

HARTFORD'S FROGGERY.

Soloists of Various Kinds in the Water Garden in Bushnell Park.

Hartford is minus a roof garden whereupon to while away an evening hour listening to the symphonies of the masters, interpreted by musicians who are sometimes masters and sometimes not. There is a relief, however, if any one delights in nature's own music, in the water garden in Bushnell Park. There, not only in the evening, but during the entire day, the fantasia of the frogs is continually sung, and the baritone and bass effects which the voices of the giant frogs bring forth are worthy of emulation by some of our great oratorio singers. It is likely that there are half a dozen bullfrogs in Bushnell Park pond that can dive deeper and sing a lower note than any merely human singer.

A son of Windham, the town that knows frogs by heridity, was passing by the water garden yesterday afternoon when he rounded himself up with a sudden stop, leaned over the wire railing of the pond, listened to the throat notes of frog affection that were coming from a cluster of reeds to a bunch of lily pads and a warm and genial smile stole across his countenance.

"Hogsh. This is home. Follett's Frog Pond in old Windham is a cranberry marsh now, but this is something like. Hear that? If I had a voice like that big fellow I'd make my fortune," and the Windham man stood by the pond and dreamed boyhood dreams, as he watched the frogs and heard their sing.

Really, the frogs discount the German carp that were in the pond a year ago as an attraction. They are more graceful swimmers, and can sing a cry out of sight of land or water. Nobody knows how many of them there are, but they are heard among the cattail reeds, in the clumps of fleur de lis, beneath the pads of the great pond lilies now in radiant blossom, and sit and blink at the sun in noonday on the leaves of the Egyptian lotus, and never, never cease their musical fantasia, calling singly across the water to some gay old chummy of the frog, and receiving answer in tone and kind, or uniting in one grand chorus like the frogs of Aristophanes.

Bushnell Park pond without its frogs might still be picturesque, but it would not be the sole musical setting of the park.

HORSE CRUELTY.

Docking Tails Not Misery Enough For Fashion to Indict.

Nicking horses was described by the witness in a case heard before the Wakefield (Eng.) magistrates as "a matter of fashion," but it appears to be something more than that—at least to the horses—says the London News. Nicking is a process supplemental to what is known as docking, and is intended to cause horses' tails, or rather the stumps thereof which remain erect after docking, to "stand out smart, erect and perky enough to make them look fashionable."

In the case in question four animals were stated to have been cast on straw while one of the defendants made four large wounds or incisions in the muscles under the tail of each. The animals were then placed in stalls padded on each side with bags or sacks of straw to prevent them from lying down, while their tails were played with straw, and a rope attached to this was carried up to the ceiling and passed over a pulley. A three or four-pound weight was then suspended from the other end of the rope, with the object of holding the tails of the horses erect or perpendicular.

Further it appeared that the horses were to be kept in this position for three weeks; but fortunately for them the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals heard of the business. One witness declared that the legs of the horses that have been nicked have been known to swell in one week to large size. On the question of cruelty, experts were as usual called upon both sides; but the Wakefield magistrates found the defendants guilty, and inflicted in each case a fine of £6, with £7 1s. 6d. in the shape of costs.

The Kind of Ministry did not Matter.

Though more Dublin stories are "well found" than strictly true, still the following harmless tale is believed to have at least some foundation in fact: A well known young lady, en route to the last drawing room, found herself hopelessly blocked in a line of carriages containing those unimportant people who had not the entire to which she herself was entitled. Much annoyed that the policeman on duty would not allow her to take the law into her own hands and break through the crowd of vehicles around her, she leaned out of the carriage window and said to him in somewhat imperious tones, "Perhaps you don't know that I am the wife of a cabinet minister?" "If you were the wife of a pre-bendary minister," was the answer, "I couldn't let you pass!"—London World.

Some Schoolboys Definitions.

In a recent examination some boys were asked to define certain words, and to give a sentence illustrating the meaning. Here are a few: Frantic is wild. I picked some frantic flowers. Athletic, strong; the vanguard was too athletic to use. Tandem, one behind another; the boys sat tandem at school. And then some single words a funny explained. Dust is mud with the wet squeezed out; fins are fishes' wings; stars are the moon's eggs; circumference is the distance around the middle of the outside.—Educational Gazette.

