SAVANNAH COURIER.

Entered at the Post-Office at Savannah as Second Class Matter.

VOL. IX.—NO. 1. SAVANNAH, HARDIN COUNTY, TENNESSEE, THURSDAY, JANUARY 5, 1893. One Dollar Per Year.

TRAPPING COYOTES.

A Difficult Way For One to Make a Living.

Setting Traps in the Sierra Foothills—Unwelcome Guests That Are Pleasant—Traits of the Western Terrors—Talks with an Old Hunter.

George Peck is an old-timer, having come to California some time in the early fifties, and has had the usual experience of fortune and misfortune, mostly misfortune. He has long since quit hoping for a "strike," and is now a wandering, poverty-stricken old chap, keeping himself as much as possible out of the way of the world, never looks at a book or paper, mines "at odd spells," and hunts the greater part of the year. Lately he has been trapping along the Yuba, and has pitched his tent on a little flat known as the Keystone.

There are no valuable furs to be obtained in the lower foothills, but the coyotes are numerous on the Keystone, and as the state pays a bounty of five dollars for each scalp an expert trapper can make enough to keep body and soul together and have a little left over. But he must be an expert. The gaunt, hungry, sneaking coyote is more difficult to catch than a fox, and his habits, likes and dislikes, runways and nocturnal prowlings must be learned by the trapper before he can expect to take more than an occasional scalp.

The Keystone is a favorite yelping ground, and the rugged hills, with thick undergrowths, chaparral, cliffs and caves that abound along the Yuba at that point, furnish cozy retreats for hundreds of coyotes, foxes, coons, polecats and now and then a mountain cat or lynx. The polecats are perhaps the most numerous, and as they are not suspicious, prudent animals, relying upon their offensiveness to carry them safely through life, are a great nuisance to the trapper, who must, when he has caught one, thoroughly disinfect his trap, not a pleasant or easy task in the hills where water is scarce and deodorizing materials not easily obtainable.

"Coyote" Peck, as he is called, thoroughly understands the habits of coyotes. When I met him, a week ago, he was carrying four traps on his back and doing his best to keep out of sight behind a clump of manzanita bushes. At first he was surly and gave short replies to all my queries, but persistent efforts thawed the iciness of his manner and he asked me to accompany him and see how coyote trapping was carried on.

It was quite early in the forenoon, and the canyon down which we picked our way was yet cool. On either side were jagged, rocky steeps, gashed with innumerable cracks and crevices in which many nocturnal creatures were probably asleep. In the dust one could see the tracks of coons, foxes, coyotes, polecats, rats, mice and beetles.

"They preys on one another," said Peck. "Ther's thousands on thousands o' beetles yere, an' the coons an' foxes an' polecats is great fer sich things. They's in the rocks now."

"Do you catch the coons?"

"He, he! I should say I do. They's no harder to catch than skunks. You catch one by the end of his littlest toe an' he'll jist get right down an' stay there lookin' at his toe an' studyin' the trap, an' like as not he won't be through studyin' when you come in the mornin'. Coons is easy, an' foxes ain't hard, but they hain't wuth nothin' to me, so I generally lets the coons lay, an' the foxes, too, 'cept in the winter when it's real cold. Then the foxes' hides is wuth thirty cents apiece. They's no good till the fur's on, see?"

We tramped on for half an hour, and then, leaving the canyon, crossed a little ridge where the undergrowth had been burned away and a few scrubby pines and oaks clustered about a little spring. Handing me his traps, Peck stole cautiously ahead with his rifle and a minute later made a rapid shot at something sitting in the shade not far away. The animal shot was a jackrabbit.

"I nearly allus gits one here," said the old man. "They's the best kind of bait for coyotes. I've tried venison an' beef an' all kinds of meat, but jackrabbit beats 'em all. Coyotes is very particular about their vittles. You'd think a chicken would be better, 'cause coyotes is awful rough on chickens when they finds 'em in a coop, but 'tain't so. The coyotes knows that chickens is domestic fowls, an' when they sees one a-hangin' by its legs on a tree four or five miles out in the woods they jist looks at it in a suspicious way an' sez: 'What you doin' out yere, anyhow?' an' they goes on. They knows a chicken ain't got no business hangin' by its legs to a tree in the woods. But they knows a jack belongs in the woods, and they don't never seem to think there's anything crooked when they finds a jack hangin' by his legs. A jack's their nat'ral food, for sure. That's why coyotes is sich powerful runners. Whenever they catch a jack they's got to earn him fust, see?"

