

A ROYAL ROSE.

Austin Dobson in Harper's for June
O royal rose! the Roman dress!
His feast with thee; thy petals pressed
Augustine brows; thine odor fine,
Midst it with the three-times-angled wings,
Lo! the long Thracian draught its zest
What marvel, then, if host and guest,
By Love, by Song, by Thee carous'd,
Half-trembled on the half-divine,
O royal rose!

And yet—and yet—I love thee best
In our old gardens of the West,
Whether about my thicket thou wilt
Or here, that brown-eyed maid of mine,
Who lulls thee on her lily breast,
O royal rose!

A VOYAGE IN THE AIR.

"Paul! Paul! come down—do! The Frenchman has brought his balloon to Mr. Brooks's big lot, and they are filling it from a tank in the shed."
"Is it a big balloon, Walter?" asked Paul, thrusting his head out of the window and looking down at the boy below.

"A monster," replied Walter. "Are you coming?"
"Yes," said Paul, disappearing from the window.

In another moment the two friends were hurrying along the road together. Presently they reached a large grassy field where a great number of people were assembled to watch the filling of the balloon. Placards were posted on the neighboring fences announcing that Monsieur Le Clerc, for the sum of one dollar apiece, would allow the public to ascend to the height of 600 feet above the earth.

When Paul and Walter drew near they saw that there was a cable attached to the ear of the balloon, which ran over two pulleys, and then around a windlass which was securely fastened to the ground. A horse was standing near, waiting to be attached to the windlass to draw the balloon back to earth.

"That's Mr. Le Clerc," said Paul, pointing out a small man with bright, black eyes and a heavy gray moustache, who was busily engaged in examining the cable, pulleys, and the apparatus for filling the great silk bags with gas.

"I know him. He is as nice as he can be. Let us go and talk to him."
Paul, followed by Walter, found his way to the Frenchman's side and said: "Good afternoon, Mr. Le Clerc."
"Is that you, my little friend?" replied Monsieur Le Clerc with a pleasant smile.

"Is the balloon almost ready?" asked Paul.

"Almost," said the Frenchman glancing upward.
"What kind of gas is it filled with?" asked Paul.

"Hydrogen gas," replied Monsieur Le Clerc. "Do you see that pipe running from the neck of the balloon to the shed? The gas is forced from the tank in the shed into the balloon until it is nearly full, then the pipe is taken off, and the mouth of the balloon fastened up."

"And when you want the gas to come out, do you take off the fastening?" asked Walter.

"Oh no," replied Monsieur Le Clerc. "Do you see that cord hanging down in the car? Well, that cord runs through the balloon and is attached to a valve, which is kept closed by a spring. When you pull the cord, it opens the valve and lets out the gas."

"How delightful it must be to float above the earth like a bird," said Paul, looking at the balloon longingly.

"Would you like to make the trial trip?" asked Monsieur Le Clerc.

"Yes, indeed," replied Paul, "if Walter could go with me. But—"

"But what?" asked Monsieur Le Clerc.

"It is perfectly safe."
"That is not it," replied Paul. "But I have no money with me."
"Never mind that," said the Frenchman. "I will only send you up a short distance, and use you as a kind of advertisement. You can tell all your acquaintances how pleasant it was. This time you shall go alone; when the balloon takes the full trip I shall be obliged to accompany every party myself."

"Thank you," said Paul. "Walter, will you go?"
Walter nodded his head and smiled.

After this the two boys waited impatiently until the preparations were completed.

They climbed into the little car, and Monsieur Le Clerc gave the order to start. Breathless silence held the spectators for a few seconds, and then, when the monster arose, controlled only by the cable, which unwound as the balloon ascended, they gave a loud cheer.

