

TOPICS OF THE TIMES.

Nobody is above suspicion when a jealous woman is around.

Mrs. Langtry is now a mother-in-law. The world is no longer at her feet.

Miss Stone attributes her rescue to prayer. To what does she attribute her captivity?

A pickle trust with \$30,000,000 capital has been formed. This is one of the sourest does of all.

The young King of Spain appears to be quite a sensible child. He is permitting the old men to keep on running things.

King Edward is a pretty strong argument against the claims of people who are always prating about the dangers of high living.

An inventor asserts that an excellent imitation of wood can be made from tobacco leaves. Let him try his hand now at making merchantable bricks out of diamonds.

Eskimos claim to have found the remains of Noah's ark away up near the arctic circle. Can it be possible that Noah started in search of the pole without first having a relief expedition provided for?

The multimillionaire who endows colleges and establishes colleges is subjected to a great deal of chaff and is sometimes accused of self-aggrandizement. The millionaire who devotes himself to horse racing, an institution which mainly benefits the professional gamblers, is permitted to pass without criticism. This seems hardly fair.

Another gentleman exhilarated with whiskey—purchased with his wife's money—has murdered his wife. Fortunately he was blessed with a sense of the prophecies and accommodatingly hanged himself, thus saving the overweighted taxpayers the expense of doing the job for him. Like another historic character, nothing in this man's life became him like the leaving it.

Many cures for insomnia have been recommended, from counting an imaginary flock of sheep as they jump one by one over a gate, to extracting the cube root of a number in six figures; but they all fail at times. The latest cure, according to a medical paper, is automobileing. Now, if the village school teacher will only take a ride every afternoon in a fifteen-hundred-dollar automobile, she will sleep like a top at night—that is, if she does not lie awake wondering where the money is to come from to pay for the horseless carriage. There are some remedies more attractive than practicable.

Although the power of the press can hardly be overestimated, little that is printed leaves a permanent impression. Dr. Edward Everett Hale puts it characteristically in commenting on the sensitiveness of his distinguished kinsman, Edward Everett, to what appeared about him in print. "He did not know, as I do, that of whatever is put in the newspaper half the people who see it do not read it; second, that half of those do not understand it; third, that of the half who understand it, half do not believe it; fourth, that the half who believe it, half forget it; fifth, that the half who remember it are probably of no great account, anyway." To which Dr. Hale adds the remark, personal to himself, "This may be forgotten with the rest." Nevertheless, it has a kernel of truth worth remembering.

Much has been said of the audacity of man in building his home in spots so dangerous as the slopes of Mont Pelée have proved themselves to be. Yet all history affords illustrations of the calm forgetfulness with which the race erects its dwelling places on the sites of the most dreadful catastrophes. Vesuvius still smokes over beautiful Naples. Lisbon rises, beautiful and imposing, where a "convulsion of nature" once brought unutterable fright and desolation. The Japanese still crowd the coasts of their tide-swept islands and the Chinese huddle along the banks of the Hoang-Ho. It is not very many months since Galveston was overwhelmed by flood, yet a new Galveston is being built on the dangerous site of the wreckage and the people of the city are ready to take their chances of a similar disaster in the future. There is absolutely nothing to prevent a second tidal wave from the Gulf, yet the city pursues its daily task, apparently unafraid.

Charles Schwab's apple donation gets through the hide and into the heart. He was just such a happy-go-lucky boy as you can find anywhere now, and he liked the taste of stolen apples. The original sin in every boy adds sweetness to purloined fruit. It shouldn't be so, but it is so. Let the sociologists explain it if they can. Schwab used to steal his apples from trees on the grounds of Mt. Aloysius Academy at Cresson, Pa. He never forgot it. Men don't forget these things. They love the memory of youthful pranks, and tell the tales to their children and their grandchildren. And, way down in the heart, there is often a sneaking desire to go back to the old town, walk up to the farmer from whom he used to steal melons, laugh at the dog, and remark: "Mr. Jones, do you know me? Don't you remember Bill Rogers' boy, whom

you set the dog on and shot full of rock salt? Just thought I'd drop in on the old town and see how things look." And then you planned to pay off the mortgage on Jones' farm, leave money for a new library, buy uniforms for the "Umpah, Umpah Cornet Band," and slather money around like a prince. Plenty of men have had those dreams. Few can carry them out. Mr. Schwab could; and, as dramatic as you please, he planked down \$25,000 of good Steel Trust money in payment of the Baldwin he stole many years ago. Every man who has wanted to go back and "make good" will envy Mr. Schwab the sensation and the pleasure he got out of the gift.

