



CHAPTER VII.—CONTINUED.

The carpenter came, and he and two or three of the guard laid hold of one end of the plank after its nails were drawn, and with little exertion ripped it off the other posts. Then everybody held his breath a minute, stared, and a small majority swore. So far from its being open to cats, cans and rubbish, the space on that side was filled solid with damp, heavy sand—a vertical wall extending from floor to ground. Canker almost ran around to the opposite side and had a big plank torn off there. Within was a wall as damp, solid and straight as that first discovered, and so, when examined, were the other two sides provided. Canker's face was a sturdy, and the board gazed and was profoundly happy.

At last the colonel explained: "By Jupiter! They haven't got away at all, then! There isn't a flaw in the sand wall anywhere. They must be hiding about the middle now. Come on gentlemen," and around he trotted to the front door. "Sergeant," he cried, "get out all the prisoners—all their bedding—every blessed thing they've got. I want to examine that floor."

Most of the guardhouse "birds" were out chopping wood, and Canker danced in among the few remaining, leading them with bedding belonging to their fellows until every item of clothing and furniture was shoved out of the room. One member of the board and one only failed to enter with his associates—a veteran captain who read much to literature and abhorred Canker. To the surprise of the sentry he walked deliberately over to the fence, climbed it and presently began poking about the wooden curb that ran along the road, making a low revetment or retaining wall for the earth, cinders and gravel that, distributed over the sand, had been hopefully designated a sidewalk by the owners of the tract. Presently he came sauntering back, and both sentries within easy range would have sworn he was chuckling. Canker greeted him with customary asperity.

"What do you mean, sir, by absenting yourself from this investigation, when you must have known I was with the board and giving it the benefit of the information I had gathered?"

"I was merely expediting matters, colonel. While you were looking for where they went in I was finding where they got out."

"Went in what? Got out of what?" snapped Canker.

"Their tunnel, sir. It's Libby on a small scale over again. They must have been at work at it at least ten days. And as he spoke, calmly ignoring Canker and letting his eyes wander over the floor, the sentry battalion commander sauntered across the room, stirred up a slightly projecting bit of flooring with the toe of his boot and placidly continued: "If you'll be good enough to let the men pry this up you may understand."

And when pried up and lifted away—a snugly fitting trap door about two feet square—there yawned beneath it, leading slantwise downward in the direction of the street, a tunnel through the soft yielding sand, braced and strengthened here and there with lids and sides of cracker-boxes. "Now, if you don't mind straddling a fence, sir, I'll show you the other end," said the captain, imperturbably leading the way, and Canker, half-dazed yet wholly in command of his stock of blasphemy, followed. At the curb, in the midst of a lot of loose hay from the bales dumped there three days before, the leader dislodged with his sword the top of a clothing box that had been thickly covered with sand and hay—and there was the outlet. "Easy as rolling off a log, colonel," said old Cobb, with a sarcastic grin. "This could all be done without a man you've blamed and arrested being a whit the wiser. They saved a panel out of the floor, scooped the sand out of this tunnel, banked it solid against the weather boarding inside, filled up the whole space, pretty near, but ran their tunnel under fence and sidewalk, crawled down the gutter to the next block out of sight of the sentries, then walked away free men. Those thieves who got away were old hands. The other men in the guardhouse were only mild offenders, except Morton. 'Course he was glad of the chance to go with 'em. I s'pose you'll release my sergeant and those sentries now."

"I'll do nothing of the kind," answered Canker, red with wrath, "and your suggestion is disrespectful to your commanding officer. When I want your advice I'll ask for it."

"Well, Mr. Gray will be relieved to learn of this anyhow. I suppose I may tell him," hazarded the junior member, mischievously.

"Mr. Gray be—Mr. Gray has everything to answer for!" shouted the angered colonel. "It was he who telephoned for a carriage to meet and run those rascals off. Mr. Gray's fate is sealed. He can thank God I don't slap him into the guardhouse with his chosen associates, but he shan't escape. Sergeant of the guard, post a sentry over no one to enter or leave it without my written authority. Mr. Gray shall pay for this behind the prison bars of Alcatraz."

CHAPTER VIII.

