In Far Northland.

SVERDRUP'S "NEW LAND."

An Interesting Book on Arctic Travel Has Been Issued.

Capt. Otto Sverdrup, the skillful Arctic explorer, has written a book on his Greenland experiences. In justice to the explorer it must be said that while these two handsome volumes do not possess the dramatic interest of Nansen's "Farthest North," they add far more to our knowledge of the lands within the Arctic circle. With his admirably perfected equipment, absolute freedom of action, and his harmonious an deficient assistants, Sverdrup was enabled to explore a vast area previously unknown, an area which he estimates at 100,000 square miles. It is important, too, to note that but for ice conditions, which checked the advance of the Fram to the north of Greenland, the expedition was fortunately prevented from traversng much of the same region as was being covered by Peary. A useless waste of energy was thus prevented, though at the same time the Norwegian leader regarded the interruption of his plans solely as a misfortune. He was enabled, however, to lift the veil from the mysterious region westward from Smith's sound, named variously Ellesmere, Grinnell and Grant lands, and to achieve results more extensive than ever before accomplished by a single ship. These have been admirably mapped by Capt. Isachsen, the cartographer of the expedition.

The Fram wintered the first year, 1898-9, in Rice strait, near the entrance to what appears on the old maps as Hayes sound, but which was found to be no more than a fiord. The winter of 1899-1900 was spent in Havne fiord, on the north side of Jones sound; and the two following winters in Grasse fiord, eighty miles to the westward, the chief explorations being made, of course, by sledge parties. That so much was accomplished was largely due to the abundance of animal life in the new lands and the consequent ability to keep the dog teams as well as the men in good condition in spite of their arduous labors and severe hardships. The musk-ox, which Sverdrup insists upon renaming polar oxen, because he failed to detect the odor of musk in their flesh or milk, was found in great herds, and the Arctic hares, bears, wolves and other game were plentiful. The volumes are copiously illustrated.

REFORMERS CAN'T UNITE.

Attempt to Fuse Parties in Norway Is Difficult.

At a district meeting of the Workingman's society, held at Skien, Norway, last month, there was a spirited debate over the question of uniting with some political party. There were so many different sentiments, however, that the only points on which the delegates could agree was to submit the questions of union or of forming a new political party to the local unions. Several of the radical members of the storthing participated in the meeting.

Opposition to union with the labor party was expressed because it had been charged that the party was simply a branch of the socialists, whose doctrines the delegates were not prepared wholly to accept. A motion to unite was voted down, as was a motion to negotiate with the labor party regarding terms for fusion. Finally a motion to form a new organization under the name of the people's party was defeated.

HONORED BY OSCAR II.

Geraldine Farrar of Boston Receives Famous Art Medal.

Miss Geraldine Farrar, the Boston singer, has been awarded the medal of literature and arts by King Oscar of Sweden in recognition of her performances in Stockholm. Miss Farrar is the daughter of Sidney Farrar, now a Boston business man, who in his day was one of the best known ball players in the National league.

Soldier Won't Drill.

The Norwegian military authorities do not know what to do with a recruit from Hjartdal, who refuses to drill or perform any other duty about the camp. According to the military code he is liable to punishment, but his refusal being based on religious scruples prevents the authorities from taking extreme measures. He says that there are a score of young men in his native parish who belong to the same sect and have similar scruples.

To Own Canal.

Both chambers of the Swedish riksdag have approved the government's proposition to acquire the Trollhatto canal, which is part of the famous Gota canal system connecting Gothenburg with Stockholm. It is necessary for the commerce of the interior that the canal be widened and rebuilt, and the undertaking appears to be too large for a private concern.

Children Use Strange Tongue.

Scientists are greatly interested in two children recently admitted to an orphan asylum in Northern Denmark. They had lived since infancy with their grandmother, who was deaf and dumb, and had contrived a language of their own. Scientists are anxious to know if it resembles any known language, but are prevented, as the little folks are shy and do not converse with each other when strangers are near. With the aid of some of the older children in the asylum a portion of their vocabulary has been obtained.

