

TOPICS OF THE TIMES.

A CHOICE SELECTION OF INTERESTING ITEMS.

Comments and Observations Based Upon the Shoppings of the Day—Historical and News Notes.

The man who judges the wheat market by the size of the baker's loaf is a sure loser.

A CHICAGO preacher tells us that Moses was the father of socialism. Clearly a mistake. Moses was the father of Gershom. Exodus, II, 22. And of Eliezer. Exodus, VIII, 4.

Some are endowed with good temper in a much greater degree than others. The gift can however be increased by the effort to cultivate it. Each one can nourish it in himself if he only comes to appreciate its value sufficiently. Let the motive be present and the sacrifice will be forthcoming.

WILLIAM NOVAK, a person who keeps a saloon in Chicago, is a humorist who should be sent to the penitentiary and kept there. He puts snuff into other men's beer and kills them. This is but a feeble form of wit. It is not nearly so humorous as pointing a loaded gun at a friend, rocking a rowboat or pulling a chair from beneath a person about to sit down. Mr. Novak lacks inventiveness. He should be permanently retired.

The young bloods of England who enter the army pursuant to custom and in conformity with a long-prevailing style, are having more serious matters in Africa than to hunt wild game or bask in tropical luxuriance. They have been having several kinds of fighting lately; and, however the enemy may fare, there is always a list of deaths that carry sadness to the homes back in England. This constant endeavor on the part of that country to extend her domain is attended with a good many drawbacks.

The fate of the Kearsarge, which went on a reef in Central American waters, has been the fate of many of the old style of American men-of-war. Vessels constructed at the time the Kearsarge was on the ways were not provided with watertight bulkheads and apartments. A hole punched in any part of them meant an almost instantaneous flooding of the lower decks and escape from sinking was next to impossible. The U. S. S. Ashlot, which struck Lamock's Rock in the China sea in 1882, went down in less than thirty minutes, notwithstanding ever-artifice taught at Annapolis to prevent it was practiced. Less fortunate than was the Kearsarge, the Ashlot lost eleven men. Hulls of vessels of the Kearsarge class are old and have weathered the storms of too many years to admit of their being safe. They should be put out of commission before they cause loss of life.

Many women expose themselves recklessly to robbers. They go into thoroughfares and public places carrying costly bags on frail chains or frail clasps. They wear diamonds in their ears from breakfast all day. They advertise their possession of fine watches by showing them conspicuously on their gowns, in most cases secured by slight attachments. They carry well filled purses in their hands and often lay the tempting articles down absent-mindedly in stores and on cafe tables. At street corners, when waiting for cars, they will open wallets disclosing rolls of bills, and, having extracted a small amount of change, will drop the wallet into an outside pocket where the observant thief will easily find it, hustling the unsuspecting victim in a crowd or sitting beside her in a car. A rich woman of New York who is missing went out early in the day with several thousand dollars' worth of diamonds on her person. It is feared, and justly, that she has been waylaid for the jewels. The wonder is that more women are not robbed.

SOME of the Indians on the Navajo reservation attended the World's Fair, where they were attracted to some of the side shows. They earned a little money, but their visit to civilization did them unexpected good in another way. They were particularly impressed with the show of the fruits, and since their return they have shown a great desire to become farmers. Lieut. E. H. Plummer, who has charge of the reservation, thinks they should be encouraged. An appropriation of \$5,000 or \$6,000 he thinks will be sufficient to give them a start. It is nothing new for Uncle Sam to help his Indian wards to settle down as farmers. There are thousands such among the civilized tribes, and they are fairly prosperous. The Indian takes to farming when he gets over his old savage notions that his business is to fight and leave the square to do all the work. It is a wild idea like the idea of the Indians to be contented as farmers.

and dollars the money can hardly be used in a better way. We spend millions in war to kill the Indians. Now it is time to begin to settle their future in more civilized ways.

