

Topics of the Times

The pessimist always bites the spots on the apple first.

What has become of all the people who used to yearn to discover the north pole?

The value of a man's principles depends on what it costs him to cash them in practice.

It's a good deal easier to sit up straight in church than it is to walk upright in the world.

A man's clothes are less apt to make him than his wife's dressmaker's bills are to break him.

The palm for neat and complete modern naval victories will remain in the possession of the American admirals.

Abdul Hamid declares that he regards the United States in the light of the "most favored nation," but it is suspected that he does not really think so.

The stork which brought the Czarevitch also brought along a nicely upholstered seat to be placed in the rear for the occupancy of Grand Duke Michael.

The Czarevitch is reported to be taking his nourishment naturally and sleeping regularly. He has not got far enough along to fear poison and dynamite.

A colored man who dropped a watermelon in order to rescue a child from being run over by a street car has been mentioned as deserving a slice of the Carnegie hero fund.

It is understood that the New York sports are now arranging to have some good bishop dedicate a model gambling den, where the poor man can listen to the dogology while blowing in his week's wages.

Wilhelm's epigram, reported by Miss Anthony, that woman should concern herself only with the three K's—kinder, kueche und kirche—is a remarkable concession on the part of his imperial self. It has been supposed that there was only one K in Germany.

The season's drowning accidents revive the old question whether persons who know how to swim are really safer than those who are without that accomplishment. The answer is simple. With an equal amount of prudence the swimmer is far more secure, and learning to swim should not result in unlearning any of the older precepts of caution.

The English Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals recently felicitated itself and the country on the universal advance which the cause is making, and one of the evidences cited of this humane spirit was the fact that sympathizers in a Spanish town were so enthusiastic that they organized a bull fight in aid of the local Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals.

We hear much of the insanity plea, but in a large number of cases the plea is brought forward after the prisoner has been convicted. The public sympathy gained for it is largely attributable to a shrinking from capital punishment and the desire to keep a mooted point open to decision on developments, whereas hanging shuts out all. The best interests of the community aside from any consequences to the criminal, in his favor or against, require the most scrupulous avoidance of all appearance even of injustice or passion or haste in the infliction of penalties.

An English-speaking nation has grown up on the west side of the Atlantic which has done and is doing more than the parent country to give the tongue a world vogue. Two-thirds of the people who speak English live in the United States. The industrial and commercial conquests which this country is gaining tell in favor of the people's tongue. A century ago French, Spanish and German were far ahead of English in the number of persons who used them as a vehicle of speech. But in the lapse of time English has passed all of them and is spoken by more people to-day than is any other civilized tongue.

The piteous appeal of the dispatch which says that 40,000 domestic servants are immediately needed in New York touches a sympathetic chord in the heart of every housewife. Never in New York's history has there been such a demand and such a failure of supply. More women than men arrive every week from Great Britain, Germany, Norway, Sweden, Holland and Belgium, and still there are fifty applications for help for every servant that is to be had. It is a serious situation—more serious than appears on the surface. It is a threat against domestic happiness, portentous of the destruction of family life, indicative of a social evolution.

One by one the most cherished traditions of mankind, or perhaps in this case we should say of womankind, are torn asunder and tossed upon the scrap heaps where lie the forgotten centuries. Through all the ages up to a few days ago woman has had what she considered a refuge when thunder

