

Topics of the Times

Panama consistently refrains from boasting itself as a summer resort.

Mr. Rockefeller is not the only person who is tired of seeing his name in print.

How do you like the new sport of putting insurance magnates through the third degree?

It isn't a bad world where a man may hug a delusion any time and have this always as beautiful as he likes.

Every large enterprise of a public or semi-public character feels the need of a department devoted to molding public opinion.

Mr. Roosevelt as a rapid peace-maker makes The Hague conference look like an oxcart when an automobile goes by.

Did you ever notice how man's inclinations differ? One will hurt himself working, while the other will hurt himself to keep from working.

A New York girl has had a man put in jail because he admired her. Yet she would probably have despised him if he hadn't turned to look.

It is not the tainted money that goes into the hands of clergymen that need worry us so much as the tainted money that goes into the hands of politicians.

The Japanese Emperor's breakfast consists of "bean soup." New England would claim him as her own if he learned to eat "pie" with his morning meal.

Hall Caine's denial of the story that he intends to write a novel about American millionaires leaves the field still open to Tom Lawson and Miss Ida Tarbell.

Paul Morton says the Equitable will never again loosen up to swell the campaign funds, but who knows? Campaign managers have such persuasive ways.

Some wealthy New Yorkers are about to launch another big life insurance company. They may have noticed of late that a life insurance company is a good thing.

A woman reads the marriage column first for the same reason that a business man turns first to the market reports and stock quotations. It is the most important business with her.

The theory that the scarcity of servant girls is due to their all having become novel writers probably originated with some one who was trying to account for the quality of current fiction.

It is the criticism of Rev. Dr. Campbell Morgan, who has just sailed for his English home, that the American church has become a social organization. Well, he wouldn't have it an unsocial one, would he?

Noting the fact that Joseph Jefferson bequeathed his Kentucky reel to Mr. Cleveland, an esteemed contemporary wants to know what he did with his dog Schneider. Schneider, so to speak, was not a real dog.

It would seem that national control of insurance rates is as necessary as national control of railroad rates. That being true, it is proper that there should be State control of insurance rates, both life and fire. Insurance rates reach into every home and touch every family.

People in upper Michigan, this time backed by Chicago business men, are again talking of a canal to connect Lake Michigan with Lake Superior by way of Whitefish and Train Rivers. The rivers, near their head waters, are only about a mile and half apart. If they were dredged and connected the canal would provide a short cut by water from Duluth to Chicago.

The answer to the old conundrum of the minstreis, "When is an alligator not an alligator?" was, "When he turns into a traveling bag." Many have undergone that transformation—incidentally ceasing to be alligators—in the last twenty-five years. It is estimated that from 1880 to 1894 two and a half millions were killed in Florida alone, and that in certain regions there are now not more than two where there used to be a hundred.

The just reproach has often been laid against the churches and other agencies of religion that they do not meet and contend, as they should, against the actual and active forces of evil at work around them; that they employ their energies too often in fighting sin in the abstract rather than in its concrete and more obtrusive forms. We are happy in the belief, however, that this is coming to be the exception rather than the rule among the preachers and other religious leaders of our day. Certain it is that some of the most signal victories recently won in this country for a higher standard of civic virtue and a cleaner municipal life have had the hearty, energetic and united support of the local clergy, and in some conspicuous instances the preachers

have taken the initiative and led the fight.

It is an interesting tribute to the habit of acquiescence, which becomes second nature among English-speaking peoples, that so great a post as the viceroyalty of India should have changed hands with so little jar and such scant comment. Lord Curzon resigned his almost royal powers, and his successor was appointed with scarcely more comment in England than a change of heads in Tammany Hall would have called out here. There is general agreement that Lord Curzon has been one of the ablest rulers of that long line which began with the great Warren Hastings, whose impeachment history and literature made famous. He gave up his great office because, by implication at least, the British government supported the contentions of Lord Kitchener, the commander-in-chief of the Indian army, rather than those of Lord Curzon. What these contentions were is not of great importance to Americans, but it may be said that in a general way they had to do with reform in the Indian army, and with Lord Curzon's unwillingness to subordinate the powers of the military member of his council to the desires of Lord Kitchener. The Earl of Minto, the new viceroy, has been trained in military as well as in civil affairs. He acted as private secretary to Lord Roberts in South Africa in 1881, served in the Mounted Infantry during the Egyptian campaign of 1882, was secretary to Lord Lansdowne when he was the Indian viceroy, helped put down the Riel rebellion, and has twice been Governor-General of Canada. From his second service in that position he retired less than a year ago, after an administration marked by acts which left the impress of his personality on the affairs of the Dominion. In India he will have a wider field for the exercise of his administrative powers.