As Peck talked he gathered his traps and the jackrabbit together, threw them over his shoulder and trudged on again. We had easier walking now, and it was not long before another hare started up in front of us. Peck dropped his traps, and as the jack, which had not been much frightened, loped softly up the hill shot it dead. It was a fine shot and well worth praising, but the old hunter smiled knowingly and said:

"That's nuthin'. A boy kin do that—arter he knows how. That makes bait enough for these four traps, so we'll jist set one of 'em yere."

With a swipe of the hunting knife one of the jackrabbits was neatly divided and then one-half was fastened to an oak sapling about four feet from the ground. A few bits of the flesh were scattered about the foot of the oak and then a trap was set directly under the hanging bait and made secure with the chain. No effort at concealment was made and I asked Peck about it.

"Lord, man, what's the use? If I [illegible] my trap ever so [illegible] somethin' buried there an' they'll get suspicious right away. No, siree. Never bury your trap fer coyotes. Jist set the jaws open an' tie it fast and flop it down an' the coyotes 'll jist think it's somethin' the jackrabbits has dropped there, an' when they jumps after that jackrabbit down they comes with their forelegs into it. The way to catch coyotes is to make 'em think you thinks they's all durn fools, see?"

Another hour of tramping and at its expiration the other three traps were set and baited.

"Now," said Peck, "if you don't mind goin' we'll take a look at the traps as was set yisterday."

Again we set off across the low, rolling hills, at right angles with the canyon, and tramped through a tangled maze of chaparral until we reached the lower edge of the Keystone range. As we skirted the flat the pungent aroma of the mephitis was wafted to us and Peck swore long and loud.

"Another of them durned skunks! I've caught more'n twenty this week, an' it 'pears like there's twenty thousand of 'em left."

Sure enough, the first trap held a skunk, and the little animal, which had pulled and squirmed for hours, was standing still, looking at us with piteous eyes and trembling with pain. The smell was sickening, and Peck stopped me at a safe distance.

"You stay yere, lest you get the smell on yer feet, an' I'll fix 'im."

A well-directed shot killed the skunk, and the old man pulled it from the trap and heaved it away with a grunt of disgust. Then he untied the trap, and taking from his pocket a flannel rag and a bottle with a large neck rubbed the contents over the trap.

"What is that stuff?"

"Alcohol an' asafitty," returned Peck, tersely. "It kills the smell, some of it, an' the coyotes like it too, but 't ain't as good as it might be."

The disinfecting process did not require much time, and when it was finished Peck had acquired a new flavor which was not pleasant, but he did not seem to mind it. The trap was taken up and carried to a new location and set in a runway without bait.

"It'll be a day or two afore I catch anything in that trap," said Peck. "Some fellers buries their traps to make 'em clean, but I jist uses alcohol and asafitty. The best stuff for cleanin' is sulphuric acid an' water, 'cause that cuts off everything, but you've got to put asafitty on anyway to kill the smell of the acid, see? Coyotes likes the smell of asafitty an' I've caught some by dragging a little bag of it over the ground fer a mile or so an' then settin' down with my rifle to watch the trail. They'll foller it sure if it's early in the mornin' an' the grass is damp."

Nine more traps were visited. Five of them held skunks, one a fox, two were not sprung and one had captured a coyote. The skunks and the fox were killed at once and Peck was fairly wild.

"It does seem's though there ain't nothin' here but skunks. If they was worth ten cents apiece an' didn't smell so infernal I'd make a fortune sure. The ornery things is jist swarmin', and they gits caught to spite me. I know it."

The coyote was a large specimen of muscular starvation. The long, lithe body, with its shaggy hair, the small, furtive eyes and sneering, snarling mouth made a threatening picture. Long before we reached the trap we could hear the chain rattle as the coyote, frantic with fear and pain, sprang back and forth in fruitless efforts to escape. Peck was in a better humor now, and when he had shot the captive, taken off the scalp, flung the carcass away and reset the trap he "talked coyote" at a rapid rate.

