

CUPID HITS TEACHER

DEARTH OF SCHOOL "MARRIAGES" IN SOUTHERN STATES EXPLAINED.

As Rapidly as New Pedagogues Come In Local Swains Marry Them - Situation Looked Upon as Extremely Serious

St. Louis, S. D.—The cry is going up from all over South Dakota for a new crop of school marmes—all the old ones are being married off so rapidly that the state is threatened with a famine in respect to school teachers. The cry for the "marmes" is coming from the young farmers and cattle men, as well as from the local superintendents, and it is nip and tuck as to whether the young women of this profession are more in demand in the homes of the well-to-do young men of the state or in the school rooms.

South Dakota always has had trouble keeping its school teachers for any length of time. So many young men have come into the state, have taken up homesteads and are looking for wives, that when a young, good-looking, refined school teacher goes into any community she has offers to wed by the score. And while she may hold out for awhile, eventually the right young man comes along and then the school committee advises for another teacher.

Last summer the dearth of school teachers became so pronounced that the school authorities placed advertisements in eastern newspapers asking teachers to come to South Dakota and take positions. But nothing was said at that time of the chances of taking husbands as well.

The result was that when school opened last September every position in the state was filled by a lot of nice looking, cultured young ladies.

Scattered throughout South Dakota are hundreds of prosperous and intelligent young farmers and cattle raisers who are looking for wives. Many of them are sons of well-to-do people of the middle and eastern states—young men who at home were used to good society and who brought good sense and good breeding with them when they came into the Dakotas to live. And after carving a farm and a good start of a fortune from the prairies, these young men want wives to make homes for them.

The nights are long in Dakota and the sleighing during the past winter was exceptionally good. Sleighting parties were indulged in to the heart's content and the young school marmes were the leading attractions, as well as the guests of honor.

All of which bore fruit. The school authorities have issued orders to the effect that all applicants for positions as school teachers must first of all sign an agreement that they will not marry until they have taught at least two terms. The authorities say they have been forced into requiring this contract because the schools are being deserted on all sides.

With the coming of spring so many of the courtships which have been in progress all winter have been brought to a successful finish that the result has caused a dearth of school teachers all over the state and the matrimonial market is booming.

In many of the larger towns the local girls have openly declared a boycott against any young man who pays attention to a school teacher until she has been a citizen of the locality for at least two years.

TAKES FANGS FROM COBRA

Keeper Plays Dentist to Giant Monster, Extracting Venom to Save Life.

New York.—A ten-foot king cobra, which arrived at the New York Zoological garden recently, was discovered to have a slight swelling at the root of his poison fangs. As any irritation of the venom sac of poisonous reptiles is sure to result fatally preparations were immediately made for an operation.

The patient, as well as being the largest cobra ever received in this country, is the most handsomely marked in the reptile house. He is rather slender and of more graceful appearance than the cobra de capelles which have heretofore been the pride exhibits of the snake house.

In color he is of a light silvery gray, shading to a brown at the lower part of the body, and striped with gold bands, about two inches apart. His hood is smaller than that of the other snakes of this family, and the "spectacle" marks are less distinct. The snake comes from southern India.

With the help of Mr. Sanborn, a member of the Zoological society, Curator Dittmars placed the cobra on a table in the reception room, and after wedging the snake's mouth open with a large cork he extracted the two and a half inch fangs.

Attached to the fangs was a little sac, an eighth of an inch in diameter, containing about ten drops of venom; a third of a drop of which will kill a horse in five minutes, and a man in two.

After the operation Mr. Dittmars washed the wound with a strong antiseptic, and in half an hour the snake was trying to climb out of his cage.

For the next month the cobra will be fed entirely on milk, after which it is expected that he will have recovered and be ready to be put in one of the outside cages in the reptile house.

SHE SURELY HAD TALENT.

But It Was the Kind That Would Be an Attraction in a Circus Only.

I had stopped at a squatter's cabin to get a bite to eat, and the same was prepared by his daughter, who was a young woman of about 23, but fully as heavy and strong as a man. When we had finished the meal and lighted our pipes says a writer in the Cleveland Plain Dealer, the squatter observed:

"Stranger, you know about the theater, don't you?"

