

RATES OF ADVERTISING: One Square, one inch, one insertion... \$1.00

The frog industry is growing. A statistician enumerates "fifty-seven frog farms now in successful operation" in various sections of the country.

The Queen's Jubilee produced at least one good poem, observes Harper's Weekly. Rudyard Kipling's "Recessional" is edifying both to the ear and to the spirit.

A correspondent of the Hartford Times says that a lather of tar soap applied to the face and hands, and then gently rubbed off, is a sure protection against mosquitoes.

One hundred Paris detectives went on strike recently; they objected to one of the inspectors, and to being obliged to keep the van of travelers when they leave hotels and boarding houses, as they had all they could do to watch them when they arrive.

Large farms, unless all their acres were made available in some way, are burdens instead of blessings. The assessor takes in all the acres, and the taxgatherer is quite as exacting. Hence, to make all the acres pay their way, with something over for the farmer's purse, is to be in the middle of the road that leads to goal of success.

Mainz has decided to celebrate the birth of Gutenberg on Midsummer Day, 1900, in order not to interfere with Leipzig's celebration of the same event in 1899. As the exact year of the inventor of printing's birth is not known, the difference of a year or two in the observation of the 500th anniversary will not shock historical accuracy.

The co-operative movement has reached such proportions in Scotland that Dundee supporters have pledged "ourselves to support only those live-stock salesmen, dead-meat salesmen, auctioneers, dealers and others who refuse to have any dealings, directly or indirectly, with co-operative societies, and not support any person who deals with such society in any way, or who deals with any retail butcher who declines to sign and support this resolution." The attention of Parliament has been called to the boycott.

The librarian of the public library at Kansas City, Mo., says that for a year there has been a greater call for works on Alaska than for books on any other country or section of the globe. She has supplied the library, she says, with everything trustworthy she could procure on the country during this time, wondering all the while what had aroused so much interest in that country in Kansas City. Readers, she says, have studied writings on the habits of the people in Alaska, read the Government reports on the Territory, and given special attention to routes to the Yukon country.

Says the New Orleans Times-Democrat: One of the lacks of the age is pleasant fiction. Vapid fiction we have in large quantities, but there are few novels which are at the same time pictures of life and pleasant ones. A book to-day is seldom called "strong" or "important" unless its tones are gloomy, even despairing. Hopelessness, in most of these cases, does not seem to arise from experience or conviction, but gives the impression of being only a popular literary pose. The idea is abroad that a work of fiction ought to be a bitter and painful dose, and that it would not be fulfilling its purpose if it proved "an antidote" to anyone who wished to forge his suffering.

The Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph is authority for the statement that comparatively few people have any idea of the importance of the bituminous coal industry in the United States. Says this newspaper informant: "Since 1893 it has led in point of market value the mineral products of the country, the value of the output for the calendar year 1896, according to the report of the geological survey, being nearly \$115,000,000. For several years prior to 1893 pig iron was the most valuable mineral product, the total for 1892 being \$131,000,000, while the value of bituminous coal for the same year was \$125,000,000. Since 1887 there has been a steady decline in the price of coal, while the output has steadily increased. The 137,640,000 short tons produced in 1896 sold for less money than the 118,000,000 tons produced in 1891. Pennsylvania leads all the States in the Union in the production, its output for last year having been 49,100,000 tons, valued at \$35,000,000; but this was a million tons less than for the preceding year. West Virginia apparently supplanting the product of this State, the production of our neighbor increasing 1,500,000 tons, and aggregating nearly 13,000,000 tons, valued at \$8,336,000."

MOWING. But you must take my place to-day, Cut the grass, and scatter the hay. No sharpen the scythe and bend the back, Swing the arm for an even track. Through daisy blooms and nodding grass Straight and clean must the mower pass. Straight and clean is the only way— You'll find that out— In other things than cutting hay, So be sure through the nodding grass Straight and clean with your scythe to pass. It is far better than any play To mow the grass and to toss the hay. So sharpen the scythe and bend the back, Swing the arm for an even track. Through daisy blooms and nodding grass Straight and clean must the mower pass. —Detroit Free Press.



