

GEN. GRANT'S GREAT QUALITIES.

As Set Forth by Mr. Blaine in His Memorial Speech at Augusta.

At the Grant memorial services held in Augusta, Maine, the following eulogy was delivered by Hon. James G. Blaine: "Public sensibility and personal sorrow over the death of Gen. Grant are not confined to one continent. A profound admiration for his great qualities and a still more profound gratitude for his great services have touched the heart of the people with true sympathy, increased even to tender emotions by the agony of his closing days, and the undoubted heroism with which he morally conquered a last cruel fate. The world in its hero worship is discriminating and practical if not, indeed, selfish. Eminent qualities and rare achievements do not always insure lasting fame. A brilliant career, such as his, leaves with inspired and inspiring gifts; and if his speech be not successfully used to some popular recollection, his only reward will be in the fitting applause of his forgotten audience. A victorious general in a war of mere ambition, receives the cheers of the multitude and ceremonial honors of the government; but if he brings no boon to his country his fame will find no abiding place in the centuries that follow. The hero for the ages is he who has been chief and foremost in contributing to the moral and material progress, to the grandeur and glory of the succeeding generation. Washington secured the freedom of the colonies and founded a new nation. Lincoln was the prophet who warned the people of the evils that were undermining our free government, and the statesman who was called to the leadership in the work of their extinction. Grant was the soldier, who by victory in the field gave vitality and force to the policies and philanthropic measures which Lincoln defended in the cabinet for a generation and the security of the republic. Monopoly of fame by the few, in this world, comes from an instinct, perhaps, from a deep-seated necessity of human nature. Heroes can be multiplied. The gods of mythology lost their sacredness and their powers by their numbers. The millions pass into oblivion, the units only survive. Who asked the masses of the world to conduct the choice people over the sands of the desert and through the waters of the sea into the promised land? Who marched with Alexander from the Bosphorus to India, and who commanded the legion of Caesar in his greatest triumphs? Who crossed the Atlantic with Columbus? Who ventured through the wintry passes of the Alps with the conqueror of Italy? Who fought with Wellington at Waterloo? Alas, how soon it may be asked who marched with Sherman from the mountain to the sea? Who won the great victory on the field of Gettysburg? Who shared with Thomas in the glories of Nashville? Who went with Sheridan through the trials and triumphs of the blood-stained valley? Gen. Grant's name will survive through centuries because it is indissolubly connected with the greatest military and moral triumph in the history of the United States. If the armies of the union had ultimately failed, the vast and beneficent destinies of Lincoln would have been frustrated, and would have been known in history as a statesman and philanthropist who, in the cause of human rights and great triumph which he could not realize, and conceived great ends which he could not attain; as an unsuccessful ruler whose policies distracted and disinterested his country; while Gen. Grant would have taken his place with that long and always increasing array of great men who were great in the supreme hour of trial. But a higher power controlled the result. God in his gracious mercy had not raised those men for works which should come to naught. The expression of Lincoln, no human commander, nor did any man, rise more rapidly than ever military leader in his day, from the command of a single regiment to the supreme direction of a million of men, divided into great armies, and operating over an area as large as the empire of France. And it was not only his exhibited extraordinary qualities in the field. Bravery among army officers is a rule which happily has had few exceptions. A general said, "Grant possessed a quality above bravery, he had an insensibility to danger, an apparent unconcernness of fear, and besides that he possessed an independence of judgment to be depended upon in sunshine and storm." Napoleon said, "The rarest attribute among generals is 2 o'clock in the morning courage. I mean," he added, "unprepared courage, that which is necessary on unexpected occasions, and which, according to the unforeseen events, leaves full freedom of judgment and promptness of decision." No better description could be given of the type of courage which distinguished General Grant. His constant readiness to fight was another quality which, according to the same authority, established his right as a commander. "Generals," said the exile at St. Helena, "are rarely found in the eager din of battle; they choose their position, consider their combinations, and their decision begins." "Nothing," adds the oldest warrior of modern times, "is so difficult as to decide." Gen. Grant, in his services in the field, never once exhibited indecision, and it was this quality that gave him his crowning characteristic as a military leader. He inspired his men with a sense of their invincibility, and they were therefore invincible. The career of Gen. Grant, when he passed from military to civil administration was marked by his strong qualities. His presidency of eight years was filled with events of magnitude, in which, if his judgment was sometimes questioned, his patriotism was always conceded. He entered on his office after the angry disturbance caused by the singular conduct of Lincoln's successor, and quietly enforced a policy, which had been for four years the cause of embittered dispute. His election to the presidency proved in one important aspect, a landmark in the history of the country. For nearly fifty years preceding that event, there had been few in the union who had not, in some degree, been agitated, either by the threats of political malcontents, or in the apprehensions of timid patriots. The union was saved by the victory of the army commanded by General Grant. No menace of its destruction has ever been heard since Grant's victory before the people. Death always holds a flag of truce over his life. Under that flag friend and foe sit peacefully together. Passion is stilled, benevolence restored, wrongs repaired, justice done. It is impossible that a career so long so prominent, so positive as that of Gen. Grant, should not have provoked strife and enmity among men. For more than twenty years, from the death of Lincoln to the close of his own life, Gen. Grant was the most conspicuous man in America; one to

