

# The Community Farmer.

"The Blessings of Government, Like the Dew from Heaven, Should Descend Alike Upon the Rich and the Poor."

W. G. KENTZEL, Editor.

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## THEIR WORRIES.

The met him at the door and frowned. Her heart was not in it. "The bill collector," she said, "is a child of trouble, and he freely told me so. The more she thought of it, the more she fretted and she fumed and there were tears that blurred her sight. She wanted him to sympathize. Alas! the man met down. As though there were no such things as unaccomplished goals. He merely looked away space. And twisted his thumbs, nor saw the bitter tears that streaked her face. No seemed to care a straw. And he sat and twisted his thumbs and looked at something far away. To-morrow there would be a note. They'd call on him to pay. A note for thousands of dollars. He could have to steal or borrow. Upstairs, alone, mistreated, she thought of her own life. S. E. Kiser, in Chicago Times-Herald.

## Pullington's Trousers

By Kenneth F. Harris.

The cloth falling in symmetrical folds from the pillar that it covered in the cluttered store, the moment Pullington's finger touched the moment he saw it. It was gray and black, close-knit woven, but with a fine soft look about it, and the card at the base of the pillar announced that trousers would be made of this material for only \$4.50. Pullington looked at the card, and of that description to round off the coat and waistcoat that he had left over from the last winter, and the gray and black was just about the right blend to harmonize. The price, too, was, he thought, extremely low.

Pullington walked into the store and asked to be permitted to examine the goods closely. He noticed that the clerk seemed rather apathetic and willing to let the merchandise speak for itself. Pullington drew out some strands of worsted from the piece and pulled them apart, and found that they broke fluffily and with no apparent admixture of cotton. To make assurance doubly sure he struck a match on his boot heel and applied the flame to the yarn, which simply curled up and asid, emitting an unpleasant odor.

"I believe I'll take my measure," said Pullington. The clerk yawned behind his hand and jerked the tape measure from his shoulder. He then took Pullington's measure and \$4.50 gave him a check and told him that he could have the garment the next day. The next day passed, but the trousers were not delivered. Pullington was in no particular hurry, but he had been considering the advisability of buying another winter suit, and he thought that he could hardly do better than return to the store and see whether he could not strike another bargain. There were two or three other men in the place, among them the apathetic clerk, who was talking earnestly to a bald-headed man with flowing side-whiskers at the other end of the store. Nobody paid any attention to Pullington, so he took his time in examining the rolls of cloth stacked on the counters. Occasionally he looked around and saw that the men were still talking to the bald-headed man. They seemed to be worried about something. The other men had drawn together; one of them had a notebook which he consulted from time to time and seemed to compare with a large sheet of paper that he held in his hand. Pullington, too, and that gentleman wondered what the dickens they meant by it.

At last one of the group walked over and laid his finger on Pullington's arm. He was a stout, red-faced man, with a heavy mustache and a swollen nose. He spoke as one having authority. "I'd like you to get through as soon as you can," he said. "I want to close up this store." Pullington stared. "That's no job," said the red-faced man. "I want to close this store up. I'm a deputy sheriff." He threw open his coat as he spoke and displayed a star that corroborated his assertion. "What's the matter? Has the firm failed?" asked Pullington. "You've hit it first class out of the box," said the deputy. "We are on our way out; we'll have about that," said Pullington. "I've got a contingent interest in this store myself." He walked over to the apathetic clerk. "How about this?" he asked. "Where are my trousers?"

The clerk surveyed him with lack-luster eyes. "You seem to have 'em on," he replied. "Hold on here! Easy!" said the deputy as Pullington made a threatening gesture. "Didn't you measure me for a pair of trousers yesterday and take my money for them?" asked Pullington. "What kind of a skin game is this, anyway?" "Wait a minute, my friend, and don't get excited," said the man with the side-whiskers. "Did you take the gentleman's order?" he continued, addressing the clerk. "What name?" asked the languorous clerk. "Pullington."

