

TIMELY TOPICS.

There was a dress before there was a loom or a fashion-plate.

When it comes to modifying election results at times the back counties are anything but back numbers.

Do not jump at conclusions. When a man flatteringly says that you look like ready money he may mean 30 cents.

The editor of an Eastern paper has discovered that Dewey turned around in "Ye Wed." We fancy we see the editor turning Dewey around.

The trouble with that Chicago man who accumulated forty-two wives was his failure to interlard his marriages liberally with Chicago divorces.

Evil wins now and then, not because it is stronger than good, but because good does not realize its own strength, and does not use it to the best advantage.

One New York railroad wants to abolish sleeping and dining car tips, but so far as the result is in the hands of the waiters and porters they may be expected to hold out to the end.

A California minister has denounced kissing games at church socials. This, however, is not given as the reason for the removal of the author of "The Man with the Hoe" from California to Brooklyn.

Isn't it about time that something were done to make it difficult to obtain carbolic acid? It can be had for the simple asking in almost any drug store, and thus an easy way of "shuffling off this mortal coil" is practically placed within reach of those who are weary of life. There would be fewer suicides if carbolic acid were difficult to obtain.

There are few more successful methods of duping people, in their desire for wealth, than for some impetuous trickster to tell them he has a "sure thing" by means of which they can speedily get rich. They never stop to ask why he does not make himself rich, although the precept, "Physician, heal thyself!" is so old and hackneyed.

"We do not suppose," remarks a critic of fighting, "the majority of us have any overmastering desire for the fierce delights of personal combat." The black eyes and bloody noses of our youth remain as a vivid memory. Man, when he is grown, prefers the fighting at long range, which is one of the results of invention and the higher civilization. He can get all the fun out of that in it that way.

A recent expose of the brutal treatment of privates in the army of France by their officers gives new emphasis to the danger of arbitrary power. It is also reported that in Austria the custom of boxing the ears of soldiers and recruits has been so common and so violent that thousands of them have suffered such impairment of their hearing as partly to unfit them for service. The minister of war has recently issued a prohibitory order.

"One of the remarkable sights of the present day is that you don't see any bicycles," remarked a gentleman. "And still more remarkable," he continued, "is the way American people take up a fad and run it into the ground. Four years ago the bicycle was the craze; before that it was tennis; now it is golf, and the Lord only knows what it'll be next. But from a clothes standpoint golf is the captain of 'em all. A man's golfing suit and his fixings make his bicycle rig-out look like thirty cents, as the saying is. And the women ain't far behind."

A census "family" means the number of people who are fed from the same pantry. A hotel, a boarding-school or a prison is a family in the eye of the census. Domestic servants are always counted as a part of the household with which they are living. This use of the term makes the average size of the family in a town which happens to have a great institution unusually large, but in the long run it works out about even, since actual families must be reduced in number by so much to supply the members of these inordinately large families.

Truth should be double edged, and cut both ways. Now there's the bird question. Possibly the time may come when women will not allow them to be killed for their adornment nor will men kill them for the pleasure of killing something, says Beacon. I have never been able to understand why it is not as well to preach against the enormity of shooting birds for fun as for shooting them to make women look prettier, but I notice that the emphasis is all placed on the latter. Probably the pigeon that is shot at in a shooting match does not enjoy it any more than the hummingbird which is killed outright for a woman's hat, yet for one word that is said against the former instance there are hundreds said against the latter. I suppose it is easier for a man to preach for his sister's benefit than to practice for his own. But constant agitation may in time cure both evils and so educate man that he shall see no pleasure in killing helpless birds and animals without any purpose other than sport.

Dame Fashion, who is not only whimsical and eccentric but frequently very unwise, has made a departure in the matter of women's skirts that must

be commended. By a recent trade, ukase or decree the good dame has ordered that the skirts shall lack a couple of inches of reaching the ground. This is most sensible. There never was any reason why a woman's skirt should be so long as to touch the ground any more than there is for man's coat tails touching the ground. A few skittish old maids may take a duck-fit when they imagine someone can see the toes of their shoes peeping out from under their draperies, but unless the foot is tantalizingly small and poignantly well given little attention is ordinarily given to it.