NO ELECTION CHANGES NOW.

Swedish Riksdag Members Oppose Hoped-for Reforms.

Sweden is not likely to obtain any election returns from the present riksdag. While no vote had been taken up to the time the latest exchanges from Scandinavia were received, the trend of the speeches in both houses indicated that there was very little chance for the passage of any of the propositions before the riksdag, even though some are very unsatisfactory and grant but little relief from the present conditions.

Some very sharp attacks were made on the government's program to extend the right of suffrage, so as nominally to make it universal. In the first chamber some of the speakers used bitter language. Hr. Lithander declared that he was opposed to either bill, because they did not offer sufficient protection against tyranny by the masses. He was surprised that the government would propose a measure which would surely ruin the country.

Hr. Benedicks said that the proposed election law would create a new class in the second chamber which would not work in harmony with the first. Hr. Oberg declared that the masses were too easily led and could not be trusted with any responsibility in political matters.

Others declared that extensions of the right of suffrage simply meant the turning over of the country and its industries to adventurers.

In the second chamber the measure known as the proportional method was advocated by several speakers, including Hr. Ernest Carlson, Hr. Staaf and Hr. von Scheele. Hr. Branting did not believe that the law went far enough in the direction of democracy, and similar views were expressed by Hr. Olson of Viken. Some of the speakers were afraid, however, to trust the people with the responsibility of electing members of the riksdag.

In Memory of Evangelist.

A bauta stone in memory of Hans Nielsen Hague will be unveiled on July 10 on the Bredtvedt estate, near Grorud, Norway. The ceremonies will be conducted by Bishop Bang. The bauta stone, which was raised through the efforts of mission and young people's societies in Akersus, is a wrought granite stone bearing a medallion portrait of Hauge, modeled by Rev. Erling Gronland.

Judge in Congo.

Hr. Jacobsen, a lawyer of Christiania, has accepted an appointment as juge in the Congo state at a salary of 8,000 francs a year. Among the perquisites are free transportation and quarters, with the privilege of retiring on a pension of 5,000 francs a year at the end of six years. Every third year there will be allowed a long vacation on full pay.

Christine Nilsson Was Hostess.

Christine Nilsson recently attended the golden wedding of an elder sister, who is married to a farmer at Odensjo, Sweden. She received the guests, served refreshments, and was the life of the party. Her gift to the old couple was a tidy sum of money.

Japs Buy Norwegian Vessel.

The Japanese government has bought the steamship Aggi from Chris Michelsen & Co. of Bergen, paying over $95,000 for the same. The steamship was loaded with coal, as were two other vessels sent to Japan by the company at its own risk.

South Pole Once Was Hot.

Baron Nordenskjold the Antarctic explorer, in a lecture before the geographical society at Stuttgart, Germany, maintained that the South pole, like the North pole, was at one time covered with tropical vegetation. This, he said, was conclusively shown by many fossils which he collected on his expeditios of 1901-03.

Only 2,400 Years Old.

An interesting relic from the stone age has been dscovered on the Hessaa estate n Bjelland, Norway. It is a stone hammer, whch the wise men say has lain in he ground for 2,400 years. Several implements from the same age have been found in Bjelland in times past, and also many articles from the early iron age.

Gift From Carnegie.

Andrew Carnegie does not confine his gifts to America and the British isles, as a dispatch from Stockholm announces that he has given $50,000 at a fund for the maintenance of a teacher in English at the famous sloyd school, Goteborg's high school.

Naughty, Naughty!

Sir Walter Raleigh had just flung his cloak over the puddle.

"I see," murmured Queen Elizabeth, "that you will have your little fling."

"Even so, madam," he rejoined. "I have saved you from putting your foot in it."—Cleveland Leader.

Philadelphia Life Not Strenuous.

"Figures show that Philadelphia teachers do not receive as much pay as the teachers in New York and Chicago.

"That's all right; they don't earn as much."

"Why not?"

"They don't have to do as much work."

"Why not?"

