

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 appears that Holmes murdered his victims and made no bones about it.

Lawyers have been known to tell the truth. They will do anything to win a case.

A German chemist has discovered how to make artificial musk cheaply. Don't let that man get away.

If Fitzsimmons is debarred from the prize ring because of his Syracuse experience he ought to be able to find a new sphere of usefulness in Congress.

A dispatch from Deckertown, N. J., says that a pilot snake at that place killed a \$200 cow, a \$100 dog and a \$10 pig the other day. How the 50-cent liar escaped is not explained.

Whether or not the Cuban rebels are making any progress, the fact that Gen. Campos has ordered 1,300 pounds of quinine for his soldiers is evidence that Spain's naughty power has begun to tremble.

Japan is quietly adopting many American inventions for its own use without the formality of purchasing them, and in time will learn how to make shoddy goods and adulterate all its food products. Japan is a promising country.

The Houston Post says: "The best way to get rid of grass in the streets is to have them paved with asphalt or stone." True; the St. Louis plan of trusting to cows and goats to keep the business streets clear of grass is never entirely successful.

A Frenchman proposes a tax on corsets. He maintains that the corset is a luxury and its use a harmful defecation to an antiquated dictum of fashion. As in France alone about 8,000,000 corsets are worn out annually, even a very light tax would appreciably benefit the ever-yearning exchequer. The Frenchman's idea is on par with the Italian's, who last year proposed to levy a tax on beards.

There is a growing conviction in England that redness is a distinctive characteristic of what are known as well-bred crowds. The London World points out that the scenes in the ante-rooms at the Queen's reception would disgrace a mass meeting of bricklayers, and calls attention to the fact that at the opera and concerts the audience is always disturbed by well-dressed and inconsiderate people in the boxes. Woman no longer brings with her into public places a silent demand for courtesy. She repudiates it as a concession to weakness.

If Mayor Holland, of Dallas, Tex., is a fair specimen of Texas Mayors they must be a set of blooming idiots. Mayor Holland wants the Corbett-Fitzsimmons fight to come off there because "it will attract the leading men of the world and will give these men of capital who attend such an insight into the advantages of Texas as they never could under other circumstances obtain." It would hardly seem necessary to inform this Texas ignoramus that the gamblers, toughs, thugs and brutes who will attend the fight are not the leading men of the world and that the investments they will make will be confined strictly to the price of admission and to whatever whiskey they may consume. If this is the kind of visitors Dallas wants it is a pity that Chicago alone could not accommodate him with several thousand.

After England's vacillating policy in respect to "the unspeakable Turk" and the Armenian question, Mr. Gladstone's direct, vigorous words on the subject are refreshing. With all the force and vigor which he ever displayed when in his prime the ex-premier in his speech at Chester denounced the Turkish Government for "its horrible, infernal work" with the Armenians and called upon her majesty's government to take such action as will forever prevent a repetition of the outrages. The entire nation, he thinks, is ready, irrespective of party, to support the government in whatever steps of this kind it may take. He would have England refuse to accept any more of the Turk's promises. The way to accept the sultan's promise of reform is to make it impossible for him to break the promise. The rest of Christian civilization echoes Mr. Gladstone's words. England, with her numerous international complications, has been strangely timid to take harsh measures with Turkey. It is time for another line of action and it is eminently fitting that the inspiring force in this movement should come from Gladstone. If England sets the initiative it is hardly conceivable that the rest of Christian Europe should fail to lend her support.

