

TIMELY TOPICS

That shoe trust will pinch.

There is no man so deep but that he has at least one shallow spot.

An appropriate wedding present for a bachelor is a copy of "Paradise Lost."

Some men resemble pyramids—broad at the foundation, but narrow at the top.

Young ladies and promissory notes should be settled when they arrive at maturity.

A man should not be judged by an occasional exertion, but by his every-day actions.

A Montana reader asks if dentists have a right to pull a patient's leg. No; but they do sometimes.

There are exceptions to all rules. No doubt it is true, as the women declare, that men are all alike, excepting your wife's first husband.

A lovely young thing has escaped from under the Sultan's wing, and threatens to lecture in this country. Perhaps she'd compromise on comic opera.

One of King Edward's daughters contemplates matrimony, but she has not fully decided as to the man. She can probably have her pick and no questions asked.

Gen. Chaffee urges American army officers to employ good tailors on their uniforms so as to set a useful example in dressiness to the privates. The fact that the American army captured Santiago and Manila in its shirt sleeves and without its boots blacked must be lived down if possible.

Deficiency in the teaching of handwriting in the common schools of the country receives vivid illustration in the failure of many possible winners in the land lottery of Oklahoma. The penmanship of numerous registered applicants was so bad that their names and addresses could not be made out.

Uncle Sam does many generous things for his old soldiers, but now and then he is guilty of a small act. For instance, he kept \$25 of a soldier's pay thirty years ago to offset possible deficiencies in the man's clothing account. The other day the soldier received a check for the \$25. Is he not entitled to interest also?

France is the only great nation in Europe that has had the strength of mind and of purpose to establish a republican form of government. It is the only nation on earth which has made successful attempts to solve the problem of the equal distribution of land. Its percentage of pauperism is the lowest in Europe, its percentage of individual efficiency in production is the highest among the great nations.

Whether we need more battleships or more cruisers appears to depend largely on the question whether, in the next war, we shall have more need to catch and capture the enemy's merchant vessels or to meet and fight his men-of-war. A cruiser is a fighting vessel only a little more lightly armed and armored than those classed as battleships, and with somewhat greater speed. In the great majority of sea fights she could give quite as good account of herself as the heavier vessel; so there is some merit in the argument that it is better to build five cruisers than four battleships for the same amount of money.

The Dowager Empress of Germany, Queen Victoria's first-born child, who died recently, was not so fortunate as her mother. She did not possess so much power, she did not have so happy a life, and she died slowly, from a painful disease. Her husband loved her, but the German people did not, and Bismarck did not. While her father-in-law lived and Bismarck ruled she had to stay in the background, which was not pleasant for an ambitious and an able woman. Her husband came to the throne at last, but he lived for only ninety-nine days. Then she became the Dowager Empress, and a nonentity. The Dowager Empress of China has been far from being a nonentity, and the Emperor Frederick's widow would have preferred not to be one, but the fates were against her. The stories told of the unfriendly or strained relations existing between her and her son, the present Emperor, doubtless are to a great extent without foundation, but it is certain that their relations were not specially cordial. It is doubtful whether she could exercise any influence whatever over him. For more than ten years, while her mother was still reigning over a great kingdom, and was witnessing from time to time the manifestations of the growing affection of her people, her daughter was living out-

side the world of action, without influence and without popularity. There is good reason to believe that in her case royal lineage and high station did not bring much happiness with them. Her career was not what she thought it was going to be when she married the Crown Prince forty-three years ago.

Evidence produced from the libraries of this country that fiction is losing some of its overwhelming popularity is followed by testimony that the same phenomenon is observable in England. A London correspondent of the New York Evening Post quotes one of the principal British publishers to the effect that novels and romances are giving way before "belles-lettres, travel books and books on practical subjects." The change apparently is even more marked in England than it is on this side of the Atlantic, for the correspondent goes on to add: "Novels that have sold a hundred thousand copies in America are selling only five, six and possibly up to ten thousand here." But whichever country may be leading in this intellectual reform, there can be no doubt that a movement of the kind would be most desirable. Most novel reading is worse than a mere waste of time. It weakens the power of mental application, wrecks the memory and forms a disastrous habit of inattention. It is no more an exercise for the brain than sitting in the stern of the boat is exercise for the body, and to confuse such reading with what is called intellectuality is one of the most absurd mistakes imaginable. Plowing a straight furrow is a much more intellectual employment and one quite beyond the capacity of the habitual and omnivorous novel reader. The confusion does the greatest harm in childhood, when the time should be improved to produce intellectual as well as physical athletes. A training is then needed which should be felt as the training of the gymnasium or of outdoor sports is felt upon the muscles. Stories should be admitted as an occasional luxury, and only the best at that. Indiscriminate browsing around among books that are neither literature nor science is infinitely worse than an exclusive devotion to the playground. It is to be hoped, most earnestly, that the change of taste is reaching the juveniles.

