

TOPICS OF THE TIMES.

A CHOICE SELECTION OF INTERESTING ITEMS.

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

It shows the advantages of position that when a woman begins to turn a man's head, she first gets on the right side of him.

WARD McALLISTER has discovered that there are garters in the stores for which \$450 a pair are asked. Mr. McAllister is too fresh.

JOE WASHINGTON proposes to improve the street car system of his town on the Potomac. The Washington mule will soon be gathered to its four fathers.

RICHARD ROE of East St. Louis, is spoken of as a prominent candidate for legislative honors. We infer from this that he has triumphed over the notorious John Doe in that tedious lawsuit at last.

A KANSAS City newspaper is owned by a national bank. This arrangement has been tried before and has generally proved to be equally destructive of the standing of the newspaper and the credit of the bank.

It is said that Brother Talmage admires the Czar and is going to give expression to his admiration. The reverend gentleman would do well to pause before he praises a man who is nothing less than a brutal murderer.

A HORRIBLE murder was committed in a compartment car on an Italian railway. The victim was the bishop of Poligno. Every tragedy of this kind is an argument in favor of the introduction of the American palace car in Europe.

THE horsewhip publicly applied is again acquiring notoriety as an instrument of reform. One embarrassment attending its use is the question apt to arise as to whether the person at the lash ends needs reforming more than the one at the handle.

COUNT CRISPI, ex-Premier of Italy, is in Rome being treated for cataract in his eye. There was an impression in his native land during the days of his power that he was rather a shortsighted statesman, which is apparently borne out by this announcement.

ANOTHER Western smash-up! A slow freight doing its best to get out of the way of a fast freight, but failing, and getting smashed. Then a through express dashing into this debris, and going all to pieces, killing people right and left. Doesn't sound pretty, does it?

HENRY IRVING has had, it is said, one of Lord Tennyson's plays in hand eleven years and has just decided to produce it. If it is like wine, it ought to be pretty sweet by this time. But think how it has puzzled Irving all these years to explain why the play has not been brought out!

THE latest occupation assailed by the gentler sex is that of jockey, a young miss having put in an application to ride flyers at Chicago. Let the line be drawn at iron mills and the prize ring at once, that the tyrant man may have one or two means of earning a livelihood not open to the competition of women.

INDIANS in Oklahoma are to have the ballot placed in their toll-worn fingers, and the joy of being full fledged American citizens with a vote worth buying will elevate them one more peg in the scale of civilization. Having been educated up to franchise, education up to soap would seem not unreasonable boost to be tendered next.

A PHILADELPHIAN named Bailey shot himself and died content. Just before performing this act he had wounded a woman and a man, both strangers to him, his jealous suspicion being that the two were his wife and an escort. Neither were seriously hurt. A sombre tinge is given to the affair by the fact that Bailey died so soon that he never knew how badly he had been fooled.

A YOUNG woman book-keeper for an Albany, N. Y., concern has defaulted to the extent of \$10,000. She spent the money taking a gentleman of whom she was enamored around to summer resorts and other attractive places. Every day the public is treated to some new indication that woman is fast securing her liberty and availing herself of the rights so long monopolized by selfish men.

By the seizure of four sailing schooners in free waters off the Russian coast by a Russian war ship, the sale of the ships and the shabby treatment of the sailors, the Russian Government has a double-barreled quarrel on its hands. Three of the ships were British and one American. The

capture was made under the Russian claim of "all land and water west of the line of demarcation."

"It is simply a business proposition," says a witness in behalf of the Reading coal combine, speaking of the advances in domestic coal. It is a matter of life or death, answers the poor mother in the tenements, during the bitter winter weather, when cheap coal would mean that modicum of animal comfort that might save off the death from her little ones. Is "business" ever to war with life, or shall it be compelled to take its proper place again as the handmaid of humanity?

