

Topics of the Times

In view of hazing precedents, young Mr. Gould may be excused for resorting to firearms.

It also "staggered humanity" somewhat to learn that Oom Paul Kruger left a fortune of \$3,500,000.

The pistol is becoming one of the essential features of the young college student's personal equipment.

That man who eloped with his wife's mother could hardly be expected to see the point in an average mother-in-law joke.

The fact that the Navy Department is to have a fleet in "ordinary" does not necessarily mean that it will be an ordinary fleet.

Tom O'Brien, king of the gold brick men, died the other day in a French prison. The queen of the tribe is in jail at Cleveland.

If convicts were required to build roads there would be less philosophic resignation to being fed and lodged at public expense.

About the only consoling feature to a Mormon who is married to a section of the cemetery is that he cannot be sued for alimony or non-support.

One of the strange things about this "Frenzied Finance" trouble is that John W. Gates hasn't been able to get mixed up in it for several millions.

Hall Caine, in a recent speech, said: "I am a Republican, a Democrat, a Socialist and a Monarchist." As he didn't add novelist, we won't dispute his assertion.

Andrew Carnegie probably is not losing any sleep on account of anxiety for those Ohio bankers who were so ready to believe that he was a man with a shady past.

"Are the American people growing shorter?" asks the Medical Record. Those who have had dealings with Cassie Chadwick will probably join in the opinion that they are.

Edward Everett Hale has given a bound copy of his prayers to each United States senator. He probably looked over the field and decided that the senators needed them the most.

Figures continue to show that more boys are born than girls. Other figures continue to show that this is necessary in order that the supply of men for possible use as soldiers may be kept up.

Prof. Loeb has been making further important experiments in heterogeneous hybridization of echinoderms. And all for results which, though wonderful, are so small that they can't be seen with the naked eye.

Which do you prefer, brown eggs or white? A New York City grocer has many women customers who will not buy brown eggs. They think that the white ones are fresher. Perhaps they suppose that eggs grow on eggplants and become discolored with age.

Sir John Fisher, the new senior naval lord in the British admiralty, is the son of a Chinese woman and an Englishman. The rise of the product of the races of the East and of the West to high commanding position in the navy of a power both European and Asiatic appeals to the imagination as especially fitting.

Kaiser Wilhelm has decided not to bear down so hard upon less majestic offenders who can be shown to be ignorant, intoxicated or excited. Thereby the kaiser is showing commendable common sense. The ruler of a great nation like Germany should not be in a hurry to consider himself insulted without considering the source of the alleged insult.

Freshmen, even in their own country and State, seldom receive from other members of their college so cordial a welcome as has been accorded to the "Rhodes Scholars" by Oxford upper classmen. The undergraduate weekly has this to say of the newcomers: "They are likely to prove a most healthful cure for the blasé indifference which appears with ever-increasing frequency in the Oxford college captains. All branches speak of the enthusiasm with which the Rhodes Scholars are supporting every college interest. They contrast sharply with the apathy of many English freshmen."

Despite the clatter about outworn creeds and the anxious look on the faces of amateur diagnosticians as they sit up with the church and feel its pulse, the statistics are still on the side of the church. They show it

vital, not moribund. The figures for practically every denomination show a percentage of growth during 1904 larger than the increase in population. There is not such a drift away from traditional theology as many would have the world believe. The average person is not as determined to break away from the faith of the fathers as is currently represented. The truth is the pulpit always has taken far more interest in theological puzzles than the pews, and there can be a mighty churning of the doctrinal waters without the church rank and file becoming disturbed.

The customs of mourning as practiced in various parts of the world seem at first sight to have little relation with each other, or with the inward grief which they are supposed to typify. Yet by the exercise of a little patience, many resemblances may be discovered among them. The widow's cap, for example, dates back to the days of ancient Egypt. Egyptian men shaved the beard and the head as a token of mourning. The women, instead of cutting off the hair, concealed it by a close cap. The Romans, who were as a race clean shaven, shaved the head in mourning and wore a wig. The black band on the sleeve, as a sign of mourning, comes to us from the days of chivalry. The lady tied a scarf or napkin, as the handkerchief was called, about the arm of her knight. If he was killed in battle she wore the band in memory of him. Black has so long been the color of grief in Anglo-Saxon countries that it seems a part of the upside-down civilization of the East that Japan and China wear white. But no longer ago than the time of Elizabeth the unfortunate Mary of Scotland wore white on the death of Darnley. Even now the hearse used for children is white, and in England the mourners at funerals of young, unmarried persons wear batbands and sashes of white. A queer English custom is that of decorating the black hearse horses with long, false black tails. They attract no more notice on a street in Liverpool than do the black nets used in this country to cover the horses. A great many sensible people protest that wearing tokens of mourning is a barbaric custom that should be abolished or greatly modified; but when loss and grief actually come into the individual life, one discovers that there is a strange, subtle fitness in gloomy garments, and that they answer to the need of the soul for silence and separation.