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THE CAPTAIN'S AMBERGRIS.

How the C. O. of the Thetis Lost a Valuable Prize by Way of Salvage.

The Thetis had been cruising about Behring's Sea and passed the straits into the Arctic on its way to Point Barrow, when it met the revenue cutter Bear. Ships are rare in these latitudes, and visits were exchanged. The Bear had a number of shipwrecked whaling Captains and their crews aboard; and one of the Captains, an old fellow 70 years old, told how he had been obliged to abandon his schooner (she was called the Susan Jane), though except for a hole he had been obliged to cut in her side to get out provisions, she was absolutely uninjured. She had capsized in the gale that had wrecked so many whalers, and he had been forced to leave her where she was. She was the only property he had in the world, and was the result, he said, with tears in his eyes, of many years saving and self-denial.

The Captain of the Thetis asked where the schooner had been abandoned, and got sufficiently definite data to decide him to promise the old fellow that he would keep an eye open for her, and if it was possible, would right her and send her down to him.

In course of time the Susan Jane was sighted one day lying on her starboard side with both topmasts resting on some field ice.

The Captain of the Susan Jane had told the Captain of the Thetis that a good deal of his personal property was in the cabin, and, while there was nothing very valuable there was much that he treasured from association. The Captain, therefore, to avoid all possible theft on the part of the men, and also any question that might arise in the future, determined to inspect the cabin of the Susan Jane himself before any one else was allowed to enter.

Accordingly, he went down and returned with a gold watch, a family Bible, some photographs, and a chronometer and sextant, a double-barreled shotgun, and a small sum in money. He turned these things over to his steward to be taken care of, and told his executive officer to give him four men to return with him to the schooner. This time he came back with a number of knick-knacks of various descriptions, such as books, chart &c., and the four men followed him, bearing with the greatest care a barrel that weighed perhaps 250 or 300 pounds.

"Take care, you men," he exclaimed as one of them stumbled; "handle that barrel as if it was full of blasting caps." The officers and ship's company stood about the decks wondering what in thunder the barrel could contain that the "old man" was so touchy about it. He made no remarks however, until the four men had disappeared into the cabin hatch, when, turning to the executive officer, he said, rubbing his hands together with satisfaction:

"That barrel is worth more than its weight in gold; it is chock full of ambergris."

The officers looked at one another and whispered below their breath. That would indeed be a haul, if the Old Man decided to keep it for salvage, even if he gave up all other claim against the Susan Jane.

"Come down, gentlemen," he said, with a smile, to the officers, "and have a look at it." All who were not on duty followed him down into the cabin to see for themselves what ambergris looked like. There was a barrel with no head on it; full, almost to the brim, as the Captain had said it was, of some greenish gray, greasy looking substance. The officers all looked at it and wondered that such ugly stuff could be of such fabulous value.

The paymaster was very near sighted, and, as all near-sighted people must do to see, stuck his nose down the barrel, by which means he got a whiff that none of the others did, which somehow or other struck him as familiar. Straightening himself up, he was about to thrust his finger into the contents of the barrel, when the captain, with a face that one could almost call horror-stricken, caught hold of his arm and dragged him back.

"Do not touch it," he cried. "Why, even the atom you could take on your finger would be a serious loss to some people."

The paymaster, who was a very young fellow, forgot that a Captain in actual command of his ship should never be contradicted.

"It is not ambergris," he cried. "It's butter, and damn bad butter at that." The officers seemed inclined to smile, and the Captain grew as red as a turkey cook and darted a look of contempt at the paymaster.

"Gentlemen," the Captain said, turning to the officers and assuming all the dignity he could, "you have seen ambergris, should you ever come across it in your future cruises you will know what it looks like. Good afternoon." The officers fled out of the cabin without a word and with doubtful expressions on their faces, and ambergris was tabooed word when the Captain was within ear shot. Some how or other, that barrel was never heard of again.

Knew His Business.

"Ain't a dollar pretty high for a meal like that?" asked the tourist.

"I don't mind owing up that it is," said the landlord of the Corboy's Rest, "but them meals cost me seventy-five cents apiece."

"But I happen to know that you sell a ten-meal ticket for \$5."

"Yes, I know, but about half the fellows that buy them tickets gets killed before they have eat two meals."

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How Gold is Extracted From the Bars of the Snake River.

