CURRENT TOPICS

In a new dictionary of biography, containing 40,000 names, all the Rothschilds and Astors put together receive only as many lines as are accorded to Harriet Beecher Stowe. Cornelius Vanderbilt receives less attention than Paganini, and A. T. Stewart no more than Daniel Lambert, the fat man. Even the three rich benefactors—Girard, George Peabody and Sir Moses Montefiore—united take less room than John Wesley or Nathaniel Hawthorne.

Lord Dufferin, Viceroy of India, recently visited Pondicherry to pay his respects to the Governor of the French possessions in India. He was accompanied by Lady Dufferin. The visit was in return for that which Lord and Lady Dufferin received last year from the Governor of Pondicherry. The French Government ordered the Governor of the French Indies to receive Lord Dufferin with the greatest distinction. No English Viceroy had visited Pondicherry since 1815. It is not generally known that the Indian Government pays a heavy tribute to the Governor of the French Indies for the monopoly on salt.

One of the famous women's rights women of the West is the Rev. Miss Annie Shaw, and good stories are told of her pluck and smartness. Once when she was riding through the lumber region of Michigan the driver began to talk insultingly. Miss Shaw stood it for half an hour, and then suddenly drew a derringer from the folds of her garments, and said very quietly: "You low, contemptible brute; utter another word of that sort, and I'll shoot you like a dog." The threat was sufficient. The man did not utter a syllable the rest of the trip. He helped to get a large congregation for her at the settlement, "because," he said, "he liked her grit." Once at a public meeting a speaker who had been discoursing on the traits of strong-minded women, among others that of wearing short hair, suddenly turned to Miss Shaw and asked: "By the way, how did you acquire that habit, Miss Shaw?" "Sir, I was born so," was the answer.

"Sir Charles Roger Doughty Tichborne," or, as he is better known, "The Claimant," who has been seriously ill in New York from blood poisoning, is now much better. He still hopes he will get enough of friends on this continent to enable him to prosecute his claim to the great English estates. He says: "I shall reopen my case notwithstanding the opposition I have met with from the English Government. Fortunately for me, the position they took is illegal. The Government spent about $2,000,000 to convince a packed jury that I was not myself but somebody else. Arthur Orton has been found in a lunatic asylum in Sydney, Australia, and his brother has been sent there by Mrs. Baring, wife of one of the Baring brothers, of London, to identify the maniac. His death was certified to and the lying paper was sent to his wife, poor soul, who died believing the lie; but Orton is alive and will be produced. Mrs. Baring has taken great interest in my case."

In a letter to the London *Times*, Mr Froude, the historian replies to the charges brought against him by Mr. Norton, saying in substance that he undertook the writing of Carlyle's life at the latter's own urgent request, and at the sacrifice of his own arrangements for future work, and of time and money which he could ill spare. Carlyle, he says, left him absolute discretion to do what he pleased with the letters and journals. "As the different portions of my work were published," he says, "I restored the papers to Mr. Carlyle's niece, as he directed. As I could no longer refer to them, it would have been courteous if, when she discovered mistakes, she had pointed them out to me. She was herself receiving the profits of the 'Reminiscences' a gift from myself. If there are mistakes in the letters and memorials of Mrs. Carlyle, they are not due to me. These volumes were printed directly from copies which Carlyle furnished me. It has been over this publication that the chief irritation has arisen. Here I confess I think some blame attaches to Carlyle himself. If, in remorse for real or imagined faults of his own, he thought it right to put together these memorials, he should have himself decided whether they were to be printed or not. The responsibility should not have been left to friends. He told me often he ought to do penance like Johnson. But as in fact he has left me to stand in the pillory for him, I am tired of the situation. Now with my own will I shall neither write nor read another word upon the subject, which has been a torment and perplexity of too large a portion of my life." The comments of the London press upon this are unfavorable to Mr. Froude. The *Pall Mall Gazette*, for instance, says: "Froude's *apologia* is a somewhat sorrier performance than the fault he attempts to hide. He was not worthy of the honor of being pilloried for his master."

A Reasonable Supposition.

