

TOPICS OF THE TIMES.

A CHOICE SELECTION OF INTERESTING ITEMS.

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

CINCINNATI has a baby show, but no one seems to be able to decide whether it is a howling success or a crying evil.

A WHITE man found guilty of murder by a Kentucky jury has just been sentenced to ninety-nine years' imprisonment in the penitentiary.

ONE of the bills to repeal the standard time law has been permitted to die, and we have no doubt that Old Sol will continue to play second fiddle to the railroad corporations.

A LOVING heart carries with it, under every parallel of latitude, the warmth and light of the tropics. It plants its Eden in the wilderness and solitary place, and sows with flowers the gray desolation of rocks and mosses.

JUSTICE BRADWELL of Ohio was attacked by a couple of footpads recently, one of whom hit him with a piece of gaspipe. He floored one with a right-hander and the other with a left-hander and knocked them both out. Mr. Bradwell has won an enviable reputation for dealing out even-handed justice.

NOW AND then one meets with an exceptional case in which energy seems to have been entirely omitted in the moral "make-up" of the individual; but human beings totally devoid of this element of worldly success are about as rare as brawnless living skeletons. Given a single spark of energy, it may be unquestionably increased and utilized by cultivation.

THE faith cure was tried in Elizabeth, N. J., a few days ago under the most favorable conditions, the nurse and doctor being entirely excluded from the presence of the patient. The faith healer took a baby from its mother, who was ill in bed, and pranced about the room, holding the baby high in air and shouting: "Hallelujah, hallelujah; Jehovah is King!" The mother's death is attributed chiefly to excitement; the baby's to exposure.

HE who is open as the day, who has nothing which he cares to conceal, is pretty sure to have come by his possessions honorably. They stand for earnest honest labor of head or of hand, such as helps and never hurts mankind. They are the signs of his energy, his industry, his economy, his faithfulness, his ability. They reflect honor upon him; whereas gains secured without such equivalent and at the expense of others can only reflect disgrace.

NEW YORK is talking of creating a State forest reservation or park in the Adirondack Mountains which shall include 2,807,760 acres, or about 4,386 square miles. Every lover of nature will hope, wherever he may live, that this project will be speedily and fully carried into execution. It would be a lasting source of benefit to the entire country to have such a magnificent tract of mountains, lakes, and forests preserved from the ravages of the lumberman's ax and the settler's more destructive fires.

JOHN R. ARBUCKLE, the millionaire coffee dealer of New York, has been sued for \$22,000 by a man who claims to have been wronged in a horse ranch trade. This is nothing, however, in comparison with the suit which "Bunny" Campbell, sweet thirty-seven or thereabouts, brought against "Baby Bunting" Arbuckle a few years ago for trifling with her mature affections. Love letters were read in court in that case which would make the ordinary harshness of trials seem of little account to any man.

A HORRIBLE disclosure has been made in Blakupitz, Austria, by the arrest of a gang of men who for some time have been engaged in crippling children for the begging trade. Several unfortunate children were found in the house with their legs and arms broken and bound in positions of deformity. One little girl had both eyes gouged out. Instruments which had been used in producing physical deformities were discovered in the cellar. After the children (who had been stolen) were sufficiently deformed, they were sold to other persons for begging purposes.

IT is agreeable to observe that the Washington Post thinks that Charles Hoyt should be encouraged to go on writing farces which make the world jellier rather than persuaded to duplicate that dismal and non-descript department of his "A Midnight Bell." The Post says with uncommon wisdom: "It is better to be master of a few, than to be minister of many."

to be a bungling journeyman in pathos. As for elevating the stage and all that sort of thing, let him be content with having done his part in redeeming it from dullness. He is easily first in the domain he has made his own. Let him stay and reign there."

A BROOKLYN merchant has invented a new device for advertising his goods. "He has equipped a big Newfoundland dog with sandwich boards and turned it loose to wander at will about the city streets. The dog is unusually large and handsome. Fastened on its back is a white oilskin coat, fashioned like an ordinary dog blanket, except that it is so long as to almost sweep the ground, and painted thereon, in vivid colors, is an advertisement of the dog's owner. The dog seems to know his business, too, for he spends most of his time trotting up and down the shopping district of Fulton street, where the crowds are thickest.