whom the leaders looked for leadership, upon whom partisans built their hopes of victory, to whom personal friends by tens of thousands offered their devotion. It was according to the weakness and strength of human nature, that counter movements should insure that Gen. Grant's primacy should be challenged; that his devoted friends should be confronted by jealous men in his own ranks, and by bitter enemies in the ranks of his opponents, but all these resentments are buried in the grave which to day receives his remains. Contentment respecting his rank as a commander-in-chief, and unionists and confederates alike testify to his powers in battle, and his magnanimity in peace. Congress over and over his civil administration, as a democrat and republican united in pronouncing him to have been in every act, and every aspiration an American patriot."

DISTRIBUTION OF MEMORIALS.

Near and Dear Friends of the Grant Family—Expenses of the Funeral—Kegerness of Spectators.

New York dispatch: After the body of Gen. Grant was removed from the funeral car on Saturday at the tomb the car was taken back to the iron yard of J. B. and J. Connel, where it has since remained. It has now been determined, in order to prevent the car from ultimately falling into the hands of unfeeling speculators to break it up. The funeral bill will be very heavy. The undertaker was employed jointly by the family of Gen. Grant and the city of New York, but it is said that the entire bill will be very heavy. The undertaker's bill alone will not be less than \$20,000. Five hundred carriages were at the funeral. These were engaged for the day, and this part of the bill will be \$5,000. The black horses that were attached to the funeral car were all carefully selected. There were twenty-four of them and their draping cost \$250. The disposition of some of the most valuable memorials of the funeral has already been decided upon. The large American flag that was laid on the ice casket at Mt. McGregor has been retained by Col. Grant. One of the flags that was on the funeral car will be given to U. S. Grant Post G. A. R.; one to the Seventh regiment in New York, and one to Mrs. De Newman. There were four flags on the car, but the manner in which the other one is to be disposed of has not yet been decided upon. It was found necessary to keep a dozen policemen on duty at the city hall to-day owing to the large number of persons who crowded into the building to view the casket and floral pieces which stood in the vestibule. The officers had all they could do to prevent visitors from plucking either flowers or leaves from the floral tributes, which they wanted as memorials. At 10 o'clock Undertaker Merritt and his assistants arrived with two covered wagons and began the work of removing the plumes to the tomb at Riverside Park. All the smaller pieces were removed first and placed in one wagon and then the larger and grander ones were taken apart and packed carefully in the other wagon. Any floral pieces whose size prevented their being carried into the tomb will be placed outside at the entrance to the tomb. A photograph was taken of the catalogue and flowers, copies of which will be given to the Grant family. Every little leaf or flower or twig that fell as the floral pieces were removed from the city hall were gathered up by the spectators, the majority of whom were women and girls. Even the moss on which the pieces rested was in demand, and before a half hour after the last piece had been taken away the floral looked as if it had been swept. The catalogue, which was taken up and carried to Merritt's establishment on Eighth avenue, where they will be placed on exhibition for some time to come. The Commercial Advertiser yesterday says: "The financial resources available to Mrs. Grant are at present not exactly ascertainable, since they are dependent upon what on the action of congress as to the balance of the general's relief pay for the current year. The receipts from the general's book will be heavy. Estimating those receipts at 75 cents per volume for an edition of 300,000 copies, she will receive \$225,000, or an annual income of \$90,000 at 4 percent. To this will probably be added \$5,000 a year as widow of an ex-president, and the net rental of the Sixty-sixth street house, which outside of interest and taxes, may amount to \$2,000. So that, in all probability, if, as is reported, Mrs. Grant has a full life interest in her husband's property, she will in the course of a twelve month or so enjoy an income of \$15,000 or \$16,000. This is all independent of the income arising from the trust fund of \$250,000. In that sum of money the general possessed the right of disposition, and until his will is made public it will be impossible to say whether he has given his wife a life interest or whether he has distributed this money among his heirs."

