WHY WE CANNOT CONQUER THEM.

The problem of Philippine conquest is not a military one. This country undoubtedly has the physical force to make the islands a desolation and call it peace. We can harry their coasts. We can ravage their fields. We can drive their fleeing inhabitants to mountain fastnesses and dash their little ones against a stone. If it is a mere question of brute strength—of money and men and ships and guns—we can employ it without limit. We can kill and burn and destroy like avengers of God. No one doubts this. Mr. McKinley, in boasting of the new forces he has got together for bending the Filipinos to his will, is only glorying as a full-grown man might in his ability to break every bone in the body of the street waif. The disparity is too glaring. If we exert our giant's strength to crush the Filipinos, we can undoubtedly do it. But what we assert is that it is not a question of mere force majeure. There are moral obstacles in our path more terrible than an army with banners. If we wage a war of extermination against the Filipinos, they will have invisible allies mightier than all the battalions that tread the earth, so that they that be with them are more than they that be with us, and we can never conquer them.

We cannot conquer the Filipinos because we cannot, as a nation, place ourselves in a pillory to become the hissing of mankind; canont justify the bitter taunt of the Spaniard that our pretended unselfishness and humanity were but thinly veiled greed and cruelty; cannot give fresh edge to the sneers of Germans at our vaunted purpose to set a captive race free, and to the cynicism of Frenchmen at the expense of our mission of justice and liberty; cannot make our best friends in England hang their heads in shame; cannot put it in the power of the civilized world to say that our generous professions were a hollow mockery and our plighted faith no better than a harlot's vow.

We cannot conquer the Filipinos because we canont march over the dead bodies of our national leaders and prophets and heroes; cannot look into the grave and troubled face of Washington bidding us remember that "the basis of our political system" is the right of a people to make its own government, and urging us to exhibit to the world the "too novel example of a people always guided by an exalted justice and benevolence;" cannot, in Lincoln's presence, "ask a just God's assistance" in the effort to "bestride the necks of a people because they will be better off for being ridden;" cannot, with McKinley leading us, do what he said would be an act of "criminal aggression;" cannot welcome and applaud Dewey while going in the teeth of his saying. "Rather than make a war of conquest of this people, I would up anchor and sail out of the harbor."

We cannot conquer the Filipinos because we cannot use any of our historic battle cries in the fight against them; cannot allow our soldiers to give one countersign of liberty while pursuing them; cannot arm our officers and men with the triple armor of a just cause; cannot nerve our troops with a hatred of the enemy nearly as intense as their hatred of the cruel and repugnant work they are set to do; cannot look upon a victory except with shame that it is won over a foeman so unworthy of our steel; cannot ask a beaten army and trust to our good faith, lest the taunt be frown in our face, as it was in President Schurman's by a Filipino envoy, that American faith is not a thing to be considered seriously.

We cannot conquer the Filipinos because the country and congress will not give the president the money necessary to pursue his ruthless work; because an outraged public sentiment will demand that he quit doing what we went to war with Spain to stop her doing; because burdened taxpayers will protest against being made to pay for shot and shell which wise statesmanship should be able to do without the firing of a gun; because we are too great a nation to trample on the weak, to free a people to permit chains to be riveted on another race by our agents and in our name, and too jealous a republican commonwealth to see our blood and treasure poured out for the benefit of a favored few.

And if, in spite of all, the war of conquest and extermination is pushed to the bloody end; if the last Filipino town goes up in smoke and flame; if the last armed native is brought to bay in swamp or pass, and falls under our volley; it is not the Filipinos who will be conquered; they, even as they die before the pitiless hail of our bullets, may well exclaim, "Americans, you have not conquered us, you have conquered yourselves; in our ruin you have pulled down the pillars of your own temple of liberty; in beating us down you have trampled upon your own history and principles; in destroying our republic you have destroyed your own."

WILL FIGHT TO THE DEATH.