Social circles at West Point at long, rare intervals are shocked by a scandal, and at short ones, say every other summer—are stirred by some kind of a sensation, and the "Fairy Sisters" were the sensation of the year '97. They came in July; they went in September, and meanwhile they were "on the go" as they expressed it, from morn till late at night. Physically they were the lightest weights known to the hop room. Mentally, as their admirers in the corps expressed it, "either of them can take a fall out of any woman at the Point," and this was especially true of the elder—Mrs. Frank Garrison—whose husband was on staff duty in

the far west. Both were slight, fragile, thin blondes with light blue eyes, with lighter, fluffier hair, with exquisite little hands and feet, with oval, prettily shaped faces, and the younger, the maiden sister, had a bewitching mouth and regular, snowy dots of teeth of which she was justly proud. Yet, as has been previously said of Mrs. Frank, while the general effect was in the case of each that of an extremely pretty young girl, the elder had no really good features, the younger only that one. They generally dressed very much alike in light, flimsy gowns and hats, gloves and summer shoes all of dazzling white—sometimes verging for a change to a creamy blue—but colors, except for sashes and summer shawls, seemed banished from their wardrobes. They danced finely, said the corps, and preferred cadet partners, to the joy of the battalion. They rode fearlessly and well, and had stunning habits, but few opportunities to display thereof. They came tripping down the path from the hotel every morning, fresh and fair as daisies, in time for guard mounting, and at any hour after that could be found chatting with cadet friends at the visitors' tent, strolling arm in arm about the shaded walks with some of their many admirers until time to dress for the evening hop, where they never missed a dashing young cadet, or on those evenings, when there was neither hop nor bad practice, they could be found, each in some dimly lighted, secluded nook about the north or west piazza or on the steps leading down to the "Chain Battery Walk," sometimes surrounded by a squad of cadet friends, but more frequently in murmured tete-a-tete with only one cavalier. In the case of Mrs. Frank no member of the corps seemed especially favored. She was just the same to every one. In the case of her younger sister—Miss Terriss—there presently developed a dashing young cadet, who so scientifically conducted his campaign that he headed off almost all competitors and was presently accorded the lead under the universally accepted theory that he had won the little lady's heart. Observant women—and what women are not observant—each of these two—declared both sisters to be desperate flirt. Society at the Point frowned upon them and, after the first formal call or two, dropped them entirely—a thing they never seemed to resent in the least, or even to notice. They were never invited out to tea or dinner on the post—solemn functions nowhere near so palatable as the whispered homage of stalwart young manhood. "Nita is yet such a child she infinitely prefers cadet society, and I always did like boys," explained Mrs. Garrison. Some rather gay old boys used to run up Saturday afternoons on the Mary Powell and spend Sunday at the Point—Wall street men of 50 years and much more. "Dear old friends of father's," Mrs. Frank used to say, "and I've simply got to entertain them." Entertained they certainly were, for her wit and vivacity were acknowledged on every side, and entertained not only collectively, but severally, for she always managed to give each his hour's confidential chat, and on the Sundays of their coming had no time to spare for cadet friends. Moreover, she always drove down in the big 'bus with them Monday morning when the Powell was sighted coming along that glorious reach from Polope's island and stood at the edge of the wharf waving her tiny kerchief—even blowing fairy kisses to them as they steamed away. No wonder Nita Terriss was frivolous and flirtatious with such an example, said society, and its frowns grew blacker when the White Sisters, the Fairy Sisters—the "Sylphides," came in view. But frowns and fulminations both fell harmless from the armor of Mrs. Frank's gay insouciance. Nita vined at first, but soon rallied and bore the slights of the permanent and semi-permanent residents as laughingly as did her more experienced sister. Nita, it was explained, was only just out of school, and Mrs. Frank was giving her this summer at the Point as a great treat before taking her to the far west, where the elder sister must soon go to join her husband. Everybody knew Frank Garrison. He had long been staid and serious, the academy and was a man universally liked and respected—even very highly regarded. All of a sudden the news came back to the Point a few months after his return to his regiment that he was actually engaged to "Witchie" Terriss. Hot on the heels of the rumor came the wedding cards—Lieut. Col. and Mrs. Terriss requested the honor of your presence at the marriage of their daughter Margaret to Lieut. Francis Key Garrison, —th U. S. Cavalry, at the Post Chapel, Fort Riley, Kansas, November —, 1894 —all in Tiffany's best style, as were the cards which accompanied the invitation. "What a good thing for old Bill Terriss!" said every body who knew that his impetuosity was due to the exactions and extravagancies of his wife and "Witchie"—"And what a bad thing for Frank Garrison!" was the echo. His intimates knew that he had "put by" through economy and self-denial about \$2,000, the extent of his fortune outside of his pay. "She'll make ducks and drakes of it in the six weeks' honeymoon," was the confident prophecy, and she probably did, for, despite the fact that he had so recently rejoined the regiment, "Witchie" insisted on a midwinter run to New Orleans, Savannah and Washington, and bore her lord, but not her master, over the course in triumph. To a student of human nature—and frailty, that union of a faded and somewhat shopworn maid of 27 to an ardent and vigorous young soldier many moons the junior was easy to account for. One after another Witchie Terriss had had desperate affairs with half a dozen fellows, older or younger, in the army—and was known to have been engaged to five different men at different times, and believed to have been engaged to two different men at one time. Asked as to this by one of her chums, she was reported to have replied: "Do you know, I believe it true; I had totally forgotten about Ned Colston before Mr. Forman had only this to do was to break with both and let them start fresh." But this Mr. Colston, whose head had been somewhat cleared by a month or two of breezy, beautiful scouting, accepted only in part—that part which included only the walk over and held the trophy just two months, when it dawned upon him that Margaret loved dancing far