"It's funny, they allus gits caught by the fore feet; allus. Now, a fox or a coon or the wildcat 'll get caught by the hind legs sometimes, but a coyote never does. It's allus the front foot that goes into the trap. This yere feller is the third I've caught in the last week. That ain't bad; but I expect to do better afore long, 'cause the sheep's comin' down from the mountains now, an' the coyotes follers the sheep. No, I couldn't do better on the plains. I've tried it there. There's no trees to hang your bait on, an' it's too settled up; there's too many dogs."

"Did you ever try to raise any coyotes?"

"Yas, onct. I had two cubs in the mountains last year. I thought I'd go into coyote raisin' on a big scale an' bankrupt the state, but it wouldn't work. As soon as the cubs was growed up they kep' me so busy huntin' for feed for 'em that I jist got tired an' shot 'em. They's treacherous brutes, too, an' they bites wicked. A big one'll whip a pretty good dog if he's cornered.

"I've seed a good many different ways of trappin' of 'em, but this way, with steel traps baited with jackrabbits, is the best. I c'd tell you an awful lot 'bout coyotes, but I ain't got time now. I've got to go out an' hunt up some meat for myself. Come to my shanty some day 'an mebbe we'll have some o' the state's venison."

And "Coyote" Peck, giving his Winchester a flirt that landed it on his shoulder, turned quickly away and tramped out of sight in the thickets, leaving me alone, tired, hungry and burdened with the faint flavor of something which makes the most fearless chicken shudder with fear when it steals over the roost.—San Francisco Chronicle.

A Too "Fresh" Conductor.

"Where are you going, aunty?" asked a conductor on one of the incoming trains Saturday, of an elderly lady passenger.

The lady looked at him indignantly and the conductor stammered out: "You know that we always call elderly ladies 'aunty' out here."

"If you do," said the lady, severely, "you are very ill-bred and the railway company ought to employ men who know better."

The conductor retired in bad order and it was the conviction of those who heard the colloquy that he had been very properly sat upon.—Detroit Free Press.

A CHILD'S WISH.

Two Lovers, a Bunch of Pansies and a Dying Baby.

It was dusk. A cool twilight had fallen upon the hot city after a day of insufferable heat. The sun flamed through a golden mist. The breeze, like a caress, crept through the trees; the roar of the city was like the growl of a wakened lion. In the park a pair of lovers strolled up and down, oblivious to all the world in their innocent passion. She wore a cluster of pansies at her belt. Half a dozen yards away sat a woman and a child on a bench, two pathetic instances of humanity born only to poverty and squalor. Mother and child they were, the child an infantile reproduction of its mother, with that weird, uncanny effect that premature age always makes.

He was but four years old. She was old in suffering, in experience, in unrequited love and hope that had long since turned to despair. The child was already old in his inheritance of all these. Heredity had done its work. The lovers came back and walked near them.

"Yes, dear," she said, "you see how well I can manage everything. We shall live like a king and queen." As she spoke she took one of the pansies from her belt and fastened it in her lover's coat. He drew her into the shade of a tree and kissed her quickly. They passed on.

"Mamma," said the boy, faintly.

"What is it, darling?" said the mother, drawing him closely to her breast and bending tenderly over him.

"Mamma, I want some flowers like the lady has on."

His eyes glittered with unnatural light.

A heavy dew lay in great drop on his almost transparent skin. The mother's heart gave a great throb.

"Dearest, I will get you some to-morrow."

"But, mamma, I want them now."

"Dear child, there are none here to get for you."

The boy wailed.

"If I only had some flowers like the lady."

The lovers were coming back.

He was looking tenderly into her eyes.

"How clever you are," he was saying admiringly. "If all other women were like you."

"I beg you to forgive me, but my boy is sick; he has been sick a lone time. He wants flowers and I can not get them for him. I would not ask you for them for myself—but my boy! If you would—"

The mother's accents died away. She clasped her hands with an eloquent, impassioned gesture.