THE LAS VEGAS FIRE.

Loss Three Hundred Thousand Dollars, But All the Guest-Saved.

The fire at Montezuma Hotel at Hot Springs on the night of the 8th, originated about 11:30 in the lobby on the fourth floor at an attic near the stairway leading to the top of the grand tower. The mercenary alarm was sounded in the office and the guests were immediately warned of danger by electric bells in all apartments of the house. There were about seventy-five rooms occupied by guests and everybody escaped, and nearly all the personal effects of the guests were saved. Immediately after the general alarm had been sounded, the chief clerk and three others of the house rushed to the fourth story and unrolled the fire hose and attached it to various hydrants. Some delay was occasioned by inexperienced hands in laying lines and in most instances the hose was used in vain. The flames had burst through the roof in various places and all hope of saving the magnificent building was abandoned. The volunteer department of Las Vegas, six miles distant, was called by telephone, and a special train took Hose Company No. 1, and in twelve minutes another train brought No. 2 and another eight or ten lines put to work. The pressure was low and the streams barely cut the walls of the building, and the flames by this time were raging. For four hours, the fire gradually worked its way to the ground floor, making a complete circle in the hotel. The furniture on the ground floor only was saved. The houseless guests were compelled to improvise lodgings on the ground, and went into camp for the night, while the firemen worked till dawn. The stairs and the walls on the third story were saved from utter destruction, and remain standing, and any possible life is utilized. The loss is \$300,000 insurance \$50,000, distributed among a large number of coin sales. The origin of the fire is attributed to the wires of the electric lighting system becoming overheated and igniting the wood work. It is believed the company will rebuild.

A prominent Mexican says that "Mexico owes less per capita than any other at on on on the globe—only about \$17 per head." In a country government officials are paid monthly; in Mexico every fifteen days, and the treasury is behind now only one and one half payments, or three weeks.

A FOREST HYMN.

The glowing sun is rising high
And drenches the arches of the sky,
The dreary air lies still,
No sound disturbs the leafy glade
Save that by busy woodchill made
Up some ancient trunk, decayed—
Calm broods of e're vale and hill.

A CHINAMAN OUTWITTED.

"Look at that fellow, Ralph," said Charles Powell, designating with his finger a slim Malay, who stood a little aloof from the gang of noisy laborers crowding the pier at Batavia. "Did you ever see a thinner specimen? Looks as though it had been some time since he had even heard the mention of food."

Charles Powell, a young New Yorker, and his friend Ralph Somers, an Englishman, had, just the day before, met in Batavia, the former being on his way to Hong Kong, while the latter, after a two years' service in China, was returning to England on leave of absence.

The Malay in question fully qualified by his appearance the remarks of the young American. He was a thin, spare man, half-clad, and with a turban wound around his crisp, black hair.

He stood for a moment gazing moodily into the water, and then, as if understanding the jocular remarks of the young man, he turned toward him with a look upon his face half-sneer, half-frown, and the next instant sprang from the pier and disappeared beneath the surface of the muddy water.

In an instant Ralph cast aside his coat and sprang after him, and in two minutes the man lay upon the wharf. At first he preserved a dogged silence when questioned by his rescuer.

"Come, come, now! Brace up, coolie! I say, now, don't get so dreadfully hipped, man," said Ralph. He finally confessed that it was poverty that had led him to an attempt to take his own life. It was the old story! A pair of willing hands, but more applicants for places than there were situations to fill.

Out of work and out of money, with a sick wife starving before his eyes, despair had driven him here in the hope of getting even the poor employment that would earn a few cents a day, and failing in this, he had momentarily lost his reason.

"Cheer up, man," said Ralph, handing him a silver coin. "Here is something for your present needs. Don't try to feed the fishes again."

The poor fellow but half comprehended the words the Englishman spoke. He gave one doubtful look at the coin and at the giver, and then murmuring a blessing upon the young man, turned and disappeared.

Ralph, dripping wet, sought the nearest house, which proved to be that of Chan Fong, a rich Chinese merchant of Batavia.

As our friends entered Chan Fong was seated upon one of the porcelain stools in front of the counter. He half turned as they entered.

"You can imagine the chagrin of Gilbert & Mason when they discovered after that Yung Faa had been guilty of numerous thefts. The credit of the firm demanded silence on the subject, and many debts, contracted in the name of the firm by Yung Faa, were paid, rather than to allow the damaging truth to be known. The firm's losses aggregate nearly \$100,000, and none now mourn more sincerely the death of Yung Faa than his too confiding employers."

did duty for a door, he, without further ceremony, entered this house. A man arose from a corner of the room and advanced toward him, with a threatening glance, as if to question this rude entrance.