Sociologists and business men have been declaiming for thirty years against the tendency of young Americans to desert the country and flock to the cities. All the arguments advanced, all the vivid picturing of the dark side of city life, all the records of privation, demoralization, and disaster in the cities have had little or no effect. Country-bred boys and girls, thrown on their own resources, drifted by common impulse to the cities. There was reason for this drifting cityward that was bred in the bone. The immigration movement that began in the '60's, and that carried thousands of people from the Eastern and Middle Western States to the isolated farms of the Far West, aggravated conditions that had prevailed in all farming districts. Houses were often mere excuses for homes. Families camped down in localities where they hoped in due time to become possessors of comfortable homes. In their eagerness to possess land many immigrants failed to measure properly or prepare for prevailing conditions. There were disappointment, loneliness, and a longing for the conveniences, comforts and privileges of modern life. Denial of these led to a migration toward the cities, and the circumstances of life in many rural communities justified it. Gradually there has come a change. Wherever mortgages have been lifted country homes have taken on an air of comfort. The young people who thirty years ago looked in vain for the advantages of city life in country neighborhoods now find them at their doors. The mall that came once a week in the old-time, comes now every day. The extension of the rural delivery system carries letters and newspaper to the homes of farmers just as they are carried to homes in the cities. The building of trolley lines brings villages and farms closer together in the matter of time. The better organization of country schools and of teachers' institutes puts the educational privileges on a par with those in the city. Fashion itself has changed. The well-to-do people of the cities are looking countryward. The wealthy are investing money in country establishments. People tired of the incessant activity and the stress and noise of city life are longing now for the quiet and air of the country. This reaction gives new value to many farms. It sets new standards for country boys and girls, and the fact that city people admit a liking for the country may do for the young people of the country more than all the arguments that have been thrown at them for the last quarter of a century.

Furs That Are Coats.
The Dowager Empress of Russia is the possessor of the finest collection of Russian furs in the world. One of her mantles, which she wears in winter sledge drives and in traveling, has a lining worth \$10,000. It was made of skins gathered for her by the governor of a polar province, where taxes are paid in kind with furs.

ENGLISH SCOUTS CAPTURED

BRITISH LOSING HEAVILY.

Kitchener Tells About Recent Engagements—One Boer Commando Suffered a Big Loss—His Attempt to Cross the Orange River a Failure—List of Killed and Wounded.

London, Sept. 23.—The war office has received the following from Lord Kitchener:

"Kritzinger, while endeavoring to force a passage of the Orange river near Herchel at 1 o'clock Friday morning, rushed the camp of a party of Lovatt's scouts. He failed to cross the river, but the scouts lost heavily. Lieutenant Colonel Murray and Captain Murray, his adjutant, were killed. Deeply regret the loss of Colonel Murray, who throughout the war had led Lovatt's scouts with great gallantry. "Under cover of darkness the Boers managed to carry off a gun. They were promptly followed up and the gun was recovered in a smart engagement in which Kritzinger lost two killed and 20 taken prisoners."

Lord Kitchener also reports that the British captured by the Boers in the ambush near Scheeper's Nek, September 17, have been released, and that the British casualties in the recent Vlakfontein engagement, when the Boers captured a company of mounted infantry and two guns, were one officer and five men killed, 23 men wounded and six officers and 109 men taken prisoners have since been released.

He further reports the capture of 55 men under Commandant Kochs who were taken together with their entire transport west of Adenburg, and the other consisting of 54 men, including J. P. Botha, who were taken with 48 wagons and their belongings 45 miles southeast of Carolina.

Lord Kitchener's latest dispatches, although they contain good news as well as bad, have done little to reassure the public concerning the state of affairs. The loss of Lieutenant Colonel Murray, a brother of Lord Mansfield, is keenly felt. There is little doubt that further details will show it was a serious affair.

Lord Kitchener announces that the Buffalo river is flooded and that there is no change in the situation in Natal. The latter fact shows that General Lyttleton has not yet succeeded in interfering with the movements of General Botha. P. J. Botha, whose capture Lord Kitchener reports, is a brother of the Boer commandant.

According to the latest advices from Cape Colony, the situation there is serious, owing to the sympathy and aid which the Dutch are giving the Boer commandos. The British find it difficult to obtain news of Boer movements. General French's task is described as the hardest allotted him during the whole war.

