

TIMELY TOPICS.

The original "Little Lord Fauntleroy" is a reporter on a Washington daily. He expects to last at least through one administration.

The inventor of the telephone is dead, and if the man who invented the "busy" signal still lives he would do well to keep under cover if he values his life.

A Quebec man thinks he has found a new route to the north pole. His friends hope, however, that if he can be kept perfectly quiet for a while he may recover.

A man from Oklahoma says that pepper is the great life preserver and far superior to the salt elixir. Now, will the advocate of mustard please come forward.

There are some American citizens with souls so base that they can contemplate the troubles of the Asphalt Trust in Venezuela with perfect calm and unruffled repose.

Young Vanderbilt settled \$4,000,000 on his bride. By working the bargain counter ads, the latter will doubtless be able to keep up in pin money without borrowing frequently of her husband.

A Texas man is indignant because his fiancée deserted him on the eve of their appointed wedding day and married another. Some men require time to realize the narrowness of their escape.

B. L. Godkin, one of the most eminent journalists of New York, says that the election of a notoriously ignorant, worthless or corrupt man to the judicial bench, the Legislature, or the municipal council, makes more impression on a young mind than can be counterbalanced by the study of any manual of government, or by any course of lectures on social reform delivered in high school or college.

In pursuance of a gentlemanly polish the upper class men at West Point never slug each other. They pick out a light-weight freshman and pit him against their most battle-scarred veteran. It is supposed to be the quintessence of courtly conduct to batter the poor freshman into insensibility, and then fill him up with prunes and tobacco sauce as a consolation prize. The West Point standard of gentlemanly conduct is a curious study. But for the brand it might be taken for yellow-dog brutality.

Invention of a system of springs and weights to run machinery without coal, electricity or other motive power will be welcomed with alacrity in all parts of the world, but especially in Great Britain, where the price of coal is rapidly reaching the prohibitive point. As the new system is confessedly liable to lose power gradually by wear and tear, or altogether by breakage or the slightest obstruction, it will be unavailable for a large category of purposes now covered by coal, wood or electricity. But it will be a vast utility for many common objects.

It is true now, as it has always been, that there is room to spare at the top, while the bottom is miserably crowded. This condition seems unavoidable, the logical evolution of our complex social conditions, the inevitable corollary of the steadily intensifying struggle for existence. The fact has been the same from the beginning. It happens, simply, that recent developments have emphasized it. The higher social organization has its drawbacks as well as its advantages and among the most conspicuous of these is the penalty it imposes upon mediocrity and the burden with which it crushes helplessness.

The advantages that fall to the lot of a man whose surname occurs early in an alphabetical list are well known. As a candidate for office upon an Australian ballot, for example, a man named Abbott has a far better chance than the most eminent Zweigler. But the benefit that comes from the possession of a short name has not heretofore been generally recognized. Not long ago the promotion of one of the auditors of the Treasury Department at Washington created a vacancy to which, upon a formal recommendation to that effect, the candidate having the shortest name, being also a competent man, was appointed. His chief duty is to affix his signature to accounts, and as he needs to make but six letters in signing, he can do twice as much in a day as a man whose name contains twelve letters.

Thomas A. Edison, being recently asked if he thought the twentieth century would surpass the nineteenth in invention and particularly in the application of electricity, promptly replied that it would, and then with characteristic modesty added that in the first place there were more to work, and in

the second they know more to start with, "but all the same, none of us knows anything about anything," which is his way of saying that until it is definitely settled what electricity is we are only on the threshold of achievement. The opinions of Mr. Edison, who is a practical man and has turned his numerous inventions to commercial uses, are in sharp contrast with those of Mr. Tesla, a dreamer and an impractical man, who, having settled all electrical and scientific affairs on this earth, is now settling those of Mars also. With a few more Edisons the world would soon know considerable about most everything.