The clerk looked as if he didn't think much of that for a name, and consulted his order book. "Here it is," he said, "and a moment ago you were pulling \$4.50—was to be delivered to-day. They are probably done now." "Well, do I get them?" "I guess you'll have to see the receiver about that. I don't know anything about this business yesterday—nor for certain." "I didn't know anything about it myself," said the man with the side-whiskers. "I thought the blamed thing could be settled. There was no reason why it couldn't be either. There's a spite work in this." He looked over at the light overcoat who had been busy with his notebook. "I don't care a continental whether there's a spite work about it or not," said Pullington. "I want my trousers, and I'm going to get them, too." "Maybe you will," said the deputy.

## FOUND BY ACCIDENT.

### The Strange Case of Harvey W. Rogers, of Buffalo, N. Y.

Left His Comfortable Home Twenty-Three Years Ago and Has Since Been an Absolutely Aimless Wanderer.

(Special Washington Letter.) Student street philosophy are often baffled when they try to explain some of the peculiar workings of the human intellect. There are ample evidences of the fact that some men have dual natures; and many men of average intelligence are often surprised to find that every human being is so endowed.

Some investigators claim that each lobe of the brain is in some degree independent of the other, and that good impulses come from one lobe of the brain, while bad impulses come from the other. Some scientists assert that if subjects could be found, who would permit surgical operations, so that one lobe of the brain might be removed, in that manner they could discover which the good and which the bad side of the human thinking machinery. Lapses of memory are well authenticated, and intellectual freaks abound in the daily experiences of observant men.

Twenty-three years ago last September Harvey W. Rogers, a railroad station agent at Hamburg, a suburb of Buffalo, N. Y., left his position, home, friends and a comfortable fortune to go to the Centennial exposition in Philadelphia. He was still alive, however, and has since been an aimless wanderer, and has never returned to his home. Not once in that time did he communicate with his relatives, and they, hoping almost against hope that he was still alive, have been steadfastly searching for him for more than a score of years.

Their diligence was rewarded one day recently, when a meeting between Rogers and his family was effected at the office of his attorney in this city. Rogers, through the efforts of his lawyer, had been enabled to find their long-lost brother and that he came here from Buffalo to meet him. Their recognitions were mutual, and while the women wept for joy, the old man was overjoyed to find that for a few moments he could hardly speak.

The story of the eventful life of the old man, now 62 years of age, is an interesting narrative. His father was a well-to-do farmer in Erie county, and he possessed a fine tract of land in what is now a growing suburb of Buffalo.

When Rogers was a boy the land was reckoned to be worth about \$50 an acre; now \$50,000 would scarcely purchase that much of it. When a young man he enlisted in the Ninth New York cavalry, and served throughout the civil strife. There the romance of his nature developed. The home life was not his father's and his, and he became imbued with the spirit of a wanderer. However, he returned home after the war was over and went to work for the railroad.

His father died, some of the estate was sold, and by economy Rogers managed to acquire a considerable sum of money. He kept an account in a savings bank, and he had a mortgage on a piece of property, and he had a good position as station agent and became well-to-do. Still he was never wholly contented.

During the centennial year he started for Philadelphia, fully expecting and intending to return after spending a few weeks at the exposition. He took with him only enough funds to pay the expenses of an economical trip, for he was never a spendthrift, but rather frugal and modest in his wants. Weeks went by, and finally they lapsed into months, but no tidings came from him. His sisters, with whom he lived, waited anxiously for his return. Finally they wrote to Philadelphia and asked the authorities to find their missing brother.

No man who answered his description could be found in the face of the search. He was discovered, and the family continued to hope that he was still alive. Still no message came from him, although they could see no reason why he should remain away and still less why, if alive, he should be silent. Year after year passed, but from time to time the family continued the search for the missing relative. Once, during the first inauguration of President Cleveland, some Buffalo people reported to Rogers' sisters that they had seen him in this city. Again hope was revived and efforts were made to follow up the trail, but to no purpose. The police in large cities were asked time and again to look out for him.