more than she did him—a clumsy pert, former, and that she would dance night after night, the lightest, daintiest creature in the hop room, and never have a word or a look for him who leaned in gloomy admiration against the wall and never took his eyes off her. He became jealous, moody, ugly-tempered and finally had the good luck to get his conge as the result of an attempt to assert himself and limit her dances. She was blithe and radiant and fancy free when Frank Garrison reached the post, a wee bit hipped, it was whispered, because of the failure of a somewhat half-hearted suit of his in the far east, and the Fairy bounded into the darkness of his life and fairly dazzled him. Somebody had said that Frank Garrison had money.

It is no need to tell of the disillusion that gradually came to Frank as his debts mounting up and his cares increasing. She was all sympathy and regret when he mentioned it, but—there were certain comforts, luxuries and things she had always been accustomed to, and couldn't live without. Surely he would not have her apply to papa. No, but—could she not manage with a little less? He was willing to give up his cigars (indeed, he had long since done so) and to make his uniforms last a year longer—he who was in his day the most carefully dressed man at the Point. "Well, she thought perhaps he ought to do that—besides, these fashions changed but slowly, whereas women's—'Well, I'd rather be dead than out of style, Frank!'"

And so it went.

But if she did not love her husband there was one being in whom her frivolous heart was really bound up—Nita—her "baby sister," as she called her, and when Terriss, the colonel, went the way of all flesh, preceded only a few months by the wife of his bosom, the few thousands in life insurance he had managed to maintain went to the two daughters. Not one penny was ever laid out in payment of the debts of either the father or husband. Nita was sent to an extravagant finishing school in Gotham, and along in May of the young girl's graduating year, blithe little Mrs. Garrison arrived, fresh from the far west, and after a few weeks of sight-seeing and shopping the sisters appeared at the Point, even half-mourning by this time discarded. Thirteen years difference was there in the ages of the Fairy Sisters, and not a soul save those who knew them in former days on the frontier would have suspected it. Mrs. Frank in evening dress didn't look over 20.

One lovely evening early in August, just about the time that Cadet Capt. Latrobe began to show well to the front in the run for the prize, the two sisters had gone to their room at the hotel to dress for the hop. It was their custom to disappear from public gaze about six o'clock, and when they came



In the pathway right ahead stood Nita.