THROUGH the enterprise and pluck of Capt. Wiggins, a sturdy British seaman, the practicability of using the Kara Sea north of Europe as a route to Siberia has become established. Capt. Wiggins has been experimenting with this route twenty years. He has learned where the best channel lies, and hereafter there is likely to be considerable commerce through this route. Next season Russia will ship 17,000 tons of steel rails for its trans-Siberian railroad by way of Kara Sea. It is an interesting query whether the navigability of this sea is wholly due to better knowledge of its channel, or whether it may not be because the arctic climate in Europe is becoming milder than it was in the earlier times when this route was tried and condemned as impracticable. If this route to China and India had been tried and found practicable before the discovery of America, the memorable voyage of Columbus might have been postponed to a later date. It was the discovery of the Gama, that the water route to India could be had by passing around the Cape of Good Hope, that delayed for many years the early settlement of the New World which Columbus discovered.

AN American college professor, recently returned from abroad, complains of the reception he met with at the United States legation in London. Desiring to visit the military Academy at Woolwich, the professor, in compliance with regulations governing admission to that institution, applied to the Secretary of the American Embassy for a card. This official asked for some identification, and the professor produced his passport, bearing his signature and attested by the Secretary of State. This was not deemed sufficient, and the applicant for favors was informed that he must bring a letter from his banker. His letter of credit, also bearing his signature, was produced and rejected as being insufficient to establish identity. The man of learning refused to make further efforts to impress on the Secretary's mind that he was the person he represented himself to be, and departed. The professor should reflect that the Secretary was doing his best to earn his salary. That probably was the first work he had performed since he acknowledged on behalf of the minister, the last invitation to Lord Pedigree's dinner. The Secretary of an American legation is often obliged to work overtime to find work to do, and the professor should not censure the one in London for having gotten out of his visit all the labor there was in it.

ONE Andrew Jones was prosecuted in a Chicago police court the other day, and he seems to be one of those first-class fellows to retire from active circulation in any community, if the stories of the police are correct. They say he robbed the corpse of his room-mate and sold the body to medical students for dissection. It appears that Jones roomed with a young man named Johnson, who was taken ill. The latter wrote to his old mother in Jackson, Miss., asking for aid to get home. The old woman worked fifteen weeks in order to save money enough to buy a railroad ticket from Chicago to Jackson. In the meantime Johnson had died. Jones received the ticket, forged Johnson's name and sold the ticket to a scalper. Then he sold his room-mate's corpse to a medical college for \$10. Jones was arrested on a charge of forgery, but the case was dismissed because the only competent witness was dead. He was then arrested on a charge of larceny, but was again dismissed because the sale of the ticket had been entrusted to him. Again he was arrested on a charge of obtaining money under false pretenses. On this charge he was held. Jones is "the meanest man" that the world has so long been trying to identify. Salt him down. Lay him away. There is no room for him in any town unless it is grated and barred.

America.
The outlying islands of the Western Continent were first discovered by Christopher Columbus upon his initial voyage of discovery in 1492, landing upon what is now called Watling Island, on October 12 of that year; subsequently visiting the Island of Cuba on October 27 and Haiti on December 6. Upon his second voyage he discovered the Island of Porto Rico on November 15, 1493, and the Island of Jamaica of May 3, 1494. The continent itself he first discovered at the mouth of the Orinoco River, August 1, 1498. In the previous year the coast of Labrador had been discovered by the Cabots on June 24, and in the same year the Atlantic Coast of North America was explored by Sebastian Cabot.

WHEN GRAN'PAP LIT HIS CORNCOB PIPE.

When gran'pap lit his corncob pipe, how quiet all things grew
While the smoke, as around the hearth we drew
Our rough, unpainted oaken chairs and waited
For the tale that event, not oft did gran'pap fall
To tell again, and yet again, the wars of long ago
To trail the Indian; hunt the bear; there in the backing's glow
He lived again his boyhood days. What memories, rich and ripe,
Woke at the mention of the hour when gran'pap lit his pipe.

For gran'pap was a pioneer; his honest, ready hand
Had been the trees that made his home within a new-found land.
He had an endless stock of yarns—a million, more or less—
The history of his early life within a wilderness.
And when he sometimes quite forgot, and told some story twice,
No one objected; no nor when he'd chance to tell one thrice;
For tales like his we've lost their charm—those stories of the type
That gran'pap used to tell us as he smoked his corncob pipe.

Oh, good old man, who long had slept the sleep that brings rest,
A jarrish story a trifle that e'er will call you best—
Could you come back and join that group around the roaring blaze
And tell, as in the long ago, those legends of the days
When strong with youth and hearty toil you trailed the forest through
How would that group, though changed with years, do honor unto you?
And may a trembling hand, gran'pap, away warm tears would wipe
As you'd draw your armchair to the fire and lit your corncob pipe.
—Inter Ocean.