Montreal, Aug. 29.—Dr. Mariano Ponce, private secretary to Emilio Aguinaldo, is here en route from London to Manila. In an interview he said:

"My country fights and will fight for her independence, because she is fully convinced that it is a duty imposed by Providence. The ambition of a powerful nation is not enough to make her renounce her destiny. She is ready to make every sacrifice for the defence of the freedom of the land. The last word in the question has been said by my nation. The Philippines will become an merican possession only when there are no more Filipinos."

THE READY FIGHTING BOER.

The Transvaal Boer is always ready to fight. He carries his rifle on his shoulder and a piece of biltong in his pocket, mouching around over the veldt so that if a field cornet gallops up to tell him that war has been declared he may start for the front at once.

Prospect of an occasion to use his rifle has ever sent a gleam into the ordinarily dull eye of the Boer and made of him a changed man. Whether the object be a human being or a wild duck matters not to him, his one thought being to glance along a gleaming barrel and hit small objects at long range. When he shoots at a British soldier, therefore, he first examines him carefully to see if he is an officer, and then picks out some particular button or conspicuous part of the uniform on which to rest his sight. He does this partly from force of habit, just as he aims at the white breast of a duck, though it is an unwritten order in Boer warfare to kill the officers, or chiefs, if possible. When the captain or commandant sees an officer it is his plan to select about six of the best marksmen available to fire simultaneously at him. The higher his rank the better. The man so carefully selected may be regarded as doomed.

To an American these methods may seem cold-blooded and cruel, but it must be remembered that the Transvaal burghers hate the English as they do the dreadful black spiders that infest the country and always refer to the British soldier as ruinecks, or rednecks. There are two explanations of this name. One is that when the English came to the Cape an old Dutchman noticed that when John Bull got angry he grew red about the neck. In the Transvaal they say the name arose when the British dragoons were quartered there from the red coat collars which made the uniform conspicuous.

For the English the Boers have framed this particular defiance: "If you will have our country, take it; but it will be over our bodies and the ash heaps of our property and goods." Paul Kruger himself is the author of the catch phrase which was embodied in the celebrated third proclamation made in 1881, when the British were hectoring the old farmers.

It was no idle threat of dramatic bluff. Any one who has seen these long-legged, weather-beaten plainsmen get together at a rally has realized that they would never give up their country until all were wiped out—men, women and children.

In spite of the Boers being scattered all over the Transvaal, the whole nation can be mobilized in two or three days, a proceeding which probably cannot be duplicated by any other country. This is possible owing to the Boers' constant equipment in light marching order. The moment that Kruger decides to declare war, Joubert either telegraphs or sends relays of messengers to each commandant. This officer promptly notifies the several field cornets in his district and the latter either dispatch their assistants, who gallop here and there on the veldt, sounding the alarm, or else make bonfires at night and pillars of smoke by day, the pre-arranged signals for war.

From a dull, apathetic, ill-kept and lazy dreamer the Boer is then transformed into a quick-witted, cunning and energetic being. The Transvaal burgher, indeed, is a most peculiar combination of phlegmatic Dutchman and wildly excited Latin. On the veldt he will loaf around in the sun and only move to reload his pipe. In the Raad chambers the sergeant-at-arms oftentimes is unable to maintain order. The members leap aroundw, throwing their arms, about and carry on like anarchists.

Pretoria is guarded by four forts, one at each of the four corners of the town. Heavy guns of the Krupp make are installed here under the direction of German,Dutch and French officers. Men have been drilled to train these guns effectively and the town is supplied with provisions to withstand a long siege. The latter method has been the favorite one spoken of by the English to conquer the Boers. The Transvaal is such a poor country that wild animals cannot exist in some parts of it, and the British experts have always said that to starve the burghers would be the easiest way of subduing them. Kruger has provided against this in some measure by building a great granary, where meats and canned food are stored in large quantities. He has still fear of such a pass, however, and said recently that the English "might build a wall around them as high as Jericho and then he and his people could live comfortably for twenty years." The Boers do not worry much about being starved out, for a Boer can do more work on less food than any other man being if he wants to. He is accustomed to lling on the veldt for weeks with no nourishment but a long strip of dried meat, called "bitton," coffee and mealies. What he most dreads is to be deprived of coffee.