floating down the stairs in filmy, diaphanous clouds of white, the halls were well filled with impatient cavaliers in the natty cadet uniform, and the women waiting to see. Then the sisters would go into the dining-room and have some light refreshments, with a glass of iced tea—and no matter how torrid the heat or how flushed and dragged their women might look, they were inviting pictures of all that was ever fresh, cool and fragrant. The two fluffy blonde heads would be huddled close together a minute as they studied the bill of fare, and virtuous matrons at other tables, fanning vigorously, would sniff and say: "All for effect. They know that supper bill by heart. It never changes." All the same, at the bottom of this public display of sisterly devotion and harmony and in spite of occasional tiffs and differences, there was genuine affection on both sides, and as a child Nita had adored Margaret, and there could be no doubting the elder's love for the child. Some regimental observers said that every bit of heart that eldest Terriss girl had was wrapped up in the little one. Neither girl, even after Margaret's marriage, would listen to a word in disparagement of the other, but in the sanctity of the sisterly retreat on the third floor of the old hotel there occurred sometimes spirited verbal tiffs that were quite distinctly audible to passers-by in the corridor, provided they cared to listen. Which some of them did. On the especial August evening Mrs. Frank was in an auditory frame of mind. They had known Mr. Latrobe barely three weeks, and yet as Mrs. Frank was sauntering around a turn in Flirtation Walk, leaning on the arm of the cadet adjutant, there in the pathway right ahead stood Nita, a lovely little picture, with downcast eyes, and "Pat" Latrobe bending over her with love and passion glowing in his handsome face, pleading eagerly, glowing fervently to both her tiny white-gloved hands. Mrs. Garrison saw it all in the flash of a second, the adjutant not at all, for with merry laughter she repeated some words he had just spoken as though they were about the wittiest, funniest thing in the world, and looked frankly up into his eyes as though he were the best and brightest man she had met in years—so his eyes were riveted, and the tableau had time to dissolve. All the same that sight gave Mrs. Garrison rather more than a bad quarter of an hour. She was infinitely worried. Not because Pat Latrobe had fallen desperately in love with her charming little sister—that was his lookout—but what—oh, what might not happen if the charming little sister were to fall in love with that handsome soldier? All at hazards, even if she had to let her go away tomorrow, that had to be stopped, and this very evening when they went to their room Margaret spoke.

[To Be Continued.]

EDUCATIONAL WORK

THE GREAT FACTOR IT WILL BE IN THE CAMPAIGN OF 1900.

Some Earnest Expressions on the Subject

From Headquarters—Views of Chairman Johnson of the National Executive Committee—"Coin" Harvey's New Work of Great Power—The Good Work at Home. Other National Points—Encouragement From General Weaver—The Increasing Broad Spirit Among All the Allies—The State Round-Up—Twin City Political Harmony and Other Small Things—Political Note and Comment of the Week.

Reform Press Bureau, St. Paul, April 2, 1900.

It is clear that aside from the help the Republicans are to give the reform forces by their blunders, inconsistencies and proven subservience to monopoly, the great mainspring of action for the campaign is to be education. The people have but to have existing facts, touching the tendencies of the government in the backward direction from all that the fathers have taught us, added to their own experience of receiving no appreciable part in the enlarged trade and business of the country, their loss and less profits for toil and investment, to bring them to the side of right in November. The power of such education was found by the writer in an appearance before the working head of the national executive committee, Hon. J. G. Johnson, in a recent interview with that gentleman. He first spoke of the effect of the wide publicity of Mr. Bryan's great speeches, and the inestimable benefit the monopolistic press had conferred upon our cause, though with no intention of doing so.

"The Republican metropolitan press outnumbers ours many times," said Mr. Johnson, "and not possessing that of the honest and simple people, they must use books and pamphlets." In that connection Mr. Johnson commented upon and commended unreservedly the new book of Hon. W. H. Harvey, which has been repeatedly referred to in these writings, and he especially requested that our press address the people to buy and read Coin's new work, "Money, Trusts and Imperialism." Mr. Johnson explained that there was no money with which to purchase and circulate the book, but that the people must do this themselves. If they would do this, placing the book in the hands of the young especially, till its teachings are fastened on their minds, the republic would be saved. Failure to give attention to such instilling of principles, had lost the people political control in several states in the recent past.