The remarkable operations of Cassie Chadwick were made possible only by reason of a disease in human nature which might be called plutophilia—battered for the rich. Had her flimsy tales of connections been directed against any ordinary man they would have been promptly dismissed as preposterous. But no slander is too gross for credit if only a very eminent man is the object. In some inscrutable way it seems to promote self-satisfaction to believe that the extremely fortunate in the affairs of the world are more prone than other men to stray from the straight and narrow way. Maybe there is envy mixed up in it. Maybe there is an instinctive feeling in the carnal mind of the majority that success is not separable from libertinism. Anyway, that which, told about an ordinary person, would be dismissed as malicious or interested fiction is greedily accepted when it is linked with a prominent name. It is easy to imagine, if you are spared the disgust of observing with what an air of importance the hearers of such a story hint to their familiars concerning the "inside" information they possess and descendant upon their small smatterings of the irregular lives of the eminent. You think that a great name solidly founded upon masterful industrial achievement and princely beneficence is impregnable to slander? Then you don't know the deep disease in human nature which causes just such a name as that to be the most easily besmirched. You don't know that suspicion is a foul parasite that instinctively seeks to attach itself to a healthy growth. But Cassie Chadwick knew it, and the secret invested her with powers which we falsely call hypnotic. She appealed to a subconscious force in men against which their calm reasoning and careful business training atrophied and became impotent. Had she used the name of an ordinary man she would have been promptly shown out of every bank she entered as a slanderer and a swindler. But a great man—ah! that went straight to the diseased spot. Human nature went half way to meet a slander like that and embraced it at once.

Saved Him.
"I did one charitable act to-day," remarked the bald-headed druggist as he sat down to dinner.
"I'm glad to hear it, dear," rejoined his wife. "Tell me all about it."
"Oh, there isn't much to tell," replied the pill compiler. "One of my clerks wanted an increase in salary so he could get married, and I refused to give it to him."—Baltimore Sun.

When it comes to buying Christmas presents, it is cheaper to buy for a wife than a sweetheart.



Duchess Potatoes.
In the beginning have just mashed potatoes, but have them very mealy and light. If there are eight potatoes, whip into them two eggs, the whites and yolks beaten separately. When the eggs are thoroughly incorporated add some rich cream and beat with the egg beater. Season with salt and white pepper, put in a dish, round the top brush lightly with beaten egg and brown in a quick oven. Of course, the dish must be hot, and if anything has chanced to cool it before getting ready for the oven warm it through slowly before allowing it to brown.

Fruit Cake.
Cream a half pound of butter with a half pound of sugar and when light stir in six beaten eggs. Now beat in a teaspoonful each of powdered nutmeg, cloves and cinnamon, a cup of flour, a half pound each of seeded raisins, stemmed and cleaned currants and a quarter of a pound of shredded citron—all well dredged with flour. Last of all, add a tablespoonful of rose water. Turn into a deep tin well greased and bake it in a steady oven until done.

Apple Butter.
Boil cider down to two-thirds of its original quantity. Peel and slice apples and stir into the cider as many of these as it will cover. Simmer, stirring often, until very soft. When tender all through strain out the apples, add more and cook in the same way until all the cider is absorbed. Take from the fire, put all into a stone crock and set aside for twelve hours, then return to the fire and boil to a soft brown mass. Take from the fire and pack in jars.

Canned Fruit.
After the fruit is peeled weigh it and allow two pounds of sugar to eight of the fruit. Put the fruit into a preserving kettle with barely enough water to cover it and cook gently until tender all through. While this is cooking make a syrup by cooking the sugar with water—a cup of this to every pound of sugar—and boil for four minutes. Take the fruit from the water, lay it in the syrup, simmer for a minute and, while very hot, can and seal.

Italian Soup.
Cut a raw chicken into small pieces till you have about a pint of the meat; add to it half the quantity of raw ham; a chopped green pepper, a slice of onion and three pints of white stock. Put in a tablespoonful of rice and let cook for two hours. When taking up, scatter Parmesan cheese over it.

Curried Pigeon.
Cut the pigeons in halves and cook till quite tender. Have in a frying pan two ounces of butter in which have been fried a sliced onion; take out the onion, put in the pigeons to fry till brown. Moisten them with a very little stock, stirring into this salt, paprika and a tablespoonful of curry powder.

Broiled Egg Plant.
Peel the egg plant, cut in half inch slices, dip each slice in oil, dust with salt and pepper and broil over a clear fire. Just a suspicion of chopped green pepper sprinkled over the broiled egg plant may prove to make it more attractive.

Honeycomb Pudding.
Three cups of flour, one cup of chipper suet or butter, one cup of raisins, one cup of sour milk, one-half cup of molasses, one teaspoonful of soda and a pinch of salt. Steam for three hours in a buttered pudding dish.