OUT OF THE ORDINARY.

Newgate prison in London is to be thus reducing the sentence to sixty years.

Ex-President Pierola of Peru is said to be the richest man in South America, being possessed of a fortune estimated at $50,000,000. Don Eduardo Lopes de Romana, the new president, is, by training, almost an Englishman. He was sent to London when only ten years old and was educated at Stonyhurst college.

Senator Hanan is said to have paid for his suite of apartments at Claridge's hotel, where he stopped while in London, 175 guineas a wekk. This is about $925.

demolished and the site will be occupied by the new criminal court building. The last execution in this old jail, where so many have died for the benefit if not the glory of their country, occurred during the week just past. The word finis has been written beneath the Newgate calendar, and another landmark famous in literature and history will be missed in the near future by the curious traveler.

BREAST OF LAMB.

A breast of lamb should be simmered, not boiled, until it is thoroughly tender, with vegetables and savory herbs, as well as some peppercorns and a little salt. When it is done enough weight on top. When cold turn out and garnish with parsley.

TOO HOT TO HANDLE.

From the Memphis Scimitar: A well known Mississippi farmer will have cause to remember his recent visit to Memphis. He stopped in a well known cafe, and among other things ordered a sirloin steak. A bottle of tobasco sauce was on the table, and, mistaking it for catsup, he spread it quite lavishly on the steak and settled down to enjoy the meal. The first bite was a big one, but no sooner had it struck his mouth than he began to feel as if his tongue was on fire. He twisted and turned and his face told of the agony he was suffering. Then he caught the attention of every one in the dining hall fastened on him. The more he twisted and screwed his face the hotter the steak in his mouth got. He didn't know what was the matter. He could stand it no longer, and, reaching up his hand he jerked out the burning bite, threw it on the floor, and with a very dramatic way exclaimed: "Now, d—— you, blaze!"

KANSAS IS NOT IN IT.

Lawrenceville, Ill.—(Special.)—Kansas is not in it with Indiana as a sunflower state.

A man down here is advertising for 1,000,000 pounds of sunflower seed. He has bought three-fourths of a million pounds of sunflower seed and expects to ship 5,000 pounds.

Practically all of this crop raised in the world goes out of Lawrence county. This same man who is now buying the seed by the train load got rich by raising such things on his rented farm, going into the market for strange and unusual things, while his neighbors stuck to wheat and corn and hogs. His name is W. R. Crackel and he is both shrewd and inquisitive, but while supplying the world with what sunflower seed it needs he has never been able to find out what the year his seed is put to. This sunflower seed industry is not only an art exhibit and a poem, but one of the greatest mysteries as well.

A good many people are now engaged in it now, but it is not so profitable as it was to the grower. Farmer Crackel sold his first big crop for 9 cents a pound, and for years after that his neighbors put out a good deal of land in sunflowers and sold the product for 8 cents a pound, which was some thousands of dollars per acre. Then came the deluge. Everybody in Petty township planted sunflowers instead of corn, and the farmers accomplished their own undoing. One township in this county broke the market from 8 cents to 2 cents by causing an overproduction in the world's supply. Then many went back to corn and wheat, and now things have settled down to a basis that pays wel enough, but one can hardly make rich men.

The sunflower is grown from the seed, and a 20-acre field soon after it comes up looks like a patch of ground much neglected to the weeds. The plants are cultivated somewhat, but in the rich soil of the island, where Crackel started the industry and where it still flourishes, the sunflower grows to unbelievable proportions with little care. Early in the season the field takes on the color of the soft, rich green peculiar to the leaves of the plant, and a little later blotches of dep yellow appear all over the green palette, as one by one the flowers stick themselves above the general level like township committeemen at a political meeting. The field on a level with the top of the low rail fence is one plane, the plants being interwoven with their long broad leaves intermingled in what seems to be a perfect amalgamation.

