

HAIRPINS AND HAZING.

"Freshmen" in Girls' College Subjected to Some Strange Restrictions.

The sophomores of Barnard college have promulgated rules for their younger sisters which, says the Washington Times, are in these dreadful terms:

"Freshmen must not appear on the college grounds in the company of young men.

"Freshmen must not carry parasols until after the lacrosse basketball game, and then only if victorious.

"Freshmen must not walk on the grass plots or sit on the ledges of Milbank hall.

"The number of hairpins to be worn by freshmen is limited to 12, and none of these may be ornamental."

The penalties for breaking these injunctions are not enumerated, but are doubtless sufficiently dire to make any girl lose all her surplus hairpins at the mere thought of them.

It is not the present purpose to descend upon the cruelty of forbidding fresh girls from haunting their elder sisters, nor do we strenuously object to the wise economy in parasols enforced in rule 2.

Far be it from us even to question the propriety of keeping the yearlings off the grass, or their punishment from the delectable cud-chewing ledges of Milbank hall; but why, why should a freshman's hairpins be restricted to 12, and these limited to the common old variety known as the button-hook?

By the way, why can't the women's colleges find some other term for the first year girls than freshmen? If it were permitted to us to suggest we would use a word that is really descriptive, like "miss-learnings."

LOVED STARS AND BARS.

An Interesting Incident in the Life of President Roosevelt's Mother.

There are many still in Georgia who cherish tender memories of the president's beautiful, aristocratic mother, says the National Magazine. Throughout her girlhood she was a noted belle, admired everywhere for her beauty, accomplishments, charm of manner and strong mentality.

During a visit to her sister in Philadelphia she met Mr. Roosevelt, who was captivated by the lovely young southern girl, and the announcement of their engagement soon followed. Felicitations and regrets were intermingled, for many deplored her loss when the bridegroom rode out from the north to claim his bride.

BURGLAR FOND OF FLOWERS

The Luxurious Taste of a House-breaker Betrays Him to the Police.

A recent English robbery case, which reads almost like one of the Sherlock Holmes stories, related to the detection of a thief through his fondness for flowers.

The only clue left by the robber of a house near Northampton was a fragment of a flower, whose petals were scattered over the floor. No flowers of the same sort were grown in the garden of the house robbed or by the neighbors, but an investigation of the florist shops in the neighborhood showed that a flower of that sort had been purchased the evening before by a man who was recognized from the description given to be a well-known burglar.

At the trial it was shown that, although the night had been warm, the thief, who was of delicate frame, had worn a light overcoat, which crushed the petals of the flower beneath, and these had fallen to the carpet when he had opened his coat to stow away the jewels, which constituted the greater part of the spoils.

Although the clue was a slight one, it was correct, and the luxury loving crook will have no need of flowers to decorate his broad arrow suit for some time to come.

Danger Signal.

Mrs. Naylor—I see you keep your husband's moustache cup and saucer on the dining table when he is away from home. Just the same.

Mrs. Crossway—Yes; in case a burglar breaks in, you know, it makes things look as if the man of the house was here.—Chicago Tribune.

Serviceable Ring.

Gay D. Beaver tells me that he has given the same diamond engagement ring to six different girls.

"Ah, he has landed a good many birds with one stone."—Pittsburg Post.

Going to the Root.

Bacon—A family tree doesn't count for much in politics.

Exbert—No, a politician is satisfied if he's only allowed to take the stump.—Yonkers Statesman.

KILLS BEAR WITH TOY GUN

Hunter Lost in Woods Attacked by Bruin and Her Two Cubs—Slays Two of Them.

Bellefontaine, Pa.—Yawshy Baird, coal operator, of Osceola Mills, and Postmaster John McCamant, of Tyrone, had a moonlight encounter with three bears. The two men left Unionville to drive to the camp of the Ranger Hunting club, of Tyrone, at the head of Beach creek.

On the way they became lost and got out to examine the road, when there was a terrifying growl and an old she-bear and two hungry cubs came through the brush. The horses stampeded with the carriage and guns, leaving the two men at the mercy of the bears.

