

mysterious power which this article of furniture possesses. Had the Brooklyn burglar known of this particular piano stool's existence he would probably have avoided entirely the room in which it lived, or, if a man of great courage and much gymnastic ability, and if the temptation to enter had been very strong, such as knowledge that the room contained a baby carriage laden with gold watches or progressive euchre prizes, he might have entered and made the necessary fall with little enough noise not to disturb the trance into which Brooklynites pass at 10 o'clock. But he did not know the piano stool was there, breathing heavily and eager to meet all comers, catch-as-catch-can. The inevitable result happened—for once. The piano stool seized the burglar, and, after the manner of its kind, hurled him first through and then under every other piece of furniture on that floor of the house. As the reverberations of his fall died away the reports of revolvers became audible and the marauder went hurriedly away. The Brooklyn papers say he "escaped," but that is irony. The man who has fallen over a piano stool can hardly be said to have "escaped." Hence, Brooklyn has piano stools like those in other towns, and burglars are not exempt from their malignant enmity. Q. E. D.

#### PERSONAL.

—Coreans are queer, even among Orientals, but it tests a vigorous credulity to believe that the late POM KWANG SOH should have been at once so progressive as to ride the bicycle, and so much of a barbarian as really to affiliate with the Theosophists. That he was a wheelman, though a very injudicious one, seems to be indubitable, and therefore the more suspicion is left for use on the statement that he regarded with any seriousness the tricks and claims of Mme. BLAVATSKY. KIPLING'S story about "The Sending of Dana Da" at once suggests itself on hearing of any real Easterner who coquets with Theosophy, and POM KWANG SOH had plenty of enemies to punish, with kittens or otherwise, but such countenance as he may have lent to the religion of old tooth brushes and broken saucers was more likely due to a search after amusement than to a thirst for revenge.

—We note with interest and a feeling of distinct relief that Lieut. W. R. LANE, a young soldier stationed at Fort McPherson, has successfully eloped with the daughter of a wealthy gentleman living at Newport News. When Ensign STONE of the navy made his lamentable fiasco, violated all the laws of romance and meekly acquiesced in the crushing of his hopes by a stern and up-the-State father, there was a widespread impression that the Service is no longer what it used to be, and that the writing of poems and novels would soon come to an end for lack of new material. For, of course, the working over of old adventures cannot go on forever. People will accept a good deal from hearsay and tradition, but faith needs an occasional modern instance if it is to maintain its vigor, and even the fundamental belief that "love will find a way" was strained and weakened by a contradiction so conclusive as that which Ensign STONE gave it. Now the dogma gets a new lease on its precious life, and everybody will see that in the other case such gloom as was cast fell, not on romance, but on the navy, where ensigns are allowed to attempt deeds of prowess that try the metal even of Lieutenants. In the army they are wiser and do not send a boy to do a man's work. Lieut. LANE'S elopement was carried out with beautiful precision and regularity. There was the chance meeting on a festal occasion. Instantly the brave young officer fell in love with the beauteous maiden, and vice versa. The maiden's parents were equally well posted in the rules of the game, for they said "Never, never, never!" with great rapidity, and put increased emphasis on the word at each repetition, just as all the best authorities advise. Scene followed scene without a moment's interruption, and the curtain has fallen amid cordial applause on a tableau consisting of the lovers with bowed heads and hands clasped on a marriage certificate, kneeling before the reconciled parents, and accepting "Bless you, my children," at face value. Our army has now demonstrated its value beyond any possibility of doubt, but there must be a queer feeling among the naval heroes. It is charity to suppose that the feeling is not one of indifference or despair, but such as finds expression in "just you wait!" spoken in a grim whisper.

—Anti-vivisectionists may well read the interview with Dr. SPITZKA, which we published yesterday, and turn from it in angry disappointment. "What's the use of arguing," they can justly ask each other, "with a man who confines himself to facts, huris no opprobrious epithets at his opponents, and apparently imagines that practical scientific questions can be settled without any appeal to the emotions?" However it may be with vivisectionists in general, there's no doubt that Dr. SPITZKA is cruel. He has willfully hurt the feelings of a lot of good people by saying—and proving—that they may mean well, but they don't know. Just wait till Dr. ELLIOTT PRESTON and Mr. LAWRENCE-MORRIS of Yonkers-Sing Sing and the other lean spinsters get after him!

—After ten years of wretched exile, during which he has lived on the charity of relatives whom he had disgraced, JAMES S. PARSONS has returned to his old home in Windham, Conn. He is too ill now, too near death, it is said, to care much whether the indictments hanging over his head result in his arrest and conviction, or whether the officers of the law refrain to go through this useless formality. PARSONS wrecked the Continental Life Insurance Company of Hartford. That was in 1887, and about everybody has forgotten it—everybody, that is, except most of the 7,000 policy holders whose trust he betrayed, and whose savings he stole and threw away. They remember quite well the revelations that came, after years of crooked bookkeeping and false swearing, when an Insurance Commissioner who knew his business and performed it investigated the company. The moment this man, O. R. FYLER of Torrington, appeared in the Continental office and began to ask questions PARSONS knew the end had come, and fled to Canada. He took nothing with him, for his plunder had slipped through his fingers as fast as he seized it. PARSONS was indicted for making false returns to the Insurance Department, and he and his bookkeeper, ISAAC W. HAKES, were also indicted for making false entries. Receivers for the company were appointed in 1888, and they have just paid the final dividend of 7 per cent.—16 per cent. in all—to the creditors. PARSONS remained in Canada until recently, when rapidly failing health impelled him to enter the States again in search of relief. He went to a hospital in Boston. There they told him, report has it, that he had only a few weeks to live. At any rate he is now in Windham, and most people believe that no action will be taken against a man who can make no reparation for his crime except by dying in prison. Others have their doubts about the gravity of PARSONS'S illness, and are hinting at the propriety of investigating his condition. The Hartford papers are inclined to find a lesson in this man's career. It's an easy task, as easy as the lesson is old and familiar.

#### TOPICS OF THE TIMES.

—Sunday was a day of drowning accidents, while the wheelmen and wheelwomen managed to keep out of any serious trouble. To be quite fair, the fatalities that occurred, or were narrowly escaped, should now be made points in an indictment of the dangerous bathing suit, and should furnish a new subject to the people who have written or spoken so much about the perils of bicycling. The bathing suit is as much the cause of one class of accidents as the wheel is of the other, for each is simply a means to much the same end, and each, if used with ordinary skill and moderate discretion, is perfectly safe. Since the bicycle gets blamed for the carelessness and ignorance of its riders, the bathing suit might well bear the responsibility of similar traits in those who wear that garment.

—Brooklyn isn't so much unlike other towns after all, and burglars are only men. These seemingly absurd statements are based on the fact that a Brooklyn burglar, while traversing a Brooklyn house the other night, with the cat-like sureness and softness of foot which characterize the men of his profession, and which have had no small part in giving them a reputation for semi-supernatural powers, had the misfortune to enter a room containing the piano stool. Now, be it day or night, the average man who goes within sight of a piano stool hastens, if he is wise, to fall over it as quickly as possible. He knows that the act will have to be performed within five or ten minutes to be way, and it is both safer and safer to take the plunge voluntarily than to wait and become a helpless victim of the