"There are so many things that Philadelphia children don't have to know."

BUTLER AIDED CUPID

STORY WITHOUT THE SEMBLANCE OF A MORAL.

Faithful Retainer's Lapse from the Path of Sobriety Responsible for the Union of Two Fond Hearts—Brother-in-Law Was Hasty.

A city clergyman tells this story of a marriage in his church which happened through a misunderstanding. According to him there was a bachelor whose affections seemed to be centered in his sister's young sons and daughters. There was an interesting young woman of another city who rarely came to New York, and he was such a very busy man that he seldom got out of town to see her. As a result, the sister's children were enough to make him dally in his courtship.

It happened that the brother-in-law in the case, who sometimes envied the bachelor—because he could stay out late—heard dreadful noises in the house early one morning. It could not be a burglar, because they do not fall down stairs and disturb the house with hiccoughs.

Distressed at his brother-in-law's condition, but hopeful that he would break his neck, the master of the house went to sleep again. In the morning he entered the room of his brother-in-law in order to berate him. The astonishment of the bachelor was great, and his anger was greater. He had come home early and sober. It seemed to him that he could not live in the house any longer under the circumstances, and he left, too mad to talk to his relatives.

After breakfast at a restaurant he went to the hotel where the young woman from out-of-town happened to be. He was so impetuous in his wooing that they were married that day.

Among those who were at the ceremony were the sister and brother-in-law. The latter was very humble, and explained that on going down to his breakfast he had been confronted by the butler, who had been many years in the family, but who was dropping the plates, singing in a maudlin way and acting in any way but that of a model butler. When the brother-in-law asked the butler for an explanation of his condition, he confessed that on his evening off he had seen friends so many and so often that he had come home in such a condition that he had fallen down stairs several times on his way to his room.

The brother-in-law has employed the discharged butler.

A Doubtful Compliment.

Poultney Bigelow, who has accepted the chair of foreign relations at Boston university, had completed an address before the Twentieth Century club of Chicago. A young man congratulated Mr. Bigelow rather awkwardly on this address, and the learned traveler replied:

"This is a doubtful compliment. It reminds me of a remark that a friend of the groom's made at a New Hampshire wedding.

"This friend, an observant chap, watched the groom closely during the ceremony, and at the end bore down on the happy man, shook him warmly by the hand, and said:

"'Bill, ye done good. I had an idee ye would be skittish while ye wuz bein' tied up, but, begosh, ye looked as bold as a sheep.'"—Washington Post.

First Printing Office in America.

There is among compositors and other employes of printing offices in the city of Mexico a project to place a big marble slab at the corner of Moneda and Cerrada de Santa Teresa streets (opposite the postoffice), with an inscription in gold letters reading that it was in this house where the first printing office in America was established.

A commission will soon request the city council to give this ceremony an official character. Delegations of compositors are now inviting all members of the fraternity to contribute for the expense to be incurred. If money enough is raised, in addition to the plate a marble or bronze bust of Guttenberg will be placed at the corner. —Mexican Herald.

When the Clock Ticks Loud.

There are times when life is something
more than meat and drink and
sleep;
When the surface shows no ripple though
the stream is swift and deep;
When the goods that's in the worst of us
has taken us in tow
And has fanned love's fading embers till
they flash again and glow;
When we feel there's something in us has
escaped the madding crowd—
When it's quiet in the evening and the
clock ticks loud.

When the grate fire's crimson afterglow
is graying into gloom,
When there's none but she and you with-
in that cosy little room,
When the cat upon the hearth rug yawns
and drifts again to dreams,
Then how very like the heaven we have
learned to long for seems
That delightful little chamber with the
magic charm endowed—
When it's quiet in the evening and the
clock ticks loud.

Not a word to break the stillness, yet
there's music in the air—
Music born of softest silence, music
sweet and low and rare;
For the one who sits beside you is your
sweetheart and you know
That she loves you, for she wed you
many patient years ago;
And her love songs, born of silence, make
you brave and great and proud,
When it's quiet in the evening and the
clock ticks loud.