In his wanderings Rogers frequently came into Washington. In fact, he has been in almost every town of any considerable size in both Maryland and Virginia. Upon one of these trips he went to the S. C. of Mr. Gitt, to have him interested, for him in obtaining a pension. The attorney, however, had no knowledge of his client's wanderings. In this city Rogers also met Capt. Woolley, of the post office department, who was the commander of one of the companies in Rogers' regiment during the war. He, too, was in ignorance of the fact that the former soldier was a wanderer from home and that his family was endeavoring to find him.

After laying his case before the attorney Rogers again disappeared, and even his attorney did not know his whereabouts for a long time. One day, however, he learned that one of the Buffalo congressmen had received a request from Rogers' sisters, asking him to make inquiries concerning their brother, whom they had once more learned had been seen.

Mr. Gitt assured the congressmen that Rogers was still alive, and he made renewed efforts to find him. For a long time he was unsuccessful. Finally he again found his client's trail and followed it to Danville, Va. There Rogers was discovered, and induced to come to Washington to meet his sisters, who were advised of the success of the attorney's search, and hastened to this city to see their long lost relative.

Why Rogers never returned to his home and never wrote to his friends he himself is unable to explain. He is a man, amiable, but somewhat eccentric, old-fashioned, but not unkind. He tells many interesting stories of his travels and experiences with people and affairs. For 20 years he has worked in one place and another, both in cities and in the country, and has traveled with circuits. For several seasons he was with Barnum & Bailey; then he was with Adam Forepaugh, and again with two or three other traveling shows, and thus wandered up and down the country, through many states and hundreds of towns.

A phase of his carelessness is illustrated by a fact in connection with his arrest while upon one of his periodical visits to this city. He was taken into custody as a vagrant, merely because he stood upon the street thoughtlessly gazing at one of the public buildings, and because the authorities, in answer to his queries, that he had no home and wasn't going anywhere in particular.

When searched at the police station a large amount of money was found in his pockets. Not understanding, he was sent to the workhouse, from which place he was released through the efforts of Mr. Gitt. Still Rogers never returned to the police department to ask for his money, and it remains in the hands of the authorities. Rogers has concluded to return to Buffalo and secure possession of the money and estate which has long been held for him by his sisters. The interest upon the several thousand dollars which he carried with him, he has instituted to double during his absence. His mortgages have been renewed by his sisters, and his property held intact so that he will have a comfortable home when he returns. Beyond that he should support him in luxury for the remainder of his years. He expressed the desire, however, when all his financial matters have been settled up, to come back to Washington and take up his residence in this city.

Between the authorities, he remembers that he intended to return, and remembers that he was attracted to circus life, upon witnessing an interesting performance, and remembers that he sought employment in order to be able to return to his home. He has no reason why he should have left his home and relatives, and remained away from them so long.

This is not only an interesting case—a story worth telling—but it is one that is full of indications of intellectual phenomena. The secret to this story may never be written; but it would be exceedingly interesting to know what impulses will control or direct the future movements of this singular man. There are indications of a brain that is free from insanity or disease of the brain. And yet the case would be well worthy careful scrutiny in the future, in order that we might know the subsequent phenomena.

The story of Mr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde in his mind is regarded as a marvelous bit of the work of the imagination of a novelist. Every day life is filled with such mysteries.

SMITH D. FRY.

## TONS OF GOLD IN SIGHT.

Rich Strike in the Penrose Mine Is Causing Wild Excitement in Leadville.

An excitement equal to any Leadville, Col., has ever experienced is now raging in that camp. The phenomenal strike in the Penrose mine is still the all-absorbing topic of conversation for the entire town. The interest is intensified by the report made by several mining men who visited the property. There are two drifts running parallel, 25 feet apart, for a distance of over 300 feet. Between these two drifts it is figured that there is a solid mass of ore worth not less than \$2,000,000, hence the excitement attending the discovery is tuned to the highest pitch. Even this represents but a small part of the ore in sight in the Home Mining company's group. A large body of iron ore opened up in the Bon Air mine running from 40 to 50 ounces of silver, from which specimens of 30 tons a day are being made, is one of the company's favorite prospects.

Each day the company that is causing all the talk is producing 200 tons, and not a few of the ores run as high as 600 ounces silver, with good lead values. Only two months ago the stock of the company could be bought for \$100 a share, and now it is worth \$1,000 a share. Several thousand shares have since changed hands at ten dollars a share, while a small block went up to \$12.