Something further said by Mr. Johnson will be a great stimulus to many of our co-workers who have already gone ahead on their own hooks, at their own expense—that of the people themselves—such as is being done by the Minneapolis anti-imperialists, by the Co-Operative Library schemes, and otherwise. That this is:

"The best policy in this fight for the people to save themselves from class laws is to encourage them to make their own fight. A self-relying people will make a strong fight, but people who wait for some one to give them literature are apt soon to fall under the influence of class legislation, fostering class laws, secured by those who buy the literature. The national committee's duty is to aid the people in the management of their campaign and to teach them to be self-reliant."

Mr. Johnson reiterated again and again the great value of the Harvey book, and at the low price, 25 cents, it was within the reach of all. "Say to your readers," he said in conclusion, "that this is their cause, and that I want them to see to it that a thorough campaign of education is made. Things are tending our way now, but this should not breed overconfidence, but should rather give us new courage, cause us to be aggressive, and leave nothing undone that may aid in securing success."

"Money, Trusts and Imperialism," can be obtained of all book dealers, or direct from the publishers, Chicago. Any orders can also be entrusted to this bureau.

The following can be addressed for their respective kinds of literature, being sent out gratis:

Anti-imperialist publications, Fred G. Corser, Minneapolis; H. M. Mio, Chicago, or Hon. Edwin Winslow, Boston, Mass.

For anti-trust documents, Hon. George S. Bowen, Chicago.

For Lincoln Republican documents, Hon. E. S. Corser, Minneapolis.

For congressional speeches and documents, under Frank, Hon. R. F. Pettigrew or Hon. William Solzer, Washington.

Requests for any of the foregoing, or any other literatures, may be addressed to this bureau.

The visit of General Weaver of Iowa to St. Paul during the week, was of more importance than was generally known. In the conference which took place with some of the General's People party friends, he had a message of hope and confidence which rejoiced the hearts of the most zealous. General Weaver gave facts gathered since the recent Lincoln convention, showing the hearty existing among the Populists, and, as bearing on the presidential nomination, showing the broad spirit of patriotism that is spreading among all classes and all of the allies. Men in all parts of the country, the General reported, are working for the broadest action at the coming Sioux Falls convention, such as would avoid partisan bitterness among the Democrats. To this end General Weaver's idea is that making a formal nomination of Mr. Bryan, declare by resolution that he is

A Competent Defense.

The homeliest man in congress is Eddy, of Minnesota. He rather glories in the distinction of ugliness, especially as all his other characteristics are admirable. During his last campaign the enemies of Mr. Eddy charged him with being double-faced. He met the charge in a manner that disarmed all criticism. "Great heavens," said Mr. Eddy to his audience, "do you think that if I had two faces I would wear the one I am showing you now?"—Argonaut.

A Meddlesome Amateur.

"Uncle Bill, what is a political love feast?" "Well, it is when a big lot of politicians get together and pledge themselves to keep outside of getting on to their scraps."—Indianapolis Journal.

Cause for Complaint.

City Editor—Mr. Strong has been in today, and he had murder in his eye. How in time did you come to speak of Mr. Strong's "alleged husband" in that paragraph about her accident?

J. Fresh—I did it to stir clear of a libel suit. You know you told me always to say "alleged," "alleged murderer," and that sort of thing.—Argonaut.

Points to the New Man.

A shopkeeper named Danger moved across a street and put up this notice: "J. Danger, from over the way."

Another man, who took the premises, put up this notice: "This is a safe shop; no Danger here."—Answers.

already the candidate chosen of all the people, and as such they endorse him, and call upon all other allies in this great struggle to do likewise. This idea meets with a cordial response so far as canvassed in Minnesota, and was unanimously approved by those conferring with General Weaver.

In connection, General Weaver made a very encouraging report on Michigan, where he had just been. The broadest spirit is actuating the reform forces there, uniting all the allies, and independents, Populists and Democrats are expecting to unite for a victory against the Republicans, crushed and humbled as they are, with the recent exposure of rottenness. And there is a possibility that such a united force may support Pingree on an independent ticket.

A good specimen of the prevailing opinion that Bryan will be elected, is given by the Philadelphia Record, and New York Evening Post, neither of which papers are Bryan supporters but whose Washington correspondents agree that McKinley's fate is in doubt. "If the election should occur this week," says one, "Bryan would be the next president." "On the Porto Rico tariff issue," he continued, "the Republicans would lose Indiana and also Illinois; and McKinley on that platform, (as he is now destined to be), will find the chances against him in Michigan, Wisconsin and Minnesota, and Ohio would be very doubtful."