—Strickland W. Gillilan, in New York Times.

Proud of Her Ancestry.

Mrs. Gertrude Atherton, although well known as an author, is said to have considerable more pride in the fact that her great grandfather was a brother of Benjamin Franklin than in her own popularity as a writer. She has been in England so long as to almost become Anglacized, but has lately confessed to a veritable case of homesickness and may revisit California.

GOOD WORK OF FILIPINOS.

Faithful and Industrious in an Unaccustomed Climate.

Sixty Filipinos on the United States cable ship Burnside did excellent work on the rough seas off the coast of Alaska last year. Twenty of them were detailed for laying and repairing cables. They were thus engaged for three months, during which time they experienced a great deal of rough weather, one voyage having been so trying that the Burnside narrowily escaped destruction. The Filipinos, however, in spite of the severe climate and the difficult nature of the work, proved so efficient and trustworthy that Lieut.-Col. Allen of the United States signal corps says in his official report: "The work was always cheerfully performed by them, and in no case during the entire trip was any sort of punishment administered to these men. They continually grew in strengtah, and with the exception of slight colds from exposure they were in excellent health throughout. The point desired to be made prominent is that these men taken from the Philippine islands and sent directly into the cold of Alaska were able to perform all the duties required of them in the most satisfactory manner." Gen. Greely says: "The marked success of the past year has caused the chief signal officer of the army to engage a Filipino crew for the operations in Alaskan waters for the coming summer."

SHE GOT THEM MIXED.

Explanation Dawned Rapidly on Mind of Housewife.

A lady walked into a grocer's shop one day with her sleeves turned up to her elbows and a fighting light in her eyes. "This ere," she observed with a sniff, as she banged a piece of yellowy substance on the counter, "is the soap that does the washin' of itself; the soap what makes ev'ry washin' day a kind of glorified bean feast; the soap what gits all the linen as white as snow and as sweet as a hazlenut by dinner time, and lets the happy housewife spend the rest of the day playin' with the children, and here am I been scrubbin' three mortal hours with that lump, and ain't got so much lather out of it as I could git from a brickbat." "I beg your pardon," remarked the grocer, "but it isn't the soap. Your little boy came in here yesterday for half a pound of both soap and cheese; that's the cheese."

"The cheese!" gasped the lady. "That accounts for the other thing then."

"The other thing?" queried the grocer.

"Yes, the other thing," came the reply, "I was layin' awake half the night wonderin' what it was made the Welsh rabbit we had for supper taste so funny."—Kansas City Independent.

Kate Sanborn Queries.

After speaking of vast piles of decaying carcasses of the herons, slain for their plumes and the thousands of young birds left to starve, all for the sake of securing the plumes for women's hats, Mr. Scott says: "I wish clearly to emphasize the fact that I do not blame the women who use these decorations, for men are the responsible parties. No woman ever wore a decoration of any kind, much less the feather of a bird, for her own pleasure, or to attract the attention of other women. The object for which women wear decorations is to enhance their attractiveness and beauty to men, not to themselves, or to each other. And as long as men care to have women's hats decorated with feathers and express their approval by admiration bestowed, just so long will the custom endure."

Does Mr. Scott know women as well as he does birds?—From her article in National Magazine.

Play you Are the Sunshine.

You say you're feeling blue, lad?
That things are going wrong?
If that's the case for true, lad,
Cheer up and sing a song.
You'll find 'twill always pay, lad,
For all—for me and you
To play we are the sunshine
And let the skies be blue.
When the skies are blue and clear, lad,
The world is at its best;
Whene'er you drop a tear, lad,
It saddens all the rest.
Smile on—don't mind the knocks, lad,
Just keep your own heart true—
Play you're the golden sunshine
And let the sky be blue,
When you are feeling blue, lad,
And half inclined to cry,
You're at the job—'tis true, lad—
Intended for the sky.
The sunshine role sits bettter
On husky chaps like you—
Then be a human sunbeam,
Let but the sky be blue.
—Baltimore American.

