

TIMELY TOPICS

When a newspaper suspends publication in Russia it does not of necessity imply lack of funds.

This more than probable disappearance of the haze hanging over West Point means a brighter day for that institution.

Prof. Starr has added writers of anonymous letters to his list of degenerates; but the average person will not quarrel with him for this.

An unsentimental feature about girls becoming doctors is that the lover's immemorial complaint of a broken heart will with them be merely estimated at its true anatomic value.

Turkey, ordering a new warship without paying what is due on past contracts, recalls the optimism of the slater who, falling from a tower, remarked as he passed each story, "All's well so far."

Evidently Mr. Carnegie intends to do his best to live up to his belief, announced some time ago, that a man who dies rich dies disgraced. It will take considerable work, however, for the benevolent Scot to get rid of even the income from his \$300,000,000 and more in judicious works of benevolence.

No doubt it is a mere coincidence, and yet some people might suppose that the President had a superstitious preference for monosyllables in choosing members of his cabinet. There have been in all fifteen heads of the eight departments. Look at this array of names: Day, Hay, Gage, Long, Root, Knox, Bliss, Smith and Griggs. Then there were Gary and Alger, whose names were short, but not monosyllabic. Seventy-six letters suffice for the surnames of all the fifteen cabinet officers, or almost exactly five letters to a name.

The tendency to bring producer and consumer together and eliminate middlemen has manifested itself in an arrangement whereby the sale of cotton and wool will be put in the hands of organizations formed of cotton and wool growers. This movement has not attracted much attention because the capital involved is small as compared with that of many of the great manufacturing combines. But it may result in as great a change in business methods and as great economy as any which have resulted from combines which have made a great deal more noise.

The truth is that handwriting has assumed a far lower place in business pursuits than it occupied a few years ago. The great bulk of mercantile correspondence is now conducted by means of the typewriter, and that useful machine is steadily pushing its way into the realms of authorship and newspaper work as well. There will always be a demand for neat and legible penmanship in certain occupations, but in the greater majority of pursuits this no longer exists, although as a personal accomplishment, apart from business uses, it is of course eminently desirable.

A wealthy and cultured American, prominent in social and literary circles, lately died in England, where he had resided for thirty years. Since his first week abroad he had never dined at an Englishman's table. At his first dinner-party in London his host made a slighting reference to the United States, which his guest, as a guest, could not resent. Upon the spot he resolved never to accept an invitation where such another affront might be put upon his patriotism. For the antithesis to this act, cross the channel to Paris. An Austrian archduke, visiting in that city, offended a Frenchman, who later, in a drawing-room, trod on his foot. The archduke took out his handkerchief, brushed the dust from his shoe and remarked aloud to his host, "What an awkward person that is!" The archduke was too highly placed in Europe to acknowledge the possibility of intentional insult. One would need to go far to find two more comprehensive illustrations of an unhappy but not infrequent phase of social life. Some persons wound others intentionally, some unwittingly. Shall one therefore go through life avoiding all society lest perchance one's sensibilities be hurt? Or shall one be blind toward even intended rudeness and "live it down?" When the boys in the gutter throw mud, the dignified thing for the pedestrian is to walk on unheeding.

At last there appears to be a cheering prospect that the West Point hazing scandal may be wiped out. The recent commotion in the National Military Academy is an outgrowth of the Congressional investigations, when Congress decided to bar the practice and certain cadets were subjected to admonition and punishment. At the time it was supposed that the incident

was closed, but it appears that some of the cadets felt it to be in order for them to assert themselves in a final protest. When Colonel Mills, following the Congressional instructions, undertook to discipline one of them for hazing a lower-class man they revolted. After incidentally training a gun on the house of the commandant as a slight token of their disesteem they set to work to secure his dismissal. If there had been any doubt as to the justice of the Congressional verdict on the hazers it is removed by the facts of this case. Young soldiers may be high-spirited and inclined to forget the strict letter of the rules provided for their welfare, but a soldier, young or old, is first of all obedient. In their conduct toward Colonel Mills the cadets were not only disobedient but mutinous. It is impossible to believe that boys who are permitted to rebel against the orders of their superior officer will be likely to grow into men who can be relied upon for obedience when severer duties are to be required. The expulsion of several of the cadets, with the suspension of others, ought to bring this lesson home in a way that the unruliest student will understand.

