## TOPICS OF THE TIMES. A CHOICE SELECTION OF INTER.

ESTINGITEMS.

Comments and Criticisms Based Upon the Happenings of the Day-Historieni and News Notes.

The Vice President of Mexico has aine living children. Dee-lightful.

One of the greatest mysterics of the age is where the chorus girls all come ITO.IO.

Be prepared for a magazine article one of these days on "Hypnotized Fi-MDCe." A D QUE L.N

It is a good deal easier to stir up a harmet's nest than it is to find the right shoe to grawl into.

Sarah Bernhardt has completed her memoirs. Oddly enough, they make a lat, bulkly volume.

Mrs. Chadwick should be able to fursish a few interesting magazine artides on "Fierce Finance."

A New York fruit raiser has evolved a coreless apple. It will never besome as popular as the plum.

A New Jersey boy has been cured of tocklaw by "a home remedy." Have teard of loosejaw in boys being cured by the home remedy.

A New Orleans physician declares that no gentleman will permit his name to be published in a newspaper. We refer him to W. L. Douglas and Sir Themas Lipton.

Serry to disappoint Sir Edward Clarke, who suggests that the United sates be renamed "Usona," but most of us feel that we have got out of the breakfast-food class.

Gold is reported to have been dissevered in Ireland, but if this is so the case of Ireland is more hopeless man before. With gold there, England will never let Ireland go.

A self-made man has an idea that I he had gone to college he would have where much more of a success, and a sollege man that if he hadn't he might have been much less of a failure.

Thomas Eagleton of New York has managed to accumulate debts of \$119,-Min, without any assets, in spite of the dan's that he can neither read nor write. There can be no doubt of the fact that Innncial geniuses are born and not

somebody has invented a device reby an ordinary buggy can quicky be turned into an outomobile. What a most needed, however, is some kind at a scheme turough which an autocan, when it is necessary, be ed into a horse and buggy.

smile and took at their wumen folks with a sort of pity, but the fellows who smile know very little about the game and are afraid to play it, for is aimost every little social affair con nected with chips and pairs there is s tin-horn gambler industriously engages in working champs. The few men whe really understand poker have a haby of winning the money of the men whe pretend to understand it, so the large majority of men know nothing about the game further than that a good hand is hard to get.

It is an ill wind that blows no good, runs the proverb. Perhaps good may yet come out of the bloody war be | tween Russia and Japan. It is not im- eyes. She whispered: probable that the frightful slaughter in Manchuria has made the statesmen of the old world and of the new reflect more seriously than ever before upon the horrors, the inhumanity, the destructiveness of war. If, however, tue conflict in the far East has not deeply upon the sub ect, it has at least her stirred the hearts of the people in every land and made them revolt against such carnage. It is no exaggeration te say that in every country the movement for international arbitration has been strengthened by the Russo-Japanese conflict. In Japan there is a reaction which finds expression not in protest against the government, but is profound sorrow over the loss of many thousands of sturdy subjects of the Mikado. That the war is not popular in Russia has been asserted time and again by students of public opinion in the empire.

The startling information that immigrants are coming to New York more rapidly than they can be disposed of with anything like convenience is off set somewhat by the fact that there is a large exodus from this country te can easily drift back and forth as tem camp." perature prompts. A little money earned in America enables them to take ad-

vantage of low steerage rates and to spend the winter in the milder home States regulars." climate. The thrifty Scandinavians finds large numbers of these hardy people making a trip to the fatherland to share with the home folks some of the blessings they have found in America isn't particularly soft hearted." This year special inducements are held that there is a loud demand for men to till the soil, to work in the mines and to engage in promising manufactures. Scandinavia finds she has un rious rattle. developed resources of her own and

is begging them to return. The French turned. and English are following suit, al-



CHAPTER XVII.-(Continued.) Quayle was lying prone and motioness on the ground, some five or six paces from her. His hands were stretched out

to their full length, and his face was buried in the grass. Henri had slid into a crouching position against the side of the hut, and he stared at her with glassy "Are you hurt badly ?"