The boys looked over the side of the car, and saw the people and objects grow smaller and smaller, and they began to feel just a little frightened. But after a short time they grew used to the new sensation, and began to point out to each other distant and familiar objects, such as the school-house, the church, and the small stream that wound in and out among the bushes and trees like a glittering snake. As they were laughing and talking merrily they felt a slight jar, and a yell arose from the crowd below. Looking down, the boys perceived all were hurrying about, waving their hands as if in the wildest excitement. And they heard the Frenchman shouting, but they could not make out what he was saying.

"What can have happened?" said Walter. "Perhaps the horse has run away."

"Oh no," replied Paul. "But I think Mr. Le Clerc has concluded to let us go higher than he intended at first, and the people are pleased. Wave your handkerchiefs, Walter."

"That must be," said Walter. "Just see how high we are now."
"Who would think that 600 feet would seem so high?" said Paul, growing puzzled.

"See Paul, the people look like little ants crawling around," exclaimed Walter.

Paul looked downward steadily for a

few moments; then he turned a white face to his companion, and said:
"Walter, what is that floating out below us?"

"The rope, I think," replied Walter. "It is not fastened to anything," said Paul.

"Do you think the balloon has broken away?" asked Walter, his eyes growing large with astonishment and fright.

"Yes," said Paul, in a low voice; "that is just what has happened."

The two boys sat perfectly still, and watched the earth below them as it seemed to float quickly away, although not a breath of air stirred around them. Suddenly everything was shut from their sight by a thick gray mist.

"What has happened now?" whispered Walter, drawing closer to Paul.

"I think we must be in a cloud," replied Paul, shuddering.

"A moment ago I could hear railroad cars and a bell, but now it is dreadful still," said Walter, beginning to cry.

"Don't cry, Walter," said Paul. "That won't do any good."
"But suppose we never come down again?" sobbed Walter. "We may be miles and miles away from home and never find our way back."

"I don't care, so that it is earth again," replied Paul. "There must be some way of going down besides being pulled back by a rope and windlass. What was that Mr. Le Clerc said about letting out the gas?"

"Something about a valve and a cord, but I did not pay much attention," replied Walter.

"Remember now," cried Paul. "The valve was on top, but the cord that opened it hung in the car somewhere."

"There it is," said Walter, looking up. "But you can't reach it."
Paul sprang to his feet, and saw that the cord had in some way become entangled in the net-work which covered the balloon. It was not more than seven feet above their heads, but it was entirely out of their reach. So Paul sat down again, and looked at Walter.

"It is no use to try," said he, with a white face.

After a while they rose above the cloud, and saw it hanging below them, while over their heads the sky shone out a dark and lovely blue.

"How cold it is!" said Walter, shivering.

This made Paul think of something he had once read of two men who had taken a journey in a balloon, and one of them had become insensible from cold when at a great distance from the earth.

"We must get that valve cord!" he said to himself; then he began to look around him and think. Then he suddenly cried, "Walter! Walter! I know a way to reach it; I will sling it!"

"But you haven't any twine long enough!" said Walter, hopelessly.

"I have the piece I saved from my kite this morning."

Paul then produced several yards of twine, wound on a stick, and tied his knife securely to one end of it; and presently the two boys almost forgot their peril in the excitement of trying to throw this sling into the loop made by the entangled rope. Meanwhile the balloon drifted higher and higher, and farther and farther westward.

After a great many failures, Paul succeeded in reaching the cord. Then they pulled it within their hands.

"Now we are saved!" cried Walter, clapping his hands.

Paul pulled the cord gently, for he thought perhaps there might be danger of letting too much gas out at once. For some moments the boys could not tell what effect this had; but presently the air around them became much warmer, and they were again enveloped in a thick mist.

Walter was in despair. He slipped off of the bench, and seating himself on the floor of the car, covered his face with his hands.

Presently Paul, who had been earnestly looking over the side, said, "Walter, I think we must have dropped a great distance."

"Why?" asked Walter, trying hard to keep his voice from trembling.

"Because we are in the clouds again," replied Paul.

