

FIGHT TO EDUCATE A CHILD.

Twelve-Year-Old Cellist. Barber's Daughter, Is Musical Genius.

New York—Helene Scholder, the 12-year-old cello prodigy, has been granted permission by the courts to go to Europe to continue her musical education there.

The decision is the culmination of a remarkable lawsuit between a New York cello instructor and the girl's father, Maurice Scholder.

Like her elder sister, Henrietta, who attained fame as a child pianist, Helene Scholder had the unusual experience of seeing wealthy men and women vie with one another for the privilege of giving her a musical education. There was litigation before Henrietta was allowed to go to Europe to study also.

In the case of Helene the father had signed a year-long contract with Prof. Karl Grienerauer to leave the child under his tutelage. A dispute arose, and Scholder had an opportunity to send the girl to Europe.

Then the professor applied for an injunction to restrain Scholder from sending Helene away. The application has just been thrown out by Judge Leventritt in the supreme court.

Scholder, the father of the musical children, is a barber. His ambition was to become a professor of music, but lack of funds interfered and he became a hairdresser, attuning the passion for music.

His eldest daughter, Henrietta, has just returned from Vienna, where she spent four years under Theodore Leschetzky, studying the piano. The bills for tuition were paid by Gen. Thomas H. Hubbard.

FRUIT-EATING DOG A PET.

Nellie, a Well-Known Redingite, Has Hoards of Friends.

Reading, Pa.—Dogdom in this city probably has no more human-like member than Nellie, the beautiful carriage dog belonging to Mrs. Thomas Sigman, and the pet of all the friends and business men of this city who visit the office of Alderman Sandt, a brother of Mrs. Sigman. Nellie is part and parcel of the office, and though gentle as a lamb, she takes good care of the personal effects of the alderman, if he should have occasion to leave the building for a short time.

Nellie is five years old, and her blood lines show that Reading has no finer specimen. She is a perfect carriage dog, and can follow any horse with her nose close to its heels.

One peculiarity of Nellie is that she absolutely refuses all canine company. Any person, however, who treats her kindly becomes her friend immediately, and children are her almost constant companions.

Having an army of friends in this city, she has learned to eat apples, grapes, peanuts, almonds, candy, ice cream and other delicacies, which are tendered to her by her good friends nearly every day.

When Nellie is in pain she has a peculiar way of begging for medicine, and takes the pain-killer gladly.

HERD OF 20,000 SHEEP.

Moved to Winter Range in Utah Under Heavily Armed Escort.

Denver—Under the escort of a small-sized army of heavily armed men combined herds of 20,000 sheep are being driven from the summer ranges in Montrose county, Col., to the winter ranges in Utah.

In order to reach this latter section it was necessary to pass through that portion of the western slope heretofore used exclusively by cattlemen. Because of the alleged damage done by sheep to grazing lands, cattlemen strenuously object to their presence in any numbers whatsoever and frequently in the past attempts to drive across a cattle range have resulted in assaults on the herds, murders and the wholesale slaughter of sheep as a warning that the offenses must not be repeated.

This year the flock masters who summered their sheep in Montrose county combined for protection and are driving their animals in one big bunch in charge of 30 herders with 90 armed men as guards. This typical western caravan has so far met with no determined opposition.

The 20,000 woolies make an impressive sight, stretching in a solid mass almost as far as the eye can reach.

Around the Globe 31 Times.

Boston—A bewildering record of miles sailed is that of Capt. Gerhard Eckhoff, master of the Dutch tank steamer La Hesbaye, who is now crossing the north Atlantic for the two hundred and thirty-sixth time, his tenth trip as master.

Here are some of Capt. Eckhoff's distinctions: He has circumnavigated the globe 31 times, 775,000 miles. Since starting out to sea at the age of 14 he has logged 1,000,000 miles, he says. He has never lost a man or a ship. He was never in a collision at sea, and he never came near anything like a serious accident. He is now on his one hundred and eighteenth round trip to Antwerp.

Pig Was Her Nameake.

Atlantic City, N. J.—Because Lewis Foote of Absecon killed "Jonny," a pet pig that had been named after her, Mrs. Jennie Lewis has sued Foote for \$100 damages.