There was no reply, but the eyes seemed to glare at her reproachfully. She was about to rise, so as to be able to assure herself if help were possible for the wounded man, when another line of figures came toward her out of the haze, and before she was aware of so near a made statesmen and rulers think more presence, a Federal officer stood before

"What's this?" exclaimed the officer. 'A civilian wounded, and a woman just frightened to death!"

Helene looked up and rose. She knew not what to say, nor what to do. The officer was a tall man, with a jovial, square face, on every line of which creamed good humor as rich as his brogue.

"Where's the rest of yez?" the officer continued. "Where's the Rebs?"

"I don't know," replied Helene, timidly. "If you mean where are the Southern soldiers, there are none about here."

"None!" cried the Irishman. "Shure, an it isn't you two that have been kickin' up all this bother. Why, here's another wan of thim, an' he'll niver fight no more. Is it fightin' among yerselves ye've bcen?"

Helene knew not what to answer; but the Irishman seemed inclined to continue the conversation by himself.

"Faix, an' I know what ye are. It' a peck o' rebel spies ye are, the whole different countries of Europe. Greeks boilin' lot o' yez, and it's hangin' yez and Italians belong to the class that they'll be afther when they get yez into you to the hospital at Savage Station on

"Indeed, I am no spy," replied Helene "I came here with the hope of being able to see a dear friend in the United States service, Captain Denon, of the United

"Ye'll be tellin' that to the marines, or usually plan some time beforehand for to the gineral when you see him," retorta generous visit home. Each winter ed the officer, "and Oi've got no toime to be wastin' of it here wid yez. Here, Oi'll take 'ye back to the guard-house. Ye can pitch yer tale to the provost marshal. He's a nice man, he is, though he

Helene felt amused rather than frightout to them to return to Norway and ened when the Irishman, without further Sweden, for the northern country has ado, slipped his arm through hers and been so far depleted of its best blood led her away toward the creek. They were walking across the field which separated them from the trees by the creek side, when the firing, which had nearly ceased, on a sudden burst out with a fu-

"Halloo!" exclaimed the Irishman. plenty of work for her sturdy sons and "An' what's this?" He stopped and

Voller olley crashed out in the

last saw him, her eyes for the first time. recognized the room in which she lay. It was her own room in Richmond. She feebly pondered how she came to be there, and why she had left it, and how she had got back again, and the effort fatigued her so that she could only smile sadly, and Jack said:

"There now! We must not trouble you too much as yet. Try to get better quickly."

With that he pressed her hot hand and stole away on tiptoe. After that Helene rapidly improved, and commenced to question the faithful Sue. The good woman could give Helene but little explanation except that she had been brought home, wounded and III; that Mas'r Jack had come back again, and that mas'r himself, meaning Col. Adams, was expected to arrive that very afternoon

But the doctor refused to allow further questionings, and it was not until some days later that, finding that Helene had become stronger, he withdrew his veto. Then Adams came to see her for the first time, accompanied by Walter. The old soldier stood for a few moments by her bedside, sad and silent, looking into the big, dark-blue eyes.

"You have been through great dangers, my dear," he said. "At present we only ask you to get well quickly, for when you are strong enough I am going to take you far away from here."

She looked at him more tenderly than she had ever done before. "You are all so good to me," she said. "I don't wish to go away again. I have been punished for leaving this place. How did I come back here?"

"You were brought back by myself," said Walter. "You were wounded, and in a high fever, when the Yankees sent the second day of the seven days' battle There Denon and myself took charge of you. Two days afterward our men drove the Yankees away, and captured the station with all the sick and wounded there. Then, of course, I lost no time in sending you here."

And Denon ?" asked Helene.

"He is still with the Yankees," said Jack, sadly. "He would not even allow his love for you to interfere with what he considered his duty. I suppose he is at Harris' Landing now with his regiment."