crashed and lightning flashed. She has believed herself to be safe from the forked tongues of flame emitted by the clouds as long as she could roll up in the intricacies of a feather bed. To be able to crawl under a feather bed was supposed to afford immunity from the ravages of lightning. But at Kansas City the other day a thunderstorm which swept in from the sunflower plains proceeded to knock the feather bed theory into something that was of much less account than a cocked hat. At the home of Nathan Koffman a bolt of lightning butted its way through a window and, having found Miss Becky and Miss Anna, the daughters of Nathan, huddled together upon a feather bed, ripped it from under them and scattered the feathers all over the house. The young ladies were so badly shocked that for several hours they couldn't have told the difference between a feather bed and an elegy, but they have now fortunately recovered, and in future will make no effort to escape the wrath of heaven by reposing on or hiding under feathers. What remained of the feather bed to which they had flown for safety convinced them that as a lightning arrester the feather bed is wholly unworthy of confidence. While it is unfortunate that woman may not hereafter flee with confidence to the feather bed when a thunderstorm arrives in town and opens up for business, it may be a good thing after all that the theory concerning the protective quality of feathers has at last been exploded. If the feather bed will not insure people against the ravages of lightning there can be no further excuse for its existence, and it should be abolished. With its passing will disappear a most fertile breeding place for germs, and there will be one thing less in the world to distress the blameless victim of hay fever.

It is the steady-going sort of worker who gets the most done in the end. It is with men as it is with watches—the most reliable and serviceable are the ones that are steadily at work. There is a Pennsylvania engineer who has retired on a pension after forty-eight years of service. "I have carried one watch for more than twenty-six years," he says, "and it always kept the right time." Needless to say he has been a sober, orderly man. For forty years he has not touched a drop of liquor. He never even smoked or chewed. His health has always been good. The fact that this man has been able to carry one watch so many years is not surprising, although its "life" has been much longer than the average timepiece. All watchmakers say that a watch partakes of the traits of the one who carries it. If the owner is steady, even-tempered and reliable and never flies off the handle, his watch behaves itself in the most proper manner. If the owner is a genius, with an erratic, excitable, uncertain temperament, the watch cuts up all sorts of pranks and is too fast or too slow, or else will not run at all. Watch repairers look with considerable suspicion on men whose watches always need regulating. The man whose watch is always right, "just to the tick," is sure to be one who keeps regular hours, does not eat or drink to excess, conducts everything in a methodical manner, and consequently enjoys good health. Men who partake of wine suppers, eat Welsh rarebits and stand off their tailors are always complaining that their watches do not keep good time. The watch, or the man, that is kept running regularly lasts the longest and is of best service while it lasts. The stingy old miser who stops his clock every night so it won't be wearing out while he is asleep gains nothing for his trouble. This old engineer's watch has kept good time for twenty-six years for the reason that the man himself has kept his habits correct all the time. Had he ever gone out, just once, on a high old time and wound up by pawing his watch the next morning, we never should have heard of his wonderful timepiece, for no watch was ever known to keep good time after being subjected to such humiliation. The retired engineer is old in years, but young in spirit. He has kept himself as he kept his watch. He enjoys the admiration and gratitude of all the officials over him, for the reason that, whatever the task assigned to him, he made it out on time and had no worries left over. The watch that works only by fits and starts is never to be trusted. Nor is the man who does his work only in the same way ever capable of the highest moral achievement possible to his station.

ANOTHER KIND OF HEARING.



Mrs. Rooney—Shure, Bridget, and where was Patrick goin' this mornin' wid his head all tied oop?

Mrs. Casey—Begorra, an' the blessed man was goin' to her city hall to get his hearin'.

Mrs. Rooney—Is that so? Shure, an' it's meself that niver knowed that he was deaf.

Too many people waste their time sitting on the political fence waiting for the band wagon to come along.



"I've heard a good many definitions of life," observed the anxious housewife. "Some people call it 'a bubble' and others a 'vale of tears' and 'an empty dream.' It's not like an empty dream to me.

"Up at 6 o'clock and breakfast to get. I fill up a nice, clean coffee pot with water and coffee, put a well-scoured gridiron on the fire and defile it with beefsteak. I grease up a bright frying pan with butter and potatoes and fill a saucepan with a sticky mess of oatmeal. Then I go into the dining room with clean plates and arrange them on a spotless white-tablecloth. Then we sit down to breakfast.

