

THIS WORLD.

This world is a sad, sad place, I know—
And what soul living can doubt it?—
But it will not lessen the want and woe
To be always sighing about it.
Then away with songs that are full of
tears,
Away with dirges that sadden;
Let us make the most of our fleeting
years,
By singing the lays that gladden.

A few sweet potions of bliss I've quaffed,
And many a cup of sorrow;
But in thinking over the flavored draught,
The old-time joy I borrow.
And in brooding over the bitter drink
Pain fills again the measure,
And so I have learned that it's better to
think
Of the things that give us pleasure.

The world at its saddest is not all sad;
There are days of sunny weather;
And the people within it are not at all
bad,
But saints and sinners together.
I think those wonderful hours of June
Are better by far to remember
Than those when the earth gets out of
tune
In the cold bleak winds of November.

Because we meet in the walks of life
Many a selfish creature,
It doesn't prove that this world of strife
Has no redeeming feature.
There is bloom and beauty upon this
earth;
There are buds and blossoming flowers;
There are souls of truth and hearts of
worth;
There are glowing, golden hours.

In thinking over a joy we've known
We easily make it double,
Which is better by far than to mope and
moan
O'er sorrow and grief and trouble.
For though this world is sad, we know—
And who that is living can doubt
it?—
It will not lessen the want and woe
To be always sighing about it.

— Two men had a fight in
Providence the other day, and one
of them got knocked into Massachu-
setts.

— A Cincinnati paper states
that the finding of a small gold
locket in a pound of sausage-meat
explains the mysterious disappearance
of a young lady of that city.

— The late Senator Lane, of
Kansas, has announced, per spiri-
tual post, that Satan has established
his headquarters in the capital of
the United States.

— Rev. Wm. H. Fulty, of Cam-
bridge, Mass., denies the charges of
immorality which were brought
against him, but he, nevertheless,
considered it prudent to lessen the
population of the town.

— It is noticeable that in the
United States in 1870, there were
1,345 deaths by suicide, while there
were only 202 by lightning; in other
words, an individual is six times as
likely to kill himself as lightning is
to kill him. — *Hartford Courant*.

— The Germans have finally
quitted Nancy. The French, as a
rule, are free and easy in their ways
of thinking; but the familiarity
taken with that girl by the German
troops has excited remark even in
France.

— A lightning-rod agent was
killed by lightning in Steuben
county, Indiana, a few days since,
while driving along the road. The
sympathizing farmers buried him
by the roadside. He didn't have
the right kind of a rod.

— The English naval vessel *Chal-
lenger*, now on a scientific cruise,
arrived at Madeira on the 16th of
July from Bermuda and the Azores.
A shrimp had been found having
four eyes, two of which are on the
knee joints of its front legs, the
sight of which can converge across
its tail and so insure its never being
caught napping on any occasion.

— A Miss Babcock, daughter of
a Unitarian clergyman, has just
completed a course of study at the
Harvard Divinity School, and
preached her first sermon in her
father's pulpit. She proposes to
study a year in Germany before en-
tering upon the duties of the min-
istry.

— The New York *Commercial
Advertiser* gives us a journalistic ax-
iom: "When a bustling, self-con-
fident person comes on to a news-
paper and tells all hands he's going
to make things 'fly,' he doesn't
usually stay at it long enough for
the wings to grow."

Frogs for Food.

For many years now have frogs
been as regularly and universally
found on the bills of first-class
American hotels and eating houses
as reed-birds or spring-chickens.
Being purely *fære natura*, or genu-
ine wild beasts, and, so far as yet
known, insusceptible of artificial
cultivation, and as on account of
their high price, they are most in-
dustriously hunted, the numbers in
all localities near the large cities
are so small that they may be said
to be practically extinct, and the
demand is met by those brought
from a considerable distance. Those
sold in our town market are mostly
brought from Connecticut and
Rhode Island, and from the north-
ern and western counties of our
own State. The gentle batrachian
likes not the vicinity of the sea, or
does he disport himself in salt mash-
es, else New Jersey, with her thou-
sands of acres of tide-drenched,
swampy shores, would doubtless be
quite able to supply her sister
States. Although used generally
for food in this country compara-
tively for a short time, frogs have
been known to and ordered by phy-
sicians for their patients much
longer.

Made into broths or light soups,
of which they make the most deli-
cate known to the modern cuisine,
they have restored to health many
an invalid whose stomach would
reject all nourishment of a more
hearty and substantial character.
The entire absence of fat in the
constitution of muscle fibre, and
the great amount of albumen con-
tained therein, render it feasible to
prepare from frog meat a soup so
dainty that the most sorely tried
digestive apparatus will receive, re-
tain and welcome it; and so strong-
ly nourishing that it imparts new
strength and life at once, and it
never palls on the appetite.