Recent occurrences in Asia Minor and in Central America warrant the belief that there is more than one serious phase to the immigration question. We have to deal not only with the undesirable immigrant who comes to this country and stays here, but likewise with the undesirable immigrant who comes here long enough to acquire American citizenship and then goes back to plot against the government of his native land, relying upon the protection of the United States government when he is in danger of being shot or hanged. In both cases the American people are the victims of their own generosity in the matter of naturalization laws. It is about time that they should consider the advisability of revising those laws. We grant the privileges of citizenship to anybody who asks for them. Occasionally a judge will take the trouble to examine and reject an applicant because of his confessed ignorance of our language, laws and institutions, but as a general thing new citizens are ground through the judicial hopper as rapidly as they can make the necessary affidavits. This, of course, operates to increase the number of undesirable citizens—both those who stay in this country and those who return to their native countries to stir up trouble. The remedy in the case of the former class is more difficult than with respect to the latter. It is doubtful whether congress, influenced as it is by fears of political consequences, will go so far as to restrict immigration or even seriously to raise the qualifications for citizenship. Probably, therefore, we shall have to take care of our home-staying immigrants as best we may, without hoping for any great improvement in their intelligence or general desirability. We can, however, deal easily enough with the naturalized American who uses his citizenship as a cloak under which to prosecute revolutionary designs against the country to which he has forsaken allegiance. We can repudiate him altogether, making a provision in the naturalization laws to meet such cases. This country should not permit itself to be used as a mere convenience by plotters and revolutionaries.

Their Ancestors.
"Speaking of old pictures," said the virtuoso, as he placed an old oil color of Grover Cleveland beside a dusty painting of Henry Clay, "I can tell you something that exposes the ridiculous side of ambition and the weakness of vain human nature. It is this: Many of the pictures of supposed deceased ancestors that hang on the walls of the nouveau riche are no more paintings of their kinsmen than they are of Julius Caesar or of Garibaldi. They are simply pictures of unknown but respectable appearing Toms, Dicks and Harrys, purchased for so much a head in antique stores for the purpose of deceiving a gullible public."
"So in Mrs. Jimpson's salon, when a visitor adjusts her lorgnette and stares patronizingly at the rusty painting of an old gentleman hanging on the wall, Mrs. Jimpson will calmly say: 'Oh, yes, that's my great-grandfather.' And, indeed, she may be telling the truth; she has no more idea who her great-grandfather was than if she never had any, and she probably paid \$20 for that picture in the store around the corner."

Recognize This One?
"Let me learn from your eyes what my fate is to be," sung the poet; "let them teach me the secrets—"
"Thank you," interrupted the lady; "they have pupils enough now."—Cleveland Leader.

Some people shake hands like they were pulling taffy.

YOLANDE

BY WILLIAM BLACK

CHAPTER XXIV.

But next morning the mother was ill—nay, as Yolande in her first alarm imagined, seriously ill. She could hardly speak; her hands and forehead were hot and feverish; she would take nothing in the shape of a breakfast; she only turned away her head languidly. Yolande was far too frightened to stay to consult her mother's nervous fancies or dislikes; a doctor was sent for instantly—the same doctor, in fact, who had been called in before. And when this portly, rubicund, placid person arrived his mere presence in the room seemed to introduce a measure of calm into the atmosphere; and that was well. He was neither excited nor alarmed. He made the usual examination, asked a few questions, and gave some general and sufficiently sensible directions as to how the patient should be tended. And then he said he would write out a prescription—for this practitioner, in common with most of his kind, had retained that simple and serene faith in the efficacy of drugs which has survived centuries of conflicting theories, contradictions in fact, and scientific doubt, and which is perhaps more beneficial than otherwise to the human race, so long as the quantities prescribed are so small as to do no positive harm. It was accented, this time, that he chose to experiment with.