At Pretoria the strength of the Boers in the field is now estimated at 11,000. If these figures be correct the Boers must be constantly gaining recruits. Their supply of arms and ammunition seems to be inexhaustible.

In Boer circles in Holland it is asserted that everything is prepared for a Dutch uprising in both Cape Colony and Natal. A most alarmist letter from Cape Town is published today by the Daily Express. The writer says: "The Boers are overrunning Cape Colony. They are on both the coast lines and within 40 miles of Cape Town. Even the intelligence department does not know how many colonial rebels have taken up arms in the last fortnight."

The town guard of Cape Town has been ordered to hand in the magazine rifles and ammunition, ostensibly because they are wanted at the front. Martinis have been served out instead.

In conclusion the writer declares that the Dutch element in the colony is in revolt and it is useless to disguise the fact.

Trouble Expected.

Spring Valley, Ill., Sept. 23.—Twenty anarchists armed with double barreled shotguns and 1000 rounds of ammunition are standing guard over the office of L'Aurore, the notorious anarchist publication which expressed joy at the murder of President McKinley and satisfaction over the announcement that Czolgosz was an anarchist. Meanwhile fully 2000 citizens of adjoining towns have sent word here to the authorities that they are anxious to start for this city at a moment's notice and assist in exterminating the "reds."

The temper of the people here is at boiling point. The editor is in hiding. A committee tomorrow will wait on the manager of the local coal company and insist on the discharge of the anarchists in his employ, and the anarchists and their sympathizers, who number 500, threaten to hold a mass meeting. If they persist in this plan a riot is almost certain to ensue.

No man is strong who is unable to conquer himself.

Czolgosz Examined.

Buffalo, Sept. 22.—Leon F. Czolgosz, whose trial for the assassination of President McKinley began Monday, was examined as to his sanity by Dr. Carter F. McDonald of New York, the eminent physician who was for years chairman of the state board of the lunacy commission. The prisoner's counsel, Judges Lewis and Titus, were present at different times during the examination. At its close Dr. McDonald declined to discuss the case and the attorneys would not express their opinion as to the assassin's mental condition, although the inference drawn from their answers was that they believed Czolgosz was sane. Mr. McDonald was brought to Buffalo through the efforts of Professor Moot and others of the bar association for the purpose of passing on the assassin's mind, as the association has promised to assist Judges Lewis and Titus, who were suggested as counsel for the defense by the trustees of the bar association.

The examination was held in the private office of District Attorney Penny in the city and county jail, preparations for it being kept secret. Judges Lewis and Titus appeared at the city hall a few minutes past 3 o'clock and went at once into the district attorney's private office. At 3:25 Czolgosz was brought into the office, handcuffed to Assistant Superintendent Cusack of the police department. He had been taken through the tunnel under Delaware avenue. The prisoner was left alone with Judges Lewis and Titus.

At 3:40 o'clock Dr. McDonald appeared in the district attorney's office and went at once in the private office with Mr. Penny. Ten minutes later the two lawyers and the district attorney came out, leaving Dr. McDonald alone with the prisoner. The prisoner sat at the end of the district attorney's desk and Dr. McDonald sat in a chair directly in front of him, stooping down and peering into Czolgosz's face. They remained alone for exactly a half hour, when the prisoner's attorneys again fled out of the room. Five minutes later Judge Lewis left to catch the train for his summer home at Lewiston. When questioned as to whether or not the prisoner would talk to his counsel, as he had refused when Judge Lewis visited him on Tuesday before the arraignment to say a word, the venerable judge said:

"He is talking more freely, but he is not a voluble chap. He said nothing upon which we might work in basing a defense."

LATER.

The most important development in the Czolgosz case is the announcement that no poison had been found in the bullets or the revolver with which the anarchist assassinated President McKinley. Chemical and bacteriological examinations were made.

Creceus Beat The Abbot.

Readville, Mass., Sept. 23.—The great stallion Creceus (2:02 1-4) obtained a firmer grasp on his crown as king of trotters by defeating his only rival, The Abbot (2:03 1-4) on the Readville track today in three out of four heats. The two fastest trotters in the world raced for a \$20,000 purse offered by Thomas W. Lawton, and the money which the 12,000 people paid to see the event all went to a well known local charity. The weather was perfect, but the track was very heavy, so that no records were broken or even approached. In fact, the fastest time, that in the last heat, was only 2:07 3-4.

SPOKANE QUOTATIONS.

