

Topics of the Times

Yarmouth, England, exported over 72,000 barrels of cured herrings to the continent during the past year.

Wearing monocles, the latest fashion for ladies, a craze recently started in Paris by ladies of the Serbian colony, is extending to London.

Many thousand dollars' worth of railroad tickets were under water in the Union depot. Roll your transportation.—Kansas City Star.

Gen. Joubert's chair, made of ebony, oak horns and hides, and captured from his laager at Lambou, near Lydenburg, is now treasured by Lieut. Col. Urmaton, at Glenroven, south of Muli.

The Worshipful Company of Goldsmiths has presented to the University of London the whole of the valuable library of economic literature which it purchased some ten years ago from Prof. Foxwell.

The South McAlester (Indian Territory) News relates that a negro criminal in the Choctaw nation was so badly scared by being arrested that he turned an ashen gray, and has never recovered his proper color.

King Edward's proficiency as a linguist was strikingly illustrated during his recent visit to Paris. At a private dinner given by M. Loubet, the French President read a very formal speech. The King of England got up immediately after and delivered without a note an admirable speech in French.

German newspapers mention among the signs of the time a recent announcement regarding Hugo Zu Hohenlohe-Oehringen, the first German prince who has turned merchant. With a merchant named Schode he has formed a company, with a capital of \$75,000, for using oil to lay the dust in roads.

M. Fremlet, the French sculptor, has received a commission for a monument, to be erected in Paris, in memory of the pigeons which carried messages during the siege. At its commencement the institution of the pigeon post was of marked service, and thousands of letters and dispatches were sent out from Paris by this means.

The Rock Island Railway keeps one of the largest supply houses in the United States, in Trenton, Mo. The shipments from this "store" are said to exceed the combined sales of all other business houses in Trenton. It furnishes supplies to every point on the line between Muscatine, Iowa, and Missouri river points.—Kansas City Journal.

Secretary Shaw, of the Treasury Department, has distanced all endeavor in beautiful covers for reports to Congress. His annual statement was topped by an exquisite creation in Morocco, with gift filigree work, as fine as the bookbinders of the government could supply. The daintily prepared pages, detailing Treasury transactions and policies for a twelvemonth, were tied up in equally beautiful red ribbon, with the loveliest kind of bow-knots.—Washington letter.

David N. Selig, who has just died at Northport, Mass., though blind since childhood, made a fortune as a business man and inventor. In 1851 he began in a small way the manufacture of mattresses. The business growing, he began to make furniture. He invented new styles of chairs and furniture and went so far as to design and carry out machinery for their manufacture. His sense of touch was so wonderful that he could detect the slightest flaws in articles made in his factory.

The railway across the Andes, between Chill and the Argentine republic, which was projected twenty years ago, is at last to be completed, the Chilean congress having recently passed a bill for the purpose. The loftiest part of the pass, which lies not far south of the great Andean giant, Aconcagua, and which has an elevation of 13,000 feet, is to be penetrated by a tunnel, which will serve both to avoid snow-drifts and to decrease the maximum elevation of the road. The terminals of the railway on each side of the pass are now within one day's travel by mule caravan from one another. This will be the first rail line to cross the South American continent.

HER WEIGHT IN GOLD.

An Ordinary Woman Isn't Worth So Very Much After All.

"The weight of money is very deceptive," says an employe of the sub-treasury. "For instance: A young man came in here one day with a young woman. I was showing them through the department, and happened to ask jokingly if he thought the girl was worth her weight in gold. He assured me that he certainly did think so, and after learning that her weight was 106 pounds we figured that she would be worth in gold coin \$28,047. The young man was fond enough of her to think that was rather cheap. "Another thing that deceives many people," he continued, "is the weight of paper money. Now, how many one dollar bills do you think it would take to weigh as much as a five-dollar gold piece?"

On a guess the writer said fifty, reports the New York Mail and Express, and the clerk laughed.

"I have heard guesses so that," he said, "all the way from fifty to 500, and from men who have handled money for years. The fact of the matter is that with a five-dollar gold piece on one scale you would have to put only six and one-half bills in the other to balance it."