The only weapon they had was a 22-caliber pocket revolver carried by Baird, and as the mother bear approached on her haunches he stuck the revolver in her face and fired. The ball struck in the right eye and mamma bruin rolled over dead. In the meantime McCamant secured a huge club and attacked the cubs. He succeeded in dispatching one, but the other disappeared with the men's handbag, which they had dropped in the light.

Being unable to locate the camp of their friends the two men followed the north star and arrived at Snowshoe about midnight, little the worse for their adventure, while the team was found at Unionville. The two men, with a guide, went back on their tracks, secured the carcasses of the old bear and the cub and proceeded on to the camp of the Rangers.

Bears are plentiful in the mountains nearby, as recently the three Bradford brothers, of Center Hill, started out on a hunt of the Seven mountains and before nine o'clock killed an old bear and her two cubs.

LONG JOURNEY TO FUNERAL

Sons Travel from South Africa to Butte, Mont., to Bury Father—Dead Long Time.

Butte, Mont.—Traveling all the way from South Africa, Frank Seineke, George Seineke and another brother arrived in Butte to be present at the burial of their father, Henry Seineke, at Mount Moriah cemetery. The interment was private. Mr. Seineke died in Boulder, Col., September 28, and his remains were shipped to Butte by his son, Henry Seineke, who is an employe of the Pittsmead Mining company. They arrived in Butte October 1, being accompanied by the widow. Since that time the body has been lying in the vault at Mount Moriah cemetery awaiting the arrival of the sons, who had expressed a desire to be present when the body of their father was consigned to the grave.

The Messrs. Seineke were on the water more than 30 days from the time they left the southern coast of Africa until they landed in New York city. From that place they traveled as fast as steam could carry them, arriving in Butte tired from their long and strenuous trip, in which they had covered more than half way around the globe.

Mr. Seineke was at one time a resident of Butte and is known to the old-timers. His son Henry was for a number of years foreman of the Montana Ore Purchasing company shops in this city and has a wide circle of friends. The other members of the family are also well-known here.

HANGS BY TOES ON WAGER

Daring Workman on Bridge Nearly Loses Life—Is Severely Injured.

Lancaster, Pa.—On a wager of two bottles of beer, a foreigner employed on the Pennsylvania railroad improvements at Safe Harbor hung suspended by his toes from the high trestle work spanning the Conestoga river at that place.

The man selected a place on the trestle at a point where the water in the river is very deep, and in a few moments he was hanging head downward with his toes clinging to a narrow scantling.

His horror-stricken fellow workmen expected any minute to see him plunge into the stream more than 100 feet below, and their fears were soon realized, for in his efforts to get back to an upright position his toes gave way and he fell.

Although stunned by his fall, the man managed to swim to shore, where it was found that he was severely injured.

YALE SCIENTIST SURPRISED

Finds Forgotten Chiriqui Collection Has Unusual Value Among Art Students.

New Haven, Conn.—A discovery of unusual importance has been made at Peabody museum of Yale university. Beginning about the year 1850, the late Prof. O. C. Marsh started the collection of antiquities of the Chiriqui Indians of the province of Panama. He continued buying the collection for 19 years until 1879. He stored away the collection in unopened boxes in an obscure part of the museum.

Recently George Grant McCurdy, head of the anthropological section of the museum, opened this almost forgotten collection. It is found to be much larger than was expected and to have an exceptional value. It consists of more than 5,000 different objects, mostly pottery, and the whole is the most complete of its kind in the world.

The Chiriqui Indians, as represented by the collection, had a civilization in prehistoric times second only to the Aztecs.

HAS A 'PHONE CORN.

PECULIAR MARK ON HELLO GIRL'S EAR.

Afflicted One Tells of Mystery—Most of Her Fellow Workers Are Found to Share the Same Sort of Beauty Spots.