"Mr. Featherly," inquired Bobby, while the dessert was being discussed, "is your dog's name Rome?"

"No," replied Featherly, in some astonishment, "his name is Major. Why, Bobby?"

"Because pa told ma last night that you were down at the Eagle Hotel making Rome howl, and I s'posed he was talking about your dog."

Prof. Geikie on Earthquakes.

The more I study the less I know about earthquakes. As yet they are totally unexplainable. Until some one knows the earth motions an earthquake bureau to predict such calamities is absolutely impossible. At present science has hardly taken the first step toward the discovery of their origin.—*New York Herald.*

The assizes at Toronto were occupied all yesterday and last night in hearing the case of criminal assault preferred by Mary Bull against Dr. W. H. Graham, specialist, one of his patients. The jury, about 11 p.m., brought in a verdict of not guilty and the prisoner was discharged.

Water was not allowed soldiers of the Austrian army while marching twenty years ago. Now the supply is virtually unlimited while they are undergoing exercises, a fact to which is attributed their freedom from sunstroke during this year's autumn manœuvres when the heat was extraordinary.

WEDDING PRESENTS.

A Protest Against the Unwarranted Cost and Display of Them.

Much has been said recently, and rightly too, with reference to extravagance in funerals, remarks the Philadelphia *Record*. The unwarranted display in the trappings of woe and the stereotyped exhibition of either sorrow or friendship in the shape of floral tributes have often aroused criticism and led to the inquiry whether wasteful and meaningless expenditure does not often detract from the solemnity of the occasion and impoverish the living while not honoring the dead. If this criticism can justly be applied to funerals, it can with equal justice be applied to marriages, those other events which are so deeply ingrafted into our social economy. The poet tells us that

Leaves have their time to fall,
And flowers to wither at the north wind's breath,
And stars to set; but all
Thou hast all seasons for thine own, O Death

and, like that of death, the marrying season is at all times, although there is a popular belief that the rule of Hymen generally covers the coming and the going of the months. With certain classes summer flirtations are largely responsible for fixing the marriage season. The words that were lightly spoken at Cape May, at Newport, or at Bar Harbor beneath the witching influence of waves or of moonlight, find their fruition in that other more serious sentence which ends with "to love, honor and obey," and what was born in comedy may find its culmination in the severest kind of tragedy. There are, however, certain periods of the year which appear to be peculiarly sacred to marriages, one of them being close upon us, and, therefore, it may also be said that the season of presents has begun. For, independent of the interest which always seems to attach to two people joining themselves to each other for better or for worse, there appears to be an unwritten law to the effect that their friends or relatives shall express their regard or approval in some substantial way. With the growth of civilization has come an increase in ceremony; but while we have correspondingly more presents, those manifestations of regard or affection do not have the significance which at one time belonged to them. When a marriage takes place something is expected of outsiders. The bridal presents are not inexpensive gifts; they are generally displayed and their list published in the newspapers, and although we may sometimes hear of some one who professed to object to this publicity, whether he or she be donor or recipient, we often find that this very person invited an invasion of the privacy of the domestic circle. Of course it is not to be supposed that all who give on such occasions are actuated by a desire for notoriety. Sometimes in the wilderness of gifts there is one, homely enough it may be, which shines "like a rich jewel in an Ethiop's ear," the work of loving hands, the outgrowth of the promptings of a tender heart. But in too many cases these outward displays simply resolve themselves into an advertisement or a competition. Beside this, taste does not differ so very materially, and what is a bride to do with all the butter-knives and silver teaspoons and dressing cases and vases and clocks which are heaped upon her? The marriage table of to-day is simply as a loaded counter in a bazaar. Young Mrs. Daisy rejoices in the thought that she has had 151 presents, whilst her social rival, Mrs. Fern, has only received 113. The number touches her pride, and she never bestows a thought upon the sentiment which inspired the gift; the donor is forgotten in the temporary social triumph. The stereotyped "Gates Ajar," which is laid upon the grave, and the French clock, the carvings on which are mingled with orange blossoms, are, as a rule, equally devoid of meaning and significance; and the wedding present, instead of being an expression of friendship and affection, becomes a social tax which daily proves itself more senseless and more burdensome.

