

## TOPICS OF THE TIMES.

### A CHOICE SELECTION OF INTERESTING ITEMS.

Comments and Criticisms Based Upon the Happenings of the Day—Statistical and News Items.

Things are looking bad for the train robbing industry when its devotees are driven to holding up freight trains and robbing the trainmen.

The ingenious individual who recently invented a device for stopping instantaneously, or within a space of three feet, trolley cars going at full speed is evidently in collusion with the surgeons and undertakers. The sensations of a passenger in a car going ten or fifteen miles an hour a moment after the application of this wonderful break can better be imagined than described.

SIR BENJAMIN RICHARDSON, the eminent London physician, has expressed the opinion that bicycling is very injurious. He says that while riding the machine the spine of the rider becomes almost an arch; the chest bone is then affected by the unnatural pressure, circulation is impaired, and no doubt the lungs are interfered with, too. In fact, there is hardly any possible evil effect it does not produce.

JERRY RUSK showed one of the many admirable traits of character for which he was noted when he attended the soldiers' reunion in Minneapolis in 1883. Instead of taking with him as an escort his regular staff of blue-and-gilt ornamental officers he commissioned a number of crippled veterans, some of them his old comrades-in-arms, as members of his staff, had them accompany him on the trip, housed them at a first-class hotel and paid all their expenses.

BOSTON GLOBE: The New York Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals has issued a proclamation declaring that massacre of cats, by chloroform or otherwise, must be stopped, and that its agents are prepared to prosecute all violators of the laws in this respect to the bitter end. The cats will be protected, but who will interfere to protect a suffering public during the long nights now upon us, when the sportive Thomas cat will make the very welkin ring with his lusty o'ee? Cats have their rights, but have would-be sleepers none? Does the New York Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals wish to promote the use of chloroform, morphine and the like among hapless human beings?

It is still recent history, the stirring incidents and scenes that attended the settlement of Oklahoma when that section was thrown open to the public. In addition to lands in Oklahoma and the Cherokee Outlet, the Government will soon have at its disposal, after some completion of negotiations several millions of acres in the Indian Territory. The exhibition of bloodshed and trickery and injustice that was brought about at the time of the settlement of Oklahoma and Cherokee Outlet should never again be permitted in a country under the jurisdiction of national law. The Government should devise some more equitable method of distributing these new lands than that which was used when the tracts now occupied by white settlers were opened.

EVERY one will be glad to hear of the rescue of the Carlin hunting party from the wilds of the Bitter Root Mountains with the possible loss of only one man. It must be admitted, however, that the sending forth of rescue parties in search of foolhardy adventurers is getting monotonous. The arctic explorers are the leaders in this sort of thing. Scarcely an expedition starts that is not followed, sooner or later, by a rescuing expedition. If amateur sportsmen and hunters are to have like consideration shown them, the rescue industry will soon rival a trust in the size of its operations. The amount of it is that people who cannot take care of themselves in the woods or in the arctic seas ought to stay at home, where they might be of some account, instead of making nuisances of themselves.

The latest dispatches from South Africa indicate that poor old Lo Bengula's innings is quite at an end and that he is a fugitive, his impis destroyed, his kraals burned and his country the spoil of the South African Company and the Bechuanaland police. The reflection that presses home most forcibly at the instant is that the unfortunate savage of today gets so much less of a chance than did his predecessors. What with machine guns and repeating rifles, the odds are several thousand to one in favor of the white. Probably the next step will be the use of the incandescent searchlight and the cotton-cotton of the searchlight.

respect as the rabbits receive in Australia—then why should not all the resources of science be called on to exterminate him?

GEORGE LYONS, train-rober, late of Minnesota, has at least one praiseworthy action to his credit. He has killed himself—slit his throat in his swatlike neck in just about the locality where a hangman's knot would have done the most good. Not that George feared death on the gallows, on the contrary, a discriminating jury kindly let him off with a fifteen-year sentence instead of sending him up for life. No, George killed himself, according to his own statement, to spite the detectives who had run him down. These persons will therefore be expected to pine away into early graves, and Mr. Lyons' avenging spirit will be correspondingly gratified. The public, however, which is not interested in private feuds, will be disposed to award him a certain degree of posthumous fame. His last act was his noblest. Nothing in life so became him as the prompt and vigorous manner of his taking off.

