

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 WHITTLE can draw twenty times its own weight. So can a musard plaster.

AS THE rewards for successful advertising grow larger, greater knowledge, skill and experience are required to secure them.

PARA HUTE men continue to shoot down to the ground and get killed, but the voice of the fly machine head is still loud in the land.

NO WOMAN should be allowed to vote until she has learned to get off a street car without facing in the wrong direction, says the Albany Argus.

OUIDA is said to spend more time in pondering than in writing, but happily the readers of her works are not obliged to devote much attention to that function.

BARBERS in the early days of the Christian era were not permitted to talk while shaving a patron. Indeed, silence was so much appreciated by persons while under the barber's hands, that mutes were preferred for this service.

ONE of the largest problems in America life to-day, says the Baltimore American, is how shall rich people raise their children so that they will be of use to the world? There is ten times more danger in luxury than in poverty.

FIVE man-eating sharks from the Gulf of Mexico were embalmed in Cincinnati. The stomach of the largest one showed that he had recently dined on eleven mulelets, two sheep-heads, a one trout, one gar-fish, and eight other funny victims.

DRAWING the bottom of the sea for lost anchors is a profitable business at Vineyard Haven harbor, which is a noted refuge in heavy weather, and whose bottom is said to be stuck full of derelict anchors, slipped by vessels obliged to run before a gale or lost by the parting of cables.

A JERSEY CITY man has discovered that the trolley cars are immoral. There are several road houses along the line of a suburban car line, and "trolley parties" have become popular. But how about the railroad tunnel and the closed carriage as agencies for the encouragement of wickedness?

IN London there are certain inspectors of work-shops, laundries, and other places where women are employed whereby the cleanliness, hygiene features, and other phases of establishments are kept under careful supervision. These inspectors are filed by women, and their services are held in high esteem. Our own large cities might well follow the example thus set before them.

THERE are brokers who cherish the belief that some time or other the booming days of California mining stocks are going to return. The "boom" that is always coming from San Francisco, but never comes, was expected recently, but as usual failed to materialize. There are mining stocks selling in New York to-day for about the same number of cents a share as they commanded dollars fifteen years ago.

SCIENCE says that a longer life than 200 years is now impossible among men. Such ages as 90 years are in some countries comparatively common, and it is believed that instances of men living to 200 years in modern times have been known. Beyond these years we can only understand life to be prolonged miraculously. Those of us who believe in miracles can believe this if we can see a reason for the miracle.

A YOUNG Lewiston (Me.) business man is ready to welcome the flood of killer's kindly attentions. He was on the train the other day, and, seeing a pretty girl, in whom no one seemed interested, went up to her and did the number act. She responded charmingly. He was happy till a tall, bearded man came around, took the young woman by the arm and thanked the merchant politely for having made the task of taking a crazy creature to an asylum easier than he had dared to hope.

DOWN in Massachusetts is a family who either have had a most extraordinary run of hard luck or something else. Within a few years it is said that no less than twenty-six persons have been properly owned by the family. The last fire was in 1880, which, with its contents, destroyed the house. The owner...

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diary, but said that he had no idea who set it. The insurance companies refused to pay the loss and suit has been brought to compel them to pay. It is altogether likely that this miller's family's experience with fires would influence a jury.

WHEN the Cunard Company launched the Lucania and Campania it enthusiastically called them "world-beaters." Now w's the boast vain-glorious, for the Campania has just smashed into minute fragments both the eastern and western records, and brought the Atlantic passage down so near to the five-day limit that she may confidently be expected to reach it one day with a supreme effort. Uncle Sam must now build some "world-beaters." He cannot afford to be outdone in ferrying the Atlantic and Mr. Bull clearly means to hold the record ishe can.