Foote acknowledged having taken the pig to board, but testified that he had killed and marketed the porker to secure payment of the pig's board, which had not been paid by the woman owner. The jury returned a verdict of "no cause for action."

THAT GHOST MOOSE

WEIRD PHANTOM THAT ROAMS MAINE FOREST.

Remarkable Stories of Spirit Animal Told by Guides—All Sorts of Disturbances Caused by His Antics.

If the stories of guides to the north of here can be relied upon a "ghost" moose is at large west of Molunkus river and is creating all sorts of disturbances. Whether the spirit of a moose roams the forests, or whether the animal is of flesh and blood and educated to the ways of man, it matters little so long as he has completely terrorized the guides.

The phantom was first seen, so report has it, by one Sandy Hill, who was in charge of a party of Massachusetts sportsmen camped beyond the old Patten stage road. The crowd was out one afternoon when the moose suddenly showed up within range of the guns of three of the party, and they fired simultaneously. The moose dropped, and it was noted that he looked at his slayers with mild, tearful eyes. As there was no time to dissect the animal, it being late in the day, the carcass was hung on a tree, bled and allowed to remain over night. Next morning the moose was gone, and his tracks plainly showed that he had walked off.

The following night the party was aroused out of a heavy sleep by a deep breathing at the door of their shanty. There, with his throat cut and his mournful eyes fixed on them, stood the very animal they had shot less than 48 hours before. Sandy managed to come out of his stupor and fire his rifle and again down came the moose. This time he didn't stay down. Still gazing at them with his awful eyes he arose and fitted backward into the forest. Daylight plainly revealed his tracks.

This was the last Sandy's party saw of the ghost and they were glad of it. But he hadn't taken himself off the face of the earth by any means, for Burt Peggins, who has a trapper's camp west of Ashland, received a visit from the "critter." According to his story he had come in from his traps just as the moon was rising and was standing his gun against the cabin when he felt a hot breath on the back of his neck and turned to look into the nose of a moose with its throat cut. He was so startled that he darted within the cabin and banged the door after him. Peering out of the window he saw, so he says, the ghostly intruder pick up his rifle with his teeth, pull the trigger and discharge it. Then the apparition vanished. Peggins didn't get over the shock for three days.

Arthur Hill was coming in from Mud Pond when he almost stepped on the moose lying in a cove of fir. He fired point blank, but missed and the moose grasped his gun and evaporated. He hasn't seen either since, but when he got home he found moose tracks at his door and discovered that some animal had made a wreck of his cabin. The door wasn't wide enough to admit the body of a moose, but there were no other tracks in the snow.

The strangest story is told by Harry Porter. He was out for a moonlight drive with his best girl when his horse dropped dead from heart disease. He was five miles from the village and the situation was embarrassing. He took the horse from the hills and was stooping over to remove the harness when he heard the sound of heavy breathing and turned. There, in the thills stood the phantom moose. Porter says that without knowing what he did he harnessed the animal, climbed back beside his best girl and took up the reins. They got to the edge of the village in record time when the moose stopped and signified that he wished to be released. So Porter took off the harness and walked the rest of the way. Porter has never shot a gun in his life.

Light from the Fixed Stars. The fixed star which, according to the knowledge we have, is nearest to the earth is 200,000 astronomical units distant from us. The astronomical unit is the mean distance of the sun from the earth, a matter of some 93,000,000 miles. Thus the nearest fixed star is 18,600,000,000 miles away. Light travels at the rate of some 186,000 miles per second, or 5,865,696,000 miles a year. It will thus be seen that it takes over three years for light to reach the earth from the nearest fixed star, so that if every star in the sky were blotted out, it would be over three years before we noticed any difference. This does not, of course, apply to the planets in our own solar system, such as Mercury, Venus, Jupiter, etc.

Truly Versatile Man. In the London Sketch appears a picture of the "most versatile man" Louis M. Elabemus, who has painted 3,000 pictures, written 40 novels, written plays in English, French, German, Italian, Spanish, Arabic, Sanskrit and Chinese, who has composed 100 songs, been around the world seven times, and has a great reputation as a pianist.

