

TOPICS OF THE TIMES.

If you suffer from "cat feet" take a dose of catnip.

It doesn't take much praise to spoil the man who can't stand criticism.

The fellow was right who said "fortune seldom knocks at the door of the knacker."

To some people truth is stranger than fiction because they have so little to do with the former.

There is an age when every girl wants to go on the stage, just as there is when every boy wants to be a pirate.

Scientists tell us that England is being eaten up by the sea, but she manages to make him pay well for his board.

According to the British budget, the Boer war so far has cost England \$1,083,000,000. Was the game worth the candle?

A few more anti-merger decisions to squeeze the water out of stocks, and Wall street will be wondering if the levees will hold.

Some people are just dying to get into society—if we are to believe the accounts of the prominence of some recent victims in murder cases.

One reason why legislatures hang on forever is found in an evergreen membership. There are in the average law-making body at least twice as many members as there should be.

The man who brings the flush of happiness to a woman's cheek, who drives away the traces of care and unhappiness, who coaxes back the glow of youth—he makes powder puff.

Uncle Sam wants the Indians to adopt English names, and in turn will put Indian names on some of the new warships. This will be at least one fair exchange which will not prove a robbery of the Indian.

Millionaire Swift once said that no man is rich enough to smoke 25-cent cigars. However, it is likely that Mr. Carnegie or Mr. Rockefeller could stand the strain of three or four a day without incurring a reputation for wild extravagance.

China, according to the census just completed, has a population of 426,000,000. The inhabitants of Manchuria, Mongolia, Tibet and Turkestan were not counted, but their number was estimated. Nevertheless, by the information we now have, the empire is more populous than ever before.

Descriptions of President Castro, of Venezuela, turning from affairs of state to attend a lawn party recall the man who had so many troubles and carried them so lightly that a friend asked in wonder, "How do you manage to keep so cheerful?" "Because I have to," was the significant reply.

Very few will be disposed to question that in giving of his millions to Tuskegee Institute Mr. Carnegie is putting his money where it will do the most good. He is satisfied that Dr. Washington is solving the race problem in the only way it can be solved, and he does well and wisely to back this belief with what is most needed in this great campaign of practical education.

The announcement that Joseph Chamberlain asked the King to bestow upon his wife a special mark of honor which his Majesty wished to confer on him must have caused the most relentless enemy of the Colonial Secretary to lapse into momentary admiration. All the world loves a loving and graceful recognition of obligation, and who is to measure Mr. Chamberlain's indebtedness to his American wife?

If Russia can bulldoze China in the matter of the province she will acquire such a prestige at Peking that no amount of diplomatic persuasion later will restore the other powers to their rightful status with the Chinese court. So important are the Russian demands and so grave their import that a joint note from the powers is to be expected forthwith, else good-bye to all hope for the rescue of China from the thralldom of a combination of Chinese reaction and Russian selfishness.

The movement to honor by a suitable memorial the English newspaper correspondents who lost their lives in the South African War revives the recollection of service performed under trying and perilous conditions. The committee of the Institute of Journalists has been compiling a list of the correspondents who were killed or died of disease while in the discharge of duty. "Killed at Wagon Hill," "Killed at Slingersfontein," "Killed at Mafeking," "Died of fever at Simons Town"—so runs the record. The cost of war in money falls into insignificant cases when compared with its cost in men. Try how they may, no class of men concerned in war can escape the fatal toll of the battle-field.

Read the appalling histories of the poor in New York. They are mere accidental revelations. They are to the great mass of hidden misery and degradation what the transient spark is to the covered fire. Once in a while someone hears of a case of special affliction, and nearly always the machinery of rescue is set in motion by Christian hands. But we hear of one in a thousand. The others are left to their suffering, their hopelessness, their degradation. We have untold millions to spend and immeasurable sympathy and ministrations to bestow in China, India—the farther away the better—while here at home, within sound of our own church bells, scarce a stone's throw from our sumptuous residences, poverty, pain, despair all flourish, and the pagan ferment of the

slime creates unceasingly material for the brothel and jail.