"There, now!" interposed Adams, " see you are becoming hot and flushed. my dear, and I shall forbid all further conversation except one thing that I am going to tell you. The Confederate gov-ernment has asked me to undertake an important mission to Europe, and I have been allowed to select Jack as my secretary. As soon as you are strong enough to be able to travel, we will start. Jack has much to tell you, but all this will the palace to Helene's mansion, Helene keep until you are really strong enough to hear it all On one dark and moonless night of September in that same year, half a dozen persons, Adams, Walter and Helene among them, were standing on the deck of a steamer which had crept out from Wilmington toward the open sea. Every light on board was extinguished. Conversation was carried on in the lowest whispers. The throb of the engines, and the rush of the waves were the only sounds audible. The steamer dashed on over the placid sea, and every eye on board was strained toward two lights which shone in the distance some three or four miles to the right. Still the steamer rushed on. Soon the lights changed position from a little to the front to a position abreast, and then receded and they could only be seen aft of the steamer. As the ship advanced out into the inky darkness, those on board seemed to breathe more freely. "They have not noticed us," whispered Walter to Adams, "and I think now we are safe." At last the lights disappeared altogether, and the captain came from the bridge to where Adams stood, and said: "We are all right now. Before daylight we shall be miles and miles away from them." "So that's what you call running the blockade," said Helene, "running the blockade at sea? It is not half as exciting as running the gantlet of the Federal pickets." "No," said Jack, "not when there is a brave and clever captain to guide you instead of a traitor.' "No reproaches, sir, if you please," remonstrated Helene. "By the way, you promised to reveal to me that mighty seeret about myself as soon as we were fairly on the road to England." "There will be plenty of time for that to-morrow," interposed Adams. "You have had enough excitement for tonight." "What!" interposed Helene, "it is again put off? Am I not to go to sleep enjoying the little fairy tale I have been promised ?" "No fairy tale," said Jack, "unless an immense fortune, and you the absolute and only mistress of it, and an honored name can be made the subject of a fairy tale."

side of the great entrance, where riage after carriage drove up, dia ed its load of fair ladies and go gentlemen, and then drove away to make room for another, and and and yet another, until there seemed be no end of the mass of bediamo women, and of men glittering in stat and decorations, who had come to pay homage to the last and the littlest of the French Caesars.

He, the great one, seemed weary the incense and the adulation. He ha stroiled out into the garden, leaning heavily upon a stick with one hand, while through his free arm was drawn th tiny, daintily gloved hand of a lade whom all the women envied and hate for the exceeding favor of which a was the recipient, and at whom all the men stared as if their heaven lay in he eyes, and whom they vowed the mo leautiful and the most bewitching of a the women there.

Not a very young woman, either, b tall and stately-in the later thirtie though she showed none of the ravage of advancing time. She carried her hea as if she had been born to a three The large, limpid, dark blue eyes seem set into her head for the express purpe ot thrilling the hearts of men.

"That English woman again." a wom in whispered behind a fan of pricelens ace

"That Miss Berinquay," said anothe "What right has she to come here t usurp the place which ought to belong t French woman? Cau't she be satis fied with her millions, and her conquest and stay in her cold and foggy Eng land?"

"That's just it," sneered the lady with the gorgeous fan. "She doesn't like to stay in her foggy England, where th men are as unattractive as the climate and the women worse than both."

"You say that because you are jealons duchess," whispered a tall and stately old gentleman with his breast covere with stars and orders. "Miss Berinquag is as charming us she is beautiful, an she is lovely enough to captivate even at emperor."

Her grace drew up her shoulders with contemptuous shrug. In the meantime he object of all this envy and petty hatred walked by the side of the lord o many hosts, as if she had been use during all her life to such companionship She knew that all eyes were upon her and she would not have been a woman had that fact not made her bosom thril with pleasure. Of her it could be truly said that she had come, been seen, and had conquered.

She flashed upon the horizon of sock ety like a resplendent meteor. The remance of her story; her years of obscur ity, when she lived ignorant of her own name and parentage; the millions she had wrested from the rapacious Court of Chancery after a struggle of many years her own beauty-all these would have made her a remarkable woman, even I her force of character had not compelle attention. Adams' teaching had not fail en upon a barren soil, although the Los isianian had never expected to gather . rich a harvest.