Literary Hardships. "Literature is very trying, isn't it?" said one woman.

"Yes," answered the other. "If your book doesn't sell, you are disappointed, and if it does it has to be so shocking that you are embarrassed."

Washington Star.

TRAITS OF AFRICAN PYGMIES.

Explorers Tell of Peculiarities of Queer Race of People.

Pygmies are climbers par excellence. The pygmy always gets up a tree somehow. If there are convenient vines he uses them, his big toes serving as thumbs; if there are no vines and the tree be thin, he grasps it with his hands and walks up; if the tree be thick he grips with his legs and nimbly works his way to the top. The pygmy is a prayerful little man. During a thunder storm he may be heard imploring God to disperse it, but if the storm only continues in violence he changes his entreaty to beg protection from violence. Maj. Powell-Cotton's gunbearer saw a group of pygmies in the forest seated in a wide semi-circle, the men wearing their okapi belts and the women their beads and all their finery. They were busily eating round a table in the center. Each pygmy carefully placed a little packet of his particular provision on the table, which was soon laden with a supply of bananas, honey, and sweet potatoes. The pygmy teacher's explanation was that they were changing camp and by this ceremonial feast, invoked the supreme spirit to give them their good luck in their new hunting grounds.

When Trousers Were Decried On Their First Appearance Many Considered Them Indecorous.

It is hard to think back to the days when men did not wear trousers such as now encase the limbs of all the masculines one meets. Harder still to believe that these garments were by many considered immoral on their first appearance, and that one of the most numerous of all religious denominations for a long while forbade its ministers appearing in the pulpit clothed in apparel so frivolous.

It is a fact that trousers, introduced by the duke of Wellington, came in slowly and were for a long time looked upon as a light-minded departure from the serious and conventional in men's dress.

And now, should any sober-minded gentleman venture to lay these ubiquitous and ugly garments aside, and prance down the street clad in the brief knee-breeches and hose of his progenitors, he would no doubt incur the accusation of being an indecorous trifler.

So much has custom to do with our sartorial morals!

Effective Reparter. About three o'clock one morning, according to Toby, M. P., T. P. O'Connor was waiting in the house of commons to 15 or 16 members lying about in various stages of drowsiness. Sir Patrick O'Brien was among them, and now and then rescuing himself with a start from falling asleep, audibly engaged in conversation. "I protest against this disorderly conduct," exclaimed Mr. O'Connor at length; "the honorable baronet is constantly interrupting me." "Sir," replied Sir Patrick, with a graceful bow, "the honorable gentleman misinterprets my motive. I interrupted, it is true. But it was with the intention of waking the honorable gentleman's audience."

On a Banana Farm. It is estimated that a single bunch of bananas coming from South America passes through not less than 12 pairs of hands before it is finally restored aboard a ship en route to a northern market. As soon as the tree is cut and a large bunch detached it is swung on to the head of a native laborer and started to the collecting point on the plantation. Long lines of natives may be seen filing from the depths of the banana forest, bearing the bunches of fruit.

When the bunches are all gathered they are put on a car and carried to the wharf, where they are unloaded and again passed through a chain of hands to the ship's hold.

Graduated from the Bible. Octave Thonet tells a story of an old dackey in Florida who was anxious to learn to read, so that he could read the Bible. He said that if he could read the Bible he would want nothing else. A friend of the narrator taught him to read. Some time afterward she visited his cabin and asked his wife how his Bible reading was getting on.

"Laws, Miss Fanny," said this person, "he jes' sutlinly kin read fine. He's done got outen de Bible an' into de newspapers."

Aristocracy. What subsists to-day by violence continues to-morrow by acquiescence and is perpetuated by tradition; till at last the hoary abuse shakes the gray hairs of antiquity at us and gives itself out as the wisdom of ages. Thus the clearest dictates of reason are made to yield to the long succession of follies.

And this is the foundation of the aristocratic system at the present day. Its stronghold, with all those not immediately interested in it, is the reverence of antiquity.—Edward Everett.

