



A HEROINE.—Coralie Cohen is claimed by the European Jews as a second Florence Nightingale. She is a Jewish lady, who was an angel of mercy during the late Franco-German war, and passed unharmed among the wounded in the two hostile camps. She is a Knight of the Legion of Honour, and has been elected president of that patriotic body, the Association des Dames Françaises.

IS MARRIAGE A FAILURE?—"Marriage a failure? I should say not!" remarked an Oregon farmer, whose opinion was desired on one of the great questions of the day. "Why, there's Lucindy gets up in the mornin', milks six cows, gits breakfasts, starts four children to skewl, looks after the other three, feeds the hens, likewise the hogs, likewise some motherless sheep, skims twenty pans o' milk, washes the clothes, gits dinner, et cetera, et cetera. Think I could hire anybody to do it fur what she gits? Not much! Marriage, sir, is a success, sir; a great success!"

ANOTHER NEW USE FOR BRACELETS.—The modern society girl no longer carries her pocket-book in her hand to tempt every repentant sneak thief to return to his besetting crime. She has taken to the newest thing in cash-holders, which is a soft ooze leather bracelet, rather decorative than otherwise, which has a receptacle for change just where the watch rested a month or two ago on the back of the wrist. The bracelet is worn on the left arm. It has a simple clasp, easily manipulated, and when car fare or *bon-bon* money is wanted, there it is close by, perfectly safe, and leaving the hands free for other small burdens.

CHILDREN'S FEATURES.—A correspondent of the New York *Tribune* believes that children's features, like their manners, can be trained. He writes: "To joke upon 'ears that stand out from the head' would be sombre fun for the victim. But all young parents ought to know that this trial to a child may be just as surely averted as a 'tip-tilted' nose. If the mother teaches her nurse always to lay the infant in the cradle on its ear, never letting the pillow push it out, the ears will grow flat to the head. Just so the nose can be 'educated' by a very gentle pull at the bridge of it every day of babyhood to grow straight. A pretty mouth is often spoiled by a careless parent allowing the three-year-old to suck its thumbs."

BAD HABITS OF GIRLS.—In a small village of New England, a few years ago, some of the young girls acquired habits of eating starch, coffee, cloves and the like, to improve their complexions. The habits increased by indulgence, and the girls consumed large quantities of these substances—all good in their place, but very harmful when taken alone and in excess. In less than a year four out of the six girls were under the doctor's care. The coffee eater became the victim of insomnia, and was so nervous and timid that little things made her cry and tremble as with terror. The clove-eater had become a victim to hysteria, and was in a deplorable state. Those who had the starch habit learned to the full extent the meaning of dyspepsia.

ABOUT SILK STOCKINGS.—Women are finding by experiments that it is not necessary to abandon their silk stockings at the coming of cold weather, as most of them reluctantly do. Silk is a great heat producer, and those who have been experimenting in the use of surah and China silk underclothes find them warmer than woollen, while being so much pleasanter to use in contact with the skin, and doing away with much bulkiness and weight. Black silk particularly is a conservator of warmth, and the wearers of black silk stockings find them a better protection than the fleece-lined ones. In very cold weather two pairs of silk stockings can be worn with no more bulk than one pair of woollen ones, and they are an almost perfect protection against the cold.

THE LAST OF THE WAPITI.

A FORTY-MILE CHASE AFTER A LONE ELK.

STORY OF THE EXTINCTION OF THE RACE IN THE GREAT FORESTS OF PENNSYLVANIA.

"I will tell you the story of how the last elk that ever startled the hunter with his whistle in the forests of Pennsylvania was killed, if you would like to hear it?" said an old resident of that region to a New York *Times* correspondent, as they sat smoking together in his cabin after a hard and not very successful day's hunt.

"By all means," I replied. "Nothing could be more to my wish."

"The killing of that last elk occurred as late as the winter of 1867," continued the old hunter, "although elk was believed to have been extinct in this State twenty years before. Sixty years ago they were still very numerous in the Northwestern Pennsylvania forests, especially in the wild Sinnemahoning region, in what is now Elk County."

"Elk County was formed from other counties in 1843, and it was because elk was still numerous within its boundaries that the name was given it. The site of the present county seat, the village of Ridgeway, was an unbroken wilderness when this county was formed, and no better place for elk could be found. I shot an elk on the site of the old Elk County Court House six months before the land was cleared on which it was to be built. From where Ridgeway now is to the present City of Bradford, the metropolis of the oil region, a famous elk path or runway extended, leading to a salt lick in what is now Washington Park, in Bradford."