It is confidently believed that the paper will rise to \$20 before the first of the next month. Parties controlling it are in no hurry to sell, seeing their way to a probable fortune. It has been many years since Leadville has had such a mining excitement combined with stock speculation. People who hold from ten to fifteen cents over the par value of one dollar. Several thousand shares have since changed hands at ten dollars a share, while a small block went up to \$12.

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## HUMOROUS.

"Have you any Dewey colors?" he asked in the dry goods store. "I don't know what you mean," said the attendant. "Why, colors what you'd run." —Tokers Statesman.

"The fellow's 'Goo-goo go, oo!' Mother—'Just hear that child talk. What must people think of him?' Father (very modestly)—'Perhaps he seems pedantic to others.'—Detroit Journal.

Only One Fault.—There's only one fault to be found with your country work, and that is, it isn't yours. "What's that?" asked the aspiring young actor. "It's tragic."—Chicago Evening Post.

He—'What allowance do you think your father ought to make us when we are married?' She—'Well, if he makes allowance for your faults, I think he will be doing all that can be expected of him.'—Harlem Life.

"Mrs. Vanderville won a lot of money on the yacht race." "Surely you don't mean to intimate that she would bet on a thing of that kind?" "No, her husband owns a half interest in a New York excursion boat."—Chicago Times-Herald.

Mr. Bragg—"I got a wireless message from San Francisco this morning." Mr. Wise—"But the heart of the wireless system would carry so far." Mr. Bragg—"Marconi didn't have anything to do with it. It came by mail."—Baltimore American.

Objected to the "Coon" Song.—"What's that you sing?" asked the old man of the policeman, in answer to his queries, that he had no home and wasn't going anywhere in particular.

"Well, you oughter go on 'bout yob work, 'stid o' makin' yobself laughable tryin' to imitate white folks' ways."—Washington Star.

A Novel Difference.—"A yacht is different from a bicycle," said Mr. Penn. "Yes; it is also different from a mule and a ball of popcorn," replied Mr. Pitt, sarcastically. "But what difference had you in mind?" "It can stand on a tack without puncturing its tire."—Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph.

## OVEREXERCISE.

One of the Causes Where It Is Possible to Get Too Much of a Good Thing.

A warning against the lasting injury often caused by overexercise has been published by a medical journal. Trainers of athletes find that not the least common effect of overexercise is interference with digestion. While moderate exercise tends to produce appetite, a long and exhausting exertion may destroy it, and even produce actual sickness, as many mountain climbers have experienced. In many large-framed, muscular men of apparently powerful physique, the digestive system is so easily upset by muscular exercise that, although they may be able to sustain exertion that disturbs their digestion and cuts at the very root of their nutrition. In many cases, the stomach will not function in consequence of a self-poisoning by the products of muscular waste. Interference with digestion so lowers nutrition, while accumulation of waste products so poisons the system that in either case the limit is soon reached, and the very will to make it pass away. But the risk of straining the heart by overexercise is of even graver character. Every muscular effort not only demands a flow of blood from the heart, but drives more blood toward it, a long and exhausting exertion, the heart dilated cavity does not quite close at each contraction, and permanent mischief is set up. Those who have already acquired a tendency to overexercise will do well to remember that the limit is soon reached, and the chances are that it has already gone too far.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

## FOND OF AUTOMOBILES.

The French Have Numbers in Use Contrasted with Those of Other Countries.

It would appear from data now in our possession that in Europe there are at present well over 7,000 owners of automobiles. Many of these own more than one vehicle, so that perhaps the number of vehicles could be put at 10,000. The 1,000 cars now in use in France, the general idea has been that in France the interest was centered in Paris, but this is erroneous, there being of the 5,600 no fewer than 4,541 scattered all through the departments. For the remainder of Europe the figures are far from complete, but it would appear that there are 266 owners of automobiles in Germany, 90 in Austria-Hungary, 90 in Belgium, 44 in Spain, 204 in Great Britain, 111 in Italy, 68 in Holland, 114 in Switzerland and 35 in Russia, Denmark, Portugal, etc.