"Are we?" said Walter, raising his head. As he looked up he caught sight of something under the seat.

"Here is a queer kind of anchor," cried he, pulling at a rope attached to a great hook with a number of prongs.

"An anchor!" exclaimed Paul, with some surprise. "What is that for, I wonder?"

"Maybe if we let it over the side the balloon will go down faster."

"I don't think so," replied Paul, glancing down again. Then he cried out, "Oh, Walter, we are below the clouds now. I can see a river with lights on it just below us."

"Then don't let out any more gas, Paul. We shall be drowned if you do."

Paul let go of the valve cord, and the boats seemed to fly away beneath them, and they passed the river in safety.

The balloon had sunk so low that now they could distinctly see the roofs of houses; but it had grown so dark that no one observed the balloon.

The lights and houses grew more and more scarce as they passed over dark fields and woods. They could see branches of the trees bend, and hear the wind howling among them, and the two boys knew that they were being driven along through the air at a rapid rate.

"If we cannot stop the balloon," said Walter, "we shall be torn to pieces by the branches of those trees when we get a little lower."

Just then the little car they were in gave a lurch which almost threw them out. The boys seized the nearest rope and looked down. They were directly above a thick forest, and one great pine, taller than the others, had almost overturned them.

Paul and Walter stretched out their hands to grasp the branches but in an instant they were wrenched away, and the balloon rushed on again.

"Perhaps that hook will help us now," said Paul, suddenly remembering the anchor. "I will haul on the valve cord and when we come to thick trees, you let the hook right down among the branches."

Paul peened down into the darkness.

while Walter held the anchor suspended over the side of the car.

"Now!" cried Paul, and the anchor went crashing down among the crooked branches of an immense sycamore.

Then the balloon flapped backward and forward like a great wounded bird, and presently the boys saw and felt the leaves around them, and then the car turned completely over. Both Paul and Walter were thrown out but fortunately they managed to grasp the branches of the tree, and in a few moments found themselves seated side by side many feet above the ground. The balloon arose again, and dragging the rope and hook after it, disappeared from their sight.

"Oh, I am so glad!" exclaimed Walter. "I never want to see a balloon again."

"I think," replied Paul, "if we had not been so frightened, the voyage would have been perfectly glorious."

The boys sat in the tree all night, but at the first glimpse of daylight they climbed down and threw themselves upon the grass and fell asleep, for they were very tired.

They were awakened from their sound sleep by loud exclamations of pity and sorrow. They sat up and rubbed their eyes. Then the exclamations were changed into surprise and joy, and they found that they were surrounded by a crowd of people; among them were their fathers and Monsieur Le Clerc.

After the excitement of their discovery had somewhat abated, the boys found how their whereabouts had been found out. Their friends had telegraphed to all of the stations west of the town for information of the escaped balloon, and in the morning received answer that an empty balloon had been hanging over the woods twenty miles distant. So they hurried as fast as steam could carry them to the spot. When they first saw the boys asleep, they believed them dead.

Paul, Walter, and their friends returned home, where their voyage in the air formed the principal topic of conversation among all their friends and neighbors, and the two boys found themselves the heroes of more than a "one day's wonder."—Harper's Young People.

The Music-Mind Professor.

A Scotch professor has made up his mind never again on any consideration whatever to tell his students what a high opinion he has of the Dead March in "Saul." Music, it should be explained, is the delight of his declining years, and he puts the famous march before everything. "If a student," he explained on one unlucky day to his attentive class, "were to tell me that he had absent himself from a lecture in order to hear the Dead March in 'Saul,' I would consider the excuse valid. The rash assertion was received with cheers. Next day the class was very thinly attended, and the lecture interrupted by the entrance of the janitors with notes. "Dear Sir, these read, 'I hope you will excuse my absence to-day, as I am off to hear the Dead March in 'Saul.' "Dear Sir: Having heard that the Dead March in 'Saul' is to be played to-day at the cemetery, I find myself unable to stay away from it. Hoping you will, etc." "Dear Sir: You will be pleased to hear that after your remarks of yesterday on the subject of the Dead March in 'Saul,' I have bought a flute," etc. The poor man bore up for a time; but the notes of absence went from bad to worse. "Dear Sir," they began to read, "I was yesterday so fascinated by the Dead March in 'Saul' that I propose making a careful study in this solemn measure. In these circumstances I hope you will overlook my necessary absence from the lectures for the next few days."