Prophecies of gypsies, astrologers and other readers of the future, foretelling the calamity that recently befel King Edward, are being resurrected, or manufactured after the event, and presented to the credulous with becoming gravity. These pretended prophecies are reminders of the pagan past, when the gods took an intimate and respectful interest in the fate of kings. Portents were seen in the skies warning that something dire was about to happen to his Majesty, and when he died earthquakes and storms testified to the sympathy of nature with an event so tremendous. Those were the days when a king was a king, and very few had any doubt of his divine appointment to office. Now only the sort of minds capable of crediting gypsy prophets can look upon monarchy as a heavenly institution. Peoples no longer exist for their kings, but kings for their peoples. The old-fashioned despot is the dodo of politics. Respecting those vestigial remnants of the superstitious past, the prophets, it is obvious that their self-denial is even more wonderful than their powers. It perhaps has not occurred to those who still take them seriously that if there existed a class of men capable of foretelling the date of a king's death months or years in advance of its occurrence little things like the outcome of horse races and the ups and downs of the stock market would be as clear as print to them. In that case, of course, they would soon own the wealth of the earth. But as prophets—gypsies, astrologers, clairvoyants and the rest—are never billionaires, it follows either that they are frauds or the most unselfish beings in a generally selfish world.

On a day early in June of this year a man named Hawkins committed a crime at Marysville, Mo., and then tried to run away from it. Hawkins was a real estate dealer, and left the town because he had forged paper to the amount of \$2,000. When he left Marysville, Hawkins was a fine-looking, middle-aged gentleman, with hair slightly tinged with gray. At the end of two weeks he came back a white-haired, broken-bodied old man. In the interval the man had wandered from place to place pursued by the hourly fear that he would be tracked by bloodhounds. The fear deepened into an overmastering terror. He hid himself in the woods. Finally the fear became unbearable. He returned to Marysville and gave himself up. Twenty years, he said, had been added to his life in less than twenty days. He welcomed the penitentiary as a blessed relief. It is the old story. In seeking to dodge a financial trouble he took upon his shoulders a greater one. The new trouble was so heavy that a prison seemed a heaven of rest after the hell into which he had plunged. When will men learn that justice is never cheated? That every crime brings its penalty, soon or late? When will men learn they are not smarter than fate? There are other bloodhounds than those of flesh and blood, that pursue the man who breaks the law. The bloodhounds of conscience will ever bay deep-mouthed to the soul that sinneth. "Whatsoever a man soweth, that also shall he reap." That is the inevitable law. If a man sows to the flesh he shall of the flesh reap corruption. And he will reap more than he sows. The law of increase holds in the devil's domain as it does in the fields of God.

English Tongue's Supremacy. Two-thirds of all the letters which pass through the post offices of the world are written by and sent to people who speak English, says Bradstreet's. There are substantially 500,000,000 persons speaking colloquially one or other of the ten or twelve chief modern languages, and of these about 25 per cent, or 125,000,000 persons, speak English. About 100,000,000 speak Russian, 75,000,000 German, 55,000,000 French, 45,000,000 Spanish, 35,000,000 Italian, and 12,000,000 Portuguese, and the balance Hungarian, Dutch, Polish, Flemish, Bohemian, Gaelic, Roumanian, Swedish, Finnish, Danish and Norwegian. Thus, while only one-quarter of the postal departments of civilized governments speak as their native tongue English, two-thirds of those who correspond do so in the English language. There are, for instance, more than 20,000 post offices in India, the business of which in letters and papers aggregates more than 300,000,000 a year, and the business of these offices is done chiefly in English, though of India's total population, which is nearly 300,000,000, fewer than 300,000 persons either speak or understand English.