THE terrible accident at Fall River by which three young men lost their lives affords one more argument in favor of the abolition of grade crossings. Such arguments should not be necessary, but the public is slow in moving to protect itself. Whether or not the accident was caused by the negligence of the crossing tender, that does not lessen the importance of abolishing the grade crossings. So long as the railroads are allowed to cross highways at grade such fatalities will occur. The only thing to do is to separate the grades. It is for the advantage of the railroad companies as well as for the public that this be done.

A GHASTLY drama took place recently in the forest of Gremilly, near Bar-le-Duc, France. A middle-aged man named Perignon fell madly in love with Marie Angele Liezo, the 17-year-old daughter of a woodcutter. He asked her to marry him, but she steadfastly refused; whereupon he went one day with a double-barreled gun in his hand to her father's hut in the forest and shot her dead. Turning his weapon toward the mother he also killed her and then tried to blow out his own brains with a revolver. Liegois, the woodcutter, and his son now arrived and tried to seize the murderer, but Perignon escaped from them, dashed through the woods and drowned himself in a pond.

A GIRL'S baby case is on the hands of the federal authorities. An idiot girl came in on the steamship Bohemia at Boston. She slipped through in violation of the law forbidding landing of embeccles, but was finally detained by an inspector for examination. Her worthy kindred from Silesia left her with the inspector and slipped off on their western destination, glad, doubtless, to be rid of the poor creature. The steamship company do not know where she came from or to whom to return her. The case is absorbing in interest and baffling to all who have to deal with it, but it is evident that the original fault lies with the steamship company that received the girl without personal inquiry into her condition at the port of embarkation, Hamburg.

THE "old Kearsarge," wrecked on Roncador reef was one of the oldest vessels in the United States navy, and the name has become historic by reason of her gallant fight and great victory over the Confederate privateer Alabama in 1864. The Alabama had been one of the most destructive privateers of the Confederacy in preying upon American commerce while hovering about the European coast. While the Alabama was in the port of Cherbourg, France, June 19, 1864, Captain Winslow, of the Kearsarge, gave the challenge for battle, and the two vessels steamed out to international waters and engaged in one of the most picturesque and decisive naval duels on record. The Alabama was sunk and Confederate privateering was ended. Captain Semmes and other officers of the Alabama were picked up by the English yacht Greyhound after they had surrendered to Captain Winslow, and they made their escape, which came near involving England in a war with this country. The Kearsarge was one of the best and fastest vessels in the old wooden navy, but since the modern navy was built she has been designated as "the Old Kearsarge," and has been on coast duty. When the wreck occurred she was on her way to Nicaragua to protect American interests there in view of the invasion of the military forces of Honduras. The loss to the Government may be regarded as comparatively small because of the wonderful improvements made in naval vessels since the Kearsarge was built, but this wreck ends the career of one of the most famous vessels that ever had a place in the navy.

A NEW year is like a new baby, promising, but sure to become troublesome.

HOME AND THE FARM.

A DEPARTMENT MADE UP FOR OUR RURAL FRIENDS.

The Breeding of Draft Horses is a Profitable Business—Rock Phosphate Better Than That Made from Bone—How to Thin Fruit.

Draft-Horse Breeding Pays.
Draft horses can be raised and prepared for the market with less outlay of labor and capital, says a writer in the Farm and Home, than any other breed. The services of the very best stallions will cost from \$20 to \$25. The colts can be left in the stable and halter-broken, while the dam can do light farm work; they can be turned loose in a shed or a stable the first and second winters with very little risk of blemishes. With oats and bran twice a day and plenty of good fodder and hay, they will be in splendid condition for grass. At two years old they will be large enough for farm work.

