

"BOBOLINK."

Scarlin' high up in ther bright, blue sky, Can't keep track uv him if yar try; Plittin' er-round in ther pastur lot, Likes ter be friendly sooner'n not; Danctin' er-long on ther ol' rail fence, Sunshine and flowers wher' ther woods commence;

Got so he almos' talks ter me; Head er-noddin', sez he: "Bob-o-link, o-link, o-link."

Clover an' buttercups jest seem ter try Coaxin' him up in ther medder ter fly; Bees huntin' honey keep buzzin' er-round, Seem ter know bes' wher' ther sweetses' is found;

Almos' forget when a-hearin' him sing What kind uv honey they all kum ter bring;

Pert an' sassy ez he kin be Tail er-flittin', he sez, sez he: "Bob-o-link, o-link, o-link."

Wings get black an' glossy ez silk, Waistcoat er-gleamin' ez whie ez milk; Dainty an' slender, quicker'n ther light, Firs' in ther mornin', las' one at night, Perched on ther post uv ther barnyard gate;

Singin' his sweetses' ter waken his mate; Dressin' his feathers an' winkin' at me; Mincin' er-round, he sez, sez he: "Bob-o-link, o-link, o-link."

—Walter S. Stranahan, in Chicago News.

IS LIFE WORTH LIVING?

IN the columns of a first-rate newspaper printed in this city appeared a few days ago a long earnest article on the question "Is Life Worth Living?" and a great many of the persons whose views helped to make up the newspaper "story" wrote in a pessimistic way, as though they wished Death could get some of the Star Pointer strain into his pale horse, so that he might rush along a little faster and relieve them of earthly tribulations. That their troubles weighed down very heavily these sharers in the symposium allowed to be known, and they did not feel like bracing up and trying it over. They alluded to the luck which had Klondiked others and had given themselves nothing but the Chilcotin pass. They talked of poverty, disease and lack of employment, and in general painted things with the hue of indigo.

Certainly it does take pluck to enable one to forget past woes and to hustle on and make future benefactions of them. But it can be done. Level-headed philosophy will find something good even in the vermiform appendix, which physicians pronounce the most useless and mischievous thing short of a bicycle scorcher. And, indeed, speaking of the vermiform appendix in this connection serves to bring to attention—as a proof—the case of a Chicago man named Maggies. It is always well to have corroboration handy.

Maggies is a solicitor of subscriptions, and is employed by the management of a machinists' publication called Pumps and Cogs, a journal devoted to machinery, and as dry and uninteresting to the average person as a punk. And yet Maggies makes from \$13.50 to \$46 a day in persuading hotel clerks and lawyers and restaurant keepers and clothiers and others to subscribe for his little paper with its portrait of the discoverer of a new eccentric shafting on the front cover.

It is all owing to his vermiform appendix. Snatching happiness out of the jaws of misery, Maggies causes his old, trouble-breeding appendix to bring in subscribers in waves, like prosperity.

A year ago Maggies found there was something wrong with his own physical running gear, so he went to a hospital and learned that, as he certainly did not have grip or consumption or smallpox, he must have appendicitis. That was the time when appendicitis was being had by almost everybody and was holding popular attention. (It ran its course in public esteem and then gave way to airships.) Maggies had it in such a way that the surgeon chuckled in greswome glee and told him they would have to open him like a pocket-book and remove the useless little contraption—and they did it, too. It was a long siege, and Maggies left the hospital away in debt and out of employment, and, indeed, under such circumstances as to make the world seem rather bleak to his view. But in his hour of darkest woe he was a careful, long-headed man. He preserved the miserable little cause of his ill. A less thrifty person would not think of saving such a reminder of days of pain and grief, but Maggies knew his business.

It would be wasteful of words to attempt to draw a picture of Maggies' hard chase for a job; but, bitter as was his experience, one thing buoyed him up and sustained him, and that was the possession of the little, white, teech-like torturer in the small bottle of alcohol, and at last he obtained a place on the Pumps and Cogs paper. Then fortune smiled.