The flowers that first appear are not much larger than a saucer and are light yellow in color. Each day more of them can be counted, every one on a tall upshoot and bending its head in the most dignified way imaginable, making the field loko like a crowd of tonsured courtiers saluting their king. They bow toward the sun as a general rule, bending to the east in the morning, the south at noon and the west in the evening.

As late summer comes, no view is richer than forty or eighty acres of sunflowers. The color tone is yellow then—a rich, deep yellow—with just enough dark brown for harmony and a little dark green for contrast. High stand the stalks and each is bowed low with its weight of flower, but still reaching far above the fence and the corn in the adjoining field.

The narrow, yellow petals wither and fall away, or turn brown and sere, and then the harvesting of this most unique crop begins. The heads are cut of the stalks by hand and thrown into a wagon. After being carefully dried they have lost all their beauty and are dark, angular, ugly things that impress one most with their size. Some of the flowers are as large in diameter as six columns of a newspaper is wide and the brown tonsure in the center is often a foot in diameter after the petals have fallen and it is dried. The seed is separated by running the heads thro' an ordinary threshing machine cylinder, which knocks the seeds from the pockets in which they are imbedded. The operation of cleaning is rather crude yet, there being no special machines for the purpose.

The yield per acre varies greatly. A field of flowers nearly as large as a dessert plate will not have half the amount of seed as a field of flowers as large as a half-bushel. Almost any kind of land with slight attention will yield 600 pounds to the acre, and crops of 1,600 pounds to the acre are not uncommon, although they are the result of extra attention by growers who have studied the habits and needs and the sunflower and who have very rich land. Just now the buyers are paying from $1.25 to $1.50 per hundred pounds for the seed delivered at the warehouse. The cost of raising an acre of sunflowers is very much less than the cost of an acre of wheat or corn, and the crop is more certain. This city is the great sunflower market of the worwld, but smaller quantities, comparatively, are bought at Bridgeport, St. Francisville, Sumner, Birds and others of the smaller towns in this county, each station sending out several carloads in a year. The crop of 1899 is now being threshed and sent to market and in this county will aggregate about 5,000,000 pounds in the opinion of those most interested. Small quantities of sunflower seed are sent to market occasionally from widely separated points in the United States, but in no other place is the seed raising made a business.

What does the world do with 5,000,000 pounds of the seed of a plant commonly associated only with an esthetic craze? Only a very few men know, and they wont tell. The secrecy which envelops the whole matter of its use, like the hist of the stage burgler, suggests that it is an adulterant. It once sold readily at 10 cents a pound, which was the equivalent of nearly $2 a gallon for the oil, and what oil can be used for an adulterant at such a price? The same man, Crackel, who started the whole thing here as a farmer and now handles nearly the whole crop as a dealer in grain, thought of all that. He is a man who takes excellent care of his own business and at the same time has a philanthropic interest in the doings of his neighbors down here, where everybody visits everybody else. Some other people had a casual curiosity about the matter, but when they discovered that Crackel had to shamefacedly admit what he did not know and could not find out, they let it go at that. Crackel found out that the oil was pressed from the seed, and that was all.

THIS BISHOP TRAMPS.

Wilmington, Del.—Special.)—Hale and hearty, the Right Rev. Leighton Coleman, bishop of the Protestant Episcopal diocese of Delaware, has returned from his annual pedestrian tour. He tramped 220 miles along country roads, over mountains, and through a desolate region of Southwestern Virginia, acquiring a rich coat of sunburn on his kindly face, and losing a few pounds of flesh from his rotund form.