The fillies can be bred at this age and will thereafter pay their way. When four or five years old they are ready for market and will bring \$150 to \$250 according to weight and quality. In training they require no costly outfit of blinkers, harness, blankets, boots, and toe-weights; they require no tuncup records; pools are never sold and book-makers are unknown in draft-horse breeding. Why is it that farmers and small breeders will persist in losing their money, and common sense generally, in a vain endeavor to produce race trotters?

No other breed has ever attempted to supplant the draft horse because all others lack power and weight—the important points to be considered. In all the large cities good draft horses find ready sale at good prices. Records of the Chicago horse market show that draft teams weighing from 3,200 to 3,900 lbs. bring \$100 to \$500. In the large cities the heavy traffic requires big draft teams to draw loads of four or five tons, and on the hard pavements the best horses are short lived when worked constantly. Quick-walking draft teams are wanted on the farms and heavy teams are needed in the lumber regions.

For what other breed does the demand come from so many sources? Do not breed with the idea that a draft horse will do for a general-purpose animal on the farm; better say a special-purpose horse. Yes, for the special-purpose horse there is a demand from city and country, and not from the race track alone, as in the case with trotters. Among the breeds to select from are the Clydesdale, English Shire, Percheron, Belgian, and French Draft, good representatives of which can be found in most parts of the country. The best pure-bred mares can be bought for \$300 to \$500; stallions cost from \$1,000 to \$2,000. Finally, let one rule follow throughout all efforts in breeding. If it is draft horses one is after, raise draft horses exclusively, and let every other breed severely alone. Follow business principles and breed carefully and there is money in it.

Thinning Fruit.
Though the soil be rich, the tree vigorous, the pruning judicious, thinning is, nevertheless, required to secure good, marketable sizes of most orchard fruits. This fact was overlooked for many years in California, probably because, with young trees and rich soil, the fruits, though most thickly set on the trees, were larger than the growers, remembering Eastern standards of size, expected. Then, too, thinning necessitated an amount of close work which the Californian disliked to assume. It was only the commercial argument which forced most growers to resort to thinning. If the San Francisco market alone had been concerned systematic thinning would have made slow progress, but the imperative demands of the canners and the buyers for Eastern shipment forced growers to the irksome and expensive work of lessening the burden of the trees. Those who still resist these demands and conclude to ship their own fruit to test the question of size soon found that ungraded or small fruit did not pay for boxes and freight, while good-sized uniform lots yielded a good profit. Thinning, when the tree is overloaded, has therefore become the accepted way to get satisfactory produce and, in many cases, the key to successful production.—Kialto Orange Grower.

Profitable Windbreaks.
Occasionally one sees a row of trees around the edge of an orchard said to be planted for a windbreak. These are sometimes eucalyptus, sometimes cypress, or other evergreens, and sometimes even black walnut, or some other deciduous trees. We have wondered why. Any of these trees cost as much to plant and grow as so many fruit trees, and they take more substance out of the ground; in fact, the next row of trees are generally stunted. Now if one fancy an evergreen, the olive is a good tree, and the fruit of a row of trees around twenty acres would produce a great deal of oil. They might first be planted ten feet apart, and we would have nearly 400 trees around twenty acres, and when half were cut out there would still be trees enough for two acres of land—quite an olive orchard. If an evergreen is not the fancy, what is better than the fig? It grows fast and makes an excellent windbreak. It will grow with but little cultivation, and could be planted along the road outside the orchard, and thus a portion of the orchard land could be saved, and a dollar a tree claimed from the county under the law. If, therefore, the fancy is to have the orchard bordered around with some other kind of tree, plant some fruit tree. There is no

profit in anything else."—Colusa Sun.

Thrashing Corn Fodder.
As a number of your "family" have given their experiences pro and con with cutting corn fodder I wish to give a method that has all the good qualities of cutting and by which some of the bad results are avoided. Instead of using an expensive cutter, use an old thrashing machine (it won't hurt a new one). Remove all but one set of concaves and you will be surprised at the amount of stalks that can be run through in an hour.