The girl quickly took the flowers from her belt and handed them to the woman. With a sudden impulse the young man took his solitary flower from his coat and offered it also.

"You are a thousand times welcome," said the girl, graciously.

The lovers passed on with an increased tenderness in their hearts. The mother sped back to her boy with frantic eagerness.

"Paul, Paul," she cried, "here are your flowers. The lady has given them to you."

The bloodless little hand, as frail as a snowdroo, clasped the flowers languidly.

"Pret-ty flowers," he murmured. A sudden icy terror freeze the mother's veins.

"Paul, Paul," she said, in a hoarse, convulsive whisper.

The child did not answer. The "pretty flowers" were still clutched tightly by the bloodless little fingers, which now looked thinner than ever, but he would never see their beauty again. There was a faint smile on his lips, caused, perhaps, by things more beautiful than the pretty flowers he had wanted so much.

A few steps away the lovers were laughing again, while the breeze, like a caress, crept through the trees, and the roar of the city was like the growl of a wakened lion.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

WANTED—A STRONG CHAIR.

And the Old Lady Understood the Situation Exactly.

A substantial looking country woman went into a Woodward avenue furniture store the other day and asked to see a parlor chair.

"How's this one, madam?" inquired the clerk, setting out a weak wicker affair.

She shook the chair and shook her head.

"How do you like this heavier one?" he asked, dragging up another style.

She shook it and shook her head.

Then he showed her a lot, each a little heavier than the one rejected, and all were pronounced too light.

"Good heavens, madam," exclaimed the exasperated clerk, "do you want an iron-seated brick chair, with a stone foundation?"

"Yes, that's it, that's it," she said eagerly. "You see, my girl Susan has got her clamps onto steady company this fall, and he comes every night, and betweem 'em they've broke down every chair in the parlor; and now, before I'll have my bran-new sofa smashed, or the engagement busted, I'll get a chair strong enough to carry two if I have to mortgage my house and farm. I was a gal once myself, and know how it is."

The clerk took her order for a stone-foundation style.—Detroit Free Press.

—Thackeray's broken nose was always a source of amusement to Thackeray himself; he caricatured it in his drawings, he frequently alluded to it in his speech and in his letters, and he was fond of repeating Douglas Jerrold's remark to him when he was to stand as godfather to a friend's son: "Lord, Thackeray, I hope you won't present the child with your own mug!"

—"Is this novel thoroughly original?" asked the publisher. "Yer, sir." "None of the old characters or situations?" "Not one." "Well, sir, it can not succeed. You must think the public doesn't know what it has been wanting all these years."—Washington Star.

INVENTION OF THE WIG.

Origin of One of Last Century's Notable Fashions.

An old French journal gives the following information about the invention of the wig:

Philip the Good, duke of Burgundy, had lost nearly all his hair during a severe illness. Nothing could be more afflicting to him at the time, for he desired to win the hand and heart of the beautiful Isabella of Portugal. To cover up his baldness Philip resolved to wear a calotte of black velvet. His whole court made haste to imitate this idea, and thus covered the whole company, duke and courtiers, traveled to Burges. The Belgians, seeing the shaved heads and velvet caps, were greatly surprised, and the Burgundians tried to make them believe that this was a new attribute of their national costume. The festivities began, and Philip unfolded the full splendor of princely luxury after the fashion of the fifteenth century, hoping thereby to attain what he could not through his personal appearance; and he succeeded, for the day of the marriage was soon appointed. On the evening before the day chosen for the ceremony Philip found an opportunity for a tete-a-tete with his bride. When he sank before her on his knees to assert his love he had the misfortune to brush his velvet cap off his head by an impetuous motion of his hand. Seeing the venerable head totally destitute of its natural decoration, the princess could not help breaking out in a fit of laughter. The duke was petrified, but Isabella kept on laughing, and, deeply confounded and ashamed, he left the room, the laughter of the lady following him to the corridor. The marriage took place, nevertheless, the next day, but no trace of joy was visible on the face of the duke.

Finally Abbe Jaffredy volunteered to say to the duke: "Monseignor, everyone is distressed at the gravity of your highness. Would it not be in our power to stop your afflictions?"

"Impossible; there is no remedy for my trouble; the princess does not love me."