The Spokane mills pay the following prices for grain, delivered: Club wheat, 44c bulk, 46c sacked; bluestem, 45c bulk, 48c sacked; red, 44c bulk, 46c sacked.

Poultry and eggs—Chickens, old, 9@10c per lb., live weight; spring chickens, \$3@4 dozen; ducks, \$4 per dozen; geese, dressed, 12c per lb.; turkeys, live, 10@12c; dressed, 12@13c; eggs, fresh, \$6 per case.

Vegetables—Potatoes, 90c to \$1 per cwt.; onions, \$1.35 per cwt. Sheepskins—Shearings, 10c each; short wool pelts, 30@50c; medium wool, 50@75c; long wool, 75c@\$1.



JAMES R. PARKER.
James R. Parker of 450 Sixth avenue, New York city, is the negro who stood directly ahead of Czolgosz when he shot President McKinley and who hurried him to the ground with a terrific blow after the second shot was fired. Parker was born in Atlanta, 45 years ago, in slavery. He left New York last spring to wait in an exhibition cage. He is a giant in size, standing over six feet, and as erect as an Indian. The assassin tore his vest buttons entirely off in the struggle. Parker was at one time a waiter in the Kimball house, Atlanta.

AVOID THE SUMMER HOTEL

And Take the Children to a Farm for the Vacation Time.

"What possible excuse the average mother can concoct to justify her in taking her very young children to a summer hotel I have never been able to discover," writes Edward Bok, in the Ladies' Home Journal. "It cannot be the food, because in the few summer hotels where it is not positively bad and unwholesome, it is cooked in such large quantities and in such a slap-dash manner that all the nutritive qualities are cooked out of it. It cannot be the freedom from conventionalities, because conventionally religion is supreme at the summer hotel as it does in the city drawing-room. There is all the slavery of dress and none of its freedom. There is a bigness, a freedom, an honesty, a sincerity in the life of the farm and its folks which thousands of us know nothing about. The sanest, the highest lives are led by these people, and yet in our narrow horizon we think their lives are contracted. The fact is, that we are narrow; not they. It is their lives that are real—not ours."

"It is the essence of the lives that are lived in the country that we need so much in our lives: the essence of simplicity, of sincerity, of freedom from things which are external and not worth while. We cannot, of course, live in the city and live as do country folk. What we can do, however, is to go to the country in the summertime and live with them and extract some of the wholesome lessons of simple living which their lives can teach us. The love of Nature is implanted in all of us to a more or less degree: the crime to ourselves is that we give it so little chance of development or expression. And the crime is doubled when we withhold the expressions of Nature's workings in our children."

Edward VII. and Harriet Lane.

"During the Prince of Wales' stay in Washington (upon the occasion of his visit to America, in 1890), he was President Buchanan's guest, and occupied apartments of the Executive Mansion looking over Lafayette Square," writes William Ferrine, in the Ladies' Home Journal. "One evening when an elaborate display of fireworks was given in his honor he stood on the balcony of the White House, together with Mr. Buchanan and Miss Lane, amidst great cheers. When dining with his hosts he would escort Miss Lane to the table, seating himself at her right. His manner was somewhat bashful, and most public ceremonies apparently bored him. But while he was with Miss Lane and the coterie of beautiful women of her set it was noted that for the first time since he had been in this country he seemed to show the manner of a gallant young gentleman desirous of pleasing. One of the merriest mornings she had with him was at a gymnasium in Washington attached to a female seminary. On the brass rings suspended from the ceiling he swung himself one by one across the room, and the whole party laughed heartily at his pranks on the rope ladder. Then he fell to playing tennis. Miss Lane and the Prince together succeeded in conquering Mrs. Thompson and the Duke of Newcastle. It was next the turn of the victors to play against each other, and Harriet, who was one of the most robust girls of the day, speedily outboxed the Prince and put his muscle to shame."

How Spring Comes in England

The larks have begun to sing their spring carols, and the privet is green in the hedge, says an English magazine. A crimson shell of the apricot has broken to show its creamy, folded petals. Under the naked lime trees the exquisite blossom-like leaves of the columbine are mustering, a purplish magenta beneath, a pearly green on the surface. If no rude hand of frost or east wind prevail the daffodils will soon be in bloom. The little dark green rosettes of the London pride are rounding gracefully, and the spikes of the great flag lily push upward from the earth as if they were the bayonets of buried warriors.

Great Skua in Danger of Extinction.

The fishermen of Dieppe, Boulogne and Gravelines are accused by the Society for the Protection of Birds of catching that rare species of gull known as the great skua and using it as bait. The great skua is already in danger of extinction, and its only known nesting place now is Foula, a mountainous islet off the west coast of Scotland. Steps are being taken to have the breeding grounds closely watched this season. Foula was the last haunt of the extinct great auk.—London Express.