However, when he followed Yolande into the other room, in order to get writing materials, and when he sat down and began to talk to her, it was clear that he understood the nature of the case well enough; and he plainly intimated to her that, when a severe chill like this had caught the system and promised to produce a high state of fever, the result depended mainly on the power of the constitution to repel the attack and fight its way back to health.

"Now I suppose I may speak frankly to you, Miss Winterbourne?" said he.
"Oh, yes, why not?" said Yolande, who was far too anxious to care about formalities.
"You must remember, then, that though you have only seen me once before, I have seen you twice. The first time you were insensible. Now," said he, fixing his eyes on her, "on that occasion I was told a little, but I guessed more. It was to frighten your mother out of the habit that you took your first dose of that patent medicine. May I assume that?"

"Well, yes," said Yolande, with downcast eyes—though, indeed, there was nothing to be ashamed of.
"Now, I want you to tell me honestly whether you believe that warning had effect."

"Indeed, I am sure of it," said Yolande, looking up, and speaking with decision.
"You think that since then she has not had recourse to any of those opiates?"

"I am positively certain of it," Yolande said to him.
"I suppose being deprived of them cost the poor lady a struggle?"

"Yes, once or twice—but that was some time ago. Latterly she was growing ever so much more bright and cheerful, but still she was weak, and I was hesitating about risking the long journey to the south of France. Yes, it is I that am to blame. Why did I not go sooner? Why did I not go sooner?" she repeated, with tears coming into her eyes.

"Indeed, you cannot blame yourself, Miss Winterbourne," the doctor said. "I have no doubt you acted for the best. The impudence you tell me of might have happened anywhere. If you keep the room warm and equable, your mother will do as well here as in the south of France—until it is safe for you to remove her."

"But how soon, doctor? how soon? Oh, when I get a chance again I will not wait."
"But you must wait—and you must be patient and careful. It will not do to hurry matters. Your mother is not strong. The fight may be a long one. Now, Miss Winterbourne, you will send and get this prescription made up, and I will call again in the afternoon."

Yolande went back to her mother's room, and sent away Jane; she herself would be nurse. On tiptoe she went about, doing what she thought would add to her mother's comfort; noiselessly tending the fire that had been lit, arranging a shutter so that less light should come in, and so forth. But the confidence inspired by the presence of the doctor was gone now; a terrible anxiety had succeeded; and when at last she sat down in the silent room, and felt that she could do nothing more, a sense of helplessness, of loneliness, entirely overcame her, and she was ready to despair. Why had she not gone away sooner, before this terrible thing happened? Why had she delayed? They might now have been walking happily together along some sunny promenade in the south—instead of this—this hushed and darkened room, and the poor invalid, whom she had tended so carefully, and who seemed to be emerging into a new life altogether, thus thrown back and rendered once more helpless. Why had she gone out on that fatal morning? Why had she left her mother alone? If she had been in the room there would have been no veiling into the snow, whatever dreams and fancies were calling. If she had but taken courage and set out for the south a week sooner—a day sooner—this would not have happened; and it seemed so hard that when she had almost secured the emancipation of her mother—when the undertaking on which she had entered with so much of fear, and wonder, and hope was near to being crowned with success—the work should be undone by so trifling an accident. She was like to despair.

But patience—patience—she said to herself. She had been warned, before she had left Scotland, that it was no light matter that lay before her. If she was thrown back into prison, as it were, at this moment, the door would be opened some day. And, indeed, it was not of her own liberty she was thinking—it

was the freedom of light and life and cheerfulness that she had hoped to secure for this stricken and hapless creature whom fortune had not over-treat.

Her mother stirred, and instantly she went to the bedside.
"What does the doctor say, Yolande?" she asked, apparently with some difficulty.

"Only what every one sees," she said, with such cheerfulness as was possible. "You have caught a bad cold, and you are feverish; but you must do everything that we want you to do, and you will fight it off in time."

"What kind of a day is it outside?" she managed to ask again.
"It is fine, but cold. There has been some more snow in the night."
"If you wish to go out, go out, Yolande. Don't mind me."

