A jury in Russia is said by the London Law Notes to have allowed a burglar to go free because the man whom he had robbed had refused to lend him money. "This, in the opinion of the jury was a direct incentive to crime."

Explorer Nansen, who was recently appointed professor of zoology at Christiania, is collecting funds for carrying out his next plan, which is to construct six vessels on the plan of the Fram and let them drift toward the North Pole from different points.

It was mentioned at a recent meeting of the California state board of equalization that there was a school district in Kiowa county in which the Missouri Pacific paid $1800 in taxes. The only family in the district lived in a dugout, and they had only one child. They kept the school in the dugout and drew the $1800.

It is said that a young woman once asked Chief Joseph if he had ever scalped any one. When the question was translated to him Joseph looked at the fair questioner intently, then walked around behind her and viewed the knot of hair only half hidden by her bonnet. "Tell her," he said to the interpreter, "that I have nothing in my collection as fine as that."

According to the New Orleans Picayune, hard times have set nearly everybody trying to get federal appointments, and senators and representatives friendly to the administration have not as yet been able to catch up with their correspondents. Clerks in the postoffice department at Washington have to write more than 100,000 letters to ambitious people to notify them that their applications have been received.

Farms laid out for republics, upon which to make model citizens of idle boys, are being rapidly popularized, says the Boston Globe. When cities like New York turn 50,000 boys into the streets for want of school accommodations, something must be done to offset the danger of rearing a horde of idlers and criminals. The farm republic makes a good citizen to order by making him self-sustaining and even self-governing under proper limitations.

The Novoe Vremya says that the Russian census gives a population for the empire of one hundred and twenty-seven millions, exclusive of the Grand-duchy of Finland, which takes its own census. Some other figures have still to be added from the uttermost parts of Siberia, as well as the nomad tribes of the Steppes and the mountaineers of the Caucasus, where an exceptional snowfall delayed the work till the spring. The full total is expected not to be under a hundred and thirty millions.

Statistics show that the medical profession is more prone to suicide than any other. During the last three years the number of suicides occurring among physicians has been respectively 45, 49 and 47 per annum, an average of nearly one to 2000; or, as the death rate among physicians is about 25 to 1000, nearly one-fiftieth of all the deaths in the profession have been by suicide. It has been suggested that an explanation of this tendency may be found in the development of morbid fancies in the mind of a doctor, on account of his constant association with the sick and dying, or of an actual indifference to death, or because he has the requisite knowledge of how to die painlessly and conveniently. A medical journal dissents from all these views, and holds that the leading factor is the accessibility of the poisonous drugs, which are almost invariably used.

Says the Minneapolis Tribune: All over the world there are Audubon societies named for the great American ornithologist. Their object is to protect the singing birds and to protest against the wearing of their plumage and also of heron's aigrettes on ladies' hats and bonnets. The Earl of Stanford presided at the last meeting of the British Audubon society in Manchester, and urged the sending forth of an appeal to all women to sacrifice vanity to mercy, and set their faces against the slaughter of the winged songsters for their personal adornment. The decline of the trade in stuffed birds was noted as an encouraging fact at this meeting, though larks and lapwings are still being slaughtered, and the passion for heron's aigrettes shows no abatement. The Civitas club of Brooklyn, N. Y., is now holding in the interest of the local Audubon society an exhibition of trimmed hats and bonnets which show exquisite taste and beauty, but whose only feather decorations are ostrich tips.

## A GENTLEMAN OF '76.

He cut a gallant figure
In bonnie buff and blue;
A goodly sight his buckles bright
And primly powdered queue!
A more courageous quester
Ne'er served Sultan nor Shah
Than he, my brave ancestor,
My great-great-grandpapa!
And then in his elation
Did my forefather gay,
Speak out the word he'd long deferred
For fear she'd say him "Nay;"
And when he saw how tender
Within her eyes the light,
He cried: "In your surrender
I read—we win the fight!"
And when the freedom-paean
Swept, surge-like, through the dells—
A might clang whose echoes rang
From Philadelphia bells—
Loud from a stern old steeple
He hurled the proud hurrah,
The joy-peal to the people,

My great-great-grandpapa.
He held the brutal Briton
A "thing" beneath his scorn;
A Tory he conceived to be
The basest caitiff born;
And not a neighbor wondered
He looked upon them so—
Forsooth, that was one hundred
And twenty years ago!
How true the happy presage!
In faith, how leal and true,
Thy whole long life of love and strife,
Thou saint in buff and blue!
Beyond all touch of travail,
With great-great-grandmamma,
Now flooding time, slips by in rhyme
For great-great-grandpapa!