"Dear Sir: I regret that on first hearing it, the Dead March in 'Saul' made less impression on me than I had expected. As I would be reluctant, however, to judge the piece by such slight acquaintance, I shall, with your permission, attend to-morrow's recital."

And, worst of all: "Dear Sir: We, the undersigned, have pleasure in informing you that we have joined a music class for the purpose of practicing the Dead March in 'Saul.' Unfortunately the practicing takes place during the hour of your lectures, which will prevent our attendance at the latter being as regular as we could have wished."

How Grant Impressed Bismarck.
From a Talk with a Boston Herald Correspondent.

One thing that struck me forcibly was the clear and concise manner in which Grant talked on the various subjects he discussed. I saw at once that he knew his subject thoroughly, or else that he avoided it completely. The impressions I had formed previously of the man as a general and as a ruler of the American people were, perhaps, slightly modified by these conversations, but, if so, not to any considerable extent. He had been to me before then, was at that time, and is still, the personification of an epoch in the history of the United States. As a general he was skillful, bold, cool, and patient, and all the qualities needed by a great commander seem to have been united in him. He never hesitated to sacrifice 10,000 men for the sake of obtaining an important advantage, but he also preferred to retreat rather than spill a drop of blood in order to win a fruitless victory. He was always ready to expose himself to the fire of the enemy, and was astonishingly phlegmatic and modest. He was always generous in recommending his rivals for promotion, exceedingly delicate and sparing of humiliations toward the conquered. The deliverer of the slaves, the savior of a country, and the idol of a nation, Grant might have played the role of Monk when the assassination of President Lincoln threw everything into disorder. I do not think the idea of taking advantage of his position in order to usurp power ever crossed his mind.

Seventy-five thousand cabbage plants are being pushed forward at the Massachusetts Agricultural College.

NOTES FOR THE FARM AND HOME.

Home Miscellaneous.

The best way to keep verbenas over to propagate young plants for the purpose, and let the old ones go. To accomplish this the plants should be cut back and manured in August, and by October 1, there will be plenty of cuttings for striking.

The wife has her share of duties, a large one, too, in creating and maintaining home surroundings, and much depends upon her. She should refrain from the oft-complaining and repining, bickering and heart burnings, from incessant scoldings of children and servants, fault findings with her husband for keeping dinner waiting beyond the customary hour, and the thousand other trivial matters constantly arising to her imagination, indicating bad architecture in home building.

A simple and efficient remedy for cholera is said to be the following: One teaspoonful of red pepper and a tablespoonful of salt to a half a pint of boiling water; this is to be given as hot as possible to every patient when first taken. This was tried by the captain of an emigrant ship coming from Europe, and was effective when the usual remedies had failed.

CHOLERA.—It is said by competent medical authority that "if there is plenty of acid gastric juice in the stomach, the cholera poison may be swallowed with impunity. The worst cases of cholera are produced by drinking large quantities of cholera-contaminated water, when the stomach is empty and alkaline." It is recommended that a weak acid water be drunk in quantity as thirst requires. Water slightly acidulated with nitric, sulphuric or muriatic acid will probably be best. Lemon juice and vinegar are useful in a moderate degree.