That evening, as they drove home from sat looking at the sky, pondering over the vicissitudes of fate. Adams sat next to her, also wrapped in thought.

There are only 25 privates in the many of Panama, which causes the Few York Tribune to scoff at the idea That there may be any serious interissuace with work on the interoceanic example. Let us not be foolishly overcaudident. Who knows how many offierrs there are in the army of Pan-ANIA I

Propite the assertion which has high been iterated that the President the United States has more power Them the King of England, says the fundon Transcript, the truth remains that the King has privileges in the waring red neckties and plumsived breeches that no chief executhis country would dare as-

hay woman can take up a new fad. the "dress record," for its basis is merely a stout scrap book, into which the owner pins a piece of each new trees she gets, and appends a memorundum of the cost of the dress and the mercial occasions on which it was vern. If ever the memorandum has \* record that the girl made the dress dersalf, made it over once, and wore it 70 times between May 20, 1903, and sapt. 1, 1904-well, she might not like m put the fact before the public, but the need never fear that it will repel a was who thinks of marrying her.

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Chicago newspapers declare that that sty will soon build a subway for simest cars and foot passengers which will de as fine as that in New York, geowen more extensive. If it is done Twill place Chicago in the novel posiden of having streets four stories high. Party feet down below many of the dreets run miles of subway already. in branching tunnels in which runs memoctric railway for carrying freight to Boutaess houses. Electric wires and pt and water pipes also use this tun-The new subway will be over then will come as now the level writace of the street, and above that the elevated railroads.

The women believe that every man mawre all about poker, but only a few mm de. It is true, however, that neary every man pretends to understand he game thoroughly. When there is he wedged his way to the rear plat a poker joke at a theater all the men form.-Chicago Inter Octan.

though in not so great numbers. Sc when the influx of homeseekers is

looked upon will something of anxiety the other phase of the situation is also to be taken into account. This going back and forth of native Europeans has advantages that are quite as im portant in their way as is the interchange of scholarships among differ ent nations of which so much has beer said in praise of late. These emigrants carry home the principles and ideas they have gained in America, the thrift

ler habits, the higher ideals. Their views may be crude and often errone ous, but they are far broader and more accurate than they would be if these persons remained permanently in either country. The same is true of their sympathies. Frequent interchange of visits between Europeans and Americans, to whatever status of society they may belong, tends to a better un

derstanding between the different coun tries and a better prospect of peace and good will among the different na tions.

## H 'a a Vegetarian

After a thin, pale man and a big forld man had been engaged in s warm discussion for a time on a sub urban trolley car the other evening the smaller and more peppery of the two made it apparent that he wanted all those present for an audience.

"I am a vegetarian!" he shouted. " never saw one of your beef eaters ye that could think clearly or reason intel ligently."

Then some of the indignant passen gers who did not agree with him and resented his sweeping assertions came in with their voluntaries.

"Hair's just the color of a carrot, chuckled the fat man.

"Nose is a little reddish," said the young man in evening dress.

"And something of a 'turnup.'" tit tered the pretty girl hanging to the same strap.

"Bet he's a beat," snorted the butcher.

"Regular 'punkin 'ead.' " growled the Englishman who had eaten many an OX.

The vanquished vegetarian raised parsnip-shaped finger to the conductor The parson in the corner murmured Lettuce have peas," and the tittering girl ended the fusiliade by requesting now, I think, and we shall soon have you the little man not to "squash" her as

wood, and at the same moment bullets came singing toward them.

"Oi thought so!" exclaimed the Irishman. "It's in the woods they've been hiding, these rebels of yours, and our men have just roused them out."

The bullets hissed by them more furiously, and the edge of the forest grew alive with flashes, and Helene could see the dim figures of the Federal skirm-Ishers running back, having evidently come upon a stronger force of the inclosing Southern outposts.