A PHYSICIAN tells the Cincinnati Time-Star that the widespread fear of disease germs is largely groundless. "Everything," he says, "is full of germs or crusted with them, but every germ is not harmful. Every disease germ on the body does not produce a disease. If it did there would not be a person on the face of the earth to-morrow. People lived before disease germs were known and were as healthy as they are today. They lived as carefully as we do—perhaps more so. We cannot avoid contact with disease germs, but we can do what is better, strengthen the body so that it resists them as easily as a lion can a flea. Some scientists pretend to deplore a lack of precaution taken against germs. It is simply because the people see despite theories, that every germ doesn't produce sickness any more than every man is a murderer. Every man may possibly be one, but we wouldn't be justified in going armed on that account.

NO ONE likes to lay himself open to an imputation of cowardice, and many a man has lost his life uselessly rather than be accused of a lack of courage. In the matter of defending one's house against burglars, for example, it is deemed the proper thing for the head of the household to arise upon "hearing a noise downstairs." It is then incumbent upon him to march through the house from cellar to garret. Sometimes he finds burglars; sometimes the burglars find him. In either case the householder is morally certain to get hurt. The thieves have all the advantage on their side—darkness, numbers, familiarity with firearms—and the additional stimulus of fighting for life and liberty. The householder is an amateur playing against professionals. This is foolish. It may be cowardly to lie in bed and let burglars ransack the house, but a live coward can have a heap more fun than a dead hero. The householder may protect his mansion with electric bells and burglar alarms if he likes, but having done that he should trust to providence and the police. Let the burglars burgle. Better lose a last year's overcoat and a filled case watch or so than furnish the central attraction for a fashionable funeral.

THORNE remained writhing upon the ground. His nose was broken and blood gushed from mouth and nostrils. Prize fight? No. Wait a bit. "Big Acton said 'None of that here,' and caught Beard on the jaw with a right-hander that brought him to earth beautifully." Bar-room row? No. Listen some more. "Occasionally some poor chap would fall to rise after a great heap had been disintegrated, and one of the many physicians in waiting would be summoned." "Hot? Explosion in a coal pit? Battle in Brazil? No; oh, dear no. Only twenty-two young American gentlemen from the great universities of Yale and Harvard 'playing' the manly game of football, and a high, old classic time they had of it. The full list of casualties is not yet made up, but as in the case of Thompson, of Angel's, the surgeon drops his left eyelid, the undertaker smiles and the sculptor of gravestone marbles leans on his chisel to gaze" when these busy-headed heroes go forth to battle. Meanwhile those atmospheric gladiators, Messrs. Corbett and Mitchell, can't find a place wherein to exchange the compliments of the season without fear of interruption from the police. The proposition to introduce the good old Spanish sport of bull fighting in this country is not without plausible support. The bull fight is exciting, romantic, and full of color. It is both picturesque and dramatic. As compared with football it is a humane and refining sport, and it might be neutralized the vicious effects of such slambanging brutality as marked the Yale-Harvard game.

## LIGHT IN THE SICK ROOM.

Often times the Best Medicine That Can be Given.