AN ARTIST'S STORY.

"Unfortunately," said the eminent Royal Academician, leaning his elbow on the mantelpiece and gazing down into the fire, "unfortunately I have made up my mind never to be interviewed. I am afraid I cannot make an exception even for you."
Then, seeing the "S. S." man's face fall, he added kindly:
"However, if you promise to suppress my name, I will tell you the story of my first success, and even if you do not care to publish it, you will have something to take back to your editor."
"I began life very low down on the ladder of prosperity. My attic-studio was in Goosegreen, Hammersmith, and here I used to spend my time chiefly in enlarging photographs for a firm in Edgeware Road."
"It was in the autumn of 18—(and then put a dash, don't you know—)" and the eminent Academician crossed over to see that it was put down right. "Yes, that's it, go on."
"At the time when my more fortunate brethren were returning from their summer holidays loaded with sketches to work up during the winter I was sitting at the portrait of a city magnate. It seemed a hopeless task trying to put any expression into that heavy, puffy, pudding face. I struggled on reproducing the photograph, until I could smell the smell of a city dinner and see little scraps of turtle floating in the air. Then I threw down my pencil and gave it up in despair."
"That was too much for my empty stomach. The whole air of the room was impregnated with that bloated alderman, with his tiny pig-like eyes and dilated nostrils sniffing for food. I lighted my pipe and threw myself back in a low wicker chair, sick of my inartistic artist's life and disgusted with my work."
"Suddenly there came a gentle rap at the door. I started. It was very unusual with me to have visitors so late in the day."
"The man who entered was the most remarkable man I have ever seen. He was tall and thin—so thin, that, to my overworked brain and tired eyes, it almost seemed as if I could see right through him."
"His face was a deathly white, and his eyes burned with a steady, constant light that frightened me. Their sole expression seemed to me their intensity, and when the firelight fell on them they turned a deep blood-red, like a dog's eyes in the sun."
"At first he entirely overlooked me, although I had sprung to my feet as he entered. He crossed over to the easel on which the portrait of that ghastly alderman was hanging, and he walked with a silent shuffle, almost without lifting his feet, that suggested to me that he might be mad—I know not why."
"He tapped the wet canvas with his knuckle, and said, still without looking at me:
"You paint portraits, I believe? Ah, you paint them well; you must paint mine."
"He spoke in a quiet, determined way, as if he were used to command. Few words passed between us. He wanted me to begin at once, in spite of the fast fading light, and I immediately placed a fresh canvas on the easel."
"There he sat like marble, his death-like face immovable, his lips tightly closed."
"I work away, inspired by the solemn beauty of his face. A terrible fascination impelled me, and I never worked faster or better."
"In two hours I had completely mastered his face, but the light of the eyes no brush could paint."
"I'm afraid I can't see any more to-night," I said. "Can you spare me another sitting to-morrow?"
"He rose silently, and glanced in a satisfied way at the canvas."
"Same time to-morrow," he said, and then disappeared."
"Well, to cut a long story short," went on the famous R. A., "the mysterious stranger came and went in the same silent way for three or four days, until I had finished his picture."
"When the last sitting was over, he held out his hand. Thank you," he said; "at least I have had justice done. You might keep the picture until I bring the money," and then he disappeared."
"From that day every one who came to my studio admired the portrait of that wonderful man. My

brother artists advised me to show it at the Academy, and as three months had passed and I had never heard a word from my silent patron, I thought there could be no harm in doing so.

"It was hung on the line and, as you doubtless remember, attracted very considerable attention. In those days it was the custom to put a fancy background to portraits, and I had chosen from among my sketches a wild, crazy ravine, sombre and precipitous, which seemed to harmonize with that striking figure. It was a memento of my last summer's trip to Scotland. From all sides congratulations poured in, and from that day to this I have never ceased to climb the silvery ladder of fame."
"After the academy had been opened a few days, a city solicitor called upon me."
"I believe," he said, "you are the painter of picture No. 458, at the Academy?"
"I acknowledged I was."
"May I ask," went on my visitor, looking curiously round my studio, "may I ask," he repeated, "who was the original of that portrait, and how long it has been painted?"
"His name, unfortunately, I do not know. As for the date—and I ended my diary. 'Yes, here it is—August 31st.'"
"Are you quite sure?" said the solicitor eagerly stretching out his hand for the book.
"I showed him the entry, and he seemed almost stupefied."
"Did he suggest that background?"
"Only by his striking personality. I had a sketch of it in my portfolio and picked it out when the idea was suggested that I ought to send it to the Academy."
"Thank you," he said. "I am extremely obliged." And before I had time to ask any questions he had vanished.