Froggy is, with due regret, be it
said, a very greedy chap, and with-
al, a bit of a cannibal, for he de-
vours his offspring, the tadpoles or
baby frogs, without scruple, and
also without pepper sauce or cay-
enne. The variety called bull-frog
is the largest of the edible frogs
known to this latitude; this gentle-
man frequently attains the length
when fully extended, of from eight-
teen to twenty-four inches, and a
weight of three or four pounds. In
fact there was one a few years since
in Fulton market which actually
weighed seven pounds two ounces.
This, however, was as much of an
anomaly and monster among his
fellows as a man eight feet high
would be among human animals.
The skin of this specimen was
stuffed and placed in a public mu-
seum, while his flesh went the way
of all such flesh. Each of his four
quarters was as large as a section
of ordinary spring chicken, and
could have been easily sold as such
were it not that the meat was
worth more as frog than fowl. By
the way it is generally supposed
that because old froggy's hinder legs
are usually eaten, no other part is
good. This is an error; whenever
the individual is large enough, the
whole four legs are eaten, all being
equally good, although the two
fore legs are nearly too insignificant
in size to repay for the trouble of
cleaning. The bull-frog is dark
green, and olive on the back, yel-
lowish on the under parts, with
dusky olive bars on its legs. This
fellow is rather disposed to be soli-
tary in his habits, save in the early
summer, at breeding time. This
seeking of a congenial mate in the
spring time, when he is attired in
his best and brightest (for his col-
ors fade and become somewhat
dingy later in the season), was
doubtless known to that sweet poet
and keen observer of nature who
penned that touching little ama-
tory poem:

"The frog he would a wooing go."

This largest of all our batrachians
is fully equal to the swallowing of
young ducks when newly hatched.
His principal food, however, con-
sists of moles, field mice, snakes,
worms, and small birds, which he
steals from the nests of such feath-
ered parents as incautiously build
in the grass of the meadows or in
the niches along the banks of
streams. Like the lion as pictured
by the earlier naturalists, he will
eat nothing that is not alive: no
carrion for him. It is the bull-frog
that delights us in summer even-
ings with his splendid music, his
bass solos being particularly admir-
ed. He it is, also, who is occasion-
ally put into a well or living spring
of water by the farmer's boy, and
there detained and maintained

under the delusive idea that he
keeps the water clear. He may,
indeed, devour any insects or
snakes that find their way therein,
and would certainly make short
work of any other frog who came
visiting, for he will tolerate no
brother near the throne, but fur-
ther than that, the water would be
quite as well without him.

It was manifestly of this retiring
musician that the other verses were
written—

"Oh, there was a frog who lived in a
spring,
And he caught such a cold that he could
not sing!"

I forget the rest of this melancholy
story. Comparatively few bull-
frogs are brought in for sale, and,
when they are brought, the child-
like and bland rustic who brings
them dresses also the fore as well as
the hinder legs, and thus making
two frogs out of one, he piously
reaps a double quantity of shekels
from the swindled innocents who
dwell in cities.

Of the other varieties of edible
frogs we sometimes see the "North-
ern" frog. He is found in greatest
abundance in Lake George and sel-
dom visits the great city. This
variety is olive on the back and
flesh colored below. It is a most
killing bait for pickerel, pike, black
bass and large trout, and is much
used for that purpose by the wily
fishermen of the John Brown
tract, and thereabout.

The "marsh" frog grows about
eight and a half inches long, is
brown on the back, with yellow
throat and under part of body, and
with two rows of square brown
spots on the back and sides. He
emits when touched a liquid hav-
ing a disagreeable odor and is sel-
dom eaten; he also goes by the alias
of the "pickerel" frog.

The shad frog is one of the much
prized varieties, being especially de-
licate in flavor and is greatly sought
after. He is the handsomest of all
the race, having a uniform of won-
derous brilliancy. He is bright
grasshopper on the back, with
ovate spots of brown, margined
with bright yellow, regularly dis-
posed along the sides. Not con-
tent with being the most beautiful
and most toothsome, this gay youth
is also the most agile of his kind.
He can, on occasion, make a leap
of eight or ten feet, or more than
fifteen times his length. If a man
could do likewise, he could achieve
say 90 or 100 feet at a single leap.
This specimen is called the "shad"
frog, from the fact of his making
his appearance when shad arrive
in the Spring. He is, however,
known as the "water," and as the
"leopard" frog. This species is
very plentiful, their habitat rang-
ing from Maine to Georgia.