ACCORDING to M. Eiffel, the cost of lives of any great engineering work can be estimated at least as accurately as the cost in money. "It has been found," he says, "by statistical observation that in engineering enterprises one man is killed for every million on francs spent on the work. If you have to build a bridge at a cost of 100,000,000 francs, you know that you will kill 100 workmen." This statement, while rather an ingenious one, is not, it is-tat d. borne out by facts. Take the Eiffel Tower, for example. Six and a half millions' worth cost only four lives. The Forth Bridge, on the other hand, a contemporary points out, cost 45,000,000 francs, while the lives of fifty-five men were sacrificed in connection with its construction.

The following from the Star of Bethlehem published in Leeds England, is the most graphic description of the recent labor troubles in Chicago that we have seen: "A big revolt on is now going on in the United States of America, and there is little doubt that the Government will be defeated. The dictator, Debs, has been driven from his palace, and he and his ministers are now hiding in the mountains. The greatest trouble has been experienced in the capital of Chicago, where Grover Cleveland, the ring leader of the rebels, has obtained complete control. The railroad track at that place was torn up and thrown into the Mississippi river, a stream considerable longer than the Seyern, and the stock yards, where the Government palaces are situated, have been razed to the ground. The trouble was started by a man named Pullman, who had a stronghold in the mountains of Illinois, one of the most considerable provinces of the country. The man Pullman manufactures a cattle car."

ADVICERS from Adelaide, Australia, relate that six previously discouraged miners have stumbled on a fortune about eleven miles south of Coolgardie. They have discovered a reef three feet wide, jutting three feet out of the ground, and length not stated, one-tenth of the ore in which is gold. Specimens the size of a cubic foot are so heavy that one man cannot lift them, and 4,000 ounces of gold were doled out in three weeks, a quarter of which was secured in a single day. Experts visiting the mine stated their impression that they were looking at the richest mine of gold yet discovered in Australia, and those who minutely inspected the specimens estimated that about one-fourth of the ore is solid gold. The largest of these specimens has been christened "Big Ben." It was among the first pieces that came away from the reef, and is remarkable for the fact that it contains more gold than all other mineral. It weighs 20 pounds and is worth \$1,500. And this mine appears to be but one of many in that region which are awaiting work by the miners, though it may prove to be the most valuable of the lot. An expert returned to Adelaide from Coolgardie gave a splendid account of the fields in that vicinity. He says specimens of ore show coarse gold right through. He believes that enormous quantities of gold are there, and that on account of the cement formation of the country the mines can be worked easily on the open face system.

A Fish with a Torch. Scientists have recently introduced a novelty in the animal world in the shape of the limnophryne Lucifer, but it is a deal easier to call it by its everyday name—the torchfish. He is a deep sea fish carrying on his nose an organ which he can illuminate with phosphorescent light or extinguish at pleasure. He does not use his lantern to guide him on his pathless course in the depths of ocean or enable him to look around him, but when meal time comes he lights up to attract smaller fishes, which, mistaking the lantern for a phosphorescent line, dart straight for it, only to find their way into the capacious jaws of limnophryne Lucifer.

When a man gets too old to laugh at nothing, it is time that he retired from society.

NEW FALL FABRICS.

THEY MAKE A HANDSOME AND VARIED SHOW.

Novelty Goods of Very Coarse Weave Are in Great Favor—Prominent Colors in National Combination Are Still Seen—A Promenade Costume.

Fashion's Fickle Fancies. New York correspondence:

SETTING aside many of summer's gaudier and stuffs are our fashionable women, but fall and winter fabrics make a handsome and greatly varied showing. Novelty goods are on every hand, and there is great favor at present for those of very coarse weaves. They are worn like bur-laps and look like bur-laps, but of course, are quite different. Still, many of them are of a thick and rough texture and the colors are startling, including much purple in several shades. The liking for prominent colors in unusual combination is by no means past only September is seeing a different series from that which prevailed for the past three months. Plaid are found in this style of get-up, and are intended for street wear. Some of them are enough to awaken the echoes. Thus, it is permissible to wear on the romanesque a tweed skirt of very loud bar ed plaid, a high cut waist to match one of the brilliant hues of the skirt, a close coat that opens a mere slit all down the front, and which is of some distinct shade that carries no relationship at all to the rest of the rig. A high linen collar, a black tie and a wee bit of linen shirt show at

made of gray-filk, has fitted muslin lining and hooks in the center. Its folded collar and belt are of gray silk, and the skirt sleeves remain plain. This is a suitable model for all serge gowns, and offers a change from the blazer and ton style. It would be charming in dark blue, green, brown, or any other dark shade, with corresponding silk bodice.