In this manner the stalks are nicely shredded, and none of the sharp ends can be found to which the death of many cattle has been traced. All that the stock leave makes as good bedding and absorbent as cut stalks. The carrier elevates them into the mow, and a given space will hold twice as much as will before being shredded, as the fodder packs in so tightly it is necessary that the stalks be thoroughly dry or the mass will heat and mold. A load of straw mixed in will assist in taking up the surplus moisture. The stalks go much further than when fed whole, and the refuse is more easily handled.—National Stockman.

Rock Phosphate.
The idea that what is called rock phosphate is of less value than that from bone is quite general among farmers. If the bone were ground in a raw state and then reduced to powder by use of sulphuric acid, it would surely be more valuable, for it would have, in addition to phosphate of lime, a considerable proportion of highly available nitrogen.

In fact, however, practically all the bone phosphate made now has first been burned. It is used as burned bone for refining sugar, and after it has served this purpose all its nitrogen has been taken from it. If there are differences between different brands of phosphate, it is more likely due to the character of the nitrogen that is put with them to make them more available.

Bone phosphate, after burning, has no more value than that from what is called "rock," which is undoubtedly the fossil remains of minute animals that lived in an early stage of this planet's history.

Yoke for Carrying Sap.
In all well-appointed sugar bushes there are paths at frequent intervals between the maple trees, and wide enough for a horse with low sleigh or stone boot to travel. Thus the greater part of the hard work carrying sap from the trees to the central sugar house is done away with. Still there are even yet places where good, sweet maple trees are to be found, but with soil so rough or trees so close together that no horse and sleigh can be got through. For such places a yoke to go over the neck, with arms wide enough each side to let the sap buckets swing clear of the walker's legs, is a great convenience. The hands are still used in steadying the buckets, but the heavy weight on the arms is removed, except sometimes when the yoke itself becomes oppressive, and the arms raise the buckets so as to relieve the pressure.

More Manure for the Orchard.
Before we decide why it is that apple trees do not bear as they used to, something must be said about the manure question. It is true that in early times apple orchards bore without manure, but it was while the soil was rich in unexhausted mineral fertility and when the apple orchard was heavily stocked with hogs that were liberally fed and made a good deal of very rich manure. Some of the orchards thus managed bear large crops yet. The profit from these early small orchards led farmers to set out orchards five, ten, and twenty acres in extent. It is impossible to manure such large orchards by pasturing hogs in them. The orchard now needs more manure than it used to do and gets less.—Ex.

Waste Land on the Farm.
The most searching question for every farmer to ask himself is what proportion of good land on his farm goes to waste. It only needs more capital per acre to bring up the productivity of these waste places so that they will equal the best. There is always profit in good land well cared for. The failures in farming invariably result from trying to cultivate land that has not been brought into condition for profitable cropping, or else from trying to cultivate more land than could be kept well tilled. There is no profit from half-way work on the farm.

Was Afraid to Take Any Risk.
The mother's heart was filled with joy. She gazed upon her daughter with sufficed eyes.
"And it is settled at last," she asked with trembling voice, "that you are to be married?"
A flush mantled the cheek of the young girl.
"Yes," she whispered.
"And did my child," the parent persisted, "breathe more freely when it was all over?"
A languorous glance was fixed on vacancy. A pair of warm lips parted.
"No," came the reply. "I didn't want to run any risks of breaking the lacing, even if we were engaged."

It was plain that she was gifted with a wisdom far beyond her years.

What Krupp Gives His Workmen.
During the summer season Krupp supplies his workmen with cold coffee and vinegar at intervals through the day, and such of the men employed in connection with the puddling works receive daily one-eighth of a quart of brandy.

After a man passes forty, he does not care for compliments. He is apt to know how foolish and meaningless they are.

IN A JEWISH SLUM.

Julian Ralph's Graphic Description of a Past Spot in New York.