"One good mother," says George Herbert, is worth a hundred schoolmasters. In the home she is lodestone to all hearts and lodestar to all eyes. Imitation of her is constant—imitation which Bacon likens to a "globe of precepts." It is instruction; it is teaching without words, often exemplifying more than tongue can teach. On the face of her example, the best precepts are of but little avail. The example is followed, not for the precepts. Indeed, precept at variance with practice is worse than useless, inasmuch as it only serves to teach that most cowardly of vices—hypocrisy.

Farm Miscellaneous.

The bronze turkey is the largest and most rapidly growing variety of this bird. It is the native wild variety and is hardy and easily reared. It reaches a weight of 40 pounds quite easily when full grown. The silver gray turkey is not half this size and is tender and hard to rear.

Some farmers are beginning to realize that a few acres devoted to small fruits, such as raspberries, blackberries and strawberries, will yield more profit than fifty or one hundred acres devoted to grain.

Stringhalt is an affection of the nerves of the hind leg, which causes paralysis of some of the muscles and tendons by which the leg is kept straight. As these muscles cannot act the leg is drawn up with a jerk when it is lifted instead of being moved slowly and gradually. There is no cure for it that can be depended upon.

The Indiana Farmer, Indianapolis, reports: Potatoes have been steadily advancing in this market, till now they retail at \$1 a bushel. The wholesale rate is from 60 to 85 cents. The unusually high price is due in great extent to the severely cold weather of the winter, on account of which many lots of potatoes were frozen and spoiled, but another reason is in the comparatively small amount of the crop grown by our farmers.

An interesting item of the butter-making at the Ellington, Conn., creamery, we quote from a detailed account in the Rockville Leader:

"A pound of butter from a fraction over six spaces of cream is the average, and the price usually paid to farmers is 34 cents, but has reached as high as 40 cents. The butter is stamped into square cakes weighing one pound and one ounce, the fraction being added to supply the weight lost by evaporation, so that when the butter is retailed the weight of each cake is exactly one pound."

The best manure for an orchard is wood ashes; these serve a good purpose under any circumstances. After these come air-slacked lime. Any quantity of either up to 100 bushels per acre may be used. Ground bone, at the rate of 25 pounds to each tree, or 1,000 pounds to the acre, is also excellent, and a clover crop plowed in now and then will furnish everything else required.

Corn is a more fattening food than rye, but a mixture of one bushel of rye and two bushels of corn ground together will be better for feeding steers or fattening than either alone. In feeding such food as this it is advisable to cut up a few pounds of hay or straw, wet it, and mix the meal with it and feed four times a day. Twelve pounds of the meal may be fed daily.

Dry feeding during the winter has the effect of producing irritation of the skin in sheep as well as other animals. This may be remedied by giving the sheep every morning before feeding half a tablespoonful of a mixture of one pint of molasses, four ounces of sulphur, and two ounces of cream of tartar. It should be smeared on the tongue and given daily for two or three weeks.

When a spavin is in an incurable condition it may be relieved to some extent by keeping the horse in a cool open sun-

dation by gentle laxatives and cooling feed. Bran mash, carrots, scalded oats, and linseed, and a daily dose of one ounce of hypsulphite of soda continued while the lameness is extreme, with cold water dressing and cooling liniment will help very much to mitigate the trouble until it reaches its final painless stage, which is a stiff joint.

As the season approaches when the greatest harm is done to strawberries, by alternate thawing and freezing, the considerate owner will apply a thin mulch of long stable manure to his beds or rows. Too much may cause decay, but a little will shade them nicely, and the rains will carry down to their roots the fertilizing properties contained in the mulch. When the ground is frozen hard is the proper time to attend to it.

There is a cruel way to do almost everything connected with the care of stock. And it does not pay in a single case. The gentle, kindly workman can earn higher wages, any time, about cattle, horses and sheep, than the harsh and heartless driver. A suggestion on the side of mercy comes from an exchange in relation to the weighing of live sheep and calves. Instead of tying the feet together and stringing the poor creature up by its legs, pass a strap through a ring so as to form a double loop, slip one loop over the head in front of the fore legs, and the other over the rump just behind the hind legs, and it can be weighed before it thinks of kicking.