"Half an hour later I am back in the kitchen, and before me is a clean dishpan full of dirty dishes. I take a couple of clean dish towels from a drawer and go to work. The dishes are washed, the pans and saucepans scraped and scoured, the dishpan washed and perhaps in the course of an hour everything is as it was before, with the exception of the tablecloth. That has to go into the wash.

"Then there are the beds to make. Soiled sheets must be taken off and replaced with fresh ones. The dust of the day before is swept out of the

rooms, the litter picked up in the library and disarranged books and papers straightened out.

"By that time it is nearly 11 o'clock and I go into the kitchen and create more disorder. I strew flour over my bread board, mix things in half a dozen dishes, take the saucepan upon which I have lately spent so much time and compound a stew in it. Plates go out again to the dining room and again they are returned to the dishpan; same old performance.

"Then I dress to go down town. Fresh shirt waist out of the box and a white skirt. Shoes blacked and polished and all the rest of it. I come back and my shoes aren't fit to be seen, and you know it's out of the question to wear a white skirt down town twice. Shirt waist about the same. Dinner then and dishes. After dinner proceed to litter up the rooms until we are all tired enough to go up stairs and tumble up the nice, smooth, symmetrical beds. That's life. The principle doesn't only apply to household affairs, either, if you stop to think of it.

"Life is eternally making a mess and clearing it up again."—Chicago Daily News.

Topics of the Times

A new seed potato, called the Pearl, is being sold in England at the rate of \$39,440 a ton.

Guffey Jones, the "reptile king," living at Annapolis, Pa., has received an order from Europe for 10,000 snakeskins.

Sir Norman Lockyer has been elected president of a new society for the popularizing of science called the British Science Guild.

Sir George Lydenham Clarke, secretary of the British defense committee, has been Governor of Victoria and filled many foreign offices.

Otto Wicke, a prominent New York politician, whose check is worth at \$125,000, at one time lived on 5 cents a day and slept in the City Hall Park.

Counterfeit Victoria crosses are numerous in English curiosity shops. A real cross is worth about \$300 as a curio, though its intrinsic value is not 30 cents.

The Austrian government has decided to levy an import duty of 6 cents a pound from September 1 on all newspapers and periodicals containing more than 15 per cent of printed matter in the form of advertisements.

In consequence of inquiries made in Parliament the British government will proceed to ascertain some facts about the old and unfit horses exported from England to Germany, and "whether their flesh is made into condiments of various kinds, returned to this country and sold as articles of food."

In 1903 there were 4,350,483 miles of single telephone wire in the United States and 2,315,297 telephone instruments. In 1902, 5,070,000,000 messages were spoken over the wires, including 120,000,000 long-distance calls. The gross revenue was \$96,800,000, the expense nearly \$62,000,000, and the net income more than \$22,000,000.

The Danes have a new field gun which can fire 200 rounds a minute, weighs less than fifteen pounds, and has great range. Every Danish cavalry regiment has a gun detachment now. One man carries the gun in a leather case attached to his saddle, another carries ammunition, and a horse is loaded with a reserve supply.

What is declared to be the largest boom of cedar logs ever moved on Puget sound was towed into Ballard recently by the tug Tillicum, Capt. Charles Worth. It contained thirty-eight sections of from sixty to one hundred cedar logs each, or the equivalent of 1,330,000 feet, according to the estimate of those on the tug.—Seattle Post-Intelligencer.

In ten years Maryland has jumped from fifth to third place in the willowware industry of the United States, ranking now next to New York and Pennsylvania. Baltimore is one of the three willowware centers which only have shown any actual growth in the business. In Maryland the center of the willow district lies in Howard County. In the neighborhood of Elkridge alone the output of willow exceeds \$5,000 per annum, while Anne Arundel County contributes \$2,500.