"But, monseignor, the princess must be blind, for—"

"If she did not see this calotte, this infernal calotte—not a single hair under it! My duchy for a head full of hair!"

Jaffredy could not see his master suffer any longer. He offered a reward for anyone who could manufacture an artificial hair-covering that would resemble nature. In a short time a man requested an audience with the abbe, and offered him a calotte trimmed with real hair. Looking at this work of art, the abbe broke out into an exclamation of joy. "Your name?" cried the abbe, embracing the man.

"Pierre Larchant, barber of Dijon."

The same evening Philip arranged a splendid feast, at which he appeared wearing a light-colored wig. The whole nobility in the country imitated the fashion; the barber of Dijon was soon a rich man and the custom of wearing wigs was continued to the beginning of the present century. Whether the duke gained the love of Isabella through the wig, history does not say.—Detroit Free Press.

HOTEL FRIGHT.

Affliction of a New Table Girl at a Summer House.

A lady who was staying at a summer hotel beckoned impatiently to the head-waiter in the dining-room, and said to him: "What is the matter with our waitress? She forgets half of my orders, and dashes about so nervously that I can't eat. I wish you would give us some one who knows how to wait on a table."

"Well, now, Mrs. Van Horn," said the head-waiter, "I should like to give that girl a chance. She is smart and pleasant and a good girl, and I think you will like her when she gets used to the work. Just now she's got what I call 'hotel fright.'"

"Hotel fright!"

"Yes, you know what stage fright is, but I suppose it never occurred to you that a table girl who is learning the work is scared at first at the multitude of things she has to remember and to do, and at being watched and criticised by a tableful of strange men and women.

"Of course, if this new girl, Emma, came to your house to see you about something, and was so embarrassed that she did not know what to say, you would try to help her a little and make her more comfortable. When you come to think of it, don't you see that the same thing, a friendly word and suggestion now and then, will encourage Emma, and presently she will have all her wits about her again?

"Some of our best waitresses have hotel fright at first so badly that they are entire failures for a few days. Then they get hold of their work and we never have any more trouble with them.

"And this isn't peculiar to the hotel business. I've seen new clerks needing patient treatment for store fright, and—but there's Emma, I will go and speak to her," and the philosophical head-waiter hurried away, leaving Mrs. Van Horn a wiser and more patient woman.—Youth's Companion.

Why Men Are Bald.

Barber—You are very bald. Do you know what is the cause of it?"

Mr. Fewlocks—I don't know, but I suspect that hair falling out had something to do with it.—Texas Siftings.

When He Was at Home.

Milliner—You say I must see your husband, madam, to collect that bill of mine. Pray when can I see him?

Mrs. Bingo—Oh, any time after two o'clock in the morning.—Judge.

All in the Family.

"I hear that your head-clerk is to marry your daughter."

"What's the adds? I had to support him, anyhow."—Puck.

Cruel.

Mildas May—They say Cholly is improving his mind.

Sayit Anyhowe—He ought to build an addition to it.—Truth.

PITH AND POINT.

—It may be that they always speak of a man as following the races because he never gets ahead of them.—Buffalo Express.

—Marion—"My fiance is very excitable. When he proposed to me he acted like one insane." Martha—"Perhaps he was, dear."—N. Y. Herald.

—Deserved a Smile.—Angelina—"The man I marry must be handsome, brave and clever." Tompkins—"Dear me! How fortunate we have met."—Traveller's Record.

—Kate—"And so you are married? Keeping house, I suppose?" Maud—"Not exactly. There is a lady from Ireland who keeps the house, but she allows us to eat and sleep in it."

—The cabin boy was in the habit of eating his loaf-bread and leaving the crusts. Mate—"We eat our crusts here, laddie." Boy—"Weel, I'm leaving them tae ye."—Dundee News.

—"Doctor, is it true that extreme nervousness will produce nausea?" "Yes; I once saw a car full of people throw up their hands when two train robbers covered them with their pistols."—Philadelphia Record.

—A Large Subject.—Miss Laker (of Chicago—"You eastern people find the Chicago girl's foot a very satisfactory subject of discussion." Miss Bleecker—"That's because it covers the ground, you see."—Detroit Free Press.