When Rev. George D. Herron and Miss Carrie Rand were married in New York the other night they uttered spiritual beliefs that are dangerous to the continuity of our social and moral establishments, says the Chicago Journal. In the interests of good order and a higher sense of responsibility on the part of civilized humanity, the marriage custom has evolved from a simple, savage rite to one that carries a deep obligation and is interlinked with a sacramental solemnity that makes it strikingly impressive. There are civil and religious marriages, but both have legal sanction. They constitute contracts that cannot be easily abrogated, and the entire thought of those who framed our laws was to throw the greatest protection around the institution. Statutes have been enacted that severely punish the man or woman who enters the conjugal state and then proves false to the sacred vows. If there were no restraint, the family that inhabits the earth would be illegitimate and lawless, disconnected and shameless—mere tribes that would prey upon each other in the most barbarous manner. A positive union of souls is beautifully sentimental. Dr. Herron and Miss Rand assert that they have discovered between themselves a love that is abiding and harmonious, a love that is so strong and everlasting that no words of priest or prelate are needed to cement it, and that all they should be coerced into doing is making an announcement of the fact. The law of the land, prescribing certain formalities they declare pestiferous and unnecessary, and begrudgingly comply with it. Prof. Herron must have performed a few mental gymnastics since he led his first wife to the altar. He gave her his love, and two children were born to them before he deserted her for Miss Rand. If his soul-merging system is infallible why did he transfer his affections? Would he advise every man to leave his wife as soon as he ascertained that the original physical love was not capable of being ripened into the higher spiritual love? Would he urge a practice requiring nothing more obligatory than "I take this woman to be my companion," or "I take this man to be my companion?" Simplified his teaching amounts to nothing more. It panders to the vicious instincts of the brute in man and if in vogue would bring innumerable immoralities in its train. Society is well founded. It must adhere to the ancient and honorable customs which have built it up, and Prof. Herron and his bride should be shunned by respectability.

At the Volcano's Crater. A party of Americans touring in Mexico recently accomplished the unusual feat of ascending to the edge of the crater of Mount Popocatepetl, the famous volcano of the North American continent. A member of the party in describing the trip says the crater is a marvel and well worth a hard journey to see. "A huge and gloomy pit it is," he says, "its steep sides emitting sulphurous smoke and fumes, and its perpendicular walls descending, it is said, to a depth of 1,500 feet. At the bottom is a small lake of emerald green, surrounded by volcanic rocks and deposits of sulphur. At the top there is a ledge of rock at the crater's edge, from which we made our observations of the crater and upon which we were photographed. I did not observe any difficulty in breathing or any noticeable increase of heart action, but several members of the party were panting painfully and were hardly able to speak. One of my comrades told me that he could feel his heart beat through his coat and sweater. The temperature was very cold, but it seemed to be modified somewhat by the natural warmth of the crater and we were protected against the icy wind outside."

Relief of Poor British. The number of poor people relieved last year in Great Britain was 798,367.

The coat that isn't paid for is a bad habit to get into.

AN INCIDENT OF THE REVOLUTION

WHILE General Howe, with his British army, held possession of Philadelphia, and General Washington, with the few half-starved troops under his immediate command, was encamped at a place called White Marsh, a few miles distant from the city, an incident occurred, which, though seemingly trifling in itself, may have had an important bearing upon the destiny of the whole country. Lieutenant Colonel Craig, commanding a detachment of light horse, was ordered to approach the enemy's lines, and hover near them, in the capacity of videttes, to pick up any intelligence that might be of value to the army. While engaged in this important duty one cold, raw day in December, an orderly called his attention to a woman who was coming up the road.

The officer watched her as she ascended the hill, and when he perceived, by her stopping and looking frightened, that she had discovered his command, he rode forward and called out, in reassuring tone: "Advance, madam—you have nothing to fear from true soldiers!" The lady, who was well wrapped up in plain, warm garments, with a hood that quite concealed her features at a short distance, now came forward, without hesitation, to meet the colonel, as if satisfied from his language and appearance she had nothing to fear. When near enough for him to distinguish the features that were turned full upon him, he exclaimed, in a tone of surprise: "Mrs. Darrah, as I live! Why, what on earth can have brought you, all alone and unprotected, into this dangerous locality?"

