

TOPICS OF THE TIMES.

A CHOICE SELECTION OF INTERESTING ITEMS.

Comments and Criticisms Based Upon the Happenings of the Day—Historical and News Notes.

A man who went fishing every day for seventy years is dead. May he be easy.

Gasoline locomotives are coming next. Is the public ready to exchange smoke for smell?

Seedless watermelons are being raised in New Mexico. Hurrah! Now for the wormless cherry.

Let's not worry because Marie Corcell says she loathes America. It won't hurt America and may do Marie good.

When a man's spelling differs from Webster's these days it is hard to tell whether he is an illiterate or only a reformer.

In an article on dynamite Samuel Hopkins Adams says: "The finished type of the dynamiter is the man who has had the ability to rise."

"Let us help those who have not as much as we have," says young John D. He will not have to look far for people who are in the sad fix he refers to.

Stensland's confession that it took him ten years to steal \$500,000 doesn't improve the looks of the eagle-eyed bank examiners, who took longer than that to find it out.

The president of an Ohio college says slang is the effervescence of a vacant mind. It will be news to some people that there can be effervescence where there is nothing to effervesce.

In view of the number of unsuccessful plots to kill the Czar, the conclusion is forced that Fate has something big for that man to do, if he can ever muster up courage enough to do it.

The New York typewriter girl who refused to marry her millionaire employer a few days ago no doubt prefers being dictated to for a salary to being bossed around for nothing.

Four thousand eight hundred and sixty-five people were killed while walking the tracks of the American railways in 1905. It must have been an exceptionally bad year in the theatrical business.

According to the figures of the Agricultural Department, an automobile goes into the scrap heap in two years. When it goes into telegraph poles and ditches it makes the trip quicker, of course.

Cassie Chadwick has decided not to continue her case any further. She says she will serve her ten years' sentence in the Ohio penitentiary unless she can secure a pardon. Everybody will appreciate the generosity of Cassie in making this concession.

The London County Council has passed a law which makes the throwing of banana skin on the sidewalk a misdemeanor punishable by a fine of 40 shillings. It generally costs more than that to repair the damages of the man who steps on a banana peel.

New Jersey judges, or one of them at least, has won a new claim to distinction besides that of dealing out Jersey justice. He went fishing the other day, and in an effort to make a frog fly-cast, entangled his line in the branches of a tree, and hooked a blue jay that was resting on a limb. It is not every judge who can catch a bird when he goes fishing.

More than a quarter of a century ago Ned Kelley, an outlaw, was hanged in Melbourne. The explosion of a gum tree three hundred feet tall in northern Victoria the other day recalled to the present generation the story of his outlawry. He and his band had frequented that part of the country, and had used a hollow in the tree to store gunpowder. A fire set by a farmer to burn off some dense brush communicated with this hidden powder magazine, and the explosion resulted. What a find that tree would have been for 16-year-old boys who dream of pirates by day and of retribution by night!

Half a century ago a great share of Carlyle's sarcasms were leveled at the great aristocratic canon of game preserving as more important than the welfare of the people who tilled the soil. Those Americans who read his satires and the statements of fact on which they were based experienced a feeling of patriotic thankfulness that game laws were unknown in their land. But while the logic of the nineteenth century attacks on the English game laws was never refuted this country has seen since then a wide imitation of them. Game laws that are confined to prohibiting the wanton slaughter of game in localities where they injure no one are proper. But game laws that protect game to the injury of agricul-

ture and infringe the right of individuals to use their property as suits them copy the aristocratic English model altogether too faithfully.

A few years ago a man known the country over, stood before a New York justice awaiting sentence. As he listened to the words that the justice pronounced, he heard himself denounced as the meanest criminal alive. He was sent to Sing Sing for a year and a half, and all the time he was there the words "meanest criminal" rang in his ears. He came forth from Sing Sing, went to luxuriously furnished apartments in a New York hotel, but still the awful words continually haunted him. The other day with these same words still on his mind, he stood before a looking glass and blew out his brains. That man was Al Adams, the policy king. Of all New York gamblers Adams was undoubtedly the meanest. From the mites of the poor, the dollars of the laboring man, he amassed a fortune amounting to millions. On every side were men and women who had contributed to his wealth, but he never appreciated the harm he had done until he was told by the justice on the bench that he was the meanest criminal alive. From that moment he knew himself to be a marked man, a social outcast, a hunted prey. Life was not worth living. Even his millions did not make it worth living. When Adams came out of Sing Sing he missed his one opportunity to reclaim himself. He could have easily abandoned his former life and began a new one, but he chose to pursue the old course, and his choice was fatal from the start; for being a marked man he was always under the espionage of the police. The fact that he was the meanest criminal seemed not to have dawned on him until shortly before he ended his life. Then he held himself in contempt and ended it all. A sad case, but one that has its lessons for all.