The "crying" frog is a variety of
the "brook" or "meadow" frog, and
is named from its habit of giving a
peculiar cry or squeak when it
dives into the water on being
alarmed.

The "brook" or "meadow" frog
above mentioned is one of the best
known here and most plentiful. It
grows about eight and a half inches
long, is a beautiful green on the
back, throat and body yellow, legs
dark green, with dusky bars across.

These are about all the varieties
that ever find their way to our
market. As, however, they are de-
voted of the skin before they come,
all distinguishing marks and spots
are removed, and they all look
alike. As seen before being
cooked, a dish of frogs resembles so
many exceedingly small and deli-
cate birds dressed ready for the
cook.

Frogs are caught in various ways.
The meadow frog is found in wet
meadows in the long grass, border-
ing swift running brooks. Here, as
he starts from his resting place in
the grass and makes for
the shelter of the stream, he is
definitely knocked on the head with a
short stick. If he succeeds in escap-
ing to the brook, he hides under
the overhanging bank, in the sod of
which he has burrowed deep holes.
Now the wily rustic goes on his
knees, and with bared arm feels
carefully along under the bank, and
his skilled fingers rarely fail to
capture the prize. A rap on the
head kills him, two slight cuts
with the knife skins him; head,
entrails and skin are flung away,
and the white and quivering legs
are bestowed in the tin can that is
slung over the shoulder of the hun-
ter. In this way by far the greater
number of marketable frogs are
caught. The catchers are for the
most part country boys who prowl
about the meadows and follow up
the shallow streams, wading with

bare feet, and using no implement
save a stick.

The larger varieties that live on
the edges of ponds and swamps re-
quire different tactics. It will not
do to startle these, for one single
leap takes them far out of reach—
these fellows, too, do not cling to
the banks, but invariably travel for
deep water or plunge into the mud
at the bottom. Pop-out-wit the pond
frog, who is always large—a very
adderman of a fellow—the hunter
fisher provides himself with a very
peculiar spear. It has a central fork
or tine, which is simply a large
fish-hook straightened out and in-
serted in the end of a wooden han-
dle. On either side of this fork rises
a slender steel spring, curved so
that the two form the shape of a
lyre. The intent of these is to hold
the wiggling game on the center
fork by which he is transfixed. A
careful look along the shore of
the pond will show the anxious
fisher half a dozen, more or less,
huge, fat, lazy frogs, sunning them-
selves in fancied security. They
see the approaching enemy, but
knowing they can surely escape by
a leap they resolve not to bother
themselves unless he comes too
near. Now triumphs the wily hu-
man; carefully raising his spear,
which is twelve to twenty feet
long, he takes good aim, and with
one quick, sudden, sure stroke he
impales alderman No. 1. No noise,
no splutter, all is done quickly, and
so quietly as not to alarm the oth-
ers. Frog after frog goes into the
can, and the fisher passes on to
another pond, only to return in an
hour or so, for a fresh capture.

In France they are sometimes
taken with a hook and line (or they
will bite at a bit of red flannel), by
hand or with a net, into which
they are frightened. These, thus
taken alive and uninjured, are
sometimes placed in "froggeries"
for a while, to await a rise in the
market. This, however, is not done
in this country.

The frog is most excellent in the
fall, just before going into winter
quarters, being then fat and large,
the smaller ones having succumbed
to the superior strength and appe-
tite of their neighbors. They are,
however, eaten at all times of the
year, and it is even hinted that
some of the simple-minded rustics
have no scruple about interming-
ling with the real and genuine ar-
ticle certain variety of the water
toad—not the watery, repulsive
beast of the cellar and garden, but
a more cleanly and refined person.
If this be so, the water toad must
be innocuous, for no record has
been made of death or sickness
from frog or toad eating.

The frog has ever been of great
use to scientific men, being of es-
pecial and exceptional value to
physiologists, by whom the deli-
cate gills, the thin web of the feet
and the flat tail of the tadpole are
placed under the microscope, and
by means of which they can de-
monstrate the circulation of the
blood and other vital operations
more perfectly than it is possible in
any other way. The frog needs no
ether or chloroform to keep him
quiet—strange to say, a dip in luke-
warm water for half a minute, will
so completely deprive a frog of sen-
sation, that he may be cut to pieces
and feel no pain. The philosophy
of the operation of this simple an-
æsthetic has never been explained.

And science comes in to tell us
that the biggest frogs of our times
are the merest pollywogs compared
with those of former days. Pro-
fessor Owen tells of a fossil frog
which he calls by the modest name
of "cheirotherium," or "labyrinth-
odon," which had a head two or
three feet long, with a body ten or
twelve feet in length. This fragile
creature was of the carboniferous
period, and many remains are found
in the Connecticut valley.