—Clinton Scollard.

## GRIGGSVILLE'S CANNON.

**A Fourth of July Story.**

GRIGGSVILLE was very sorry, indeed, but it didn't see how it was going to have a Fourth of July celebration. Not that Griggsville wasn't anxious to set off firecrackers and have a balloon ascension, with fireworks in the evening. Quite the contrary, for the Fourth of July in the past had always been the greatest day of the year. Griggsville had thought it all over, remembering that crops were bad, that the times were hard and that taxes were high, and had come to the conclusion that it would need all the money it could get for winter fuel and buckwheat flour and bacon.

All of the older folks agreed with this decision; not without many mournful shakes of the head, but the boys of Griggsville were much displeased.

"It's what I call a burning shame," sniffed Jack Morris when he heard the news.

"Yes," chimed in Ruddy Wilson, "Alden's Mills and Norcross and Simpson's Landing and nearly every town in the county is going to have a celebration, and now Griggsville has backed out."

"Course all of our games are off," remarked Dick Lansing, disconsolately; "no team will come here to play unless there is something going on."

Dick was the manager of the Griggsville Baseball Club and he felt the disappointment deeply.

For a moment all the boys were silent, as if the weight of the affliction was too great for expression. Presently Will Spencer blurted out:

"Let's have a celebration anyway. I've got a few dollars I'll put into it and we can get enough more among the boys to make something of a show at least—and we'll leave the old folks out of it, too."

"That's all very well," returned Dick, "but it's easier said than done," and there the matter dropped.

The next day when the boys met at the ball field Will came rushing up the street, evidently much excited. As soon as he was within hearing he shouted:

"I've got it, fellows, I've got it."

"Well, out with it, old man; don't keep us in suspense," replied Dick, who didn't think much of Will's many plans. For Will had only lived in Griggsville a short time and Dick was a little jealous of his popularity.

As soon as Will recovered his breath he unfolded his scheme. It was to go down to Sullinger's Hole and find the cannon and muskets that were supposed to lie hidden in its depths. During the war the part of Missouri in which Griggsville is located had been overrun by roving bands of marauders belonging to both the Confederate and Union armies, and it was on one of these raids that the Southerners had pounced down upon a quantity of stores and ammunition held at Griggsville, and, being unable to get entirely away with their plunder, they had dropped it into Sullinger's Hole. All this had been long known to the boys of Griggsville, whose fathers and mothers often told of the wild day of the raid, and pointed out the bullet-furrows in their homes. And they knew, too, all about Sullinger's Hole. It lay at the end of a tangled path among the hazel brush and prickly ash at the bottom of the bluff which sheltered Griggsville. It was a quiet, glassy pool with a harmless little stream trickling into it, but no outlet that any one knew about. Grass and weeds and a few yellow water lilies grew close around its edges, but at its centre, it was said, no one had ever found bottom, although more than one of the men of Griggsville had sounded the pool. The earliest settlers in the county had called it the "haunted pool," but ever since old man Sullinger had scoffed at the idea and had gone bathing in its waters, never to return, it had been known as Sullinger's Hole. All these things the boys knew and they avoided the dark pool. They neither skated on it in winter nor swam in it in summer, although a few of the braver ones had fished around its edges and caught big, lazy, old bass and pickerel. It was, therefore, not at all surprising that Ruddy Wilson shrugged his shoulders and laughed when Will made the suggestion.

"None of that for me," he said.

"Oh, well, you needn't go along unless you want to," responded Will, impatiently. "All this talk about Sullinger's Hole being haunted is foolishness. I've caught a good many fish there, and it's a beautiful place. May be the old cannon and muskets were never dumped in there at all, but if they were it would be a great thing to drag 'em out and have a parade with 'em on the Fourth and fire the cannon early in the morning. I tell you, boys, it would be the biggest celebration that Griggsville ever had."