A Difference of Opinion. "Whose little boy are you?" "Well, grandma, Aunt Louise and mamma all claim me; but Farmer Jones says I'm a child of the devil, 'cause I crowned some of his apples."—Detroit Free Press.

When a girl over 26 is still a belle, either her father is rich, or she lives in a big house, and gives parties.

A LIGHTHOUSE DOG.

His Barking Saved Two Fishermen on the Maine Coast. One of the last dots of land and light which the mariner sees as he leaves the central part of the coast of Maine is lonely Two-Bush Island. The light-keeper who lives on the island has a dog, and it is to this fact, the Rockland Star says, that the captain and crew of the fishing-schooner Clara Bella owe their lives. As it was, they lost their schooner, loaded with fish, lost their way, and then lost the dory. They landed on Two-Bush with just the clothes they stood in.

Captain Pulk, who lives in Vinalhaven, started out in the Clara Bella with a companion after cod and haddock. They fished to the south off Matineus about two miles, cruising along in the vicinity of Green Island Ridge. The sky portended a storm, and at length they put in for Rockland. The storm enshrouded them. Darkness fell early, and they soon lost their reckoning. Suddenly the schooner bumped upon a rock, and a great sea swept over and filled her.

Captain Pulk and companion jumped into the dory, and in the whirlpool of waters and roaring of the storm pulled for life away from the rocks, upon which they could hear the Clara Bella pounding to pieces. The wind blew them out to sea, but they did not know in what direction they were going. The hours dragged by in soul-torturing endeavor to keep the dory from being submerged in the seas. At midnight they again heard breakers near, but in the darkness were afraid to steer for them.

Hours of agony passed, when suddenly above the roar of water and tempest they heard the welcome barking of a dog. They caught a faint gleam of light on the cliff. The two men began to shout for help, and in answer to their despairing cries the wind brought back to them the wild yelping of the faithful dog on Two-Bush Island. They could hear his barkings die out from the cliff as he ran back to the lighthouse in the effort to attract the attention of the light-keeper.

Every minute seemed an age to the men in the dory fighting for life in the water below the cliff. At last a light flashed from the edge of the cliff, and the joyous barking of the dog and the swinging light told them that help was at hand. They could see a coil of rope as the lantern-light cast a ray upon it, and then came a swish in the waters beside the dory. Captain Pulk and his companion in turn tied the rope about their bodies, and after great struggles were safely landed on the wind-swept cliff. As they stood there in safety they heard the dory crash into splinters against the base of the cliff beneath them.

HE DODGED THE TIP.

Rather Rough on the Barber, but Customer Saved a Dime. "Well, sub," said the barber as the man stepped out of the chair after having had his hair cut, "an' how does yo' all lak it, sub?" The man stood before a looking-glass and surveyed his head carefully and admiringly. "Well," he said, after a pause, "I've had my hair cut all over the world, and—"

"Yaas, sub," commented the black barber, delightedly. "And by all kinds and colors of barbers, I've had my zazas clipped in Hongkong, and I've had 'em razed in Port Said." "Yaas, sub," gurgled the barber, feeling the tip already in his mitt. "I've had ship's barbers in the South Seas reap my harvest of hirsute, and—"

"Yaas, indeed, sub!" chimed in the overjoyed barber. "And I've had my tresses toyed with by the artistic ducks on the Rue des Boulevards in Paris. But this—this—"

"Yaas, sub!" put in the barber, expectantly. "This," continued the man, as he slipped on his coat, "is the very rottestest apology for a rough-house, hemp-chop that I ever saw in my life," and then he clapped on his hat, tossed the quarter to the barber, and fled. "That was about the only way in the world," he muttered, as he got out into the open air, "that I could have ducked the necessity of coughing up to that barber the dime that I required so badly in my business."—Washington Post.

JOHN KELLY

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