Topics of the Times

This ought to be a good year for everybody. It has fifty-three Sundays.

General Ma is not so much to be feared in China as the Emperor's Ma, the "Ole Miss," Tsi An.

President Truesdale says this rate regulation agitation is socialistic. This is something more than a close guess.

Argentina is to be congratulated on the prompt and able manner in which it put the lid on its latest revolution.

Nobody feels quite so neglected as the farmer living on a rural route when the carrier fails for two days in succession to make his rounds.

When the coreless apple gets into general circulation there'll be nothing but the stem to cause yearning on the part of the hungry small boy.

Russell Sage also may be numbered among those who don't believe in Dr. Osler's theory that all men who have passed the age of 60 retard progress.

The minister who told young Rockefeller's Bible class to keep their lamps filled with oil evidently intended to try to make them forget their instructor is in Europe.

"How many men become more popular with the women?" seks a magazine writer. By being half as patient at a social function as they are in a poker game.

The Republic of Panama has celebrated the first anniversary of its birth and established a new record for that latitude. It has run for a year without a revolution.

Too much must not be expected from the movement to tax bachelors. Rather than pay the tax or marry to escape it many of them will be contrary enough to leave the country.

The University of Pennsylvania has conferred a degree upon Emperor William of Germany. Our alma maters are doing no little work in promoting brotherliness among the sons of earth.

Political forms touch the life of the people intimately. Thus, under a monarchy or a theocracy or an oligarchy, a man with long hair passes for a poet, whereas under a republic he is thought to be paying an election bet merely.

One of the railroad presidents says rate regulating will be a step in the direction of socialism. He is probably wondering why the people haven't fallen back in terror. But it has come to pass that a good many of the people are able to think of things that are worse even than a step in the direction of socialism.

Prof. Osler of Johns Hopkins University never thought of the advisability of chlorofrming the hopelessly insane or criminal classes, but he is dead sure that it would be a good thing for all classes at the age of 60. He also thinks that nobody does any good work after 40, though Vanderbilt, Morgan and Rockefeller made a pile of money after that age, and Grant, Lee and Roberts did some tolerably good fighting when considerably older. Kuropatkin and Kuroki will never see 40 again.

One sometimes wonders why college students think that they enjoy certain privileges and immunities not granted to other citizens. An antiquarian has attempted to explain this feeling as the survival of the customs of the ancient chartered universities in Europe, whose students were responsible only to the university authorities of the town in which the university was situated. There is probably something in the view, as old customs die hard and even cross oceans to lands not dreamed of when they originated.

An interesting exhibition of the satisfactory working of the new children's court was given not long ago in New York City. Forty boys who had been paroled to appear on a certain day came into court. They were boys who, under the old system, would probably have been sent to jail for short terms, stamped with the shame of a jail sentence, and perhaps started on criminal careers. Under the parole system they appeared in court before a justice, who had their complete record of behavior since their trial. Seventeen of them brought reports of perfect conduct from teachers and parents. Each of these was released from parole and received a gold-bordered certificate of honesty, truthfulness, industry and politeness, signed by the justice. Twelve others whose records were good, but not perfect, were continued on parole, and had silver-sealed certificates. The other eleven got no certificates, but ten of them had conducted themselves so well that the justice continued their parole. Only one of the whole forty had continued to be a bad boy, and he was sent to the protectory. Surely the knowledge of the homes made happy by the presence of the boys is a fine reward for those whose perseverance made the new court possible.

Were human nature in its family relations to be judged solely by the incidents which are reported in the newspapers, the skeptic and the pessimist might perhaps have reason for the unfaith which is in them. There are always sons who have been disinherited, daughters who are estranged from parents, or sisters who are ventilating a quarrel in court. Yet not infrequently the newspapers also show the other side of the shield. Only lately a brother became the sole heir to a large fortune which was intended to provide for two sisters, as well. The testator left it to the brother to manage for the benefit of all. The heir, however, feeling that his sisters ought not to be exposed to any risk or uncertainty, made over the whole property to them before twenty-four hours had passed. There is no rock on which family affections so often go to wreck as on that of money—the settling of an estate, or the provisions of a will. Yet those concomitants of a death in the family are the very circumstances which ought to bring all the members closer together, and make them more charitable and more forgiving. In some cases, no doubt, the testator himself is at fault. By common consent humanity has accepted the motto, "Nothing but good about the dead;" and if enmity is thus to be cast aside by the living who look into an open grave, why should it be cherished and carried over by him who has received the great summons? Why should he wish to stretch from the unseen world a hand clenched to inflict pain rather than one open in blessing and beneficence? The love that keeps a family together is worth any amount of "justice" at court or of bonds at the banker's. The way to preserve it, when an inheritance is in prospect, is exactly to reverse the rule usually followed. When your own interests are at stake, keep still; speak and act only when those of the other members of the family are affected.