According to the committee of public accounts, wholesale "grafting" prevailed on the British side during the Boer war. For example, out of a total sum of \$8,250,000 issued to the imperial yeomanry committee, \$2,230,000 cannot be accounted for. Of 999 mules shipped to Beira, on the South African coast, 158 died at sea and the remaining 841 "cannot be traced further than Beira." As for remounts, out of 617,000 horses and 155,000 mules supposed to have been sent to Africa, 34,468 horses and 5,862 mules cannot be accounted for.

It is not yet half a century since Col. Drake discovered petroleum on the waters of Oil creek, near Titusville, Pa. The total production of crude petro-

leum from 1850 to 1902—forty-three years—has been no less than 1,165,280,727 barrels. Of this output Pennsylvania and New York contributed 53.9 per cent; Ohio, 24.3 per cent; West Virginia, 11.3 per cent; Indiana, 39 per cent; California, 3.6 per cent; Texas, 2.1 per cent, leaving 9 per cent to be supplied by Kansas, Colorado, Louisiana, Illinois, Missouri, Indian Territory, Wyoming, Michigan and Oklahoma.

The Parsee, or Zoroastrian, community of Bombay, who number under 95,000 in all, are threatened with disintegration by Western and Christian influences. Their wealthy young men visit and reside in London, Paris and other European cities, where they frequently take to themselves European wives. Three cases have just occurred of Parsees thus marrying white women, one marrying a Jewess and one a French woman. There are great dissensions among the parsees in India as to whether the non-Parsee wives should be received as proselytes.—London Globe.

SOUTH AMERICAN NAVIES.

Brazil Takes Steps to Increase Number of Warships.

Brazil appears to have caught the naval development fever, judging from the fact that a bill has been presented to the Brazilian congress providing for the construction of twenty-eight warships, says the Boston Tribune. Three of these are to be battleships and three armored cruisers. Should this building program be carried into effect, Brazil will have, so far as the number of ships is concerned, naval preponderance in South America. Brazil's present navy, worth reckoning, consists of seven vessels, of which four may be put down as second-class battleships, and two of these are twenty years old.

The Argentine navy is stronger and besides eight or ten small battleships or armored cruisers, includes a number of very swift ships, having only deck protection. The Argentine Republic built up its fleet in anticipation of trouble with Chili. The latter, too, started a large building program, but abandoned it on the amicable settlement of her differences with Argentina. Chili has sold two battleships on the ways to England, and Argentina found a customer in Japan for her naval surplusage. The Chilean is the only one of South America's navy that has manifested any marked efficiency, but the country cannot have much sympathy with it, for no sooner can she get her feet modernized than she puts the best of her vessels on the bargain counter, an excellent way for damping the spirit of any service. The genius of the South American nations is not maritime. Their navies are merely collections of ships. They are without the informing spirit that makes navies. In this respect they do not differ materially from the parent Latin stock. Latin peoples are brave at sea, but they are not adept at sea. They are brave men out of their true element.

Ancient Egyptian Plants.

The oldest herbarium in the world is in the Egyptologist museum at Cairo, and consists of an inconspicuous collection of dried portions of plants. These portions of plants and flowers were taken from wreaths and garlands in the coffins with mummies, where they were placed by the ancient Egyptians as death offerings, and from edible plants which were set in earthen vessels on the floor of the sepulchre as the furniture of the last resting place of their beloved ones.

Many of these floral remains are so well preserved that, after being treated with warm water, they can be handled like modern herbarium specimens. The colors, too, are preserved in a remarkable way. The most important matter in connection with these plants is their age.

Card playing should be confined to either the drawing room or the ante-room.

When a man gets too forward he is apt to be given a setback.



"A Christian."

Sims Reeves says, in his "Fifty Years of Artistic Life," that the most perfect singer he ever heard, and also one of the best women he ever met, was Jenny Lind—and there are very few persons who heard her who do not concur at least in his opinion of her vocal merits.