The question afterwards was put to

several friends of the writer and elicited answers ranging all the way from twenty to 1,000, the majority guessing from 200 to 500.

Packing the weights of gold coins and bills given at the sub-treasury, it was figured that a \$5 gold piece weighs .206 of an ounce avoirdupois. The employe at the treasury who handled the paper money said that 100 bills weigh four and one-half ounces. That would make one bill weigh .045 of an ounce, and between six and seven bills would balance the gold piece.

On the proposition of how much money one can lift, figures were obtained at the sub-treasury, where certain numbers of coins were placed in bags and weighed as standards. For example, the standard amount for gold coin is \$5,000, which weighs 184 pounds. Five hundred silver dollars weigh 33½ pounds, while \$200 in halves, or 400 coins, weigh 11 pounds. Two hundred pounds of coin money of various kinds is made up as follows: Silver dollars, \$2,617; half dollars, \$3,633; quarter dollars, \$3,657; dimes, \$3,615.80; nickels, \$917; pennies, \$295.61.

In \$1 bills the same weight would amount to \$71,111.

Dan's Wife.

Up in early morning light,
Sweeping, dusting, setting right,
Oiling all the household springs,
Sewing buttons, tying strings,
Telling Bridget what to do,
Mending rips in Johnnie's shoe,
Running up and down the stair,
Tying baby in her chair,
Cutting meat and spreading bread,
Dishing out so much per head,
Eating as she can, by chance,
Giving husband kindly glance,
Toiling, busy life—
Smart woman,
Dan's wife.

Dan comes home at fall of night,
Home so cheerful, neat and bright,
Children meet him at the door,
Pull at him and look him o'er,
Wife asks him how day has gone,
"Busy time with us at home!"
Supper done, Dan reads with ease—
Happy Dan, but one to please;
Children must be put to bed;
All the little prayers are said,
Little shoes are placed in rows,
Bedclothes tucked o'er little toes,
Busy, wearing life—
Tired woman,
Dan's wife.

Dan reads on and falls asleep—
See the woman softly creep;
Baby rests at last; poor dear,
Not a word her heart to cheer,
Mending basket full to top,
Stockings, shirt and little frock;
Tired eyes and weary brain,
Side with darting, ugly pain;
"Never mind, 'twill pass away,"
She must work but never play;
Closed piano, unused books,
Done the walks to pleasant nooks,
Brightness faded out of life—
Saddened woman,
Dan's wife.

Upstairs, toying to and fro,
Fever holds the woman low;
Children wander, free to play,
When and where they will to-day;
Bridget loiters—dinner's cold;
Dan looks anxious, cross and old;
Household screws all out of place,
Lacking one dear, patient face,
Steady hands so tried and true,
Hands that knew just what to do,
Never seeking rest nor play,
Folded now and laid away,
Work of six in one short life—
Murdered woman,
Dan's wife,
—Kate Tannatt Woods.

Bootblack and the Critic.
Here is a story that is being told about William Winter, dean of dramatic critics. Mr. Winter's locks are long and gray. While crossing City Hall Park one day last summer he was approached by a bootblack.

"Shine, mister? Shine?"
"No, my son," replied Mr. Winter, and then, noting the grime on the face of the urchin, he added: "I don't want a shine, but I'll tell you what I'll do. If you will go over to the fountain there and wash your face I will give you five cents."

The bootblack looked up at the old man, sneered at the proffered nickel and said, disdainfully:
"Say, boss, yer better keep that nickel ter pay for a haircut."—New York Press.

An Idle Match.
A man was traveling, not long ago, in the compartment of a London train. At one of the stations, says Chums, a German entered the carriage and took the seat opposite the Englishman.

When the train had started, the German, seeing the other's cigar, boldly asked for one.
Although astonished at the request, the Englishman nevertheless pulled out his case and handed it to the stranger.

The German lighted the cigar, took a few puffs, and beaming affably through his spectacles, said:
"I would not had doubted you, but I had a match in mine boggit, and I did not know vat to do mit him."