Spoiled children are not all of tender years. Many of us continue spoiled children all our days. In fact the worst spoiled children are grown up. Most of us are spoiled because Providence and man have been too good to us. If we have desired this, that or the other, it has been given us; if our wills have clashed with those about us, we have prevailed; if our health has failed a little, there was much petting, pampering and nursing. Many a loving husband has thus turned his young wife into a fretful, peevish and selfish spoiled child—often a confirmed invalid. For in the fullness of love he has made efforts to grant every wish, buy every bauble, protect her from hardship and toil, and has asked after her health so often that she herself commenced to wory over it. So then when this spoiled child was fully developed the husband perhaps saw the folly of it, but it was then too late. Then there is the earnest, striving, amiable wife who waits on her husband, kneels to receive has caresses and wearies him with honey-sweet demonstrations. Soon the man yawns and his thoughts go a-roving; he expects the service as a right; he grows into a great and disagreeable spoiled child, and his wife discovers Bottom's ear, but perhaps fails to realize her own foolishness in the matter. Insidious and very delicious are these courses of sweets. It is safe to presume that if any of us were offered the same we would promptly take it and demand more. It is not for any of us to judge until we have passed through temptation unscathed. Selfishness sometimes is necessary; coldness is bracing; aloofness is invigorating. Even where perhaps we could find pleasure in serving it is a good thing to hesitate and weigh well whether it is the best part of wisdom. The pleasure we find in serving is the most dangerous cause of overdoing. Common sense in love is worth its weight in gold. The doctrine and practice of unselfishness may be angelic, but its too zealous upholding is injurious to the rest of the family.

Chance for Inventors.

"Allow me to show you the ideal snow shovel," said the wandering peddler.

"My dear man," yawned the suburbanite, "my idea of an ideal snow shovel has not yet been invented.

"Indeed! And what is your ideal?"

"Why, a snow shovel that can be operated through the kitchen window while the owner sits by a hot stove."

In the Doctor's Office

"You say your patient coughed up something?"

"Yes; $2."

"What did you give him for it?"

"A receipt."—Yonkers Statesman.

A homely figure in petticoats may have a handsome figure in the bank.

HORRORS OF THE WAR

The Truth Might Cause Humanity to Intervene.

"To my sanguine and perhaps visionary mind," writes Stephen Bonsal, in the New York Herald, "it seems quite possible that were the blood-curdling incidents of the great tragedy of the Liao-Tung depicted as they occur from day to day and from hour to hour by the vivid, dispassionate pen of an eye-witness, the fathers and mothers of those who are being used so recklessly as 'cannon fodder' would raise a wall which might be heard around the world—which ought at least to find an echo in every human heart—which might arouse the world and cause shuddering humanity to intervene and save the unburied bodies of these gallant men from the carrion fate and stay the torture of the thousands and thousands of wounded Russian soldiers who, mangled and torn by shot and shell, must suffer amputation and other surgical operations without the alleviation of anesthetics.

"Of course, in time this tale of horror will be told, and another chapter added to the long indictment which civilization brings against the senseless practices of war. There is, it would seem, a divinity which defeats the secrecy, the reserve which war offices adore, and hence we know that in one of these trenches, in the midst of this useless slaughter, there stands, with a charmed life because of the indispensable message he bears, some young lieutenant of artillery who will yet relate to a shuddering world the story of Port Arthur, as Tolstoy revealed the shame and human degradation suffered at Sebastopol. And perhaps in the noisome and unsanitary subterranean galleries in which the wounded are huddled there is a surgeon who will survive to tell the story of this shame in all its shocking details, as truthfully as Smollett painted the story of the yellow fever camps at Cartagena, when so many loyal North Americans died in the service of the English King.

