

**POPPING SEAGULLS' NECKS.**

An ingenious Alabama boy describes what he thinks rare sport.

"Say, I have been having a barrel of fun," said Willie Green, of Greenville, Ala., to a New Orleans Times-Democrat reporter.

"I have been popping seagull necks by the dozens by the hundreds. Fine sport. Never saw anything like it in your life. Say, do you know whether the seagull is worth anything at all on the market for any purpose whatever? If it is, I can make a fortune without any outlay of capital at all, and at the same time have the greatest sport in the world."

Mr. Green, being interrogated more closely as to the nature of this possibly profitable industry of popping seagull necks, explained: "Well, you see, I have been down on the gulf on a bark. Have you ever noticed the seagull dart down for a fish? A shot from one of those big guns we read about does not dart with more terrific speed or hit the water with greater force. It occurred to me that this afforded a chance to get some of these boss fishermen and I tried the experiment, and it would have amazed you to see how it worked. I took a fish I had caught and fixed him to a couple of planks. The planks I weighted so that they would float just below the surface a short distance. Above the planks and almost on a level with the surface of the water I attached a fish so that it would have the appearance of swimming. Now, these foolish birds, seeing the fish and naturally expecting that, like other fish, it would make a large to get away, strike for it with a force greater than is sufficient to reach the fish where it stands. In each instance they struck my boards with such terrific force that they popped their necks. Ever try this? Well, the next time you are out on the gulf give it a trial. You will be amazed to see the number of gulls you can kill in the course of one evening."

**MARRIAGE MADE DIFFICULT.**

How the Laws of France Interpose Troublesome Impediments to Wedlock.

The Temps, which is not always serious, has got two beautiful stories to illustrate the difficulties of getting married in France, says Pall Mall Gazette. A gentleman arrived with his bride-elect to undergo the civil ceremony. "Where?" asked the official, "is the certificate of your father's demise?" "My dear sir," replied the bridegroom, "there is my father, alive and well." "But," retorted the other, "your mother is dead, and she is returned in the lists as a widow." The bridegroom explained delicately that his mother had run away from his father and preferred to give herself out for a widow. "But," he said, desperately, "my father is certainly alive." "He has no right to be. Officially he is dead. I cannot marry you without a certificate of his demise."

Hard enough, one thinks. But the other case is still harder. It happened in Cayenne, where two convicts, employed as servants by the governor, got leave to marry. They went to the mairie, and the lady was asked if she was a spinster or a widow. "Widow," she said. "Well," said the official, "but I have not the certificate of your first husband's death." "Really," said the bride, "I thought it was not needed."

"Why, it is an indispensable document." The lady smiled, and referred him to the record of her conviction. "You will perceive, sir, that I was sentenced for life for having poisoned my husband!" That would seem to be sufficient, it is all conscience. Yet, as a matter of fact, their married happiness had to be postponed till the acte de décès could arrive from Paris.

**KINDNESS TO A MULE.**

English Women Try a Scheme to Add to Their Incomes by Selling Eggs, Etc.

An important experiment will shortly be made in England, with the object of forming settlements of women in different parts of the country for the cultivation of the land, and thus enabling them to add to their incomes by the sale of fruits, flowers, vegetables, poultry, eggs, honey, etc. The idea was started by the countess of Warwick, and an institution will be opened in connection with Reading college in October, where they may be trained specially for the work. It will be founded for the definite purpose of enabling women over the age of 16 to obtain a thorough training (theoretical and practical) in the lighter branches of agriculture, viz.: Flower and fruit growing and packing for market, especially bush fruit, tomatoes, mushrooms, etc., bee and poultry keeping and dairy work. The council of Reading college has consented to provide the necessary courses of instruction, and to recognize the countess of Warwick's hostels as a place of residence for women students. The full course of instruction will extend over two years, but those who wish to do so may join the short courses and special classes. It is hoped that the inclusive fees for instruction and board will not exceed £250 a year.

**Arabs Value Water.**

No one can travel among the Arabs without being struck by the importance attached to the water supply. Where a rich Englishman would bequeath money to found a hospital or decorating a church, an Arab can think of no other channel for his charity than the construction of a fountain which will assure him the blessings of all future generations. The Arabs have a curious characteristic in common with horses and other animals. They prefer stagnant water, however bad in smell and appearance, to the most limpid running water, which, they assert, generally contains disagreeable medicinal properties.

