THE HERO OF THE TOWER.

Forthwith the buy streets were pleasure-pa And that which seemed but now a field of toil, With weeds of turbulence and tricky greed, Flashed into gardens blooming full of flowers. Beauty blushed deeper, now the rising sun of royalty upon it was to shine; Weath cast its nets of tinsei and of gold To catch the kingly eye; and wisdom merged Itself into the terms of an address, Which the old mayor sat up nights to learn (A needy poet wrote the same for him). No maiden futtered through the narrow streets That pondered not what ribbons she should we No window on the long procession's route But had its tenants long engaged ahead.

But the old sext n of St. Joseph's church Moped duil and sulky through the smiling crowd, A blot upon the city's pleasure-page.

"What runs wrong with you, uncle?" was the cry"You who have been the very youngest boy of all the old men that the city had, Who loved processions more than perquisites, And rolled a gala day beneath your tongue—
What rheumatism has turned that temper lame? Speak up, and make your inward burden ours."

The old man slowly walked until he came
Unto the the murket-place, then feebly stopped,
As if to talk; and a crowd gathered soon,
As men will when a man has things to say.
And thus he spoke: "For fifty years and more
I have been exton of St. Joseph's church.
St. Joseph would have fared ill but for me.
And though my friend the priest may smile at this
And whik at you an unbelieving eye,
My office shines in heaven as well as his.
Although it was not mine to make the church
Godly, I kept it clean, and that stands next.
If I have broke one circle of my sphere,
Let some one with straight finger trace it out.

Bas marched the streets with aught like kt tread,
But on the summit of St. Joseph's spire
I stood erect and waved a welcome-flag,
With scanty resting piace beneath my feet,
And the wild breezes clutching at my beard.
It took some nerve to stand so near to heaven
And fling abroad its colors. Try it, priest.

"But I am old; most of my manhood's fire Is choked in cold white ashes; and my nerves Tremble in every zephyr like the leaves. What can I do?—the flag must not be missed From the cathedral's summit. I've no son, Or he should bear the banner, or my curse.

"And this is how my girl shall wave the flag.
Ten saitors has she; and the valiant one
Who, strong of heart and will, can climb that perch,
And do what I so many time have done,
Shall shake her hand from mine at his descent.
Speak up, Vienna lads! and recollect
How much of loveliness faint heart e'er won."

Then there was a clamor in the callow breasts Of the Vienna youth; for she was far The sweetest blossom of that city's vines. Many a youngster's eye climbed furtively Where the frail spiro-tip trembled in the breeze, Then wandered to the cot wherein she dwelt, But none spoke up, till Gabriel Petersheim, Whose ear this proclamation strange had reached Came rushing through the crowd, and boldly said:

"I am your daughter's suitor, and the one
She truly loves; but scarce can gain a smile
Until I win her father's heart as well;
And you, old man, have frowned on me, and said
I was too young, too frivolous, too wild,
And had not manhood worthy of her hand.
Mark me to-morrow as I mount you spire,
And mention, when I bring the fiar to you,
Whether 'twas ever waved more gloriously."

And thus the old man answered: "Climb your

And if a senseful breeze should push you off, And break that raw and somewhat worthless: I can not greatly mourn; but climb your way, And you shall have the girt if you succeed."

High on the giddy pinnacle next day
Waited the youth; but not tilt evening sun
Marched from the western gates, that tardy king
Rode past the church. And though young Gabriel's

merves
Were weakened by fatigue and want of food,
He pleased the people's and the monarch's eye,
And flashed a desper thr?! of love through one
Who turned her sweet face often up to him,
And whose true heart stood with him on the tower.

Now, when the kingly pageant all had passed, He foided up the flag, andwith proud smiles And prouder heart prepared him to descend. But the small trap-door through which he had

crept
Had by some rival's hand been barred! and he,
With but a hand-breadth's space where he m Was left alone to live there, or to die.

Gussing the truth, or shodow of the truth, He smiled at first, and said: "Well, let them voice Their jesiousy by such a pairry trick? They langhed an hour; my laugh will longer be! They langhed an hour; my laugh will longer be! Their joke will soon be dead, and I released." But an hour, and two others, slowly came, And then he murmured: "This is no boy's sport; It is a silent signal, which means 'Death!"