He was away from Wilmington exactly two weeks, eleven days of which were devoted to the tramp of 220 miles. The greatest distance traveled in one day was 32 miles; but the roads were in no condition to add to the pleasures of a pedestrian tour. He did not travel on Sundays nor did he attend the services in village churches, but he sought the seclusion of the woods, where he improvised an altar and said the services of the Protestant Episcopal church. To persons whom he meets while on these long walks through the country Bishop Coleman is only an idler, and merely "Coleman" to the chance acquaintance.

Bishop Coleman is 62 years of age, and retains the vigor and activity of youth. He attributes his remarkable physical condition to his love for walking. Since boyhood he has been fond of walking, and with the exception of very few years he has made an annual tramp ever since 1861. He estimates that he has covered 8,000 miles in this manner. While out in a blizzard several years ago he contracted a cold in his left eye and lost the sight of it as a result of his fondness for pedestrianism. When about the ordinary duties of his diocese Bishop Coleman is dignified in appearance, yet democratic in manner. He has a round, smiling face, and probably is as widely known and respected as any bishop in the United States. Nor does his acquaintance end with the American continent, for while attending the Lambeth conference in England he tramped to many places of interest, just to satisfy his fondness for walking.

When starting on his annual walk, Bishop Coleman is transformed in appearance. An old linen duster that has done service for many years replaces the cloth of the church; rough working clothing takes the place of his usual neat attire; heavy walking shoes incase his feet, and an old black, broad-brimmed hat covers his head. An old silver watch with a black cord instead of a chain, that it may not tempt thieves, and a heavy cane complete the equipment of the tourist. The bishop left Wilmington on the morning of September 5 last, and made his way toward the wilds of Virginia. Just where he went he wil lnot say,as he does not care to embarrass those whose hospitality he enjoyed incognito. He always travels in this manner and perhaps for the first time since he adopted this plan he was recognized this year. Passing from one room to another in a railway station at his starting point, he heard some one cry, "Hello, Bishop." Surprised, the bishop wheeled around and recognized a little girl whom he met in a seaside resort in July last. He was acquainted with the entire family, and declined an invitation to dinner, as he desired to follow the itinerary. At the outset the bishop said he discovered a new reason for traveling incognito. As he was reclining one afternoon under the shade of a schoolhouse, somewhat weary after a long day's tramp, two passing horsemen saw him.

"That old fellow's got a big load on, I reckon," remarked one of the horsemen audibly.

"Lifelong abstainer as I have been," the bishop said the other evening, "I was the more amused, because only a few m/nutes before I had approved of the sentiment of two men with whom I was in conversation that I would as soon drink a quart of kerosene as a quart of whisky."

Plodding along, the Bishop met another pedestrian, an Austrian, who found delight in viewing the country from the road. This was the first time in the bishop's career as a tourist that he met another person who was traveling for the pleasure in it. A friendly conversation followed, the bishop imparting information to the foreigner, who was making his first pedestrian trip in this country.

The first night, like many others, was spent in a farmhouse. The bishop rapped at the door, and the man of the house opened it. The farmer was about to give the bishop lodging for the night when his wife, from the head of the stairs, started a parley with her husband and the supposed tramp, finally withdrawing all objection when she saw the bishop's benign face. At one house the bishop was asked what he had to sell, and after sleeping for a night in another farm house, he was cautiously asked if he was not a revenue officer looking for moonshiners, as he was suspected of being a detective. An intelligent farmer informed the bishop that he was surprised to see such a man living as a tramp, as his face was that of a refined person.

"What is your name?" the farmer asked.

"Coleman," responded the Bishop.

The farmer said he regarded walking as hard work, and could find no pleasure in it.

At none of the houses where he lodged did the bishop see a daily paper for the whole two weeks. But he met a poet who was manufacturing a topical poem, of which the bishop made a copy. It began like this:

She was a beuatiful peach,
Of the kind ten cents each,
But she did not drink lemonade.