The death of George F. Root will awaken reminiscences in nearly every home in the north. Even where his name was not identified with the songs he wrote, the songs themselves have been familiar for a period of nearly thirty years. Mr. Root's life, which was eminently that of a generous and lovable man, was almost entirely devoted to music. During the middle years of the century he, with other well-known musicians like Dr. Lowell Mason and William B. Bradbury, founded the nucleus of whatever popular musical development the country had. His duties as an educator did not deprive him of opportunities for composing, and he made a name for himself by publishing "Hazel Bells," a tune song which those who

recall the early '50's will remember for its extraordinary popularity. The war, however, gave him his best inspiration, and under the force of that bitter but bracing inspiration he wrote the songs which were to be heard in every home and at every campfire. The list of names of these remarkable instances of popular song making, some of them still of daily familiarity, is itself suggestive of the man and his work. It comprises: "The Battle Cry of Freedom," "The Vacant Chair," "Tramp, Tramp," "Just Before the Battle," "Old Folks Are Gone," "Stand Up for Uncle Sam" and many more breathing the patriotic spirit. It was a wholesome, cheering influence which the song writer contributed in the gloomy days of the war. How much his work counted in stimulating the people of the north and in making their trials lighter it would be hard to say. His songs were made to strike the popular heart, and the way in which they reached their object is remarkable. The regret at the death of this high-minded and estimable life is softened by the memory of a life full of years and helpful deeds.

He Owned that Fly.
It was on the west-bound express over the Michigan Central the other afternoon. A fat man, who had been complaining of the heat, dust, rate of progress and many other things finally decided to take a nap. Before getting settled down and closing his eyes he was seen by those nearest him to take an artificial fly from his vest pocket and place it on his nose, but it was a quarter of an hour before it attracted attention. Then a woman looked back and noticed it and said to her husband:

"Samuel, do you see that? You had better go and brush that fly off that poor man's nose. It's a wonder he can sleep with it, but I s'pose he's tired out."

"Yes, I guess I'll do that much for him," replied the man, and he rose up and went back. The fly was quiet, and he advanced his thumb and finger and carefully picked it off and dropped it on the floor.

"What is it?" asked the bald-headed man as he roused up.
"A fly on your nose, sir."
"A fly, eh? Where is it? Ah! I see." He picked it up and replaced it on his nose and said:

"Sir, I would thank you to mind your own business! This is my fly. I bought him for ten cents. Attend to your own fly and I will to mine!"

He leaned back for another nap, and after looking at him in a bewildered way for half a minute the farmer returned to his wife.

"What is it, Samuel?" she asked.
"Nuthin'—nuthin', 'cept if I had that feller down in our tamarack swamp I'd maul him till he couldn't breathe fur makin' a fool of me!"—Free Press.

Demoralized the System.
"What time will that train be in, do you think?" asked the impatient man.
"It is purty hard to tell," answered the agent of the little Southern branch line. "Sense Bill's tree was cut down by a pack of durn fool niggers after a coon he finds it a heap of trouble makin' the right time."

"Bill's tree?"
"Yas. Bill, he is the conductor, you know. The tree I was speakin' of stood alongside the track, about thirty miles up from here, an' when the train come along and the shadder of the tree laid across the middle of the top rail of Buck Johnson's fence Bill knowed he was on time, and could gauge her about right to get here on schedule time. Now them fool niggers has cut it down, and all Bill has to go by is his own guess. Company was talkin' some of puttin' up a pole in the place whar the tree uster be, but they hain't done it yet."

Climbing Mont Blanc.
It is an expensive as well as a very tiresome undertaking to ascend Mont Blanc. It costs at least \$50 a person, for by the law of the commune of Chamouni each stranger is obliged to have two guides and a porter. So far as the danger is concerned, it is now reduced to a minimum, but almost every year the mountain claims a victim. Bad weather is the chief thing to be feared by the guides, and so swiftly does it come that a cloudless sky may in fifteen minutes turn to a blinding snow-storm which beats you to the ground. Thus it was some years ago a party of eleven persons perished. Five were found frozen stiff in the snow; the other six still lie buried in the Glacier des Boissons. Forty years is the time allowed for the glacier to yield them up in the valley below.