CHICAGO is a great city. The other day the theft of a police patrol box was reported to the Central Station, and an investigation developed the fact that the officer on the beat was also missing. At first the awful thought that the thieves had carried off the officer as well as the box paralyzed the department, but an investigation proved that the city repairer had carried off the box and that the officer had gone home sick. World's Fair visitors will see and hear of many curious things in Chicago.

If you wish to send a letter away in a hurry, be sure to write "in haste" on the envelope. The postmaster and clerks will then fall over each other in their haste to get it into the first mail, then the postal clerk will yell to the engineer, "pull her wide open, here's a letter that's in a rush," and the train will just fly it. It is expensive for the railroads as accidents are liable to happen, and the officials will not thank us for giving it away, but that is the way to get a letter through real quick.

It is reported that "a couple of wild pigeons were recently shot in Saultaux Recollets bush, Canada. A sportsman says it is over twenty-five years since specimens of these birds were seen there." And may it be another twenty-five years before the person who shot them sees or hears the music [sic] of any other birds than bats or owls. The more scarce any race of birds or animals become the more anxious a certain class of fiends are to destroy every specimen they see. Such destructiveness is too despicable to be called brutal.

It was inevitable. If we can see him at a circus why not in a ballet? What would there be incongruous in the spectacle of Christopher celebrating the discovery of America by a pas de deux with Pinzon and winding up the ballet by dancing before the assembled courtiers of Ferdinand and Isabella, and jumping into air and turning round three times before coming down? It is all in the point of view, and once you have admitted the possibility of a Columbus in ballet, it is not of the smallest consequence what eccentric things he does. So we shall await with equanimity the combination ballet and opera in which the discoverer plays chief role.

THE Arab revolt in Central Africa, while probably more largely due to interference with the slave traffic on the part of intruding European nations, is also in some measure the result of jealousy. For several centuries the Arabs have been masters of valuable territorial possessions in nearly every portion of Africa, and, besides, have enjoyed a monopoly of trade with the great number of native tribes and kingdoms. This territorial dominion and commercial supremacy are more and more interfered with as the Europeans advance. The outbreak of last winter, following the friction of previous years, seems to have prepared the way for the present reported General Government. Massacres of traders and missionaries may be looked for there, especially on the upper Congo, the scene of the principal outbreak. Nevertheless it is not improbable that the matter has been exaggerated.

The Khedive, oddly enough for an Oriental, did not smoke; but always carried a cigarette case, and delighted in offering it and little presents of money to the English sentries placed on guard round his palace, when first Cairo was occupied by the British.

The Khedive was an early riser, and was in the habit of walking in his garden early in the morning. One day, returning from such a walk, he was stopped by a sentry.

"Yer can't go in here, yer know," said the man of war, with the Briton's amiable contempt for a fat little foreigner.

"But I belong to the palace," faltered the Khedive, delighted.

"Oh, do yer? Got a good place?"

"Very good," was the modest response.

"Ah, yer look like it. Nothin' to do and plenty to eat. I wouldn't mind serving your master. What sort of a feller is he?"

And then, alas! the sergeant, coming along, recognized and saluted the Khedive, to the vast discomfort of the sentry as well as to the chagrin of his highness, who would have been glad to hear more about himself.

NERVE ON THE DRIVER'S SEAT.

An Old Stager Whose Coolness Saved the Lives of His Passengers.

The heroism and bravery of Robert Emery is an example to every school-boy in Nebraska to-day. Gage County has the honor of being his home and Beatrice his abiding-place, says the Omaha Bee.

