

Topics of the Times

A Portuguese revolutionary leader is named Souza, but he merely leads a band of brigands.

"Eggs are strong and butter demoralized," say the market reports. Ice must be honorably scarce.

Had Lincoln told all the stories that are credited to him he would not have had much time for anything else.

Some women seem to lose their jewels occasionally just to let the public know that they really had some.

It is now said that the recent panic started from the gossip of two women, and half the men will probably believe it.

A woman suffragist makes the prediction that in fifteen years a woman will be president of the United States. Married or single?

The single man who doesn't get a lady for a personal benefactor to brag about, and if he does not get one he shouldn't brag about it.

Gold in rich deposits is reported to have been found on Vancouver Island. This being the case, Vancouver Island must be a dismal, disagreeable place.

A Connecticut man proceeded to drop dead upon the receipt of the news that he had inherited \$50,000. Some people choose such an absurd time for quitting this life.

Governor Hughes has informed a delegation of woman suffragists that woman will ultimately have their way. He is badly mistaken if he thinks he is the discoverer of this fact.

The pay of the University of Chicago professors has been increased \$40,000. With a few more such advances brains may become as profitable as a knowledge of bricklaying.

A foreign paper says the French are a people who habitually thirst for blood. Fortunately, however, they have learned to quench their thirst with something less expensive and easier to obtain.

Ten girl graduates of a Western school made their commencement vowing at a cost of \$120 each. If they show a disposition to continue behaving like that they need not entertain the fear of becoming old maids.

One of the scientists says a man should lie in bed at least twenty minutes after waking up in the morning. Bachelors may be able to do this, but a married man generally has to get up at once and thrash the boys, especially if it is Sunday morning.

Non-secret clubs, to which all the students are eligible, have been proposed in Chicago as a substitute for the secret fraternities in the high schools. If the pupils have time for such distractions, the open club is immeasurably superior to the secret organization.

The Japanese who fought against Stoussel have given him praise for bravery and ability. It is always a good thing to refrain from minimizing the strength of the man you have beaten. By making him out to be great, you magnify your own achievement. Wellington didn't spend much of his time after Waterloo in trying to make it appear that Napoleon was a fourth-rate general.

No feature of modern China is more remarkable than the growth of the native press. Dr. Morrison, who is perhaps the best authority on this subject, says that every city now of any importance has its newspaper, there being about 230 journals hourly telegrams and other messages from European agencies, so that tens of thousands of Chinese could now read every day of the progress and reforms of Europe, and of all the most stirring events in distant parts of the world. They even have their political cartoons, showing considerable ingenuity and invention.

A capital of ten billion, six hundred and twenty-five million is directly concerned in the raising of meat animals and their slaughtering and packing, according to a report on meat supply issued by the Department of Agriculture. This amount is five-sixths as large as all capital invested in manufacturing in 1904. Seven-eighths of the meat and meat products was consumed within this country. The stock of meat animals has not kept pace with the increase of population since 1840. The report asserts that the welfare of the raisers of meat animals and of the slaughterers and packers is dependent upon finding foreign markets for the surplus of the production of meat above the home consumption. There was a total of 33,502,000 meat animals slaughtered in 1904, of which the exported live animals numbered 276,000. The dressed weight of the 33,502,000 meat animals was 10,549,021,000 pounds, of which 14,161,884,000 pounds entered into domestic consumption, 1471 being included with the dressed weight of pork.

Governor Fort of New Jersey has joined the ranks of those who propose that voters who do not vote shall be penalized, and for a practical working scheme he suggests a poll tax which shall fall upon the delinquents. Every man who votes would be given a certificate that would be equivalent to a tax receipt for the amount of the penalty. It is impossible, however, to make anything practical out of these compulsory voting propositions. There is far too great a proportion for the rational exercise of individual discretion and judgment. A voter may stay away from the polls because he is dissatisfied with the candidates for whom he has an oppor-