Sad news comes from Oklahoma, where an investigation of the condition of the poor Indian has recently been made by a representative of the government. It appears that the Indians of Oklahoma are suffering from too much prosperity. Ten or twelve years ago they were busy and happy. They owned land, each head of a family had a pony or two, a few dogs, pigs, chickens and other necessities of life, and the days came and went with a pleasing if somewhat monotonous regularity. To-day the noble red men of Oklahoma appear to be rapidly going to the land. Their land has turned out to be valuable, and they are leasing it to white men at high prices. The result is that the Indians are no longer forced to work for a living, and they are rapidly falling into habits of idleness and vice. The report of the commissioner who has been looking into the matter says: "From habits of industry and thrift these Indians, or most of them, have become idlers and vagrants on the face of the earth. The best friends of the Indians are those who are in favor of compelling them to work. Work is the salvation of these Indians and their only salvation. The leasing of lands has proved to be a great calamity for a majority of them. It would be a thousand times better for them if the leasing of lands was prevented and the proposition presented to them daily to work or starve." This will probably be discouraging to people who have longed to raise the Indian up to nobler and better things; but does it, after all, indicate that the red man is essentially different from his white brother? Is the Indian the only one who can't broaden out and progress in idleness?

If you would realize the immensity of the United States study trade statistics. We talk about billion-dollar Congresses; now let's think about a billion-dollar commerce. In the year ending March 31, 1903, the imports of the United States reached a billion dollars. That is the first time imports ever reached the billion mark. Uncle Sam is a good customer. It is a fact that is as good a peace guarantee as a fleet of warships. Countries that are selling us a thousand million dollars' worth of things to eat, drink, wear and use in a single year would at least think twice before affronting such a customer and strangling such a market. The prosperous way of doing business is said to be to sell more than you buy. The United States is doing that, and feeding nations. The exports for the year ending March 31 reached the stupendous total of \$1,414,783,000, and covered everything from steel bridges to dollar watches, breakfast foods to bottled beer. This is a big country. Its own people can scarcely comprehend the greatness of the empire. Why, the farms alone are worth three thousand million dollars. We have a billion-dollar trust, billion-dollar crops, billion-dollar bank savings. We have just launched a ship that will carry 30,000 tons of freight, and more are building. The mines of the Northwest will give up 35,000,000 tons of iron ore in a single season. From Maine to California big things are in progress. All this is the wonder of the civilized world, and when put into figures the totals simply stun humanity. Big! Why, when you can count all of the stars and the grains of sand on the seashore, you'll be able to measure the glory and greatness of America! We should pray for humility—power to bear our greatness with honor and dignity. We should see to it that morals, education, charity, citizenship, all the higher things of life, keep pace with the mighty strides of commerce. For, unless they do, the years of our greatness are surely numbered.

More than a dozen boys on their way home from school, with noisy jests, surrounded an old man who was limping along with a basket on his arm. He turned a curiously vacant looking, yet smiling face on the boys, and stopped. "Hello, Waddy! what's goin' on, grand medicine have you got in your basket today? How's your liver, Waddy?" "Why don't you cure yourself, you old quack?" were some of their questions. He waited patiently till there came a lull in the storm, then began: "Here, young gentlemen, is that most wonderful preparation, Halm of Healing, certain remedy for chills, fever, neuritis, lumbago, gout, pleurisy."