The fourth dress sketched is from brown novelty suiting, and its full bell skirt has an over-ki t drapery fastening with large buttons and imitated lutton holes of cord, and edged with wide dark-brown and pale-gold passementerie. Basques show the back of the bodice, but the fronts are loose and are finished with large revers and sailor collar banded with galoon. Pale maize-colored silk is used for the vest, the collar matches, and the elbow sleeves have deep turned-back cuffs with ornamental buttons like those on the fronts and neck of the bodice.

Highly ornamental is the yoke on the last dress pictured if less elaborate of construction than that just described. It is made of white watered silk covered with fine yellow old lace, with one big vandyke point for each shoulder. Beneath the points the sleeves are very full and are draped with white rosettes in the center of the upper arm. A pleated back and crossed-over fronts are supplied to the bodice, and the hoks beneath the latter. The skirt is very wide and is laid in a wide box-pleat on the right side, in three box-pleats on the left and again in three pleats in the back. A ribbon belt fast as with a rosette, one end extends over to the right, two over the left, and all terminate in rosettes which apparently hold the pleats in place. Beige woolen crepe striped with green, the latter dotted with white, is the dress stuff.

These tricks of utilizing sash ends as part of the skirt's ornamentation are eagerly seized upon just now, and they

are found upon the costliest dresses, despite the fact that the devices are simple and inexpensive. This one is novel and can be used to give a touch of refinement to an old dress.

Tobacco color in combination with dull red makes a stylish fall costume, suggestive of the rich coloring of the fading oak leaf. An elegant creation along this line has the skirt edged with a wide Greek design wrought in applique of narrow red velvet ribbon on the top of the cloth. The vest has an all-over design of the red on the stuff, and collar and cuffs are finished to match the border of the skirt. This notion of making applique designs with narrow velvet on cloth of a contrasting color is to be much in vogue, and will a ways lend elegance of effect that no ordinary sewed-on-a-ter effort can produce.

One of fashion's bolks turns about brings to the fore bits of elastic ribbon heavily ornamented with sequins and so arranged that there seems to be no stretch. Thus the buckleless belt appears, a few women have spent a their's are on buckles. The new belt looks as if it had grown on the wearer, and the elastic adjustment to the figure makes even a small waist seem all the finer. This being the case, away with belt buckles. After all, the waist, not the buckle, is the thing.

To CLEANSE glass bottles that have held oil, place them in each bottle and immerse in cold water; then heat the water gradually until it boils. After boiling an hour let them remain till cold. Then wash the bottles in soap-suds and rinse in clear water.

We don't believe a long-haired man knows any more about medicine than a short-haired man.

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THE LATEST FAD.

Have you got the new disorder? If you have it, it is only a sure sign that you are without delay. It is called appendicitis. Very different from gastritis. Of the common trash diseases of to-day.

It creates a happy frolic. House-hum like a winter colic. But has often arrested our inner organs some. Only practice with the weak body. And otherwise use it healthy. Having got it, then you're nigh to big game soon.

It is a little all y blind and dark as night. Leading on simply nowhere. Catching all the things that go there. As a joke, it is clever on of eight.

It is time to stop and nap. With the acid, grape and apple. Or a solid button swallow with your pie. Having loved on these matters. Then learn the real things.

That are up to end in mansions in the sky. On also are, near don't it. You would not be without it. It's a fad among wretches. But's gay: Old has a fad and parcel. Have de-sept and got it piece. And dyspepsia has fallen by the way.

Then stand back there, diabolos. For here comes ap, uddictia. It's a brood of minor troubles on the wing: So, vermillion here's laying. You'll stand all drastic doing. And earn the application, "Don't work King!"