Pittsburg, Pa.—A young business man of the city was sitting in a street car beside a pretty young woman with whom he was holding an animated conversation in the midst of which he was seen to pause and stare fixedly at his fair companion's left ear. For several moments the young woman continued a monologue. Then she became aware of the fixed gaze of her escort. She started back for a moment. Then her inquiring look changed to one of feasting gull. Finally settling into one of alarm. She made a hasty grasp for her left ear and then blushed furiously.

By this time the ear full of people were watching the pantomime. The young man let fall his gaze, smiled happily and then contritely asked the girl to pardon his thoughtlessness in causing her so much embarrassment, but he had seen a spot on her ear which looked as if it needed the attention of a chiropodist. At this remark the young woman again blushed rosy red, but she managed to stammer out that it was the mark of honest toil, the result of being a telephone operator; she guessed one could really call it a corn and not be far off.

Confusion being dispelled by the pleasanties the girl went further and enlightened her companion into mysteries of which he had never dreamed. Nearly all of the centrals have beauty spots such as hers, she said.

The young man, the occupants of the car at large and even the conductor became so intently interested that after a hurried remark to her companion the couple left the car, the woman with a conscious air and the man smiling broadly.

Investigation among the "hello girls" the city shows that many, if not all, are afflicted with a similar mark which, they say, is caused by the constant movement of the receiver against the tragus, the front portion of the exterior ear. They also say that all operators have the sense of hearing more acutely developed in the left than in the right ear owing to their wearing the receiver on the left side almost constantly.

Some of the wiser ones among them have adopted the plan of changing the receiver to the other ear occasionally in the hope of escaping the telltale mark of labor, but to the observing one the calloused spot can readily be seen, as it has distinguishing features which mark it from a blemish arising from other causes.

Officials of the telephone companies are devising receivers which shall render the operator less liable to this disfigurement, for the annoying knowledge that one has the telephone "corn" is beginning to have its effect in diminishing the number of applicants for positions as "hello girls."

SIX CONFEDERATES FOUND.

Bodies of Men Frozen to Death in 1864 Are Discovered After Long Search.

Jeffersonville, Ind.—After a long search the graves of six confederate soldiers, who were frozen to death on the night of January 1, 1864, at the old J. M. & I. railroad depot in this city, have been discovered in the mound in the Eastern cemetery. The soldiers were prisoners sent across the river to be sent to Indianapolis. They were thinly clad. The night turned bitter cold. The Ohio was frozen over and the thermometer indicated 40 degrees below zero. The six men who perished were buried in the cemetery and their companions were sent north the following day.

Capt. John H. Leathers, of George B. Easton camp, Confederate Veterans, of Louisville, instituted a search in order to have their bodies buried in the confederate cemetery at Louisville, and the mound was found in a secluded spot in the old cemetery marked "Lot 17; Six Soldiers." Old citizens said that confederates 30 years ago had decorated the graves.

The remains will be removed to the confederate lot in Cave Hill, Louisville, by Easton camp. The names of the dead have not been disclosed, but the records may yet turn up.

To Identify Criminals.

Police Commissioner McAduo, of New York, has decided that he will introduce the French imprint system of identifying criminals in the New York police department, and has announced that for this purpose Detective Sergeant Joseph Faurot will shortly leave for Paris, where he will spend two months studying the methods followed throughout France. Sergeant Faurot is in charge of the Bertillon measurement system at headquarters and is an expert in that line.

Skating High in Air.

An ice skating rink on the roof, 310 feet above the street level, is planned by the managers of the Bellevue-Stratford in Philadelphia, and as soon as there is an assurance of continued cold weather the plan will be carried out. The guests will then be able to enjoy the sport by simply taking the elevator, instead of making the long journey to the park lakes.

Handle with Care.

The country has congress on its hands, and the country will be indeed fortunate if at the end of the session its hands are clean.

DIES OF IMAGINARY RABIES

Widow Meets Death in Agony as Result of Neighbor's Warnings About Dog Bite.

Philadelphia.—So far as the doctors can ascertain, Mrs. Annie McCue died of imaginary hydrophobia. Her husband Thomas McCue, died a month ago and, although the certificate in the coroner's office states that his death was due to oedema of the lungs, Mrs. McCue and her friends insist that he died of hydrophobia.