Longest and most illustrious in the annals of Great Britain, Queen Victoria's reign is also the greatest in many respects. Since her accession to the throne in 1837 discoveries, inventions, wars and the progress of civilization have changed the whole current and tenor of modern history. Scarcely a year of the longest reign in English or modern history but was marked with some notable acquisition of territory, some remarkable discovery or invention, or some epoch-making moral or intellectual advance and improvement. In the matter of territory alone it is sufficient merely to mention the annexation of Aden (1839), the Sindh (1843), the Punjab (1849), the Oude (1856), the Fiji Islands (1874), Burma (1886) and Ashanti (1896). In addition by treaty or purchase Hongkong was acquired in 1842, Pengu 1852, Sikh territory 1846, Cyprus 1878, part of Samoa 1899 and the annexation of the Transvaal and Orange Free State in 1900—the latter, however, not yet an accomplished fact. Even this vast acquirement of territory in almost every quarter of the globe does not fully represent the growth of the British empire during Victoria's reign. Assuming the rule of India in 1858 and accepting the title of empress of India, it became necessary for Victoria to guard the road to her eastern empire, and in addition to Gibraltar, Malta and Cyprus and the control of the Suez canal England practically extended its rule over Egypt and the Sudan. As a result of this vigorous world policy which under any other sovereign but England's gracious queen might sooner have developed into the lust of conquest which embittered the closing years of her life, there have been many wars, the year 1890 being the first interval of peace during her long reign. Notwithstanding this remarkable fact, so well beloved was Victoria and so well known her love of peace that her reign, viewed in retrospect, presents a sunny, smiling landscape, unfortunately overshadowed by disaster and war at its close. In literature, also, it has been Victoria's good fortune to give her name to an era that stands second only to the mighty Elizabethan. Great poets, historians and artists found inspiration in the peace-loving queen and dedicated their noblest works to her praise. In science, also, a host of great names are enrolled on the Victorian page, and in statesmanship she saw the rise and passing of Lord John Russell, the earl of Derby, Lord Palmerston, Bright, Disraeli and Gladstone—statesmen who, inspired by Victoria, "held a fruitful realm in awe" and made the bonds of freedom wider yet. And through all the brilliant and great events of her reign Victoria stood first in English hearts as a noble wife and mother and a spotless queen, whose court was pure and whose life was serene in its consciousness of devotion to the public weal. Of her it may be said in the words of her greatest laureate, "She wrought her people lasting good."

MRS. RICHARD YATES.

Wife of One Governor and Mother of Another.

Wife of one Governor and mother of another is the unique distinction enjoyed by Mrs. Richard Yates of Illinois. Her son, popularly known as Dick Yates, is the second of that name to fill the gubernatorial chair of Illinois. His father became Governor just forty years before, to the day, and then Mrs. Yates stood beside her husband as she recently stood beside her son. On the former occasion the present Governor was an infant, squirming in his nurse's arms.



MRS. YATES.

Mrs. Yates again makes her home in the executive mansion at Springfield, where during the administration of her illustrious husband in the dark days of the Civil War she was the hostess at many important functions. After his two terms as Governor, Mr. Yates went to Washington as a Senator, and there Mrs. Yates shone with equal brilliancy in social circles.

Safe to Ship Wet Coal.

It has long been considered highly dangerous on account of the danger of spontaneous combustion to ship coal for sea transportation in a wet condition. Experiments have now been made which show that after all this is quite the safest condition in which to ship it.

"None But the Brave."

DON'T say that, Mary! You know that I love you and—

"Now, Tom Dalton, stop right where you are. I've told you often enough that I like you. You have been my friend and playmate ever since I was a little girl and I shall always like you as a friend. No, sir! I won't listen to any love-making. I won't marry you, sir, and that's the end on't. I will marry no one but a brave man and I don't love anybody, and—"

"But, Mary, surely I—"

"There you go again, sir. If you ever mention love to me again I will never speak to you as sure as my name is Mary Hart."

