

GLORIOUS FOURTH.



LITTLE Adelbert arose at four and crept downstairs to the big front door, and down the walk to the garden gate. And there he started to celebrate. With bursting crackers and roaring gun. He waked the neighbors, every one: He scared the cat out of all her sense. And blew the slats of the picket fence. And came to breakfast with one black eye. And said: "Hooryay, for the Fourth of July!"

He ate with hurry and frantic haste. For never a minute had he to waste. Then out again to the fray he sprang And turned things loose with a mighty "bang!" He fizzed and spluttered and boomed and crashed. While dishes rattled and windows smashed: And when, all grimy and sore and lame, Torn and tumbled, to lunch he came. On his swollen lips was the joyous cry: "Ain't I glad it's the Fourth of July!"

All that day, till the twilight's close, The powder-smoke from the garden rose: All day long, in the heat and dust, Little Adelbert "banged" and "bust," Till, just as the shadows began to creep, He blew himself in a senseless heap. Furt and hissing, and popping and bang, They brought him in for the doctor's care: But, late that night, he was heard to sigh: "I wish every day was the Fourth of July!" —Joe Lincoln, in L. A. W. Bulletin.

A QUEER FOURTH OF JULY.

"I'm going to be the meanest kind of a Fourth of July. No balloon on the common and no fireworks. They're not even going to ring the church bell—because that little old sexton, Sandy McVie, is too lazy, I suppose."

Truman Bluford, generally known among his comrades as True Blue, was excitedly announcing this dismal news to Rob Tripp and Tenney Cole, in his father's store.

"There's no patriotism in Cherryfield. It's all forgotten how our fathers fought and bled," said Rob Tripp, who liked to read nothing but stories of battle, and meant to fight something when he grew up, if it were only Indians.

"It will be as still as Sunday, I know. What is the Fourth of July, without a racket?" said Tenney Cole, dejectedly.

"I tell you, boys, something ought to be done!" said True.

That was what the boys liked about True. He was always ready to do something. Older people were inclined to think he was a little too ready to do mischief, but the boys were generally ready to follow where True led the way.

"We might ring the church bell," said True.

That wasn't much to do, Rob thought; it sounded rather tame. Still, it would be fun to wake the stupid Cherryfield people out of the naps which they had no business to be having on Fourth of July morning, and startle the selectmen, who had decided that there should be no ringing of bells.

"How could we get into the church?" asked Tenney Cole, who was of a practical turn of mind.

"Break in, of course," replied True, coolly. "You can't expect to have all that fun without a bit of mischief. We could break a window in the porch; and when we once got hold of the rope wouldn't we make people think the bell was bewitched? They'd blame Sandy McVie for not being on the watch, too. It would be a good joke on the old rascal. He's got us into enough trouble by telling of us."

True's father was coming from the back part of the store, so the boys lowered their voices and walked quietly out at the door; while behind the counter, from the stooping posture in which he had been measuring for himself a gallon of molasses, arose Sandy McVie. He looked after the boys, with all the shrewd little wrinkles in his face drawing themselves up into hard knots.

"A good joke on the old rascal, eh?" he muttered. "There's never any knowing how a joke may turn out, my fine fellows! You're fixing a Fourth of July celebration for yourselves that'll be more than you bargained for, if I'm not mistaken."

The boys went on all unconscious that Sandy McVie had been a listener to the conversation that was certainly not intended for his ears.

"It would be a good thing if we could get into the church without breaking a window," said Tenney Cole. "There's the little Rose McVie's key. Let's ask her where her father keeps the key."

"Hanging on a nail in the closet, under his coat," replied the little girl, on being questioned.

"Could you get it for us, Rosy, and not let anybody know it, if we gave you the greatest lot of candy you ever saw, and a bunch of torpedoes for to-morrow?"

Rosy was a very small person, with a very large appetite for candy, to say nothing of a strong desire to celebrate with the proper amount of noise the anniversary of her country's independence. Her eyes grew big and round at the alluring prospect, and she nodded emphatically. So it was settled that she should bring her father the key that night, after her father had hung up his coat in the closet, so there would be no danger that he would go there again and discover the absence of the key.

That afternoon Sandy McVie and his son, a stout lad of 18, paid a visit to the church. Archie, the son, came out, looking very warm and tired.