tunity to vote. Assuming that there are two, he may believe that they are both unfit on personal grounds. Or neither of them may represent the political ideas in which he has faith. In either case he will not choose between them because, as he would put it, there is nothing to choose. The occasions for indifference on such accounts are common. They were often effective with independent voters, who see little in some election, but the maneuvering of worthless office-seekers who use party names to confuse and betray the people. Then there are times when the simple party workers are so disgusted by the actions of conventions of their own party that they feel themselves disfranchised. They will not support the unacceptable nominee that has been forced upon them, and party loyalty prevents them from turning to the opposition. In all these cases abstention from voting betokens no lack of interest in the political duties of the citizen. It is decided on deliberately, and is due to conscientious objections. So there may be conscientious objections to taking part in politics at a particular time because of a deep aversion for some generally accepted governmental policy, and there is no place at which the line can be drawn. Even the citizen who keeps away from the polls year after year through chronic indifference and carelessness cannot be reached by law because a classification is out of the question. We must trust generally for getting out the vote to the common desire of voters to participate in elections, to their personal interest in doing so and to the influence of public sentiment and the agitation that is kept up in the press and on the platform.

SOUTHERN PEONAGE.

A Bondage in Some Respects More Cruel than Slavery.

The horrors of the peonage system in the Southern States are graphically portrayed by an Englishwoman, Mary Church Terrell, writing in the Nineteenth Century. In the chain gangs and convict lease camps in the south, she says, are thousands of colored people—men, women and children—who are enduring a bondage in some respects more cruel and more crushing than that from which their parents were emancipated forty years ago.

The chain gang and the convict lease systems, as now operated in the south, violate the law against peonage, the constitutionality of which has been affirmed by the Supreme Court of the United States. Yet people are forced into servitude by being sentenced to the chain gang—people who are not even charged with crime, but are accused of some petty offense, such as walking on the grass, expectorating upon the sidewalk, going to sleep in a depot, loitering on the streets, or other similar misdemeanors which could not by any stretch of the imagination be called a crime." And this in spite of the fact that, according to Judge Emory Speer, of Savannah, Ga., Congress has power to punish those—not only the cruel lessees, but the judges who impose the sentences—who thus violate the Thirteenth Amendment and the law against peonage.

"It is, spite, however," says the writer, "of the overwhelming weight of evidence showing that atrocities are daily being perpetrated upon American citizens in almost every State of the south, with the connivance of those who administer the law, which are as shocking and unprintable as those endured by the Russian Jew, in spite of the power which the Supreme Court asserts is possessed by Congress, but feeble efforts are being put forth to suppress the chain gangs and the convict lease camps of the south."

It is said that the convict lease system was adopted by the southern States soon after the war, because the jails were inadequate and there was no money with which to build larger ones. So it came to be the usage for those persons who needed laborers for farms, saw mills, brick yards, turpentine distilleries, coal or phosphate mines, or who had large contracts of various sorts, to lease misdemeanants from the county or State, which sold (and still sells) them to the highest bidder, and practically gives the lessee the power of life and death over them. While it was to the interest of the old-time slave holder to look after the physical well-being of his human chattels, it is cheaper for the lessee of convicts to work them to death and to receive his supply as he uses them up. This serves to explain the horrible conditions which are reported to exist in the convict camps.

Not only negroes, but some whites, have been victims of the peonage system—the latter in larger numbers than the former. It is even said that white girls have been sold by their parents into the worst kind of slavery in the Florida lumber camps. In some cases convicts who had worked out their time at the patty were allowed found their charges trumpeted to slavery on new charges recommitted up against them.

Not only negroes, but some whites, have been victims of the peonage system—the latter in larger numbers than the former. It is even said that white girls have been sold by their parents into the worst kind of slavery in the Florida lumber camps. In some cases convicts who had worked out their time at the patty were allowed found their charges trumpeted to slavery on new charges recommitted up against them.

ENGLISH JUSTICE.

Hard on Petty Thieves and Light on Wife Beaters.

It is only about a century since the death penalty was inflicted in England for theft not exceeding the value of a sheep. Now some of the London Journals are making a merciless exposure of magistrates throughout the kingdom who keep up the tradition by sentencing petty thieves to jail while inflicting only trifling fines upon wife beaters and even more brutal offenders.

In one police court one defendant was fined 10s for knocking his wife down in the street because she refused to give him money for drink, and another was sentenced to sixty days imprisonment for damaging growing potatoes and stealing two footballs.