His Experience.
Miss DeAuber (an amateur artist)—Have you ever been done in oil, Mr. Marks?
Mr. Marks—Well, I guess yes.
Miss DeAuber—And who was the artist?
Mr. Marks—Artist he hanged: It was a promoter that did me."

Owned by a Few.
More than 2,000,000 persons live in Manhattan and the Bronx. About 19,000 persons own all the land in these two boroughs. The number of property holders is 8,000 less than it was eight years ago.—New York World.

Allens Not Taught Trades.
It has been decided that allens in British prisons are not to be taught any trade in the future.

OVERPOWER THE JAILER

MURDERERS MAKE BREAK FOR LIBERTY AT CHEYENNE.

Cheyenne, Wyo., Aug. 10.—Tom Horn, murderer of Willie Hackell and Jim McCloud, murderer of Ben Minnick, overpowered Jailer Proctor Sunday morning, carried him to the sheriff's office and compelled him to open the safe for the keys.

After opening the outer door of the safe Proctor grabbed his gun and a terrific struggle ensued.

Proctor managed to shoot Horn twice, but not seriously. After fighting some time, Horn and McCloud, hearing persons approaching in the hall, made a dash for liberty.

A general alarm was given and many citizens with guns turned out. The prisoners were soon caught.

Jailer Proctor sustained several cuts and bruises but is not seriously hurt.

There is strong talk of lynching.

Lives Lost on the Sea.

Rockland, Me., Aug. 10.—Four young men of this city lost their lives Sunday night by the sinking of a gasoline launch off Ash Point eight miles from here. Two of the party were saved.

The party started out in the launch for Pleasant Beach. When off Ash Point at 9:40 o'clock, the launch became entangled in a fish weir. An attempt was made to turn back when there was a flash and the launch was enveloped in flames. The six occupants of the craft leaped overboard. They were within 1, 0 feet of the shore but Holmes and Crocker were unable to swim. The efforts of the others were directed toward saving these two, and Crocker nearly drowned Hills by grasping him about the shoulders. Both men sank but Hills finally succeeded in freeing himself.

Hodges swam thirty yards to a boat and cutting it loose found that he had no oars. By this time Veazie and Hall had half filled the launch with water, but the fire spread and drove them from their only refuge. Veazie started to swim toward the small boat and Hodges threw the rudder toward him but the man suddenly threw up his hands and sank. The launch soon afterward sank first with Hall who was clinging to the stern.

Hills succeeded in swimming to the small boat in which Hodges had found a refuge. Fisherman later put out and rescued the two men. It was discovered today that the top of the gasoline tank had been left open.

They Spared None.

Constantinople, Aug. 9.—Late dispatches from Hillmi Pacha, inspector general of the reform movement, announces the insurgents in large numbers in the district of Cilsuri Vilayet of Monastir attacked the village of Djivarek, near Kastoria, and massacred the inhabitants, including women and children, and then furiously attacked neighboring villages, taking many captives, some of whom were burned alive.

Some Greek peasants were also killed in one of the Karas of the vilayet of Monastir, and in the vilayet of Okhrida insurgents likewise attacked some Mussulman villages.

They everywhere displayed rage and ferocity and the Mussulman inhabitants were greatly terrorized. The government is taking every measure possible to suppress the rising. Eight more battalions have been ordered to the vilayet of Monastir. M. Maurocordato, the Greek minister, has made representations to the porte in behalf of the Greek subjects.

Mr. Rostkovski, the Russian consul at Monastir, it turns out, was murdered Saturday morning by Lapite (a member of the Turkish police), who was on duty outside the consulate. The assassin was arrested. Said Pacha, the grand vizier, and Tewfik Pacha, minister of foreign affairs, called on the Russian ambassador M. Zinovief, and expressed their deep regret over the occurrence.

Would Not Be Put Off.