Mr. Porter, the United States Ambassador to France, has reported to the State department that the grave of John Paul Jones has been discovered in Paris. If there is no mistake in the identification of the grave Congress should not hesitate to take prompt action for reburial in this country and the erection of a fitting monument to the memory of the great sea fighter, who was the first to make the Stars and Stripes respected on the seas. No naval hero has more worthily earned the gratitude of the American people than the lion-hearted sailor who fought the powerful Serapis and its consorts with that rotten old hulk, the Bonhomme Richard, which apparently was no better fitted for a fight than Kipling's old hulk of Bollivar Bay.

A Newark (N. J.) court has administered a new and most effective corrective for juvenile crime. Five boys were caught stealing fruit from freight cars and arraigned before a police justice. When proved guilty the justice sentenced them to twelve lashes with a policeman's belt. It is said the young culprits were perfectly satisfied with this method of punishment and agreed they would behave themselves in future, while other boys who have been in the habit of misbehaving have suddenly manifested a violent and uncontrollable desire to reform their habits. A thorough spanking by a vigorous policeman is a much more salutary form of punishment for a young boy than sending him to an institution where he will learn more devilry and practice it when he is released. For extremely youthful persons bent upon going in the wrong direction there is nothing so certain to turn them into the right road as a spanking. It is much more effective than incarceration or milk-sop remedies.

A Chicago dentist and inventor claims to have discovered a method by which the soft coal of the west can be successfully coked so that soft coal coke will be equal to hard coal coke for blasting and smelting purposes. In commenting upon this discovery the Ottumwa, Iowa, Courier remarks that if the discovery is practicable, the iron industry will witness a great change, and the production of pig-iron in the Western States where soft coal is plentiful will be vastly increased. Up to this time the great Eastern iron making centers have had an advantage over those of the West. Both have depended almost entirely upon the Lake Superior mines for their ores, but the Eastern iron furnaces are located so much nearer the great sources of the coke supply of the world that they have had a great advantage over the Western furnaces. If the Chicago man can do what he promises, however, the conditions will be just reversed and the West will have the advantage over the East. The bituminous coke can be made for from \$2 to \$2.50 per ton, while the anthracite coke costs \$5 to \$5.50. Pennsylvania is a great iron manufacturing State almost solely because of the fact that it is the great anthracite coal center, and when this new coking process is brought into use there is no reason why the West should not become a great iron manufacturing section. Last year the Western furnaces smelted but one-fifth of the iron ore taken from the great iron mines in the Lake Superior region, but now that they can produce their coke at home, instead of shipping it all the way from Pennsylvania, they may be expected to take a large share in all the industries to which iron ore gives rise.

The Second Son.
The man who scorned the deadly mines and led his fleet ahead,
Who managed to arrive before the foe was out of bed,
Is great, but would you rather be the admiral to-day
Than the boy who can afford to give six million plunks away?

O, the Kaiser on his gilded throne is quite a personage,
And so is he who stands supreme upon the mimic stage,
But would you rather be the knight or emperor, to-day,
Than the boy who can afford to give six million plunks away?

There's Chamberlain and Edison and Kipling with his pen,
And fiery little Funston and the other famous men—
Would you be one of these instead (if you could choose, to-day),
Or the boy who can afford to give six million plunks away,
And has some ninety millions left to keep him feeling gay?
—Chicago Times-Herald.

A Gorgeous Bicycle.
A gorgeous bicycle has been sent from France to an Indian Rajah, the parts which on an ordinary machine are nickel-plated being made of gold. Even the spokes are cased with gold, while the gold-cased rims are studded alternately with turquoise and rubies. A scarlet cloth held down with jewels covers the saddle.

An epigram is a lot of words fitted together in such a peculiar manner that their lack of meaning is concealed by the brilliant effect produced.

The one great drawback about loafing is the unsatisfactory compensation.

THE OLD MAN AN' ME.

Jenny went an' married, Billy's moved away;
Dick has been in Texas fer many a weary day;
An' nothin' of the old times about the place we see,
They's only two—like shadders—the old man an' me.