—"That was quite a little joke of mine," he said, with enthusiasm, after he had exerted himself with a bon mot. "Did you see it?" "Oh, yes," she answered, wearily. "I saw it last week in a newspaper."—Washington Star.

—Congratulations. — Tailor — "Mr. Overdue, I hear that you are about to be married to Miss Bullion. Allow me to congratulate you." Overdue (extending his hand)—"Allow me to congratulate you!"—Smith, Gray & Co.'s Monthly.

—The first thing to be done in preparing a recipe for piccalilli is for the housekeeper to run to a dictionary and find out how piccalilli is spelled. In these days of broad and extensive culture "pickled lily" won't go.—Somerville Journal.

—At a lecture on "The Decline of Literature" the eloquent orator shouted: "Where are the Chaucers, and Shakespeares, and Miltons, and Spensers, and Macaulays? Where are they, I say?" And a voice answered sadly from the gallery: "All dead!"—Tit-Bits.

—Mme. Trapino—"You told me, sir, that all I had to do was to leave the tablecloth outside during the night, and the fruit stains would disappear. Well, I did so last night." "Ah, then the stains—" "No! It was the tablecloth that disappeared!" — Intransigeant.

—All That Was Lacking.—"Rapid transit," said a western real estate boomer proudly, "is all that our town needs now." "Yes," replied his prospective purchaser, "if there was some means of getting away quickly people wouldn't be so afraid to come here."—Des Moines Argonaut.

—Nellie—I don't believe your brother loves me as much as he says he does." Fanny—"Oh, I'm sure he does! Why, when you were away last summer he acknowledged to me that he thought of you twice." Nellie—"Is that all?" Fanny—"But you must remember what a terrible task it is for him to think at all."—Boston News.

—The Inevitable.—"Have you finished that address of mine on 'Modern Progress?'" asked the great man of his private secretary. "Yes, sir; replied the brainy hireling. "Have you put in everything you could think of relating to the subject?" "Yes, sir; I have made it very exhaustive; I don't think anything further could be said." "Very well; just say at the beginning that 'I regret that, owing to the brief time allotted to me, I will be unable to go as fully into the subject as I could wish,' and let me have it."—Puck.

A PIECE OF ADVICE.

The Man with the Cough Didn't Wait to Hear the Kicker's Story.

In our sleeper was an old man who was going to Buffalo. He looked feeble and ill, and he had a bad cough. About the time we were ready to go to sleep his cough grew worse, and after a bit one man in particular began to kick. He called to the conductor and the porter, and made more fuss than the man with the cough. He got up and went to bed again, and got up a second time, and it was two o'clock in the morning before any of us got any sleep. When we turned out in the morning the kicker was still kicking.

"Look here, porter," he said to that official, "has that old chap with the cough got off yet?"

"No, sah."

"Where is he?"

"Ober dar, sah. He hain't dun got up yit."

"Well, when he does I want to give him a piece of advice."

"Yes, sah."

Fifteen minutes later, as the kicker was on his way to the dining car, he stopped at the old man's berth and said:

"Come, old man, it's time to get up and cough!"

Receiving no answer, he parted the curtains and looked in, and next instant fell into a seat across the aisle. We went to see what was the matter and found the old man dead and cold, with his hands locked across his breast. He had been dead for two or three hours.

"Have you any advice to offer him?" one of the men queried of the kicker, who sat pale and trembling.

At that moment the train came to a halt at a station, and the kicker grabbed for his grip and disappeared from the train without a word in reply.—St. Louis Republic.

Invention Not Needed.

Lady—Why don't the railroads have mechanical appliances for loading and unloading trunks?

Depot Master—Well, you see, madam, lifting the trunks in the cars doesn't hurt anything but the men, and throwing them out doesn't hurt anything but the trunks.—N. Y. Weekly.

IN WOMAN'S BEHALF.

SCHOOL TEACHING.

A Calling in Which Girls Find Pleasant and Profitable Employment.

A writer in the Arena declared, recently, that "The flaw in our educational system is the overwhelming preponderance of women's interference in our public schools."