A Pisky Woman.
On the eve of Decoration Day a Brooklyn teacher, shortly after she had stepped on a Fulton ferryboat, felt some animal running up her stocking, and taking refuge under the yoke of her skirt. She grasped her dress, thus tightly imprisoning the creature, and, though shuddering with horror, she absolutely refrained from making any outcry. She maintained this self-control until the boat had touched the dock and she had reached the waiting-room, when she liberated a great wharf-rat.

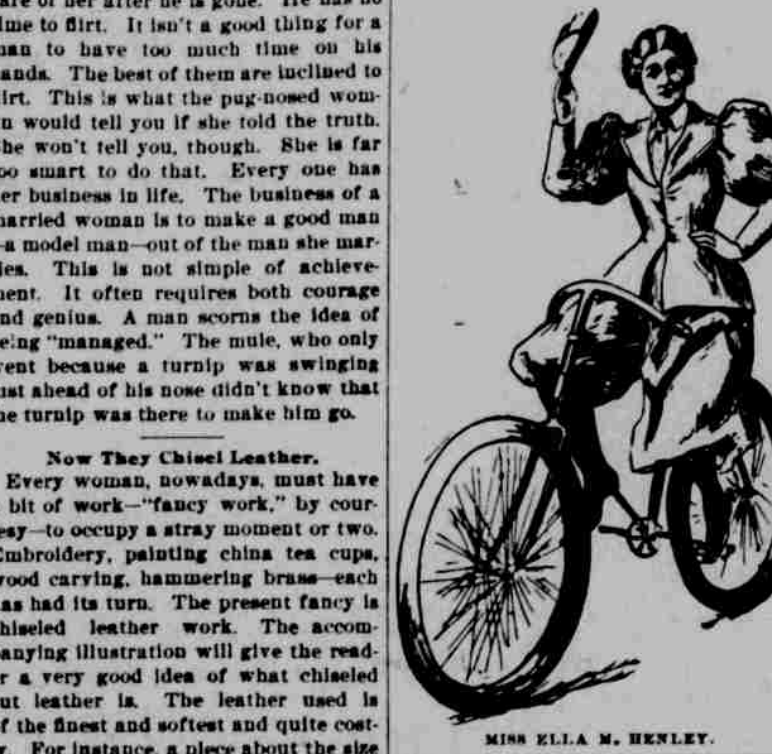
Singular Case of Blindness.
Mrs. Jonathan Rowe, of South Atkinson, Maine, who has been totally blind for twenty years, experienced an odd partial recovery of her sight a few days ago. She suddenly became able to see quite distinctly one afternoon about 2 o'clock, but her vision was totally obscured again in two hours. Since then she has been able to see every day between about 2 and 4 o'clock in the afternoon, but during the rest of the twenty-four hours is as blind as formerly.

There is so much talk of men imposing on women that there is no time to talk about women imposing on men.

WOMAN AT HOME

THE management of husbands is a topic not new, but of never falling interest to the mass of women who find their matrimonial path not completely obscured from view by rose leaves. A clever writer when asked her views on the subject said: "The wisest women usually know the least about managing a man. If you wish to gain ideas of value ask a little woman with a reticent nose, and a weakness for bonnets and changing fashions. The sensible woman wouldn't be like her for the world, and yet ten to one that little woman has the more sense of the two—i. e., more sense about the vital questions of life—relative to domestic happiness. She won't tell you her secret of making a devoted slave out of a selfish everyday kind of a man, but you may depend upon it she doesn't worry about the butcher and the baker and other bill collectors who call on the first of the month. She buys silk stockings and wears ribbon bows on her underwear, and sews sachet powder into her gowns and never lets him know she can wash dishes or make beds or do commonplace work that you can hire done for three dollars a week. He, in the meantime, plunges ahead to get the money to meet obligations and keeps up a stiff life insurance besides to take care of her after he is gone. He has no time to flirt. It isn't a good thing for a man to have too much time on his hands. The best of them are inclined to flirt. This is what the pug-nosed woman would tell you if she told the truth. She won't tell you, though. She is far too smart to do that. Every one has her business in life. The business of a married woman is to make a good man—a model man—out of the man she marries. This is not simple of achievement. It often requires both courage and genius. A man scorns the idea of being 'managed.' The mule, who only went because a turnip was swinging just ahead of his nose didn't know that the turnip was there to make him go."