NOT TO BE DONE.

HE "pained confession" is mine, John Spindler, detective, Scotland Yard, and how it came about was just this way: For a long time I had been on the track of a gang of coiners which in my professional pride I had vowed to capture. More than once I had pounced upon them in their haunts, and all vanished like magic and I being unable to produce proofs, the chief whom I desired most to convict fairly laughed at me and my efforts.

This naturally gave me considerable annoyance, and with some heat I ejaculated: "You've escaped me this time, Jim Bradley, but I'm not John Spindler if you do the next!" "When you catch me, hold me!" he grinned. "How dare you malign an innocent man?" "Innocent? The evil one is not so black as he is painted!" I retorted. Well, it was nearly nine months before I again ran down Jim and his gang; then I detected them in a low, wretched street near the city road. The house they used was kept by an old Irishwoman.

Having watched the house till I was sure of my game, I went to Scotland Yard, saw the chief, reported my news, got some men, and on one dark, gusty winter's night made a swoop upon them. Leaving the police I had brought at a little distance, I knocked at the door. Getting no answer, I stepped back and looked up at the house. It was dark as pitch, save a faint glimmer in the first-floor window. As I returned I felt certain I saw the blind of the lower room move. Trusting, if I was being inspected, that the darkness had concealed my identity, I repeated my summons, when, after a long delay, the door was opened by the old landlady, bearing a flaming tallow candle. "What do you want?" she said, peering feebly at me. "Sure, I'm just as deaf as a post, yer honor, and don't hear a bit. Who do you want?" "One of your respectable lodgers, Mrs. O'Brien," I answered, entering the passage and putting my foot so as to prevent the door closing. "Thanks, old lady, I won't trouble you further."

Giving a preconcerted whistle, my name rapidly forward. "Oh, have mercy upon a lone widder woman! Oh, good gentlemen, what's the matter, sure?" shrieked the hag. Paying no heed to these ejaculations, I placed one policeman on guard, and with the others sprang upstairs. Reaching the landing I found all dark, save a faint glimmer which issued from under the door in front of us. I tried the handle. It was locked. "We have caught him this time!" I whispered excitedly, for I had caught the sound of Jim Bradley's voice. "I have examined the house well, and there is no means of egress either by the roofs or the windows. They are trapped. Open in the Queen's name!" I exclaimed aloud. "Hallo, is that you, my dear Spindler?" cried Jim from within. "Happy to see you, I'm sure! Remember what I said: 'Hold me when you catch me,' old boy! The thing is to trap your bird!" "I will take care of that, Mr. Jim," I rejoined. "Open, or we shall break in the door!" "Oh, please, gentlemen—dear, good gentlemen, for the love of the saints, don't make a noise. There's a poor soul just partin' this life up-stairs, an' his dear young widdy's a most distracted critter. Sorra a one of ye gentlemen has any pity. Don't terrify the colleen nor the partin' soul who, sure, has trouble enough."

"Silence, you old croun!" I exclaimed, "and fetch a light, or I'll have you arrested as an accomplice." With a regretful howl of disappointment she hobbled away, declaring she'd do anything for us, imploring pity for a poor, lone woman and compass for the partin' soul up-stairs. We didn't wait for her return. Aware no one could pass us on the stairs, and believing Jim might be trying to destroy the moulds, we put our shoulders against the door and drove the lock from the box. I had prepared for the light to be extinguished and a rush made. I was disappointed, Jim sat composedly at the table with another man, playing cards.

"Hallo! you don't stand on ceremony, John, my friend," he remarked, laughing. "I thought every man's house was his castle." "So it is, Jim, until he makes it a shield for law-breaking," I answered.