In 1864 Robert Emery was a stage driver along the St. Joe and Denver route. In August of that year occurred the great Indian raid, when so many settlers lost their lives. There were nine passengers in the coach—seven men and two ladies. Although exceedingly dangerous, he offered to drive to Liberty farm, where his brother Charles lived. The morning of August 9, 1864, was beautiful. The sky was clear and a cool, refreshing breeze came up from the northwest. The coach left the station of the Big Sandy with its freight of human lives drawn by four large and mettled steeds, in which the driver had unbounded confidence and over them perfect control. The journey was without a incident, or unusual incident until about 11 o'clock, up to which time no signs of Indians had been seen. But just as the lead horses had passed over the hill and were on a spur that led into the bottom land or valley—this was narrow and bordered on either side by deep ravines, worn by the water—and before the coach had commenced the descent the driver discovered a band of Indians about thirty rods in advance. He wheeled the horses in an instant—two rods farther on he could not have accomplished the turn—and laying the whip to their backs, commenced an impetuous retreat. The passengers were terrified and were at once on their feet. Emery said: "If you value your lives, for God's sake keep your seats!"

The Indians, about fifty in number gave chase with their terrifying yell, and for about three miles, which were accomplished in about twelve minutes, pursued and pursued made the most desperate efforts at speed. The savage yells of those bloodthirsty villains and the wails of despair of the men and women are past the power of pen to describe. But to the glory of the driver he said that he was the only steady-nerved and unexcited person in this memorable chase. The coach bristled with arrows, like quills upon the fretful porcupine. They grazed young Emery on every side and cut the tarriff of the head of the wheelhorse, but the young man heeded nothing but his driving.

There are two points at which all would have been lost but for the driver's wonderful presence of mind. These were two abrupt turns in the road where the coach would have been thrown over had he not brought the team to a halt and turned with care. This he did, to the dismay of some of the passengers, who saw escape only in speed, but their subsequent praise of his conduct was as great as his courage was cool and calculating. George Constable, who was conducting an ox train over the route, saw the coach about a mile ahead and at once corralled his twenty-five wagons. The brave driver drove his nine passengers into this shelter and safety. Words could not express the gratitude felt for their hero and deliverer. In the delirium of their delight they embraced and kissed him and thanked God that he had held the lines, and that they were in a position where they could not interfere. The noble steeds were not forgotten. The passengers petted them and cast their arms about their necks with feelings of grateful emotion.

This memorable drive would never be forgotten, though not recorded here, for the story would be handed down to posterity by the successive generations of the saved. The hero of that day's chase won not his best laurels in that hour, for wherever he was known his gentle manner and kind deeds won for him a welcome in every heart. Devoid of boastful pretense, he wore meekly his well-earned honors, and silently carried a hero's name. His health was frail and in about a year he was prostrated with fever, and while upon his deathbed, yet still conscious, Mrs. Randolph, one of the number he saved from a horrible death, placed upon his finger a beautiful gold ring, upon which was engraved the following: "E. Umphrey, G. C. Randolph and Hattie P. Randolph to Robert Emery, in acknowledgment of what we owe to his cool conduct and good driving Tuesday, Aug. 9, 1864." Soon after this he passed away from these scenes of warfare to the silent and peaceful realm of the dead. The doctor who attended him in his last hours eulogized him as a silent hero and one of the noblest of mankind.

The Deacon's Wooing. Deacon Sharp, who lives in the Buckeye Valley, has never married. He made the attempt once, but his humility and piety worked against him. He was the same long solemn-visaged chap then that he is now, with what is known as a "gift of prayer." In season and out of season he was ready at any moment to flop down on his knees and tell all he knew of spiritual grace. There were those who said he liked to hear himself talk.

On this occasion he asked Jenny Price to be his partner for life, and Jenny, who was a prime little school teacher, consented. Then the deacon flopped. He began in his usual strain by invoking forgiveness for his sins. He was everything that was vile and as he enumerated the crimes laid down in his own imagination, Jenny began to fidget. At last she touched the deacon on the shoulder:

"You needn't pray any more on my account," she said. "I wouldn't

think of marrying such a wicked sinner. If you are only half as bad as you say you are, I wouldn't have you. I hope you will repent before it is too late."

And she left the astonished deacon to his own reflections upon matrimony and grace.—Free Press.