"Quiet yourself, Nablar," said Chan Fong. "I mean you to leave."

"She shall not be troubled," said the Malay, busily pointing to the corner, where, upon a mat lay his sick wife.

"In ten minutes I will return," said he, "and will then be able to tell you where to find your man."

Chan Fong disappeared, leaving the Malay doubting whether he was awake or not. Nablar touched the rolls of money. This was real. Opening one of the rolls, he allowed the bright silver to glide from one hand to another. He thought little of the crime to be committed. Hard as his life had been for years, he believed that he did not owe much to society. At any rate, here was health and happiness for her who lay helpless before his eyes.

He was still plunged in thought, when Chan Fong hurriedly entered, said: "Quick, Nablar! Your man has just gone to the Botanical Garden. Come! I will point him out to you."

The two had proceeded but a short distance, when the Chinaman touched his companion, and said, pointing to a small carriage, that was passing at break neck speed.

"There he is in that carriage. Your man is the one with the blue ribbon on his hat. Make no mistake. They go to Botanical Garden; you must follow."

A strange look settled upon the Malay's face. In that rapid glance he had recognized the occupants of the carriage. He sped after them, and was soon out of sight of Chan Fong. "That is finished," said the Chinaman as he returned to his store.

The jingle in the Botanical Garden slightly stirred, as our friends stood gazing at the antics of some half-dozen caged Javanese monkeys.

"Ah Ming!" coolly replied the many named individual.

No attempt was made to control his movements until the steamer was nearing the port of Bombay, when a private signal from the masthead announced to the authorities that two police officers were wanted.

Before the vessel had yet anchored, a boat came alongside, and two police men stepped on board.

"Arrest that man!" said Powell, showing himself for the first time to the astonished Chinaman.

Yung Faa, alias Chan Fong, alias Ah Ming, made an attempt to leap into one of the numerous small boats that were now surrounding the steamer, but the officers were too quick for him, and soon, securely handcuffed, was transferred to the prison at Bombay.

Two weeks later Powell with his prisoner, appeared in Hong Kong. The first man who met them upon their landing was Ralph Somers.

"You!" gasped the Chinaman.

Again in Hong Kong, Yung Faa was speedily brought to justice, and the firm of Gilbert & Mason were repaid their losses by the sale of the property of the Batavian merchant.

Nablar was not forgotten, and is now the proud possessor of a handsome carriage of his own. He can any day be seen, shouting as vociferously for a "fare" as any of the hundred hack-drivers of Batavia.

Ralph Somers visited England after all a little later, but with a handsome reward from Gilbert & Mason for consenting to be a dead man for awhile, and very proud of having been the means of outwitting a Chinaman.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

To prevent the under piecrust from baking, glaze it with beaten egg. Nasturtium blossoms resting upon the beautiful fern-leaved parsley are a pretty garnish for butter. Beautiful tidies are made by painting flowers in bright colors on black satin; trim the edges of the tidies with white lace. The juice of half a lemon is the best taste of many a delightful addition to food or warmies. Of course no milk is used with it. A good method to clean painted walls is to pulverize some bath larks, add after rubbing a little soap upon a woolen cloth, dip it in the brick and with it rub the walls. This will move dirt without detriment to the walls. In buying heavy rep furniture, be careful that it has no stiffness. If it is not quite soft it cannot be used to advantage, for unless it is quite pliable it looks very badly and is apt to crack and tear when manipulated in upholstery.

Lap robes with eru open work and colored damask stripes, as well as those with colored embroidery on plain surfaces, are now used as table-covers for country houses. They are quite serviceable and are well adapted to the purpose for which they are used. Never serve sardines in the tin boxes in which they are packed. Lay them carefully in a pretty majolica or porcelain sardine dish, to be had in every china store, or serve them in any small flat dish. They may be garnished with olive leaves or the small heart leaves of lettuce. Watercress sandwiches are very appetizing. Wash the watercress well and dry it thoroughly with a fine napkin, so that no moisture remains. After detaching the leaves from the stalk chop them fine and spread them upon slices of thinly-cut buttered bread from which the crust has been removed. A nice breakfast dish is made as follows: Cut in strips four mushrooms, one small onion and one clove of garlic. Fry them in two ounces of butter; add a tablespoonful of flour; stir a moment, then add half a pint of broth and the same quantity of white wine. Boil gently until reduced one-half, and then put in the pan eight or ten hard-boiled eggs cut in dice; boil one minute and serve. The yolks may be left whole and only the whites cut in dice.