He keeps the chimney corner, an' smokes his pipe an' sighs;
An' frequent I can see him bresh the tear drops from his eyes;
An' I say some word o' comfort, though I'm lonesome as can be,
Fer they's little in the worl' now fer the old man an' me.

Can't keep the children with us—they've got to drift away;
We've reaped a worl' o' roses—we've had our happy day;
An' now we're only shadders, an' soon we'll cease to see
The light that makes the shadders o' the old man an' me!
—Atlanta Constitution.

Reginald's Bride.

MARION GREY was the child of wealthy parents, having been brought up in luxury and given a good education. Her mother died when she was 12 years of age, leaving her father to rear his motherless child as best he could.

His business did not prosper after his wife's death, and through the dishonesty of his partner he became almost reduced to bankruptcy. He went to work with the men that he had formerly employed, working night and day, straining his eyes to their utmost, and finally causing total blindness. At this he sold his property and Marion was obliged to go to work.

She engaged a small tenement and searched daily for work, but to no avail. On returning home one day, tired and disheartened, her father said to her: "Marion, Mrs. Young called here to-day, and is going abroad with her husband, and would like to find a trustworthy person to take the care of her little boy, Harold. She heard of our circumstances, and thought that you might take this position as governess, and yet be near your old father. What do you think about it, my dear?" "Well, father," said Marion in a cheerful tone, for she never allowed her father to see her downhearted, "do you think that you could stand the annoyance of this child, for he is but 5 years of age and has been indulged greatly?"

"My daughter," said her father, "it does seem as if this is a plan by which you can meet the expenses and yet be near me during the day."

Nothing more was said, and the following day Marion called on Mrs. Young and everything was settled satisfactorily. She brought Harold home with her, for he had been attracted to Marion at once, and Mr. and Mrs. Young were to sail the following day. The Youngs were people of wealth and attended the same church as Marion had done from childhood, and they felt well pleased at being able to find such a trustworthy person with whom to leave Harold.

Marion was in the habit of taking Harold for a stroll during the latter part of the day, and it was during one of these strolls that Harold exclaimed: "Why, auntie, we meet that gentleman every day." The gentleman, hearing the remark, turned and said: "Good-afternoon." "Good-afternoon, sir," said Marion. "Pardon me, but the child called you 'auntie.' May I ask if he is your nephew?" said the gentleman. "O, no, sir! I am Miss Grey, and have charge of him for a few months while his parents are abroad," said Marion. "I am fond of children, and I should judge that this lad is about the same age as my young brother, whom I have not seen since a babe." After saying a few words to Harold, he wished them good-afternoon and passed on.

Marion called Harold and walked leisurely home, little knowing what an impression she had made on this new acquaintance. Upon entering the house Harold exclaimed: "O, grandpa, we met a real nice gentleman, and he talked with auntie!"

Mr. Grey made no reply, but during the evening asked Marion who the gentleman was. Marion replied that it was one that they had met frequently in their strolls, and Harold had opened the conversation by his childish remarks. "His name is Mr. Reginald Stacey, and he lives next door," she said.

"Stacey!" repeated Mr. Grey. "That sounds familiar. I once had dealings with one by that name, but he has passed away." As time passed the meetings between Marion and her friend became more frequent, and what was at first a mere acquaintance soon ripened into a deep affection, until one day Reginald said: "Marion, I am going away to complete my education, but there is something that I wish to tell you before going." "Marion, I have loved you from first sight, my dear," said Reginald. "But, Reginald, what of my father? I love you, but I cannot leave him," said Marion.

"You and your father shall never be separated," he answered. After spending some time in making promises and endearing words, he bade her a fond good-bye.

That evening Marion told her father the whole story. A little later on she received letters from Reginald, and often wondered why he did not speak about his people in them, but, thinking that the year would soon pass, and having her time taken up with Harold and her father she decided that on his return she would ask him about them. As time

passed away rapidly, Mr. and Mrs. Young returned from abroad and took Harold home, paying Marion well. On her next visit to Marion and her father Mrs. Young stated that she wished her to come with her a few days to help prepare for her older son's home-coming, and that she was to bring her father also.