"About three mornings afterwards I came across the following paragraph in the Morning News:
THE SCOTCHMAN MURDER.
"A most extraordinary trial is now attracting attention in Scotland. It appears that last summer a certain Mr. Gilchrist was traveling in Aberdeen, with his wife and friend. One morning Mr. Gilchrist left the hotel on a mountain expedition, from which he never returned."
"The suspicions of his friends were aroused by the marriage of Mrs. Gilchrist a few weeks after the disaster with a certain Mr. Freeman, who had been their traveling companion. They could, however, find no traces of foul play."
"In this year's Academy there appeared a portrait of the deceased. Subsequent investigation showed it had been painted three or four months after his death. The artist, however, could throw no fresh light upon the mystery, of which the most extraordinary feature was that the background—which he selected by chance—was a sketch of the very district in which Mr. Gilchrist had disappeared."
"His relatives determined to sift the matter, and searching the exact spot in the picture, they have found the body, with a rusty dagger imbedded in his side."
"The weapon was at once identified as the property of Mr. Freeman, who is now on trial for the murder of Mr. Gilchrist."
"The prisoner confessed his guilt and was sentenced to death."—London Short Stories.

SUPERIOR VITALITY OF INSECTS.

Eggs Often Uninjured Even After Subjected to Intense Cold.
The eggs of insects have greater powers of vitality than any others. A case was published of an egg producing an insect eighty years after it must have been laid, and the scientist responsible for this statement thinks the power of vivification may endure in these eggs for an indefinite period. Many eggs of insects are exposed to the air without any covering, and many are sheltered too slightly to be secure from the frost. This, however, the are able to resist, remaining unfrozen, though exposed to the severest cold, or, still more surprising are unharmed by its intense action, recovering their vitality even after having been frozen into lumps of ice. On exposing several silk-worm eggs for five hours to a freezing mixture which made Fahrenheit's thermometer fall to 83 degrees below zero, Spolzani found that they were not frozen nor their fertility in the slightest degree impaired. Others were exposed to a degree of 39 degrees below zero without being injured. The quality of the eggs of snails is, perhaps, even more marvelous. These eggs, if desiccated in a furnace until they are scarcely visible, will always regain their original bulk when damped, and the young will be brought forth as though the eggs had never been in any way interfered with. Neither heat nor cold seems to have any injurious effect upon their vitality for they have been frozen into ice or any length of time and when the ice is melted will be found to be wholly uninjured.—Baltimore American.

Raindeer Meat as Food.

A clergyman, the Reverend Mr. Wallis, who has lived several years on the Porcupine river in the British northern possessions, writes entertainingly of his manner of life in that frigid region.
"Many times," he says, "I have substituted almost exclusively on reindeer meat. It is very good, and I may say it is about the only kind of meat you don't get tired of. I think it is better, all things considered, than beef, and that you can eat it longer without its palling on you. It is a venison more than anything else. The Indians eat it almost exclusively, and they are very big and strong. Some of them are six feet high, and the average is about five feet, ten inches. They are genuine North American Indians, and not the Aleuts, Eskimos, or a mixture of the two."
"I keep an Indian hunter, and he supplies me with all the reindeer meat I want. He also brings me goose, duck, bear, and other game as I need it. I have learned to shoot pretty well myself, as the white men do in that region or anywhere contiguous to it. The ducks and geese, like the reindeer, are remarkably good eating."

New Citizens of France.
During 1892 4,537 aliens were naturalized in France and it is of some interest that 279 of these were Germans. A thousand persons from Alsace-Lorraine acquired French nationality during the year, and 954 Italians, 726 Belgians, and 83 Russians. Seven thousand eighty-eight children of alien parents, born on

PRESERVATIVE EFFECT OF LABOR.