"Oh, if you put it that way I'll really have to retire, for I couldn't survive the punishment. How do you know I'm not the brave man?"

"And I've known you all these years and—but I won't have it brought up again and there's an end on't, sir."

"Well, well! If a woman will, she will, and if she won't, she won't, and there's the end on't," quoted Tom, gaily. "Every dog has his day, Mary. What do you say to a sail down the bay? Let's have that mother of yours and take a run down to Elm Island for dinner at Cobb's farm and a bath at the short beach. It's a fine morning for a sail and I'll be bound I'll learn to swim this time."

"Tom Dalton, if there ever was—well, I know there wasn't. And I really began to think you were serious, sir. But mother would never venture out in that crazy knockabout of yours. Wouldn't it be jolly? I'd love to go."

"It's all right about the knockabout. She is high and dry for a new coat of copper paint. Capt. Doyle has his new schooner Willie and told me this morning he should run down to Elm come flood tide. What do you say, May? And—you know I was in earnest and—"

"Say! I'm off to mamma at once," and before he could declare what he was in earnest about, she was running swiftly up the pier, shouting back to him: "You naughty boy, I'll bet you a box of chocolates I am first at the house, sir."

Mary Hart was the only daughter of the widow of Col. Hart of the Indian service.

The colonel had been both soldier and business man, and when he had been killed in a jungle fight, soon after Mary's birth, he had left his widow a comfortable income. She had come to America and settled in one of the quiet New England seashore villages in a cosy cottage adjoining the estate of Mrs. Dalton, who was an old school friend. The young folks had grown up together and been friends since childhood.

Tom Dalton, a happy-go-lucky young man, had inherited an independent fortune from his father, and now, having passed his finals at the law school, was about to practice his profession in Boston. He loved Mary Hart with all his heart; but, in spite of himself, he could not be serious about his love-making, though bound to win her.

And the little mind herself threw difficulties enough in the way by bringing him sharply to account whenever he tried to broach the subject. She didn't propose to love or be loved. And if she ever could be so foolish it must be a brave man.

"None but the brave deserve the fair, and you aren't brave, you know you are not, sir."

Flood tide found them skimming down the bay in the natty little schooner Willie in a spanking breeze, jumping at the sea like a mettlesome horse, while Capt. Doyle stood at the wheel extolling her virtues to Mrs. Hart. The young people were camped comfortably on the deck at the windward side of the mainmast.

"Great, isn't it?" asked Tom. "Now, what would you say to lobster chowder for dinner?"

"Tom, you villain! You have been plotting this spree with Cobb. You know I dote on lobster chowder."

"Down there last week. Told 'em we'd be down. Tried to get mother to come, but she wouldn't step her foot in anything smaller than a liner."

"And you never told? I can hardly believe it. I never know when to believe you, sir."

"Fact! Sure enough this time, isn't it, Capt. Doyle?"

"Fact, sure," said the skipper. "Me an' Mr. Dalton had a bit of a run down to Elm last Tuesday. Tight bit of weather coming home, too."

"Thomas Dalton, do you mean that you were down here in last Tuesday's gale and never told? And you let us think you had been detained in Boston on business?"

"Got it straight from Doyle," quoth Tom.

The Cobbs were on the beach to welcome them. Master Harry had hauled his pots that morning and there would be lobster chowder for dinner at 2 o'clock. Would they try a dip at the short beach by the runway between

Elm and Elm, Jr.? They would, that is, the young people would, and Mrs. Hart would watch the sport from the beach.

Once in the water, Mary's spirits seemed bubbling over, and she was soon daring Dalton to try a race to a dory moored a short distance from the beach. He seemed reluctant at first, and was sure it was too near the current of the runway, but to take a dare from Mary and have her taunt him with lack of courage was too much for a young man of his temperament.