A pretty wall pocket is made of a large palm-leaf or Japanese fan, covered smoothly with silk, serge or pretty satteen or cretonne. The pocket part is made large enough to allow of being gathered or box pleated and to have a heading above and below. It is then fastened securely to the fan and edged with fluffy balls of silk. The fan is suspended by a silk cord fastened securely to the point where the handle joins the fan and either end is finished with a ball of silk like those about the edge. Young carrots cooked in this way are very delicate: Boil a quart of carrots that have been cleaned and cut in fillets or other shapes and drain them. Mix together in a saucepan two ounces of butter with a tablespoonful of flour; add one pint of milk, set the saucepan on the fire and stir until it boils, then put in the carrots and stir for a minute. Add a little salt, two yolks of eggs, mix well, boil once and serve hot. If liked, a little finely minced parsley may be added just before serving.

This apple charlotte is easily made and is very good. Peel, quarter and core six apples; put them in a pan with two tablespoonfuls of water, a little stick of cinnamon and stew until done. Add three or four ounces of sugar and mix gently, taking care not to mash the apples, and let them cool. Butter a mold well and line the bottom and sides with stripes of stale bread an inch wide and a quarter of an inch thick. Fill half full with some of the apples, put a thin layer of any kind of preserve or jam on the apples, cover with strips of stale bread and bake twenty minutes in a hot oven. Turn over on a dish, remove the mold and serve hot. This recipe for "mock hare" makes a dish that may be eaten hot for dinner or cold for lunch or supper. One pound of lean beef and one pound of lean fresh pork chopped very fine and thoroughly mixed together. Add two teaspoonfuls of pepper, a tablespoonful of salt, one small onion and six leaves of parsley finely minced, a little thyme and half a nutmeg grated. Then mix with four raw eggs and half a pint of very fine bread crumbs. Mold the mixture into a loaf and place it in a buttered dripping pan. Put little pieces of butter on the top of the loaf; bake in a good oven, basting it occasionally with the melted butter. It should be a rich brown.

Farmers' Vacations. At this season of the year when the farmer is "up to his eyes" in work, thousands of other folks are either taking their annual vacation or planning for one to be presently enjoyed. A large portion of these pleasure seekers are residents of hot and dusty cities or large towns from which they are glad to escape during some portion of the heated term. We are glad to observe, however, that during later years it has become a growing fashion among the population of rural districts to follow the example of city folks and take a change of air and scenery. This is as it should be. The rural citizen will find just as much benefit as his "city cousin" by changing his surroundings for a few days or weeks every year. Therein lies the whole secret of the annual outing.

It is of course a difficult matter to convince farmers that a summer vacation is possible for them. To some, perhaps, it is almost out of the question, but in thousands of cases farmers, if they are so minded, can snatch a few days from the active duties of the farm and hie away to the seaside or to some other favorable locality and devote themselves to the task of physical recuperation, social intercourse and intellectual growth.—Forest, Fergus and Farm.

From an illustrated paper on the New Orleans Exposition by Eugene V. Smalley, in the June Century, we quote the following anecdotes of some of the types seen at the fair: "The odd characters at the fair are the terror of exhibitors. A Cincinnati furniture-maker discovered a countryman from Arkansas whittling a handsome mahogany cabinet to see what the wood was like." The man's knowledge of furniture was evidently limited to articles which could not be damaged by a reasonable use of the jack-knife. Another exhibitor, who had fitted up a room with the finest specimens of his art, was horrified to find an old lady eating her lunch of fried chicken seated in one of his satin upholstered chairs. "What's the cheer good for if it ain't to set down in?" she placidly remarked, in reply to his earnest request that she would go somewhere else with her victuals. The same exhibitor one day found that some visitor to his alcoves had left a token of approval on the polished surface of a costly mantle, in the words "This is pretty good" scratched with a knife.

The Turks who sell olive-wood, beads, and other trinkets from Jerusalem—all made in Paris—are picturesque additions to the permanent personnel of the fair, though their genuineness, like that of their wares, will not always bear inspection. An amusing scene occurred one day at one of these Oriental bazaars. A tall man, with a rural air, stopped before the stand and appeared to take a lively interest, not in the goods but in the features of one of the salesmen in scarlet fez and baggy trousers. He surveyed the Oriental in front and in profile, and then, slipping him on the shoulder, exclaimed, "Hello, Jake, when did you come from Indiana?" The Turk from Indiana acknowledged his old acquaintance and begged that he would not "give him away."

A bid of 5 cents more than his competitor secured a house and lot for a man at a recent sheriff's sale in Hartwell, Ga.