"Better have let them do it, and then make them smart for it, than to take all that trouble," he grumbled. "Or just give their fathers a hint of what they are up to."

"Since they are so fond of jokes, I'm willing they should have a bit of one," said the sexton, rubbing his hands, gleefully. "They'll catch it fast enough for breaking the church window."

Rosy McVie stole out of the house that night after dark and delivered the church key into True's hands, receiving in return an amount of candy and torpedoes that had cost a large share of the boys' Fourth of July savings. But they were all satisfied that it was money well spent, for they had learned from sad experience that the results of breaking windows were never amusing.

It was about half-past four o'clock on the morning of the Fourth when the three boys unlocked the church door. It was very quiet for a Fourth of July morning. Now and then came the banging of a gun, the feeble popping of firecrackers and torpedoes, and the dismal shriek of a fish horn; but there were very few people afoot.

"This stupid old town will get a waking up in a minute now. And people ought to thank us. It's a burning shame to have it so still. You may be sure they're making things lively over at Borrowsville by this time."

Borrowsville was a town on the other side of the river, where the boys meant to assist in the celebration after they had waked up Cherryfield.

"They won't thank us, you know," said Tenney Cole. "Boys never are appreciated."

"I don't expect it will be just exactly thanks that we shall get," said True, drily, as he turned the key in the lock behind them. "Anybody that's afraid had better back out now."

Nobody backed out. Six hands seized the bell rope. There was "a long pull, a strong pull and a pull all together."

But no sound followed. They looked at each other in silent amazement and tried it again. They could feel that the bell swung backward and forward; but it did not ring. What could be the reason?

"Somebody must have muffled it!" exclaimed Rob.

"Well, go up and see what's the matter, anyway," said True.

A long, long flight of steep and narrow stairs led to the first landing in the church steeple. Beyond that was a ladder leading to the bell loft. There was a trap door which they pushed open, and all scrambled up to the loft.

"If here isn't a go! The tongue is gone from the bell!" cried True. "Now who do you suppose did that?"

"Rosy must have told on us. I just wish we hadn't given her all that candy," lamented Tenney.

The great bell hung there empty, powerless to arouse any Fourth of July enthusiasm, and looking as sad as if it realized its dumbness.

"I should just like to catch the fellow that did that," said Rob, flourishing his fist at an imaginary foe, as he did so, unfortunately striking the trap door with his elbow, and causing it to fall with a crash. It was somewhat dark in the loft, now that the trap door was closed, the only light coming from a little round window, like a porthole in a vessel, far above their heads.

"Lift up the door, Rob. We may as well go down. Whoever took that tongue out wouldn't leave it where we could find it, you may be sure," said True.

But when Rob tried to lift the door, lo and behold! it stuck fast. The iron ring which had once served as a handle was broken off, and there was no way by which they could get a sufficiently firm hold to pull with any considerable amount of strength. They tried to pry it open with their knives, but only succeeded in breaking them. And time was wearing away, and the Borrowsville celebration must be getting toward its liveliest.

"It's of no use to holler. Nobody could hear us," said Tenney, despairingly.

"It's a pretty place to spend the Fourth in!" said Rob, with a groan.

"How long do you suppose it will be before they miss us at home and come to look for us?"

"Why, they'd never think of coming here to look," replied True. "And my mother said I might stay all night with my cousins over at Borrowsville. She won't expect me home till to-morrow, and your folks will think you've stayed with me. Anyway, they would never think we were up in the church steeple."

"But when she knows we're lost, Rosy McVie will tell, if she hasn't already," said Tenney.

"She won't. She's too much afraid of her father to tell that she gave us the key," averred True.

"But he'll find out that the key is gone, and then he'll suspect that we are here," said Tenney, who was determined to look on the bright side.

"Next Sunday, maybe! We shall be starved to death before then!" said Rob, who was not proving himself as brave as his desire for fighting had led his comrades to suppose.

"Somebody must have got wind of what we meant to do, or the tongue wouldn't have been taken out of the bell," said Tenney. "And no one could be mean enough to keep us here for long on the Fourth of July."

"Sandy McVie is mean enough for anything," declared Rob; "and perhaps they have only taken the tongue out to repair it, or something of that kind."