If it would not be a violation of confidence, the writer could give the name of a prominent Minnesota Republican, recently returned from a long business trip in the East, and who informed the writer in confidence that the impression grows in Wall street and other business quarters in the East, that Bryan is going to be elected. And this man stated the reason why there was no regret expressed, much less fears, which was that the "prosperity" on the country is only that of the great concerns, where business and high prices have been forced, they taking all the profits, in a word the big fish only getting anything, and these eating up the little ones. "That's what's the matter with us," this man confessed.

The Populists have the first of the political innings this year commencing April 27, throughout the state, when the primaries are to be held for delegates to the state convention. These choose delegates to the county conventions which are to be held next day, April 28. In this connection county chairmen, under action of the state committee, are urged to hold county conventions under proper call, but if none is called or held, then the people are to take action by mass conventions. These county delegates are for the state meeting May 2, when, the indications are, there will be a large and harmonious convention.

Speaking of the mid-roads, the Sioux Falls Press announces that paid agents of Hanna are due to make their appearance in Minnesota, providing for mid-roads to attend the Cincinnati convention. In which connection the Press remarks that it is hard to fathom the Hanna tactics which are exploiting Doc Fay, as mid-road vice presidential candidate, when Mr. Donnelly is already the candidate on the ticket with Parker.

Manager Calderwood of the Twin City Rapid Transit company is back at his post, just in time to attend to the Minneapolis proposal to reduce fares to six for 25 cents, regular, and eight for a quarter morning and evening, for workmen. Also he can give some attention to that little delinquency of \$10,000 of unpaid corporation taxes.

Speaking of reduced fares, a Twin City movement is on foot for a smaller coin than the penny, and petitions to the state legislature in connection with the half-penny to be coined. It is "Hard English, you gnaw," so appropriate to the little things, including profits in business, under the English gold standard policy.

Speaking of continued shrinkage, under the gold standard, the Methodist bishopric residence at Minneapolis has gone into the mortgages' maw, after the payment of \$15,000, of the home purchased by the Associated Press in South Minneapolis, for one of the victims of the great Tribune fire. It has been sold for taxes. Also, Hennepin county subordinator officeholders have had their gold standard benefits emphasized by a slash of 10 per cent in salaries.

Lost, strayed or swallowed up in the imperialistic maw, one first-class presidential boom for C. K. Davis. Finder apply to Minneapolis Times for suitable reward.

And, speaking of Senator Davis, there is nothing but praise for his appeal in the senate for free trade and justice for Porto Rico. That he will fall by the wayside, crushed under Hanna's trust juggernaut, is poor reward for the distinguished service he has rendered, in giving us the impetus to the Philippines. Puerto Rico is a wee small imperialist chick come home to roost.

While there has been more or less "music" in the St. Paul municipal contest, the cause of the Doc Ames party has marched on uninteruptedly. The nomination of Dr. Ames by the holy-water party is now conceded. In fact the G. O. P. endeavorers are devoted to endeavoring how to prevent that result, but see no hope. But why this hounding and hawing about the genial doctor? Is not Doc Ames, with all that can be heaped upon him good, bad and indifferent, better, far better than the party he has returned to?

Wassaca recently held a great pro Boer meeting, and in the list of the eloquent Americans speakers we again fall to see the name of one S. R. Van Sant. Is the eloquent Van Sant never going to get back from Wisconsin?

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.

Captain Bade, a German explorer, is going to conduct an expedition to the Arctic regions next summer in search of Andree's expedition. Captain Bade has made a trip to Norway to procure a vessel and make other preparations for his expedition. The expedition is to consist of eight or ten sportsmen and scientists, besides the crew. The departure will take place about August first, and Franz Joseph's Land is the first objective point in view.

Baron Gustaf Akerhjelm, ex-premier of Sweden, is dead.

The Russian war office has ordered from the state rifle manufactory 200,000 new guns for the immediate delivery to the imperial arms depot at St. Petersburg. This is only another instance of the military activity among the great neighbors in the east.