Will was very much excited, and several of the boys at once grew interested. Will didn't know as much about Sullinger's Hole as the other boys, and so he was less afraid.

"I'd help," said Dick Lansing, "if I was sure there was any way of doing it."

"All right, Dick, we'll show 'em," put in Will, whose eyes fairly glowed with excitement. "We'll have the old guns all up here by the Fourth and it will be a celebration worth seeing."

When Dick went over, all of the doubters except Ruddy went with him. The company was pledged to the greatest secrecy, and work was to begin at once. The baseball practicing was forgotten, and seven boys set off down the narrow pathway that led to Sullinger's Hole.

That night and the next evening they dragged or rolled a number of big dry logs and poles down to the edge of the pool. These they cut off into equal lengths and fastened together in the form of a huge raft that would support a dozen or more boys. As early on the afternoon of the third day as possible the seven slid quietly out of the town and down the hill to the pool. They carried with them ropes and a crowbar or two and a number of long poles cut in the woods, besides hammers and nails and other implements. On reaching the shore of the pool they mounted the raft and pushed it out. They all whistled and shouted and sung until the birds of the woods, unused to being so disturbed, flew away much frightened. Every one of the workers felt just a little nervous in spite of the bright warm sunlight and the clear sky overhead. Once out on the pool they poled themselves along until they were about twenty feet from the shore.

One of the ropes with a big iron hook on the end was let down in the water and dragged back and forth. Suddenly it pulled against something hard. Half shivering with excitement Dick and George Merton pulled away on it. The raft swayed and lurched, and the other boys came to help them. At last a big, dark object came to the surface, and they saw that it was only the limbs of a big dead tree. As long as there was light they poled about the edges of the pond with their drags, but with the exception of snags and weeds and mud they could find nothing at all.

After two more discouraging afternoons of work "Lank" Everson said he wasn't going to waste any more of his time.

Three of the boys agreed with him, but Will Spencer was able to persuade Dick and Jack to make one more trial. By this time they had got over most of their awe of the pool and they had all expressed their intention of going there often to fish.

The next night Will was handling the drag rope. Suddenly it began to pull, and, assisted by Jack, he drew it carefully in. At the end was a mass of snags.

"What's that?" shouted Dick, suddenly.

Will pulled the rope nearer and Jack lifted out a long, narrow object. It was a gun barrel, rusted beyond recognition. The stock was wholly gone, but it had evidently been broken off in raising it from the bottom, because there were the marks of a fresh fracture.

Forgetting that he was on a raft Will threw up his cap and shouted at the top of his voice:

"We've found 'em! we've found 'em!"

But although they dragged an hour they could bring up nothing else.

"I don't see how we can ever get the things up even if they are there," said Dick.

"Dive," answered Will, quietly.

The other two boys looked at him with horror. But when they parted for the night Will had expressed his firm intention of diving to the bottom to see if he could find the cannon. And the next day all seven of the boys came back very much excited. The finding of the gun barrel had reassured them. Carefully they poled out so as not to make the water muddy, and then Will stripped and stood poised for a moment on the edge of the raft. Dick had insisted that he tie a rope around him. The word was given, and, with a look at the clear sky above, Will splashed head-first into the Sullinger's hole. They saw his white body go down and down through the water and then fade out of sight. No one moved nor uttered a sound; every muscle was strained and every eye was fixed on the water. It was a critical moment. What would Will find? Would he be sucked down to his death as Sullinger had been?

