

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 fitful 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, of 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 conqueror of England to conduct the chosen 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 the conquest of Gaul? 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 and victorious 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 he would have been known in history as a statesman and philanthropist who, in the cause of human freedom, had met a martyr's end. He could not realize, and conceived great ends which he could not attain; as an unsuccessful ruler whose policies distracted and disovered his country; while Gen. Grant would have taken his place with that long and always increasing array of great men who were found fighting 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 a mortal general, their accomplishments, those human graces were sustained by something more than human power and through them great salvation was wrought of the land. As long, therefore, as the American union shall abide with its blessings of law and liberty, Grant's name shall be remembered with honor. As long as the slavery of human beings is abhorred, and the freedom of man assured, Grant shall be recalled with gratitude, and in the cycles of the future the story of Lincoln's life cannot be told without associating Grant in a grand and splendid way with his great name. Gen. Grant's military supremacy was honestly earned, without factions, praise and without extraneous help. He had no influence to earn his promotion, except such as was attracted by his achievements. He had no potential friends, except those who were won by his military prowess 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. He possessed a grand and 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 absence 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 course of foreseen 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 great 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 were not, in some degree, beset, 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 own. 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 engendered enmity. 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. Contentions respecting his rank as a commander-in-chief, and unionists and confederates alike testify to his powers in battle, and his magnanimity in peace. Contentions over his civil administration cease. Democrats and republicans united in pronouncing him to have been in every act, and every aspiration an American patriot."

DISTRIBUTION OF MEMENTOS.

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 dresses 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 mementos of the funeral has already been decided upon. The large American flag that was laid on the ice basket 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 mementos. 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 placed inside 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 being taken from the city hall was 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 floor looked as if it had been swept. The catalogue and floral pieces were 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 about \$75 cents per volume for an edition of 300,000 copies, she will receive \$225,000. Her annual income is \$80,000 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 Guests Saved.

The fire at Montezuma Hotel at Hot Springs on the night of the 28th, 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 mercantile alarm was sounded in the office and the guests were immediately warned of danger by electric gongs 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 not short enough to reach the flames. In a very few minutes 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 later and some eight or ten lines put to work. The pressure was low and the streams barely cut through the walls on the third story where the fire was 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 with relief force until long after daylight. The stone walls on the third story were saved from utter destruction, and remain standing, and any possible loss is utilized. The loss is \$300,000, insurance \$5,000, 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 nation 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 riding high  
And darts the arches of the sky,  
The dreamy air lies still,  
No sound disturbs the leafy glade  
Save that by busy woodchill made  
Up some ancient trunk, decayed—  
Calm broods of eve and all.

In such an hour I love to stray  
From haunts of toiling men and day,  
Mid forest depths profound,  
There, in a bliss of solitude,  
Where no dull cares of earth intrude,  
And Nature breathes sweet quietude—  
The good old trees around—  
The heart by daily cares oppress'd,  
The wearied spirit findeth rest,  
As, pillow'd on the sod,  
With thought above his leaf and sky,  
And loving look of Heaven's Eye,  
Perchance with angels' hovering sigh,  
I dream of Nature's God.  
—Edward N. Richards, in The Current.

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.

"Yung Faa, as I'm a sinner!" exclaimed Ralph, as his eyes fell on the Chinaman, who, however, returned his gaze with an unmoved countenance.

"Are you not Yung Faa?" questioned Ralph.

"No," said he; "I am Chan Fong." And coolly asked: "But who are you?"

"Well, if you are not Yung Faa," said Ralph, disregarding the inquiry, "you are his ghost."

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 no harm."

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

"The Malay's eyes glistened. He knew that 'what was wanted of him' was some rascally enterprise.

"Tell me," he said, briefly. "A man has injured me and you must kill him! 'That,' pointing to the long, wavy Malay knife which Nablar wore in his girdle, 'will be sufficient.'"

"The money?" demanded the Malay.

"I will give you five hundred Mexican dollars," said Chan Fong—"half now, and the remainder when you convince me that the man is dead."

As he spoke he produced from his voluminous gown two rolls of silver, which he placed in the bewildered Malay's hand.

"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 entering, 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.

"Master?" said Nablar, softly.

"Hey, coolie!" said Ralph, "what brings you here?"

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; and the edges of the tidies are 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 in the brick and with it rub the walls. This will remove dirt without detriment to the walls.

In buying heavy rep furniture, be careful that it has no stiffening. 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 crew 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 endive 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, Furgus and Farm.

The Capture of John Brown. From an account in the June Century of John Brown at Harper's Ferry, written by one of his prisoners, who was in the engine-house during the insurrection, and afterward held the rank of captain in the Confederate army, we quote the following: "When Lieutenant Stuart came in the morning for the final reply to the demand to surrender I got up and went to Brown's side to hear his answer. "Stuart asked, 'Are you ready to surrender, and trust to the mercy of the Government?' "Brown answered promptly, 'No! I prefer to die here.' "His manner did not betray the least fear. "Stuart stepped aside and made the signal for the attack, which was instantly begun with sledge-hammers to break down the door. "Finding it would not yield, the soldiers seized a long ladder for a battering-ram, and commenced beating the door with that, the party within firing incessantly. I had assisted in the barricading, fixing the fastenings so that I could remove them upon the first effort to get in. But I was not at the door when the battering began, and could not get to the fastenings until the ladder was used. I then quickly removed the fastenings, and after two or three strokes of the ladder the engine rolled partially back, making a small aperture, through which Lieutenant Green of the marines forced himself, jumped on top of the engine, and stood a second in the midst of a shower of balls, looking for John Brown. When he saw Brown he sprang about twelve feet at him, and gave an under-thrust of his sword, striking him about midway the body and raising him completely from the ground. Brown fell forward with his head between his knees, and Green struck him several times over the head, and as I then supposed, split his skull at every stroke. "I was not two feet from Brown at that time. Of course I got out of the building as soon as possible, and did not know till some time later that Brown was not killed. It seems that in making the thrust Green's sword struck Brown's belt and did not penetrate the body. The sword was bent double. The reason that Brown was not killed when struck on the head was that Green was holding his sword in the middle, striking with the hilt and making only scalp wounds."