She was wading toward the boat and when but a few strokes from it, called back, laughingly: "Will you swim for it, Tom? If you reach it first I'll be your prize, sir."

He was striking out after her as soon as the words had left her lips.

She had nearly reached the dory and, confident of winning the race, put her hand up to catch the gunwale; then missed it and suddenly discovered she was out of her depth and in the runaway current.

"Tom!" she cried, and then all Tom saw was a pair of frightened upturned eyes and terror-stricken face, as she swept under the surface.

A fine predicament for a lover who was not a brave man and who had not learned to swim! Drawing a deep breath, blind to all danger and with no thought but to save her or to die with her, Tom struck out into the current and under the surface.

His heart thumped wildly as he felt a mass of that sun-gold hair come into his grasp and in a moment more they rose to the surface. Through his salt dimmed eyes Tom saw a bit of rope and grasped it. They had come up under the stern of the dory, which had swung into the current with them, and he was now firmly grasping a bit of painter which hung over the stern.

In a few minutes more he had lifted her over the side, clambered in after and was chafing her hands briskly. Mrs. Hart's cries from the beach had brought the Cobbs to the scene and Master Harry was running a dory down the beach to the rescue.

It had all happened in a very few minutes. Mary opened her eyes, smiled and said: "You needn't rub all the skin off my hands, sir."

"Thank God! She is all right," said Tom.

"Tom, dear, you reached the dory first. Kiss me, sir! You won't."

And then Master Harry's boat grated alongside.

An Efficient Watchman.

A gigantic watchman, ten feet tall, the story of whose exploit is taken from the Brooklyn Eagle, is an ostrich, living on an ostrich farm in Florida. He is named Napoleon, and regularly acts as watchman, patrolling the camp, and giving at intervals a cry that may be interpreted to mean, "All's well."

If anything alarms him, he at once communicates his alarm to his companions by a series of yells as he advances to the attack.

He is a bird of unusual intelligence, but is very savage. At night it is especially dangerous to go near him. To see his keeper force him back to his pen in the morning is one of the sights of the farm. A large fork is the keeper's weapon, and before it the bird slowly strikes out with his feet.

One night Napoleon caught a thief. The farm hands were all asleep when there arose a terrible hubbub, which as the men became awake enough to distinguish sounds, resolved itself into the angry cries of Napoleon and the shrieks of a human being.

Rushing to the pen, the men saw the ostrich chasing a negro. The fellow had come to the pheasants' quarter to steal pheasants, and had been discovered by Napoleon. When he tried to get over the fence the bird struck him a glancing blow on the thigh, which ripped open the flesh and exposed the bone. For a time it was thought that the negro would bleed to death.

Delights of New Mexican Life.

Besides the rattlesnakes, the New Mexico end of the Rocky Mountains is blessed with the tarantula, the scorpion and the centipede. Then there's the gila monster and many poisonous lizards. Of all these the centipede is perhaps the most to be feared, because it is the most plentiful and has a habit of living among the ceiling rafters of old adobe houses. At night, when a man is sleeping, it drops, and if it strikes his body it leaves a wound that takes months to heal, provided some blood disorder does not develop and kill the man. The gila monster generally does not bite unless teased. The scorpion and tarantula inflict wounds more painful than dangerous.

British Ice Imports.

Great Britain imported \$1,585,950 worth of natural ice last year.

There's many an untied knot in a cord of wood.



Lover (ardently)—I love the very ground you walk on. Heiress—Ah! I thought it was my estates you were after.—Tit-Bits.

Parke—"I've just had my telephone taken out." Lane—"What for?" Parke—"My next door neighbor put one in."—Harper's Basar.

Bad Times—"He has always run his business like clockwork." "Yes, and now his creditors have wound it up."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

Mrs. Bicker—There you go again! You always were a fault-finder. Mr. Bicker—Sure; and I'll never forget the day I found you.—Chicago News.

