

MARRIED AT SCHOOL.

ROMANCE OF A PRETTY YOUNG SCHOOL GIRL.

After the Ceremony Was Over She Returned to Her Studies but Could Not Keep Her Secret—The Teacher Then Dismissed Her.

BECAUSE she eloped and was married, Mrs. Samuel Frazier of Crescent, a suburb of St. Louis, has been barred from attendance at high school. Mrs. Frazier was Miss Gertrude W. Lewis. She is 17 years old and would have graduated next June had she been allowed to finish. As it is the will only be allowed to continue at school by special permission of the school board. Mrs. Frazier's marriage had much that is romantic in it. It had been supposed for a year that she was engaged to Hal Frazier of Lindenwood, St. Louis county, a cousin of her husband. She surprised her relatives, however, by quietly journeying to Clayton, Mo., in company with Sam Frazier and marrying him. They went the same evening to the Lewis home at Crescent, and the next day the bride went to school as usual. Her secret was too big for her to keep, and the new Mrs. Frazier told several of her schoolmates, under pledge of secrecy, of course, of her changed estate. Young schoolgirls are not expert secret keepers and the romance soon became the gossip of the school. It came to the ears of Principal Bryan. He called the blushing bride into his office and plumped the question fairly at her. She blushed and stammered, but she confessed it was true she was married. "I am afraid, Mrs. Frazier," with the accent on the name, said Principal Bryan, "that you cannot go to school any more. I don't think married women can be admitted." Mrs. Frazier went out from Mr. Bryan's presence with her head up in the air,



MRS. SAMUEL H. FRAZIER.

And, gathering up her books, she went home by the first train. When she told her story to her husband and her friends, it is said they expressed the greatest indignation.

Negroes With Red Hair. A man sees lots of funny things while traveling around the country, but the most peculiar sight I ever saw was in Omaha the last time I was there," said Charles Killinger of Cincinnati. "While walking along the street there one day I saw two negroes with hair as red as any red hair you ever saw. It was as kinky as the negro wool usually is. It was a funny sight, and I stopped to look at them as they went down the street. A friend of mine, who resides there, told me those negroes had come from the south some years ago, and, as far as he knew, were full-blooded darkies. Six-fingered people are not uncommon, but for 'reaks those darkies took the cake."

Warns Saloonists. Beverly C. Bass, at one time a prominent local politician of Chattanooga, Tenn., has today published a card in which he announced himself as a habitual drunkard, and warned the saloon men and liquor dealers of this city that they would be held legally responsible if they either sold or gave him whisky. Bass has held a number of responsible positions, being a thoroughly capable business man, all of which he lost through excessive drink. The saloon men agreed that they would neither sell nor give him drink.

Smallest on Record. A babe born in Quincy, Ill., weighs less than a pound. It was necessary to use the dresses and underwear of a doll for her raiment. Her face is not much larger around than a silver half dollar, the fingers are no thicker than a darning needle, and her feet are one-quarter inch in length and her legs about as large as the little finger of an adult. Her body could be placed in a quart cup.

Bogus Electric Belts. An exchange reports that in an examination that was made of some "electric belts" sold by a street fakir it was found that beneath a strip of gauze was a layer of dry mustard. When the wearer perspired a little the mustard was moistened and set up a burning sensation, and the deluded victim believed a current of electricity was passing through him.

UNITED BY WHISKY.

How John Barleycorn Overcame the Fear of Yellow Fever.

An amusing story is told in connection with a conference that occurred on the line of the Illinois Central railroad between representatives of the Mississippi and Louisiana boards of health while the fever was running high, says the New Orleans States. Two trains bearing the officials of both states met at a lonely sidetrack and the Mississippians informed the Louisianians that the conference must be held at distance of sixty feet. This was agreed to and the parley proceeded, the distance between the parties being strictly observed. In the course of the talk on health matters, which is a rather dry subject, some one on the Louisiana side produced a bottle of whisky, took a swig and passed it to his comrades, who repeated the operation. The Mississippians saw what was going on, smacked their lips and boldly advanced ten feet. Once more the bottle passed from Louisianian to Louisianian. This was more than the Mississippians could stand and they pushed their line forward twenty more feet, faltered and then charged with a whoop. In less time than it takes to tell it Mississippi and Louisiana were clasped in each other's embrace, and the latter, appreciating the former's capacity, produced several bottles and nobody thought about germs. We relate this pleasant little story merely to show that John Barleycorn is a power and can conquer even the fear of yellow fever.

FRANCES WOOD'S GRAVE.

Monument Now Marks the Spot Where She Was Murdered.