The Point of View.

"Mike," said Plodding Pete, "do you think New York is de wickedest city on de map?"
"No, sir," answered Meandering Mike. "Dese little towns is de ones dat sets de dogs on you an' makes ye saw wood, instid of arrestin' you an' tryin' to make you comfortable."—Washington Star.

Costly Butterflies.

One of the Rothschilds is reported to have paid \$1,000 for a butterfly. His extensive collection of butterflies is valued at \$500,000.

MCKINLEY BURIED AT CANTON

HIS REMAINS NOW AT REST.

Beautiful, but Simple Service at Canton, Ohio—Thousands Were There to Mourn Our Loss—Mrs. McKinley Prostrated—Many Floral Tributes Sent.

Canton, Ohio, Sept. 19.—The streets of the little city of Canton were filled this morning with waving plumes, prancing horses and densely packed bodies of moving men, assembled here for the procession which is to escort the remains of the late president from the church to the Westlawn cemetery this afternoon. All night and morning civic, military, fraternal, social and commercial organizations had been pouring in. So fast the trains arrived that there appeared to be one continuous string of cars unloading their human freight through the station into the congested streets beyond. Thirty special trains, in addition to the regular trains, had arrived before noon. The biggest crowd in the history of Canton, which was here during the campaign of 1896, estimated at over 60,000, was exceeded today.

Canton, Sept. 19.—At 1:20 the funeral procession started from the McKinley residence to the church. The body of the president was taken into the church at 1:45.

Services in the church were simple. They began with the rendition of an organ prelude, Beethoven's funeral march, played by Miss Florence Douds. As the last notes of the prelude were still the Euterpean Ladies' quartet of Canton sang "The Beautiful Isle of Somewhere." Rev. O. B. Milligan, pastor of the First Presbyterian church of Canton, delivered the invocation.

The ninetieth Psalm was read by Dr. John A. Hall of the Trinity Lutheran church of Canton, and that portion of the fifteenth chapter of First Corinthians included between the forty-first and fifty-eighth verses was read by Rev. E. P. Harbrouck of the Trinity Reformed church of Canton.

The favorite hymn of President McKinley, "Lead, Kindly Light," was then rendered by a quartet of two male and two female voices. When this hymn had been finished Dr. C. E. Manchester, pastor of the First Methodist church, delivered his address, at the conclusion of which Bishop I. W. Joyce of Minneapolis delivered a short prayer.

The hymn, "Nearer, My God, to Thee," was sung by the entire congregation. The people remained standing after the close of the hymn while the benediction was pronounced by Monsignor T. P. Thorpe of Cleveland.

The casket was then borne from the church to the funeral car and the march proceeded to the cemetery.

Mrs. McKinley's Condition Grave.

Mrs. McKinley's condition is exciting grave apprehension among those caring for her, and it is feared that the dreaded collapse may come at any moment. Since she has returned to the old home the full realization of the awful calamity has come upon her. Last evening after the body had been brought from the courtroom and deposited in the little front room formerly the late president's library she pleaded to be allowed to enter the room and sit beside the casket. Consent was readily granted, and for half an hour the stricken widow sat in the dim light beside the flower draped bier. Then she was led away to her room, and has not left it since. Through this morning she wept piteously hour after hour. Owing to her condition she was able to take no part in the ceremonies today, either at the church or coming into the chamber of death when the body was borne away for the last time. From this time on she will be guarded with the most solicitous care and quiet, for it is only in this way that a collapse can be averted.

The face of the dead president was seen for the last time when it lay in state yesterday. The casket was sealed before it was borne away from the courthouse. When Mrs. McKinley came into the death chamber last night for her last moment beside her dead husband she wished to have a final look at the upturned face. But this was impossible, and the sealed casket with its flowers and flags were all that she saw.

The collection of flowers was probably the most beautiful ever seen in the United States.

A feature of the floral tributes was the large number sent by organizations, fraternal, commercial and political.

From His Comrades.

During the morning General Torrence commander in chief of the G. A. R., sent the following message to Mrs. McKinley by Judge Day:

"In behalf of the G. A. R. I wish to comfort you with the assurance that you have the tender sympathy and unflinching love of every surviving soldier of the union, and our prayer is that the gracious Father will sustain you."

"ELI TORRENCE.

Commander in Chief G. A. R."

On account of a scarcity of bricks in a Texas town the congregation of the local church allowed their new edifice to remain unfinished while a saloon was being erected.