Dr. R. W. Richardson says that a custom still prevails, despite all our sanitary teachings, that the occupants of a sick room in the private house should be kept at all times in a darkened room. Not one time in ten do we enter a sick room in the daytime to find it blessed with the light of the sun. Almost invariably, before we can get a look at the face of the patient, we are obliged to request that the blinds be drawn up, in order that the rays of a much greater healer than the most able physician can ever hope to be may be admitted. Too often the compliance with this request reveals a condition of the room which, in the state of darkness, is almost inevitably one of disorder everywhere, foods, medicines, furniture, bedding misplaced, dust, stray leavings in all directions. In brief, there is nothing so bad as a dark room. It is as if the attendants were expecting the death of the patient. And if the reason for it is asked, the answer is as inconsistent as the fact. The reason usually offered is that the patient cannot bear the light; as though the light could not be cut off from the patient by a curtain or screen, and as though to darken one part of the room it were necessary to darken the whole of it. The real reason is an old superstition, one, which once prevailed so intensely, that the sick, suffering from the most terrible disease—smallpox for instance—were shut up in darkness, their beds surrounded with red curtains during the whole of their illness. The red curtains are now pretty nearly given up, but the darkness is still credited with some mysterious curative virtue. A more invidious practice really could not be maintained than that of darkness in a sick room. It is not only that dirt and disorder are results of the physician—a great remedy is lost.

Sunlight is the remedy lost, and the loss is momentous. Sunlight diffused through a room warms and clarifies the air, it has a direct influence on the minute organic poisons—a distinctive influence which is most precious—and it has a cheerful effect on the mind. The sick should never be gloomy, and in the presence of the light the shadows of gloom fly away. Happily, the hospital ward, notwithstanding its many defects—and it has many—is so far favored that it is blessed with the light of the sun whenever the sun shines. In private practice the same remedy ought to be extended to the patients of the household, and the first words of the physician or surgeon on entering the dark sick room should be the dying words of the Goethe: "More light, more light."—The Druggists and Chemists' Gazette.

## A Graveyard Curiosity.

One of the curiosities of West Linton, Peebleshire, consisted in a marble tombstone in the parish churchyard over the grave of James Oswald of Spittal, a property among the Pentlands Hills, now included in the estate of Newhall. Oswald possessed a hall table of marble, at which he conducted his festivities. He desired that it might be used as the monument over his grave, and with this view caused an inscription in Latin to be executed on the tablet by way of epitaph, which came into use sooner than was expected.

When going out to shoot ducks at Slippertield Loch, Mr. Oswald was accidentally shot by his servant, who was walking behind him with his gun, and he thus died while still a young man in 1726. His widow, a daughter of Russell of Kingsseat, followed out his wishes by placing the table over his grave. Subjoined is a translation of the epitaph, including the additions made to it by the bereaved wife.

"To James Oswald of Spittal, her deserving husband, this monument was erected by Grizel Russell, his sorrowing wife. This marble table, sitting at which I have often cultivated good living (prostituted my tutelary genius), I have desired to be placed over me when dead. Stop, traveler, whoever thou art; here thou mayest recline and if the means are at hand mayest enjoy this table as I formerly did. If thou dost so in the right and proper way thou wilt neither desecrate the monument nor offend me. Farewell. Lived thirty years and died November 28, 1726."

This curious monument, after falling to ruin, ultimately disappeared from the burying-ground, having, it is said, been turpiterly carried off and sold for its value as a block of marble.—London Tit Bits.

## The Battle of the Waves.

Of all the Swiss lakes the Lake of Lucerne has the most irregular shape. Its many bays running north to south, east to west. Owing to these windings it is often exposed to violent storms, but while in one bay the waters may be lashed into perfect fury, in an adjoining bay not a ripple will disturb the surface.

Thus when a strong south wind blows down the Bay of Uri, the very same wind, turned from its course by mountains, comes from the west from the Bay of Buochs.

There is a point, just opposite Brunen, where the two sets of waves meet, and then a terrific contest ensues for mastery. At such a moment the spray is driven into the air in vast sheets to a height of fifty feet or more.

While the battle rages there may be seen under the shelter of the promontory at Troib several of the lake steamers and a whole fleet of fishing and small boats waiting for the tempest to pass. So violent is the

motion that even on large steamers cases of "sea" sickness are not unusual.

The experiences gained in facing such dangers have made the boatmen of the lake famous from the earliest times.

## When Stubborn People Meet.

A man and woman met the other day on Chere street. They were both on the same side of the walk, and stopped just in time to avoid a collision.

"I think you are an impudent fellow," snapped the woman.

"What for?" said the man.

"Because you won't turn out for a lady."