Now They Chisel Leather.
Every woman, nowadays, must have a bit of work—"fancy work," by courtesy—to occupy a stray moment or two. Embroidery, painting china tea cups, wood carving, hammering brass—each has had its turn. The present fancy is chiseled leather work. The accompanying illustration will give the reader a very good idea of what chiseled leather is. The leather used is of the finest and softest and quite costly. For instance, a piece about the size of a photograph costs \$4. The beautiful scroll work designs of the Italian renaissance are best adapted for this art-leather work. The pattern is first traced upon the leather, and then, with various sharp little knives like a surgeon's lancet, the work is cut in relief—the



energerly await the coming of the sweet girl who sells the sour stuff. When she arrives she commands attention at once and often secures an audience with merchants when the masculine drummer would not be heard. And she usually goes out with an order, too. Her income is quite good, for besides her salary she is allowed a commission on sales over a certain amount. Her expenses run higher than those of her brother travelers, but her firm willingness allows this on account of the large amount of business she does.

This unique commercial traveler is about 25 years of age, and is trimly built. She rides gracefully, and does not mind a good stiff run of thirty or forty miles. She wears the latest style of tailor-made bloomers, and always looks neat and fresh, even after a long ride.

The Angelic Husband.
There are husbands who are pretty. There are husbands who are witty. There are husbands who in public are as smiling as the morn'. There are husbands who are healthy. There are famous ones and wealthy. But the real angelic husband—well, he's never yet been born.

Some for strength of love are noted. Who are really so devoted. That whose/or their wives are absent they are lonesome and forlorn. And while now and then you'll find One who's really good and kind. Yet the real angelic husband—oh, he's never yet been born.

So the woman who is mated To the man who may be rated As "pretty fair" should cherish him forever and a day. For the real angelic creature, Perfect, quite, in every feature, He has never been discovered, and he won't be, so they say.

Woman and Her Vids.
The energetic and ambitious woman of wealth and leisure is an interesting study as regards her time-destroying pursuits. If she has brains above the trifling details of suits and trappings and forms and ceremonies, she goes into the arena as a philanthropist among penniless and progressive women. This step establishes her in the world of mind. Later on she takes up charity on a large scale, and she steps into society on its shoulder. Her tact, energy, unwearied powers for directing, planning, organizing and upholding are indispensable to her. Back of it all, however, is enterprise. She is at heart commercial in her instincts.

When Embroidering Parasols.
It is best when working small parasols, not to employ too many colors on one flower. For working the two back petals use dark rich purple shades, and the three lower ones a light yellow, with dark veinings of the purple shades; a rich deep maroon or copper color can be substituted for the purple in another one, which will give an entirely different effect to the lower.—Ladies' Home Journal.

We wish we were a girl, and had nothing worse to worry us than the debt of a quarter we owe our mother.

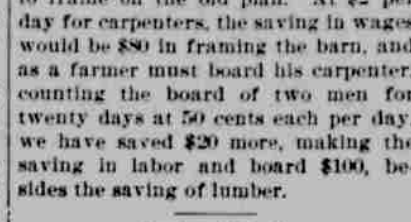
HELPFUL FARM HINTS

SUGGESTIONS FOR THE AGRICULTURIST AND STOCKMAN.

New System of Barn Building—Farmers Should Fertilize Their Brains—How to Relieve Choking Cattle—Something New in Fencing.