The McCues lived in Germantown. They were both bitten on June 30 by a pet spaniel, which Mrs. McCue had imprisoned in a spare room because it had been acting queerly.

After she had shut it up, she remembered that there was some lines in the room which the dog might destroy. When she went in to get it the dog allpped past her and ran downstairs. As she went after it the spaniel sank its teeth in her right arm. When her husband pried open the dog's jaws his hands were lacerated.

Not long after Mrs. McCue was taken to the Philadelphia hospital suffering with lung trouble, and during the course of long illness the physicians saw no other symptoms.

But the gossip of the neighborhood wagged their heads and whispered to Mrs. McCue that if she was wise she wouldn't let the doctors fool her. She would look the terrible truth in the face and acknowledge that her husband had hydrophobia.

Of course, she knew her own symptoms better than they did, but if they were she they would certainly go to a doctor about that wound on her arm. They didn't want to appear to be Job's comforters, but when a body had a friend that was likely to go mad any minute, bark like a dog, snap at people and suffer the most excruciating agonies, wasn't it the part of mercy to tell her about it?

All this and much more of the same sort so worked upon Mrs. McCue that when her husband died she collapsed. She was taken to the Germantown hospital with symptoms of hydrophobia, and these symptoms steadily became more numerous and more apparent until her death.

SAYS ANIMALS CAN THINK.

Have Intellect and Therefore a Soul, Declares California Professor in Startling Speech.

Berkeley, Cal.—Prof. George H. Howison, head of the department of philosophy at the University of California, startled his class in ethics by declaring that animals have reflective capacity which qualifies them to be classed as reasoning beings with intelligence corresponding to man's intelligence, the latter being assumed to be immortal.

The religion of Buddha was cited by Prof. Howison as an example of recognition given by a great religious teacher to the lower animals, a recognition nowhere granted by Jesus Christ. Buddha had no such conception of the immortality of the soul and the dignity of the individual and the individual life as did Jesus Christ. Christ in this respect grandly transcended the religious teacher of India.

Regarding the intelligence of animals Prof. Howison said: "Animals have intellect as do men. The difference in intellect consists in the difference in the hindrance to the intellectual faculty. Increased intelligence means increased control, perfected control. Do animals reflect as man does? Undoubtedly they do. If they reflect, then they have intelligence. Once it is admitted that they have intelligence then you must admit that they are to exist eternally. Are animals capable of overturning the hindrance to their intellectual faculty? I answer yes."

TOWN WILL RUN A THEATER

Gowrie, Ia., Is to Have a Municipal Playhouse Supported by Tax Levies.

Gowrie, Ia.—Gowrie soon will be conducting the only municipal theater in the United States. A large vacant schoolhouse, by the consent of the citizens at a special election, has been converted into a playhouse.

It will be managed as a department of the city, and if the attendance will not make it a paying investment the tax levy will be drawn upon to make good the deficit. Mayor Sorber announces that only the better class attractions will be allowed therein.

He jumped into fame a year ago by announcing that every old maid who remained unwed at the conclusion of leap year would have to pay a fine of \$10. He was single when he issued the proclamation, but was married six weeks later.

Train Runs Into Dining-Room.

The sensation of having a switch engine and five freight cars pass swiftly through one end of a dining-room was experienced by a party at Hartford City, Ind. The large dwelling of Augustus Andris is only a few feet from the main switch to the Johnson Glass company. While making a flying switch the cars left the track and headed into Andris' house, passing through one corner. The engine stopped with the engineer looking down on a hot supper scattered over the room. The building was knocked off its foundation and the front part of the house demolished. The stove was upset and a fire started, but soon was extinguished. No one was hurt.

Boston's Necessities.

Boston spends \$6,500,000 yearly for baked beans, and if some statistician will give the amount expended on eyeglasses it will be an easy matter to compute how much is left for luxuries.

BUYING A CHINESE FAMILY.

Sojourner in Hong-Kong Acquires the Whole Household for Nominal Sum.