Sandy McVie meanwhile arose at five o'clock and took a walk around the church. There was no broken window. "So they gave it up, the young rascals, and have probably gone over to Borrowsville to do their celebrating," said the sexton to himself, and felt a disappointment that he should be denied the grim satisfaction of bringing the young rascals to justice. "Well, Cherryfield will be the quieter for their being out of it to-day," he added, to console himself.

If not exactly out of Cherryfield, they were certainly too far above it to interfere with its quiet. A faint echo of distant Fourth of July noises came tantalizingly to their ears now and then. The minutes dragged along heavily. They had no means of telling time, and an hour seemed like a day; but night finally came, the dimness deepened to utter darkness, and, stretched upon the floor, they all fell asleep. Being boys, they could sleep, although the floor was hard and keen gnawings reminded them that they had gone breakfastless, dinnerless and supperless.

When True awakened, a little shaft of sunlight shone through the small window, away up in the dimness of the steeple. It danced upon the cobwebs that covered the dusty beams until they looked as if made of gold thread. A great, long-legged spider was dragging a hapless fly into his web. The spider's web had been partially torn away, and the dust had been brushed from the beams in the corner near it. There was a little scaffold in the corner covered with shavings and chips, evidently left there when the last repairing was done. But somebody had been up in that corner lately. How otherwise could the dust have been brushed away and the spider's web broken? True wondered idly what anybody could have been there for, and then a sudden thought struck him that sent the blood rushing to his head, and made him for a moment feel faint and dizzy. In another moment he was climbing up those beams nimbly as only a squirrel or a boy could climb. He put his hand under the heap of shavings and chips, and it touched something very hard and cold. He dashed off the chips and shavings with



SANDY M'VIE HAD BEEN A LISTENER.

which it was covered, and disclosed the bell tongue.

True wanted to shout for joy, but he knew that he needed all his strength just now, and restrained himself. He could not have lifted the bell tongue, even if he had not been obliged to cling to a beam with one hand, but he could draw it along to the edge of the scaffolding, and then with one mighty effort, he pushed it off. It came to the floor with a crash that seemed as if it might arouse all Cherryfield, and certainly did effectually arouse the two sleeping boys, who sprang to their feet. Rob with a vague impression that it was the report of a cannon, and that his time had now come to fight something. It was a happy moment when they realized that the bell tongue was found, though Tenney did grumble that they ought to have been smart enough to find it yesterday. True thought that if he hadn't been awake when that sunbeam struck the corner, they never would have found it, for who would have thought that anybody would carry it away up there to hide it?

It was no small undertaking to replace the tongue in the bell, but, after much lifting and struggling, it was done however. Then they all pulled with will and a clang that almost deafened their ears. From the bell, Sleeping Cherryfield was aroused in a very few minutes, and asked, in amazement, what was the matter. The new fire engine was taken out with a rush and clamor. But where was the fire? People ran wildly about and nobody seemed to know. The most mystified man was old Sandy McVie, who ran out of the house in a maze of bewilderment, and declared that the bell was bewitched. How else could it ring without a tongue? And how could any human being get into the church when the door was securely locked, and no window broken, as anybody could see?

And still the bell rang wildly and clamorously, as such a sober-minded old church bell never known to ring before. The spirit of half a dozen Fourth of July seers to possess it. People on the outskirts of the town began to think that the selectmen had repented of not celebrating the Fourth, and were making amends by celebrating the 5th, and they came hurriedly driving into the village to see what was the matter.

At length somebody more courageous than Sandy McVie insisted upon going into the church to investigate, and Sandy went to get the key. The discovery that it was gone put a new face upon the matter, and Sandy's suspicions reverted to the boys whose plans he had overheard, and he volunteered to break open a window and lead the search.

Rosy McVie at that time was pulling the bedclothes over her head, and wondering what would become of her, and resolving never again to touch a key or anything else that she had no right to, for all the candy in the world. Candy was good, but oh, how bad was

the terror she was suffering now! And Rosy is not likely to forget her resolve, although she was never found out. The boys agreed that they would "never be so mean as to tell on a girl, anyway," and they were always supposed to have stolen the key from Sandy McVie's closet themselves.

When they heard the footsteps of their rescuers the boys ceased to ring the bell. It was easy enough to open the trapdoor from beneath. While the boys were wondering anxiously whether it ever could be opened, Sandy McVie's head popped up out of it like a Jack-in-the-box. Rob's father came next, and Rob—who meant to fight Indians—threw his arms around his neck and cried. Rob's father had suffered some anxiety about him, but thought he had stayed at Borrowsville with True.