The Plank Barn.
A new system of barn building has been in use in Central Ohio for a series of years, which Waldo F. Brown describes as giving a barn a far greater strength than the old plan of heavy timbers mortised and tenoned together, with a saving of about half the frame timber and more than three-fourths of the work of framing. This barn is called "the plank barn," and the entire frame is made of two by eight planks, except nails, ties and rafters, which are two by six. There is, according to the New England Farmer, not a mortise or tenon in the building, but it is put together with spikes and carriage bolts, and two men will form a large barn ready to raise in four days, such a one as it would take them four weeks to frame on the old plan. At \$2 per day for carpenters, the saving in wages would be \$80 in framing the barn, and as a farmer must board his carpenter, counting the board of two men for twenty days at 50 cents each per day, we have saved \$20 more, making the saving in labor and board \$100, besides the saving of lumber.

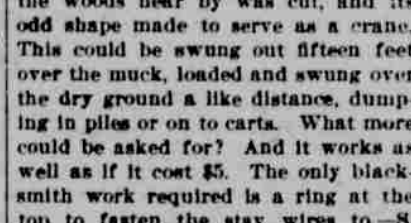
Brains Did It.
To get out a lot of muck and dump it on the upland to drain while the drouth lasted, this was the question.



The swamp was too soft for a team and human muscle was too expensive to lift it into a cart and wheel it ashore. But brains did it. A tree growing in the woods near by was cut, and its odd shape made to serve as a crane. This could be swung out fifteen feet over the muck, loaded and swung over the dry ground a like distance, dumping in piles or on to carts. What more could be asked for? And it works as well as if it cost \$5. The only blacksmith work required is a ring at the top to fasten the stay wires to.—S. Eden in American Agriculturist.

A Good Soil to Cultivate.
R. S. Kingman, speaking of the better education of agriculturists, well says: "Fertilize the brains of the farmer with good practical knowledge, then they would be better prepared to fertilize their farms intelligently." Every lawyer in the land must fertilize his brain or he will fail. Every doctor, every banker, every merchant, every editor must do the same or they will fail. And yet, in the face of all this, and in face of the fact apparent on every hand that it is the brainless farmers who succeed best, there can be found farmers in every neighborhood who really think that it does not pay to cultivate brains in farming. They think it is money thrown away to buy books, papers or attend conventions or farm institutes. If they thought these things paid, we would see them hard at it, for they want money bad enough. Good thinking lies under the success of every man in all kinds of business. A man cannot do good thinking unless he feeds his mind with good thoughts.

A Portable Fence.
It is often more economical to pasture off a piece of rich fodder than to cut it and wheel it away to the sheep, or other stock. The lack of a fence often prevents this. A portable fence can be made after the suggestions given in the sketch, which is from the Orange Judd Farmer. A few panels of this will inclose sufficient feed for a day's cropping, and can be shifted to new ground the next day. If sheep are to be thus folded, an extra board will be needed in each panel. These panels may be 12 or 14 feet in length, well braced to keep the fence firm as to lengthwise motion. The crosspiece at the bottom of the upright should be long enough



SOMETHING NEW IN FENCING.

Corn on Outside Rows.
Many farmers plant two or three rows of potatoes on the outer edges of the cornfield, so that in cultivating the horse can turn on these without treading down the corn, says the Connecticut Farmer. But the potatoes are worse injured by this tramping than the corn is, and scattered as they are on these outside rows, it requires extra labor to harvest them. We have noticed also that when the corn was planted out to the end of the rows, the outside hills, despite the injury by tramping, had more grain in proportion to their stalks. This is undoubtedly because the outside rows get more sunlight. It is a mistake to plant corn thickly. Three

grains in a hill, if all grow as all should, are better than more, for if four stalks each have an ear the size of the ear will be smaller, and it will make greater work in husking and handling the crop, with little or no increase of grain.