"No, and I'll keep a watch in this house till I've found them." "In this room?" he asked. "No. I ain't quite made of stone," I rejoined, a bit hurt. "But I shall inspect all who go out or come in." "Quite right, and I wish you success, for there's no telling the sufferings this concern occasion." We then descended and the doctor left, after telling the old Irishwoman he would call as he went home on the parish undertaker and give the necessary orders for the funeral. Well, I needn't lengthen out my story. I rented the parlor (by compulsion) of the landlady and established a watch night and day upon who and what went out and entered the house. Jim Bradley came and went, of course, and I inquired how he was, considerably when we met, while with out the slightest demer he let me visit his room whenever I pleased. What did it mean? I also made a call now and then of the widow. Poor thing, she was always crying and so meek and full of grief as she moved about the room where her confined husband was, for she wouldn't leave it, that the sight was pitiable. The medical attendant dropped in once to inquire how we got on, and shook his head on hearing of my want of success. "I fear if the dies are really here," he said, "the fellow you call Bradley is too deep for you."

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THE MERRY SIDE OF LIFE. STORIES THAT ARE TOLD BY THE FUNNY MEN OF THE PRESS.

She Was a Bird—In Modern Parlance—Where It Belongs—A Seaside Infatuation—A Timely Dist—Two Voices—Dead East—Very Close—He Knew, Etc. The charming dame had no appetite. Her health was delicate, her mother said; but at the table she put out of sight as much as would have two longhorns fed.

"I eat no more than would a bird," laughed she. But when she rose and from the table went. The landlord frowned and bit his lips, said he: "I guess an ostrich was the bird she meant." —Boston Courier.

Dead Easy. "Bertie, you cruel boy, how can you hear your baby sister cry?" "Why, that's easy—everybody in the block can." —Truth.

In Modern Parlance. "So he has burned the bridges behind him, has he?" "Well, practically. He has sprinkled tacks along the road." —Truth.

Two Voices. She—"Oh, James, how grand the sea is. How wonderful. I do so like to hear the roar of the ocean." He—"So do I, Elizabeth. Please keep quiet."

Where It Belongs. Assistant Librarian—"Where shall I put this book. 'Impressions of America by an Englishman?'" Librarian—"In the fiction department." —Life.

A Seaside Infatuation. Mrs. Gazzan (reading the newspaper)—"Here's an article about 'A Fatal Flirtation.'" "It's Gazzan," said they. —Harlem Life.

SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL. Wells says that the annual deflection of Great Britain is equal to 21,161,337,355 tons. Dr. Max Schiller, of Berlin, has demonstrated that by the use of Röntgen rays one can see how sounds are produced by the voice in singing. Professor William Crookes, of London, is authority for the assertion that to count the molecules in a pin-head space at the rate of 10,000,000 per second would require 150,000 years. The longest continued cataleptic sleep known to science was reported from Germany in 1892, the patient having remained absolutely unconscious for four and a half months. A ton of Atlantic water when evaporated yields eighty-one pounds of salt; a ton of Pacific water, seventy-nine pounds; the water in the Dead Sea, more than twice as much—187 pounds to the ton.

An American scientist has recently discovered a new microbe which is particularly destructive to the tissues of the human body, and the most striking peculiarity of the creature is that it is nearly all mouth. Petroleum ether has proven to be adapted for low temperature thermometers, as it is still in a semi-liquid condition and capable of further contraction at the temperature of the liquefaction of air—310 degrees below zero Fahrenheit.

The process of crystallization is being studied by Professor Van Sbroeven, who has taken 2800 photographs to show the transfer of organic into inorganic matter. It seems that this fact led to a recent sensational and incorrect report that crystals have been found to be organic substances. It is desired to prevent the freezing of the Baltic Canal and keep it open for navigation as long as possible. The authorities have, therefore, tried to replace the fresh water by salt water. Leaving a sluice open near Brunsbuttel during low tide, the salt water entering by the Baltic end of the canal, expels the fresh water through the other end.

A remarkable peculiarity in the law of solar rotation has been reported by Lewis Jewell as a result of spectroscopic work at Johns Hopkins University. The outer and inner portions of the sun's atmosphere are found to have a difference in rotation period of several days, the period increasing as the photosphere is approached. The measures also show much the greater equatorial acceleration for the outer atmosphere, there being little difference at lower levels in the period for different latitudes.