"Oh, yes."

"Well, they have actresses to help carry on the theaters, don't they?"

"Certainly."

"That's what Sally wants to be—an actress. I wish you'd take a close look at her and see if you think she's fit."

Sally stood ten feet away with her arms akimbo and a smile on her face, and I didn't want to discourage her altogether. I therefore answered that it took considerable talent to become even a poor actress.

"And she's got it, sah—she's got it!" Sally, show the stranger that you've got talent."

And Sally advanced and picked me and the chair up together, and after whirling us around two or three times she gave us a toss and landed us both on the bed in the room with a bump and a crash.

"Didn't I say she had talent?" exclaimed the proud father, as I untangled myself and reached the floor—"didn't I say so? If that ain't talent, then I don't know what is, and I hope if you run across anything payin' about five dollars a week you'll help Sally get a job!"

TURKEY FARMER'S SECRETS

The Matter of Food Most Important Factor in Success of His Business.

The turkey farmer pointed to a small mill wherein a petroleum engine chug-chugged vigorously, says the Boston Cultivator.

"In that mill," he said, "the feed for my 2,000 turkeys is ground. The secret of successful turkey raising lies in abundant feeding. It keeps six men busy to feed my birds."

"They are fed five times a day, and each turkey gets as much as he can hold. Carrots boiled in lard and crushed barley and milk are very good fatteners, and the birds stuff themselves with them. Then, the last thing before going to roost, they eat all the oatmeal porridge and buttermilk they can find room for."

"Cocks cost more than hens on the market, because they are harder to raise. If they get together they fight and kill one another, and they eat, furthermore, five times as much as hens."

"A cock three hours before killing is made to swallow a half pint of vinegar. This vinegar makes his flesh dry and tender; without it he would be coarse and tough."

"A turkey farm like mine pays easily from \$1,500 to \$2,500 a year."

HAD ALL QUALIFICATIONS.

The Fitting Career for the Young Graduate with the Protruding Chin.

"Professor" said the young graduate with the protruding chin, according to the New York Sun, "I am about to start in life and perhaps you could suggest some fitting career."

"Well, my dear sir," said the professor, "that's a hard question. There's law, medicine, journalism, business, science—"

"But I have no liking for any of those ordinary pursuits. You see I am rather husky and powerful, but yet I dislike to use my strength in any kind of labor."

"Well, I won't suggest that you become a policeman or a pugilist, though those are the qualifications. Tell me further of your ambitions and I will advise you definitely."

"Ah," said the husky youth, "my ambition is to be a ruler of men, to hold some autocratic position, where people will bow to me respectfully and tear my power, and, and—"

"Ah, my boy, you are eminently fitted to be the janitor of a fat house," said the professor, decisively.

Great Southern Farm Lands. A part of the world where a great demand for labor-saving farm machinery is expected soon to develop is Argentina, where, out of about 120,000,000 acres of land available for cultivation, less than 25,000,000 acres are now utilized for agricultural purposes. Owing to natural conditions, it is believed that Argentina can never become a great manufacturing country, but its agricultural possibilities are very large. Yet of its 5,000,000 inhabitants, only 2,000,000 live in the rural districts, and their numbers are sufficient to develop the resources of the land. Lately, however, the farmers have learned that they must make one man do the work of many men, and for his purpose they are beginning to import agricultural machinery.—Youth's Companion.

It's Different When It's Your Own. "Young Dr. Koelthyme always impressed me as having nerves of iron, judging by the cool way he performed his most serious operations," remarked his friend, "but yesterday when I met him in consultation he was the most excited and rattled man I have seen in a long while."

"It must have been a most unusual and extraordinary case."

"No, one of the doctor's own children had a mild attack of measles."—N. Y. Times.

ROLLS DOWN MOUNTAIN.

Scotch Clergyman Has Wonderful Escape from Frightful Death in a Thunderstorm.

Edinburgh.—Rev. Mr. Robertson, of Edinburgh, a prominent member of the Scottish Mountaineering club, has had an experience in climbing Ben Nevis which he will not soon forget.