The French educational commission to the centennial exhibition at Philadelphia, in its report on primary education in the United States, attributed the condition of affairs which the writer in the Arena deplores, to the effect of the war with the south. "The superiority of the female element of the teaching body over the male in point of number," says the report, "dates from the war of secession, the original cause being the voluntary enrollment of all the young men who were teaching, as soldiers."

A very little investigation suffices to show that the cause assigned by the French commission offers by no means an adequate explanation of this feature of the public school question. The majority of teachers were young women as far back as 1844. Between 1848 and 1850 the proportion of female teachers in Massachusetts rose from sixty to seventy per cent of the whole number. This increase was doubtless owing in a large measure to the influence of Horace Mann, who was at that time secretary of the first state board of education in Massachusetts, and who was a most determined advocate for the employment of female teachers. The war had the effect of still further diminishing the number of men in the schools, 5,000 teachers having enlisted from Ohio alone; but the war can not be regarded as the original cause of the withdrawal of men from the teaching service.

The employment of large numbers of women was made possible in the first place by the fundamental idea of the American educational system.

In European countries the state concerned itself mainly, in times past, with higher educational institutions, which were frequented by students from the upper classes of society. It was not until the horrors of the French revolution revealed the dangers looking in the social depths that the idea of the education of the masses began to take practical shape in Europe. Primary education has been gratuitous in France only since 1881.

The New England settlers recognized from the first that it was the duty of the state to provide the means for securing intelligent citizenship. Twenty-two years after the landing of the Pilgrim Fathers their representatives enjoined the local authorities to "keep a watchful eye on their brothers and neighbors, and above all things to see that there be no family in which so barbarous a state of things exist as that the head thereof do not endeavor to impart sufficient instruction to his children and to his servants to enable them to read fluently the English language, and to acquire a knowledge of the penal laws under a penalty of twenty shillings for such neglect."

New England held fast to the idea of elementary instruction for all the people as the basis of the American public school system. As the nation developed the existence of a great system of schools which might be taught by persons of comparatively small mental attainments, opened the way for the employment of women as teachers. Long before there was any general movement for the higher education of women they constituted a majority of the teachers in the primary and grammar schools. The fact that they received much less compensation for the same service than men was an argument for employing them which could not but have much weight in communities which were directly taxed for the maintenance of the schools.

School teaching was the first outlet for American girls beyond the old condition of absolute dependence, and naturally they proved docile in regard to salaries as they afterwards proved teachable when the ideas of the "new education" began to penetrate to America. Young men had the whole new world before them where from to choose.

Room teaching in strictly graded schools was too monotonous an occupation for the young American to whom so many more stirring ways of gaining a livelihood were open, and this department of school work was rapidly abandoned to the other sex.

But if the low educational standard was the opening wedge for the employment of women, they owe their present standing largely to qualities which mark their peculiar fitness for educational work. "Twenty-five years ago," says an account of the Indiana schools published in the centennial year, "the Hoosier schoolmaster was a man. He was selected quite as much for his physical prowess as for his intellectual attainments. If he was able to read, write and cipher, and to whip the largest boys, he was considered well qualified for his work."

It was gradually discovered that women could not only teach well the requisite subjects, but that they were generally able to secure order by gentler means than those generally employed by men. In this they were doubtless aided by the high respect in which their sex was held in the community. Siljestrom, a Swede, who inspected the American schools in 1848, noted that "the spirit of freedom which reigns in America gives even to women there a superior degree of independence and decision, and a greater power of action; and the respect, bordering on submissiveness, with which she is treated by the other sex imparts to her character a loftiness, I might almost say pride, which can not but strike every stranger, and which renders it easy for her in her capacity of school-mistress to command the necessary deference."

As to salaries, the discrimination on the ground of sex are bound to disappear. The higher average salaries of men are now due mainly to the fact that their acceptance is limited to paying situations.

The strength of the movement for the higher education of women makes it reasonably certain that the future question will be, not whether women shall study at the universities, but whether they shall teach in them. In the meantime they monopolize technical skill in the lower departments, and keenly appreciate the desirability of genuine education of the higher type. They teach in the schools of the United States to the number of 227,302, and sustain the burden of the work in the institution which is "the most radical, essential and indestructible of the foundations of republican government and American society."—Clara Campbell, in Detroit Free Press.