At a recent Chicago Commercial Association dinner James J. Hill retold the great story of the growth of the Northwest since 1850, laying special stress on the increase in farm valuations in the fifty years between 1850 and 1900, and predicting that, despite all our manufacturing and commercial activities, it will be to the farm that this nation must look for solid foundations for its prosperity in the coming generation. It is interesting in this connection to consider the facts about the growth of farm valuations in the first half of the present decade as they appear in a bulletin of the Agricultural Department which has just been made public. The inquiry is based on correspondence conducted with 45,000 correspondents in the fall of last year. The increase in the value of medium quality farms, buildings and improvements included, in the five-year period is put at 33 per cent. The western group of states and the south central group, the latter running from Kentucky and Tennessee to Oklahoma and Texas, show the greatest progress, with increased valuations put at 40 per cent. The south Atlantic group shows a 35 per cent increase. The north central group, including the middle and north Atlantic states, comes next with a 35 per cent increase. Taking farms, not by locality but by typical products, the cotton farms lead with a 40 per cent increase, the hay and grain farms 34 per cent, farms devoted principally to sugar show 33 per cent, and the tobacco farms a 32 per cent increase. The grand aggregate of increase in valuation is more than six billion dollars, of which more than two-thirds is attributed to the hay, grain and live stock farms. Such figures as these show the share of the agricultural interests of the country in the general increasing prosperity of the country. They do not show the better utilization of our farming resources as such. Nevertheless it is unquestioned that something at least of this increase in values is due to just such careful nursing of farms as Mr. Hill urgently advocates. Moreover, this certainly may be said, that the present prosperity of the farmers is putting them in an excellent position to make the most, collectively and individually, of their economic opportunities. They are not handicapped by their own poverty.

Breaking the News.

The foreman of the shop sent to the house of one of the workmen and asked:

"Did yer husband hav a new suit or clothes on this mornin', Mrs. O'Malley?"

"Yes, sir; he did."

"They're ruined entirely," shouted the foreman.

"How did it happen?" inquired Mrs. O'Malley.

"He was blowed up by a charge of dynamite," quickly answered the foreman.

Misunderstood.

"I didn't know young Snobberly really took any interest in politics."

"Nonsense! He doesn't."

"But I just heard him talking for the past ten minutes about 'party ties.'"

"Oh, he means white lawn bows!"—Philadelphia Press.

DISFIGURING SKIN HUMOR.

Impossible to Get Employment, as Face and Body Were Covered with Sores—Cured by Cuticura.

"Since the year 1894 I have been troubled with a very bad case of eczema which I have spent hundreds of dollars trying to cure, and I went to the hospital, but they failed to cure me, and it was getting worse all the time. Five weeks ago my wife bought a box of Cuticura Ointment and one cake of Cuticura Soap, and I am pleased to say that I am now completely cured and well. It was impossible for me to get employment, as my face, head and body were covered with it. The eczema first appeared on the top of my head, and it had worked all the way around down the back of my neck and around to my throat, down my body and around the hips. It itched so I would be obliged to scratch it, and the flesh was raw. I am now all well, and I will be pleased to recommend the Cuticura Remedies to all persons who wish a speedy and permanent cure of skin diseases. Thomas M. Rossiter, 290 Prospect Street, East Orange, N. J. Mar. 30, 1905."

No man is a failure until the has lost his grip and his self-respect. When he loses these he is practically dead.

The man who is never quite sure, "thinks, perhaps," "imagines," "guesses," or "presumes," is no man to trust. His foundations are built on sand.