"Why should I turn out? I am on the right side of the walk. You are on the wrong side."

"I don't understand you, sir," replied the woman scornfully, gathering up her skirts and preparing to move on.

"Well I'm not to blame for that," said the man. "Everybody with a particle of sense ought to know enough to turn to the right."

The woman made no answer, but acted as if she felt very indignant.

"I am tired being shoved off the sidewalk by fool women," said the man afterward in conversation with a friend, "and so I determined to stand on my rights. And, furthermore, I won't be crowded off the walk by three or four women walking abreast. The other evening my wife and I met three young women—I won't call them ladies—on Congress street. The walk was wide enough for two couples to pass, but not for five people. My wife and I wouldn't give up our half of the sidewalk, and the extra young woman tried to run me down, but you can bet her attempt was a miserable failure. I always brace myself for such a collision, and I guess she imagined she had struck a stone wall. Oh, there's lots of hogs in the world, and the woman who wants to run the whole sidewalk and crowd you off into the mud is the particular hog that I am laying for."—Detroit News.

## A Little Beyond Her.

She was a pretty country girl, rustic, but sweet and innocent as a flower.

He was an artist from the city and a poet, and he loved the rustic maiden.

It is so sweet to love in the pristine prettiness of the provinces.

He had found it so, and this soft night in October, when the moon was touching the earth and the air with its silver fingers, he had chosen to tell his love and claim the heart he felt was throbbing in unison with his own.

As she sat by him there in the gloaming, with the soft breezes making harp strings of her golden hair, there was a tender music in his heart he had never known before.

"Dear one," he murmured as he held her hand tightly in his, "I love you; love you with all the energy of my passionate nature and here, this night, in the presence of the stars and yonder lambent Luna, I ask you to give me that place in your young affections every true man should be given at the hand of the woman he would make his own forever."

He was slightly rattled, but she held his hand.

"Charlie," she whispered as she nestled her head on his manly bosom, "if that means a proposal I'm your huckle berry; but if you mean it for a description of the scenery you'd better look out for the dog."

And Charles revised his language.—Detroit Free Press.

## Jealousy Is Not Love.

Some one has asked whether true love and jealousy can ever be associated. Decidedly not. Where there is jealousy true love does not exist, because to love truly you must have perfect faith. Perfect love is belief without doubt.

Some young people are under the delusion that if their sweethearts are jealous of them they are so because of their intense love for them, but they will find out eventually, if they marry, that it is only another name for selfishness, as jealous people do not stop to consider the feelings of any one else. They are only worried about the fancied hurt to themselves.

In the course of life you will see many cases of real love, and some of fancied love, and you will notice that the ones most intensely jealous of their partners were the easiest to console after the departure from this weary world.

Jealous persons are not only suspicious of your truth, but they carry their disagreeableness into every walk of life. They have no real faith in love or anything else on earth. On the other hand, where true love is perfect on both sides, faith is supreme and no matter what others may say or do they can never see wrong in each other.

## Wilkie Collins' Fat Villain.

Here is a story lately told by Hall Caine concerning Wilkie Collins: "The most successful character in 'The Woman in White' was not a woman, but a man—Fosco, the fat villain. When the book was produced everybody was talking about the fat villain. While the author was staying with his mother a visitor came. The lady said to Collins: 'You seem to have made a great success with your villain in 'The Woman in White.' I have read the book. I have studied this villain, but he is not half a villain; you don't know a real villain, and the next time you want to do a villain come to me. I am very close to one; I have got one constantly in my eye—in fact, it is my own husband!'"

"Wilkie Collins often told this story, but with-bald the name of the lady. It was the wife of Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton."

## JOURNALISM IN MEXICO.

How an American Reporter Got a Mexican Newspaper Into Trouble.

"Haven't you worked on a Mexican newspaper?" I asked of Dave Ward, the old tramp reporter, as we fished for black bass from the same skiff the other day.

"Haw! haw! haw!" laughed Dave, as his wrinkled old face lighted up like a big lantern. "Yes, I had a 'sit' on a daily paper in the City of Mexico about ten years ago and it was a rare experience."