Between his departed condition as a Fort Williams hotel, he had undergone the terrible experience of rolling 1,000 feet down the mountain side.

The day was a most unsuitable one for climbing. Snow was falling incessantly and there were frequent storms of thunder and lightning.

Mr. Robertson nevertheless determined to climb the mountain, and started off alone to make the ascent.

He reached the summit in safety. On his return, at the top of a dangerous snow slope, he was holding on with his ice-ax when there came a vivid flash of lightning which he thinks struck the metal of his ax.

The shock precipitated him over the edge of the slope and he began to roll. He gathered speed every moment, and was dashed against the boulders which strewed the mountain side.

Mr. Robertson calculates that he must have rolled 1,000 feet before a rock directly in his way stopped him. Then he lay unconscious for a period which he cannot estimate.

He must have been stunned almost from the beginning of his fall, for he could recollect nothing that happened between the time that he realized that he was slipping and his arrival at the hotel.

His wounds were dressed, and he is now making satisfactory progress at the hotel.

Mr. Robertson's escape from death is regarded by those who know the spot where the accident occurred as little short of miraculous.

FISH CAUGHT FOUR TIMES.

Remarkable Tale of Finny Creature Which Avoided Death Three Times Brought to Light.

McHenry, Ill.—In the catch of a large pickerel in Pistakee bay, near here, by a neighboring farmer, a remarkable fish story, in fact almost the first one of the year, which had its beginning early last season has been brought to light.

M. F. Huber, of Chicago, a summer resident on Fox river last year caught a pickerel, in the side of which he found a broken hook and in extricating his line from the catch, his hook, also, broke. Upon reaching home after his trip, he deposited the fish, still alive, in a fish box, alongside the pier at his residence. The water surface in the box was about a foot below the top of the compartment which was left open and imagine Huber's surprise, when he went to investigate the next morning, on seeing the pickerel jump from the box and swim away.

His surprise was even greater when, upon arriving at the lake this year, he was told that the tale of a lost fish, which he had been expounding all winter, had been increased threefold in interest. Upon his visit to the lake Huber learned that the self-same pickerel, with two broken hooks in its neck and an entire hook in its stomach, had been captured by a farmer friend.

The fish weighs ten pounds, and so the story goes, must have been caught by different fishermen at least four times, living through three of the experiences. However, this finny wizard will furnish no more remarkable fish tales, for its captor's family consumed it, the same day it was caught.

BUYS VELASQUEZ FOR \$50.

New York Man Finds Rare Gem in Sale of Collection of Old Paintings—Came from Peru.

New York.—Declaring his belief that for \$50 he has bought a painting worth \$50,000, Dr. Herman Linde, an expert on old pictures, is being congratulated by his friends. Dr. Linde declares he bought at the Fifth avenue auction rooms at a sale of ancient paintings, brought from Peru 45 years ago, a long-lost canvas by Velasquez entitled "Bacchanale" and catalogued as of the Spanish school.

The large picture, which, although in a bad state of preservation, has much merit, was only obtained by Dr. Linde after an exciting episode. The auctioneer, William B. Norman, had knocked down the canvas at \$19 when Dr. Linde jumped up and excitedly declared that he had bid more. After a heated discussion the picture was again put up and finally sold to the claimant.

There was a small audience and the prices for canvases attributed to such old masters as Rubens, Murillo and Carlo Dolci sold for ridiculously small sums. A head of Christ by Peter Johann Brandel brought only \$13 and some heads of saints by the same painter went for \$2 and \$3 each. The total obtained for 12 canvases was only \$1,017.

Mother of Triplets at Fifteen. Mrs. Pearl St. Clair, wife of a well-known young Clark (Mo.) farmer, and only 15 years old, gave birth to triplets, all girls, at her home in this county, recently. The three girls only weighed a slight fraction over five pounds, and all are alive. Mrs. St. Clair was married two years ago, and is the mother of four children. The attending physician says all the triplets will live.