"But I am going to mind you, mother, and nobody else. Here I am, here I stay, till you are well again. You shall have no other nurse."
"You will make yourself ill, Yolande. You must go out."

She was evidently speaking with great difficulty.
"Hush, mother, hush!" the girl said. "I am going to stay with you. You should not talk any more—it pains you, does it not?"

"A little." And then she turned away her head again. "If I don't speak to you, Yolande, don't think it is unkind of me. I—I am not very well, I think."

And so the room was given over to silence again, and the girl to anxious thoughts as to the future. She had resolved not to write to her father until she should know more definitely. She would not unnecessarily alarm him. At first, in her sudden alarm, she had thought of summoning him at once; but now she had determined to wait until the doctor had seen her mother again. If this were only a bad cold, and should show symptoms of disappearing, then she could send him a reassuring message. At present she was far too upset and anxious and disturbed to carefully weigh her expressions.

About noon Jane stole silently into the room and handed her a letter and withdrew again. Yolande was startled when she glanced at the handwriting, and hastily opened the envelope. The letter came from Inverness, and was dated the morning of the previous day; that was all she noted carefully—the rest seemed to swim into her consciousness all at once, she ran her eyes over the successive lines so rapidly, and with such a breathless agitation.

"My Dear Yolande," Jack Melville wrote, "I shall reach Worthing just about the same time as this letter. I am coming to ask you for a single word. Archie Leslie has told me—quite casually, in a letter about other things—that you are no longer engaged to him; and I have dared to indulge in some vague hopes. Well, it is for you to tell me to put them aside forever, or to let them remain, and see what the future has in store. That is all. I don't wish to interfere with your duties of the moment—how should I?—but I cannot rest until I ascertain from yourself whether or no I may look forward to some distant time, and hope. I am coming on the chance of your not having left Worthing. Perhaps you may not have left, and I beg of your kindness to let me see you, for ever so short a time."

She quickly and quietly went to the door and opened it. Her face was very pale.

"Jane!"
The maid was standing at the window, looking out; she immediately turned and came to her mistress.

"You remember Mr. Melville who used to come to the lodge?"
"Oh, yes, miss."
"He will be in Worthing to-day—he will call here—perhaps soon. He will ask to see me—well—you will tell him I cannot see him. I cannot see him. My mother is ill. Tell him I am sorry—but I cannot see him."

Then Yolande quietly slipped into the room again—glancing at her mother, to see whether her absence had been noticed; and her hand was clutching the letter, and her heart beating violently. It was too terrible that he should arrive at such a moment—amid this alarm and anxiety. She could not bear the thought of meeting him. And so she sat in the still and darkened room, listening with a sort of dread for the ring at the bell below; and then picturing to herself his going away; and then thinking of the years to come.

This was what happened when Melville came to the door. To begin with, he was not at all sure that he should find Yolande there, for he had heard from Mrs. Bell that she and her mother were leaving England. But when Jane, in response to his ringing of the bell, opened the door, then he knew that they were not gone.

"Miss Winterbourne is still here, then?" he said quickly, and indeed with some appearance of anxiety in the pale, handsome face.
"Yes, sir."
"Will you be good enough to ask her if I can see her for a moment?" he said, at length. "She knows that I meant to call on her."

"Please, sir, Miss Winterbourne told me to say that she was very sorry, but that she cannot see you. Her mother is ill, sir, but I would not say so to my young mistress, sir."

"Of course not—of course not," he said, absently; and then he suddenly asked, "Has Miss Winterbourne sent for her father?"

"I think not, sir. I think she is waiting to hear what the doctor says."
"Who is the doctor?"
She gave him both the name and address.

He sent her a message—some half hour thereafter. It was merely this:
"Dear Yolande—I am deeply grieved to have intruded upon you at such a time. Forgive me. I hope to hear better news;

but do not you trouble; I have made arrangements so that I shall know.—J. M."

And Yolande put that note with others—for in truth she had carefully preserved every scrap of writing that he had ever sent her; and it was with a wistful kind of satisfaction that at least he had gone away her friend.