The man who publishes the paper had no thought of Maggies making more than 75 cents a day in commissions, and when the new solicitor turned in reports showing himself to be entitled to \$12, the publisher doubted their authenticity. But Maggies turned over the cash to prove the worth of the signatures, and the Pumps and Cogs man went into dreams of joy. The next day Maggies appeared with orders and cash approximating \$30, and on the third day his own commission was \$17.45. Then the editor begged for an explanation.

"You're a wonder," he said, "and I just want to know how you do it." "Well, I'll tell you," said Maggies. "It's an easy thing, and if I didn't have a monopoly I wouldn't give it away. Now, to-morrow you arrange to call at Johnson & Jones' law office, in the Chamber of Commerce building. Be there at ten o'clock. Have any old excuse and wait for me and you'll see how it is."

So the Pumps and Cogs man went round to the Chamber of Commerce building the next day and waited in the

reception room for Maggies, who came with a cheery step and a copy of the paper. The solicitor entered the inner room, at the summons of Johnson, of the law firm, and carefully left the door wide open. Then, taking a seat, he placed before Johnson his copy of the paper.

"What's that?" was the first and natural inquiry of the attorney. "Pumps and Cogs," Maggies answered. "What do you think of it? Subscribing for it, you know."

"Oh, pshaw! Is that your business? I don't want—"

"Well, then, what do you think of this?" drawing a little vial from his pocket. Johnson bent his bored gaze upon the bottle.

"What's that? Lima bean?" he asked. "No, sir; that's a vermiform appendix. Appendicitis, you know."

At this Johnson became tremendously interested. He adjusted his glasses and examined the thing carefully. "You don't mean it," he said. "So that's the affair the grape seed gets into and kills you? Um. Ah."

"Grape seed and lemon seed. Odd, isn't it? That was subtracted from me, you know."

"From you? You don't—say so? Did it hurt? Tell me all about it." Then Johnson leaned back and called to his clerk, warning him that he was not to be disturbed on any account. And Maggies started in. He told how he had felt at first, and Johnson, the great and profound guardian of the legal interests of a dozen mammoth corporations, took a box of forty-five-cent cigars from his desk and passed it to the solicitor.

"I've often thought maybe I have that ailment, you know. Go on, Mr. Maggies. Did they pry it out like a stump or cut it off like a sapling? Let's look at it again, please."

Then the editor heard Maggies fairly wind that great lawyer around his finger. He held him in thrall, and caused him to send twelve clients away. He told him about the glass of lemonade, to a seed of which he attributed his attack. And Johnson rubbed his hands and looked scared, and incidentally mentioned that his wife's uncle had died mysteriously twelve years ago, and that he himself, in the light of this Maggies revelation, was satisfied that appendicitis was what had got the old man. And all the time he kept eying the little bottle with the queer-looking object inside. Fifteen minutes after Maggies' appearance in the office he was "my dear Mr. Maggies," and in half an hour he was—familiarily—"Maggies." About that time Maggies suggested that he must go away and try to get some subscriptions to his Pumps and Cogs publication, but, as he was in



EXAMINED THE THING CAREFULLY.

the middle of a discourse of the symptoms of appendicitis which he illustrated by frequent references to the small bottle, Johnson simply would not hear of his departure.

"Here," he said, taking Maggies' bunch of order blanks. "As I said, I'm not really much interested at this time in Pumps and Cogs, but perhaps there's a fund of information in your paper, and I ought to study up on it. Also, I have ten or twelve friends whom I know to be almost insanely attached to such technical works, and I'll just subscribe for them, too. Go on, now, while I sign the orders. You were saying that you felt dizzy and a little weak on your legs the month just preceding the operation. By the way, let's go downstairs and have a drink first. I feel as though I'd like one, don't you? Did your head swim any?"

And with this question they passed out of the doorway, and also out of the hearing of the hypnotized editor, who had never heard of a subscription solicitor being taken out for a drink by a man whom he was working. Maggies came into the publication office that evening with \$37 worth of commissions, and he said that Johnson was going to introduce him next day to a bank cashier, who had always been wanting to know about vermiform appendix, and whom he expected to subscribe for at least fifteen copies of Pumps and Cogs.

Just think what a mistake Maggies would have made had he gone and plumped himself into the river when he learned that he had the dread ailment which comes and seeds a man like a lawn and then harvests him into death. This should teach the sore distressed to be patient and thrifty and success will surely follow.—Chicago Record.