Everybody agreed that the boys had been sufficiently punished by their imprisonment and the loss of their Fourth of July fun. Even Sandy McVie said "he guessed they wouldn't be apt to do it again." But he may have been somewhat softened by the compliments which True paid him on his skill in hiding the bell tongue.

The boys didn't care to say much about their adventure. They felt as if the trick they had tried to play had been turned upon themselves. When True's Borrowsville cousins asked him what kind of a Fourth he had had, he replied, carelessly:

"Oh, a sky-high one!"

Which was certainly truer than the cousins, who had their own opinion of Cherryfield celebrations, believed.

But those three boys will never ring another church bell without leave—Sophie Swett, in Golden Days.

ODD FOURTH OF JULY FROLIC.

The Reviving of a Quaint Old English Custom with Many Patriotic Features.

Katherine Bell Tippetts, writing of "A Patriotic Garden Party," in Woman's Home Companion, describes the chief diversion of the afternoon thus: "After the formalities the hostesses led the way to the well-shaded lawn where a liberty-pole had been erected with Phrygian cap of liberty at its top. Innumerable red, white and blue streamers had been fastened under the liberty-cap and stretched in every direction over the lawn and the ends tied to trees, arbor, chairs, tables or any convenient objects. A sufficient number had been left fluttering from the pole to serve as starting points. To these were pinned slips of paper, each bearing the first line of some patriotic song, poem or address, and a number to show how many other slips were needed to complete the quotation. The rest of the lines had been pinned to the scattered streamers.

"Each guest selected a familiar line and began a tour of inspection of the other red, white and blue streamers, which was kept up until all the lines called for had been collected, when a new line could be selected from the liberty-pole, and when made up, a third, and so on, up to the expiration of time allowed. The selections were taken from such patriotic poems as 'America,' 'The Star Spangled Banner,' 'Warren's Address,' 'The Battle Hymn of the Republic' and 'The Song of Marion's Men.' "A large bell hung aloft was rung as a signal for the beginning of the game, and soon the lawn was the scene of laughter and activity, which became patriotism under the influence of the growing sentiments expressed on the slips of paper.

"The limit of time was up the collected quotations were examined and a prize of a silk liberty-cap was given and placed on the head of the one who had compiled the greatest number of verses or sentences. So thoroughly imbued were the compilers with the spirit of this time that it naturally followed to join hands around their successful competitor and unite in singing 'America.'"

Independence Day.

Fling out the flag, the starry flag, The banner of the free! The symbol of the land we love, The land of liberty! Our fathers with their willing blood Baptized that banner gay, So let it stream, its stars agleam, On Independence day!

From brave New England's rugged shore Washed by Atlantic's waves, To western lands whose pebbly strands The fair Pacific laves— From Minnesota's swamps and swales To southern hummocks gay, Fling out the flag, its stars and stars On Independence day!

Fling out the flag, the dear old flag, The flag our grandsires won! The emblem of the land we love, The land of Washington! And bids us haste away, To consecrate with fitting state Our Independence day!

—Helen W. Clark, in N. Y. Ledger.

Why He Is Happy.

Why does the kid look proud and smite, As to the wooden bed he retires? Because since early dawn he's been Responsible for eighteen fires. —Golden Days.

"The Night Before the Fourth." He sleeps lies with swearing tongue Because the old church bell is rung By some mischief elf. Nor think he of that oldest time When, just as midnight's stroke would chime, Adown the lightning-rod he'd climb To ring that bell himself. —L. A. W. Bulletin.

Taking His Revenge. Rafferty—"An' wuz it th' Chinese that invented firecrackers?" Wun Lung (proudly)—"Lesair! Rafferty (smiling heavily)—"Thin take that, yer Mongolian brute! Oi set out on a lighted bunch at thim yesterday.—Golden Days.

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 granite block from the Geteberga quarry is to be exhibited at the Kristianstad industrial exposition. It took seven spans of horses to move it.

The Fogervik sawmill, near Sundsvall, was partly destroyed by fire. Large quantities of lumber were also consumed. The loss exceeds \$125,000. The fire started in barracks occupied by the men.