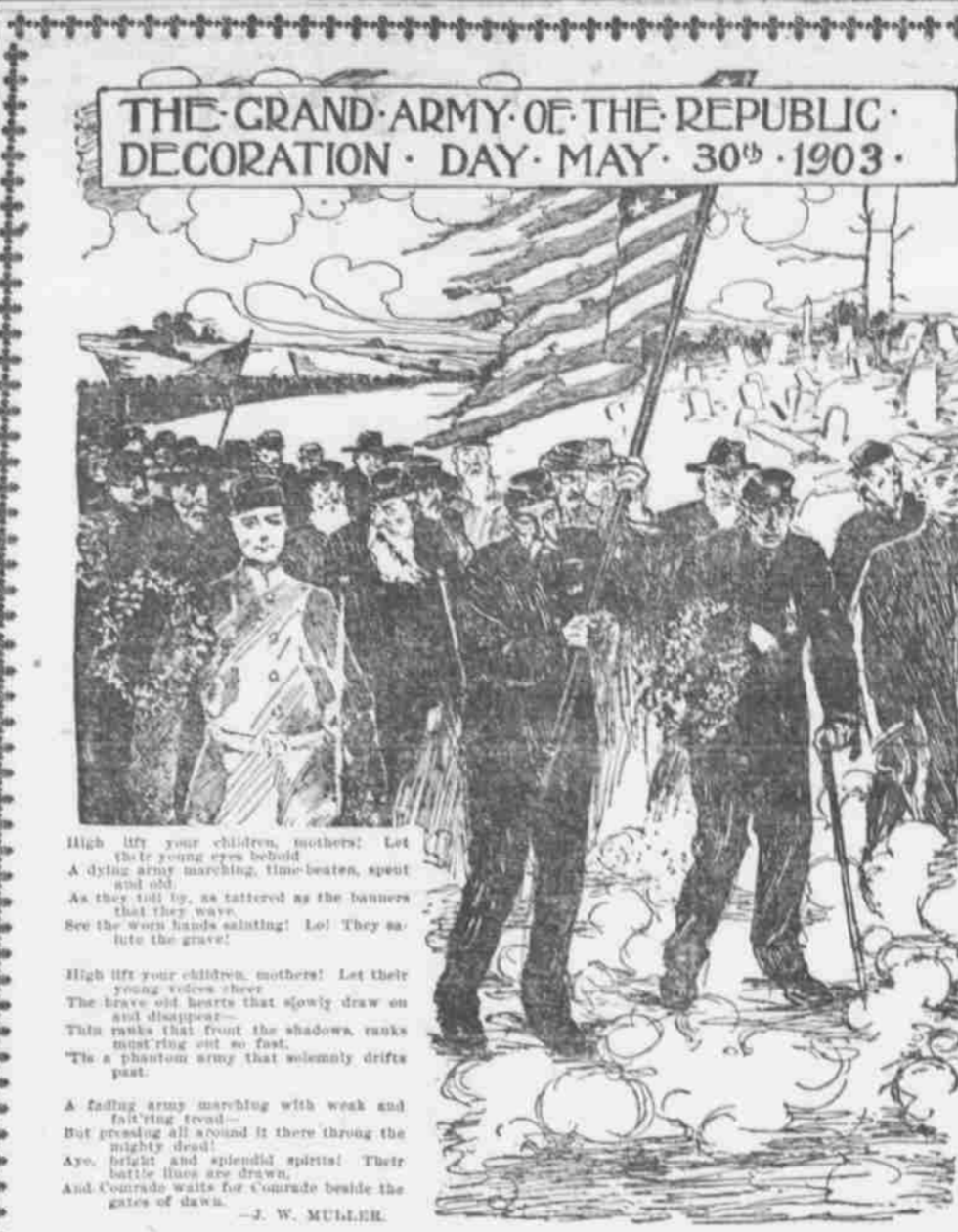
"Well, I guess we won't take any today, as some of us are paralyzed or club-footed. Just give us one of your wonderful exhibitions of ventriloquism and then dance a jig!" and the poor, simple old man tried to do as they asked, and when he had ceased the curious guttural sounds and shrill calls, he accepted their boisterous ridicule and almost tearful shouts for honest applause. "Now the jig, Waddy," they cried, and setting down his basket, he began hopping briskly around on the ground. The wind carried away his hat and his long beard about his face, but he was interested and did not pause. "Let's dance too," cried the boys, and they began capering around, bumping against the old man and each other with such force that three of them were knocked down, and fell in a heap on the basket. There was a sound of smashing glass and loud hurrahs from the rolling, struggling boys.

"O, you have broken my bottles and spilled my precious medicine; even my basket is broken!" he cried, and he began to cry like a child. "Ho, he's blabberin' like a baby! I'd be ashamed," said one of the boys. A few of them looked ashamed of themselves. Just then, around the corner came Herbert, page one of the tall high school boys. He stopped at sight of the crowd and seeing his own brother Charlie there, asked: "What's the trouble, youngsters?"