Queen Sofie has arrived in England, where she has rented a house for the summer near London and where she will soon be joined by the king. She is accompanied by her youngest son, Prince Eugen, between whom and some English princess she is said to be desirous of arranging a marriage.

Baron C. C. Bonde is to represent Sweden at the congress for the prevention of cruelty to animals, which is to be held in Paris, July 17-21.

Mr. Palm, the apostle of socialism, may come to the United States in the interest of the socialist propaganda.

The Imperial Academy of Sciences of Vienna has elected Johan Bergman, a lecturer at the Norrköping public high school, to publish the works of Prudentius, "the first of the early Christian verse makers." Bergman will be compelled to visit Rome and Paris to consult the earliest copies of the productions to be compiled. The work is to be printed in Vienna.

A. W. Petri, a banker at Hvetlanda, felt that he was going to die soon, and in order to get the obituary notice for the newspapers just the way he wanted it he dictated it to one of his sons.

The total expenditures of the managers of the Stockholm exposition in 1897 were \$1,063,656.83. A balance of one thousand dollars has been turned over to the building fund of Nordiska Museet.

Oland (an island near the southeast coast of Sweden) is fertile along its borders, but its interior is largely a rocky waste, where it has been taken for granted that nothing could be raised, not even trees. Recent experiments have shown that Austrian black pine thrives in the cracks of the limestone rocks, and Alfaret (the name of the waste) may yet be covered with a dense pine forest.

A private detective agency in London will soon establish branches in Stockholm and Kristiania.

A new whisky distillery is to be built at Mala, Skane.

A consignment of eggs, weighing 10,000 pounds, was recently imported from Hungary to Stockholm.

NORWAY.

The national convention of the Right, or Conservative, party, adopted its platform March 17th. It demands, among other things, the conservation of the union as a means of perpetuating peace and neutrality; a joint constitutional foreign service, with a Norwegian or a Swede as a minister of foreign affairs; a reform of the consular service to meet the demands of the commercial interests; timely and practical labor legislation; laws to enable poor people to acquire homes more easily; the advancement of the cause of temperance by legislation and taxation; national appropriations for combating tuberculosis diseases; a revision of the civil code; special efforts to advance the interests of agriculture and other industries; economy in the administration of public affairs; proportional representation or other just measures to enable the voters to exert their influence upon legislation. This platform considers its source, is a strong one. On the other hand the Liberal party is badly demoralized by internal contentions. No one needs be surprised, therefore, if the Conservatives carry the next election.

The Norwegians seem to be particularly stuck on the poles. Everybody knows that Fridtjof Nansen, according to all known records, has been closer to the North Pole than anybody else. Now comes the news that another Norwegian, Captain Borchgrevink, has played an exactly similar trick at the South Pole. The latter has also discovered the southern magnetic pole. The northernmost point reached by Nansen was 86 degrees 15 minutes, the southernmost point reached by Borchgrevink, 78 degrees, 50 minutes.

Some of the language reformers maintain that the Norwegians must use a language different from that used in Sweden and Denmark in order to be independent. To this it is retorted that the Americans use the same language as the English, but that the United States are still supposed to be quite independent.

The cruiser Tordenskjold ran upon a sand bank near Bergen last summer, and legal proceedings were begun against the commander, Captain Morch. He was discharged by the lower courts, and now the supreme court has sustained this decision.

The population of Norway in 1898 was 2,122,400, of whom 558,600 resided in the cities. The increase for seven years had been 133,726. The density of population is a little over 17 per English square mile.

Hans Kiar & Co., ship owners at Drammen, have bought an English built steamer of 3,600 tons for \$100,000.

Professor Birkealand, the leader of the expedition which has spent the winter on a mountain in the northern part of the country for the purpose of studying the northern lights, wired to Kristiania, March 17, that out of five men to try to scale the Hadda mountain two lost their lives in a snowslide. The other three escaped without injury.

The Norwegians are carrying on a crusade against giving undue prominence in Norway to the Swedish Seraphin order, while the Norwegian order of St. Olaf is given second place. Even the conservatives have been somewhat aroused on this subject.

The municipal government of Kristiania employed 820 men to remove the snow and ice from the streets of the city when the spring thaw set in. The wages were from 65 to 70 cents a day for a man and \$1.35 for man and horse.