Sioux City, Ia., Aug. 10.—Prof. F. L. Crowley, while teaching school at Allen, Neb., paid attentions to Miss Lucy Fegley. Last week he was married to Miss Anna Shipley of Battle Creek, his home. When they passed through Allen on their wedding trip, Miss Fegley boarded the train and sat down by Mrs. Crowley, declaring she was going to participate in the bridal tour. She took a room adjoining theirs at the Oxford hotel. Before the bride and groom she tried to take arsenic.

Woman Fatally Burned.

Springfield, Ill., Aug. 11.—Mrs. Taylor Greening, aged sixty-four, wife of a prominent farmer and old settler of this county residing east of Leami, died this morning as the result of injuries received from being burned. She was riding in a spring wagon with her husband and smoking a pipe, which she put in her pocket without first cleaning it out. Her dress became ignited and she was fatally burned.

Lightning Kills Two Horses.

Ravenna, Neb., Aug. 11.—During an electric and rain storm, lasting about forty minutes, The large two story frame barn of A. Hemblinney, six miles northeast of Ravenna was struck by lightning and burned. Two of his choice and highly prized horses were also struck and killed.

The structure was at once a shell of flame entailing a loss of \$2,000 more, with \$1,000 insurance.

ASSASSINATION PROYOKED CZAR

Ruler Indignant at Killing of the Russian Consul at Monastir.

MUST PUNISH MURDERER

The Czar and Sultan Exchange Telegrams.

HATED BY THE TURKS

The Latest Report Says That the Russian Consul Insulted a Guard Who Did Not Salute Him and Struck Him with a Whip.

St. Petersburg, Aug. 11.—The czar has demanded the exemplary punishment not only of the murderer of the Russian consul at Monastir, who was killed last week by Turkish gendarmes but of all the military and civil officials in any way responsible for the crime.

The assassination of the Russian consul at Monastir, M. Rostkovski, the second murder of a Russian consular official in Macedonia within a few months, has created intense indignation here. In reporting the occurrence to the foreign office the Russian ambassador at Constantinople telegraphed August 8:

"The Russian consul at Monastir has fallen the victim of an atrocious crime. The grand vizier and the Turkish foreign minister have come to me with expressions of regret in name of the sultan. Ferid Pasha, the grand vizier, informed me that the assassin was a gendarme, named Hallim, and that he will be subjected to the severest punishment, and the veil of Monastir will be removed from his post."

In reply Count Lamsdorff, the foreign minister, telegraphed to the ambassador August 9.

"His majesty has received a telegram from the sultan expressing his deep regret at the death of the Russian consul at Monastir. When I submitted your telegraph to the emperor his majesty gave orders that you should not confine yourself to receiving explanations from the grand vizier but should make the most energetic demands on the Turkish government for full satisfaction and immediate and exemplary punishment, both of the murderer and of all the military and civil officials on whom responsibility for the audacious crime may fall."

According to the report made by the officials now in charge of the Russian consulate at Monastir the murderer is a gendarme. The consul asked his name because in defiance of instructions, the gendarme did not salute him. The gendarme thereupon fired several shots, mortally wounding the consul in the head and hip. The horse drawing the carriage in which the consul was riding received two bullets and shots were also fired at the coachman.

Constantinople, Aug. 11.—The murder of the Russian consul, Mr. Rostkovski, has caused intense excitement here and is the sole topic of conversation in the streets, cafes and public resorts. The general belief is that the incident is bound to considerably aggravate the already serious situation in Macedonia and it is felt that it will undoubtedly encourage the Bulgarians to support the insurrectionary movement, which is spreading rapidly, notably to the southward of Monastir.

According to mail advices from Monastir dated August 5, the insurgents who recently occupied the little town of Krushevo, twenty-three miles north of Monastir numbered nine hundred. They killed the garrison, consisting of fifty-two soldiers and burned the government buildings and then hoisted on a hill overlooking the town a red flag bearing on one side a lion with the inscription, "Death or Liberty," and on the other side the words: "Courage Brethren." The rebels were still in possession of the town when the letters were sent off.

Practically the whole country north of Monastir is in revolt. The Turkish official reports state that fresh bands of revolutionaries in considerable numbers have crossed the frontier from Bulgaria during the last few days. The local Bulgarian officials, however, deny this and declare that the strictest watch is being kept along the frontier.