The bishop suggested some rhymes and changes in the manuscript, but was informed by the poet that it would be revised by "somebody who would know how."

At another farm the conversation was in regard to diseases and their cure, and the bishop was greatly amused at the declaration of the father that he had cured his son of fits by placing the boy's head against an oak tree and driving a nail into the tree. The bishop did not walk all the time. Frequently he engaged in conversation with farmers who offered him lifts in wagons. At other times he sat under shade trees and attended to his correspondence. His mail is enormous and he arranged with Mrs. Coleman to forward all correspondence at stated intervals. Thus the bishop would recline in the shade, write necessary replies and mail them at the next postoffice. For five hours in his walk one day he did not see a single person, which gives an idea of the country through which he passed. He scaled the Blue Ridge mountains, the ascent requiring three hours. One afternoon the bishop broke the staff which he had carried on pedestrian tours for a dozen years at least. A few nights found the bishop lodging in country taverns where the villagers would swap yarns. This year he was not compelled to sleep in a barn, as he was last year. Altogether he regards his tour as one of the most pleasant he has ever had, although it was devoid of exciting incidents. To complete his journey the bishop traveled 300 miles by train from Virginia to this city, and then walked from the station to Bishopstead, a distance of a mile, and even then was up bright and early the next day about the duties of the church.

THE RICHEST MAN OF ALL.

New York.—Special.)—The only man in the world ever reputed to be worth $1,000,000,000—one thousand million dollars—is the Anglicized German, Alfred Beit, whose address, if you care to know, is simply Cape Town, or Kimberley, or Johannesburg, South Africa, or Park Lane, London.

Mr. Beit is on the foolish side of 50, having been born in Hamburg in 1853, and has made his fabulous fortune in the last twenty-four years.

It is all very like a fairy book tale to read of a man worth a thousand millions, but it seems like a Christmas spectacle to read that what has made him so rich is not land or railroads or factories or shops, or wheat corners, or oil fields, but just gold and diamonds.

The very things that stand for riches came to him in the first instance, not as a result of riches but their cause.

Alfred Beit was a well-educated merchant's son in Hamburg, destined to go into the office, where he would learn to check and supervise accounts relating to shipments and receipts of goods to and from the ports of the earth; to inherit a comfortable income from a staid old shipping business; to cultivate a family, a taste in music, a proper regard for beer, and to go to his fathers a respected but very little known German merchant.

But about the time he was going into business and giving up the duels and other delights of student days, there was a sudden commerce with the young South African town of Kimberley, which promised such development that his firm considered it wise to send a representative into this new marvel land to examine and see if the resources of the country justified the big credits the trades in all sorts of stores and machinery were demanding from Hamburg merchants.

Diamonds, wealth in its most concentrated form, had been found in the Orange River country in 1866, and in 1870, or possibly a year earlier, reports came of even greater diamond mines found in Kimberley to the northwest.

There was a rush to the country from all over South Africa, and soon from all over the world, but it was not until 1875 that the slow-moving, conservative Hamburg firm of which the elder Beit was a member, felt the tremendous impetus of the new trade strongly enough to induce them to send out and investigate.

That sort of work required the vigor and health and activity and, perhaps, the enthusiasm of a youngster, and so Alfred Beit, then 22 years of age, was outfitted with credit, with arms, with letters of introduction, with careful instructions and a paternal blessing and set sail for Cape Town, thence by bullock team—for the railroad was not yet built—across Cape Colony, the Free State, Transvaal, and so into Kimberley.

He found a city of madmen.

Thousands had rushed in, taken up or bought land, worked the wonderful blue or yellow clay, filled, as is a pudding with fruit, with the dull stones which could be cut and polished into the jewels for which the world would give fortunes.

There was chaos in the laws, chaos in the manner of working mines, chaos in the trade which competition had already nearly ruined; there were enormous closses from thefts; the "I. D. B." business—illicit diamond buying—had grown to scandalous proportions, and altogether the young German saw a state of affairs which if not remedied would speedily lead him to report unfavorably on the credit of the new districts.