As to the cooking of our friend
there is little to be said. I only
know you can have him stewed,
roasted, broiled, fried, and on the—
no, not on the half shell—but on
toast.

Frogs are now worth in this mar-
ket a dollar and a half a dozen; that
is, the restaurant-keepers pay that
sum to the catchers. They charge
their customers fifty cents a plate,
containing about five, and make no
money on them then; they are only
kept to accommodate special custom-
ers.

Just at this time the price of
frogs is extravagant, the hot weath-
er having dried up the brooks and
driven them into deep water, or
killed many.

The small supply from Jersey has
fallen entirely, and the Connecticut
bird is now worth, for the best size,

\$4 a dozen. These sell for \$1 a plate
to those who are disposed to indulge
in the expensive luxury.

In taking leave of our spotted
and striped subject, let us hope not
forever, let me recall one more
touching poem, showing the tender
compassion our light-leaping friend
has excited in the fair bosoms of
most illustrious writers. It is from
the pen of the distinguished Mrs.
Leo Hunter, of world-wide fame,
and is entitled:

"AN ODE TO AN EXPIRING FROG."

"Can I view thee panting, lying
On thy stomach without sighing;
Can I unmoved, see thee dying
On a log,
Expiring frog?"

"Say, didst thou in shape of boys,
With wild halloo and brutal noise,
Hunt thee from thy marshy joys,
With a dog,
Expiring frog?"

For the conclusion of this beauti-
ful production see *Pickwick Re-
ports*, per Dickens, C. Liber 11,
page 114.—*New York Mail*.

COLFAX INTERVIEWED.—The St.
Paul *Tribune* reports that Mr. Col-
fax tells of an incident occurring
at the Nicollet Hotel as follows:

He (Colfax) has at times a bad
habit of rising early in the morn-
ing and taking a walk before
breakfast. Yesterday morning, on
appearing in the office of the Nic-
ollet about six o'clock, he was ac-
cused by a gentleman about as
follows:

Stranger—"Good morning, Mr.
Colfax. I used to meet you often
in Indiana."

Mr. Colfax—"Good morning, sir.
I am glad to see you."

Stranger—"Nice morning, Mr.
Colfax—have a cigar?"

Mr. Colfax—"No, thank you; I
quit smoking two years ago."

Stranger—"Sorry to hear it! But
have you had your morning's
morning this morning? Come to
my room and I'll give you an 'eye
opener' that'll make your hair
stand."

Mr. Colfax—"Excuse me, I don't
drink; I am one of those varmint
you call teetotallers."

Stranger—"Whew! you say you
don't smoke?"

Mr. Colfax—"No, I don't smoke."

Stranger—"And you don't
drink?"

Mr. Colfax—"No, I don't drink."

Stranger—"Then what in the
devil are you doing up in this coun-
try?"

Mr. Colfax not having an imme-
diate reply ready, the stranger ab-
ruptly left him in disgust.

BROTHER HIGGINS' DOG.—It
was a great many years ago, at a
camp meeting, says Max Adler,
that Brother Higgins, a good man,
but passionately fond of dogs, came
in one day accompanied by a black
and tan hound. Somebody asked
him to address the congregation,
and he mounted the stand for that
purpose, while his dog sat down on
his haunches immediately in
front, looking at his master. In
the midst of the discourse, which
entertained us much, another dog
came up, and, after a few so-
ciable sniffs at Brother Higgins'
dog, began to examine the hind
legs of the latter with his teeth, ap-
parently for the purpose of ascer-
taining if it was tender. An ani-
mated contest ensued, and one of
the congregation came forward for
the purpose of separating the ani-
mals. His efforts were not wholly
successful. He would snatch at the
leg of Higgins' dog, but before he
had got there the yellow dog would
be on that side, and would probably
take an incidental and cursory bite
at the deacon's hand. Brother
Higgins' paused in his discourse
and watched the deacon. Then
he exclaimed, "Spit in his eye,
Brother Thompson; spit in the
hound's eye!" Brother Thompson
did, and the fight ended. "But I
just want to say," continued Mr.
Higgins, "that outside of the sanc-
tuary that dog of mine can eat up
any salmon-colored animal in the
state, and then chew up the bones
of its ancestors for four generations,
without turning a hair! You un-
derstand me?" The services pro-
ceeded.

—The Chicago *Int'r-Ocean* as-
serts that while an old lady lay ill
with meningitis at her home in La-
porte, Ind., lately, her son procured
some boards from the cellar and
proceeded to make a coffin in the
same room. She begged him to
desist, but he refused, and the cof-
fin was about finished when she
died.