The Landtag of Finland adjourned without endorsing the military "reforms" proposed by the czar. Even the czar himself said that this was a piece of impudence unparalleled. But the latest visit of Gen. Bobrikoff to St. Petersburg was not quite satisfactory to that gentleman, which may mean that the Russian government is not yet quite ready to blot out the last vestige of Finnish autonomy.

A new bank will soon be opened up in Malmo with French capital.

Tens of thousands of sacks of raw sugar have been imported from Germany to keep the Swedish refineries running.

Our very latest advices state that Braathen, one of the leading sawmill owners in Norrland, came to an agreement with strikers, but that the other lumber men failed to support him. The position of Braathen, however, indicates a serious break in the ranks of the employers.

Brita Ellstrom has received the first prize of the academy of fine arts for the best historical painting of the season.

The exports for 1898 were \$3,250,000 below those of 1897, and one-half the decrease was on lumber. The showing explains to some extent the stringency of the money market for several months past.

The shoemakers are complaining because one hundred Stockholm convicts are employed in making shoes for certain manufacturers at wages which are less than one-half as large as those charged by free laborers.

The following official note from the czar was read at the closing of the Finnish Landtag: "Representatives of the Finnish People—Your work having been carried to a consummation we declare the special session of the Landtag closed. Commending you to the protection of the highest we continue to embrace the whole Finnish people with our imperial favor."

All schools in Brunny parish were closed for a week and the children were employed in gathering May bugs. The bounty paid for these pestiferous insects is 3½ cents a quart.

J. G. Anderson is conducting a Swedish expedition to Bear Island in the Arctic ocean. A Norwegian steamship company is to carry the expedition and from the place of destination, Tromsø, Norway, is the starting point for this as well as the German expeditions for the Arctic sea.

His majesty has appointed a committee to report on the advisability and feasibility of establishing courts of arbitration for the settlement of labor conflicts.

The general Swedish electrical stock company is doing well. The dividend for 1898 was 16 per cent, and money was spent lavishly besides.

Eleven stone axes and three flint knives were unearthed in a gravel hill in Wiltso parish. The axes were coarsely made and one of them was 19 inches long. The find has been offered to the state.

The Theosophical Society of Sweden held its annual meeting in Gothenburg and elected officers for the next year.

His majesty has authorized all clergymen of the Episcopal church to perform marriage rites in Sweden.

The attendance at the Nass Sloyd Seminary is 130 this summer. About twenty teachers are taking a course in children's games.

Up to the close of May the discharged laborers in Norrland had received \$25,000 as aid from the national labor association.

NORWAY.

The Kristiania White Ribboners are circulating petitions to the city government to close the saloons in certain quarters of the city.

Erland Kjoesterud donated \$13,500 to the city of Drannen for the benefit of poor but gifted students.

A number of fishermen from the vicinity of Aalesund are going to South Africa to ply their trade.

Chr. Collin proposes that the Scandinavian advocates of free love emigrate to some "Danish or Norwegian island which may be secured by public subscription. The historical novel of such an island for a generation or two would be considerably more interesting than all those everlasting literary descriptions of processes of moral dissolution." This advice is given in an article against "swine literature," the leading champions of which are the Brandes Brothers.

Monuments on the graves of two men who represented Jarlsberg at the constitutional convention of 1814 were unveiled May 17, and Aftenposten proposes that monuments be raised on the graves of all the members of that convention.

A few years ago some waterfalls at Kineserick were sold by the farmers who owned them for \$21,000 and now a Kristiania company has bought the property for \$125,000. The capacity of the falls is 21,000 horse power. The German firm of Siemens & Halske are behind the latest deal.

Seven hundred pupils in the public schools of Kristiania received instructions in tree planting last winter. The children are greatly interested in this branch.

A rumor has been circulated in Stockholm to the effect that the Russian government has bribed the Norwegian government to keep up the union controversy, and some Norwegians are in favor of endeavoring to expose the parties who started the rumor.

The labor unions in Kristiania are contributing to the support of the discharged workmen in Sweden and Denmark.

DENMARK.