"Seeking for a parallel to the daily tragedy of Port Arthur, the story of Sebastopol suggests itself, not only because it was hitherto the greatest siege of modern history, nor yet because here again the Russians were on the defensive and gave a notable exhibition of their prowess in this line. Indeed, it is not a farfetched conclusion to say that the siege of Port Arthur is a direct consequence of the siege of Sebastopol, for had not the Crimean war, of which the siege of Sebastopol was the most striking incident, resulted in the practical bottling up of the Russians in the Black sea and in cutting them off from the expansion of their sea power in this direction, they would not have advanced with such tremendous leaps and bounds across the continent of Asia or succeeded in constructing another temple of war upon the promontory of the Regent Sword peninsula, which juts out, if not into the sea of Japan, at least into waters which the Japanese deem it necessary for their very national existence that they should rule supreme."

IRISH JAUNTING CARS.

They Are Quite Elaborate in Construction—Cost £40 to £50.

There are in Dublin about 2,000 public cars. For a license, says a writer in Outing, the owner pays £1 and the driver for his license pays half a crown down and a shilling a year. Of course well-to-do people have cars of their own. The Dublin doctors who used to drive soberly in victorias now cut about in cars like the rest of the world.

A car costs from £40 to £55, though you may pick up one without rubber tires for thirty guineas. A deal of work goes to the making. From start to finish it takes one month to complete a car. The wood used is birch or walnut, usually American wood. The birch car stands the weather far better than the soft-grained walnut. Moreover, it will take paint, and eighteen coats are laid on. The cushions are nearly always of cloth. Lancewood or hickory go into the shafts. Underneath the car there is a movable well for bags or dogs.

From Dublin these cars are shipped world-over. (Cars are made, too, in Derry; but I was there of a Sunday and Derry was dead.) They go to England, to India, to Johannesburg, to New York, to Chicago, to Springfield and California; the car follows the exile.

It is a pretty fancy and not without a touch of sentiment. When wealth comes to an Irishman, far away from the old sod, he sends back for a bit of home discomfort to make him content. And then riding on a jaunting car is good for the liver. Personally, I like the cranky vehicle. There's a deal of fun to be got out of it. In the first place, the motion of a well-balanced car is delightful; then, too, you can see well about you and are near the horse. So far as the horse is concerned, the vehicle is a kindly one. If the car be rightly loaded there is no weight on the nag's back. Moreover, it is easy hauling, for the horse is well under his work.

We all think we get the worst of it.

Ayer's

Your doctor will tell you that thin, pale, weak, nervous children become strong and well by taking Ayer's Sarsaparilla. Small doses, for a few days.

Sarsaparilla

The change is very prompt and very marked. Ask your doctor why it is. He has our formula and will explain.

"When 13 years old, for many months no one thought I could live because of thin blood. But, in a few weeks, Ayer's Sarsaparilla completely restored me to health."
MRS. E. BUCKMINSTER, Vineland, N. J.

$1.00 a bottle. All druggists. J. C. AYER CO., Lowell, Mass.

for The Children

Biliousness, constipation prevent recovery. Cure these with Ayer's Pills.

The Oldest Living Twins.

Publication of an item from Washington, Pa., regarding twins 81 years old has brought out the fact that Freeport, Pa., leads by several years. Dr. Charles B. Gillespie and his sister, Miss Mary Gillespie, are twins, and were born in October, 1820, thus being 84 years old. Dr. Gillespie has practiced medicine for nearly half a century. He was captain of Company F, Seventy-eighth Pennsylvania regiment, and served throughout the civil war. Freeport has been the home of the twins since the close of the rebellion. It is believed they are the oldest living twins in the United States.

You Can Get Allen's Foot-Ease FREE.

Write Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y., for a free sample of Allen's Foot-Ease. It cures sweating, hot swollen, aching feet. It makes new or tight shoes easy. A certain cure for corns, ingrowing nails and bunions. All druggists sell it. 25c. Don't accept any substitute.

May Never Have Heard of It.

After a stormy interview with Mr. Boodelle, the successful contractor and politician, the indignant caller had gone away.

"I fully expected to see you slug him," said the private secretary, "when he called you a 'persistent violator of the eighth commandment.'"

"I suppose I ought to have done it," said Mr. Boodelle, grinding his teeth, "but I couldn't recall the eighth commandment to save my life!"—Chicago Tribune.

A Developed Daisy.