Her speech. Sarah Japhet Saunders had a way of winding herself up in her own flow of language until her ideas became somewhat confused. She was called Sarah Japhet because her husband's cousin, "Jeems" Saunders, had also married a Sarah, and the two families lived in the same town. One afternoon a neighbor of Sarah Japhet's was giving an account of a recent picnic to an elderly female who had been kept at home by "rheumatiz," "scroggin's Glen was well enough," she said, in reply to some question of the invalid, "but folks need t' be booty sure-footed before they go scramblin' up an' down them peaked rocks. As for me, I was thankful th' days when such gymnastics was expected of me was well over with. But I wish't you'd've been there t' partake of th' spread, an' t' hear Sarah Japhet's speech. She fairly outdone herself!"

"I want t' know! What did she say in particular?"

"Oh, she said a power o' things, but th' best of all was what she said 'bout them little oily fish-sardines, they call 'em, but they ain't nothin' but herrin', pickled over some way—that those city folks that's boardin' over t' th' Emmons's took along t' th' picnic."

"Most of us liked 'em fairly well; but th' best of all was what she said 'bout them little oily fish-sardines, they call 'em, but they ain't nothin' but herrin', pickled over some way—that those city folks that's boardin' over t' th' Emmons's took along t' th' picnic."

"The steppin' over t' one o' th' boarders, a kind of a toppin' young woman, an' says she, 'I feel't say I'm real glad I don't set much by my little fish you folks fetched, fer if I did, I sh'd feel called upon t' eat 'em, an' that would be kind o' disagreeable to me, seen I don't relish 'em.'"

"An' then she set down again, as pleased as pie. But I calculate that boarder didn't get her bearings again, fer some minutes; an' I reckon if she was't pass any opinion on Sarah Japhet, she'd put her down fer scatter-witted."

The Alphabet in Single Sentences.

A few years ago this department contained a "note" entitled, "An Alphabetical Sentence," which ran as follows: "John P. Brady gave me a black walnut box of quite small size." The Republic's editor commented on the ingenious little piece of word-carpentry and supplemented it with another in which "Blocks of Five" was curiously interwoven with the results of such political tinkering. The Brady sentence contains forty-seven letters, and at the time it was published was thought to be the shortest alphabetical sentence in the English language. Since that time "ye editor" has succeeded in capturing the following:

J. Gray Pack my box with five dozen quills.

Z. Badger: Thy vixen jumps quick at fowl.

The educated half-breed hunter, after he had fired all save his last arrow into a herd of wild cattle without effect, cried out: "Quick! Glad ze phyr, wait my gravelin to ox."

The first contains 33 letters; the two last 32 each. If you notice closely you will see that the last sentence lacks a "b," a fact which seems to have been entirely overlooked by Prof. Morrison, its author.

A Good Daughter.

There are other ministers of love more conspicuous than a good daughter, but none in which a gentler, lovelier spirit dwells, and none to which the heart's warm requitals more joyfully respond. She is the steady light of her father's house. Her idea is indissolubly connected with that of his happy fireside. She is the morning sun and evening star. The grace, vivacity, and tenderness of her sex have their place in the mighty sway which she holds over his spirit. The lessons of recorded wisdom which he reads with her eyes comes to his mind with a new charm, as blended with the beloved melody of her voice. He scarcely knows weariness when her song does not make him forget, or gloom which is proof against the young brightness of her smile. She is the pride and ornament of his hospitality and the gentle nurse of his sickness, and the constant agent of those nameless, numberless acts of kindness which one chiefly cares to have rendered because they are unpretending but expressive proofs of love.

The German Imperial Train.

The German Emperor's imperial train cost altogether \$750,000. Its construction occupied three years, and is a very elaborate example of railroad luxury. There are twelve carriages, all connected by "corridors," which presumably are vestibules, and they are all magnificently upholstered. The library car, for instance, is hung with globein tapestry, and the drawing-room is furnished entirely in white satin. Two of the carriages are for the sole use of the Emperor's children and their nurses.