The "Funny Man."

In 1871 I left Wilmington, says J. H. Williams in "Lippincott's" for November, and returned to Norristown to assume an editorial position on the *Herald*, a daily edition of which had been started a few years previously. With my advent on the *Herald* I introduced a column of what is known as "Paragraphic Humor," which has been a feature of the paper ever since. At first our exchanges referred to the author of these paragraphs as "the Norristown *Herald* man," an appellation that was not at all offensive; but, when they began to call me the "funny man" of the Norristown *Herald*, I felt like demurring. The title is a misnomer. A journalist is terribly handicapped when he achieves the reputation of being a newspaper "funny man." He is expected to be funny at all times and at all places. When he is introduced to a party of strangers as the "funny man" of this or that journal, they comment on his funereal appearance, but insanely think it is the proper thing to laugh at his utterances, even though he should quote from a London *Times* editorial or a United States census report. They, of course, don't realize that this business of being always on the lookout for a sentence that can be twisted into a grotesque or exaggerated paragraph, or a word that can be tortured into a depressing pun, is one of the most lugubrious and wearing duties connected with journalism.

A Juvenile Statesman.

Little Dick—Pap, my clothes is all worn out.

Pap—Can't help it, Dick, I feel very poor just now.

"Why don't the minister give you some money?"

"What a question! He has no money to spare, I'll be bound."

"Well, let's move to South Africa and pretend to be heathen."—*Omaha World.*

Theodore Roosevelt, the defeated candidate of the Republican party for Mayor of New York, sailed for Europe on Saturday. While abroad he will marry Miss Edith Carow, a Gotham belle.

Dr. J. H. Borland, a prominent eye and ear specialist, of Pittsburg, Pa., is the latest victim of the cocaine habit. He has become violently insane. When taken into custody a bottle of cocaine and a syringe were found on his person. This is the first case of the kind reported from Pittsburg.

A NEW TRICK.

How a Watch May be Run Over by a Ponderous Locomotive.

"Saw a new trick out in Iowa the other day," said a travelling man. "I was stopping at a little station on the Northwestern and the hotel was close to the railroad track. The through passenger trains don't stop there. In the party sitting outside after dinner was a man who had a fine gold watch, with a case of extraordinary weight. He said it was the heaviest watch-case made and the strongest.

"'There is a funny thing about this watch of mine,' he said, 'it is so strong that I can put it on the railroad track and let a train run over it and it will not be damaged in the least.'

"'Right on the rail?' queried one of the party.

"'Yes, I'll place it right on top of the rails, where the wheels run, and it won't be hurt a particle.'

"'Bet you the cigars you dassent do it?'

"The proposition was accepted and the whole crowd included in the payment of the wager, no matter who lost. In a few minutes a train was seen approaching, when the owner of the watch went out to the track, put his timepiece on the rail and then walked back to the hotel porch and resumed his chair as cool as a cucumber. The train came thundering on and the crowd got excited. They stood with open mouths and thinking what a shame it was that an infernal fool should put such a fine watch on the rails to be smashed into smithereens. When the locomotive struck the spot where the watch had been placed the crowd groaned and fancied they could see bits of gold flying along with the dust. But the owner of the watch sat quietly smoking his cigar, and as soon as the long train had passed he walked out, reached down and picked his watch up from the side of the rail, as perfect as if it had been in his pocket all the time.

"'You see,' he said, as we all lighted fresh cigars at the other fellow's expense, 'there is no danger in this trick providing you place your watch near the edge of the rail, where the wheels have worn the face smooth, and so that the slightest disturbance will cause it to slide off inside the rail. The watch-case is oval, and it leaves an opening for the air to get under. If the jar of the rail did not cause the watch to fall off the pressure of the air from the approaching train surely would. I have performed that little trick hundreds of times and never met with an accident. One day a fresh travelling man from St. Louis saw me do it, and he at once declared that that was nothing—anybody could do that. So he went out in front of another train and put his watch on the rail. After the train had passed he found his watch about forty rods up the track. It was about as big as a saucer and as thin as a piece of light cardboard. He had made the fatal mistake of putting the watch near the end of a rail and so nicely balanced upon the top of the rail that it didn't fall off. The trick is just like any other—you want to know how to do it."—*Chicago Herald.*

A Surgeon's Love Letters.