Dried Apples.
These are an excellent breakfast dish. Wash, quarter and core good tart apples. Put into a frying-pan with a little water added, boil until nearly tender, then add sugar and butter, and cook until tender and brown.

Fried Parsnips.
Boil the parsnips tender in salted water, then scrape and slice. When cold sprinkle with pepper and salt; dredge with flour and fry in hot dripping to a light brown. Drain and serve.

Short Suggestions.
Linoleum and oilcloth can be restored to their original polish by washing them with milk.
If milk is kept in a large shallow basin it will remain sweet for a longer time than if kept in a deep jug.
If new boots won't polish rub over with half a lemon and leave till thoroughly dry. Repeat once or twice if necessary.
Lamp wicks soaked in vinegar some twenty-four hours before used will give a clearer flame and a steadier light than those not so treated.

ZOOLOGICAL FARM.
Where Lord Roseberry's Brother-in-Law Raises Wild Animals.
One of the unique farms in the world is that of Hon. Walter Rothschild, brother-in-law of Lord Roseberry. He has a large estate in Hertfordshire, and it is given over to his hobby, zoology, for on this farm he has few domestic animals, but numbers of creatures such as one sees in a zoological garden. He has sebras instead of horses, and drives them with the greatest ease. He even takes a team of his striped beauties to town with him in the season, and astonishes the staring Londoners when he drives through Hyde Park behind his sebra four-in-hand.

His place is called Tring Park, and there is something suggestive of the prosperity of a French seigneur about it. Tring itself is a well-built, nice little country town lying on the side of the last slopes of the Chilterns. From its hills one sees over the rich Vale of Aylesbury the Valley of the River Thames, which runs into the Thames near Dorchester.

The particular interest of this farm park to the naturalist is due to its having been the scene of almost the first of modern experiments in acclimatization. Here the Australian kangaroos and wallabies were first successfully acclimatized by Hon. Walter Rothschild about eighteen years ago, and there they are still, feeding like sheep and almost as tame as domestic animals, the smaller wallabies often allowing the members of the family to fondle them.

There are large herds of fallow deer running wild over the park, and horned sheep with surprising fleeces.

The sebras are in numbers, having been bred from several generations of their kind trained to harness. Mr. Rothschild finds them tougher than horses, and some of the larger ones are worked regularly on the farm, plowing, haying, carting, etc. They show a variety of stripings and shadings.

Like all persons interested in zoology, Mr. Rothschild delights in freak nature, and he owns a hairless horse. It is a pinkish tan, something the coloring of a Mexican hairless dog, and its flesh is as smooth as a child's cheek.

Mr. Rothschild's pheasants are a fine sight. There are hundreds of them, and of the most brilliant colorings, for he has them from all quarters of the globe.

He has rare peacocks also; ostriches, emus and a pair of the almost extinct kiwi birds of New Zealand, the only wingless bird in existence. Another name for this strange bird is apteryx. It is about two and a half feet high and has long beak, with which it probes the earth in search of worms and grubs. So rare are these birds now that Mr. Rothschild paid \$750 each for them. They are exceedingly difficult to transport, and there are few in existence.—New York Tribune.

DINING IN JAPAN.
If It's Your First Japanese Meal You'll Have a Trying Time.

If it's your first Japanese dinner you're having a dreadfully hard time. In the first place, you must sit on the floor, for they don't have any chairs in Japan. You kneel down, and then you turn your toes in till one laps over the other, and then you sit back between your heels. At first you are quite proud to find how well you do it, and you don't think it's so very uncomfortable. But pretty soon you get cramped, and your legs ache as if you had a toothache in them. You don't say anything, because you think that if the Japanese can sit this way all day long, you ought to be able to stand it a few minutes. Finally both your feet go to sleep, and then you can't bear it a moment longer, and you have to get up and stamp round the room to drive the prickles out of your feet, and all the little dancing girls giggle at you. This isn't your only trouble, either. All you have to eat with is a pair of chopsticks, and you're in terror lest you spill something on the dainty white matting floor. Now the floor of a Japanese house isn't just the floor; it's the chairs and sofas and tables and beds as well. At home it would be mortifying enough to go out to dinner and spill something on the floor; but in Japan, where people sit and sleep on the floor, it seems even worse. So you are unhappy till your little nesan (who is the waitress, and almost as prettily dressed as the dancing girls, but not quite) comes laughing to your aid, and shows you how to hold your chopsticks. After that you manage nicely the rice and the omelet, but the fish and the chicken you can't contrive to shred apart without dropping your chopsticks all the time. So, between dances, the maiko—little girls about 12 years old—kneel down beside you and help you. They can't keep from giggling at your awkwardness; but you don't mind—you just giggle, too; and everybody giggles and has a lovely time.—St. Nicholas.

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