For cruelty to a horse, beating his wife, and leaving her with nothing to eat one man was fined 10 shillings, while another, charged with stealing a pair of socks valued at sixpence, got fourteen days' hard labor. It would not be difficult to make up a list of similar cases from American police courts, yet the tendency in America is rather toward a higher estimate of the value of human life.—Van Norden Magazine.

The Firm of Girdlestone

BY A. CONAN DOYLE

CHAPTER VII.—(Continued.)

The old man was pale and nervous. The one weak point in his character was his affection for his son, an affection which he strove to hide under an austere manner, but which was none the less genuine. He had never before parted with him for any length of time, and he felt the wrench keenly. As to Era, he was flushed and excited at the thought of the new scenes which lay before him and the daring speculation in which he was about to embark. He flung himself into a chair and stretched his thick, muscular limbs out in front of him.

"I know my son, good-by!" he said exultantly, "as any man in London. I was pricing a bag of rough ones at Van Helmer's to-day, and he is reckoned a good judge. He said that no expert could do it better."

"You deserve great credit for your quickness and perseverance," replied his father. "Your knowledge will be invaluable to you when you are at the fields. You will promise to be careful and to avoid quarrels and bloodshed."

"I won't get into any rows if I can help it," his son answered. "That's not my game."

"But if you think that there is no mistake, if your opponent is undoubtedly about to proceed to extremities, shoot him down at once, before he has time to draw. I have heard those who have been out there say that in such cases everything depends upon getting the first shot. I am anxious about you, and shall not be easy until I see you again."

"Blessed if he hasn't tears in his eyes!" Era exclaimed to himself, much astonished at this unprovoked outburst. "When do you go?" his father asked.

"My train leaves in an hour or so. I reach the steamer at Southampton about three in the morning, and she starts with the full tide at six. Well, good-by," said the young man, rising up and holding out his hand. "Keep your eye on Dimsdale and don't trust him."

"Good-by, my son, good-by!" The old merchant was honestly moved, and his voice quivered as he spoke. He stood motionless for a minute or so until the heavy door slammed, and then he threw open the window and gazed sorrowfully down the street at the disappearing cab. His whole attitude expressed such dejection that the boy, who had just entered the room, felt more drawn towards him than she had ever done before. Slipping up to him, she placed her warm, tender hand upon his sympathetically.

"He will soon come back, dear Mr. Girdlestone," she said. "You must not be uneasy about him."

As he stood beside him in her white dress, with a slight red ribbon round her neck and a band of the same color round her waist, she was as fair a specimen of English girlhood as could have been found in all London. The merchant's features softened as he looked down at her fresh young face, and he put out his hand as though to caress her, but some unpleasant thought must have crossed his mind, for he assumed suddenly a darker look and turned away from her without a word. More than once that night she recalled that strange spasmodic expression of something akin to horror which had passed over her guardian's features as he gazed at her.

CHAPTER VIII.

The anxious father had not very long to wait before he heard tidings of his son. Finally there came a long epistle from Kimberley, the capital of the mining district, in which the young man described his eight hundred miles drive up country and all the adventures which overtook him on the way.

"This place, Kimberley," he said in his letter, "has grown into a fair-sized town, though a few years ago it was just a camp. Now there are churches, banks, and a club in it. There are a sprinkling of well-dressed people in the streets, but the majority are grimy-looking chaps from the diggings, with crossed hats and colored shirts, rough-looking to look at, though quiet enough as a rule. Though Kimberley is the capital of the mining fields, it is not there that the actual mining is done. That goes on in a lot of little rivers, which are dotted along the banks of the Orange and the Vaal. The stones are generally bought at the camp immediately after they have been found, and are paid for by checks on bonds, Kimberley. I have, therefore, transferred my money to the South African bank here. Keep your eye on that fellow Dimsdale, and let him know nothing of what is going on."

He wrote again about a fortnight afterwards, and his letter, as it crossed the Atlantic, passed the outward mail, which bore the news of the wonderful diamond find made by an English geologist among the Ural Mountains.

"I am now on a tour among the mines," he said. "To-morrow I push on to Belmont's Hope and Larikin's Flat. I am well received wherever I go, except by the dealers. They hear that I am a London capitalist, and fear that I may send up the prices. They little know I bought stones all the way along, but not very valuable ones, for we must husband our resources."