He was cool-headed, a man of orderly business methods by inheritance, and he saw that there could very easily be too much of a good thing, even diamonds.

He undertok then a work which is usually attributed to Cecil Rhodes, who did not go into the district until some years later, the work of first combining and then systematizing the diamond mining industry.

This is not to say that Rhodes did not have a large hand in the ultimate close-corporation result. He did; but young Beit was the first in the field, first to realize that diamonds might become so cheap as to be profitless to mine; first to begin the quiet buying up of scattered and conflicting claims; first to see that there was wealth beyond the dreams of avarice only if the production of diamonds should be kept absorbed by the nations at the old standard price.

The result was a combination which is a model of its kind. The great De Beers mine has for years paid 5½ per cent on its bonds and 20 per cent dividends on its stock, and it is capitalized at $40,000,000.

Then came the gold discoveries, and the German Beit was the first to see that vast production was possible only if the mines were worked on the highest scientific principles, and to accomplish that end he sent for American engineers and paid them what they wanted—$25,000, $50,000, $100,000 a year—in salaries.

Rhodes, dashing, sensational, came along and became the chief figure in the public eye when that eye was turned toward South Africa, but always there was the firm of Wernher, Beit & Co. at work for the greatest profit and the smallest amount of notoriety.

Now and then young Beit would do something to amaze the trade—but not the public—as when he had a pure white 428½-carat rough diamond cut to a 228½-carat finished stone and exhibited in a little shop window in the Rue de la Paix, Paris, as a "sample of our goods."

Soon his gold and diamond mines were paying almost beyond public computation.

"How much is he worth?" some one asked a friend of his once. "He probably could not get out more than a thousand millions now," was the response, "but if he would let the price of rough diamonds go below from 28 to 30 shillings per carat, no one knows how much he would realize.

"For no one else except Rhodes knows how many barrels of diamonds they have salted away down there to keep the market steady."

Rev. Sylvester Malone, the most beloved Catholic priest in Brooklyn, as much esteemed by Protestants as by the church, is lying very ill, and perhaps will not rally. Father Malone has had this paternal title freely given him by heretics, because it belongs to him. He became noted for his patriotism in the war for the union, when he kept the stars and stripes flying from the spire of his church Sts. Peter and Paul, and he has been notable since as one of the American Catholics. He is also one of the regents of the University of the State of New York.

While Bishop Potter admits no more than that he is going to Honolulu, it is generally believed that his destination is the Philippines, and he goes in an official capacity as a member of the "Commission on Increased Responsibilities," recently created by the Episcopal church in America. The bishop will sail from San Francisco about October 23. He is now pretty well established as an anti-expansionist, but the commission he represents is concerned principally, possibly solely, with missionary work of a religious kind.

THE TRADE IN FROGS.

St. Paul, Minn.—Special.)—St. Paul and Minneapolis are the largest frog markets in the world. The total receipts for the past year from the frog catchers of the state exceeded 500,000 dozen, requiring the slaughter of no less than 5,000,000 frogs. Five years ago no frogs were shipped out of Minnesota. Now the business amounts to upward of $100,000 a year. A wonderful industry has grown up in St. Paul and Minneapolis in supplying the United States with frog legs. Frogs are found in other states, of course. In the south the supply will probably never become exhausted, but there are no frogs like the Minnesota product for the epicure. This is attributed to the clear, cool water which is found in Minnesota's 10,000 lakes in which the frogs live and have their nests.

Frog legs are purchased all through the state by shippers from these two cities, and this occupation gives employment to more than 100 families, who make a good living the year round. The professional frog catcher can tell a frog pond at a glance and they can locate the frog nests and secure the greatest number in a surprisingly short space of time.

