about two-thirds for such a structure as the perilous situation called for.—[Century.]

Peculiar Law Suit.

A suit of the most peculiar nature ever known is about to be brought in a Massachusetts court, for the recovery of a policy on the life of a man hung as far back as 1853. "In 1851," says the Insurance Herald, "C. C. Merritt, of Springfield, Mass., loaned to George Simons money with which to pay his expenses to California. Simons gave his note and turned over to Merritt a policy for \$500 in the State Mutual on his own life. Two years afterwards Simons was arrested in California, charged with the murder of a pedler, and hanged. Mr. Merritt attempted to collect the insurance, but found that the policy contained a clause providing that if the insured came to his death by public execution under due form of law, the policy should be void. It has now been learned that Simons was innocent of the crime for which he was hanged, the real murderer having made a confession. Mr. Merritt is preparing to sue the company for the amount of the policy, with interest." If the facts are as stated by the Herald, some adequate allowance should be made by the company to the creditor, even should the claim be barred by any statute of limitation. To demand full interest, however, for the entire period, would be most unreasonable.—[Atlanta Constitution.]

Diamonds so small that fifteen hundred go to the carat have been cut in Holland.

THE LIMEKILN CLUB.

Hon. Standoff Johnson's Appeal for the Cakewalk.

When the routine proceedings of the Limekiln Club Saturday night meeting had been disposed of, Bro. Gardner arose and announced that the Hon. Standoff Johnson of Alabama was in the anteroom and anxious to address the club on the subject of the cakewalk—a matter dear to the heart of every colored man, woman and child in this fair land. He had not only made a long journey with this address in view, but was considered the highest and best authority in the United States. On motion of Giveadam Jones it was decided that he should be given an opportunity to speak. While the Reception Committee were absent from the room Bro. Gardner ordered two more candles to be lighted and one of the alley windows lowered from the top, and Shindig Watkins and Sammel Shin, both of whom have consumptive coughs which can be healed 80 rods against the wind, were allowed to go home.

The Hon. Johnson was then brought in by the Reception Committee and received in an enthusiastic manner. He was a well-formed, two-story man of middle age, with whiskers on his chin, and there was a certain magnetism about his cool, calm demeanor. He bowed right and left, shook hands with Bro. Gardner and Sir Isaac Walpole in a very hearty manner and began: "My fren's a crisis has arrove in de history of de cull'd people of America. While de white man has bin officiously grantin' us political an' civil rights he has bin at de same time privately conspirin' to rob us of one of de greatest an' most sacred privileges handed down by our forefathers. Right yere in my pocket I hev a list of 50 newspapers an' 100 members of Congress who am pledged to secure de enactment of a law forbidin' any cull'd pusson or pusson's from originatin' or holdin' or attendin' dat sacred institution known as a cakewalk." (Intense excitement.)

"De conspiracy originated over five yars ago, but de movements of de conspirators war so quiet, dat nuffin was known of 'm till about three months since. De objiek was to git all ready an' den suddenly jump on us with boaf feet, but thank heaben dat we hev heard de alarm an' hev de power to checkmate de conspiracy! (Cheers.) All ober dis land de cull'd men and women am risin' up to protest in thunderous tones agin this great wrong to a nashun of 6,000,000 people. (Yells.) I am here to-night to receive de protest of dis Limekiln Club. I shall visit every city in de Norf wid de same objiek, an' befo' de next Congress meets dar will be such a wave of indignashun sweepin' ober dis kentry dat de white men will tremble in his butes! (Vociferous applause.)

"What am de cakewalk? I answer dat it am a social institushun handed down to us from de sacred past. De ideah was to gather an assemblage of wit, beauty an' intelligence fur mutual improvement. Bein' gathered together, yo' might as well walk as to sit down on a hard bottomed cher. Bein' on de walk, yo' might as well walk fur a cake as fur fun. (Continued cheering.) Am next to a prayer meetin' fur innocence. It is sunthin' enjoyed by de ole man an' de young chile alike. It am to us what a soiree am to de white folks, but becase we git a heap mo' fun out of it do white folks am mad an' want to abolish it. Shall we bend our necks to de tyrants' heel, or shall we riz up in our majesty an' shed our blood to uphold our rights? (Loud cries in favor of shedding the last drop.)

"I expected it," said the Hon. Standoff, as the dust settled down and the splinters ceased flying. "I fully believed I could count on de patriotism of dis Limekiln Club from Brudder Gardner down to Elder Toots. De kentry looks to dis club to take de lead in dis matter an' to maintain it. De cakewalk must be preserved an' handed down to our children as it has bin handed down to us. De white man has deprived us of our possum bakes, our persimmon festivals an' our yam socials, but he must stop right dar. We hev reached de ded line. Let him beva' befo' dis kentry swims in blood an' revels in gore. (Wild applause.) Arter de meetin' has broke in two yo' will find me in de anteroom wid a protest ready fur yo' signatures. I hope an' expect every member to sign it an' de names of sich as am willing to die, if needs be, to uphold our cause will be marked by a cross in red ink an' preserved among de heroes and martyrs of de fucher.—[St. Louis Republic.]

Respect the Feelings of Others.

"Had I a daughter to train," said a woman of the world, "one accomplishment above all should be taught her—to make herself agreeable without descending to make fun of other people. Much, if not most of the fun current among young folks, consists in picking others to pieces. Bright people are given to using their wit very freely on others who have the misfortune to come near them. Women especially regard the world outside their immediate circle as created to afford them amusement not of the most amiable kind. They are not discriminating enough to see what underlies and offsets the peculiarity which provokes their fun. The ill-dressed, hurried woman is commonly trying to carry affairs whose burdens her critics would shirk shamelessly. No wonder if the brave spirit steps awkwardly and unbecomingly under the load she can but just bear without breaking. Those who bait their fun on her must laugh and laugh again unheeding."—[Detroit Free Press.]