Just to the Mood for It.

American Rural Home: It is true that most of woman's work has to be done without reference to "time or tide," willing or unwilling; much of the work has to go on with clock-work certainty, or the whole domestic machinery gets out of gear. Still there are various kinds of work that are measurably in her choice with regard to the time of doing, and in that case she finds it a great advantage to work when she feels "just to the mood for it." Indeed these "happy moments of enthusiasm" are golden moments to all of us workers if we will but rightly improve them. No one should train himself to slirk what has to be done, but when she "feels just like" taking up old dresses, for instance, or repairing quilts or doing up the curtains, it is good policy to "strike while the iron is hot." She will enjoy her work, and so perform it better and in far less time. Nothing seems hard which we do willingly, and work is all very hard that is against the grain for the time being.

Do not undertake a task that requires special skill and steady adjustment when all jaded out with hard work—and when you feel sorely disinclined for any exertion, lie down for fifteen or twenty minutes if it is in the range of possibility, and if you could drop your eyelids for "forty winks of sleep," it will in effect make a new person of you.

I have often puzzled over a dress cutting and decided that more material must be bought, or a different style of making up was necessary to secure a good fit, when by judiciously laying it aside until the next morning, taking it up when the head was fresh and clear all the puzzles have resolved themselves. The material proved ample, and the pattern a good one.

"Make haste slowly," is a good motto in many cases. Especially does a spirit of impatience, which inclines you to jerk the cloth this way or that, and perhaps give a hasty slap to the little one you are trying to fit, make poor work. All will go wrong until you cool down. The shears will make perverse snips in good material, and most likely the sewing machine will break a needle, or sink in sympathy with your spirit. Inanimate things seem wonderfully sympathetic at times. Did you never observe how glibly the machine spins out the seams, these cheery mornings when you "feel just like sewing?"

Moods are more within our control than we are generally apt to think. We can "work up a sentiment" in favor of any particular business, many times by talking it over cheerfully, and planning it wisely, and then starting in good season so we need not feel over-hurried. Keeping the end in view is always cheering and helpful, and past successes justly give us courage for new endeavors.

Longer Seasons of Work.

That system of farming which gives employment to only four or five months in a year, is a ruinous one. It is no difference whether the farm be devoted to grain and grass raising with a sufficient quantity of hogs and cattle to eat the food raised on the farm, or any other products. There should be such arrangements made that profitable employment will last all winter. It is unreasonable to expect a sufficient profit on five months' labor to pay mortgages, educate the children, furnish the farm with all of the necessities and reasonable luxuries which an industrious and intelligent farmer can and ought to have, to ornament the home, the house, lawn, orchard, and give life and happiness to all of the surroundings.

The pastures ought to take care of and feed the hogs and cattle during the summer, while the force on the farm are raising and harvesting the crops, and then in the winter fatten the hogs, as does Mr. Brown of Marshall county, and fatten the cattle, as do all good feeders who have quarters to protect them in comfort and health. If you have a dairy, have at least as many, if not more, fresh cows in winter as in summer. It is a better time to raise calves by hand, and butter usually brings a better price. The cows have to be kept anyhow, and the better they are fed the more profitable they will be.

All branches of industry are to be crowded, large profits are to cease, economy will have to be exercised in all departments, and a more constant industry will have to be exercised. It will be the source of more happiness and contentment. Besides the sources of winter employment named,

there are hundred of ways which an enterprising farmer can turn the products of farm so as to make them more profitable and less expensive to ship to market. There is a change going on in this respect, and he who neglects to keep pace with the advance of the times will find himself left. This year, therefore, take the first step towards continuous, profitable winter employment. Any other course means poverty, increased mortgages, and eventual sale, and a removal to some poorer country, or to a farm as a tenant, where they can work and grumble out a tedious and tasteless life. Arrangements must be made for work all of the year. And this is not a burden or servitude. Honest and profitable industry is one of the sweetest blessings bestowed on man. It preserves his morals—his health and his happiness. —Des Moines Register.