"In 1845, the country having been settled very rapidly, and elk hunting having been pursued persistently by many expert hunters, without regard to the means used to kill the animals, what was believed to be the last elk in the State was killed. The hunter who shot it was Seth Nelson, a famous woodsman, who had a record of 37 elk from 1830 to 1843, and who was still living the last I knew, I having visited him at Round Island, Elk County, in 1883. Nelson set his traps and hunted the ridges of that region year in and year out after killing that elk, and was satisfied that the wapiti race had been annihilated along the Sinnemahoning, and if it had disappeared from that wild section, it was certain that it had no representative in any other part of the State. Early in September, 1867, however, as he was setting his traps in Bennett's Creek, near Flag Swamp, he heard the peculiar and unmistakable whistle that a bull elk makes at that time of year, and then only for three or four days. It is its call for a mate, and the Indian hunters call it "the lone song." Nelson returned to his cabin, got his hounds, and started back for Flag Swamp to put them on the trail of the elk. In the meantime, unfortunately for the old elk hunter, a heavy rain had commenced to fall, and by the time he had reached the spot where he had heard the bull's whistle, all scent of the trail had been obliterated, and Nelson was forced to abandon his hunt."

"It was something that Nelson never forgave himself for that he did not keep his discovery to himself, for had he done so he believed that he would have rounded his record as an elk hunter by killing the last one of that race in Pennsylvania. But he told other hunters, and the news that there was a bull elk still in this Sinnemahoning woods soon spread throughout the region, and the woods were scoured for weeks by scores of hunters, all anxious to lay the lone elk low. Among the hunters who made the woods of Northern and Northwestern Pennsylvania their camping grounds as late as 1867 were many old-time full-blooded Indians, who lived on the Cornplanter Reservation, in Warren County, and on the Cattaraugus Reservation, over the New York State line. Prominent among these was an Indian known as Jim Jacobs, who lived on the Cattaraugus Reservation. He was the greatest hunter that ever roamed the woods of that country, and he was then over seventy-five years old. He, in company with another Indian, started in after the elk."

Other hunters tired of the weary and unprofitable search and left the woods, but these two Indians knew no such thing as weariness or 'let up,' and they kept relentlessly on the hunt. In the latter part of November, on one snowy day, the long search for the elk was rewarded. The Indians struck its trail, and the chase began. Elk, unlike deer, did not fly from danger by tremendous leaps, but kept up a peculiar trot, which they could maintain without fatigue for days. It never directed its course for water when pressed by hounds, as the deer does, but kept constantly on its course as long as it was pursued, or until it was brought to bay. When the dogs succeeded in drawing near to the flying elk it invariably sought the summit of a rock or elevated point, where it would stand and defend itself against the dogs with its fore feet. This was the stage of the chase in which the doom of the elk was sealed. The dogs would harass it, but, if they were trained to the business, kept at a safe distance from the quick and powerful blow of its sharp hoofs, for one blow would kill the gamest dog that ever followed the trail. The dogs would then keep the poor elk at bay until the hunters came up, when the well directed bullets ended the combat.

"Jim Jacobs was learned in all the tactics of the elk, and having discovered the trail of this 'lone elk of the Sinnemahoning,' as this one had been named, they knew that only time and persistence were necessary to eventually secure their game. The animal baffled pursuit for days, but the Indian hunters were as tireless as their game, and on the fourth day after starting the elk, two of them through a heavy snowstorm, the game was brought to bay in the forests of Clarion County, near the head waters of the Clarion River, forty miles from the point where the trail was first struck, although twice that distance, if not more had been covered in the chase."

"When the two Indians arrived on the spot where the elk had been forced to turn upon its pursuers, they found it surrounded by the dogs and fiercely fighting them. Jim Jacobs was anxious to secure the noble animal alive, and hours were spent by the two Indians in efforts to that end, but they were useless. Jim Jacobs shot it through the heart, and the last of the wapiti race in Pennsylvania—the 'lone elk of the Sinnemahoning' died, defying its enemies to the end. Jim Jacobs, the proud slayer of the animal, hunted throughout that part of Pennsylvania until 1882, and, although then ninety years old, showed no signs of loss of vigour. He was run over by the cars at Salamanca last year and cut to pieces almost within sight of his own house on the reservation."

RED AND BLUE PENCIL.

"Black Pencil" writes saying that the lines

"The Sea is toying with his bride, the Shore,
And, in the fulness of his marriage joy,
He decks her tawny brow with shells, and
Drawing back a space to see how fair she looks,
Runs up with glee to cover her with kisses."

are to be found in "A Life Drama," by Alexander Smith, published about five and thirty years. The last number of *The Literary World*, received some days ago, gives them thus:

The bridegroom sea
Is toying with the shore, his wedded bride,
And, in the fulness of his marriage joy,
He decorates her tawny brow with shells,
Retires a space, to see how fair she looks,
Then, proud, runs up to kiss her.

My correspondent then quotes Justin McCarthy as saying that "a spasmodic school which sprang up after the success of 'Festus,' and which was led by a brilliant young Scotchman, Alexander Smith, passed away in a spasm, as it came, and is now almost forgotten." I do not agree to this at all. Both "Festus" and "The Drama of Life" are works of genius which maintain their hold on all admirers of original work.

Miss Sophie M. Almon is not the daughter of the Hon. Senator Almon, although she is of the same family. Her father, first cousin of Senator Almon, was the Rev. Henry Pryor Almon, M.A., D.C.L., and her grandfather the Hon. M. B.