Work and Play. According to the very wisest man that ever lived there is a time to work and a time to play. When working time comes every nerve may be put in motion, every particle of brain force utilized. When resting time arrives, it should be devoted to storing up energy. Rest ought to be complete, absolute. There is no use laying aside one's occupation, unless that signifies cessation of worry and those activities of brain which wear out the body.

MOUTH NO PLACE FOR COINS.

Dangerous Practice Too Frequently Indulged In by Women.

"Women are addicted to many pernicious habits," observed a physician, "but I cannot conceive of one that is more idiotic than the placing of coins in the mouth while the purse or money bag is being opened. Most women do this, especially in the street cars, and are doubtless unmindful of the fact that they are thereby inviting dangerous throat and lung troubles. I have often watched women holding coins between their lips, and have been very strongly tempted to utter an admonishing word. Only today I saw a beautiful girl give a conductor a dime. Sitting opposite to her was a dirty-looking man, whose hands looked as if they hadn't been washed for a week. He gave the conductor a nickel and the conductor handed it to the young woman in change for her dime. She placed it between her lips while she opened her money bag. Why does not some ingenious woman introduce a small pocket or some device in the feminine wardrobe that will take the place of the lips for holding coins? Certainly she would be a benefactor to her sex."

Frightful Degree of Cold. Frost's Intensity Hard for Dwellers in Temperate Climes to Realize.

It is difficult for us to form any conception of the degree of cold represented by the 80 degrees of frost recorded from certain parts of Russia. Sir Leopold McClintock tells how in one of his Arctic expeditions a sailor was foolish enough to do some outdoor work at precisely this temperature. His hands froze and when he rushed into the cabin and plunged one of them into a basin of water so cold was the hand that the water was instantly converted into a block of ice. At 25 degrees, Dr. Kane says, "the mustache and under lip form pendulous beads of dangling ice. Put out your tongue and it instantly freezes to this icy crust. Your chin has a trick of freezing to your upper jaw by the luting aid of your beard; my eyes have often been so glued as to show that even a wink was unsafe."

He Had No Objection. "We—we want you to marry us," said the blushing young man, indicating a young woman with downcast eyes and smiling face who stood a step behind him.

"Come in," said the minister, and he endeavored to ease their embarrassment for a moment, but he soon decided that it was useless to try.

"Will you be married with a ring?" he inquired.

The young man turned a helpless gaze on his companion, and then looked at the minister.

"If you've got one to spare and it can come out of the two dollars, I guess she'd like it," he said at last.—Youth's Companion.

Peter Piper's P's. There was a novel lingual competition lately in Ontario. The competitors, boys and girls, had to utter the familiar "Peter Piper" picked a peck of picking peppers." In each case a record was taken by a gramophone, and the instrument assisted the judges in arriving at a decision. It was found that a maiden of ten had alone distinctly spoken every syllable. Besides the prizes she was appropriately presented the cylinder on which was recorded her triumphant enunciation of "Peter Piper," etc.

Buckwheat Cakes. The blue blood of old New England! Do you know where it came from? Buckwheats. The genuine buckwheat cakes are of a steel-blue color, and as tough as Harveized plate for battle-ship armor. Only an ostrich can digest them. Nowadays the manufacturers of this flour mix a lot of cornmeal with it, and the cook-lady of the house adds much molasses. The meal softly tempers the wheat and the molasses browns the cakes. In this manner we have partly civilized the buckwheat.

An Unsought Encouragement. "I'm awfully stupid at repartee," said the young woman who didn't mean it.

"I know a girl who was just as stupid and got over it by practicing," said the young man who thought she meant it.

Question—Did the young woman smile at this encouragement? Answer—Not so you could notice it.

Poor Aristocrats. Mr. Nurox—Seems to me like these aristocrats ain't got much right to talk about other folks' humble beggary.

Mrs. Nurox—How come? Mr. N.—I've heard Lord Needehigh speak several times about the family plate. Just think of a whole family only havin' one plate.

Unconscious Humor. "Sir," said the stranger as he entered the editorial sanctum, "if it is satisfactory, what price will you give me for this article on 'A Comprehensive View of the Solar System?'"

"I'll have to look over it first," replied the editor, "we pay for an article like that by space rates."