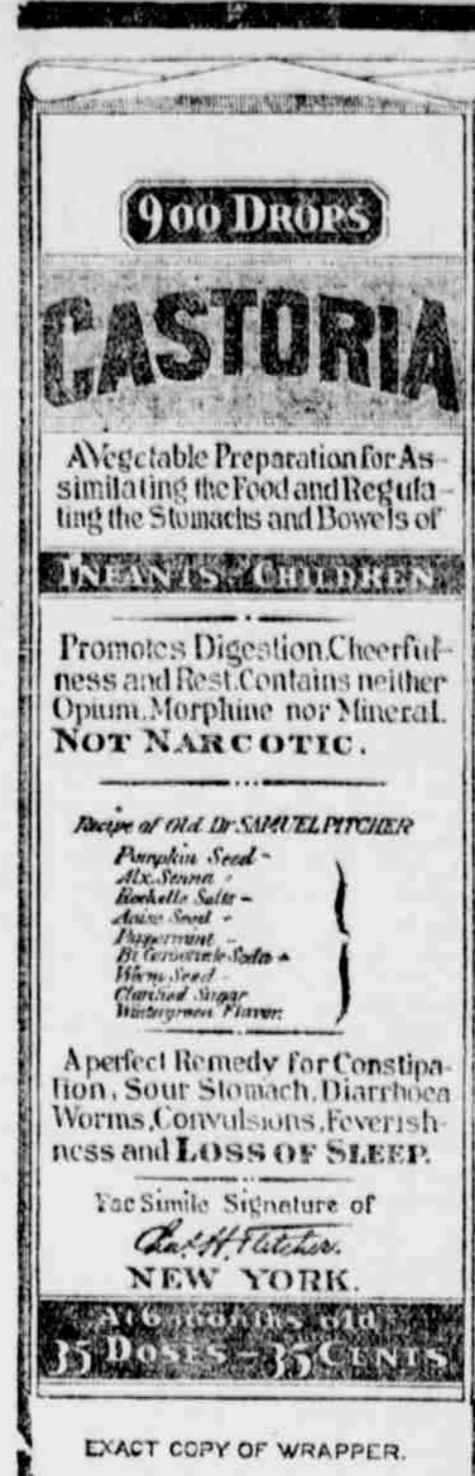
Graniteware can be soldered as easily as tinware by adopting the following method: Brush over the edges of the holes to be mended with shellac—both inside and outside,—and immediately apply the melted solder, which will adhere firmly.



The banner alfalfa county of Nebraska is that of Buffalo, where 27,307 acres are now grown.

Mrs. Winslow's SOOTHING SYRUP for children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain cures colic. Price 25c bottle.

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REST-O Chemical Works, Oak Park, Ill.

To Wash Flannels.
Dissolve a liberal amount of Ivory Soap in a tub of warm water; have ready a second tub of water of the same temperature, also a little soapy. Wash the flannels, a piece at a time, by rubbing between the hands. Do not let lay in the water, but rinse immediately; wring with the hands and dry in the sun.
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THE WINNING STROKE

If more than ordinary skill in playing brings the honors of the game to the winning player, so exceptional merit in a remedy ensures the commendation of the well informed, and as a reasonable amount of outdoor life and recreation is conducive to the health and strength, so does a perfect laxative tend to one's improvement in cases of constipation, biliousness, headaches, etc. It is all important, however, in selecting a laxative, to choose one of known quality and excellence, like the ever pleasant Syrup of Figs, manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co., a laxative which sweetens and cleanses the system effectually when a laxative is needed, without any unpleasant after effects, as it acts naturally and gently on the internal organs, simply assisting nature when nature needs assistance, without griping, irritating or debilitating the internal organs in any way, as it contains nothing of an objectionable or injurious nature. As the plants which are combined with the figs in the manufacture of Syrup of Figs are known to physicians to act most beneficially upon the system, the remedy has met with their general approval as a family-laxative, a fact well worth considering in making purchases.

It is because of the fact that **SYRUP OF FIGS** is a remedy of known quality and excellence, and approved by physicians that has led to its use by so many millions of well informed people, who would not use any remedy of uncertain quality or inferior reputation. Every family should have a bottle of the genuine on hand at all times, to use when a laxative remedy is required. Please to remember that the genuine Syrup of Figs is for sale in bottles of one size only, by all reputable druggists, and that full name of the company—California Fig Syrup Co., is plainly printed on the front of every package. Regular price, 50c per bottle.

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