"O, nothing, only old Waddy's basket got smashed," said one. "We were helping him dance a jig and fell on it," said another. "Yes, I think I understand. Here, Mr. Wadsworth, let me see your basket. How many bottles were broken? Four? Worth two dollars, eh? Well, you youngsters can raise two dollars to pay for your mischief, I guess."

"Pay old simple-minded Waddy? I guess Wadsworth, indeed," said one boy, scornfully. When Herbert had pressed the basket into shape and placed the "Electric Pads" in it, he said, "I've only a half dollar with me. Will it pay for Charlie's share in this mischief?" The old man took it thankfully, and went away with a sad face. The boys were very quiet as Herbert looked solemnly at them. They began to see that they had been rude and thoughtless. "Do you know who that poor old man is?" asked Herbert. "Why, Old Waddy, of course; he's simple-minded. I've known him all my life." He is Barton Wadsworth, a veteran soldier, and at Gettysburg he received the injuries that made him what he is now. He gets a small pension, but it hardly keeps him in the plainest food and clothing, and keep a shelter over him, so he tries to earn a little money by selling those medicines you boys have destroyed. I noticed some of you fellows taking part in the exercises on Decoration Day with great enthusiasm. Now it strikes me that there would be as much patriotism in showing honor and respect to living soldiers as to dead ones, and I'm perfectly sure that I would as soon die for my country as to have my mind so injured that every boy I met would make fun of me."

Then Herbert went on and left a thoughtful group of boys instead of the noisy, headless crowd he had found.



High lift your children, mothers! Let their young eyes behold A dishing marching, time-beaten, spent and old. As they tell by, asattered as the banners that flutter by, See the worn hands shining! Lo! They salute the grave!

High lift your children, mothers! Let their young voices cheer The brave old hearts that slowly draw on and draw on. This marks that front the shadows, driftings, drifting some so fast. 'Tis a phantom army that solemnly drifts past. A fading army marching with weak and failing tread— But pressing all around it there through the Aye, bright and splendid spirits! Their And comrades wait for comrades beside the gates of dawn. — J. W. MULLER.

RIGHT ABOUT FACE!

"Ho, here comes old Waddy with his drug store, boys; let's have some fun out of him!" More than a dozen boys on their way home from school, with noisy jests, surrounded an old man who was limping along with a basket on his arm. He turned a curiously vacant looking, yet smiling face on the boys, and stopped. "Hello, Waddy! what's goin' on, grand medicine have you got in your basket today? How's your liver, Waddy?" "Why don't you cure yourself, you old quack?" were some of their questions. He waited patiently till there came a lull in the storm, then began: "Here, young gentlemen, is that most wonderful preparation, Halm of Healing, certain remedy for chills, fever, neuritis, lumbago, gout, pleurisy."

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SALE TIME IN KANSAS

FARM AUCTIONS BLOOM IN THE EARLY SPRING

Agriculturists Sell Implements and Household Goods—Some Exchange Possessions, While Others Intend to Retire or Leave the Victims.

The early spring is "public sale" time, and not in many years have there been more "auctions" than in this year, 1903. The printing offices have been busy printing bills with big headlines, telling of the number of horses, cattle and hogs, the farm implements, household goods "and other articles too numerous to mention" that have been offered for sale.

The public sale has become a fixed feature in the development of the prairie, writes an Abilene, Kansas, correspondent of the St. Louis Globe-Democrat. It has reached a time when the farmers who have made their home here have acquired more material than they need to run their farm, or are anxious to change their residence, and so want to have a "sale." They go to the county seat and make arrangements with the auctioneer and have their bills printed. The latter are put up in the postoffice or are scattered on the fence posts of the vicinity. With the advent of the creamery the monthly pay envelope has become a valuable method of disseminating the news of the coming events, and the check for milk is likely to be accompanied with some cards announcing the sale of Farmer Smith's fine stock.

It is probable that most of the public sales are for the purpose of making long moves, but there are occasions when the reason is obscure. One farmer in this county sold all his stock and implements two months ago, and then went from sale to sale until he had purchased a new outfit for his farm, taking his neighbors' articles rather than his own in the end.