One day news arrived of the great discovery of diamonds among the Ural Mountains. The first intimation was received through the Central News Agency in the form of the following telegram: "Moscow, August 22.—It is reported from Toibok that an important discovery of diamonds has been made among the spurs of the Ural Mountains, at a point not very far from that city. They are said to have been found by an English geologist, who has exhibited many magnificent gems in proof of his assertion. These stones have been examined at Toibok, and are pronounced to be equal, if not superior, in quality to any found elsewhere. A company has been already formed for the purpose of purchasing the land and working the mines."

The crisis at the African fields was even more acute than had been anticipated by the conspirators. Nothing approaching it had ever been known in South Africa before. Diamonds were steadily driven in until they were selling at a price which no dealer would have believed possible, and the sale of claims reached such a climax that the mere price of the plant and machinery erected at them. The offices of the various dealers at Kimberley were besieged night and day by an importunate crowd of miners who were willing to sell at any price in order to get something from the general run which they imagined was about to come down on the industry. Some, more long-headed or more desperate than their neighbors, continued to work their claims and to keep the stones which they found until prices might be better. As fresh mails came from the Cape, however, such condemning and amplifying the ominous news, these independent workers grew fewer and more faint-hearted, for their boys had to be paid each week, and their money was the money to come from with which to pay them. The dealers, too, began to take the alarm, and the most tempting offers would hardly induce them to give hard cash in exchange for stones which might prove to be a drug on the market. Everywhere there was misery and stagnation.

"Won't he give us something' at par- ticular?" asked Burr, the navy. He was a coarse-looking, hairy man, with a brick colored face and overhanging eyebrows. "Won't he give us something to remem- berance him by?"

"Give you something?" Farintosh said with a sneer. "Why, man, he says you are too well paid already."

"Does he, though?" cried the navy. Looking even redder than nature had made him. "Is that the way he speaks after we make him? It ain't on the square. I like to see things honest an' above board betwixt man an' man, and this pitchin' of them as has help ye over an' over."

Farintosh lowered his voice and bent further over the table. His companions involuntarily limited his movement, until the three cunning, cruel faces were looking close into one another's eyes.

"Nobody knows that he holds those stones," said Farintosh. "He's too smart to let it out to any 'em" he asked the Welshman.

"In a safe in his room. This," said Farintosh, taking a small key from his pocket, "is a duplicate, and will open the safe. I took a moulding from his key when he was speaking to him."

The navy laughed hoarsely. "If that don't lick creation for smartness!" he cried. "And how are we to get to this safe? It would serve him right if we collar the lot. I'll teach him that if he ain't honest by nature he's got to be honest with the life of us. I like straightness, and I'll have it!"

He struck his great fist down upon the table to emphasize his commendable sentiment. "It's not an easy matter," Farintosh said thoughtfully. "When he goes out he locks his door and there's no getting in at the window. There's only one chance for us that I can see. His room is a bit cut off from the rest of the hotel. There's a gallery of twenty feet or more than leads to it. Now, was thinking that if the three of us were to visit him some evening, just to wish him luck on his journey, as it were, and if, while we were in the room something silly was to happen which would knock him away for a minute or two, we might walk off with the stones and be clean gone before he could raise an alarm."

"And what would knock him silly?" asked Williams. He was an unhealthy, scowling-looking youth, and his pallid complexion had assumed a greenish tinge of fear as he listened to the clergyman's words. He had the makings in him of a mean and dangerous criminal, but not of a violent one—belonging to the jocular tribe rather than to the tiger.

Burr laughed again at his bushy red beard. "You can leave that to me, mate," he said.

"Meet here at eight o'clock to-morrow night," said the leader. "We can get it over by nine, and we will have the night for our escape. I'll have the horses ready, and it will be strange if we don't get such a start as will puzzle them."

So having arranged all the details of their little plan, these three gentlemen departed in different directions. Farintosh to the Oriental Hotel to give Era his evening report, and the others to the mining camps, which were the scenes of their labors.

(To be continued.)

OLD FAVORITES

Willie Winkie. Woe Willie Winkie larks through the town. Up stairs and down stairs, in his night-gown.

Hey, Willie Winkie! are ye comin' ben? The cat's singin' gay thrums to the sleepin' hen.