The doctor did not arrive till nearly three o'clock, and she awaited his verdict with an anxiety amounting to distress. But he would say nothing definite. The fever had increased, certainly; but that was to be expected. She reported to him—as minutely as her agitation allowed—how his directions had been carried out in the interval, and he approved. Then he begged her not to be unduly alarmed, for this fever was the common attendant on the catching of a sudden chill; and with similar vague words of reassurance he left. But the moment he had gone she sat down and wrote to her father.

Mr. Winterbourne came down next morning—rather guessing that the matter was more serious than the girl had represented—and went straight to the house. He sent for Jane, and got it arranged that, while she took Yolande's place in the sick room for a few minutes, Yolande should come downstairs and see him in the ground floor parlor, which was unoccupied. It is to be remembered that he had not seen his daughter since she left the Highlands.

When Yolande came into the room his eyes lighted up with gladness; but the minute they were dimmed with tears—and the hands that took hers were trembling—and he could hardly speak.

"Child, child," said he, in a second or so, "how you are changed! You are not well, Yolande; have you been ill?"
"Oh, no, papa, I am perfectly well."

As she desired, he went and saw the doctor, who spoke more plainly to him than he had done to the girl of the possible danger of such an attack, but also said that nothing could be definitely predicted as yet. It was a question of the strength of the constitution. Mr. Winterbourne told him frankly who he was, what his position was, and the whole sad story; and the doctor perfectly agreed with Yolande that it was most inadvisable to risk the agitation likely to be produced if the poor woman were to be confronted with her husband.

As the days passed the fever seemed to abate somewhat, but an alarming prostration supervened. At length the doctor said, on one occasion when Mr. Winterbourne had called on him for news:

"I think, Mr. Winterbourne, if you have no objection, I should like to have a consultation on this case. I am afraid there is some complication."
"I hope you will have the best skill that London can afford," said Mr. Winterbourne, anxiously; for although the doctor rather avoided looking him in the face, the sound of this phrase was ominous.

But all the skill in London or anywhere else could not have saved this poor victim from the fatal consequences of a few moments' thoughtlessness. The wasted and enfeebled constitution had succumbed. But her brain remained clear; as long as she could hold Yolande's hand, or even see the girl walking about the room or seated in a chair, she was content.

"I don't mind dying now," she said, or rather whispered, on one occasion. "I have seen you and know you; you have been with me for awhile. It was like an angel that you came to me; it was an angel who sent you to me. I am ready to go now."
"Mother, you must not talk like that!" the girl exclaimed. "Why, the nonsense of it! How long, then, do you expect me to be kept waiting for you, before we can start for Bordighera together?"

"We shall never be at Bordighera together," the mother said, absently—"never! never! But you may be, Yolande; and I hope you will be happy there, and always, for you deserve to be. Ah, yes, you will be happy! Surely, it cannot be otherwise—you, so beautiful and so noble-hearted."

(To be continued.)

IT GRINDS EXCEEDINGLY SMALL.

Postoffice Department Slow and Ponderous as Mill of the Gods.
The Post Office Department is ponderous and impressive at times. A man arriving in Boston recently wrote to a man in New York. The instant after dropping the letter in the mail box he remembered that he had forgotten to stamp the envelope, so he wrote to the postmaster in Boston, telling him about it and inclosing a stamp.

The postmaster had meanwhile sent a notification to the New York address informing him in the language of the department blanks that an unstamped letter awaited his pleasure in Boston and that it would be forwarded on receipt of a 2-cent stamp; otherwise it would be held for two weeks and sent to the dead letter office. The letter also contained detailed instructions as to the exact methods of inclosing the stamp if one should be sent.

The New York man wrote to the Boston postmaster and inclosed a stamp, as requested. The next mail brought a letter from the Boston post office not to send the stamp previously asked for, because the writer of the letter had already sent one, which had been duly affixed to the luckless and stampless envelope, which would now be forwarded.

The next link in this exciting chain of post office incidents was the arrival of the letter itself. This was followed by another department document from Boston and the return of the New York man's postage stamp. The man who got the letter figured that it had cost the writer 4 cents, himself 4 cents and the writing of six letters on the part of the writer, the post office and the man who received it. The letter contained the interesting information that the writer had arrived in Boston.