**"TEDDY'S TERRORS."**

The Cow Puncher is Said to Have Vindicated Himself in the West.

The cow puncher has his big raw-hide boot square down on one of the big illuminated pages of history, says the Denver Republican. He has put his foot in it, to his undying glory and to the utter eradication of all the slighting things that have been said about the unruly herd of stamped steers on wild western plains.

Col. Roosevelt never tires of lauding his regiment of rough riders, the basis of which, he says, is the cow puncher. There are ex-policemen, Harvard men, country doctors, dukes and heirs to millions in his regiment, but the framework of the organization that has won fame in Cuba is the cowboy, bronzed, daredevil, loud and unbroken.

"They scrapped by nature," says Roosevelt, and apologizes for the language, while sticking to the assertion. They were not ambushed. They knew where the Spaniards were and hit them because they wanted to. They had not had any excitement. Life without a little scrap was intolerable. Anything would do to liven things up a bit. The cow punchers had not had even a good yell since they left Arizona and Oklahoma. The fight in the tropical undergrowth was just like a day off in town to most of those uncouth fellows, every one made of heroic stuff.

The rough riders will go into history along with other immortal fighters—the Light brigade, Napoleon's imperial guard, Xenophon's ten thousand, Caesar's Tenth legion; and they will be and by get into fiction as successors to the White company of Conan Doyle and the Zulu gray of Rider Haggard. And their names will be fragrant of romance, and their deeds, magnified and gilded, will thrill many a fireside circle in the golden days that are to come. It is worth something to be one of Teddy's Terrors.

**NEW YORK'S DEAD.**

It Takes Over Seventeen Acres of Ground Every Year to Burry Them.

The dead of London require an annual waste of 23 acres of valuable ground, says Louis Windmuller, in the North American Review. If 4,000 are crowded into the space of one acre, the limit in the case of the most populated graveyard, and if we accept the present rate of mortality, 20 per 1,000 inhabitants, as the standard, New York, with a population of 3,500,000, would have to provide room for 70,000 corpses, and would require annually 17½ acres to bury them. Unless the custom is changed, the available room in the vicinity of all large cities will gradually be absorbed by remains of the dead.

In considering the welfare of individuals the expenditure of one may benefit another, but citizens should be treated on equal terms. With the exception of Greenwood, almost all cemeteries used in the neighborhood of New York are either poorly managed by churches or administered for the benefit of a few fortunate shareholders. The rural cemetery law as amended in 1879, allows them to divide among themselves the net profits from the sale of plots. Realizing about \$20,000 for an acre which hardly cost \$2,000, their investments bring large revenues and are esteemed valuable.

By assuming the guise of benevolent societies, owners succeed in evading payment of taxes which their less fortunate neighbors are obliged to pay. The trustees are never called upon to make reports to the state, and they give but scanty information to their stockholders.

**SETTLEMENTS FOR WOMEN.**

English Women Try a Scheme to Add to Their Incomes by Selling Eggs, Etc.

The mule was undoubtedly bad mule, but Lieut. Kellenberger, of battery G, First Ohio light artillery, said that his disposition had been ruined and his confidence in human nature destroyed by improper treatment, says the Cincinnati Enquirer.

"He had been mistreated," said Lieut. Kellenberger; "I will show you how this mule should be treated." Then the lieutenant, with the assistance of an orderly, saddled the mistreated mule in front of his own tent. The mule offered neither resistance nor protest. The lieutenant patted him on the neck.

"He needs kind but firm treatment," said he. Then Lieut. Kellenberger mounted. The mistreated mule danced three bars of a two-step, executed an individual hop, skip and jump, with each leg and projected Lieut. Kellenberger into the air directly beneath a thorn tree.

"Catch that man-eating monster and beat him to death," said Lieut. Kellenberger, as the hospital corps assisted him to his tent. Then several men came out of a company street and erected a table, reading thus: "Where Kelley Fell, May 28, 1898."