At Brighton yesterday a jury awarded £50 damages in an action for breach of promise brought by Miss Kate Fisher, of Soho, London, against Mr. C. R. Crane, surgeon, of Brighton. Counsel read extracts from several letters sent by defendant to the plaintiff. In the first he wrote:

"My mustache has grown inconveniently long and wants trimming, and if you are not here I shall have to trim it myself." (Laughter.)

At Cardiff he "longed so much for her fond embrace, which he enjoyed so much," and added: "You must imagine I am kissing you every night before you go to bed." (Laughter.)

In another letter, just before coming home, he wrote

"I am sorry I cannot come earlier, but you shall have a few more. You had better wash your face in brandy or spirits of wine, for I mean to make it so sore that you will not be able to rest it on your pillow for some time to come." (Renewed laughter.)

From Guildford he wrote:

"Mother is just off to a prayer-meeting and I am going to look up acquaintances. I shall be thinking of you all the evening, especially up to 10 o'clock. Mother will come to you to-morrow."

On another day he wrote:

"Darling Kate, how kind of you to send anything to enliven life here; you had better send yourself, labeled this side up." (Laughter.)

On December 19th, 1882, he said:

"If you could feel how my heart capt unto you there as I watched your tearful and sorrowful face when the ship left."

On March 4th, 1885, the defendant wrote from Claremont terrace, Preston Park, that he was "sorry he had caused her so much anxiety. It was better to tell the truth instead of saying he had an affection for her, which he had not."

For the defence it was contended that the defendant was in consumption and that therefore the plaintiff had a lucky escape from marrying him."—*London Daily News.*

A Noble Arrangement.

"It's a solemn thing, young man," said the broken-hearted father, "to come into the home of an old man, and take away his only daughter, the light of his household, and the prop and solace of his declining years. But you have my blessing, and I wish you every joy and—"

"But I won't take her away, sir," interrupted the young man, inexpressibly affected. "We'll both stay right here."

What the Farmer May Expect.

The Marquis of Salisbury runs his threshing machine with electricity. Now, all that is wanted is an electric cultivator, and a few other things, and the farmer can sit in his parlor and run his estate with a machine like a typewriter.—*Omaha World.*

Gen. Boulanger, French Minister of War, who has recently become a disturbing quantity in European politics, combines English grit with French dash. His mother was an English woman, named Miss Griffiths, and the General himself was born in Brighton, and he says his earliest recollections are of the time he played with the English boys *sur le chain pier*. Gen. Boulanger speaks English with vernacular fluency.

A Muscular Christian.

In the primitive days of Methodism it required not only preachers of sterling piety and Christian courage, but also physical strength. The late Rev. Cambridge Graham was noted not only for the excellency of his Christian character, kindness of heart and forbearance of spirit, but for his great physical strength. This latter characteristic was never brought out in his ministry except when no other remedy was left him. In his early ministry he was sent to Hancock circuit, in the Baltimore Conference. There was at one of his appointments a family (father and sons) who were noted as bullies, as disturbers of the Methodist meetings. While Mr. Graham was holding meetings on one occasion there two of the man's sons began their usual series of interruption. No rebuke had any effect upon them, and finally the preacher ejected them from the house. They went home and told their father of the treatment they had received at the hands of the new Methodist preacher. The old man was terribly indignant at Mr. Graham and vowed to chastise him the next morning. Bright and early, gun in hand, he appeared at the farm-house where the preacher was stopping. Mr. Graham was out on the poron performing his morning ablution (the man of the house being over in an adjoining field), when he was saluted by the irate father:

"You are the new Methodist preacher?"

"Yes, sir," replied Mr. Graham.

He then narrated what he had done to his sons the previous evening, winding up with the declaration that "he had come over to whip him."

"Whip me?' said the preacher in a tone of surprise.

"Yes, you."