As to the investment, if the 10,000 automobiles in Europe be averaged at \$1,000 apiece they have cost the purchasers \$10,000,000. In this country at the present time the like investment averaging the automobiles at \$200 apiece would only be \$2,000,000. The orders and contracts now in hand represent perhaps ten times that amount, while the companies with a nominal paper capital of about \$400,000,000 have announced their intention of building automobiles in the United States. The coming year ought to be worth \$100,000,000, and it will be largely electrical at that.—Electrical World and Engineer.

## LOST HIS TOOLS.

Mumbling Mike—Kind lady, would you please give me some sof' vittles? Since I lost my tool I can't get no more work at me trade.

Kind Lady—Why, certainly, you poor man! But what was your trade? Mumbling Mike—Biting holes in porous plasters, mum.—Baltimore American.

## THE CHILDREN'S LAND.

It Is Located in New Mexico and Certainly Is a Most Remarkable Community.

On a tract of land nearly 1,000 acres in extent, and situated about 50 miles north of Las Cruces and about 50 miles north of El Paso, in New Mexico, is the most remarkable community in the world. Here a fraternity, with a new civilization, a new religion and a Bible of its own, is being reared, with the idea of the perfectibility of the human race, which was the dream of its founder. From the raw material of cowboy infamy and foul language a new kind of people is intended to result.

The adults composing this community are spiritualists and vegetarians, but the children reared under this strange system are the chief hope of the believers. It is they, and not the grown men and women who live in the Shalam, who are to demonstrate to the world the possibility of a new economic and social fraternity. Through their earth is to be regenerated and man be freed from the darkness of the competitive system into one where private property, if not wholly abolished, is made subject to a sort of communism with which writers of the order of Mr. Bellamy have made us familiar.

The founder of this community was Dr. Newburgh, a New York dentist and spiritualist, who died in 1890. He wrote a mammoth work, which is the Bible of the sect, and is called "Oahspe," a word meaning earth, air and sky in the language spoken before the flood. It is said to have been written on the typewriter by Dr. Newburgh, his hands being guided by supernatural beings, and was printed without being read by the doctor. It is certainly a work without a counterpart, filled with extraordinary phrases and with more peculiar illustrations, but it is the sacred book of a unique community, which was founded to establish the religion of teachers, and out of the spiritual and scientific doctrines set forth therein to found a new race. And the few who constitute the fraternity not only follow its economic doctrines and refrain from considering anything as theirs—they call themselves "Rosmons," which is the children's land, and a number of buildings have been erected. The children's building, built of brick, is the largest; the fraternal adobe is another. The walls of the latter are hung with a number of the most extraordinary pictures ever painted, the work of Dr. Newburgh.

The greatest care is exercised in bringing up the children, who, under a special law of New Mexico, are adopted by the "faithfuls," as the rules of Shalam well themselves, and become thenceforth their children. The young children are taught by kindergarten methods, and the older ones are instructed in such trades as they show a liking for. At a "suitable age" they are taught spirit communion. The religion is so much, however, that is reasonable and practical in the tuition and regimen prescribed that one is inclined to overlook the extravagances.—Joseph D. Miller, in Every Month.

## SEW WITH MANY NEEDLES.

One of the Many Varieties of Sewing Machines That Are Made Nowadays.