"What are you selling out for?" was asked of a well-to-do farmer recently. He was known as having plenty of material for running his fine farm, and there was no reason why he should go away.

"Oh, I'm going to take a rest. I've rented the farm and guess I'll move to town. My wife and I expect to visit a while in the East and then we will have a home in town for the rest of our lives. The farm will rent for enough to keep us. What's the use of working?" There was no use, and the farmer was an example of the growing class of those retiring after making themselves comfortable for this life on their Kansas farms.

The attendance on the public sale is usually good, nothing but bad weather keeping the farmers of the vicinity away. The women frequently accompany their husbands and form an interesting portion of the audience who the household goods and canned fruit are sold. They are also interested in the dairy appliances and the cows. The bidding is likely to be lively, and it is a curious thing that the average sale shows a scale of prices on common articles and implements that is far above the ones that could be procured at private sale. Under the magic of the wide-awake auctioneer's voice, the figures run up and up until it seems that the buyers must have lost sight of the cost of the articles now.

The "terms of sale" vary little at these auctions. There is usually at each sale the representative of some bank at the county seat. It is a head clerk or a cashier, one who is familiar with the financial standing of the farmers of the county. On the bills in the advertisements in the past, which the charge of deserts has been removed by the War Department, and it would be impossible to determine that number, even approximately, without examining the records of the department from the war period to the present time.

Many charges of desertion have been removed by the War Department on the ground of manifest error in the record under the acts of July 5, 1884; May 17, 1880, and March 2, 1880, and the acts amendatory thereof. No record has been kept showing the number of cases in which the charge of desertion has been removed by the War Department, and it would be impossible to determine that number, even approximately, without examining the records of the department from the war period to the present time.

Origin of Memorial Day in South. An association known as the Ladies' Aid Society was organized in 1861 for looking after soldiers who died in Columbus hospitals. They were buried under the direction of these ladies, making it a practice to go in a body to care for and beautify them with plants and flowers. Upon the occasion of one of these visits, in January, 1866, Miss Lizzie Rutherford, a member of the society, made the suggestion that a specified day should be adopted upon which a memorial service should be held for the purpose of decorating the Confederate graves annually. The proposition met with the greatest favor, and a letter was addressed to each of the chapters in other cities and towns suggesting similar action on their part.

These letters were written in March, 1866, and from their publication resulted the observance of April 29 as Memorial day for the Confederate dead in several Southern States.—Mrs. V. Jefferson Davis in Woman's Home Companion.

A Flag Day. Weave your garlands bright Before the May time rises; Fanciful and white And blushing with of roses. Blue and white and red, The lovely grass that covers; And o'er each grassy bed The stars and stripes shall hover. Let this work be wrought Before the May time closes, And bring your loving thought, More precious than the roses.

In Battle with the Merrimac. Soldiers of the Twentieth Indiana Infantry were once a thorn in the flesh of the Confederates on the Merrimac. They passed a winter at Fort Monroe, where they were at the time the Merrimac fought the Congress. The Confederates wanted to take possession of the Congress, but the Hoosiers deployed on the beach in face of a hostile fire and prevented the enemy from gaining the pier. In May of 1862 they went over to Norfolk.

Let No Soldier Be Forgotten. The significance of the day should inspire every veteran soldier and sailor to pay homage to the valorous deeds of their comrades of 1862. The annals of our country have been made glorious by the noble and heroic sacrifices of her sons. It is our duty to keep ever present in our memories the heroic deeds of the patriotic dead—our country's dead. Manure parlors and Turkish baths for dogs have been established in New York. A great many people in that city are beginning to suspect that it is unlucky to be born a human being.

ident. The hawking before a crowd of the faded possessions of the home, the once treasured belongings that seem so cheap and worthless when dragged into the sunlight, the occasional tear that comes when the favorite animal is sold and the heartless dispersion of the household pets, favor of the tragic—but it is a part of the West's development.

NEW LIGHT ON ANDY JOHNSON.