A beautiful marble monument in Spartanburg county, S. C., bears upon it this significant inscription: "To the Memory of Miss Frances Heaton Wood, Who Died in Defense of Her Virtue." The monument is of white marble, stands fifteen feet on a massive stone base, and bears every mark of simplicity and purity. It never fails to attract the attention of strangers who may be in that part of the state, and is probably the only monument in the world erected by strangers to a stranger for the single motive that inspired those simple country people of the Palmetto state.

The story of this woman and her horrible fate is told by Col. W. G. Field of Pickens county, S. C., who knew her well, and is familiar with the circumstances of her death. "I met her at Easley, S. C., the day she left the county. She was traveling alone to her sister's house. On her way she called at the residence of a white man of the name of Moore to get directions. Moore told her a near way through a large body of forest-timbered land to the road leading to her destination, and proposed to accompany her on the road, as there was only a dim, unused trail way through there. She indignantly refused to allow him to accompany her, and that was the last seen of her, except by that demon, until her dead, robbed and mutilated body was found by the buzzards.

"When found her money and jewelry were gone. Her dead, mutilated form, with her hair pulled out, and scattered around her, and her clothing torn into shreds, was a most horrible sight. All the surroundings went to prove most conclusively that she 'fought till she died.' Suspicion at once rested upon 'Devil John Moore,' as he was known, and he, when caught, carried conclusive proof of his guilt—the struggle he engaged in with her.

"The entire country turned out to assist in the capture and lynching of the demon. It was some twenty-four hours before he was captured. Her body had lain about three days before being discovered. When caught he was carried to the battle ground, and there, without any disguise, in the presence of a thousand witnesses, he paid the penalty, which was heartily approved by everybody.

"She died among strangers, yet among friends, who gave her body a



decent burial, and erected a monument to her memory. All this occurred nearly twenty years ago."

Alire for Five Years. The Oberholzer sawmill, near Clay City, Ind., is the scene of a peculiar fire. Near by is an immense dump of sawdust which has accumulated during the many years' activity of the mill. Some five years ago it caught fire and it has been smoldering in parts ever since. Recently the fire broke out afresh, and it has now been burning fiercely for several days.

Don't Know What They Missed. A traveling show advertised to exhibit kinetoscope pictures of the Corbett-Pittsimmmons fight at Rantoul, Ill., recently. Several churches united and bought off the man by paying him \$25 to leave town.

FRENCH MARRIAGES.

13 THE ONE GREAT OBJECT OF EVERY GIRL'S LIFE.

When Mademoiselle Rebets—Not Forced to Marry a Man Whom She Positively Dislikes—French Parents Are the Most Devoted in the World.

The old marriage de convenance, which caused so much sorrow and consequent evil in former days, when a girl was taken out of a convent to be shown the man to whom she was about to be married, is now a thing of the past, says the Century. It must be acknowledged, however, that marriages are still made up, often too hastily and superficially, by nicely balanced family arrangements and by the intervention of friends. Nevertheless, attraction and repulsion are now taken into consideration, and a girl is no longer forced to marry a man whom she positively dislikes. I could quote instances in the very highest (historical) aristocracy where, at the last moment, after the trousseau had been sent in (marked, according to custom, with the united initial letter of the two names elaborately embroidered), and all the social preparations made, the marriage was broken off because the bride had declared that she could not "get accustomed" to the bridegroom nor endure the idea of seeing his face in her home during her natural life. In one of these instances the family lamentations over the initials of the trousseau were really amusing. Fortunately, a substitute was soon found, whose name like that of the rejected suitor began with an X, and the complications were thus happily settled. The great object of the French girl's life is marriage. From the time of her birth her parents have prepared for this event, and in many cases they have considerably straitened their income and curtailed their enjoyments to make up her dot. Every girl in every class is expected to have something; those who have nothing are exceptions and constitute a minority of old maids. The girls who from choice do not marry generally become nuns, usually much against the wishes of their parents. The old tales of young women being forced into convents to improve the position of their brothers are forgotten in these days when, while no child can on any pretense be deprived of a share in the father's inheritance, monastic vows are not recognized by law. Nuns and spinsters are exceptions; marriage is