Light on Auto Collisions. A Chicago physician has diagnosed a case under his care as auto-intoxication. Wonder if that doesn't explain the frequency of those collisions and accidents.

"CHILDREN NOT WANTED."

Property Owners in Boston Cause Thinning Out of Little Ones in That City.

The migration to the suburbs of the families with children is growing. In natural consequence the number of children to be found within the limits of the city proper is decreasing, says the Boston Advertiser. Any sociologist tenement-house commissioner, census-taker or real estate agent will tell you this. The child is no longer admitted to many of our most desirable apartment-houses, private dwellings, or exclusive hotels. It was about 15 years ago, so real estate men say, that people in the apartment-house district began to regard children as obnoxious because of their noise and games. Property owners took their cue from this and objected to children because they tear a house to pieces, so that now the paterfamilias, with a lot of "hopefuls" yet in their leading strings, is compelled either to content himself with a tenement in the most congested quarters of the city or go far out in the suburban towns, where children are not under the ban. It is a bold statement to make, that our people of the middle class are forced into the suburbs or into the tenement district because of their children, yet there is evidence of it in nearly every residential quarter of the city.

Boston would like to say that this truth does not apply here. But our tenement-house commission, which has been investigating the situation less than a year, has already received an inkling of it, and is prepared to have its worst fears confirmed. When the restrictions against the letting of apartments, suites, rooms in hotels or private residences to families with children are so inflexible it must be inevitable that the rearing of children will be vitally affected sooner or later. As President Roosevelt and President Eliot have agreed that the decrease in the birth rate among the Americans is lamentable in that it makes race suicide a national policy, there has been a disposition to cast the entire blame upon American parents. But when these parents, provided they are housed with children, cannot secure decent homes in some of the most respectable parts of the city, should all the blame be cast upon them? Does not the property owner, who wants to save the cost of repairs through the exclusion of the little barbarians, share in the responsibility?

There is one good result. Our suburbs are being rapidly built up, and when this is done our children are given the advantages of country life, which would be lost to them if they could have lived within the city limits. They have the fresh air, the trees, the brooks, and the fields to bring them health and strength. The children who do come into the world are undoubtedly benefited by this banishment from the city. Is this sufficient, though, to make up for the decrease in the birth rate which must be traced in a greater or less degree to the landlord's dislike of the child?

AMERICA'S EQUAL CHANCES

Illustrated in the Strange Story of Two Clerks in Pension Office at Washington.

That no form of government yet adopted by civilized man is more beneficial to those who live under it than that of the United States is inscribed in the daily life of everyone, says the Washington Star. The opportunities for every man to make of himself what he will, providing nature has endowed him with the brain element of success, are greater in this country than anywhere else on earth. It has never been questioned by students of the constitution, yet seldom is such a striking case discovered as one in the pension bureau.

Some 80 years ago a French refugee landed on one of the islands of the West Indies, where he set himself up in business as a small planter. Success attended his diligence, and he acquired a competence and a number of slaves. A few years prior to the civil war he sold out his business and came to the United States to make his home.

One slave whom he brought with him he freed in Baltimore, securing for him an occupation. After the death of the Frenchman, who left a small family, the negro continued to prosper along the lines he had set for himself, rearing a family and sending one son to the war for the union. Two of the sons of his old master also fought for the flag in a Maryland regiment.

After the war these young soldiers settled down to retrieve their fortunes, reduced by the conflict and enforced neglect. It was a hard struggle, but they did fairly well. The sequel of the story is this. To-day at the same work, in the same office, a grandson of the French refugee and a grandson of the slave whom he freed in Baltimore years ago are employed by the government; they helped to save, and the story of their lives is known to few, even of the clerks who work with them. They are both rated as good clerks, and the fact of their both being there maintains the original statement of equal opportunities for all men under the banner of the great republic.

TEETH FOR SOLDIERS.

The British army council has decided to discontinue the experiment of providing recruits with artificial teeth. The soldiers would not pay for their teeth as agreed, out of their pay of 25 cents a day, and when the military authorities tried to make them they deserted, teeth and all.

CURIOUS FLOWER FASHION.