"These knows, friend," she replied, in the Quaker style, "I have a son in the American army—who is, like myself, an officer under George Washington—and a mother's heart yearns toward her offspring, even though he has departed from the ways of his fathers." "You were going then to seek him?" "I was; but perhaps thee would carry a message for me, and let me turn back to the city?" said the lady, but still with a cautious, hesitating air. "It will afford me great pleasure to oblige Lydia Darrah in any way," bowed the gallant colonel.

"Thank thee, friend—this is very kind. If thee wilt dismount then and walk with me a little way I think I will tell thee what I have to say, which is a secret I would not like to have any other persons hear." The colonel assented, and, riding back to his men, gave his horse in charge of one of them and ordered them to keep in sight of him; but not to approach near enough to overhear an ordinary conversation. He then returned to the lady and they began their walk down the road, in an opposite direction to that which she had come. For a short time she maintained a deep silence, with her face averted, and, as the officer fancied, with her whole frame trembling with secret emotion.

"Friend Craig," she at length began, with something like a sigh, and speaking in the rapid, earnest manner of one communicating some startling fact, "thee must hasten at once to George Washington and tell him thee has certain information that, on to-morrow night, a large body of British soldiers will secretly march out of the city for the purpose of surprising and capturing him and all of his men. Not to mystify thee, friend, and that thee may attach all due importance to this information, I will now inform thee that I, Lydia Darrah, overheard an order read between two high officers to the effect of what I have stated. Thee must also know that the man called General Howe has come to abide in the house opposite my husband's, and that for some reason, to us unknown, two men, one of whom is supposed to be called the adjutant general, have come over to William Darrah's several times, and held private conferences in one of the back rooms of our dwelling. Last night these two men came again and one of them told me he wanted all my family to go to bed early, and that when they should get ready to leave, which might be late, they would call me to let them out."

"Well, Friend Craig, I sent the whole family early to bed, as requested to do, but I myself felt very anxious to know what was going on of so much importance, and so I did what I never did before—took off my shoes, walked on tiptoe to the door of the room where these men were, put my ear to the key-hole, and listened, and heard what I have informed thee of."

"God bless you, Lydia Darrah, for a noble woman!" said the colonel, with excited warmth; "perhaps you have saved our country—who knows? For had this plan succeeded, which we will now defeat, and General Washington been taken prisoner, I much fear our cause would have been hopeless."

"I will make haste to finish my story, for thee must ride fast to George Washington. After hearing what I have

said, I stole back to my room, trembling at the importance of what I had heard. When the men, soon after, knocked on my door for me to get up and let them out, I pretended to be asleep, and they had to knock three times. Then I came out, rubbing my eyes, and saw them off. But I slept none that night, for thinking what I ought to do, and I did not dare to tell my husband for fear the secret might get out. I wanted to get the information to George Washington, and save a great many lives, but for some time I could not see my way clear to do it. At last it occurred to me that I might go to Frankford for some flour, if the man Howe would give me a pass out of town. I went over to him and he gave it. Then I told William and my family that I would go alone to Frankford for the flour, which greatly surprised them and caused much remonstrance. But I did go alone, and thee sees, friend, how much I have since strayed from the mill."

In due time Lydia Darrah returned home with her flour, secretly trembling at all she had done, and the fear of discovery. The night following she lay awake and heard the heavy, solemn tramp, tramp, of the British troops, as they marched past her window, and on out of the city, to surprise, defeat and capture the army for whose success she had not only often prayed, but had so lately periled more than life.

When, a few days after, these same troops returned, Lydia Darrah dared not ask the question she was the most anxious to have answered, lest her emotions might betray her. Soon after the adjutant general called upon her and said:

"Madam, will you do me the favor to enter my room, that I may ask you a few important questions?"

Lydia Darrah, believing her secret discovered, either by chance or betrayal, turned deadly pale, and almost fainted with terror; but fortunately the officer took no notice of her emotions, and soon recovering herself she determined to boldly brave out the worst. She therefore went to his apartment with a firm step, nor showed any signs of trembling when she saw him lock the door.

"Now, madam," he said, with stern and stately dignity, as he handed her a seat and took another facing her, "I beg you will answer me truly, as if your life were at stake! Who was the last person up of your family on the last night I was closeted in this room with a brother officer?"

"Myself," was the firm and quiet reply of Lydia Darrah.

"Are you certain, madam?"

"Quite—for thee requested me to send all the family to bed by 8 o'clock, and I did so, myself going last."

"You would be willing to swear to this, madam?"