June 5th was the fiftieth anniversary of the ratification of the constitution of Denmark by King Fredrik VII. Great preparations had been made for the celebration and everybody figured on having a fine time. But the magnificence of the pageant in Copenhagen passed beyond the expectations of the most sanguine. It was a truly Cosmopolitan demonstration. Not by fashionable banquets and boasting toasts, however, but by the turnout and the enthusiasm of the plain people did the lovers of freedom do themselves honor at that ever memorable occasion. The beautiful weather, the universal attempt of capitalism to cower the spirit of the workmen, the foreboding of still more serious times in the history of the peaceful island kingdom, conspired to produce this extraordinary result. No attempt will be made to describe the celebration here for lack of space. But a few of the most salient features must be touched upon to give the reader a tolerably correct idea of it. All the morning papers agreed in admitting that the constitution had not kept what it promised, but that under its protection the country had experienced a marvelous progress in the accumulation of wealth and the advancement of general refinement. The liberal party had a rendezvous at Frederiksberg, which was visited by at least 50,000 people, and about 20,000 listened to the speakers of the day. The workmen's procession through the streets was composed of at least 25,000 men, and it took the line more than three hours to pass a given point. In this procession were 205 labor organizations, 34 bands of music, perhaps as many singing societies, and banners of all colors and forms were waving to the breeze in such profusion that no one seems to have thought of making an attempt to count them. The motto on many banners referred directly to the present labor conflict. The authorities at first were somewhat nervous lest the demonstration of the workmen should turn into a riot, but thousands upon thousands of the capital without the slightest attempt at mischief-making. The conservatives had their usual fest in the king's garden. But they were few and time was a drug on the market among them. We have not heard anything about the moral results of the celebration upon the status of the present outlook. But it would not be surprising if the peculiar wave of passionate patriotic feeling, rising spontaneously and with elementary force out of the bosom of a good and wonderfully patient people should materially melt down the forces of those who are responsible for the present historic outlook.

Dr. George Brandes has been tied to a sick bed for six months, but is now recovering. He is engaged in literary work, as usual.

Eight Danish young men and women were employed by a miller in Toning were expelled because their employer was elected to an office in a political club. In the island of Als a Swede was expelled because he worked for a man whose boy attended a Danish meeting!

The membership of the Danish societies in South Jylland has increased very materially during the past year.

CURIOUS TOWNS AND VILLAGES.

Near a certain quarry in Italy is a town the inhabitants of which pay no taxes or taxes. They are quarry employees, who have dug dwellings in the face of a steep rock.

A few miles from Ningpang-po, a town of northern China, is a large village composed of graves. It is a deserted burial ground, which has been taken advantage of by a clan of beggars and thieves, who eat, sleep and make merry in their greivous surroundings. There are several similar towns in the Celestial empire.

In New Guinea the village of Tupusele is most remarkable. The houses are all supported on piles and stand out in the ocean a considerable distance from shore. This is to protect the villagers from the attacks of the dreaded headhunters always looking out for victims. Other villages in this queer land are perched up in trees for the same reason.

There is a town without a name on Lake Huron. It is composed of 500 huts. During the summer the dwellings are hidden away in the brush tenantless, but when winter comes their owners appear, move them out on the ice, cut a hole through the floor and the ice and proceed to fish.

Athos, on the coast of Macedonia, is the most curious town in the world. The peninsula is known as the Mountain of Monks. A score or so of monasteries dot the land and bodies of ascetics, kind to travelers, but eccentric to a degree, occupy them. There is not a woman to be seen anywhere in the shape of the town. It is a residence of bashful bachelors Athos is cordially recommended.

Cannibalism still exists in the Polynesian islands.

MINNESOTA NEWS.

Postmasters' Salaries.

Assistant Postmaster General Heath has made public the readjustment of the presidential postmasters' salaries, to take effect July 1. These readjustments are based on the receipts at various offices for the four quarters preceding April 1, 1899.

Minneapolis, according to the statement, becomes a first class office, the postmaster's salary jumping from \$5,000 to \$6,000.

The St. Paul postmaster will receive \$4,000, an advance of \$100.

The statement accompanying the list shows that of the 120 presidential offices in Minnesota 75 postmasters will have increased salaries next year. In North Dakota 18 out of 26 will draw more money. In South Dakota, 19 out of 49; in Wisconsin, 41 out of 133; in Iowa, 115 out of 233, and in Montana 17 out of 25 will draw increased compensations next year.