Looking about in Hoangkong for a congenial household wherein to make my home for a few weeks, I fell in with a most friendly Chinaman—an elderly person whose family consisted of himself, his wife, several children, two sampans and certain wooden gods of various sizes and degrees of power, says a writer in Pearson's Magazine.

I acquired the whole for \$15 and was supposed to own everything, including the gods, for a period of three months, with board in the bargain. The food was good, too, well seasoned and palatable, though I did not always know just what I was eating. I gained flesh and I really saw something of China during those three months. The old man found his chief occupation in being head of the household and smoking opium, while his wife did washing for the vessels in the harbor, and ran the two sampans. She also acted as my foster mother and sometimes took me in a sampans to collect or deliver laundry, and I found myself indulging the establishment among the ships of my acquaintance. Often my "foster sisters" took me in tow and we visited the neighbors or some theater, or took delightful rambles into the country, climbing the terraced hillsides to get a view of the splendid harbor. I really enjoyed being "black in clover" for the time, and acquired a great fondness for the Chinese life as I saw it.

As a sailor I had let my hair grow long, and I now braided it in a pig-tail, put on the national costume, and with tan and a little tint applied by my merry "relations" I passed well enough for a native to have a good deal of sport and to perpetrate a number of jokes, one of which came near landing me in a Chinese prison if not on the execution block.

UNDER THE KNIFE DAILY.

Woman Died Recently Who Had Been in Hire of Vivisectionists for Twenty Years.

Frau Mardalen Gelly, who for 20 years has been known among the medical faculty as the "vivisection rabbit," died at the age of 62 in Vienna.

Frau Gelly exercised the curious calling of a subject for anatomical experiments, and her services were in great demand by the most eminent surgeons. She owed her remarkable reputation as a subject for experiments to an abnormal formation and development of her respiratory organs.

Over these she had a marvelous command controlling them at will and allowing them to be freely operated upon without the use of anaesthetics. Under the operation she described to the assembled surgeons and students the sensations she experienced in her throat, nose, palate, tonsils and other organs under the action of the surgeon's knife.

Frau Gelly reported daily at the Clinical laboratory and at the private houses of the most celebrated doctors of Vienna, usually carrying a black reticule containing all sorts of objects, such as needles, marbles, pins, pencils, etc., intended to be swallowed or passed through her nostrils or ears for experiments.

As the "vivisection rabbit" was paid three and sixpence for each sitting and averaged two daily for 20 years, she has left a small fortune, and having died intestate, the money will probably be appropriated by the medical faculty of the university.

GOODESS' DIRE WRATH.

Recent Report from India Describes Workings of Strange Superstition.

A South Indian correspondent writes: "Recently a very singular report has been abroad among the women of this district respecting the bracelets they wear. The report is to the effect that certain bracelets are very dangerous, i. e., those that are made of Bombay glass, and have small moons and crescents, etc., imbedded in them. It is affirmed that a certain small worm bores its way out of this glass and bites the wearers of these ill-fated bracelets, and that whoever is bitten by this worm becomes afflicted with plague or some equally fatal disease and dies. The worm is said to be a small one with a very hard head.

"The report arose in Pithapuram, where three women are said to have died from the bite, and spread with great rapidity over the whole of the Godavery district. The result has been that thousands of these bracelets have been destroyed of late. The report goes on to say further that this glass was 'mined' in a quarry where there was an idol of a certain goddess, and that in getting the glass from the mine the idol was broken, and as a consequence the goddess has been very angry and has sent this disease as a punishment."

"Bobby's Idea of It." "Ma," exclaimed Bobby, "do you like anyone to bite you?" "No, dear, why?" "Well, Mr. Butts just bit sister on the mouth and she put her arms around his neck and tried to choke him. I guess she doesn't like it, either!"—Puck.

"The Whole Thing." "Yes," said young Benedick, "we went to Niagara Falls on our honeymoon. Just as soon as we got off the train my wife and I walked right over to see the falls."

"Magnificent, eh?" remarked Hick. "You bet! You should have seen all the men rubbing at her as we walked along."—Catholic Standard and Times.