"Any objections to stating the particulars?"

"None at all. Haw! haw! haw! But it was funny. I was on one of my trips around the globe and got financially busted in the City of Mexico. I can speak and write Spanish, and it occurred to me that I might get a 'sit' on one of the dailies."

"I dropped in on the editor of the government organ and stated my case and he took me on the local department. I looked over the files to see how some local matters had run and could find only about half a column a day, and most of that was three or four days old when printed. I thought it a good chance for Yankee enterprise and started in to hustle. When I got around to the office again I had two columns of live matter ready to work up. The editor wanted to know what I had found, and I showed him a bundle and expected a word of praise. Instead of being pleased, he mournfully said:—

"My dear sir, all this happened last night or to-day. It is too fresh. It would excite our readers. And, besides, it would be unfair to our contemporaries to publish these things first."

"In the batch I had a fatal accident. A drunken Mexican had fallen off his mule and broken his neck."

"That is sad, very sad," said the editor, but we cannot publish it. The shock would be too great for our readers. In two weeks they can read of it with placidity. I know his brother, and I know the brother wouldn't like to see the sad account in the paper."

"Well, here is a child run over by a water cart," I said.

"Ah! That is also very sad. We will let some other paper publish it first and thus be sure there is no mistake."

"Here's a case of a man stabbed in a fight."

"That is not so sad, but the police have not notified me yet. Besides, he may die. It is better to wait a week or so and see if he dies."

"How about an old man found dead in his bed?" I inquired, as I dug out my notes of the affair.

"There is sadness in that. It would be a shock. He may have many relatives, and some of them would be offended. I think at one time he was an insurgent, and the Government might desire me to say nothing."

"But don't you want any live news?"

"Oh, yes. You had best go and see my friend Senor Don—. He generally has news—important news. He will gladly give you all he can, and it will be pleasing to the public and perfectly reliable."

"I posted off to see his friend," continued Dave, as he reeled in his line to see if the bait was all right. "He was a high stepper and a J. M. dandy. When I told him what I wanted he cried out:—

"It is splendid! I shall give you great news! It is news of the army, and therefore of the Government, and to please all readers. My good friend Capt. A— has resigned his commission and will enter into business."

"When did he resign?"

"Six weeks ago! You are the first to have it! It will be great news!"

"That's the way things went for three or four days, and then I got hold of something about one of the Government officials being short in his accounts. I had my facts solid and ripped him up the back, and some how or other the item passed in and was published. Haw! haw! haw!"

"What resulted?"

"The paper hadn't been out an hour when the police swooped down upon us and waited us all off to jail. When I say all I mean ever man Jack connected with the paper, from editor-in-chief down to press feeders and office boy. It was an attack on the Government, you see, and being in the Government organ it was almost a shootable offense."

"I suspect they all put it on to me, and as a matter of fact I owned up to it, but they kept the crowd in jail for three months, just the same. I don't know how long they intended to keep me, but soon after the others were released our Minister interfered in my behalf, and when I got out I made tracks for the United States, and you bet your bottom dollar I never tried for another newspaper 'sit' in that country!"—New York Herald.

## An Ancient "Fake."

What is known as a "fake" in modern journalism is but a new name attached to a very ancient offence. The editors of our early papers were not free from the discreditable practice.

One quite remarkable instance of the kind has recently been unearthed in the columns of James Rivington's Royal Gazette of October 28, 1778. Rivington printed a Tory paper in this city during the Revolution and made himself most obnoxious to the patriots by publishing canards about the Continental army, the Congress, and General Washington. His office was sacked just prior to the battle of Long Island, but after that event and during the British occupation his paper was the subsidized medium of issuing British lies.

In the issue of the paper referred to I find the following remarkable bit of "faking":

"Oct. 27.—By letter from Philadelphia we learn that on the receipt

of the last manifesto from the English Commissioners one of the Congress had the resolution to make the following short speech:—

"I have listened to this manifesto with great attention, and I am ashamed to acknowledge that it breathes a spirit of candor and resolution by which I am considerably influenced. No man in this august assembly dare not express a doubt of my true attachment to the true interest of my country. I am convinced that the interest of America is inseparable from that of Britain, and that our alliance with France is unnatural, unprofitable, absurd. I therefore move that this phantom of independence be given up."