Attempts will be made to have the different political parties in Kristiania unite in commemorating the seventh-tenth of May by a joint celebration. The king has contributed \$2,700 to the building fund of the Kristiania Seamen's Home.

DENMARK.

About ten per cent of the police force of Copenhagen have been unfit for duty on account of influenza. Chief of Police Peterson has been among the victims.

Rev. A. Schack, of Copenhagen, has delivered a number of lectures on modern Danish literature. He scored some of the authors, especially Dr. George Brandes, very strongly on account of their free love tendencies.

J. P. E. Hartmann, the nestor of Danish composers at the threshold of the century, has gone to "the land of eternal harmonies." He was almost 95 years old at his death. His compositions are numerous, and some of them will be sung and played for ages to come. Hartmann was a member of a family of noted musicians, and his grandfather composed the tune to "Kong Kristian stod ved højen Mast."

A railway will soon be built through the island of Amager.

A poor employe in a Copenhagen foundry has invented a new and very effective method of preserving eggs. This method is very simple. The eggs are dipped into a chemical solution which closes up the pores of the shells and shuts out the air without affecting the taste of the egg. A London merchant has bought the patent for England the sum involved in the deal being \$150,000.

The first part of a new English-Danish dictionary, by J. Brynildsen and Johannes Magrussen, has been published. If the balance of the work is in keeping with what has appeared the dictionary will be the best of its kind in existence.

The Salvation Army is enjoying a rapid and vigorous growth in the Danish capital.

Malta-Mueller and W. Ehlers have invented a new steamboat propeller, the characteristic feature of which is that it is used both to drive the wheel forward and to steer it, thus doing away with the rudder. It is comparatively easy to sell the patent in the different countries.

Prof. Fr. Nielsen has been appointed bishop of Aalborg. He will be missed as professor of church history at the university.

Rev. Uffe Birkeald is conducting liberal religious meetings at Margrethe, Copenhagen. A questionable authority states that he was dismissed from his charge in the state church because he did not want to pray for rain during a drought, but, on the contrary, gave a public lecture on the importance of planting trees to bring down the moisture of the air in the shape of rain. The free-thinkers are supporting the man in order to spite the Inner Mission people.

The Prussian Landtag has raised the appropriations for the secret work of the presidents of the provinces from \$100,000 to \$160,000. This means increased efforts to stamp out the Danish language and Danish sympathies in South Jylland.

The Good Templars of Denmark have just celebrated the twentieth anniversary of the introduction of the order in Denmark. There are 400 lodges in the country, and they have a membership of 22,000.

A national temperance congress was held in Copenhagen March 9. There were about 60 regular delegates, representing 13 different associations. It was stated that the combined membership of all Danish total abstinence organizations is almost 100,000.

One thousand seven hundred and thirty head of cattle were sold at Cattle Market Square, in Copenhagen, in a single day.

NEW AND USEFUL DEVICES.

An Englishman has patented an apparatus for preventing the access of air to liquids when a quantity is withdrawn from the reservoir. An air-tight bag being inserted into the reservoir to expand and hold the air which replaces the liquid withdrawn.

Burrowing animals are driven out of their holes or suffocated by a Californian compound, which is formed of sulphur, tar and petroleum applied to a fibrous, inflammable material, being ignited and inserted in the burrow by a pair of slender tongs.

Ditches can be rapidly dug in soft earth by a new machine, which is mounted on narrow trucks and has an endless chain of small buckets to scoop up the earth as the machine is drawn back and forth in the trench, depositing the dirt on either side.

Lamps can be opened for filling without the necessity of unscrewing the burner by using a new attachment, which has the burner collar mounted on a hinged support, with a locking device opposite the hinge, which holds the burner vertical when the lamp is lighted.

In New Hampshire a man has patented a new warming pad for application to different parts of the body, comprising a plurality of independent, elongated pockets filled with soapstone in a dry, powdered form, which holds the heat and allows the pad to shape itself to the afflicted part.

A million and a half yellow willow cuttings have been purchased by the Santa Fe Railroad company to be planted on both sides of an embankment west of Stockton, Cal., for a distance of eight miles, to protect the embankment from damage by floods.