It is a more or less familiar fact that sewing machines are used nowadays for sewing many different materials, as leather, paper, canvas, carpets, rubber. They are used for making buttons and sewing on buttons. They are made of many types and in simply hundreds of varieties for special uses. But it may not be known so commonly that there are many sewing machines now made with more than one needle. The first of these, a two-needle machine, was made in the early '80s, about 15 years ago. It was used by manufacturers of heavy clothing, perhaps first of all by the overall manufacturers, making seams stronger by putting in two rows of stitching. The utility and economy of the two-needle machine soon became apparent, and it came into widespread and diversified use. Whenever two rows of stitching were to be made in the same piece of material, the two-needle machine was used. The illustration of the machine shows in the two parallel lines of stitching running with perfect exactness around the top of a shoe vamp. Shirt sleeves are stitched into the body of the shirt on double-needle machines. The two rows being made in the same time that it would take to make one. Collars and cuffs were stitched on two-needle machines, as were a great variety of these things, and later there were produced machines with more than two needles. The first of these, with three needles, was made in 1896. There are now made sewing machines with as many as 12 needles. A 12-needle sewing machine simply has 12 needles where the ordinary sewing machine would have one. Instead of a single spot of thread on the top of the machine there appears there a rack of 12 spools. There are 12 tension disks. The thread from each spool runs through its own needle. There are below 12 shuttles, one for each needle. This machine is operated in much the same way as the ordinary one. An ordinary machine would make one, the 12-needle machine would make 12. In the manufacture of corsets.—St. Louis Republic.

## POTENTIALS WHO STAY AT HOME.

There are but two European potentia who manage to get along without change of residence or outings of any description. These are the pope of Rome and the sultan of Turkey. The sultan has never left Constantinople since he ascended the throne under such tragic circumstances, 20 years ago. And his holiness has remained within the precincts of the Vatican since the triple treaty was placed upon his head in 1878.—Chicago Times-Herald.

## WHITE MICE HIS PLAGUE.

The Multiplication of a Pair Is Driving Their Owner's Father to Insanity.

Two men met on La Salle street. "Hello!" ejaculated one of them, "been ill, Tom?" The other man shook his head.

"No, not ill; not physically ill, Jack. It's—'it's white mice." "Great heavens!" gasped his friend, "why, I didn't know you ever drank enough for—that!" "It wasn't drink, Jack; it wasn't me. But come with me. Let me tell you all!"

When they were seated at opposite sides of a small table the afflicted man continued: "Yes, Jack, it's white mice. My boy, Thomas, Jr., got it later, but he had to have a pet. He wanted a dog, but the house is small, and the cook is nervous, and so we told him no, not a dog; most anything but a dog, and we finally compromised on a pair of white mice. I brought them home in a nice, rooney wire cage, and Thomas, Jr., was delighted. That was two months ago. The speaker paused and sighed feebly.

"Well, all went finely until about three weeks afterward. Then, one morning, the boy came bursting into my room to inform me that the 'mice' had got some lovely little mice. As so they had; five of them. Luckily, the cage was large enough for the growing family. But—well, in four weeks we had 42 mice, and in six weeks 150. We gave up trying to accommodate them all in one cage, and so cigar boxes, work baskets, cracker tins, and even the bathtub were brought into requisition.

"Naturally two or three occupied every day and lived at large, feasting in the pantry at night and begging by our chairs at meal time. They took such a liking to the cook that they got to making her room a sort of meeting place. The result could have been foreseen. My wife has been doing the cooking now for several weeks. I have got so that I shake my boots from force of habit before putting them on. One morning I found two in my shaving mug. And we have them served up to us at table as often as the sugar, the sugar bowl and the cheese dish.

"But why didn't you get cats?" asked his friend. "Cats? Great heavens! We've had 20 of them. We can't keep them that long. They stay three or four days, get so fat that they can't walk and then crawl dejectedly to the door, accompanied by a frisking contingent of white mice. We've tried cats, Jack."

"Well, then, rat poison; have you tried that?" "Oh, yes; quite early in the game. The mice seemed to thrive on that poison. We tried traps, too; they caught a few; just a drop in the bucket. And all the time they keep right on increasing. I've had to get a new saw for nearly three weeks now, but a moderate estimate would place the number at about 600. Just now, when I met you, I was on the way to see a man who has ferrets; I shall try to get a few dozen dog ferrets; they are sure to get them. What's that?" he shrieked.

"What's that?" asked his friend. "That? Why, just a piece of white paper." "Oh, I—I thought—Well, I must get on. I don't suppose you'd care to buy the mouse, would you? No? Well, good-by."

## QUEER BARGAIN COUNTER.

Where Live Frogs Are Sold by the Dozen to Anglers for Bait.