Marion was downhearted, for she had not heard from Reginald for some time. In his last letter he had said that he had graduated and his parents had returned home, and that he would soon join her.

Marion took up her new work, trying to be satisfied, and on the day of the arrival of the expected one, this being Mrs. Young's older son, Marion was in the sewing-room, and suddenly the door opened and in came Harold, saying: "My big brother has come," and Marion, looking up, exclaimed: "O, Reginald!" and he clasped her to him in a fond embrace. At this moment Marion's father and Mr. and Mrs. Young entered the room, and Marion demanded an explanation from them, which Mrs. Young laughingly gave.

"I was once Mrs. Stacey, and my son and I were separated soon after his father's death. I then married Mr. Young, whose son you have had the care of during the last year and one-half. Reginald had not seen Harold since a baby, and, as I had not told him the name of the person with whom I had left Harold, he did not know he was the child in your care, although he felt strongly attracted to him. After he came abroad to us and told us of you, we decided to keep things hidden from you until his return, wishing to surprise you and your father. We will be happy to see you and Reginald and your father settled in a home of your own." After a few words with Reginald and his mother, Mr. Grey found out why the name Stacey had sounded so familiar to him, for Reginald's father had been the one with whom Mr. Grey had had dealings in the past.—Boston Post.

SAVED FROM DEATH BY VAPOR.

His Perspiration Protected a Fuddler from Injury by Molten Iron.

By the timely prevention of a strange law of nature little known save to scientific men, one of the workmen at Baldwin's Locomotive works escaped from what, under ordinary circumstances, would have been absolutely certain death. The puddling-room of this factory contains a large number of immense caldrons, in which the iron is melted and purified. The laborer wheels his barrow containing the ore up an inclined plane to their open mouth a height of three feet from the floor, and then empties the barrow into the caldron.

Joseph Connor, one of the puddlers, was totally unclothed from his waist upward. He had been at work scarcely five minutes yesterday when one of his fellow workmen gave a cry which directed the attention of the entire fore and work to the awful situation into which Connor had got himself. Bending over the molten liquid, his head and chest completely immersed in its depths, he was holding by his hands to the edge and trying, apparently, to draw back from the terrible position into which he had fallen. It was at once evident that Connor had somehow missed his footing and fallen partially into the boiling metal.

Fellow workmen at once rushed to the spot and he was hastily dragged out. Everyone expected to find his face and chest a hideously charred mass and some of the men had already turned away their eyes rather than gaze on the terrible sight they expected would be presented. But to the amazement of his rescuers, save for the loss of his hair, Connor was absolutely unharmed. Not a blister was to be seen. The workmen were badly scared by the seeming marvel. Later the puddling manager explained the matter to the men. A combustible body may be preserved from ignition when in contact with a source of heat by being surrounded by an atmosphere of vapor. In the case of Connor the man had begun to perspire and on contact with the molten metal this perspiration formed a gaseous covering that protected his skin. His hair, of course, was not so shielded and suffered in consequence, but with this exception he was uninjured.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

His Chief Concern.

A party of excursionists visiting a large city on one of the Great Lakes during the summer went out one fine morning for a sail. There were several enthusiastic amateur photographers on board, and in their zeal for taking "snap-shots" of the shore scenery as they sailed along they did not notice that the wind was freshening and the lake becoming rough.

At last, however, an unusually high wave rocked the boat, and one of the young men standing near the gunwale lost his balance and pitched headlong into the water.

He was a good swimmer, but it was several minutes before the boat could be rounded to, and when he was finally reached with the aid of a line and dragged on board he was almost exhausted.

"That was a narrow escape, Charley," said one of his friends, after the young man had partially recovered his breath, and was able to speak. "Yes!" he gasped. "Another lurch like that, and my camera would have gone overboard!"

Different Ideas as to Clothes.

If the native women of Sumatra have their knees properly covered the rest does not matter. The natives of some islands off the coast of Guinea wear clothes only when they are going on a journey. Some Indians of Venezuela are ashamed to wear clothes before strangers, as it seems indecent to them to appear unpaired.