Long Term of Faithful Service.

On Tuesday, May 10, Prof. Charles Koetl completed his fiftieth year as organist of St. Mary's Catholic church in Ottumwa, Iowa. His compensation has always been small. He began with a little melodeon and it is said that he has never omitted a mass, vespers or benediction at which he had promised to play. He is now 69 years of age.

In a Profitless Chase.

In regard to the British operations in Somaliland the London Telegraph said recently: "Our chase of the mad mullah has lasted longer than the chase of Dewet and we have not caught him yet. Our troops have done their best in a region which produces nothing and has defied all attempts to make it grow laurels."

Resigns from Brown Faculty.

Archibald Delaney, for nearly twenty years steward of Brown university, has resigned, his resignation to take effect Aug. 1. Mr. Delaney has served the college in the capacity of steward since 1885 and is well known to Brown men throughout the country. He will be succeeded by E. A. Burlingame, a civil engineer of Providence.

WHAT WAGNER IS DOING NOW.

Not Composing, but Decomposing, Said W. S. Gilbert.

An American woman, in a recent letter from London, said that W. S. Gilbert's return to the theater had revived innumerable stories of his impromptu witticisms.

"According to one of these stories," she wrote, "Mr. Gilbert wah dining at a stock broker's, and his right-hand neighbor persisted in talking to him of plays and operas, though she was an extremely ignorant person.

"One of her remarks was

"'I am fond of Wagner. What is he composing now?'

"'Wagner,' said Mr. Gilbert, 'is decomposing now.'"—Washington Post.

Does Advertising Pay?

"Do you believe that advertising pays?" asked the friend.

"Do I?" chuckled the country congressman. "Well, a patent medicine concern gave me $200 for my testimonial."—Chicago News.

His Idea of Trouble.

Policeman—Was that big guy who was talking with you looking for trouble?

Cutting Hintz—Yes; he wanted to know where the marriage licenses were issued.—Indianapolis Journal.

PATENTS.

List of Patents Issued Last Week to Northwestern Inventors.

August Backman, Virginia, Minn., hose coupling; Nicholas Blumhoefer, Fairfax, Minn., wagon body lifter; William Cain, Carleton, Minn., trip sling; Robert Parke, Minneapolis, Minn., quick-action trip valve; William Porten, St. Paul, Minn., building block; Peter Schwab, St. Louis Park, Minn., seed agitating device for drills; Charles Segerstrom, Argyle, Minn., heating drum.

Lothrop & Johnson, patent lawyers, 911 and 912 Pioneer Press Bldg., St. Paul.

Worse Yet.

New Correspondent at the Front—These Japs must be deaf and dumb; I can't get a word out of them. Do they talk with their fingers?

Old Correspondent—Talk with their fingers? They don't talk at all!—Detroit Free Press.

Her Choice of Evils.

Sappy—Miss Chaffins is a jolly, fine girl, don't yer know. Right up to date. Never minds my smoking even in her drawing room.

Miss Pertleigh—So she was telling me the other day. She says you don't talk so much when you're smoking.—Ally Sloper's Half-Holiday.

The Country's Simple Joys.

"Gracious! It's an awful muddy walk this evening, isn't it?" said Mr. Backlotz, on the way home from the Lonesomehurst station.

"Yes," replied Subbubs, "but I rather like it. We bought a new door mat the other day and I want to see how it works."—Catholic Standard.

Self-Evident Truth.

"M' dear," protests the husband, who is explaining why he has been detained until huch a late hour, "I 'shure you, it wasn't my fault. I been held up."

"Of course you have," replies the wife from the head of the stairs, observing his ineffectual attempt to find a keyhole in the newel post. "What I want to know is, who held you up. Who brought you home this time?"—

Interest yourself in your child's interest.

A Stinging Stunt.

Algy—Ferdy has had to economize fwightfully since he got mawwied.

Ethel—He has?

Algy—Jove, yes. He's wolling his own cigawettes now, ye know.—Puck.

N. D. N. U. —NO. 26— 1904.