Too Serious. "Aren't you going to include Mr. Peddett in your traveling party?" "No," answered the indolent person. "He is one of those people whose idea of a good time is to try to learn the guide book by heart."

DIFFERENT KIND OF SOUVENIR.

English Tourist's Mind Somewhat Hazy on American History.

A couple of English tourists "seeing New York" were busily occupied the other afternoon in looking over the stock of a Fifth Avenue shop devoted to the sale of Indian curios and handicrafts. They were evidently investing in souvenirs of this barbaric land with which to dazzle the eyes of their English relatives on their return. They had chosen one or two baskets, some beads and wampum, and several pairs of moccasins, and were now turning their attention to smaller things, possibly for little nieces and nephews "at home." A very gaudy "pipe of peace" found favor with them, and the salesman was encouraged to bring out another trifle, a harmless-looking hatchet sort of object.

"Don't you think you ought to take a tomahawk?" he asked.

The Englishman's eyes gleamed—here was the real thing.

"By jove, yes," he said, seizing it, but his wife put out a restraining hand.

"Why, John," she said, "don't buy that, we've bought one of those already. In Washington, don't you know?"

"But that wasn't a tomahawk," he objected, "they called it something else."

And he paused, his mind struggling with the intricacy of American historical relics.

"Oh, I know," he breathed with a sigh of disgusted recollection, "that was George Washington's blowed hatchet."

MAN WAS TAKING NO CHANCES. Elaborate Precautions to Forestall the Festive Germ.

"A man whose poor hearing obliges him to use a speaking tube met another man who certainly deserves to be set down as the champion foe to germs. The meeting took place in the street. The deaf man signified his desire for conversation on a certain subject. The enemy to germs listened to the question put to him, then surveyed his end of the speaking tube dubiously. Before attempting to answer he took the deaf man by the arm and piloted him into a drug store, where he called for a liquid disinfectant in which he proceeded to immerse a portion of the tube.

"These things are worse than telephones to spread disease," he complained. "I don't know who talked into this last. I'm not going to take any chances."

The owner of the first aid to hearing looked on in consternation that was half anger, but as he was very anxious to secure an answer to his question he did not protest against the sterilization of the tube.

Her Troubles with French. Marion is six years old, and her parents are so anxious she should speak French correctly and fluently that they employ a governess of that race to teach their daughter all the time. Marion is a little pitcher with big ears, and she picks up slang and worse forms of her native tongue with more readiness than she does the polite language of France. She does not get on very well with her instructors, and a change of tutors is a frequent occurrence in the household. Not long ago a new governess was installed and a visitor asked the child how she liked her new instructor.

"I don't like her at all," replied Marion. "She's altogether too particular about that damned-subjunctive."

Helped to Model Japanese Navy. Commander William Frederic Hammond died recently in Japan. He began life as a British naval seaman, went out to Japan with the first naval mission from that country and rose to be an officer in the Japanese fleet. He was in no small measure responsible for the early organization of the navy of Japan. He was twice decorated by the mikado for his services. For several years he was the competent organizer of all newly built ships in the service, and he trained the first Japanese recruits in naval gunnery. He was the only European who ever held the mikado's commissions.

The Light in the East. One must not confuse youth with crudity. To those who fancy Oklahoma the home of picturesque, careless cowboys; of Indians continually seeking the warpath for amusement; of one-story buildings; of laboring stage coaches always in imminent danger of hold-up by masked desperadoes, there is nothing but disappointment. The cowboy there is a business proposition; the Indian is peaceful; the towns are modern and substantial; and the voice of the railroad is heard in the land. It is, in short, a good, hard-working state.—Metropolitan Magazine.

Going for Good. "Well," said Mrs. Grumbel, "I heard that piano going to-day, and for once I was really pleased."

"Ah! The piano next door?" said her husband. "Some good music, eh?"

"It was sweetest music to me. I heard the installment dealer's man taking it away."—Philadelphia Press.

Something Spontaneous. "Jokesmith seems strung up to a high nervous tension."

"Yes, he's trying to grind out a few seemingly spontaneous paragraphs."

"Humph! From appearances the result seems more likely to be spontaneous combustion."