MYSTERY IS CLEARED

WIDELY SOUGHT MURDERER LOCATED IN ALASKA.

Principal in One of America's Most Sensational Cases Found, After Eleven Years, but Again Escapes—Interested Two Continents.

One of the most sensational murders in American criminal history was that of Amos J. Snell, in Chicago, in 1888. More than eleven years, many of which were spent in a vain attempt to run down the murderer, have since elapsed and now comes a clue to the whereabouts of the much-sought-for criminal. A returned miner, William Rigger, from the Cape Nome gold diggings in Alaska, gives the information that may yet lead to the arrest and conviction of the murderer, Willie Tascott.

According to Rigger, a man was carried into his cabin last fall in a critical condition. The stranger, believing that he was going to die, said that his name was Tascott and that he was a fugitive from justice for the murder of Amos J. Snell. He told of several circumstances connected with the crime, mentioning the fact that \$50,000 had been offered for his capture. Instead of dying, the stranger recovered and then mysteriously disappeared. Rigger and his partners at once took the trail and sent word to all the near-by mining camps, but could get no trace of the missing man. It was plain he had not taken refuge in any of the mining settlements along the coast or in the interior. Cape Nome is on the sea coast, and after a long, fruitless search Rigger and his fellow trappers became



WILLIE TASCOTT. (As he appeared at the time of the murder eleven years ago.)

convinced that Tascott had made his way out to sea in a small boat and boarded some passing whaler or trading vessel bound for the Arctic. He would hardly run the risk of remaining in Alaska, when his story was known all over the country.

Amos J. Snell, for whose murder Tascott is wanted, was a rich man, well advanced in years, who lived in an old-fashioned mansion at the corner of Ada street and Washington boulevard, Chicago. He was a large owner of real estate in the immediate vicinity, the renting of which was conducted in an office in the basement of his house. One night in the early part of February, 1888, three men broke into the Snell residence by boring a hole through a panel in the rear door of the lower floor, and then slipping the bolts. Their first move was to break open and ride a small safe in the office, in which it was supposed Mr. Snell had considerable money taken in for rentals. Next they went upstairs to the parlor floor, where, in moving around, they were heard by Mr. Snell. The latter, a brave, daring old man, came down from his bedroom in his nightgown, pistol in hand, and cried out: "Who's there? Ah, you d—d scoundrel!"

As he spoke Mr. Snell fired a shot in the direction of the back parlor, which was answered almost in the same flash by two discharges from the burglars' pistols. Snell dropped dead with two bullets in his body.

The murder created the most intense excitement all over the West. The reward of \$50,000 stimulated the police to unusual effort, but for two weeks not the slightest clue to the murderer was obtained. Then the keeper of a lodging house on West Madison street discovered in the stove in a room lately occupied by a man called T. A. Scott the end of a charred check bearing the signature of A. J. Snell. A quantity of stolen silverware was also discovered. "Scott" had disappeared, but it took little work to identify him as Willie Tascott, the son of a reputable paint dealer. Young Tascott was a wild lad, well known about town. He never did any regular work but always had plenty of money. Burglaries had been frequent on the West Side and it was an easy matter, in view of developments, to trace most of them to Tascott.

Search was immediately begun for the murderer, but although circulars descriptive of him were sent to every city and hamlet in the country and to Europe, Asia, Africa, Canada and Central and South America and no less than \$25,000 was expended he was never apprehended. He was seen twice after the crime, but the second time mysteriously disappeared and until the miner's return was not heard of again. Fully 2,000 men were arrested on suspicion in various parts of the world. Where Tascott is now is unknown, but search will be resumed and hopes are entertained of ultimate capture.

The Interruptions Ceased.

A clergyman who had been greatly annoyed by the continued interruption to which he had been subjected during

the delivery of his sermon, stopped abruptly, and looking round at the congregation, spoke as follows:

"Some time ago, when delivering a sermon, I was frequently interrupted by a gentleman sitting in front of me, who gesticulated, moved about, and whispered to his neighbors, and at last I addressed to him a sharp reprimand for his unseemly conduct. When the service was over my clerk in the vestry mentioned the matter to me, and asked if I was ignorant of the fact that the person addressed was an idiot. I have since then always hesitated to reprimand any of my own congregation for interrupting me in fear that I may be addressing an idiot, who is not responsible for his actions."