the rule. When a girl is of an age to be introduced into society her friends and relatives immediately look out for a suitable husband, whom it is considered highly desirable to obtain before she has reached the age of 21, that she may not be proclaimed fille majeure when the banns are published. The principal considerations are equality of birth, of position, of fortune; and in the last particular the scale is usually expected to weigh rather more on the side of the young lady, especially if the young man, in addition to sufficient present advantages, can bring forward a number of relatives not likely to live long. This is called having hopes (des esperances—beau coup d'esperances). If the young lady with a substantial dot can also show a satisfactory background of invalid uncles and aunts then everything is as it should be and the young couple are brought together with every prospect of a favorable conclusion. It happens, however, too often that they do not know each other sufficiently and that they are persuaded to believe that the mutual liking is greater than it really is. Sometimes this sort of undefined attraction ripens into a deep and devoted love; when this occurs there are no more affectionate wives or more faithful widows than French women. More frequently, especially in the higher classes, a sort of cool friendliness springs up, where they see but little of each other and freedom is enjoyed on both sides. The authority of the husband is less felt than in an English household. There is a sort of understanding that in her home the wife is queen and settles matters as she pleases. But their best and warmest feelings are awakened by all that concerns their children. French parents are perhaps the most affectionate in the world. The interests and welfare of their children are their first consideration, and wonderful sacrifices are made in favor of their sons and daughters by the most worldly men and women. These are taken as a matter of course; no one thinks of doing otherwise or of seeing any merit in such acts. The mothers, especially, are unequalled; nothing will stand in the way of a French woman where her children's interests are concerned. This love is so engrossing that it swallows up every other; they are more mothers than wives, and if called upon to choose between allowing a husband to go alone on a foreign mission, or leaving their children, they would not hesitate. "Mes enfants avant tout."

Modesty outshines diamonds.

WOMEN TOURING ALONE.

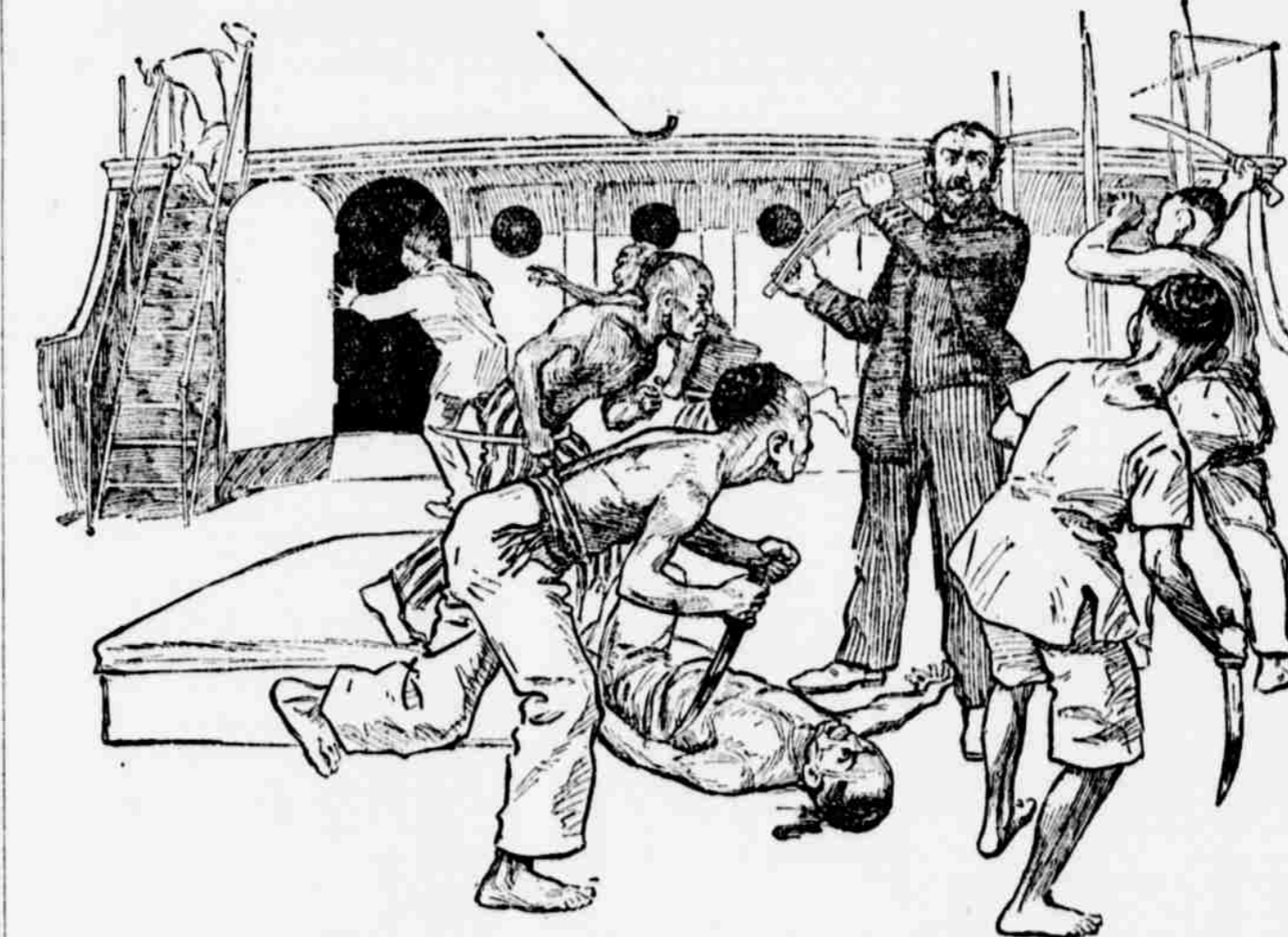
American Wives a Source of Wonderment to Foreign Sisters.