But the rope had ceased to spin through Dick's hands. Then it pulled again and a dozen feet away from the boat a wet head popped out of the water. Will shook himself, sputtered and shouted:

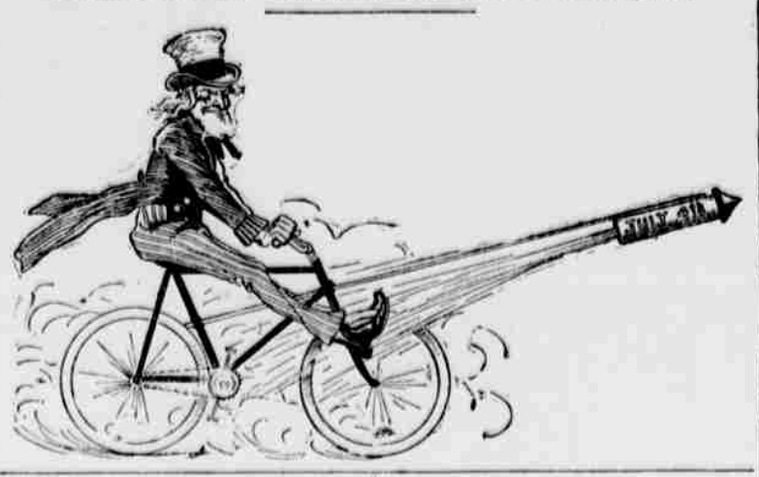
"It's there, it's there; I touched it."

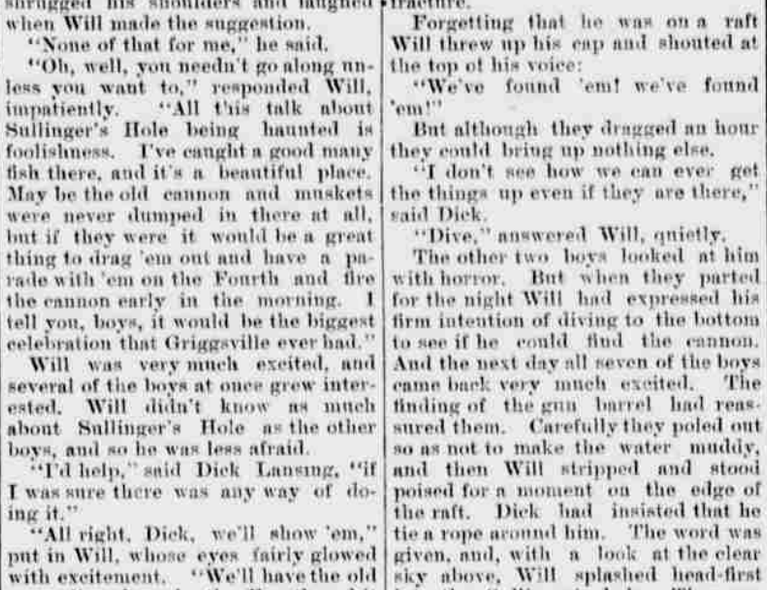
Then he struck out for the raft, dragging something along in his hand. When he crawled out he laid an old, worn, rusted musket on the logs. All the boys were wild with excitement. Dick insisted on stripping and making a dive, and he, too, brought up a musket. Then Will went down with one end of a small rope in his mouth. This he ran through the fork of the cannon. A larger rope was dragged down, and before dark the boys were on shore ready to begin pulling in their prize. But it would not stir. It was too deep in the mud.

The next afternoon they came down with Tom Fisher's old white-faced team, fastened it to the rope, and with one strong pull the cannon came loose and then it was no trouble to pull the battered and rusted and wholly worthless old piece of artillery out of the water.

Somehow, in spite of all the boys could do, the news spread about like wild-fire, and every one in town came out to see what Sullinger's Hole had given up to the light of day. A hundred willing hands dragged the old cannon to the top of the bluff, and on Fourth of July morning it was loaded with powder—but that is getting ahead of the story. For when Griggsville heard what the boys had done Will Spencer became the hero of the hour, and the money for a great celebration was quickly subscribed. And on the morning of the great day Griggsville was out in her best with flags waving and firecrackers popping and anvils booming. The news of the great find had spread, and men and women and children came from all over the country to help Griggsville celebrate and to see Will Spencer.

## UNCLE SAM'S FOURTH OF JULY BICYCLE.



"A HUNDRED WILLING HANDS DRAGGED THE OLD CANNON."

And Dick Lansing's ball team won two games.

About the old cannon? When it was fired it split from end to end, but Griggsville still keeps it as a proud trophy. And she is probably celebrating around it to-day, for Will Spencer made the dive which brought him fame all over Missouri many years ago.—Chicago Record.