Decreased salaries will be paid in two offices in Minnesota; Morris, reduced from \$1,700 to \$1,600; and Waterville, \$1,300 to \$1,200; two in South Dakota, four in Wisconsin. In North Dakota, Iowa and Montana there will be no decrease in salaries.

A Counterfeiter.

Albert L. Morey was arrested in Minneapolis by United States Marshal Wm. H. Grimshaw and Deputy S. J. Picha, on a charge of counterfeiting.

The officers say that in March, 1898, Morey was convicted of counterfeiting, and was sentenced to two years in the Stillwater prison.

The capture includes about 175 dollars, 125 halves, 235 quarters, and 50 five-dollar gold pieces. All the counterfeit money is made of a composition of metals, largely anti-mony, of which there was a large quantity in the house. There was also a lot of plaster of paris, which is used for making moulds.

Morey told the officers that he manufactured most of the coin last winter, and that after he had made a lot of it he threw his plaster moulds into the river from the Tenth avenue bridge.

The counterfeit gold pieces are not completed. They are made of the same metal as the other coins and they have not been plated. Morey told Marshal Grimshaw that he intended to gold plate them when he could get a plating machine.

The coins are by far the most perfect of any that have been captured in this part of the country for some time.

Col. Ames' Advice.

Following is an extract from a letter just received by Gov. Lind from Col. Ames. The letter is dated Manila and was undoubtedly written before the colored left the Philippine Islands. Col. Ames says:

"I have kept our regimental hospital going, and we have had as high as 70 men there, besides all the men we have had in the regular hospital. Many of our men serving in the field ought to be off duty, but they stick to it and will suffer later in consequence.

"I am very sorry to hear that we are likely to be mustered out in San Francisco. If we are Minnesota will never have a chance to see the 13th together again in a regiment.

"If our people desire us to come back—what there is left of us—as a regiment, they will have to do some pulling to accomplish it.

"Our wounded men are doing well, and we are pushing the matter of sending the worst ones home. I have about \$6,500 in gold of the regimental fund still on hand, and I think this will provide for the men's wants and comforts till we get back."

Climate and Crop Bulletin.

There were very heavy rains in the early part of the week in most parts of the state, and since the 16th light and very much scattered showers in all parts of the state. In the southeastern counties from the 11th to the 14th the rains were in many places heavier than has been known for 20 years, with great damage resulting to crops, fences, bridges and roads, and the loss of hogs, cattle and poultry by drowning. In some small localities there was hail, and at points in the southeast there were destructive winds and losses of buildings by lightning. The small grains on the uplands continue in splendid condition but there are fears of lodging in many sections. Winter wheat and early barley are heading. Corn is backward and very weak. Early potatoes are in bloom. Strawberry picking has begun in southern counties.

Labor Statistics.

Deputy Labor Commissioner Olson has completed a compilation of the accidents reported to the labor bureau since January 1. There were 187 accidents in the months of which 12, or 6.4 per cent, were fatal. Nine accidents were from the mines, three of these being fatal.

There were 71 accidents in St. Paul and South St. Paul, and 61 in Minneapolis. Two of the Minneapolis accidents were fatal.

Nineteen of the accidents resulted in injury to the eyes, mostly from emery wheels.

They were 79 injuries to hand or arm and 41 of the foot or leg.

Planing and matching machines out 6, and machine gearing caught 14, belts and shafting caused 6 and circular saws 6.

A Gambler.

John Haas, the most prominent saloonkeeper in Moorhead, was brought before Judge Searle in the district court and pleaded guilty to gambling and was fined \$200. The complaint was made out by ex-Mayor Arthur G. Lewis and Mr. Haas was indicted by the grand jury.

This is Mr. Haas' second offense and the penalty is regarded as being very light. Ex-Mayor Lewis stated that he is not through with the case yet, and the next move that he will probably make will be for the revocation of Mr. Haas' license, which he claims, according to law, he can do.

News in Brief.

Sarah L. Proctor, of Minnesota, has been appointed an artist in the agricultural department at Washington.

The Troy laundry at Minneapolis was destroyed by fire. Loss, \$10,000.

The steel elevator at erected in Northeast Minneapolis is the property of the flour trust. The Improvement Bulletin gives the United States Milling company as the owner, and the cost at \$60,000.

James J. Casey, a well known contractor in Minneapolis, by mistake took an overdose of acetone and died.