From Vienna comes a curious millinery fashion, that of wearing artificial flowers. "natural" as regards shape, but dyed a wrong color. There are crimson violets, blue roses and yellow lilies of the valley.

DOGS ON POLICE FORCE.

Animals Have Become an Important Auxiliary of the Philadelphia Department.

The Philadelphia police are using dogs as helpers in their work. They have found that the famous St. Bernard dogs can be easily trained to discover unconscious men in alleyways or doorways or under wagons, who, because of drink, are succumbing to the cold, and if left uncares for would soon be beyond recovery, says the World of To-day.

Returning to his master, the dog speedily gives the policeman to understand that he is needed, by dragging at his coat until he follows him to the place where the unfortunate man is lying. And not until the latter has been transferred to the ambulance or the patrol wagon will the dog give his attention to other things.

With their marvelously keen scent these dogs are quick to detect the smell of fire, and therefore it has been easy to teach them to give warning to the police whenever they ferret out the presence of an incipient conflagration. One dog, named Rex, has discovered no less than five fires before a sign of smoke had revealed the danger to the watchman. Discovered thus early, while still in a smoldering condition, the fire was easily quenched, and thousands of dollars' worth of property thereby saved.

The St. Bernard dogs are also of service in the recovery of lost children. A little training has taught them that a crying child in the midst of a group of people is probably lost, and they have several times brought to the station house some little boy or girl who has strayed away from home or friends.

The dog police auxiliary has not yet been officially recognized in Philadelphia, but it is nevertheless a very efficient branch of the service. The demonstration of the ability of the dogs and the interests of public safety may lead in the future to the use of the St. Bernards in other cities and towns as adjuncts to the police force.

SUCH A LOVELY ERRAND.

This Cherub of Four Had His Own Reason for Liking Brother Jack Best.

He was a cherubic youth of four, with a beautiful, blue-eyed countenance and an angelic smile—the kind of a boy that honest persons long instinctively to kidnap. He sat on the fence, swinking his heels and humming a kindergarten song, says Lippincott's.

"Oh, you darling!" cried an impulsive young woman, pouncing upon him and giving him a hug. "How your mother any more like you? Have you any little brothers?"

Yup," replied the angelic boy, "got three. Me and Jack and Billy and Frank."

"Which one do you like best?"

"Jack, I guess," replied the youngster after a moment of deep thought. "Yup, I like Jack best."

"And why?" asked the young woman, "do you like Jack best?"

"Cause he did such a lovely errand for me once."

"What was that lovely errand?"

"He hit Billy on the leg," replied the sweetly serious cherub.

"Why?" pursued the young woman, "didn't you do your own hitting?"

"Cause I hate the taste of Billy's legs," was the calm reply.

WIVES WITHOUT PIN MONEY

Reputedly Rich Women Who Have Less to Spend Than Wives of Laborers.

A thoughtful woman, discussing the marriage problem, remarked that the wife of an artisan or laborer is often more financially independent than the wife or daughter of a well-to-do man of the better classes.

"The wage-earner's wife gets her little allowance at the end of each week, and knows just how much she requires to make both ends meet. But in some supposedly wealthy households the money goes in so many ways, known and unknown, that the income is often an uncertain quantity to the wife or daughter managing the household. She is allowed to run up bills as she pleases, but she is given little or no money."

"I have known some of these reputedly rich women actually embarrassed for want of cash for railway fares, and even postage stamps. Any husband who is mean or careless enough to ignore such a state of affairs should be instructed in his duties."

OLD TREASURY BILL.

An uncounted treasury bill for £100, dated 1715, was presented to the Bank of England the other day. It is genuine, and it is believed that it was issued at 3 per cent. compound interest. That makes its present value £26,000, or \$130,000. The treasury has not yet paid it, but the general opinion seems to be that it will have to do so.

NOT A SAFE CRITERION.

Mr. Higgins thinks he has the brightest, most promising boy in the world.

"Yes," answered Miss Cayenne, "but that's no sign. Mr. Higgins' parents no doubt thought the same of him once."—Washington Star.

SYMPATHY THAT WAS WASTED.