President of New Jersey Senate Of-ficed \$40,000 for Losers. Col. James Matlock Bevel contributes to the National paper of "Personal Recollections of President Andrew Johnson," in which he gives a clearer picture of Andrew Jackson than has ever before been put into print. Bevel has no love for Johnson; he admires Lincoln too ardently to feel much sympathy with the lesser man who tried to upset Lincoln's policies. Col. Bevel says:

"The ex-vice-president, or king of the lobby, told the writer that the expenses of the impeachment trial amounted to over \$1,000,000. He knew, for he helped to expend a portion of that sum general was a defaulter in the amount of \$500,000 while one of Johnson's internal revenue officers in a Southern city. He was never called upon to settle by any subsequent administration, his default doubtless being charged to the 'exigencies of the service.' The king of the lobby charges that most of the money was spent in the impeachment trial.

"The following facts may cast some light upon the subject. I was president of the Senate of New Jersey in 1865, and was engaged in a personal fight against the election of a United States Senator whom I thought unworthy of the place and I have never changed my opinion. I kept this Senator out of office nine months by my single vote. This seemed to attract the attention of Johnson and Seward to me. In September, 1863, the king of the Washington lobby brought to Trenton, while the Senate was in session, \$100,000 in new \$1,000 bills.

"This \$100,000 was offered to me to defeat, by my casting vote, the ratification of the fourteenth amendment, making the negro a citizen. He told me the money came from Gen. who had held 'concealed' it while holding a public office. Of course, as I then believed, as I do now believe, that the negro must not be made a citizen, that the disfranchisement of 3,000,000 or 12,000,000 people is to endanger the republic; that the Afro-American had won his right to vote with his blood—I refused the \$100,000 and the amendment was ratified."

DEARLY LOVE THEIR EASE.

Mexican Peasants Have a Chronic Aversion to Work. The poor, or peasant, of Mexico is probably the laziest mortal under the sun. He seldom leaves his home and only under the most extraordinary circumstances can he be induced to perform any labor. It is very difficult to induce one to go to a part of the republic where labor is scarce and wages double that of his own district. Large contractors have therefore resorted to an expedient to secure labor. They often go and engage a whole village of peasantry from the interior and move them all, men, women and children, to the scene of their labors. The wealthy ranchman has often resorted to this expedient to secure laborers to work his land or attend to his cattle. For the same reason every ranch of large dimensions in Mexico has several small villages upon it which consist wholly of people and their families employed upon the ranch.

As the Mexican peasant is careless about money matters, so he is careless about everything he does. Very rarely has he any interest in his work, and so it is usually very badly done. He cannot understand why any one should want to hurry or to do more than he actually has to do. If you leave him alone and expect him to work in your absence there are ninety-nine chances out of 100 that you will be mistaken. In all probability he will sit down and patiently wait for your return and smoke the inevitable cigar to pass away the time.

As the peasant is with his work, so he is with his family and his home. In most cases though he loves them in his own way, he takes no thought of them. The wife has therefore to exert herself to make both ends meet and she generally does.

A Curiosity of the Stimpson Tunnel. The engineers digging the wonderful tunnel that runs through the great Stimpson Mountain to connect Switzerland with Italy are experiencing great difficulties because of the presence of boiling water in the mountain. The water comes from the top of the mountain and is heated almost to boiling point by the friction and pressure of the excavation through the limestone beds of the mountain. Before the tunnel had been dug very far on the Italian side the heat became so intense that it was impossible to live in it. The mountain was piped, and soon fifteen thousand gallons of steaming hot water were flowing out of the south end of the tunnel every minute of the day and night. The immense flow was harnessed and made to drive refrigerating plants and cold air blowers. To-day the temperature of the tunnel has been reduced from a height that would have roasted a man in a minute or two, and the atmosphere now has the pleasant warmth of a June day. The hot water also drives pneumatic drills and boring machines, so that it helps to dig the tunnel as well. When completed, the Stimpson tunnel will be the longest in the world—fourteen miles long, with a cost of nearly one million dollars a mile.

Getting Hit on Him. "I am fixing up a surprise for John, but I am afraid that if he stays around the house he will discover me."

"That's all right. You just tie a towel around your head and ask him if he can't stay at home to-day and help you take up the carpets."—Baltimore News.

The bass drum may not produce good music, but it draws a lot of bad music.