"He had scarcely uttered the words before the President sent a message to the Polish Count Pulaski, who happened to be exercising a part of his legion in the courtyard below. The Count flew to the chamber where the Congress sat, and with his sabre in an instant severed from his body the head of this honest delegate. The head was ordered by the Congress to be fixed on the top of the liberty pole of Philadelphia as a perpetual monument of the freedom of debate in the Continental Congress of the United States of America."—New York Herald.

## A City of Doll-Makers.

At Sonneberg, which is in the heart of Germany, all the inhabitants are in the business of doll-making—12,000 people are all more or less doll-makers, and among them they produce no fewer than twenty-five million dozen doll babies every year. It is very hard to realize what an enormous quantity that is.

After this it sounds odd to say that in Sonneberg it takes eighty persons to make a doll. Yet such is the fact. In Germany, labor is subdivided as much as possible, or, in other words, a doll-maker does one little thing from year's end to year's end, and thus it comes about that it takes eighty people to make a doll.

Little boys, when they enter the Sonneberg factories, spend a long time in painting nails on dolls' fingers, for which they are paid about 25 cents a week. Some girls do nothing but fill bodies with chopped straw or hay. Men pass their lives in painting dolls' lashes and brows, and others in putting rouge on her cheeks. So it is with other parts of a doll; each is done by one person. The dolls' wigs are made by girls at Munich, and their eyes come from a little town only a few miles from Sonneberg, and are made by men in their own homes.

Endless are the varieties of dolls. Every Sonneberg manufacturer has about one hundred designs. Tastes vary, and, besides, in exporting dolls many things have to be taken into consideration. A wax doll can not be sent to a very hot or a very cold country. In the former it would melt, in the latter, crack it. Then, if a doll has rubber joints she can not be sent a long sea voyage, for on arrival at her destination she would be armless and legless. A sea journey also takes the curl out of dolls' hair, and the starch out of her clothes. Fashion, moreover, is constantly changing. A doll which everybody buys one season is not looked at the next.

## Was Not Successful.

Not many Sundays since a young man, having returned for a short holiday to his native village visited the Sunday School in which he had once been taught.

The superintendent asked him if he would like to speak to the children, and, being in no wise modest and retiring, he at once fell in with the suggestion.

"A young man," said he, "is like a ship on the ocean—as long as the ship is sound, and no water leaks in, she rides triumphant. So with a young man. He may be where there is a wickedness, but if he keeps it from leaking in—if he keeps tight—that is—he if he's always tight—and—"

And then the poor fellow realized that he could never make it right, and so, with all his conceit completely gone, he sat down and feebly mopped his crimson and perspiring face.

## Rhode Island Not Measured by Feet.

The following incident I heard related at a banquet recently. Captain Wiggins of Rhode Island was there. He is a venerable looking, but lively old gentleman, with white hair flowing down over his coat collar and with a face resembling that of the late Henry Ward Beecher. The toastmaster arose to introduce Captain Wiggins and jokingly said: "The Captain hails from that famous State of Rhode Island. Let me see, how many square feet are there in Rhode Island, Captain?"

Quick as a flash the little old gentleman was standing, and with his white hair flowing over his shoulders he exclaimed:

"Rhode Island is not measured by feet, sir, but by heads."—Seattle Post.

## Such Is Fame.

A number of New York women (says the Recorder), touched with a literary distemper, formed a literary club, and bored each other by reading e-says. When they could not stand that any longer, they decided to discuss famous authors, and Edgar Allen Poe was chosen as the first subject. "Who was Edgar Allen Poe?" asked the President of the aspiring member. "I don't know much about him," was the demure answer, "except that he played on the Princeton football team a year or two ago." That broke up the club.

As soon as a woman sincerely loves a man, her first instinct is to wait on him.