

THIRTY THOUSAND PITTSBURG CHILDREN START TO SCHOOL IN THE MORNING.

A THOUSAND NEW URCHINS. The Teachers Will Return to Their Work With Light Hearts.

SPARE THE ROD IS NOW THE RULE. One Good Lady Takes the Whippings Herself and is a Success.

LITTLE GIRLS IN THE COOKING SCHOOL. CHOO! begins to-morrow.

At least 1,000 little boys and girls will start to school in this city to-morrow for the first time.

Probably the next thought that comes into that tired mother's mind is, "Well, I will be rid of the youngsters most of the day. That's one consolation."

PUPILS FOR THE FIRST TIME. The mamma who can't bear to have their darlings "out of sight one moment," still exist, but it is questionable whether those "darlings" are the kind who whoop and yell from the front of the school.

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A WHALE FOR A PET. The Monster That Amuses a Lonely Planter of the South Sea.

PENNED IN BY REEFS OF CORAL. Affection of the Leviathan Won by Picking Crabs From His Eye.

ANTICS THAT SHOW INTELLIGENCE. (WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.)

On a small island in the middle of the South Pacific lives a planter, the only white man on the island, which is full of brown-skinned folk who cut and dry the meat of coconuts which he sells to trading vessels.

When any stranger stops at his island he enjoyed the attention and gave every assistance in his power by drawing up his lips to give free access to the gums, and laid bare a bristling array of teeth.

When the planter gave up the whale he was expected to give an animal to the other side. Immediately the great head sank, passed under the boat and came up dripping on the other side.

When this happened the whale struck quickly ahead until it was 600 or 700 feet away from the boat.

Then it began a series of antics, and displayed an agility scarcely to be expected from a creature of that size.

It swam in a circle, it gambled like a dolphin, it threw itself clear from the water, making a great splash and dangerous waves when it fell.

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A TYPEWRITER'S WOE. She Copies for Playwrights and Finds Them Half Cracked, ESPECIALLY ON MONEY MATTERS.

A Play That Made Her Fall to the Floor and Tear Her Apron. WRITING LETTERS FOR A LOVER. (CORRESPONDENCE OF THE DISPATCH.)

NEW YORK, August 30.—"I'm that sick of plays I could go and jump off the Brooklyn bridge!"

The exclamation came from the lips of a pretty typewriter who has an office in the principal theatrical exchange in New York and who makes a specialty of dramatic work.

All plays and players "parade" as she says on the typewriting machine now; as are also a good many theatrical contracts, though most of these are on regular printed forms.

"If people had to read all the dramatic rough-prints in here for me to copy they would never enter another theater," continued this sprightly damsel.

"You have been a good many stupid things on the stage—and read a many more you wouldn't go to see. Well, they compose the flower of the drama. You just ought to see the things that these rough-prints signify of public presentation."

They are probably numerically in the same proportion as rejected manuscripts in a great publishing house is to the accepted.

She is tall and rather like in movement, dark-eyed, brown-haired, masculine, quick and keen of speech.

With a little more of the same she would be a long pent-up spirit of rebellion.

THEY'RE CRAZY. "No, you couldn't pull me into a theater with a span of Norman horses. I'm sick of plays and disgusted with players and playwrights."

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IN THE NAME OF THE LAW. BY STANLEY J. WEYMAN.

That! Mon Dieu! Then with a sudden exclamation he sprang up: "What is the matter? What has happened?"

He had been sitting with his back to the door, but he turned now so as to face it. Something had started him, a rustling in the straw behind him.

"What is that?" he asked, his face lowering and watchful. "The girl had risen also, and as the last word passed his lips, sprang by him with a low cry, and aimed a frantic blow with her stool at something he could not see."

"What is it?" he asked, recoiling. "A rat!" he answered, breathless. And she uttered another blow at it.

"Where?" he asked frantically. "Where?" he asked frantically. "Where?" he asked frantically.

He stared at her in stupid wonder. "What did she mean? What had come to her?" "Have you had sunstroke, my girl?" he said suspiciously.

Her sun-brown face was a shade less brown than usual; but she met his eyes boldly, and said: "No, adding an explanation which for the moment satisfied him. But he did not sit down again."

When she went out he went also, and as he stepped out he saw the figure of a woman rose gradually into the night. She came along slowly in a stooping posture, dragging behind her a great load of straw, which completely hid the little sledges on which it rested, and which was attached to her waist by a rope of twisted hay.

The figure of a woman—rather of a girl. As she drew nearer it could be seen that her cheeks, though brown and unsharpened, were as smooth as a child's. She looked scarcely 18. Her head was bare, and her short petticoats were tucked up to her knees.

He looked at her with dancing motes. Inside he stood stock still until he had regained the use of his eyes, and then he began to peer around him. In a moment he noticed a rat scurrying across the floor, hidden by the straw lay a young man in the deep sleep of utter exhaustion.

His face, which bore traces of more than common manliness, was pale as death. His hair hung about his forehead. His clothes were in rags, and his feet, bound up in pieces torn at random from his blouse, the two remaining halves met a few paces from the door.

Michael Teller bent over him, remarking these things with glancing eyes. The peasant stole out again. "It is 5 hours," he muttered, blinking in the sunlight. "Ha! a crow!"

He looked around cautiously, but could see no sign of his wife, and after hesitating and postponing a minute or two, he took the path of the rat, his active astuteness leading him to saunter slowly along in his ordinary fashion. After that the moorland about the cottage lay seemingly deserted.

At intervals the girl dragged some heavy load of straw, but each time she seemed to linger in the barn no longer than was necessary. Michael's absence, though it was a relief, raised no suspicion in her breast, for he would frequently go down to the village to spend the afternoon. The sun sank lower, and the shadow of the great manly figure, standing in the plain, pointed out the moor, about a mile away, rose gaunt and black against a rosy sky, grew longer and longer, and then, as twilight fell, the two remaining halves met a few paces from the door.

He asked some questions about the work she had been doing, and she answered briefly. Then, almost unaccountably, she went in together. The girl set the bread and oil on the table, and going to the great pot which had been simmering all day on the fire, poured some broth into two plates, and showed him a little broth left in the bottom of the pot, and this induced a new feeling in him—anger. "What is this?" he asked, looking at the plate. "It is the last of the day's work."

"Well, my Jeanne," he said in his gibing tone, "are you long for my new?" "The hand of the peasant turned toward the pitcher of cider, which with black bread and outlaws, formed their meal, shook, but she answered simply: "If you please, Michael."

"Well, the Girondins have been beaten, my girl, and are lying all over the country. That is the news. Master Pierre is among them. It is not good, if he has not been killed already. I wish he would come this way."

"Why?" she asked, suddenly looking up at him, a flash of light in her gray eyes. "Not for this rat," he answered. "It might not do, my girl. On I know all about it," he continued. "I have been down to the village, and seen the mayor, and he is coming up to catch him." He set toward the partition, and she knew that her secret was known.

"It is Pierre," she said, trembling violently and turning first crimson and then white. "I know it, Jeanne. It was excellent of you! Excellent! It is long since you have done such a good work."

"My faith, I shall!" he answered, affecting, and perhaps really feeling, wonder at her simplicity. "I will not give him up?" "My faith, I shall!" he answered, affecting, and perhaps really feeling, wonder at her simplicity.

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