Overwork Never Kills, but Worry Slays Its Thousands.

It is well-known that the late Sir Andrew Clark had a contempt for the view that hard work hurts a man, says the London News. From the latest of the series of articles reproducing in the Lancet instructions given by him in clinical medicine at the London hospital, we make the following interesting quotation, re-creating in his own words a bit of autobiography, with the substance of which our readers are already familiar:
"Labor is the life of life. And especially is it the life of life to the delicate. And when any organ is sick, it is then truer than in health that even in sickness and delicacy it is better for the organ to do what work of its own it can, provided it can do it without injury. And I can say to you from a considerable experience of tuberculous pulmonary disease, I can say with perfect confidence that those who have done the best have usually been those who have occupied themselves the most. I never knew my own parents

"They both died of phthisis. At the age of 11 I myself went to Madeira to die of phthisis. But I did not die, and on coming back I had the good luck to get into this great hospital, and in those days they were not very pleased to have the Scotchmen coming to London to occupy such appointments. The members of the staff had heard that I had tubercle and they wagered 100 to 1 that I would only have the appointment six months at most. The reason given for that was that I did not eat and worked too hard."
"I got the appointment. Thirty-eight or thirty-nine years have gone since that time, and it is all the other doctors that are gone. Only I am left here on the staff—an old gentleman—not dead yet."

There was one little mistake here, as the editor of the Lancet points out. Sir Andrew Clark had for the moment forgotten that Dr. W. J. Little was still alive.

"Labor is life," said Sir Andrew Clark in the lecture above quoted, "but worry is killing. It is bad management that kills people. Nature will let no man overwork himself unless he plays her false—takes stimulants at irregular times, smokes too much or takes opium. If he is regular and obeys the laws of health and walks in the way of physiological righteousness, nature will never allow him or any other person to work too much."

"I have never yet seen a case of breaking down from mere overwork alone, but I admit that it is necessary above all things to cultivate tranquility of mind. Try to help your patients to exercise their wills in regard to this—for will counts for something in securing tranquility—to accept things as they are and not to bother about yesterday, which is gone forever, not to bother about to-morrow, which is not theirs, but to take the present day and make the best of it. Those affectionate women who will continually peer into what lies beyond never have any present life at all—they are always grizzling over the past or prying into the future, and this blessed to-day, which is all that we are sure of, they never have."

Antiquity of the Pump.

Machines for raising water may be said to be as old as civilization itself, and their invention extends so far beyond written history that no one can say when the art of lifting and distributing water began. Egypt, the land of unfathomable antiquity, the oldest civilization of the Orient, noted not only for her magnificence and power, but for engineering skill, made practical use of such important devices as the syphon and siphon, the latter being a remarkable invention, and the real parent of the modern pump.

Whether or not siphons were ever fitted with inlet or outlet valves, thus making the single-action pump, is not known, but bellows, consisting of a leather bag set in a frame and worked by the feet—the operator standing with one foot on each bag, expelling the inclosed air, the exhausted bag being then lifted by a string to refill it with air—implies the use of a valve opening inward, and it is difficult to conceive of a continuous operation without one.

A representative piece of mechanism occurs frequently on the sculptures of early Egypt. It has the appearance of, and is generally believed to be a portable pump. The hydraulic screw is also attributed to this people, but their main reliance seems always to have been shadoof, seen everywhere along the banks of the Nile—an invention so simple, and so well adapted to their needs, that it remains to-day substantially the same as it has through all the centuries since history began.

Sure Comfort.

He cannot be an unhappy man who has the love and smile of woman to accompany him in every department of life. The world may look dark and cheerless without, enemies may gather in his path; but when he returns to the fireside, and feels the tender love of woman, he forgets his cares and troubles, and is comparatively happy man. He is but half prepared for the journey of life who does not take with him that friend who will forsake him in no emergency, who will divide his sorrows, increase his joys, and throw sunshine amid the darkest scenes.

French soil, were counted in as of French nationality, without choice or option of the parents by virtue of the new legislation promoted to check the foreign element in France and to work up an increase of the population which the native element fails to maintain. Altogether France acquired in one way and another 22,892 new citizens during the year 1893.

Under Discipline.