"Well," said the preacher, "wait until I get through washing."

In the meantime the old man had set down his gun and prepared for the struggle. Mr. Graham approached him in the kindliest manner, repeating: "Oh, you don't want to whip me," and with a manner that practically disarmed his antagonist. Drawing close up to him he placed his hand on each of the old gent's arms. It was like the grip of a vise.

"So you want to whip me," as his grip tightened, and he began to sway the old man back and forth. He was like an infant in the preacher's grasp and writhed in mortal agony as the grip tightened on his flesh, and the shaking became more vigorous to the chorus: "So you want to whip me! Why, I'll shake you to shavings!"

The fight was all taken out of the man, and he begged to be released, promising for himself and sons that there should be no further molestation of Methodist meetings in that neighborhood. The preacher accepted his promise and released him and gave him some kind and good advice.

The old man, thoroughly crestfallen, passed the man of the house who was out in the field trembling for the safety of the preacher and saluted him with the remark:

"I believe that preacher would fight."

There was peace at that preaching-place thereafter.—*Altoona (Pa.) Tribune.*

Disposed Of.

Bobby was evidently very much perplexed "I want to ask you, Mr. Featherly," he finally said during a lull in the conversation, "about your house and lot."

"I have no house and lot, Bobby," replied Featherly, a trifle uneasily. "I sold them some time ago."

"Sold 'em," repeated Bobby. "Then pa must have made a mistake. I heard him say you drank 'em up."

Where the Trouble Would Come In.

"I'm sure," said Mrs. Podwallader, "I don't see how it could make trouble in the homes of the land if women should vote."

"Don't you think, my dear," replied Mr. P., "that the men would make their wives vote as they wanted them to?"

"Make them? Indeed, sir, I don't. I'd like to see you attempt to make me vote as I didn't want to. I'd drive you out of the house with a broom."—*Chicago News.*

Pleasant for Featherly.

"What was it that ma said to you when you came in?" whispered young Bobby to Featherly, one of the guests.

"Oh, simply that she was delighted to see me; that was all, Bobby."

"I'm glad of it," said Bobby, and a look of genuine relief came over his face; "'cause she said this morning that she hoped you wouldn't come."

WHEN YOU ASK HER TO PLAY.

It is a hoax
To make you coax,
When she insists she's not prepared;
If you persist
She won't insist.
She'd play unasked, too, if she dared.

And then the rest
The charm attest,
Of every wild spasmodic whack;
When each to each
Engaged in speech,
Obliviously turn the back.

A daughter of Mrs. McMullen, Sackville street, Toronto, was bitten in the leg yesterday by a neighbor's dog. To-day the girl has been delirious and her life is despaired of.

A man noted for shrewdness in trade is approached by an acquaintance who has just returned from the country. "What's the news in the country?" the shrewd man asks. "I am sorry, but I've got bad news for you." "You don't say so?" "Yes, your wife is dead." "My gracious!" the shrewd man exclaims, "I would not have that happen for—for fifty dollars. No, let me see. Well, say forty-five."

A Lewiston, Me., man has fixed in his window a wire bird trap shaped like a half cylinder and delicately hung on its centre. When a bird alights on the trap his own weight swings it downward and he is whirled inside of the window into another cage there. Liberally scattered crumbs call sparrows to the trap, and the Lewiston man says that they are as good eating as reed birds.

Ung Hong Sie has been elected Mayor of Chinatown, New York. His salary is $6 a week

No gentleman should smoke when walking with ladies, nor should a lady smoke when walking with a gentleman.

Mr. George W. Davis has just died in Baltimore after living eight months with a broken neck caused by a fall.

THE TRICK FAILED.

Attempted Fraud Through the Mails and the Result.