The Bachelor—"Single-blessedness is a good thing." The Benedict—"Well, isn't double blessedness twice as good?"—Yonkers Statesman.

Justice—"What were you doing in Colonel Pullet's chicken coop?" Uncle Mose—"Fo' de Lawd, Judge, I was jes takin' de census."—Harlem Life.

Snarley—"You don't have to be an artist to draw a check." Yow—"No, but you have to be a royal academician to get it cashed."—Syracuse Herald.

"Would you start out on a journey on Friday?" "No, indeed." "Why are people so superstitious?" "I'm not superstitious, I am paid on Saturday."—Answers.

She—"I wonder why it is that so many old maids have fat bank accounts?" He—"Probably for lack of anything else, they husband their resources."—Brooklyn Life.

"How did you ever happen to marry him?" "Why, he made me mad." "Mad? How?" "He acted as if he didn't think I would and rather hoped I wouldn't."—Chicago Post.

"What is that quiet, inoffensive little man over there in the corner?" "Inoffensive? Say, don't you start him up; he's the professor who's master of eight languages."—Chicago Record.

On the Contrary: Vane Glory—I hope Swainston said nothing about me, the other night, old chap? Cecil Svarve—Not a word, old man; in fact, we had quite an interesting little chat.—Judy.

"Mr. Hardcase," said the minister, "I saw your son in a saloon yesterday." "Did you?" replied Mr. Hardcase; "I hope he had the politeness to ask you to have something."—Philadelphia Record.

City Nephew—"What do you think of Dr. Pillsbury as a physician?" Farmer Hayroob—"Safest doctor anywhere in this part of the country—nearly always off fashin' when he's wanted."—Judge.

Hoax—Why is the merchant who doesn't advertise like a man in a rowboat? Joax—Because he goes backward, I suppose. Hoax—No; because he has to get along without sails.—Philadelphia Press.

His Meaning—"What do you mean when you say she lampooned her husband?" asked the magistrate of the witness. "I mean she threw a lighted lamp at him," the witness explained.—Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.

Warwick—England keeps getting friendlier than ever to us since she got into trouble with the Transvaal. Wickwire—Yes; she now claims that she sympathized with us in our war with the Hessians last century.—Judge.

Fairlie—Jack, have you that ten pounds I lent you the other day? Fyntie—Not all of it, old chap; but what I have will do me a day or two longer. Jolly kind and thoughtful of you to inquire, though.—Glasgow Evening Times.

A Long-sought Friend: Christian Scientist—First, you must eliminate fear. Witherby—Have you no fear? Christian Scientist—None whatever. Witherby—Then you're just the one I'm looking for. Come and help me discharge my cook.—Life.

"Don't you find that Mr. Aster's poems," said the young poet's misguided admirer, "are full of words that burn?" "Well, no," replied the editor, "I never put them to that test; I merely drop them in the waste basket."—Philadelphia Press.

"Don't you get tired," said the talkative customer, "standing there hour by hour ironing one stiff-boomed shirt after the other?" "No," answered the Chinese laundryman. "It rests me to think I don't have to wear them."—Washington Star.

"There is safety in numbers," said the trite conversationalist. "There is," answered the man who talks on politics; "if you can't convince a man by your argument you can always silence him by quoting a lot of statistics that he knows absolutely nothing about."—Washington Star.

Blanche—"I wish you'd listen to this, Laura writes to have me hunt up literary information for her club paper on no less than seven topics." Dorothy—"Dear me! What will you do?" Blanche—"Oh, I won't find time to answer the letter until after she has done sending the information."—Indianapolis Journal.

TEXAS VISITED BY TORNADO

WILLS POINT WAS TOUCHED.

A Number Killed and Wounded—School Building Wrecked—Wires Are Down—Heavy Rain Fell—Many Reported Drowned.