The dog's splattered on the floor, and dima gie a cheep. But here's a waukrife liddle that wins fa' asleep.

Anything but sleep, ye rogue! glow'rin' like the moon. Rattlin' in an aim jug w' an aim spoon, Rumblin', tumblin' roun' about, crawin' like a cock.

Hey, Willie Winkie! the wean' in a creel! Waumblin' aff a body's knee, like a vera eel.

Ruggin' at the cat's lug, and ravelin' a' her throat! Hey, Willie Winkie, see, there he comes.

Wearie is the mither, that has a storie wean. A wee, stumpie stousie, that canna rin his lane.

That has a battle eye w' sleep, before he'll close an ee; But a kiss frae aff his rosy lips gie strength anew to me.

My Ain Wife. I wadna gie my ain wife For any wife I see! I wadna gie my ain wife For any wife I see!

A bonnier yet I've never seen, A better canna be— I wadna gie my ain wife For any wife I see!

Oh, couthe is my ingle-cheek, An' cheerie is my Jean; I never see her angry look, Nor hear her word on ane.

She's gude w' a' the neebours round, An' aye gude w' me— I wadna gie my ain wife For any wife I see!

Am' oh, her looks so kindlie, They melt my heart outright, When o'er the baby at her breast She hangs w' fond delight!

She looks intill its bonnie face, An' aye looks to me— I wadna gie my ain wife For any wife I see!

Alexander Laing.

SKIPPER HUNTS OSTRICHES.

When in South American Ports He Goes Ashore After Game. There is no more ardent hunter and sharper-shooter among the deep-sea skippers engaged in the Atlantic trade than Capt. A. Le Sauter of the British tramp freighter Coronda, which arrived the other day and is now discharging cargo at the Bush docks, in South Brooklyn, says the New York World.

When the Coronda is lying in the harbors of South America, from which ports she has just brought nearly \$2,000,000 in gold for the United States, Capt. Le Sauter engages principally in ostrich hunts, and many a bird has been bagged after days of patient and much expert stalking. He declares that it takes a lot of experience to catch an ostrich napping, and it is only after the hunter has become skilled that he becomes moderately successful.

When the freighter is not in port where the South American ostrich plains are easy of access, Capt. Le Sauter shoulders his rifle and goes on an alligator hunt. He has killed many of the huge saurians that infest the inland waters of South America, and his cabin, with its trophies, resembles more a hunter's lodge than the room of a staid deep-sea skipper.

When there is no opportunity for land shooting Capt. Le Sauter—who lives in this city, by the way—shoots at the flying fishes, and at this sport he has become as expert as at the shooting of alligators and ostriches. For the flying fishes he used a light-caliber rifle, while for the alligators he uses a cartridge that penetrates anything short of armor plate.

In a twenty-foot launch which is lashed on the upper deck of the Coronda Capt. Le Sauter goes out along the River Plate, when the tramp freighter happens to be in that locality and does his "marketing." This consists of shooting game from the launch along the shores of the picturesque inland rivers of South America, or going ashore and trading with the natives for choice bits which later grace the officers' mess on the Coronda. There is not a man who gets more out of life than Capt. Le Sauter, and he enjoys every minute of his existence, whether on shore or strange lands, or whether he is aboard his vessel and plying between the two American continents.

African Berbers Are White.

The Berbers, who, although Africans, are as white as Europeans, are the oldest white race on record, says an explorer. "They are supposed to have come from the south of Europe in ancient days," the Dundee Advertiser says, "and, although their language and customs are entirely different from ours and their religion Mohametan, they are probably closely akin by descent. Blue eyes and fair hair are not at all uncommon among the Berbers, and many of them have rosy cheeks and features so like our own that they were dressed in British fashion they would easily pass as natives of the British Isles."

Sure Thing! "Now, then, children," said the teacher, "what is it we want most in this world to make us perfectly happy?"

"De things we ain't got!" shouted the bright boy in the back seat.—Philadelphia Press.

The women are always telling how they dislike asking for money, but did you ever know a woman who disliked it so much that she refrained from doing it?

Grateful Patient—Doctor, I owe my life to you. Doctor—That's all right, but I can't take it in payment for my services.

HURRYING MAN AND HUSTLER.