"We Friends never swear," returned the other, with dignity; "but thee has my word for the fact."

"Well," returned the officer, with an air of chagrin, "I do not understand it. You, I know, were asleep, for I myself knocked three times at your door before I could rouse you. We that night laid a plan to attack and capture General Washington and his army; but by some means, unknown to me, he got news of our design, and has frustrated our purpose. When we arrived before his camp we found all his cannon mounted, and his whole command prepared to give us battle; and disappointed and chagrined, we have all marched back like a parcel of fools! That is all, madam!" concluded the officer, rising, unlocking the door, and bowing out the mistress of the dwelling.

Lydia Darrah retired with feelings of relief better imagined than described. Who shall say how much the subsequent dwellers in this land of freedom have owed and still owe to the cunning and heroism of this noble woman?—New York Ledger.

Mark Twain's Rebuke. Stories of Mark Twain's London experiences are leaking out. Some weeks back he went to consult a well-known West End dentist, noted for keeping his patients waiting a long time, and for indifference to the age of the magazines and papers left on his waiting room table to beguile their tedium. Mr. Clemens was kept waiting for a solid hour, and when his turn came his patience had given out. But he contented himself, as he entered the consulting room, with the caustic remark: "I see, by your papers, that there is prospect of war with the Transvaal!"—M. A. P.

Two Good Reasons. I heard the other day of an inscription contributed by Lord Rosebery to a lady's album. The guests at a dual country house were invited each to put down the reason why they were staying there. Lord Rosebery gave as his reason: "To please their graces and to shoot their grouse."—British Weekly.

The worst misfortune of a farmer is to have no sons.

CHINESE CHARACTERISTICS.

Strange Ideas of Economy, Politeness and Gratitude.

The spirit of economy in the Chinese race transcends all that can be imagined. The smallest particle of matter is utilized. The old, cast-off account book of the merchant is cut into pieces and rolled to serve instead of glass in windows or lanterns. A coolie who has a six hours' march with a heavy burden will return to his point of departure without having broken his fast, in order to save the two cents his breakfast would have cost away from home. Nothing is more curious than to see them eat, although, with their famous chop-sticks, they do not perform all the wonderful feats generally supposed. They put their food in bowls or saucers and with the chopsticks they raise the pieces of meat or fish to the mouth with sufficient grace. Each has a bowl of rice, which he holds near his lips, and with the aid of the chopsticks he pushes the contents into his mouth. It is curious to see them pick up with their chopsticks the grains of rice that fall on the ground. The children are taught this art from their earliest years; nothing must be lost, not even the smallest grain.

Europeans regard politeness as an expression of those qualities of the heart which render the person who desires to be polite agreeable to those with whom he is thrown. The Chinese look upon the matter from an entirely different standpoint. The same sentiment which accords importance to the preservation of dignity regulates his actions as regards politeness. Here is an example of their politeness. A Chinese arrayed in his most beautiful costume, who presented himself at a house, disturbed a rat which was enjoying himself in a jar of oil. The rat in his flight overturned the jar upon the visitor, whose dress was ruined. While the unfortunate visitor was still pale with rage his host entered the apartment, and after the usual salutation the visitor explained his misadventure: "As I entered your honorable apartment, I had the misfortune to alarm your honorable rat, which, in taking flight, overturned your honorable jar of oil upon my miserable and insignificant clothing, which explains the contemptible condition in which you find me in your honorable presence."

To determine your conduct when a Chinese offers you a present is the most difficult thing in the world. Certain things are not offered to be accepted, and others may not be refused peremptorily. In a general manner, nevertheless, one may accept, understanding perfectly that the gift must be returned a hundredfold.—St. Louis Republic.

Obeying Orders. Gen. Harney was an officer of the old school, a strict disciplinarian who took no excuses for hesitation in obeying orders. When he was on his way to Mexico, when the United States was at war with that country, he engaged teams to transport the baggage, and placed in charge of them a Texan named Carter. The streams were all up, and Carter had much trouble, but whenever he tried to modify the general's requirements he was cut short with the admonition, "All you've got to do is to obey orders." Says Noah Smithwick, in his recollections called "The Evolution of a State": "They camped one night near the Nueces river, which Carter found to be impassable. He said nothing about it to the general, and the next morning the order was given to move on. Carter started with the wagon train and halted at the river, which was absolutely impassable. Harney came blustering up.