AN OX RACE IN GERMANY.

Beasts Ridden by Their Owner Without Whip or Spurs, Is the Rule.

In many of the out of the way districts of Germany ox racing has long been a very popular sport. The entrance fee for the races is small, but the beasts must be ridden by their owners. The rider is not allowed to have either whip or spur and he must ride his animal bareback, trusting to his voice to guide the beast. It is here that the skill of the rider comes into play, as everything depends upon the training of the ox and the ability of the owner to direct his movements.

The race course is a field, perhaps a mile square, the start being made at one side and the finish at the other. Speed is of secondary importance in the race. Like golf, the sport requires accuracy, and the rider who can force his lumbering charger to go in a straight line is certain to win.

When all the competitors are lined up at the starting point the signal to begin the race is given. Then the fun commences, for, in spite of the riders' efforts, the steeds usually refuse to head toward the finish mark. Besides, the difficulties are greatly increased from the fact that the onlookers are allowed to be in the field and may do anything to interfere with the contestants so long as they do not touch him or his beast. Though oxen are naturally the least excitable of animals, the noise of the spectators soon reduces them to a state of utter bewilderment. Often an hour will pass before one of the oxen is ridden until the wire. The victor receives a small money prize, which is nothing compared to the honors brought him by the victory, and the animal is decorated with garlands of flowers. Among the peasants great events are reckoned from the time so-and-so won the ox race.

UTILIZING THE ASSASSIN.

English Writer Suggests That He Be Turned Over to the Doctors.

A medical correspondent of the London Lancet suggests that murderers, instead of being hanged, be turned over to doctors for experimentation. He desires for science the privilege of studying disease in the "laboratory of the human body," and thinks that with this opportunity the scientist "could look forward to almost endless possibilities." These possibilities, observes the Philadelphia Ledger, he neglects to set forth in detail, although mentioning transfusion of bovine tuberculosis and its spread of cancer as profitable and interesting problems, the solution of which would be promoted by this plan. He would use the murderer as a field for a malign microbe, and turn his body into a jousting place for a tilt with the beneficent opposing germ. Science looking on with eye alert, would refer the contest and make record of result. Moreover, so sweet is the faith that the correspondent abides, he is confident the murderer would acquiesce in a scheme of dying slowly, rejoicing not because his last pang accentuated by the presence of the uncultured hangman.

The proposition is not new, nor reasons easy to cite, can it be malapropiate. That the chance of being voured by cancer or phthisis would be an alternative to being executed is an assumption that fails to appear the judgment, tempered as this must by humane impulses. And it is of the consequence. The change would be the substitution of torture for quick death, and be on a plane with the Chinese method known as "the death of a thousand cuts," a title grimly explanatory of the process.

Messages in Ancient Times.

Carrying messages in olden times called for much ingenuity. "Not in the world," wrote Herodotus, borne so swiftly as messages by Persian couriers." They had over hundred stations, each a day's journey from the other, and a regular series of riders carried messages to and at the rates of from 60 to 100 mile day. They had their "through riders," too, for in the case of a specially confidential message, the man was tattooed on the shaven head before he began his journey, so his letter might be concealed until it reached his goal, where, of course, would be reshaved.

Bears Beware Buller. In a letter to an English friend, South African farmer writes: "M of the fighting Bears have told me I am quite willing to erect a statue. Gen. Buller's memory in this case. They declare he is the only man came out to fight them in a straightforward manner."

Friday, Not Anger. Miss Prism—"Don't let your dog me, little boy." "But he won't bite me, ma'am." "Certainly he is, ma'am, and it had a good teeth as he has, show 'em, too."—Stray Stories.

Pity of It. "A pretty woman's lips," remarks the sentimental youth, "reminiscent of a rose." "Yes," rejoined the ex-bachelor, "her tongue reminds me of the th—"Chicago Daily News.

Big Inducement. Dolly—"Every time you call, make love to me. I'm getting tired. How can I induce you to stop." Cholly—"Marry me and I'll endeavor to make love to you 'till Cleveland Leader."