The veil of Monastir has been dismissed and Hussein Hilmi Pasha, formerly governor of Yemen, Arabia, has been appointed as his successor.

WAS LIKE A DEATH TRAP

SCORES BURNED OR SUFFOCATED IN PARIS TUNNEL

Paris, August 11.—Four bodies have been recovered and the death list probably will exceed one hundred in the underground railway disaster which occurred here last night.

The accident, which occurred on the electric railway, assumed the proportions of an awful catastrophe during the early hours today, when more than four score bodies of the burned and suffocated victims were removed from the subterranean passage. The work continues and indications are that the death list will, perhaps, exceed five score.

The scenes at the mouth of the tunnel where the victims were brought forth were of the most heartrending description—crowds of weeping men, women and children, struggling forward in an effort to recognize their missing relatives and friends. Most of the victims are from the middle and working classes as the trains were carrying them home from their work.

Although the accident occurred at 8 o'clock last evening, the officials and firemen were unable until early this morning to descend into the tunnel owing to the blinding clouds of smoke from the burning train. Frequent attempts were made by volunteers, whom it was necessary to rescue, but they suffocated, and they were carried away to the hospitals.

At ten minutes after three o'clock Sergeant Ahrens, wearing a respirator, succeeded in making the descent. He remained seven minutes and brought the first information to the effect that corpses were strewn all about the roadway of the tunnel. Then he collapsed and was taken to the hospital. Twenty minutes later firemen forced their way down through the tunnel station at Menilmontant and returned soon afterward with seven bodies, two men, two boys and three women. These persons had been asphyxiated, as their positions showed they had been groping through the smoke that filled the tunnel, seeking a way to escape when they were overcome.

The work of bringing up the bodies went on steadily after that under the personal direction of Prefect of Police Lepine, who summoned a large reserve force to hold back the surging crowds, including the relatives of the victims.

Long lines of ambulances were brought into requisition and the bodies were carried to the morgue. After daylight the crowd around the entrance of the tunnel increased to enormous proportions, obliging the police to form a solid cordon, through which they admitted only those seeking to identify their relatives among the victims. The failure of many men, women and children to return home during the night gave many the first news of the disaster. Fathers and mothers came hurrying to the mouths of the tunnel to try to find their absent ones.

The corpses from this death angle soon swelled the list until at 6:15 a. m. Prefect Lepine placed the number of victims at forty-five already recovered, while the steady file of firemen bringing bodies continued.

At the station of Les Charonnes the same scenes of death and despair had been enacted. The accident occurred midway between the stations of Menilmontant and Les Charonnes so that the work of salvage proceeded from both ends of the tunnel. In addition to the blinding smoke the tunnel belched forth a terrible heat as one of the cars were burning within.

One fireman succeeded in throwing several streams of water in the direction of the wreck, while some firemen and military engineers, at great hazard, pushed on inside the tunnel. They brought out two bodies, and soon afterward three more. The latter were laborers who had almost succeeded in reaching the exit when they were overcome and suffocated.

Further on the firemen stumbled upon a terrible mass of bodies. These were the passengers of the burned train. They had leaped from the coaches when the fire broke out, and groping through the suffocating clouds of smoke, sought the exit at Les Charonnes street station, but the tunnel makes a sharp turn near the scene of the disaster, and at the angle the entire mass of humanity, apparently became tightly wedged. The panic which took place at this point in the dark subterranean passage must have been terrible.

Brakeman Loses Foot

Pattsmouth, Neb., Aug. 12.—James F. Roby, a Burlington brakeman, met with an accident at Glenwood last night which resulted in the loss of a portion of his right foot. The train had backed on a side track to pick up a stock car, when Roby slipped in some manner and got his foot caught in some manner under the wheels. He was brought to this city soon after the accident. It was found necessary to amputate the foot.

FOUGHT FOR BEN BUTLER.

Fifty Cents if He Won and 25 if He Lost—He Got the Fifty.