The Hauthor's Experiences.

Authors have their tribulations like other more or less famous people. Mr. Pemberton's first book was entitled "The Diary of a Scoundrel," about which he tells an amusing little incident: "I was spending a few days at a seaside town with a friend, who one evening wanted to buy my book. We strolled to the railway bookstore, and he asked the clerk for a copy. 'The Diary of a Scoundrel.' Oh, yes; that is the experience of the hauthor, I expect," said the young cockney clerk as he handed it over. I retired modestly from the scene.—Bookman.

—If only good men could marry the world would be full of old maid.—Ran's Horn.

LIKE A HUMAN BEING.

A Washington Tree That Sleeps Soudly Every Night.

It Has a Respiratory Organism Seemingly as Delicate as That of Any Animated Creature—Wonders of Botany.

Mr. Fred J. Braendle wrote to the Washington Star that near the western border of Dupont circle stands a tree that has a privilege not accorded other shade trees of Washington. Nature has endowed it with what we mortals consider a very happy faculty, namely, to enjoy a peaceful slumber every night. Many shrubs and numerous species of flowers have a time of rest, either by day or night; at least that is what we guess from the changed attitude of their leaves and petals, but this big fellow who goes to sleep at regular hour every evening, and in summer-time even by daylight right before our eyes and in a public park, has a method quite his own in preparing himself for the night. His action is so apparent, quick and curious that he deserves to be noticed; in fact, it is somewhat to be wondered at that nobody ever noticed this stranger and his strange action before—not even the very alert watchman and guardian of the floral display of the park.

That this tree is of foreign extraction and of high lineage there will be no need of telling when we learn that his name is Albizzia Julibrissin, having been christened so by an Italian botanist by the name of Durazzo in honor of a member of the most noble family of the Albizzi of Florence, who probably had also been a botanist. The tree, however, is an original of Japan and known there as the Japanese silk tree. Why it is called a silk tree is not known to the writer, but the supposition is that the silky appearance of the blossoms might have originated it. How this tree came here and found its way to Dupont circle probably only Col. Bingham, as chief of the public parks and grounds, and custodian of the records



JAPANESE SILK TREE. (It Sleeps Soudly at Night Just Like a Human Being.)

and pedigrees of our exotic trees, can tell.

Soon after seven o'clock in the evening a general motion is noticed in the foliage, a quiver or trembling of the bipinnate leaves. Each leaflet begins to stand up on edge and pairs with the one opposite. They clasp each other tightly and they close up with the other on the petiole, so that each becomes a coverlet over half of the preceding one. The entire transformation takes place in about 20 minutes, and usually at about 7:30 the respiratory organism of this tree hangs limp or droopy on the branches. It was at first supposed that the approach of darkness or the humidity of the atmosphere, or even the change of temperature, had something to do in producing a sleepy-like condition in this tree, but numerous experiments have proved that it is not so. Little branches have been taken off and kept in a dark room at an early hour. The leaves remained expanded until the hour of seven, when they began to close as if they were still on the tree, and the same action was repeated for several days as long as water could keep them fresh. There is a plant among our own flora that is in every particular like this sleeping tree; in fact, a diminutive albizzia in many ways. This is the sensitive pea, Cassia Canadensis, a weed growing along our country lanes with yellow flowers and bearing a fruit like diminutive peas. This little weed is, however, a sensitive plant, while the tree is not so in the least. The former shuts its leaflets when touched at any hour of the day, but at night goes to sleep in the same fashion as the latter.

As we cannot obtain a tree for home observation, we might secure a healthy plant of this sensitive pea, have it carefully planted in a flower pot so that we can watch it every evening when it retires for the night. No one has more beautifully delineated with pen and pencil the action of drowsy shrubs and nodding flowers than our much lamented artist, Mr. Hamilton Gibson, and he has done more to awaken in our young people an interest in the many wonders of plant life than the scientific teachers of botany. He has shown that nature is not at fault that we do not more admire our wild flowers. We find on close investigation that there are plants that have histories as wonderful as our characters of romance. Their feats and acquirements are often equal to those of many ordinary mortals.

The Baby in Autumn.