Wills Point, Tex., March 10.—A tornado passed through the west side of this place, demolishing everything in its track. Four persons are dead and about 20 injured. Fourteen dwellings were entirely ruined and a number of others were badly wrecked. The public school building is a total wreck. The cotton oil mill is damaged and the largest gin plant is in ruins. Wires were blown down and poles and fences leveled. A freight car was blown off the track.

The dead: Maggie Clous, infant of Rev. J. H. Clous; Leon, 8 year old son of J. H. Williams; child of John White; Charles Powers, painter, drowned.

The injured: Mrs. J. M. Polk and three children; Rev. J. H. Clous, wife and child; J. N. Human, D. M. George, Mrs. J. M. Williams and one child, Ben Walters and wife, J. F. Bass and baby, Mrs. E. B. Graham, child and brother; child of E. S. Gray.

Several are expected to die. The property loss is about \$60,000.

The tornado struck the northwest quarter of the town in the residence section. No house in its path is left whole. Those that are not partially ruined are in the minority. Most of them are demolished—mere heaps of debris.

The storm did great damage in the country districts southwest and northwest of Wills Point, but details can not be obtained. It is feared that many lives have been lost in the farming communities and villages.

Reports from Terrell, west of here, say that the heaviest rainfall on record occurred throughout that section. Several persons are reported drowned or missing.

Texarkana, Tex., March 11.—A storm, with the fury of a tornado, swept over the west part of this county. It is reported that many buildings were destroyed and several lives lost. Wire connections with the stricken district is interrupted.

Dallas, Texas, March 11.—Further reports of the tornado at Wills Point have made no additions to the death list. As stated in recent reports, four people were killed outright. The property loss will be heavier than at first estimated. At Wills Point alone it is \$50,000. East of Wills Point the course of the storm's fury, dotted with wreckage, can be followed to the Arkansas line. At Collin, about 30 miles north of Dallas, the wind was strong, but it did not attain the strength of a tornado. Hall was followed by torrents of rain. At one place 1.34 inches of rain fell in 40 minutes.

Wives to Spare.

Springfield, Ill., March 11.—Judge Seaman, in the United States district court, has ordered Rev. John S. Reynolds taken to Colorado to stand trial at Colorado Springs on a charge of embezzlement while acting as postmaster.

Reynolds has just finished a two years' term in the Chester penitentiary for bigamy. With a wife and child living at Colorado Springs he came to Riverton, this county, assumed the pastorate of the Christian church there and a few weeks after his arrival married Miss Jennie Mann, a pretty member of his congregation.

A few weeks later he married Miss Bertha Hornung, also of this city. After this he enlisted in Company C, Thirtieth Illinois volunteers, for service in the Spanish-American war. While at Chickamauga the story of his marriages leaked out and on warrants sworn out by his three wives he was arrested at Chickamauga. He pleaded guilty in court here and was sentenced to two years' imprisonment in the Chester penitentiary. Six months ago his alleged embezzlement at Colorado Springs came to the surface.

The President's Trip West.

New York, March 12.—A special from Washington says:

At the cabinet meeting the president told his secretaries that the start for California would be made the first week in May. He extended an earnest invitation to the whole cabinet to accompany him. The purpose is to make the journey by a leisurely itinerary, devoting perhaps six weeks to the round trip, including the week or more to be spent in California. The return is to be via one of the northern routes, with possibly a visit to Yellowstone park, which the president has been trying to see for several years.

Mrs. Nation's Paper Is Out.

Topeka, Kan., March 10.—The first issue of Mrs. Nation's Smasher's Mail has appeared and was used as campaign literature by those opposed to the nomination in the primaries of the law and order candidate for mayor. Mrs. Nation is in the county jail and edited the Smasher from there. The publisher of the paper is Nick Childs, a negro, who is reported to be a jointist. He is now under sentence for liquor selling, judgment being suspended.

Cultivate cheerfulness and amiability. A smiling face chases away gloom. Say pleasant and kindly things when you have the opportunity.