Among Europeans of what are called the upper classes much surprise is constantly expressed at the freedom with which American women travel unescorted through Europe. A recently recalled American minister to a continental court was once asked by a court official: "Haf American wives no husbands at all, then? They come—three, four, six at once to court. They ask to be presented to the king; they ask to be invited to state dinners; they must walk in mit a duke. There are not dukes enough to go round. Why do not their husbands come and walk in mit some duchesses?" At the Austrian court no Americans outside of the diplomatic circle are presented; very few at Berlin; while Queen Margherita of Italy, who has been more hospital to our people than any other continental sovereign, has recently declined to receive any married woman unaccompanied by her husband. "Have they no homes in their own country, these poor ladies?" asked a Frenchwoman, "that they spend months or years in Europe wandering about alone?" It was explained to her that American men often remained at home earning the money necessary to send their wives and daughters abroad for the education which foreign travel gives. "If that be so," she replied, "they will study art and language hard so as to return quickly to those who work for them. They will not buy costly clothes nor push their way into every court in Europe."

A Lasting Faith.

The most forcible example of a faith that is lasting ever recorded in the southwest is shown in the history of Capt. George Searles of Tombstone. For eight long years he has been working one claim that has never yet returned him a cent. With no other assistance than his own hands he has already done 1,000 feet of work in shafts and drifts. His claim is just below Tombstone, quite near the stage road and not far from the famous Contention mine. His faith is that the rich Contention ledge runs through his claim and that ere long he will strike that ledge and jump in a moment from almost a pauper to a millionaire. No one else believes this, but that makes no difference to him and every day he goes down to his mine he expects to come out a rich man.—San Francisco Call.

PIRACY ON THE HIGH SEAS FLOURISHES TODAY.



AN ATTACK BY CHINESE PIRATES.

"That piracy on the high seas is by no means a thing of the past—that it did not cease with the suppression of the Buccaneers of the Spanish Main—is well known. But the past year seems to have been especially prolific in piratical deeds, and proves that the maritime powers will have to devote some of their ships to the suppression of this crime against the laws of nations and the welfare of mankind.

The last important piracy was committed something over two months ago, when a ship bound from New York to Marseilles was captured by pirates soon after she had entered the Mediterranean Sea. It was the Italian ship Freduca, commanded by Captain Mac-cetta.

Off the coast of Morocco she became becalmed, and, being caught in a swift current, was carried ashore. As soon as she touched an armed band of Riffs swarmed around her in their boats and boarded her. The Riffs overpowered the crew and stripped the vessel of all the money and clothing on board and of everything else movable. Then they took the captain and several sailors to hold for ransom and put ashore, promising to return and dispose of the rest of the crew later.

While the pirates were ashore a breeze sprang up, and as the ship had only touched lightly, the crew remaining on board were able to work her off the shoal and stand out over toward the coast of Europe out of the pirates' reach. So far as is known the captain has not been ransomed, nor has Italy sent any man-of-war to punish the Riffs.

About two months before this Italian ship was captured by pirates in the

Mediterranean a British steamship passing through the Straits of Malacca was captured by pirates. It was the steamer Pegu, commanded by Captain Ross.

At Erid, one of the ports where the coasting steamers stop for a cargo of pepper, eleven Achinese men and one woman came on board. According to custom, Captain Ross searched the men for concealed weapons. He found none, but it afterward was found that the woman, who had not been searched, had concealed, under her Malay "sarong," a collection of long and deadly knives, just fitted for piratical work.

The day after leaving Erid, while the captain and Chief Engineer Cragie were at dinner in the saloon, six armed Achinese burst in and attacked them fiercely. The officers were unarmed, but defended themselves the best they could with chairs. Though they were terribly slashed about the head and hands, they managed to fight their way to the deck. Cragie ran to the engine room, where he bolted the door, and was safe. The captain, however, was killed and literally hacked to pieces by the knives of the Achinese.