A warm flannel around the abdomen, warm stockings on the feet, and a soft wool sacque to supplement the flannel skirt are better than as many bottles of drugs for the baby, and the simple application will as a general thing set the flesh to glowing rosily. But if the circulation is poor and the extremities remain cold, fill rubber bags or fruit jars with hot water and surround the child with them until the proper temperature is restored.

SAYS SHE IS A QUEEN.

American Girl Lays Claim to the Throne of Sweden.

A bright, young American woman has just commenced a remarkable suit which seems to establish the fact that she is the present rightful queen of Sweden. This remarkable claimant is Miss Louise White, whose family is well known in both society and in business in Indian territory. Miss White has been traveling abroad for the last two years in search of evidence to be used in pressing her claim. She is at present living in a suite of rooms in the Continental hotel, in Stockholm. Her case is familiar to the United States minister at Stockholm, Maj. Ferguson, and



MISS LOUISE WHITE. (Now in Sweden Pushing Her Claim to the Throne.)

has been discussed in the Swedish newspapers.

In preparing her case Miss White has accumulated an immense amount of documentary evidence. She claims to be the lineal descendant of the great and popular king of Sweden, Gustavus Adolphus. It is a matter of history that the present king of Sweden, Oscar II., cannot claim this distinction.

The various papers and documents which Miss White has collected and which she says will be put in evidence at the proper time, establish her relationship, it is claimed, to the older rulers of the country. The last of this American woman's ancestors to occupy the throne of Sweden was King Gustavus IV., who ruled from 1792 to 1809.

Unless Miss White disguises herself as a Joan of Arc and successfully downs the whole of Sweden before her sword there is not much likelihood of her ever getting near the throne. As a matter of fact, a woman cannot reign over Sweden's people, the latter having so decided more than a century ago. After the disastrous efforts of the reigns of Queen Christina and Eilica Eleonora in the eighteenth century, Sweden came to the conclusion that only male persons shall rule the country and its people, and only a revolution could change this rule of eligibility to the throne.

DECOY FOR HUNTERS.

It Presents the Perfect Outward Semblance of a Cow.

As deceptive and dangerous as the proverbial wolf in sheep's clothing is a patent cow just invented by a western genius. The device presents the perfect outward semblance of a most peaceable and amiable cow, but the fore legs and the hind legs are in fact the legs of two men. They are armed with guns, and have a splendid supply of ammunition.

The device has a flexible outer shell of canvas or other suitable material, decorated externally to represent the animal in imitation of which the decoy is constructed, and said shell is adapted to be supported or held in its distended position through the medium of a collapsible metal framework, which



THE DECOY COW. (Clever Hunting Invention of a Western Genius.)

allows the covering and framework of the decoy to be folded into a small space for transportation. In the sides of the frames, at suitable points, are windows or openings, protected by outward swinging flap blinds, and through these windows the sportsman in the rear may discharge his fowling piece when the game has been successfully stalked. For the firing of the hunter in the front of the decoy there is provided a downward swinging portion, which includes the head and neck of the animal, so that by simply releasing a small catch from the inside of the framework, this swing front portion drops by gravity and thus leaves the sportsman free.

Army Rations in Turkey.

Correspondents who accompanied the Turkish army during the recent war with Greece refer often to the dietary habits of the Turks. Pilau, or pilafli, the national dish, receives great praise. It is what we should call a chowder, composed of lamb, rice, butter, almonds, raisins, allspice, powdered mace, cardamoms, cloves, saffron, onion, ginger, salt, whole black pepper and dhiey. The butter and onions are placed in the bottom of an earthen pot; then a layer of rice, over which are distributed more onions, raisins and almonds, sprinkled with saffron in water; then a layer of meat, and so on alternately until the vessel is filled. Butter is then poured over the whole, and the cover of the pot is closed with paste so that no steam may escape. It is placed in an oven and cooked for three hours.

SCANDINAVIAN NEWS

Interesting Notes From Across the Ocean.

HAPPENINGS IN THE FATHERLAND.

Principal Events that Have Occurred in the Old Countries About the North Sea Within a Week or So Just Past.

SWEDEN.

A 72-year-old man at Treilleborg was arrested for keeping a blind pig, and took the matter so seriously that he drowned himself.