CAUGHT BY A TRICK.

"It's a jolly old place," said Squire Silx, nodding at the fire as though the fire were personally interested in the matter. "A fine ancestral mansion, as they say in the novels, been in the family a hundred years and shall be a hundred more, if I have anything to say about it! And, Bertie, I'd advise you as a friend, to think seriously over my proposition: it's a chance you won't come across every day."

Herbert Silx felt his mustache perplexedly. "But, uncle," he began, "the idea of having one's fancies and partialities put in harness, as it were—"

"Father," unceremoniously interrupted his grand-niece, "who wants to do anything of the sort?"

"You, I should suppose."

"That's just where your suppositions are at fault. All I ask of you is to come down to the Cedars and see the girls—your second cousins, you know, and all that—the most natural thing in the world. Of course, they can't help being curious to see you, after your long absence in Europe; and if you like either of 'em, and she chances to retain the feeling, why, you shall be my heir."

"And if not?"

"Then," said Squire Silx, with a curious contraction of the upper lip, "you'll have to do as many a better one has done before you—work your own way in the world."

Herbert was silent.

"At all events," went on his grand-uncle, "you can come down and see me and your cousins. Call it next week, on Saturday—the wether, seasonable and plenty of it. No place like the Cedars."

So Herbert Silx promised, and the Squire went exultantly home to tell his widowed sister of the plans he had laid.

"Oh, Jared," said Mrs. Playfair, "you've made a mistake."

"Made a mistake?" echoed the Squire. "How? I don't understand you, Matty."

"If you wanted him to fall in love with one of the girls, you never should have breathed a word of it; not a single word."

"But why not?"

"Because, of course, he'll set himself to work to imagine all sorts of obstacles and hindrances. The very fact that you want him to marry his cousin will be the best of reasons why he shouldn't. It's human nature. Ten to one he'll take a dislike to his cousins on the first meeting, all because you were too eager to carry your point."

"He'll do as he likes," sputtered her brother.

"Of course he can, and probably he will."

"But what would you have done?"

"Why, I should just have asked him down for a pleasant little visit, and let the girls' eyes do the rest."

"Then why didn't you say so?"

"Why didn't you ask me?"

"I wish I had—but it's too late now."

"That doesn't follow by any means."

And Mrs. Playfair, in a mysterious series of whispers, told her brother what she meant.

It was a glorious winter twilight, when Herbert Silx reached the Cedars—the sky beamed with orange, the moon just steering her silver crescent into view above the western woods, while evergreens, veiled in whiteness, kept guard around the old mansion. It seemed scarcely an instant from the time the old knocker sounded a summons before he was in the old hall, his uncle shaking his hand, and four of the prettiest girls he had ever seen gathered around the fire.

"Are all these my cousins?" said Herbert, internally congratulating himself upon his new relatives.

"No such good luck, my boy!" said Uncle Silx, chuckling. "Amy and Clara come here and kiss your cousin. Nonsense, nonsense; no shyness here! We are all one family, remember. These yellow-haired lassies are their visitors, Lizzie and Lucy Saxon."

And so Herbert came a quantized all round.

Miss Amy Silx was a tall, graceful girl, with great dreamy eyes, and a tremendous appetite for poetical quotations. Clara was a brunette, altogether on a smaller pattern, who laughed and danced about as if the world were all an amusing joke.

Miss Lizzie Saxon was a light-haired beauty, with cherry cheeks and the most bewitching of smiles; while Lucy—well, Herbert Silx came to the conclusion that Lucy wasn't pretty at all. Too pale, too slight, too shy.

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rest of the lot," thought Herbert. "Heigho! it's a pity a fellow couldn't marry 'em all. I'll do my best to fall in love with 'em."

At love and laughter do not always harmonize. Pretty Clara was the most charming of companions for half an hour, but when Herbert came to consider it as a life question, it was quite a different thing. And Amy was a little tiresome with her poetry and her reveries. Lizzie Saxon was well enough, but Lizzie seemed to be one of those young ladies who are made to look at only. And as for Lucy—

"Tell me, Lucy, what's the reason you won't go with us to-morrow?"