Matt Carpenter's Memory.

Washington Letter to the New York Graphic.

A most remarkable memory was exhibited when Senator Matt Carpenter died, four years ago this spring. Wisconsin was right in mourning for him. He was the only man of phenomenal intellect she ever produced. Granting, as was claimed by some, that some of his supposed inspiration came from unremitting toil over a case, there is still much to be explained on the basis of wonderful gifts of memory. All who were present at the time will remember (others can read it in the published reports) how he met the cross fire of the Supreme Bench with citations when he made his famous arguments against Returning Boards before the Electoral Commission. There was no gas to be had, and the distinguished lawyer was compelled to read on that memorable night by the aid of a candle he held in his left hand. In a short time this became tiresome and inconvenient, so he placed the candle and his books one side with a gesture of impatience, and launched forth in the bark of memory. It was a great exhibition of his astonishing powers in that line. A friend of his once told me an incident going to illustrate the marvelous command he had over the books in his law library. Mr. Carpenter had just returned from a six month's absence in Milwaukee to his office in Washington, and had not been there more than half an hour when the friend called. He found the senator rather weak from his journey, but still cheerful enough. After the usual compliments of the day had been passed, the senator relaxed suddenly into silence and dropped his head on his breast in a fit of meditation. After a pause of several minutes he called the colored boy of the office with—"Tom, go to alcove G; take down the tenth book from the left on the third row; turn to page 283 and bring it to me; I want to look at that case." His library was enormous, but all photographed on his brain. To the last this never yielded to the storms by which his constitution was tossed and wrecked.

In Earnest.

After Colonel Gordon's death, the English papers were full of anecdotes of the great soldier, of which the following are examples:

Upon his return from China (where he was regarded as the saviour of the Empire), he devoted himself to the service of the vagabond boys of the suburb of London where he lived; gave up his own house to them, spent his salary and his time in teaching them and in trying to "make men of them."

One night, there was brought in a poor little waif, for whom there was not a spot in which he could lie down; the house was filled to overflowing. The boy was lodged in the stable. The next morning early, Colonel Gordon was seen crossing the yard with a bucket of hot water, soap, sponge and towels. He stripped the boy, put him in the trough, and scrubbed him from head to foot. He led the little fellow in to breakfast presently in a new suit of clothes. None of his servants, he knew, would touch the child.

Another time he gave up a command, because he was ordered to shake hands with and welcome the native princes, whom he believed to be traitors.

"I can resign, but I will not play the polite liar," he said, gruffly.

Passing on a hot summer day through a London hospital, he noticed a wounded man who was tormented by a fly. He hurried out to the shops a mile distant, bought a fan, and carried it to the poor cripple. "This at least I can do for you," he said.

These little traits give us a significant index to the secret of Gordon's irresistible power over other men. Whatever were his faults, he was wholly in earnest in the occupation of the hour. Whether the day's work set before him was to crush the Taeping rebellion, to save a miserable street Arab, or to drive away a fly, he gave himself up to it with a single directness of purpose and forgetfulness of self.

Good American securities are constantly becoming greater favorites with English investors. The Pennsylvania Railroad Company's issue of 4 per cent gold bonds to the amount of \$4,000,000 has just been subscribed six times over in London, and all through the recent excitement in the London stock market United States government bonds were nearly exempt from the general weakness.

Don Cameron is telling, in a tearful voice, how Prof. Bell once offered him a controlling interest in his telephone company for \$5,000. Last year the profits of the company were \$1,500,000. The stock has been watered fearfully but the profits are so enormous that the dividends have to be concealed by continual issues of new stock.

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