She had a strong sense of duty, was kind-hearted and deeply religious. When she was singing at Norwich in "Elijah," she sang in an inspired manner the beautiful passage, "Holy, holy, holy is God the Lord."

The Bishop of Norwich—Stanley, the father of Dean Stanley—was sitting by Mrs. Reeves, and said to her, as Jenny Lind finished the phrase, "A string of pearls, and all of the same size."

"I wonder of what religion she is?" said Mrs. Reeves, more impressed by the singer's devotional feeling than even by the perfection of her style.

"She is a Christian," replied the Bishop.

Mr. Reeves says that she never, under any circumstances, omitted to say "grace" before eating a meal, and used the simplest English form.

The Lord's Appointment

I say it over and over, and yet again to-day:

It rests my heart as surely as it did yesterday:

"It is the Lord's appointment!"

Whatever my work may be,

I am sure, in my heart of hearts,

He has offered it for me.

I must say it over and over, and again to-day.

For my work is somewhat different from yesterday:

"It is the Lord's appointment!"

It quiets my restless will,

Like voice of a tender mother.

And my heart and will are still.

I will say it over and over, this and every day.

Whatever the Master orders, come what may:

"It is the Lord's appointment!"

For only His love can see

What is wisest, best and right,

What is truly good for me.

Life's Hindrances.

Every life has its hindrances. Each one of us is tempted to think his own the greatest, and to him, of course, they are. But there is no life free from them. There are weaknesses within, known and unknown. Sometimes we discover we have done unwise things when we had no intention of doing them. Some unprecipitated defect in us just found vent for itself, and we were never aware of it until we met the consequences. Even the richest and easiest life has its hindrances. Its wealth and its ease are probably among the greatest of them. It is enough for us to know that hindrances are essential to life. Only death is untroubled by them, and they are a sign that life is active and is encountering its limitations. They are among the best and most necessary disciplines of life. We grow by overcoming hindrances. Our best joy is victory over them.

Where Are the Nine?

How pathetic this question of the Master's. He who gave to all who came healing for mind and body, asking nothing but love in return, seeks in vain for our expression of gratitude. How many weary hearts are there to-day asking the pitiful question, "Where are the nine?" Mothers whose hearts are yearning over the children for whose sake they entered into the valley of the shadow; fathers, whose forms are bending low with the weight of burdens borne these many years for children who have outgrown the home nest and out in the world have forgotten to send homeward messages of love—yes, these, and many more, feel the heartache the Master felt that day when he asked for the silent nine.

Nothing Hid from God.

A rich landlord once cruelly oppressed a poor widow. Her son, a little boy of 8 years, saw it. He afterward became a painter, and painted a life-likeness of the dark scene. Years afterward he placed it where the man saw it. He turned pale, trembled in every joint, and offered a large sum to purchase it, that he might put it out of sight. Thus, there is an invisible painter drawing on the canvas of the soul a life-likeness reflecting correctly all the passions and actions of our spiritual history on earth. Eternity will reveal them to every man. We must all meet our earth-life again, whether it has been good or evil.

Fullness of Life.

Christ came into the world that we might have life and have it abundantly. The cramped, starved, half-developed lives that so many are leading are not in accordance with God's plans. The plant that grows in the shade, straggling and pale, its blossoms blighted before they unfold, is the type of

many a one to whom God is ready to give life in its fullness. Do not be satisfied with mere existence. Reach down for the deep things of experience, and up for those which are high. See that your life is full, free and good, as God meant it to be.

The Safeguard Against Temptation. The safeguard against temptation is not seclusion, but self-culture. As it is not disinfectants which will most certainly secure one against infection, but a sound constitution, so it is not rules of life which will strengthen one against temptation, but a strong soul. One must build up his moral constitution by the habit of moral deeds and high thinking, by fellowship with pure women and honorable men. The chief aids in this regimen are literature and friendship.—Ian MacLaren.

In the World.