In an interesting article contributed to Harper's Weekly Julian Ralph discusses the slums of New York. Across the Bowery in Orchard, Essex, and Ludlow streets, he says, is the slum of the Polish Jew. That is the foulest region on Manhattan Island, or in America. One knows before going there that "Jewtown" and "the Pig Market" cannot be worse than common. No one can darken a full-blooded Guinea negro, or brighten a bird of paradise, or corrupt a bad egg. It is strange what an education in the higher grades of slumming the peoples of Europe are giving us in New York. It was not so long ago that we went to Greenwich street and Cherry street and the Sixth Ward to see the poor Irish, and thought we were getting glimpses of squalor. Then the Chinaman came and we looked Mott street over, and thought that foul and dirty—Mott street, which is now an anteroom of Eden compared with what came after it. Then the Italians came, beginning in Crosby street, and gradually building up a great colony in Mulberry and other streets. Ah, then, we were certain that we were seeing European squalor, the debris of one of the effete monarchies of Europe. There could not be anything worse, we thought.

Well, the refugee Jews have come and we know more than we did. The "Pig Market" in Ludlow street furnishes their food. If the latter is as bad as it looks it is awful. It looks to be largely rotten refuse. They say down there—the neighbors do—that when eggs are too far gone to sell anywhere else they are broken up, poured into tin cans, and sold in a liquid state in this market. They say, also, that spotted chickens are taken there, split lengthwise and sideways with a cleaver, and sold at 5 cents a section, entrails and all. These are not pretty truths, but they need to be known. The meat, the fruit, the vegetables, all look blown and sneaked and bad, whatever they may really be. Only two articles of diet seem to be in good condition. Those are the geese and the loaves of bread. Nobody, not even a baker, would believe there was in all the world so much bread as is to be seen both in the Jew and in the Italian quarters. It is stacked up on out-of-door shelves and counters, as coal is heaped in other parts of town. And as for the geese, they are legion. They keep coming into Jewtown in crates by the wagonload, they stand about in crates on the pavements, they squawk in the cellars, and they squawk in front of you as the men and women lug them into the dwellings.

Laugh! what a filthy place is this Polish Jew district. Here again the homes are so crowded that the people remind you of a fallen brick wall whose pieces spread all over the ground, and can only be kept within bounds when they are fitted together and piled on high. Such is the case in all these slums. Think of there being more than 300,000 people living on a square mile, as they do in the Tenth Ward! They get into the houses only when they lie down at night. In the daytime they see one another out into streets. Then it appears that since the streets are full the houses must be empty; but it is not so; both are jammed. The pavements are wet with an oozing, slimy substance, and in the roadways you must pick your way or go up to your shoptops in oily, black, fetid filth.

LIFE AT WINDSOR, 1888.

Rather Monotonous and Very Ceremonious Existence of the Queen.

The life which the Queen leads is this: She gets up soon after 8 o'clock, breakfasts in her own room and is employed the whole morning in transacting business; she reads all the dispatches and has every matter of interest and importance in every department laid before her, says Greville's Journal. At 11 or 12 Melbourne comes to her and stays an hour, more or less, according to the business he may have to transact. At 2 she rides with a large suite (and she likes to have it numerous.) Melbourne always rides on her left hand and the equerry-n-waiting generally on her right; she rides for two hours along the road and the greater part of the time at full gallop. After riding she amuses herself the rest of the afternoon with music and singing, playing, romping with children, if there are any in the castle (and she is so fond of them that she generally contrives to have some there, or in any other way she fancies).

The hour of dinner is nominally 7:30 o'clock, soon after which time the guests assemble, but she seldom appears till near 8. The lord-in-waiting comes into the drawing room and instructs each gentleman which lady he is to take to dinner. When the guests are all assembled the Queen comes in, preceded by the gentlemen of her household, and followed by the Duchess of Kent and all her ladies; she speaks to each lady, bows to the men and goes immediately into the dining-room. She generally takes the arm of the man of the highest rank, but on this occasion she went in with Mr. Stephenson, the American Minister (though he has no rank,) which was very wisely done.

Melbourne invariably sits on her left, no matter who may be there; she remains at table the usual time, but does not suffer the men to sit too long after her, and we were summoned to coffee in less than a quarter of an hour. In the drawing-room she never sits down till the men make their appearance. Coffee is served to them in the adjoining room, and then they go into the drawing-room, when she goes round

and says a few words to each of the most trivial nature, all, however, very civil and cordial in manner and expression. When this little ceremony is over the Duchess of Kent's whist table is arranged and then the round table is marched, Melbourne invariably sitting on the left hand of the Queen and remains there without moving until the evening is at an end.