Kind Lady—Here's a nickel; but what are you crying for, little boy? Little Boy—I ain't cryin'. Dis is me regular face.—Hartford (Conn.) Courant.

NOTABLE EATING CONTEST

When General Vaughan Upheld His Title as Champion of Barbecues.

"One of the most amusing contests I ever saw," said the man who is fond of a story, relates the New Orleans Times-Democrat, "was at a barbecue in Shelby county, Tennessee, some years ago, an occasion which had been arranged because of a fierce political contest which was being waged in that county at the time. Barbecues are great factors in campaigns in these days. They count for much in Tennessee as they do elsewhere. On these occasions the spellbinder ambles forth; the fellows with the glad hand, the smiler, the jollier, the baby-kisser—all these and more are to be found in full force when the barbecue is the thing on tap."

"It was an event of this sort that developed the amusing contest I have in mind, and the contest was between two old confederate soldiers, each of whom had left a leg on a battlefield of the '60s. One of them was Gen. A. J. Vaughan, as gallant a soldier and as fine a civilian as God's sun ever shone upon. Andrew J. McLendon, thrice the sheriff of Shelby county, twice county trustee, also soldier and civilian of note, was the other. They bantered each other for an eating match, with barbecued meat as the particular weapon in the contest. For years various men had been trying to wrest the championship laurels from Gen. Vaughan, but no man could ever do it. McLendon's friends urged him to enter the contest, for he, too, was a man of note at barbecues, and a force for cooks and waiters to reckon with."

"The thing was on. I never saw such eating in my life. The waiters kept coming a crowd gathered around the veterans. 'Stand back, boys,' said Gen. Vaughan, good-naturedly, 'and make room for the bones. Besides, Mac will need air directly.' The bones kept piling up. The waiters kept running from the pit to the contestants. 'Anybody here got an extra cork leg?' said McLendon, banteringly. 'If they have, chase it out. The general will need it directly and he'll need it worse than he did after Shiloh. Both men kept eating. But it was evident that McLendon was getting tired. The jig was about up with him. About that time he was washed up with a whole leg of mutton."

"Gen. Vaughan was game. He grabbed it before McLendon knew what was going on, and began to eat on it. McLendon could not stand the pressure. He eyed the leg of mutton for a moment, 'Look here, general,' he said, finally while gasping for breath, 'if you'll call this thing off, I'll give you every time you run for office from now on to the end of time. It was called off and Gen. Vaughan held on to his laurels as champion barbecue eater up to the time of his death, which was several years after the event in question."

'T WAS REALLY UNEXPECTED

He Had Overlooked So Many Chances to Propose She Thought He Hadn't the Nerve.

When he proposed marriage she asked for time to think it over, relates London Tit-Bits.

"This is unexpected," she said. He gave her the necessary time, and she finally decided that he fulfilled all the requirements of the situation. Then they reached a point where they could discuss matters calmly.

"Of course," he said, jokingly, "it wasn't really unexpected at all."

"Oh, yes, it was," she replied. "Absurd!" he exclaimed. "A girl always says that. She knows what's coming and when it's coming, because she is just naturally an expert in such matters."

"I thought I was, but you fooled me," she insisted.

"And it was a complete surprise?"

"It was."

"I don't understand it," he commented.

"Well," she explained, ingeniously, "you had overlooked so many splendid chances I gave you for a proposal that I had begun to think nothing would ever give you nerve enough to speak out, so it really was unexpected."

"Oh!" he said, and that was all. There didn't seem to be anything else to say.

IN JAPANESE HOSPITALS.

The greatest difference between the work of Japanese hospitals and those of our country is the former's simplicity of equipment and economy of management. We are apt to surround ourselves with so many "labor-saving devices" that the mere care of them becomes a burden, and in our hospitals there is generally a liberal use of supplies. At Hiroshima the really important things, including an X-ray and photographing outfit and a chemical laboratory, are all to be found, but not things which are considered unnecessary. Ban lages from clean wounds are washed, rolled by hand, and used repeatedly, while laundry is kept at a minimum by rules specifying the length of time bedding and linens are to be used.—Century.