A hotel at Hvellinge is lighted with acetylene gas. The gas is produced in an outhouse, the space required for the apparatus being only 6x10 feet. This gas is claimed to be cheaper than kerosene oil.

The municipal court of Gefle has closed an important chapter of the case against Rev. J. Norberg, who was accused of having caused the death of Miss Johanna Lenstrom, by declaring that he is not guilty. An appeal will be made to Svea court.

A Stockholm firm advertised cards by which "most faithful subjects" could congratulate the king upon the occasion of his jubilee. The firm claimed that these cards could be sent through the mails for 5 ore, or about 1 1/2 cents apiece. But the cards were so large that when they were supplied with only a 5 ore stamp, the receiver of the cards would have to pay 11 ore per card. In order to save the king from this unique item of jubilee expenses, the newspapers advised the "most faithful subjects" to keep their cards.

At the close of the great field maneuvers in Dalarne, the king took leave of the army in an address which shows that he was pleased with the result. "These maneuvers," he said, "required strenuous efforts on the part of every one of you. But that was my intention, in order to give both the soldiers and the officers as correct a picture of actual warfare as possible. Your endurance has come up to my expectations, and it is only fair to acknowledge that these maneuvers from year to year testify to an increased efficiency of the army. This is a source of joy to every patriot. Upon your return to your barracks or your homes I express to you my ardent thanks." The press also speaks in a similar strain.

Rev. O. Fryxell, D. D., L. L. D., officiated at the altar during the regular Sunday services in Gunnarsnas church, Dalsland, Sept. 12, though he is 91 years old.

The degree of doctor of philosophy which the university of Vienna conferred upon King Oscar was not conveyed through the usual channels, but a special deputation was sent to Stockholm with the diploma.

The city of Stockholm contributed \$260,000 to the king's jubilee fund. The value of the state railways of Sweden is about \$85,000,000.

The king conferred the degree of doctor of divinity upon 30 clergymen in one batch.

The greatest number of passengers arriving at Stockholm by rail in one day was 15,000.

Karlstad will have a new court house, the cost of which is placed at \$35,000.

The export of planks, battens, planed lumber, and pip props was greater this year than that of any previous year since 1877.

King Oscar II. is the descendant of 16 Swedish kings and of 22 Norwegian kings, his earliest royal ancestors in Sweden being Eric Segersall, and in Norway, Harald Haarfaagre.

The first precinct of the city of Stockholm has elected a liberal to a seat in the riksdag, by a vote of 577 out of a total of 988.

Compulsory education has been in force 50 years in Sweden. The progress made in the public schools of Sweden during the past half century is simply marvelous.

A Mr. Busk, in Harjedalen, shot an elk and, accidentally, his own companion, A. Olofson, with one shot, the bullet passing through the head of the elk and through the chest of Olofson.

The Stockholm exposition was an unqualified success from all points of view. It has paid its expenses, and there may be a surplus of fifty or seventy-five thousand dollars; it has proven to Europe that Sweden is a very prosperous country; it has advertised the industries of the country as never before; and it has placed Sweden in the fore-front of the tourist resorts of the world.

The speaker of the second chamber of the riksdag, Robert de la Gardie, has served as governor of the province of Ostergotland since 1887.

L. Thuresen, a Stockholm engineer, has compounded a fluid which will kill all sorts of microbes, but which does not affect the human system.

The increase of the revenues of the government for the past few months has been almost phenomenal. The receipts from the customs duties, the liquor trade, the railroads, and the sugar industry were about \$13,000,000, as against \$11,325,000 for the corresponding period in 1893. This is a gain of 15 per cent, and amply proves the prosperity of the business interests of the country.

The whisky distillers of Kristianstad and vicinity have fixed the wholesale price of brandy at 67 ore per liter, or about 73 cents per gallon, the proportion of alcohol being 50 per cent.

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eran mission from that island. It may also be put down as a matter of fact that the said mission has been laboring under great difficulties during the past twelve months on account of the political change. But whatever may be said about the local authorities in Madagascar, the French government has shown its friendly disposition by carrying two of the missionaries of the Norwegian mission society free of charge from France to Madagascar.

The whaling expeditions which have returned from the Arctic waters have been very successful, some of the vessels having caught from sixty to seventy whales.