At about 11:30 she goes to bed, or whenever the Duchess has played her usual number of rubbers and the band has performed all the pieces on its list for the night. This is the whole history of her day. She orders and regulates every detail herself, she knows where everybody is lodged in the castle, settles about the riding or driving, and enters every particular with minute attention.

About Swimming.

A writer named Robinson in the Nineteenth Century, brings forward a quite plausible explanation of the fact that, while most of the animal creation appear to swim by intuition, man is almost alone in requiring previous training to enable him to keep his head above water. He says it is merely a matter of heredity, and due to our descent from races who were cave and rock dwellers and rock and tree climbers. This theory does not necessarily imply Darwinism, or go so far as to demand the belief that man is but a highly revised edition of some anthropoid ape. He suggests that almost all mammiferous animals, when conscious of danger, use instinctively the means given them for flight and escape, which involve precisely the motions best calculated to keep them afloat in water. The hereditary instinct of the man, however, is unfortunately, he says, to climb out of the danger. Hence, unless he has a natatory education, he throws his arms at once above his head, thus increasing the weight upon the latter, which, of course, goes then under water.

Thus the struggles of the untaught human being tend to his own destruction, as is well known to be the case. It may be added that admitting this view, we bar ourselves from any imputation of a batrachian element in our ancestry. Had there fortunately been such, we ought to have found ourselves swimming instinctively. When plunged into deep waters. Nevertheless, in any case, the frog has clearly been our preceptor, or rather our exemplar in this useful art, for man swims greatly like a frog and by no means like a duck or like a fish, as so often tritely phrased.

He Fitted the Description.

A Kentucky office-seeker in Washington who had an idea that he was a distinguished and prominent citizen, when he first came, had hung around and been disappointed until he was in the last stages. Then he thought of home and how to get there and away he went after Col. passenger agent of Railroad.

"I say, Colonel," he said persuasively, "I want to go home."
"Why don't you go?"
"Got no money. Can't you give me a pass?"
The Colonel stiffened his spine.
"We give passes to nobody," he replied firmly.

The face of the despairing disappointed showed a faint smile of humility.
"Well, Colonel," he pleaded, "give me one; I'm nobody," and the Colonel lent him a special for a week.

A Long Fast.

David S. Parsley, a farmer living at Hernwood, second district of Baltimore County, has a hog which had a long fast. On October 28 last when Mr. Parsley's hog came up to the pen at night, one weighing about 250 pounds was missed. Mr. Parsley supposed that it had been stolen. On December 12, forty-six days afterward, he was cutting some timber in his woods, when he found the missing hog lying under a tree which had fallen down and caught it under one of the limbs. Mr. Parsley carried it home in his arms, and it is now doing well. It is supposed the hog was caught under the tree October 28 and that it had nothing to eat from that time until December 12.—Baltimore Sun.

That's Nothing.

The Judge and the Colonel entered a hall of Bacchus and ranged up along the counter.
"What will you have, Colonel?" asked the Judge.
"Nothing, Judge, thanks," responded the Colonel.
The barkeeper set a bottle and each gentleman filled his glass to the brim, bowed, poured it down and walked out.
"Great scot," gasped a stranger, "what do they mean by saying they'll have nothing and then take a bath like that?"
"Oh," replied the barkeeper, with a shrug of indifference, "they call a drink like that nothing."

A Sensitive Creature.

"Are you fond of skating?" asked the girl who was trying to be entertaining.
"No," replied the man who kicks a out household expenses.
"You miss a great deal of fun."
"Perhaps. But when I think of how much ice is going to cost next summer skating seems like sacrilege."

A Preference.

Little Girl—Mamma, if I died would I be kept on ice.
Mamma—Perhaps.
Little Girl—And could I have lemon ice if I wanted it mamma?
"I HAVE eaten so much turkey of late," a man said to day, "that I feel as though I could sing the gobble song."