Another One.
"Do you know what you are trying to say," queried the editor, as he glanced over the copy, "when you speak of a man going to his long rest at the untimely age of 80?"
"Sure," answered the newspaper reporter. "He ought to have been chloroformed twenty years ago."

Science AND Invention

Butter with a fishy taste has aroused complaint in Australia, where investigation has shown that the flavor has no connection with fish, but is due to one or more of four micro-organisms. The rusty iron of cans was found to have a bad effect on milk and cream.

The newly patented electric cooking stove of Prof. Ellhu Thompson is heavily jacketed outside with a layer of asbestos, fire-clay or mineral wool and is provided with a lid of the same character. Inside is placed a mass of refractory substance, within which is embedded a granular resistance material. Silicon is recommended as a resistance material, as it has a high specific resistance, and acquires a suitable temperature without fusing or oxidizing. The whole interior of the stove can be kept red hot, and it is anticipated that the running cost for cooking through the day will not be excessive.

The British Museum authorities have decided to make a collection of phonographic records preserving the voices of great living orators, singers and actors, and the instrumental renderings of famous musicians. The master records will be of nickel, from which molds will be taken. But for the sake of posterity the records will be very sparingly used during the lifetime of those whose voices are recorded. A similar undertaking is on foot in Italy. Imagine, if there had been phonographs when Demosthenes denounced Philip, when Cicero prosecuted Verres, when Mirabeau addressed the French revolutionists, and when Webster answered Hayne!

The danger of explosions in mines is not entirely confined to inflammable gases, carefully managed fuses and neglected charges or cartridges. It has been observed in the Derbyshire lead mines that some of the great rocks are liable to burst on being scratched with a pick. The explosion is supposed to be due either to gases enclosed in the rocks, or to molecular strains. Last December a severe explosion of slate rock occurred in a mine at Hillgrove, New South Wales, and the shock was felt for a mile or two over the surrounding country. In this instance it is believed that the rock wall where the explosion occurred was subjected to a mechanical strain.

The best results yet attained in the various attempts that have been made to produce a wearable cloth from paper are said to be those produced by a patented process employed in Saxony. Narrow strips of paper are spun into yarn, which may be woven to form cloth. Better results are obtained by spinning paper and cotton together, and still better cloth is made by a combination of paper and woolen yarns. The fabrics do not possess the strength and durability of ordinary cloth, but useful clothing is made of them at a low price. They may even be washed without injury. Yarns are also made from wool-pulp, although their manufacture has not yet attained commercial importance.

One of the sights of the Great Salt Lake of Utah, developed by the progress of scientific industry, is the system of immense salt-making ponds on the shore of the lake. At Saltair the lake water is pumped into a great settling basin, where the impurities fall to the bottom, and, containing much iron, form a reddish deposit. From this basin the water is drawn off into "harvesting ponds," averaging 90,000 square yards in area, and six inches in depth. The ponds are kept supplied with water, as the evaporation goes on from May to September, when the salt harvest begins. The water having disappeared, a dazzling layer of salt, two or three inches thick, is found covering the bottom of the ponds, which is broken up with plows before being conveyed to the mills, where the final crushing and winnowing are done.

Two Views of It.
A girl in Haddam went to a baseball game and surprised her escort by her knowledge of the game. The young man had ventured to say: "Baseball reminds me of the household—the plate, the batter, the fouls and the flies." "And it reminds me of marriage," she added. "First, the diamond, where they are engaged, the struggle and the hits, when the men go out, and finally the difficulty they have in getting home."—Haddam, Kan., Clipper.

After the Spanking.
Mrs. Whittier Lowell—in disobeying me, Emerson, you were doing wrong and I am punishing you to impress it upon your mind. Emerson—Aren't you mistaken, mamma, in regard to the location of my mind?—Life.

The Cause of It.
Doctor—Do you ever hear a buzzing noise in your ears?
Patient—Of course, doctor. I thought you knew her.
Doctor—Knew whom?
Patient—My wife.—Philadelphia Press.

Children soon learn that pa's patience doesn't last any longer than it takes the last guest to get out of the house.

It sometimes happens that a mean man is so absent-minded that he smiles at people he doesn't like.