UNAPPRECIATED WOMEN.

The Part She Plays in the Conventional Fiction of the Day.

The cruelty of the scheme which custom applies to the talented woman, is illustrated in every conventional fiction. Our typical hero may be relied on to be endowed with some special gift. Her soul is afire with ambition, her life embodied in purpose. We know the result; in the closing pages we find her the hapless victim of a conflict between love and ambition. One must conquer to the total demolition of the other. The novelist, if adroit, will allow ambition a headstrong run, a brief whirl, a heavy flounder, to be reeled in by the love-cord. The lover gives the alternative; the heroine revolts at the sacrifice. It is a game fight. Human nature can't help enjoying it. Every one knows she will finally throw ambition to the four winds and collapse into waiting arms, thereby evidencing her supreme womanliness. The novelist endows his heroine with mind, simply to make her game. Her gifts are not intended for development. He never effects a compromise by which she may both marry and cling to her art. A minor character sometimes refuses to make the sacrifice, but she speedily becomes wrinkled and loathes her success. The curtain of course drops as the heroine renounces talent. The people forget that if realistic, the struggle goes on and on through long years after the honeymoon is over, in the open day when a man or woman of talent must feel accountable for its possession. The world is full of work, and full of women of talent who are debarred from doing their share of it, not by housekeeping and domestic duties which science and social progress have rendered comparatively light, but by conventionality, which obliges them to renounce their talents, turn from their bent, and become a fractional existence divided between husband and children. If the cost of this useless sacrifice made by those women capable of being at the same time good wives, mothers and growing individuals, were known to mankind, there are enough true women to see an end speedily put to it.—Margaret N. Wishard, in The Chautauquan.

For the Imperial Institute.

An Australian lady has resolved to commemorate the queen's jubilee by presenting a peal of ten bells to the imperial institute at South Kensington. The bells are to be named after various members of the royal family, and the whole peal is to be styled, by the permission of the princess of Wales, the Alexandra. They will be excelled in the metropolis only by the great peal of St. Paul's, and will be the highest in the country, as they are to be swung in a chamber 200 feet over the level of the ground floor. The donor's only condition is that the bells shall be rung on the birth day and commemoration day of the sovereign and the birthdays of the princess and prince of Wales. They are to be fully completed and rung on the occasion of the inauguration of the institute by her majesty next year.

IN WOMAN'S WAY.

Of three thousand teachers employed in the public schools of Chicago, over two thousand eight hundred are women.

Several women in New York are succeeding in the real estate business, and two are regular members of the Exchange.

At Brussels the other day Mlle. Marguerite Gombert was awarded her degree as doctor of philosophy and letters amid great applause. Mlle. Gombert is the first young girl who has obtained this degree.

The Funeral Subscription society, a branch of the King's Daughters, has been organized in New York city for the purpose of assisting the poor to give their dead a respectable funeral at the lowest cost.

Among the women who have been particularly successful in stock farming is Mrs. Virginia C. Meredith, of Cambridge City, Ind., who is the owner and manager of one of the most extensive stock farms in her state.

Two English ladies have just opened an "afternoon tea" salon at 40 Boulevard Haussman, Paris, close to the opera, where every comfort will be given those wishing to partake of this essentially English meal. The little salon is very prettily furnished.

The Brooklyn (N. Y.) hospital for women and children has a board of sixty women managers, and a hospital staff of twenty-two women physicians. It is the only hospital in Brooklyn where women are permitted to practice. It has in connection a training school for nurses, which has been doing excellent work.

The French minister of public instruction has decided to preserve the home of Joan of Arc in Domremi as a museum in which to illustrate her history. It will contain models of the various statues raised to her memory, copies of the paintings showing various scenes in her life and the pictures of her which are in the Pantheon.

Mrs. Ann Skally, of Fort McKinney, Wyo., beat the local postmaster two to one for justice of the peace at the recent election. Another woman, Mrs. Esther Morris, has acted as justice of the peace for South Pass, Wyo., for several years, and sent her husband up for ten days for contempt of court. Woman, lovely woman, sees great possibilities in life open before her out that way.