The pirates then attacked the mate and the quartermaster, who were on the bridge, and killed them. Two of the crew and two Chinese passengers were killed on the deck, and the rest terrified into non-resistance. Then the ship was looted and the safe opened and \$15,000 taken from it. The pirates lowered two boats, and, loading them with booty, departed for the shore.

In almost exactly the same place where the Pegu was looted another steamer shared the same fate not long before. The arms with which the first

steamer was captured were smuggled on board her in the bed of a "fake" sick woman.

To turn from the Mediterranean Sea and the Indian Ocean to waters nearer home, the case of the pirate Oscar Bartels has recently been attracting attention on the Pacific coast, because of the sentence to two years' penal servitude which he has just received in Mexico.

He began his career on the Pacific by stealing the schooner Dawn, which was lying in the harbor of San Diego. He and a man named Behn secretly got provisions on board the unguarded craft and then one night they hoisted sail and stood down the coast for the Gulf of California, for Guadeloupe Island, where they had heard a large number of goat skins had been collected and left with only two men to watch them while the owners took the first load up the coast.

The freebooters reached the island, surprised the two men in charge, seized 1,600 skins and all the men's provisions, tied one man to a tree and warned the other not to untie him until the schooner was out of sight. Then they went to Santa Barbara and sold the plundered skins, while the two men on the island lived on roots and berries until a vessel came along and rescued them.

After that the adventures of Bartels would fill a big book, and be interesting reading. He stole vessel after vessel, and when people were on board whom he did not wish to have about he threw them overboard. Strange to say, the people he threw overboard, as far as is known, always managed to get to shore or to be rescued by boats from other vessels.

OUR BUDGET OF FUN.

SOME GOOD JOKES, ORIGINAL AND SELECTED.

How He Swore Off—How a Woman Put Her Husband to the Test—Some Fresh Morsels from the Comic Papers—Flotsam and Jetsam.



How He Swore Off. I S sweet heart thought profanity A kind of mild insanity And begged him to forego it after January one; And so he promised solemnly, Calling on the mummied Ptolemy To witness he and cusswords big forever more were done.

Condensing His Facts. Tourist.—"Why does that woman wear a shell pin in her hair at the back of her head, while the others have theirs differently arranged?" Japanese Host.—"That is a style of headdress worn by those of our widows who desire to marry again."

Tourist (making mem. in notebook).—"In Japan, when a woman's husband dies she arranges her hair over a shell pin at the back of her head."

The Only Exception. "Jaysmith is always blowing about his wealth," said the major to the judge. "Nonsense," replied the judge. "Not ten minutes ago I heard him telling a man that he hadn't a dollar to call his own."

"Yes, I saw the man he was talking to. He is the assessor in Jaysmith's ward."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Satisfied. Winnie.—"Did you get many nice presents at Christmas?" Emma.—"Didn't I though! Why, I got a pair of tires—just what I needed; and a silver-plated lamp—dearest thing you ever saw; and a new kind of bell—a regular chime; and a complete repair kit—curling-irons and all; and a cyclometer that weighs only a quarter of an ounce!"

Sprucing Up. Mr. Gotham—It's time for us to start for Mrs. De Avenoo's, but ahem! Don't you think you ought to spruce up a little? Col. Kaintuck (of Louisville)—Oh! ah! Yes, certainly. Just wait a moment, until take a fresh quid and reverse my cuffs.—New York Weekly.

A Burden-Lightener. "I have always tried to lighten the burdens of the toiler," said the eminent citizen. "I understand," said the scoffer "that your hands always carry home lighter bundles on pay day than any other set of men in the same trade."—Indianapolis Journal.

Undoubtedly. "He is a marked man," said the fat lady. "Who are you talking about?" inquired the blonde of the two-headed girl combination. "The tattooed man," said the fat lady. And then she chuckled.—New York World.

Accounted For. "Did your wife have access to your clothes the night the money disappeared?" asked the man who had gone to the judge for a warrant against the hired man. "Durned if she didn't. I guess I'll jest drop the case, judge."—Detroit Free Press.

Justice on the Klondike. Justice Chilcoat (to prisoner)—"How came you to hurl the rock through the window of this man's store?" Prisoner—"Reason enough, your honor. I heard that the inmates of the jail was to be given a meal of victuals, and I wanted some of it."

Usually the Case. Brothers.—"Beatty likes his joke," Wilkins.—"Likes? Why, he must be dead in love with it, judging by the number of times he tells it."

But He Left It There. Inky Ike.—"Tim, was you ever wery lucky findin' walubatics?" Tired Tim.—"Well, once I found a fork in the road."



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