DISPUTES TRUTH OF PROVERB.

One Man Who Disbelieves That Laughter Aids Digestion.

"I don't know whether nature fitted me out with a different sort of digestive apparatus from the average man," remarked a magazine reader, who looked up from the printed page. "Here is a writer who sets it down as a solemn fact that laughter and good cheer are enemies of dyspepsia. Now whenever I go to a dinner where a lot of good stories are told or amusing speeches made and I laugh more than usual the result for me is an aggravated attack of indigestion. More than this, and although I never drink anything in the way of intoxicants, I am certain to have an attack of hiccoughs as a result of laughing, which always amuses my friends who are aware of my non-drinking habits. I present the anomalous picture of perhaps being the only man at the table who has not taken a drink of any kind and yet my actions are those of a man who had decidedly too much liquor. You can't make me believe that old saw about laughter being good for digestion, in spite of the solemn gentleman who wrote this article."

WAS OF THE EARTH, EARTHY. Little Baby Vincent Not Pleased with Implied Compliment.

There is an eternal masculine in there is an eternal feminine, and in the young masculine animal of the human race the idea that it is not consistent with his dignity and strength of character to be considered too good develops early. This was shown the other day by a very little man named Vincent, who is so small that his knowledge of the use of words is as yet very rudimentary. The little girl, who is older, had returned from Sunday school, and grandmamma had asked her, on general principles, what the lesson was about.

"Oh, about angels," replied the little girl indefinitely, and then, seeing a possible application, she turned to the baby, adding, "And you are a little angel, aren't you, Vincent?"

Baby might have been expected to be pleased at this compliment, affectionately given, but not at all. He screwed up his small face, threw all the force of his small mind into the putting together of the proper words, and burst out:

"No—I had boy."

The Hearty Laugh. We have faith in the man who can laugh heartily. It is not only a sign of health and good nature, but an indication of the spirit of looking on the bright side of things, which contributes so much to success. The wisdom and sanity of a man is no longer estimated by the length of his countenance, nor by his refusal to unbind his dignity so far as to laugh on occasion. The cheerful smile, the frank open laugh, are two of the most helpful influences which a man is able to bestow on comrade or friend, and few of us have been so unfortunate as to have failed to experience the benefits of both. Let us all wear a sunny countenance, therefore, not only for our own happiness but for our neighbors and friends.—Farm Life.

Suggesting a Topic. Little Emma was intensely interested in her big sister's engagement. She had any number of preconceived ideas of what lovers talked about before they were married, and so when one afternoon her sister's fiancé arrived to make a call she followed the sweethearts into the drawing room and took up a position directly in front of them as they sat on a sofa. Clapping her hands around her knees and raising at the young man with a romantic expression on her ardent face, Little Emma remarked eagerly: "I suppose now you are going to talk about the moonlight."

Record "Dinna Ken." An Englishman, an Irishman and a Scotchman were walking arm in arm through the streets of Glasgow recently, when they came to a gasometer. The Irishman said to the Englishman: "What is that thing called?" The Englishman said: "I don't know. Ask our friend Sandy." The Irishman, turning to the Scotchman, said: "What is that thing called?" "I dinna ken," replied the Scotchman. "Be jabbers," replied the Irishman, "if that is a dinna ken, it's the biggest dinna ken I ever seen in all me life!"

A Woman's Age. How seldom it seems to be realized that all discussions on the delicate subject of feminine age are really the outcome of affectation. Those who are so fortunate as to be in the secret with women who really look 20, but could count twice as many summer, do not find that they are in the least disposed to "talk ages," but women, on the other hand, who are indelibly stamped as of uncertain years never tire of angling for compliments by barefaced allusions to their antiquity.

The Lady's Pictorial.

When Do We Dream? There has been much discussion as to whether one dreams only on falling to sleep and during the act of waking up or whether dreams take place at any time during sleep. While not definitely determined as yet, the evidence seems to be rather in favor of the view that one may dream at any time through the night, or the whole night through. Dreaming is common to perfectly healthy persons, and in itself is no evidence of disorder.—Dr. Frederick Peterson, in Harper's Magazine.