For many years Mr. Burbank worked upon the daisy, taking the tiny field daisy, the pest of Eastern farmers, as a basis of his experiments, and developing it until it is now a splendid blossom from five to seven inches in diameter, with wonderful keeping qualities after cutting. In the same way he has greatly increased the geranium in size, and at the same time has made it far more billiant in color.—From William S. Harwood's "A Wonder-Worker of Science" in the April Century.

A watch taken to the top of Mont Blanc will gain 36 seconds in 24 hours.

MILLET'S EDUCATION.

Millet, the famous French painter, was born of peasant folk, from whom he had the habit of simple living and a powerful physique. From them, too, writes the author of "Jean Francois Millet and the Barbizon School," he obtained his great tenderness toward the people, whom he was destined to delineate so powerfully.

By working with his folk upon the farm he had not only the opportunity of incessantly watching the appearance of figures in different sorts of toil, but he obtained as well an actual knowledge of the farm laborer's crafts. He learned how to plow and how to sow; he learned all about the peculiar nature of all kinds of crops and every kind of domestic animal; and he became acquainted with the discomfort, with the agony that arises from continuous bodily exertion, with all that a farm laborer suffers from exposure to scorching sun and biting wind or frost.

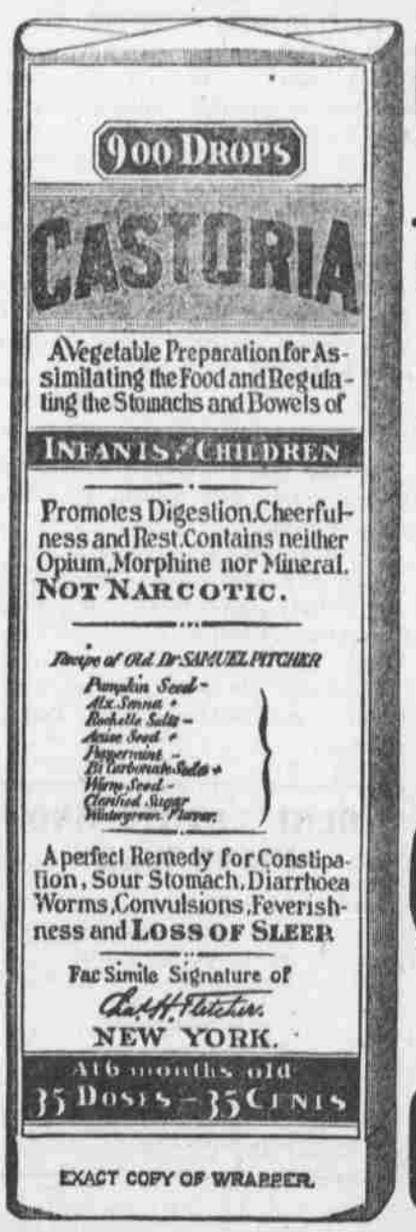
Millet was happy in his instructors. His great-uncle, Charles Millet, a priest, divided his time between laboring upon the farm and giving instruction to his little nephews and nieces. At all times this priest impressed upon his grandnephew the necessity of being industrious, upright and courageous; and from him proceeded the impulse of that education that sent Millet more suitably equipped for the task that lay before him than many another artist whose name has been written large in history.

It is said that Vergil's words, "It is the hour when the great shadows descend upon the plain," first revealed to the boy the beauty of his own surroundings, and first lighted that fire which was to be productive of some of the finest paintings of evening scenes that the world is likely ever to possess.

As to his Bible and Vergil, he read and reread them, and always in Latin; and Sensier says, "I have never heard a more eloquent translator of these two books." Instead of being an illiterate person, indeed, when he went to Paris, Millet, "The Wild Man of the Woods," as he was called by Delaroche's pupils, among whom he found himself, was already a cultivated man. His education had been far better than if he had been an ordinary member of a bourgeois, or even of a noble family. Its great characteristics were its thoroughness, its simplicity and its refinement—the very characteristics that make his own works lovable.

Greatest Things Are the Simplest.

The trouble with us is that we look too high and too far away for our chances. We forget that the greatest things are the simplest. In hunting for roses, we trample the daisies under our feet. We are blind to the chances and blessings near us because we are looking so far away for them. Everything depends upon the power of the mind to see opportunities. It is the eye that can see the chance, the pluck and determination to lay hold of it and wring from it every possibility that we lack, rather than the chance "to make good."—Success Magazine.



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