The receipts of the postoffice department for 1896 were about \$1,000,000.

The minister of finance has taken steps to convert \$3,000,000 3 1/2 per cent bonds of 1896 into new 3 per cent bonds.

Miss Christine Dahl, who made quite a reputation as lecturer on dress reform, has been married to Wilhelm Troje, of Bergen.

The fourth annual meeting of the Norwegian W. C. T. U. was held at Aalesund, Miss Ida Wedel-Jarlsberg presiding. Encouraging telegrams were received from the queen and others.

The price of milk in Kristiania has been reduced from 1 1/4 to 1 1/2 cents per quart.

The late Mrs. Hanna Strand, of Bergen, willed her whole fortune, about \$30,000, to benevolent institutions.

Rev. Lunde, of Kristiania, is enough of an end-of-the-century man to stomp that city for universal suffrage.

The geography of the parishes of Kristiania will soon be thoroughly revised.

The government has granted permission to open up a new graveyard on the northeastern point of the Alsten island.

The number of letters sent through the mails in 1896 was 38,530,300. Fifty years ago the number was 2,880,200.

Fridtjof Nansen left Norway for America on Oct. 1. It is claimed that he is to receive \$65,000 for 30 lectures besides a certain percentage of the receipts.

In Kristiansand the liberals polled 740 votes and the conservatives 570. In 1894 the vote was 861 and 525 respectively.

"In spite of everything," says a liberal daily, "we Norwegians send a sincere jubilee greeting to King Oscar. The Norwegian people honors him in the position which he holds, and respects his many conspicuous and pleasing personal qualities. There is not one among us who does not wish him and his queen all good things, and that they may remain on the throne of Norway for many years to come."

The society for the advancement of public education did fine work in the fifties and sixties, but in the course of the past 25 years it has almost petered out, chiefly on account of its ultra-conservative management.

It is next to certain that the coming storming will be controlled by the liberals. The only question is, How large will their majority be?

It is definitely settled that Captain Borchgrevink will head another British expedition to the south pole.

Alexander Kielland, much-feted author and mayor of the city of Stavanger, has celebrated his silver wedding.

Verdens Gang proposes that a chair of the history of specifically Norwegian laws and jurisprudence be added to the law faculty of the university, and that Dr. A. Taranger be appointed to the chair.

DENMARK.

Several university professors are making arrangements for giving university extension lectures in some of the largest cities.

The new catalogue of the Hamburg art and industrial museum contains a lengthy account of the chinaware industry of Denmark. The Danes have learned the art from the Japanese. They no longer follow their teachers, however, but the designs and forms of the Danish product are purely Danish.

The stockholders of the National bank have received a dividend of 6 1/2 per cent on their investments for the past year.

The common schools of Copenhagen have completed the first half-century of their existence. The first school building, the one in Solvgade, was dedicated Sept. 17, 1847, in the presence of King Christian VIII.

Prominent citizens in Aarhus have elected a committee to raise funds for the erection of a summer residence for Prince Christian in Jylland.

The bear tax collected during the month of August in Copenhagen was \$121,900, which is \$28,000 in excess of the corresponding amount for last year.

The new postmaster of Copenhagen, Mr. Kjoborbe, holds decidedly socialist views; his ideas of the social life of a citizen are broadly "European"; and in practical politics he affiliates with the conservatives. That man seems to be in a position to please everybody.

One of the pleasant features of the silver wedding of Consul Carl Lund, of Copenhagen was that he donated \$1,700 to needy, but worthy, employes in his factories.

The bulk of the export of sheep will still go to France in spite of the attempts of Germany to turn the tide into the latter country by removing the embargo on Danish sheep.

General Booth, of the Salvation Army, will visit Copenhagen in the course of this month. The old man must be fond of the Scandinavians, for every now and then he makes a trip to the countries of the North.

Agents are already out taking subscriptions for Christmas albums.

A Westphalia firm will furnish chimes for the Copenhagen court house, the price asked being \$3,200.

Bishop Gotzsche, who himself is a friend of the Inner Mission, in the official organ of the latter, admonishes the Inner Mission people not to continue their meetings so late at night as to disturb the sleep of their fellow-citizens.