The Snake River mining boat Leota has commenced operations on the gold-lined bars of the Snake. The water is pumped from the river by two large pumps. One is a centrifugal that throws water through a 15 inch pipe for sluicing. A cylinder force pump forces the water through an 8-inch pipe to the giant, which tears down the bank and forces hydraulic pressure 1,000 yards of gravel into the sluice boxes every twenty-four hours. The main sluice box is twenty-four inches wide, and its bottom is covered with steel plate and steel rifles. From the main sluice box, are six undercurrents which lead off into six riffle tables; from these the sand passes into smaller boxes over brussels and blankets on to burlap tables, where the slime and black sand are separated from the sand. The tables and smaller sluice boxes are treated four times every twenty-four hours by the blankets, brussels, and burlaps, thoroughly washed, and the fine gold, slime, and black sands going through a chemical process preparing it for amalgamation. It is then put through an amalgamator, and is made ready for the market.

Sixteen men are now employed, and operations are carried on day and night. The few days that they have been running have served to get the machinery working nicely, and from now on there will be no interruption in the work. A clean-up has not yet been made, but they are confident of getting satisfactory results. When this fact is established water will be brought from the Alpowa Creek to wash this bar, and the Leota will be moved to some other bar where a similar test will be made, and so on until the vast bars along the Snake and Clearwater that have heretofore paid but moderately will be made to yield their precious gold on the wholesale plan.

There are Boys and Boys.

The question of inflicting corporal punishment in pupils by teachers in public school has been lately agitated in Newark, N. J. The idea of ungraded schools for incorrigibles where flogging should be permitted, has met with considerable favor among school principals and trustees.

It is alleged that since corporal punishment of pupils was abolished by law school teachers have had a hard time in controlling unruly pupils. Beyond a doubt there has been no improvement in the manners of the average boy during the last decade, and it may or may not be owing to the lack of the flogging process.

While it seems to be very doubtful if punishment in any shape will affect a moral change in the nature of children, we have to remember that fear of the law prevents a considerable amount of crime in the adult. Moral suasion is the cry of a great many people, who believe that they can do more by it than in any way else; but moral suasion on a wooden-headed boy is something like water on a duck's back often times. Wherever a look, a gesture or the highest form of reproval will prevail it is undoubtedly better to avoid severe punishment; and the establishing of schools for incorrigibles might serve to preserve a higher moral tone among those who only need the mildest kind of admonition.

Too Precocious Child.

A south side architect has a small son who is very bright. The youngster's latest fad is punching colored paper with the fancy steel punches conductors use. The architect had just finished a series of blue paper drawings which represented many day's labor, and the next morning went cheerfully to get them from his study. He never got farther than the door, for on the floor sat his son and heir in a floating sea of blue paper stars, crosses and crescents. "Ain't they pretty?" calmly remarked the infant. "I've just finishing the last sheet. Want some more." He did not get more. He received something else—Chicago Daily News.

The Proper Way.

A woman who declines an offered seat in the street car usually makes herself a little bit conspicuous by so doing. Of course, if the gentleman who offers is manifestly very much older than herself, or from any cause less able to stand, she may. Otherwise, her refusal of the courtesy seems a trifle ungracious. Besides, a woman does not appear to advantage when grasping a strap and swaying back and forth with every motion of the car.

Hard on Papa.

Johnny Jameson had arrived at his eighth birthday and thought that it would be real nice to write his papa a letter, and this is the way it began:—"My dear papa—Whenever I am tempted to do wrong, I think of you, and say 'Get thee behind me, Satan.'—Our Girls and Boys.

Good News for the Ladies of Canada.

Less Deception Than Formerly.

The ladies will be pleased to learn that the efforts made with the view of protecting them against fraud perpetrated by some merchants and dealers, have been successful beyond anticipation.

The substituting of worthless and adulterated package dyes for the reliable Diamond Dyes is now stopped in many places, and merchants are finding out it does not pay to sell a customer what is not asked for.

In the past, ladies have suffered much trouble, inconvenience, loss of material and money, by having poorly prepared dyestuffs foisted on them when they asked for the Diamond Dyes. In order to insure continued safety and success in dyeing work at home, ladies should examine each package of dye offered them, so that they may take nothing home but the genuine Diamond Dyes.



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