There is a marked distinction in the latter's favor. "I like to see a man quick about his work," said the observant man, "but I don't like a man who habitually hurries. The hurrying man gets on his nerves. He grabs things up and slams things down and makes a great show of doing things. For that matter the earnest, hurrying man may actually do things, but he does them at the cost of an unnecessary expenditure of nervous force on his own part, and I am sure he must wear out the nerves of any other person around him."

"Now the hustler is a very different proposition from the hurrying man and so also the man of energy. The hustler is indeed a man of energy, but he is one working, or commonly so, with a comparatively narrow compass or along some special line of work. He is a bull sort of man, a driver, who makes it his business to get things done and to keep on getting them done and always with the least possible waste of time or force. There are other sorts of hustlers, men who make a great deal of it and don't accomplish much; but the one I have described is the hustler of the best type.

"The man of energy is a man of strength and momentum who gives him an impression of reserve power. He is likely to be the head of the enterprise and he communicates his strength to the hustlers and diffuses power all around. Everybody within range of his influence feels his strength and works better for it; and he puts his own shoulder to the wheel on occasion.

"But neither the hustler of the best type nor the man of energy ever hurries. The hustler rushes things, he crowds 'em hard and keeps crowding, but he doesn't hurry. For hurry means nervousness and nervousness means impairment of strength, and on a big job hurry is likely to mean confusion worse confounded.

"The real hustler first lays out the work to be done clearly in his own mind and then, with no effort, moves with no waste of time or force, he crowds the work forward to its conclusion, all without the turmoil of hurry. And the man of energy diffuses strength always steadily, ever contributing to the highest results.

"So I don't personally fancy the individual man who, however efficient he may really be, does things in a hurry. I like the cool man, the man who keeps his head and who is easy and deliberate in his movements. In him and in his work you feel full confidence, and the effect of his presence is good in every way on all around him.

"Give me cool men, not men who work in a hurry."

A DANGEROUS LOCALITY. That women office employees are not without some slight drawbacks to offset their many virtues, is the opinion of a well-known business man who had occasion to leave his office the other day. The stenographer remained behind to attend to business and answer the telephone.

The man had been away from the office an hour, when he suddenly remembered that he had an appointment with a business acquaintance at 3 o'clock. Hastily glancing at his watch, he saw that it lacked but a few minutes of the hour; and realizing that if his friend came to the office and found him absent, trouble might ensue, he hurried to a telephone.

"Hello! Give me two-one-seven, ring two, please."

A pause.

"No, I didn't get them. Ring 'em again."

Another pause.

"Please ring that number again. I know some one is there."

"They don't answer? Why, that's my office, and my stenographer is waiting—Hello, is that you, Miss Robbins? Has Mr. Brown been in? He has! Just gone? Why, I've been ringing you for ten minutes! What! What!"

"Well," the man said, turning to a drug clerk, "that throws some new light on women in business."

"What's the matter?" asked the clerk, who had heard the talking.

"My stenographer didn't answer the phone for ten minutes when I was waiting to catch a friend," exclaimed the man, "and what do you suppose was the reason? She says she was in a mouse in the waste-basket near the phone, and she was afraid to go near it."

An Ingenious Question. Frederick Starr, the University of Chicago's brilliant professor of anthropology, described at a dinner a wonderful native boy whom he had met in his African travels.

"This boy," said Prof. Starr, "often saw me reading, and the process at once interested and perplexed him. Through an interpreter one day he questioned me about it."

"Reading again, sir?" he asked. "Yes, my boy," said I.

"Well, sir," said he, "I have often seen you reading. You read books, magazines, large newspapers. Now there is one thing I want to ask you: Which part is it you read—the black or the white?"

Milton's Cottage. The cottage in which Milton wrote his Paradise Lost is still standing at Chalfont St. Giles, near London. The great poet died there to escape the plague in 1652. It is the only house remaining which Milton is known to have occupied.

Important Thing to Know. Professor (examining medical student)—If you are called out to a patient, what is the first question you would ask?

Medical Student—Where he lives!—Philadelphia Inquirer.

They used to say that there was one crop that never failed, and that was the crop of children. You can't say that any more.

There are some men like fire-crackers: nothing to them but a little noise.