A true Christian living in the world is like a ship sailing on the ocean. It is not the ship being in the water that will sink it, but the water getting into the ship. So, in like manner, the Christian is not ruined by being in the world, which he must needs be while he remains in the body, but by the world being in him.—J. Mitchell.

"JIM CROW" LAW COMEDIES.

Funny Things that Occur Since Maryland Passed Statute.

The "Jim Crow" law that went into effect in Maryland this summer has been more amusing than serious. While some of the colored folks took exception to the new law and denounced it vigorously, there were others who found they had more room and comfort in the sections of the coach or steamer allotted to their use exclusively. Indeed, on some of the big excursion steamers of the Chesapeake Bay it is a common sight to see one or two colored men enjoying a roomy section of the deck, while beyond the "Jim Crow" boundary the white excursionists are packed together like the proverbial sardines. "Ah blebe de white folks stepped on deh own toes when dey passed dis heah 'Jim Crow' bill," chuckled a colored minister, as he rested his feet on the steamer's guard rail. "We've got no room den we want, and dey ain't got enuf."

"Dat's right, pahson," asserted a member of his fold, "but Ah had a powahful queer dream last night. Ah drump Ah went to Paradise en St. Peter met me a de gate."

"What did a de good saint say, brud-dah?"

"He sed, 'Wah did yo' cum fum?' Ah sed, 'Marylan.' He sed, 'Praise de Jaspah walls! Did you cum on a 'Jim Crow' cah'?"

The laughter that followed impressed the hearer that the new law was a joke.

"Officer," she said, looming out of the shadows, "what kind ob a cyah am dat cummin' aroun' de curve?" The officer peered at the headlight approaching through the darkness.

"Why, auntie," he responded pleasantly, "that's an 'owl' car."

The old woman held up her hands.

"Bless de Lawd! Ah thought it was a 'crow' car. Dese here bird cars hes got me all mixed up. Is deh eny 'sparrow' cyahs en 'hawk' cyahs?"

An amusing incident occurred on the water front in the Maryland metropolises. A rather foppish young steamboat clerk was in the habit of having his shoes shined in one of the many Italian bootblack parlors. One evening the parlors were closed, and the clerk decided to patronize a colored bootblack for convenience. This humble knight of the box and brush did not relish such patronage, so he decided on a novel plan to get even. The clerk walked up to the rickety chair and was about to sit down, when the bootblack shouted:

"Hold on, boss! Dat's a 'Jim Crow' chair."

"Jim Crow?" echoed the astonished dude.

"Yess, sah. Ah've only got one chair, en en-half is reserved for white people en de other half foh colloid folks. If yo' sit down please jes' sit on one cornah en—"

But the prospective patron left without his shine. Then the sable bootblack turned to the clam seller with a grin.

"Is yo' got eny 'Jim Crow' clams?" "Sho," retorted the clam man, "de shells am foh sech as yo', en de julcy heart am foh white folks."—New York Times.

Defending His Hens.

It was commonly said of Silas Boggs that after he had talked on any subject for a while he "got so wound up he didn't know what way he was facing."

"Do those three old Plymouth Rocks o' yours do much besides scratching up the neighbors' gardens?" demanded an irate citizen of Canterbury one day. Mr. Boggs looked at him with mild reproach.

"Them three hens?" he said, quickly. "Why, they don't scratch, not to amount to anything; they like to walk round here and there and kind o' feel the ground, but I don't believe they've ever hurt a flower seed, no, sir, or any way not excepting where there was so many planted they actually needed thinning out. And as for laying eggs, why, there ain't a hen hereabouts I'll wager that can beat 'em on size. Why, that biggest one, sir, she'll lay eggs as big as—as big as hallatones, right along. You can believe me or not, jest as you choose!"

Perpetual

"She's one of these gushing women; isn't she?"

"Yes. A case of perpetual emotion."

—Detroit Free Press.

Theory is a vine from which facts are gathered.