To Catch Chinch Bugs.
Mix kerosene and salt—one quart to the bushel—and strew it in a row two to three inches wide around the field, in the middle of a space ten to fifteen feet wide, devoid of vegetation by plowing and harrowing. At intervals of three rods bore holes eight inches deep with a post auger, trimming off the tops with a knife to make them smooth and funnel-shaped; fill half full of water and pour in a little coal oil. The bugs strike this salt track, turn aside to go by it, and roll into these holes, whence they can be dipped out, more kerosene added and the pile burned. Keep the holes smooth and fresh, pour a little kerosene on the salt once a day, and with a bright boy watching every day to keep things in shape, the bugs can be kept off. In this way I have saved a sixty-five acre field of corn, although it was next to a wheat lot that was badly infested.

Clover and Potash.
Analysis of crimson clover shows that it has a large proportion of potash. Some of the failures to grow it, especially on sandy soil, are probably due to a deficiency of potash. The common red clover frequently falls from the same cause. A dressing of wood ashes, or, where this can not be had, of muriate of potash, will secure a seedling where without it there have been repeated failures of clover to catch. Heavy soils have usually a considerable amount of potash, but even on these a potash dressing often gives beneficial results, for it presents the mineral plant food in available form.

Ripening Early Tomatoes.
When the tomatoes commence to turn white and just have a yellow tinge, they may be gathered and placed upon a table in the sun. In a day or two, after exposure to the sun, they will be ripe. Only the largest and whitest ones should be taken, the small or green ones will wilt if taken off too early. This is the way the early tomatoes are ripened, when they command \$0 to 90 cents per peck. After the price falls to 60 cents per bushel, the fruit is allowed to ripen on the vine. Fruit ripened on the vine has a firm feel and the meat is solid and of better flavor than green-picked fruit.

Choking Cattle.
A correspondent of "Practical Farmer" gives the following method of relieving choked cattle: Take of fine cut chewing tobacco enough to make a ball the size of a hen's egg. Dampen with molasses so it adheres closely. Elevate the animal's head, pull out the tongue and crowd the ball as far down the throat as possible. In fifteen minutes it will cause sickness and vomiting, relaxing the muscles, so that whatever object may be in the throat will be thrown up.

Protects the Little Chicks.
In feeding chickens, provide pen or netting like the illustration for it may



DEVICE TO PROTECT CHICKS.

be made of slats) under which the little chicks may feed without being crowded away by the larger ones. It can be raised as the chickens grow, and it is one of those clever little devices that help to secure the poultryer's profits.

Microbes in Plant Life.
Prof. Wiley says that "one of the grandest discoveries of modern science" is the agency of the microbes in enabling plants to absorb from the air the nitrogen which is the chief factor of their growth. This theory was first suggested by Pasteur, and it is thought to be fully confirmed by the researches of Independent Investigators. If it does not deceive expectation, it will completely revolutionize agriculture. To increase the growth of plants it will only be necessary to feed their roots with water containing the proper microbes.

Harvest Drink.
The following is an English recipe for a favorite haymaking beverage: Put one pound of medium oatmeal in a milking pail, with the rind of two lemons cut as thin as possible; cut away all the white pith and remove the seeds, then slice the two lemons. Pour two gallons of quite boiling water over the meal, stirring well, and a pound of best sugar; stir until the sugar is dissolved and strain off into another pail. If made overnight it will be quite cold, in the hottest weather for use next day.

Oil for a Dairy Floor.
Occasional slight, very slight, dressing with hot linseed oil will keep a wooden creamery floor absolutely impervious to water and milk, easily cleaned and quick to show any lack of proper attention, says Hoard's Dairyman. We do not argue the question for or against any style of floor, but state the fact that it is quite possible to have a floor of wood that will answer all possible requirements.

Watch the Stock Wall.
All the stock on a farm must be carefully observed. Each individual should be kept under careful watch so as to guard against disease or a reduction of flesh or product. The loss of appetite by one animal may be due to some cause that can affect the whole, and by attending to the matter in time there may be a great saving in preventing ailments among the other members of the flock or herd.