Bertie Silx had fairly caught the little shy damsel on the broad stairs, where the bars of moonlight from the Gothic window made the floor look as if it were inlaid with pearl.

"I would rather not, Herbert."

"But why? You are fond of skating."

"I like it sometimes," she answered, hanging down her head like a lily of the valley.

"Promise me that you will go."

But Lucy only shook her head.

"Lucy, have I said or done anything to offend you?"

"You? Oh, Herbert, no."

"Then why are you so cool and shy to me?"

"Am I?"

"You know that you are?"

"I didn't mean it," she hesitated; "but—"

"Well, what is it? But? Come, Lucy, you shall not see me now. I will penetrate into the mystery of all this avoidance—this apparent coldness toward me."

"I don't wish to interfere with your uncle's plans," said Lucy.

"His plans. I don't understand you."

"He wants to keep the Silx property in the family," went on Lucy; "he—he wants you to like one of the girls."

"Lucy, if there wasn't another woman on the surface of the globe, I would not marry either Clara or Amy."

"But why not? They are beautiful."

"Granted; but you see I don't happen to fancy them."

"But you could if you were to try."

"I don't believe I could. Love can not be guided or controlled; it goes whither-ever it is sent. At all events, I don't mean to try."

"But, your uncle."

"I am very much obliged to him for his kindness, as a matter of course; but I can't sell myself, not even for the Cedars and his wealth."

Lucy was silent.

"Moreover," went on Herbert, "there's another reason, more cogent than all the rest, why I do not fancy either one of my undeniably charming cousins."

"And what is that?"

"Because I love some one else."

She lifted her blue eyes to his.

"Whom?" she ventured to ask.

"Yourself, Lucy."

"Oh, Herbert."

"It is the truth, nothing but the truth. Do you think I was made of cast iron, or granite, to live a whole month in the same house with you and not love my heart? Do you think you can learn to love me well enough to become my wife? We shall be poor at first, but I can work valiantly for us both, and I shall not be afraid of anything the future has in store for us, if I can have you."

"That was Herbert Silx's wooing; and Lucy answered."

"If—if your uncle consents."

"Will you come to him with me now?"

"Yes."

So they went to Uncle Silx, arm in arm.

"Hey! what's this?" cried the old gentleman.

"Only that I love Lucy Saxon, and want to marry her," said Herbert bravely.

"What! and lose the Cedars?"

"Aunt Matty wiped her spectacled glasses."

"Didn't I tell you how it would be, Jared?" she whispered, beaming all over.

"O you haven't told him?" exclaimed the Squire.

Lucy shook her head, blushing and smiling.

"It was your secret, not mine."

"Bert," said the Squire, gravely, "look here. Suppose I were to tell you that if you took Lucy you would have to take the Cedars too?"

"I don't exactly understand you, sir."

"Well, here it is. The girls have changed names and identities for this occasion only—as the theater bills say. Lizzie and Lucy are my veritable granddaughters. Clara and Amy are the true owners of the name Saxon. And you've fallen in love with your cousin, after all, just as I wanted you to do."

And Squire Silx laughed heartily, although there were tears in his eyes. And Lucy's blue orbs, turned to her cousin, appealed mutely for the pardon that was already awarded.

"I couldn't help it," she said softly.

"Nor would I wish it otherwise," answered Herbert tenderly, "so long as I have you."

And Aunt Matty's little ruse de guerre had succeeded.—New York News.

APPLES should not be difficult to keep during winter. One difficulty is not sufficient care in harvesting the crop. Be sure the apples have matured, and then pick them from the tree in a manner to avoid bruising them in the least. Apples that drop to the ground will rot, as they are injured by the fall. Handle carefully, select only sound specimens, pack in barrels and store in a cool place.

A PRETTY girl thinks an ugly woman has no right to live.