Bees.

The Beekeeper says that the qualifications of a beekeeper are gentleness, patience, absence of fear and perfect command of self. Fear must be overcome or concealed. It may be present at first, but usually gives place to confidence after a little experience.

THE PEARL DIVER'S POE.

A Giant Bivalve With Yearning Shells Lies In Wait For Him.

Your wealthy ladies of Chicago who assemble at evening parties and soirees in magnificent costumes covered with the pearls know little or absolutely nothing, perhaps, about the many dangers encountered in gathering these pearls from the sea, remarked J. G. Danvers, of London, England, yesterday. "I was on a trip along the coast of Zanzibar, Africa, a year ago, when I learned that sea pearl fishing is not a trade for men of weak heart to follow. The pearls are gathered at the bottom of the sea by divers."

"The reason a man with a weak heart is not fit for the work is because the stopped breath and the pressure of ninety feet of sea water, with its pressure of sixty-two pounds to the cubic foot, will bring on palpitation of the heart and burst the weaker vessels, causing distressing and often dangerous hemorrhages. But the divers are all stalwart savages, in such rugged health that the physical danger never occurs to them. Two dangers constantly menace the diver. Where the oyster grows there also thrives the giant tridacna, a monstrous bivalve whose shell is from four to six feet in length, firmly anchored to the bottom.

"It lies with its scalloped shells yawning a foot or more apart. Immediately anything touches it the shells snap together, and once these large shells are closed not a dozen men out of water could get them apart, far less the single diver, fifteen fathoms deep, who may have dropped into the capacious mouth of the creature while groping in the gloom."

"If such a fate befall a diver there is only one thing for him to do, and that is to amputate himself from the enormous mullusk and rise to the surface, fainting, bloody, and mangled. These savages will fight anything from a lion to a python on land, but they haven't the courage to run against a bivalve under ninety feet of water and stand the chance of those yawning shells closing in on an arm or leg and crushing the bones to splinters."

"If the monstrous mullusk should close down and catch the diver's head, of course he would never know what killed him. His head would be mashed to a pulp, and it would go off as if severed by a guillotine. I saw only one native who had been caught by the mullusk. It had closed down on his left hand, and the only thing he could do, as the monster held him, was to cut off the left arm at the elbow."—Chicago Herald.

Wagner's Boyhood.

In great musicians, as in great poets, the gift of genius usually manifests itself at an early age. Mozart and Keats are only brilliant examples of what may be called a general law. It is the more interesting, therefore, to note a case like that of Wagner. His step-father, Ludwig Geyer, who died when the boy was seven years old, was very fond of him, and on the evening before his death, we are told, asked the little fellow to play on the piano two operatic airs which he had been taught. Richard played them not so very badly, and the sick man said in a feeble voice to his wife, "Do you think he might have a taste for music?"

The next morning the mother talked to the children about their dead father's affection, and said to Richard, "He would have liked to make something of you." The boy never forgot the words.

At that time, however, no one would have dreamed of making him a professional musician. When he was nine years old his mother devoted him to a classical education. He is described as a headstrong, "fantastic" child, who would fly into a passion at nothing, but who, nevertheless, gave himself up to the study of Greek, and soon became his master's favorite pupil.

He took lessons upon the piano, almost of course, but had little taste for the instrument, and found the technique of it a bore. His teacher after a while dismissed him as incorrigible.

For all that, the boy even then had dreams of being a composer, and a few years later, at his own request, he was put under an instructor in harmony.

The poor man had a hard time with his eager but headstrong pupil, and before long he, too, was constrained to give him up in despair, saying, like the professor of the piano, "Nothing can ever be made of the boy."

And yet the boy was to become, in present judgements are to be trusted, one of the few great musicians of the world.

Disease at the Back Door.