## "THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER."

**A Little Boy Was the First Person to Sing the Spirited Song.**

In Lossing's "Pictorial Field Book of the War of 1812" it is recorded that the "Star-Spangled Banner" was first sung in a restaurant in Baltimore, next door to the Holliday Street Theatre, by Charles Durange, to an assemblage of the patriotic defenders of the city, and after that nightly at the theatre.

This statement is slightly inaccurate, and though it is one of no great historical importance it involves a matter of sufficient interest to justify a correction. The first person to sing that spirited song—which, though given a foreign air and commemorating a single episode in our country's history, has filled millions of hearts with patriotic devotion—was a lad of twelve years of age, the scene of his childish effort being neither a restaurant nor a theatre, but the open street in front of Captain Benjamin Edes's printing office in Baltimore, the second day after the bombardment of Fort McHenry. It is worthy of record, too, that the person who first "set up" the song, printed it and distributed it to the citizens of Baltimore was also a boy—an apprentice of Captain Edes—the whole thing being done while the gallant captain was still out of the city with his regiment, the Twenty-seventh Maryland Infantry, which three days before had acted with conspicuous bravery at the battle of North Point.

The name of the apprentice boy, then seventeen or eighteen years old, was Samuel Sands. He lived a very much respected citizen of Baltimore to a very old age. The little singer was James Lawrenson, who afterward, for nearly seventy years, was connected with the Postoffice Department, and also employed, for probably half that time, as a writer for the National Intelligencer, the Philadelphia Ledger and the Baltimore Sun. He died nearly ninety years old, at his home in Baltimore, universally loved and honored.

**A Four-Legged Fire Extinguisher.**

I guess most boys think all the fun of the Fourth is to light firecrackers, but the writer had a dog named Democrat who had lots of fun putting out firecrackers as they exploded. He was a plucky bull-terrier, and earned the title of "four-legged fire-extinguisher" in this way. After an exciting day with him, when he had put out many crackers with mouth and paws, we were on the lawn, watching the fireworks, when the thin dress of a child caught fire from a smoldering cracker, and Democrat saw the blaze and put it out before the older people had noticed it.

We first discovered his taste for fire-fighting when he jumped and took a lighted match from my father's hand. He finally burned his throat while putting out a blazing paper, and died, much missed by all the boys in the neighborhood.—Chicago Record.

**Costly Displays of Fireworks.**

The cost of a finely managed display of fireworks is no small consideration. At the Presidential inauguration at Washington March 4, 1885, $5000 was paid to one company for fireworks, and I was shown one check for $11,000, which was given for a similar but more extensive display at the Centennial of Washington's inauguration, April 30, 1889. Paris and London have always been exceedingly lavish in this regard. As early as 1697, $60,000 were spent in London on fireworks to celebrate the peace of Ryswick. In 1814 an even larger amount was spent to celebrate in St. James Park the 100th anniversary of the reigning family; and at Crystal Palace, where fireworks are frequent, three tons of quick-match are sometimes let off in a single evening.

**The Prisoners' Holiday.**

Once a year, on the Fourth of July, the prisoners at the Wisconsin State's prison at Waupun have a half-holiday. They are let out of their dark cells into the prison yard. They can't have firecrackers, but they are so glad to get out that the time goes away quickly. They have boxing, wrestling, running, races, ball playing and all kinds of games. On the Fourth two years ago one old man, who was a little bit crazy, wanted to make a stump speech, so he got on top of an old windmill tower and began to shout. He was very much excited, and some of the men turned the hose on him. He was wild with anger, and could think of nothing more to say.

**An Epitaph.**

Stop, traveler, and weep for him
Who's lying here below.
He filled his cannon to the brim—
That's all you'll ever know.

**Here He is Again.**

## PEARLS OF THOUGHT.

Only ignorance knows it all.

Some folks would give poverty a gold toothpick.

Treating is a civilized system of swapping drunks.

Royal patronage gives a ten cent flavor to a five cent cigar.

Political quacks are eternally doctoring effects instead of curing causes.