Minnesota-caught frogs are known the world over for their delicacy of flavor. They are in great demand in New York, Cincinnati, in all the Atlantic states, in California and in fact in every state north of St. Louis, and the demand is constantly increasing. The greatest demand for frog legs exists in the larger cities and comes largely from hotels and restaurants, but throughout the coal and iron districts there is a good demand for them is growing. In St. Paul and Minneapolis frog legs are found on the bill of fare of nearly every hotel and restaurant. Here they cost from 35 to 50 cents a dozen.

The frog catchers are located near the smaller lakes throughout the state. They know all of the characteristics of the frog, where to find him, how to catch him, and where he nests. The heaviest catches are made in the fall and spring. In the spring the frogs come out of their nests in droves and it is then easy to catch them. In the fall they return to the water as soon as cold weather approaches, and it is very easy to capture great quantities of them at that time. The frog breeds very fast and as a frog produces a couple of months for them to attain full size, it is easy to understand how almost impossible it will be to exhaust the supply to be found in and around the various lakes and ponds of the state, which probably number more than 10,000 breeding places.

Unlike oysters, there is a good demand for frog legs all the year round, and it is necessary to hunt them in the winter time, when the ground is frozen and the ice covers the ponds to the thickness of from twenty-four to thirty-six inches. But with all these drawbacks it is not difficult to gather in $10 a day at this occupation. When they locate the water in the fall the professional frog-catcher watches them and knows where they are. He waits until the prices are higher in the winter and cuts the ice over this spot, scooping out great nets full of frogs. As many as 500 to 1,000 can be ecured in one of these nests in god seasons. This keeps up the supply the year round and makes the market a steady one, comparatively. No effort has as yet been made to establish frog hatcheries or to cultivate the frog, the natural supply being so large.

The frog catcher kills the frogs with a stick and gathers them up in his bag and he walks around the various lakes and ponds. He has no capital invested and realizes from $3 to $10 per day for the time he is employed in the occupation. The average price obtained for frogs' legs in this market at wholesale is from 5 to 8 cents per dozen during the summer, but they are as high as 15 cents during the winter months. The demand for frogs' legs is shown from certain customers of the St. Paul shippers. Many of the large New York hotels have a standing order for five dozen per day. St. Louis and Chicago each also have a number of houses who have a standing order for from thirty-five to fifty dozen daily, and this demand is being gradually increased as the public taste is educated to appreciate this delicacy. The frogs are all shipped by express, packed in ice. In the cold-storage houses here there are now about 200 dozen frog legs held as a reserve for emergency, the supply is often called upon to supply an unusually large amount for banquets or other entertainments. Many frog legs are sold during the summer to excursion fishing parties in the Minnesota lakes.

The large southern bullfrog comes in competition with the Minnesota frogs in the markets of the cities and states bordering on the south; but the southern product is not regarded as highly by those with discriminating palates as the northern product. The meat is coarse, the taste is not as sweet or as delicate, and there is a preference given for the frog from the clear, cold waters of the Minnesota lakes.

Rev. Robert MacDonald, pastor of the Washington Avenue Baptist church, Brooklyn, has gone from the ranks of the preachers to Harvard university for the present year to serve six weeks in residence. He is said to be the youngest clergyman ever thus appointed at Harvard. He is an alumnus of both the college and divinity school of Harvard university, and had a notably successful career as pastor of a church in Boston before coming to Brooklyn, where his present church is prominent in the Baptist denomination in America.

Dime contributions in the last ten years have built a million-dollar Roman Catholic church in Elizabeth, N. J. It will be dedicated, it is expected on the 5th or the 12th of November next, and the chimes, it is intended, will ring for the first time on New Year's eve, to usher in the year 1,900.

During the past decade nearly 70,000 conversions in the Sunday schools organized by the American Sunday School union have been reported, and within the past eight years over 1,100 churches have been organized from the schools in its mission work. This is surely a magnificent showing of undenominational Christian work.