Yes, it is the nasty habit of pitching out of the back door a painful and filthy, now and then, of greasy water, and a handful of parings and the general waste of the kitchen, which breeds fevers and bilious diseases. The waste disappears for the most part in the soil, but that is the key to the mischief. The soil gets full, after a time, and ferments and the hot sun breeds gases which surround and enter the house. This is true not only of the cheaper, poorer houses and careless families; but well-to-do, intelligent people have spots behind their houses saturated with slops. In populous towns no amount of supervision can prevent a great deal of filthy evil; but in the country towns slops should be carried out to trees, and poured in small quantities here and there as a fertilizer. Trees will take up a large quantity of water, and be grateful for it. There must be simply constant intelligence in the disposal of waste.—Farm Life.

That Old Farmer.

Don't throw it away, the just as good as new, and genuity and a small amount of material will do wonders something charming out of two squares of silk stuff, can't find that, a fine here, most any other really fine, this material. There are to the average parasol squares exactly in handkerchiefs placed that one point of way of the side of the other cover the parasol. Lay the over the frame and attach very lightly. If carefully it will hold them until arranged. Then cut a small middle of each section, the the tip of the stick is to the circle, or rim, around, as previously removed, easily done by taking out rivet that holds it to the of the material that comes sides when the squares are a top part.

Put this around the figure little rim back in place. The of the material may be turned in and covered by a lace. It desired, a nice pattern taken from the originally was on the parasol.

While it is considered as a dertaking to cover a parasol is by no means the former that many people see. What is required is neatness and a very close attention to the minutest details. Once having tried the careful needlewoman will do little difficulty in this piece of work. A bit of the Chinese crepe lace or other costs but little and will give handsome finish to any one of old trances, many with really elegant lace may be found in almost any store—losets or wardrobe, etc., and which are, as a thing, thrown aside as a worth less.

Fine work is by no means old; and while there is a feeling, which may be called the putting up of these neatness, which is required first-class job may be seen most anybody. A trimming, plaiting, rickling and putting gariture of any set work of material, can readily be by any lady of genuity; and is in many families, a great of good taste and wit that is well for the wives and realize that they can, with the cost, supply themselves, and parasols, but with many other things.

A Child's Influence.

At a certain literary stable city the men were so fond of fancy in their conversation that were frequently complained of "boss," who threatened to do them one and all, if they did form.

They listened to him respect but went on swearing right quarreling and wrangling to themselves all the time the grooming customers' horses, nissing teams within ears public.

But of a sudden all this The man who had been the and most profane swearer, his work as still as a mome, men spoke pleasantly to each and not a loud or violent turbed the serene air. It was a miracle had happened.

"You men have turned leaf," said the proprietor, "what has caused the change used to swear by the—"

"It's a-s-h, boss," said the best to him, "we don't want know."

He looked up and saw a child at a window—the face of a child, whom he now recognized have seen playing lately in stable.

"It's Jim's kid. Her dead, and we've taken her fetch up for Jim. She's a little thing, and she thinks is just hunky, and we don't get wind of any wrong if enny man uses a swear her we'll break his—gosh, done it. Well, we're all with meanness, but it's there, 'cause, you see, she's little lady."

"I see," said the proprietor humoredly. "that Nelly, she be a missionary round here, all you fellows straight the boy."

And the little face at it smiled down on them, and happy because they were friends.

Obedient Servants.

Mrs. Q., who had her servants, decided that the wise and witty for such a and engaged a German and was recommended as the man who would obey every letter, and make no ever about them.

One day Mrs. Q. was on stairs in a great hurry, Johann, who was waiting the half:

"I am in a great hurry town. I want you to go and bring to the door the carriage you come across."

Mrs. Q.—"meant, of course, first public carriage, but she say so. In a few moments came I ask, and bowed Mrs. the door. She went out, and awaiting her there—a horrid

This is the way men have peasant a fortune, and he and his peasant sweetheart, and he around for a princess to marry