Silence reigned throughout the delivery of the remainder of his sermon.—London Spare Moments.

A FEARFUL SENTENCE.

A Remarkable Condemnation Made by a Judge but Not Executed.

Judge Benedict, who was Associate Justice of the Supreme Court of New Mexico for thirteen years, from 1853, was an original character in many ways. One Jose Maria Martin had been convicted in his court of murder under a state of facts showing great brutality and with no mitigating circumstances, whereupon Judge Benedict sentenced him to death in the following language:

"Jose Maria Martin, stand up. Jose Maria Martin, you have been indicted, tried and convicted by a jury of your countrymen of the crime of murder, and the court is now about to pass upon you the dread sentence of the law. As a usual thing, Jose Maria Martin, it is a painful duty for the judge of a court of justice to pronounce upon a human being the sentence of death. There is something horrible about it, and the mind of the court naturally revolts from the performance of such a duty. Happily, however, your case is relieved of all such unpleasant features, and the court takes positive delight in sentencing you to death.

"You are a young man, Jose Maria Martin, apparently of good physical constitution and robust health. Ordinarily you might have looked forward to many years of life, and the court has no doubt you have, and have expected to die at a green old age; but you are about to be cut off in consequence of your own act. Jose Maria Martin, it is now the springtime; in a little while the grass will be springing up green in those beautiful valleys, and upon those broad mesas and mountain sides flowers will be blooming; and Nature will be putting on her most gorgeous and most attractive robes, and life will be pleasant, and men will want to stay, but none of this for you, Jose Maria Martin; the flowers will not bloom for you, Jose Maria Martin; the birds will not carol for you, Jose Maria Martin. When these things come to gladden the senses of men you will be occupying a space about six by two beneath the sod, and the green grass and those beautiful flowers will be growing above your lowly head.

"The sentence of the court is that you be taken from this place to the county jail; that you be there kept safely and securely confined in the custody of the sheriff until the day appointed for your execution. Be very careful, Mr. Sheriff, that he have no opportunity to escape and that you have him at the appointed place and at the appointed time. That you be so kept, Jose Maria Martin, until—Mr. Clerk, on what day of the month does Friday, about two weeks from this time come? (March 22, your honor)—very well, until Friday, the 22d day of March, when you will be taken by the sheriff from your place of confinement to some safe and convenient spot within the county; this is within your discretion, Mr. Sheriff—you are only confined to the limits of the county; and that you be there hanged by the neck until you are dead, and—the court was about to add, Jose Maria Martin, May God have mercy on your soul, but the court will not assume the responsibility of asking an All-Wise Providence to do that which a jury of your peers has refused to do. The Lord couldn't have mercy on your soul. However, if you belong to any religious organization, it might be well enough for you to send for your priest, or your minister, and get from him—well—such consolation as you can, but the court advises you to place no reliance upon anything of that kind. Mr. Sheriff, remove the prisoner."

It is a pleasant sequel to this dreadful sentence that Jose Maria Martin escaped from jail and died peacefully several years ago by falling out of a wagon and breaking his neck.—American Bar.

Disappointed.

One of the officials of the Canadian police at Niagara Falls tells the following story:

A German from Pennsylvania blew in the other day and asked the officials if there was anything about the place worth seeing:

"You see," he said, "it's shust like dis: My friends und frau told me I should take id in, und I vant to take everyting in der iss to see. Dey did say der was somedng great here, und I forgot id already, und I haf walked all ofer und see nodings."

The visitor was at once taken to the finest view of the falls, where he stood a few minutes looking around.

"Well," said his conductor at last.

"Well," returned the man. "I see nodings." "Don't you see the falls?" "Vot! Dot vater falling? Iss dot vat I cum all dis vays to see, a liddle vater dripping? Ach, Gott! I go me home."—Columbian.

The women's idea of a poor Christian is one who keep on her kid gloves at a church social, and bosses the rest.