"When I was a boy in Lowell, just after the war," said a Massachusetts man, "I met Gen. Benjamin F. Butler on the street one day, and following him was a boy who was yelling: 'Old Ben Butler! Cock-eye Butler!' and dodging and running whenever the general made a motion to catch him or strike him with a stick."

"Son," said he to me, "I'll give you fifty cents if you'll thrash that boy; but I want you to thrash him good."

"What do I get if he licks me?" I asked, for as a Yankee boy I wanted all there was in it.

"A quarter if he whips you, and fifty cents if you thrash him. Now, give it to him good!"

"I made for the boy, who was about my size, and in a second we were making for the fur fly. We hadn't been at it long enough to give any idea of the outcome when one of the two or three policemen the town then had grabbed the pair of us and marched up off to the station house, which was but a half square or so away. The general followed, and after the charges were made against us he said:

"How much collateral do you want to release this boy? Indicating me, I know his parents and will send him home."

"Five dollars will be enough, general," said the man in charge, which the general put up, and I left the station with him.

"Now, as your attorney, I think you had better go fishing to-morrow," said he. "Go early and stay all day. Here's your fifty cents. You didn't lick him, but I believe you would."

"I took his advice; the case was called the next day, and my recognition was forfeited and I heard no more of it. The other boy got off with a lecture, I believe.

"Ten years after that, while Gen. Butler was in Congress, I called on him, brought myself to his recollection, and through his good offices I obtained a clerical appointment which I held for several years."—Washington Post.

Monkey's Can't Throw Stones.

The recently published story of the British soldier in the Transvaal about monkeys throwing stones has raised the question as to whether the tales of travelers are true to the effect that those animals sometimes pelt them with stones or cocoanuts, says the Salt Lake Herald. Waterton, in his "Essays on Natural History," writes:

"Monkeys know nothing at all of the combined act of moving an elevated arm backward, and then, while bringing it forward, to open the hand just at that particular time when the arm can impart motion to the thing which the hand has grasped. Thus man, at a distance from you, can aim a stone at your head and break your skull. The monkey can do no such thing."

Mr James Brooks says, with reference to the orang-outang, that he never observed the slightest attempt at defense.

Wallace, also talking of the orang-outang, declares that he has seen him throw down branches when pursued. "It is true he does not throw them at a person, but casts them down vertically; for it is evident that a branch cannot be thrown to any distance from the top of a lofty tree. In one case a female mias, on a durian tree, kept up for at least ten minutes a continuous shower of branches, and of the heavy spined fruits, as large as thirty-two pounders, which most effectually kept us clear of the tree she was on. She could be seen breaking them off and throwing them down with every appearance of rage."

Taine's Advice to His Sisters.

When Taine was a professor at Nevers he ended a letter to his mother with the following "few words" to his sisters:

"Do not concern yourselves about your acquaintance with all kinds of technical details and with some technicalities in geography, physics, etc., which are repeated by the accomplished parrots in boarding schools. Merely learn the orthography, the arithmetic, the essential part of geography. Depend for the rest upon your reading, conversation and reflection. The end of education is to open the mind, to acquire ideas and to accustom one's self to search for them. Studies are but the means. A woman has not to pass an examination before coming out; she is not questioned at a party about a date or a chemical solution. Provided that she has ideas about things in general, that she can follow a conversation on any subject, that her judgment is sufficiently free and wide to hold her own on questions of morality, of conduct and religion which are discussed in her presence, she knows quite enough, and the wisest man can enjoy conversing with her. A conversation which is an exchange of ideas pointedly expressed is perhaps the greatest pleasure which can be enjoyed, and from the time we begin to think we have it without much instruction. The only examination a woman must pass concerns dress, deportment, dancing and music, and I see that you will succeed in it satisfactorily."—London Athenaeum.

Unnecessary.

"And who is this Miss Smith that lives across the street?" asked the visitor.

"Oh, I never talk scandal," hastily remarked her hostess.

Of Age at 26.

A Russian does not become of age until he is 26.

Naomi was 580 years old when she finally secured a husband. Truly everything comes to those who wait.