"I tell you what 'tis, men are good enough far's they go, but there ain't none of 'em but what needs takin' down now 'an then," remarked Mrs. Sprout, as she unrolled her knitting-work and prepared to spend the afternoon with her sister. "I s'pose likely they do," responded little Mrs. Peters, who lived in constant awe of her stolid spouse; "but it ain't always easy to know jest how to do it, Mirandy." "Humph! It's easy enough if you only set about it," said Mrs. Sprout, with a grim smile. And then she settled down to her story:

"I've jest ben havin' a season with Josiah. He's ben tellin' me right along that I looked kinder dragged, an' last off I spoke up an' says I, 'It's enough 't make 'most any woman look dragged, Josiah, to be standin' over the cookin'-stove this hot weather.'"
"Josiah, he looked all took aback, an' he says, 'Why Mirandy, what makes you do such a mess o' cookin'?' Jest take things easy. I can get along with 'most anythin'; you no need to cook up such a variety o' stuff fer me. Now let's start right out with breakfast 't-morrow. You jest give me a plain, wholesome meal; I shan't be the fust 't complain.'"
"Well, he went over to his brother Jim's, an' he wa'n't home the fust o' that day. I knew what he relished an' craved the most of anythin' but 'twas what give me the most work an' kep' me all het up, an' so I jest allowed that that was what I'd cut short on, seein' Josiah callin' it didn't make no difference what he eat."

"Well, next mornin' come, an' he set down to the table as usual. There was nice piece o' pork an' potatoes an' garden sass an' doughnuts an' raised biscuits an' good coffee. 'Twas a real wholesome meal."

"Josiah, he began to eat, but he didn't say much. I see him kinder lookin' the table over once or twice, an' he seemed sorter disappointed. Finally he lay down his knife an' fork, an' looked over at me real seechin', so't I couldn't scussly keep my countenance."

"What's the matter?" says I. "Don't youf food relish, Josiah?" "Ye-e-e," says he, "but it's a kind of a slim breakfast, alot it, Mirandy."

"What is't you miss?" says I. "Well, there don't seem to be no pie on the table," says he, lookin' for all the world like a gre't schoolboy. "I got up an' fetched him a big piece that I'd saved from the day before, an' set it in front of him, an' you never see a man brighten up the way he did! But right in the middle of it he looked up an' ketchin' my eye, an' he turned reg'lar poppy color."

"I 'll'ate it's some work 't makes pies," he says real humble; an' then I knew he'd come to a realizin' sense. "That was all I wanted of him," concluded Mrs. Sprout, twitching energetically at a refractory knot. "I'm willin' to do for him, but I jest have to take him down now an' agin. Men are all aw'd jes' like that; they're an awful onreasonable set, if women wasn't here to keep 'em where they'd oughter be!"

Without Wives and Babies.

Man is but an incomplete being without a helpmeet, in fact, only a moiety of a man, waiting to be perfected by the addition of a "better half."

The royalty of his nature remains undeveloped while he is single. Only when he has a wife to protect and cherish, and children to train and discipline does he attain his true status in the world.

Abdon, the Judge of Israel, whose forty sons and thirty grandsons fled off before him, mounted on three-score and ten assaults, may be supposed to have felt wonderfully edified and built up by the spectacle.

How the old man's heart must have bounded with honest exultation when he beheld such a cavalcade of his own raising.
Modern papas do not trot out their offspring in the imposing Oriental style; but when they see troops of them capering about on hobby-horses, nursing doll babies, and in other ways deporting themselves after the manner of Christianurchins of the present generation, they are, no doubt, just as happy as was the patriarchal Abdon, and much prouder than if they had eclipsed Praxiteles as statues or beated Cheops at pyramid building.

Home and family—what a dreary objectless life is his who has no one to care for, and what a desert of a world this would be without the wives and babies.

He cannot be an unhappy man who has the love and smile of woman to accompany him in every department of life. The world may look dark and cheerless without, enemies may gather in his path; but when he returns to the fireside, and feels the tender love of woman, he forgets his cares and troubles, and is comparatively happy man. He is but half prepared for the journey of life who does not take with him that friend who will forsake him in no emergency, who will divide his sorrows, increase his joys, and throw sunshine amid the darkest scenes.

Distressing vomiting may be relieved by applying to the stomach a hot shingle or woollen pad brought from the oven.