Engaged Thirty Years. A bright example in constancy and filial devotion is afforded in the experience of a couple recently wedded in Liberty Township, Indiana, the newly married pair being Mr. and Mrs. Henry Foreman, who reside on their 400-acre farm near Greentown. In point of age both bride and groom have passed the half-century mark. Though lovers from early childhood and betrothed from youth, the marriage was deferred until now, the engagement covering a period of thirty years, says the St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Young Foreman had a stepmother to whom he was greatly attached and to whom he solemnly pledged support during her lifetime, promising not to marry while she remained alive. Contrary to expectations, the invalid dependent stepmother lived until a year or more ago. During this long wait of nearly a third of a century the lovers scrupulously observed their vows, toiling on through the years without a thought of disregarding the pledges given the stepmother or breaking faith in any manner whatever. They grew gray, lived frugally, saved their earnings and patiently bided their time. When death removed the barrier the lovers had accumulated sufficient means to buy the largest farm in the township. The minister first engaged to perform the marriage ceremony died of old age many years ago, and a divine of a new generation officiated at the long-delayed wedding.

A Congress of Young Blood. Never in the history of this country have there been so many young men chosen as representatives of the people in Congress as were elected to the present house. It is emphatically a Congress of young men, as the most casual observer from the galleries will readily note. That these men had to contend for their nomination and election against veteran politicians of ability and experience is pleasing proof that the people realize talent and statesmanlike qualities wherever found, and that it is no longer necessary for one to have wrinkles and hoary locks before being deemed qualified to compete for political honors.—Washington Post.

Can Fraternize With Birds. At one of the grocery stores at Pittman Grove, N. J., lives a cat of more than ordinary intelligence. Besides being an expert mouse and rat-catcher, it frequently finds time to go on staking-laying tours, and always brings home a large serpent, which it lays at its master's feet. While other cats make a specialty of capturing young birds, this cat protects the birds and punishes their feline enemies.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

Will Two Minutes Be Reached? This is the year that, as tarfurne has said, will see the record of harness races reduced to two minutes for a mile. The racing record came within a fraction of the mark a year ago, and it is understood that the trainers of a number of noted horses are determined that the coveted mark shall be reached before the season ends.—San Francisco Chronicle.

LOVE AND JOY. I sing of love that sorrow ne'er has known. Love that has dwelt with gladness from its birth. Love that has made more bright the gracious earth. And given every song a tender tone. With my heart have I upreared a throne. And set this love throne with buoyant birth. And much that seemed before of little worth. Soft-sunned by it to beauty strange has grown.

That which was I erewhile is I no more; The wretched I, a wondrous change has wrought. And in my soul now lurks no base alloy. I have cast off the bonds that thrall'd before. The gold of love hath purified my thought. And Joy my sovereign is, for Love is Joy. —Clinton Scollard.

HUMOR OF THE DAY. "She used to be so delicate before she took to the wheel." "Well, she's indolent enough now." —Detroit Journal.

First Tot—"My mamma says, 'If the shoe fits, put it on.'" Second Tot—"My mamma says, 'If the shoe fits, take it off—it's too big.'" —Puck.

The Captain (boisterously)—"Come, old man, brace up! What's got into you?" Passenger—"If you don't put me ashore you'll very soon see." —Life.

Minnie—"In my opinion one wheel is as good as another." Mamma—"I suppose there is not much difference in rented wheels." —Indianapolis Journal.

You must get rid of the Ostrich, sent, Mike, if you want to get on. Yet, shure, I was tin years in London before I could get over it myself." —New York Journal.

Style in the Far West: "Don't the Smiths put on lots of style, don't they?" "Well, I should say! They have individual cyclone collars up at the Smiths." —Puck.

Scientific Methods: Birch—"Riches have wings!" Pine—"Possibly; but most millionaires seem to have succeeded in clipping them pretty successfully!" —Brooklyn Life.