The most remarkable counter in any department store lately closed its business after a summer of astonishing prosperity. It is located in the sporting goods department of one of the largest of the retail establishments of the city, in the corner devoted to fishing tackle. The stock in trade of this counter is frogs, not dressed ready for the table, but very much alive and kicking, and covered with the slime of their native swamps. The frogs are sold by the dozen, but very much alive and kicking, and covered with the slime of their native swamps. The frogs are sold by the dozen, but very much alive and kicking, and covered with the slime of their native swamps.

On the day before the Fourth of July this counter disposed of 800 dozen live frogs. Three attendants were kept busy all day catching them and handing them out. Many other days showed sales as high as 300 to 500 dozen. With the close of good fishing weather in a week or two the counter will be shut up for the winter.

The frogs are kept in the store in a large wire-netting cage, covering six or eight feet of the counter top. A shallow panful of water and weeds afford them congenial surroundings, in which they are kept from getting too hot or too cold. At night, the employes of the store say, the frogs hold most musical soirees. Patrons are served their frogs in small cotton bags, filled with kinks and squirms. The stock is replenished daily by new frogs, caught in the marshes a few miles from Chicago. The novelty has proved such a success that it will likely be adopted by all of the large retail establishments next summer.—Chicago Tribune.

## CONFUSION OF GENERATIONS.

It is not often that a grandmother, a mother and a daughter each bring a male child into the world on the same day, but this has just happened at Galicla, on the estate of Count Potok. The children are thus great uncle, uncle and nephew, and as they are all of the same age there will be some confusion in the generations of the family. Emperor Francis Joseph, who heard of the occurrence, sent a sum of money to be divided among the three children.—London Daily Graphic.

## CANADA'S AREA.

Canada lacks only 237,000 square miles to be as large as the whole continent of Europe; it is nearly 30 times as large as Great Britain and Ireland and is 300,000 square miles larger than the United States.—N. Y. Sun.

## THE GREAT VIBRATION.

Mr. Edison has always believed in harnessing and utilizing the power of vibration. Not long ago a newspaper man stopped Edison on Broadway and told him he had just been to interview the late Mr. Keely, of Keely's motor fame, and when the newspaper man told Edison that Keely's fundamental idea was to utilize vibration, the inventor was all attention at once. "Why, I have a tuning-fork out at Menlo Park with which I could tear down the whole shop. There is something in it." Then talking from his head his well worn silk hat and standing bareheaded, he said: "Put your hand on the top of this hat and feel the pulse of the traffic of the town as it vibrates." And sure enough, the top of the hat beat and throbbled just as the pulse of a human being. "All of that wasted power," he added, "ought in some way to be utilized, and some day it will, I think."—London Times.

## HE HAD NOT "ZAT FROHNEU."

An Extremely Pious Frenchman Creates Much Amusement on a Street Car.

The car was crowded with a typical lot of 11 or 12 passengers. It was the one warm evening in the month of May, and had been scheduled in between his showers and frosts. It was rather close inside, and the young man, who looked as though he might have been working overtime checking stock at the silk counter, had yawned two or three times during the ride. He was in a kind by all the passengers within sight of him. The ventilators were open; so was the rear door, through which the conductor monotonously called the streets.

"Congress!" Among the seven people who climbed aboard at this stop were two men with opera coats and crush hats. They had been making adieu at a carriage door as the car came up. They stepped inside and had unconsciously obeyed the regular custom of Frenchmen, until Harrison street they found themselves just in front of the store.

One of them appeared to be a visitor to the city. The younger man, who called him "uncle," was saying some very intimated things about the performance of the young man, from which the older man responded with a decided Parisian accent. Before many minutes they had secured the attention of almost the entire car and were earnestly discussing the outlook for the coming opera season. The young man, who had been so intimated by the older man, suddenly lurched through the older man violently forward. He preserved his equilibrium and his good nature gracefully, and when the car stopped at Michigan avenue and Twenty-second street, he stepped out of the car, and the young man, who had been making adieu at a carriage door as the car came up. They stepped inside and had unconsciously obeyed the regular custom of Frenchmen, until Harrison street they found themselves just in front of the store.

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