"Didn't you know that river was up?" he demanded.

"Yes, sir," meekly replied the wagon master.

"Why didn't you tell me?"

"You didn't ask me, sir. You said my business was to obey orders. You ordered me to hitch up and move on, and I did it."

"You did quite right, sir. Turn round and drive back to camp."

If the general had been "done" he was not going to show it.

The Drink a Man Needs. An average man requires fifty-nine ounces of food per diem. He needs thirty-seven ounces of water for drinking, and in breathing he absorbs thirty ounces of oxygen. He eats as much water as he drinks, so much of that fluid being contained in various foods. In order to supply fuel for running the body machine and make up for waste tissue he ought to swallow daily the equivalent of twenty ounces of bread, three ounces of potatoes, one ounce of butter and one quart of water. The body of a man weighing 154 pounds contains ninety-six pounds, or forty-six quarts, of water.

American Apples Abroad. American apples have already, in a large measure, conquered the markets of England and Germany.

Girls in love should be asked to look closely at the number of fatal cases of After Taking scattered around every neighborhood.

IN BUT NOT OF THE WORLD.

Monastery of Trappist Monks at Gethsemane, Ky., is a Peculiar Place.

Fifty miles from Louisville is the village of Gethsemane, where reside a community of Trappist monks, the strictest of all the monastic orders. The monastery is an imposing but gloomy-looking pile. No woman is permitted to enter it save the wives of the President of the United States and the Governor of Kentucky. Over the inner door of the institution is a placard which threatens excommunication to any of the fair sex who shall dare to cross its portals. Thus far this has been sufficient to prevent intrusion.

The Trappists is the only order of the church that adds to the vows of poverty, chastity and obedience that of silence. Something about the very buildings themselves impresses one with this effect of withdrawal from the world. They look older than their forty-odd years, and the elms about them seem to have been growing for centuries. Fronting on the garden is the hospice, three stories high and containing chambers with swinging windows, which show a remarkable thickness of wall. The monastery proper forms two other sides of the quadrangle, and the church the fourth. The monks made the bricks themselves and did much of the construction. They



TYPE OF GETHSEMANE MONK.

have painted and decorated the walls and carved and inlaid the wood of the chapels. The abbot's crozier, formed of thousands of pieces, was made by one of the monks.

Among the monks the various trades and callings are represented, and you see men in brown frocks turning or planing wood, setting type, sewing, mixing drugs, mending kettles and shoeing horses as well as tilling the fields, gathering vegetables, tending swine, milking cows and driving teams. There are two classes of Trappists—the choir religious and the lay brothers. Their mode of life is the same in its essentials, but the first named are bound to perform duty in the choir and have a longer litany but shorter hours of labor. The choir monks are generally men of education, with a knowledge of Latin, in which most of their services are read. Some of them are priests who have resigned their pulpits, some are lawyers, some are teachers, but under the rule of silence it may be that no man knows his neighbor, though he stand elbow to elbow with him in the choir stalls for twenty years. It is said that some of the monks of Gethsemane have not heard of the Spanish war, and that, as an affair of an outside and far-off world, it would not interest them if they did. There are about eighty monks in the Abbey of Gethsemane, and it is said that there is a slow increase.

A Safeguard Against Curiosity.

When a prominent picture dealer of New York starts the topic of woman's curiosity, his wife always laughs and blushes, for she knows the story that is coming.

"One day," the picture dealer begins, "I decided to close the small exhibition studio which leads from the gallery, and put 'Private' on the door, just for an experiment. There was an important collection of water colors by one of our best artists in the gallery. I sat at the desk just outside the entrance, and presented to each lady a fresh catalogue of the paintings. When she took it I politely requested her to leave it as she went out."

"This request was complied with in every instance, and I was enabled to notice a most interesting series of coincidences. On every catalogue save one there was in one place or another a little smear of gliding transferred to the paper from the carefully prepared knob of the door marked 'Private.'"

When the story has been accepted with laughter by his listeners, somebody is sure to ask: "How about the one catalogue that was undecorated?" To this query the picture dealer has one invariable answer:

"It was the catalogue carried by the young woman who afterward became my wife. She told me that the other women turned the knob merely to see if the door was locked, but she knew that sort of gliding rubbed off, and she had on light gloves."

Remember, girls, that getting married means that for the rest of your life you will have to eat your own cooking.