A man may be more careful about the foundation that is under his house, than about the foundation that is under his life.

Where you are is of no moment, but only what you are doing there. It is not the place that ennobles you, but you the place.

To live for others is greater than to live for self; a benefactor is greater than a despot; integrity is better than gold or genius.

When a man settles down to do his duty, and quits wasting time in idle talk, he gets a reputation for being either cross or bigoted.

It is as dangerous for a girl to become careless with a worthless young man as it would be to become careless with a stick of dynamite.

A good woman may believe that she loves the Lord better than she does her husband, but she isn't apt to brag around the house about it.

A man who boasts that he never changes his opinions either claims infallibility, or else concedes that he has not sense enough to learn anything.

Not by empty protestations against the pleasures of the world, and cynical denunciations of its enjoyments, but by our superiority to its perishing greatness, to its fading beauties, and its impotent antagonisms, are we to express our redemption from its power.

## THE COWBOY'S ROMANCE.

**How a Sleepy Man Promoted a Texas Engagement.**

Several years ago, while I was out West, I figured, though rather indiscreetly, as the promotor of what I hope was a happy marriage. I had been riding all one day and at night arrived travel-stained and weary at a dirty, broken-down little tavern in the midst of a settlement of equally dilapidated huts and shanties. I gave my broncho into a stableman's hands and, after a hearty meal, retired for the night.

My quarters were back of the living room, a combination of bar and parlor, and were consequently noisy. Gradually the sounds grew fainter as the cowboys dispersed for the night, and finally everything was quiet save for the low murmurings of a husky voice. I took out my Navajo blanket, rolled up in it and lay down on the dingy bed to get my much needed sleep. But, alas! no sooner was I settled than the dull, monotonous voice made itself heard.

"Now, Sal," it said, "won't yer marry me? You'll never be sorry, and I'll make yer a good husband."

Then a woman's voice, raised in protestations and clumsy attempts at coy refusals. I should say this was kept up for an hour and a half, the man pleading, the woman refusing, until I was well-nigh distracted. Finally, as the "Won't yer marry me, Sal?" smote the air for the five-hundredth time I jumped up and put my mouth to the keyhole. "Sal," I yelled, "for the love of goodness say 'yes' to that man, so I can get a little sleep!"

Needless to say not a sound followed, and the rest of the night I spent in peace.

The next morning I was about to start off when out of the inn came a tall cowboy followed by a lank, raw-boned Texan girl; red-haired and freckled. She stood shyly in the background, and he came up to me.

"Stranger," he said, holding out his hand, "I am a mighty happy man. Sal has said 'yes,' and it was your words as helped her along to that decision. I owe you my everlastin' thanks."—Twinkles.

**Indian Playthings.**

An article on "Home Life Among the Indians" is written for the Century by Mrs. Alice C. Fletcher. The author says: Playthings are improvised by the Indian youngster with no small power of inventing. Fine war-bonnets are made from cornhusks, at the expense of much time and labor, and everything that children see is modeled in clay; dishes, pipes, ponies, whole villages, show their imitative faculty, while coffins with a bit of glass set in the lid covering a pinched-up baby indicates their keen observation of new customs. Dolls vary as much as the children and their surroundings. Stone babies are not uncommon among the Alaskans, dull enough in appearance, but evidently responsive in the fancy of the small Northwesterner. Dollies made of fawn-skin, with painted eyes and cheeks and red hair, having hands with wonderfully tapering fingers, and clad in gala garments and moccasins fitting well their diminutive feet, are the delight of the children of the plains. One woman who was skillful in the manufacture of dolls made a pair for me, but refused to duplicate them, because she had already used nearly all her own hair in the construction of dolls. Hobby-horses for boys are as universal as dolls for girls. The sunflower-stalk with one nodding blossom left on the end is a favorite pony. In their races the boys ride one stalk and trail two or three others after them as "fresh horses," thus increasing the dust and excitement of the play.

**Incentive.**

"Mrs. Cumso is a shrewd woman."

"What makes you think so?"

"She attached a cyclometer to the lawn mower and gave Cumso a tin medal every time he scored a century."—Omaha World-Herald.