**Coughs of an Engine.**

The French chemist, noted for his original researches, Mr. Moissan, has discovered a new substance, the hydrate of calcium, produced by heating calcium to a very high temperature (1,200 degrees centigrade) in a current of hydrogen gas. It has a remarkable power of reducing other bodies, even sulphuric acid. It decomposes chlorate of potash, with liberation of potassium. It also decomposes water at ordinary temperature, liberating hydrogen.

**The Unsuccessful Novelist.**

Andrew Lang says there are 100,000 novels in England whose works never get into print.

**RIVAL SHORT OF FUNDS.**

Consequently He Couldn't Hire a Carriage for His Hard-Won Lady.

"Talk about your odd lawsuits," laughed the lawyer, says the Detroit Free Press. "I have one right now that holds a first mortgage on the bakery. It's from one of the outlying townships, and the people there are just as much stirred up as if a Spanish army was advancing upon them."

A young fellow took his girl to a harvest picnic. She was no sooner on the ground than she exercised the privilege of her sex and smitten upon a hated rival of her escort. The latter had too much the spirit of a man to countenance such treacherous ingratitude. He absolutely declined to swing her, quench her thirst with pink lemonade, set up the gingerbread or hold her hand. When the festivities were over he crawled into his buggy, disconsolate and alone, leaving her and the hated rival to devise ways and means to get her home. They succeeded in scaring up a farmer's rig, but neither could raise the one dollar tariff he imposed for its use. She settled the matter by having the price charged to "pap." But pap kicks like a mule in a stallion and says he'll be eternally hanged if he'll stand for the turnout. So he has hired a country lawyer and brought suit to recover the price from the original suitor, who, vows the farmer, was "morally and legerly bound fur to fetch the girl home after he took her."

"I'm for the defense, and haven't the slightest doubt that we will eventually get a decision from the supreme court as to the nature and extent of picnic obligations."

**WILL HUNT FOR AMBER.**

An Expedition to Search for a Mine Said to Be on an Island Off the Alaskan Coast.

In search of a mine of amber, which, if found, will make the members of the party independently wealthy, an expedition left Sitka a few weeks ago for one of the islands off the Alaskan coast, says the Seattle Post-Intelligencer. At its head was an old Russian, Popoff by name, who for 30 years has been trying to get some one with money to send him in search of the amber mine. His story is an interesting one. Some 30 years ago he was a sailor on board a Russian sealing vessel which was wrecked on one of the small islands off the Alaskan coast. The crew managed to reach another small island in the schooner's boats, and nearly starved before a Russian war vessel happened along and rescued them.

While on the island they found quantities of amber and traced it to a big ledge. The pieces of amber which they had in their possession when taken on board the warship were taken away by the officers. Popoff managed to smuggle one small piece away and has hung to it ever since, although he has been all over the world during the years that intervened.

He tried many times to have an expedition outfit, but never succeeded. During the recent mining excitement in the north he got as far as Sitka, where he became stranded. He confided his secret to a few friends and they furnished the money that outfitted the party. Popoff goes with them as guide and expects to be back in Sitka within six months.

**SIRDAR KITCHENER'S WOUND.**

The Curious Way in Which a Bullet Was Dislodged from His Throat.

The London Chronicle notes that Gen. Kitchener, who is now the idol of England, big and little, is said to be suffering from a serious affection of his eyes, which threatens to impair his sight. It also calls attention to the fact that he has had a very curious experience in his earlier Egyptian campaigns, he having swallowed a bullet, with which he had been wounded, and which he now preserves as a memento. During the campaign of '88 Maj. Kitchener was hit in the side of the face by a bullet during a skirmish near Suakin, and was taken down the Nile, and thence to the Citadel hospital at Cairo, where, despite all the efforts of the surgeons, the bullet could not be located. The medical officers came to the conclusion that the bullet had worked its way out without being noticed, on the passage down the Nile. Kitchener one day tempted his patient's appetite with a tasty beefsteak, which the major had no sooner attacked than he put his hand to his throat exclaiming: "Kitchen, if there was no bone in the steaks, I've swallowed that bullet; I feel it go down." This proved to be the case, the bullet passing through the alimentary canal without injury to the distinguished officer.

Basil dans l'affaire ci-dessus.

Conditions—Comptant sur les lieux.

Frank MARQUEZ.

Bâti dans l'affaire ci-dessus.

Frank MARQUEZ.