A young man, who resides near Little Current, Ont., some three weeks since sent registered letters addressed to a merchant of Toronto, in which he stated he had enclosed $150. When the letters reached the merchant they contained blank sheets of notepaper and pieces of an old newspaper, but no money. The merchant reported the matter to the Post-office Inspector. Mr. Sweetnam visited Little Current on Wednesday last and instituted an inquiry. It was discovered that the young man had prepared two sets of letters; that in one he placed the blank notepaper and pieces of newspaper alluded to, and that in the other he had enclosed $150 in the presence of two respectable men, who, at his request, accompanied him to the post-office to witness the posting of the letters. On reaching the post-office he mailed and registered the dummy letters; and, of course, kept in his pocket those which contained the money. An effort had also been made to indicate that the envelope of the letters had been tampered with. The young man on being charged with his attempt to cast suspicion on the post-office admitted his guilt, and made a humble apology to the Postmaster. His offence is punishable, as there was an obvious intention to defraud.

She Was Saved

from days of agony and discomfort, not by great interpositions, but by the use of the only sure-pop corn cure—Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor. Tender, painful corns are removed by its use in a few days, without the slightest discomfort. Many substitutes in the market make it necessary that only "Putnam's" should be asked for and taken. Sure, safe, harmless.

Gin saws have deprived one hundred persons of their hands and arms in Alabama this year.

How to Make Money.

No matter in what part you are located, you should write to Hallett & Co., Portland, Maine, and receive, free, information about work you can do and live at home, at a profit of from $5 to $25 and upwards daily. Some have made over $50 in a day. All is new. Capital not needed. Hallett & Co. will start you. Either sex. All ages. Those who commence at once will make sure of snug little fortunes. Write and see for yourselves.

New police rules in Washington force the men while on duty to wear white gloves and carry canes. Washington police are not known as clubbers.

The Beauty of Woman

is her crown of glory. But alas! how quickly does the nervous debility and chronic weakness of the sex cause the bloom of youth to pass away, sharpen the lovely features, and emaciate the rounded form! There is but one remedy which will restore the faded roses and bring back the grace of youth. It is Dr. Pierce's "Favorite Prescription," a sovereign remedy for the diseases peculiar to females. It is one of the greatest boons ever conferred upon the human race, for it preserves that which is fairest and dearest to all mankind—the beauty and the health of woman.

The founder of the Inman steamship line was the first to send a screw vessel across the Atlantic

To Consumptives.

Reader, can you believe that the Creator afflicts one-third of mankind with a disease for which there is no remedy? Dr. R. V. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery" has cured hundreds of cases of consumption, and men are living to-day—healthy, robust men—whom physicians pronounced incurable, because one lung was almost gone. Send 10 cents in stamps for Dr. Pierce's book on consumption and kindred affections. Address, World's Dispensary Medical Association, 663 Main street, Buffalo, N. Y.

David K. and Emily P. Mix, of Connecticut, have a daughter 2 months old, 13 inches in height and weighing 2½ pounds. She is healthy, and can eat, sleep and squall like a baby five times her size.

* * * * Stricture of the urethra, however inveterate or complicated from previous bad treatment, speedily and permanently cured by our new and improved methods. Book, references and terms sent for ten cents in stamps. World's Dispensary Medical Association, 663 Main Street, Buffalo, N. Y.

Mrs. Parnell has arrived at the old homestead in Wicklow, Ireland, near the Vale of Avoca, immortalized by Moore in the "Meeting of the Waters." She has been received with filial tenderness by her illustrious son and her daughter, Miss Anna Parnell, who has been mistress of the homestead since Mrs. Parnell left for America, many years ago.

—Miss Dore (at the piano)—Well, I'll sing one more song and then I must go home. Mr. Octave—Shall I accompany you? Miss D.—Thanks, I have an escort!

A Boston, Mass., lawyer recently advertised for an office boy. A few days after he received the following application: "Mister I want the job mi folks ain't rich and I got to rassle they are ded. It betes all how hard times is I can do chores an learn fast. I want a job in your office let me in. Jimmy Carrigan." Jimmy got the ob.

CONSUMPTION.

I have a positive remedy for the above disease; by its use thousands of cases of the worst kind and of long standing have been cured. Indeed, so strong is my faith in its efficacy, that I will send TWO BOTTLES FREE, together with a VALUABLE TREATISE on this disease to any sufferer. Give express and P. O. address.

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DUNN'S BAKING POWDER
THE COOK'S BEST FRIEND