While Helene looked on with a vague sense of awe weighing on her disturbed mind, she felt a sting in her shoulder. and putting up her hand, withdrew it the uext moment moist with blood. Then she grew giddy, and her sight seemed to fail her. At the same moment she staggered, and would have fallen to the ground had not the officer caught her in his arms.

"Poor woman!" said the Irishman. "It's her first foight, an' she's wounded already. Let me see! What was the man's name she was lookin' afther? Captain Denon. Well, I had betther let Captain Denon know about this."

He took the limp figure in his arms as If she had been a child, totally heedless of the bullets that whirred about him. He could not have been more careful or gentle had Helene been his own daughter.

## CHAPTER XVIII.

When Helene next recovered consciousness she was lying on a comfortable bed in a nice, bright, cozy room, and Suc, her own faithful, trusty Sue, was sitting by her bedside with a great fan, and Helene felt neither the pain nor the thirst which she had last remembered.

She gazed around the room, and saw the brightly papered walls, and the clean lace curtains, and the pictures, and they seemed familiar to her. Her weak mind wondered and questioned where she was, and seeing the tears running down Sue's black face, Helene smiled and said:

"Why are you crying, Sue?" Whereupon the good old Sue jumped up as in an ecstasy, and dropped her fan, and clapped her hands and cried: "She's spoken! Missy's speakin' again.

Mas'r Jack! Mas'r Jack!" And Helene's astonishment increased

when Walter appeared at the door. Walter was paler, and his face was thinner than when she had last seen him. There was a haggard, pain-stretched look about his eyes, and a white bandage surrounded a part of his head. He came to the bedside and took Helene's hand and said: "I am so glad that you are a little

better. You will be progresing famously well and up again."

asked herself where he was when she arms and the armor of a thousand cuiras-

## CHAPTER XIX.

It was a lovely summer night in the year of grace 1870, and the pale sickle of the moon shone from an unspecked heaven upon a scene of pomp and gaudy glory such as could not have been surpassed even in the gay capital of the most frivolous nation upon the earth.

The windows of the Tuileries were ablaze with a myriad of opalescent lights. And as Helene looked at Walter, and The rays of the moon flashed on the

His own success was his punishment He had taught Helene to be armed at a points against men. He had laid his heart bare to her, and left her boson as cold as chilled steel. Helene was grateful to him, and he believed that in her own haughty way she liked him He said to himself, what more could he expect? How could he hope that a wome an in the prime of her life and beauty would link herself to an old man who was fast advancing toward the grave?

"This has been a great night for you my dear," he said. "Are you happy now?"

"Happy?" she replied, with a deep sigh. "I suppose I ought to be happy. When Helene reached her boudoir she found on her little table the usual evening's batch of letters. She was tired and languid, and she expected no missive which particularly interested her. Some how or other curiosity seized her while her maid was busy attending her, and she opened one letter, a seemingly formal commercial one.

It was not about an extremely important business, but one upon which she had set her heart. At the back of her mansion was situated a house surrounde ed by some noble old chestnut trees. It had been standing empty for she knew not how long, when one day Helene no ticed people going over it, evidently ex amining it for the purpose of purchase or hire.

She said to herself that she would not like to have neighbors so close to her The windows of that house overlooked her own, and from the balcony at the back every spot of her garden was obt servable. She had sent Mr. Robert Berinquay-who transacted all her ordinary business with which she did not wind to trouble Adams-to the firm of agenti who had the place for disposal. The firm had promised an immediate 2.0 swer, and it was in her hands.

"We are sorry," they said, "that we cannot accept your proposal for the pur chase of the mansion and grounds of 9 Rue Lord Byron, as they have just been bought by a gentleman from Colorado-Mr. Roberts."

"Bother!" exclaimed Helene. "Why did I open that wretched letter? wonder who this Mr. Roberts can be You hear about him everywhere. He subscribed fifteen thousand france to the relief fund of the miners, five thousand france more than I gave. He bought the Sevres vase which I wanted so much over my hid. Ah! I wish I had not opened that letter."

She went to bed very unhappy indeed, All the glories of the past evening were embittered by the sting of that little dis appointment.

(To be continued.)