He shouted, but no answer came to him, Not even an echo, on that lofty perch. He waved his hands in mute entreaty, but The darkness crept between him and his friends.

A half-hour seemed an age, and still he clung.
He looked down at the myriad city lights,
Twinkling like stars upon a lowlier sky,
And prayed: "th, bluessed city of my birth,
In which fall many I love, and one o'er-well,
Or I should not be feebly clinging here,
Is there not mongst those thousands one kind
heart To help me? or must I come back to you

ing my way 'brough grim, untimely death?" sounds of mirth came faintly—but no help.

Another hour went by, and still he clung.
He braced himself against the rising breeze,
And wrapped the flag around his shivering form,
And thus he prayed unto the merry winds:
"Oh, breeze, you bear no tales of truer love
Than I can give you at this lonely height!
Tell but my danger to the heart I serve,
And she will never rest till I am free!"
The winds pressed hard against him as he clung,
And well nigh wrenched him from that scanty
hold,
But make you answer to the interna plea. But made no answer to the piteous plea

Hour after hour went by, and still he held—Weak, dizzy, reeling—to his narrow perch. It was a clear and queenly summer night; And every star seemed hanging from the sky, As if twere bending down to look at him. And thus he prayed to the far-shining stare; "Oth, million worlds, peopled perhaps like this, Can you not see me, clinging helpless here? Can you not fash a message to some eye, Or throw your influence on some friendly brain To rescue me?" A million sweet-eyed stars Gave smiles to the beseccher, but no help.

And so the long procession of the night
Marched slowly by, and each scarce hour was
halied
By the great clock beneath; and still he clung
Unto the frail preserver of his life,
And held, not for his life, but for his love—
Held while the spireful breezes wrenched at him;
Held while the chills of midnight crept through
him; while Hope and Fear made him their battle

wante tope and Fear made him their battle ground,
And ravaged fiercely through his heart and brain.
He moaned, he wept, he prayed again; he prayed—
Grown desperate and half raving in his wee—
To everything in earth, or air, or sky;
To the fair streets, now still and slient grown;
To the cold roofs, now stretched 'twixt him and help:

To the dumb, distant bills that heedless slept;
To the dumb, distant bills that heedless slept;
To the white clouds that slowly fluttered past;
To his lost mother in the sky above;
And then he prayed to God.

About that time Clinging for life; and with a scream uprose, And rushed to the old exton a yielding door, Granting no peace to him until he ran To find the truth, and give the boy release.

An hour ere sunrise he came feebly down, Grasping the flag, and claiming his fair prize. But what a wreek to win a blooming girl! His cheeks were wrinkled, and of yellow hue, His eyes were sunken, and his curling hair Gleamed white as snow upon the distant Alps.

But the young maiden clasped his weary head In her white arms, and soothed him like a child; And said, "You lived a life of woo for me Up on the spire, and now look old enough Even to please my father; but soon I Will nurse you back into your youth again."

And soon the tower bells sung his wedding The old-young man was happy; and they both, Cheered by the well-earned bounty of the king. Lived many years within Vienna's gates.

-Will Carleton, in Harper's Magazine

PAYING HER DEBT.

It was a very poorly furnished room in a cottage home; a small cottage, one of many, all small, mean and scantily fur-nished, and the "hands" lived there. This one was Morgan's cottage, and it was Jack Morgan himself and his sister, Madge, who were seated at breakfast, lingering as was possible only on Sunday

morning.
She was a tall, well-formed, strikingly handsome girl of nineteen, as she sat facing her brother, who was some five years older; and upon her face was an eager, troubled look, while he was sullen and downcast.

Young as they were they had seen better days; been well educated up to three years previous to that June morning, and then been thrown suddenly upon their

own resources. Jack fought his way, sullen and resentful, making few friends, and seeking

Madge was the braver of the two, meeting their reverses with quiet cour-age, and bringing energy, trust, and cheerfulness to the mean cottage home. Just one week has elapsed since an aunt from whom they had never hoped for aid, had left them each a hundred pounds, and Jack had resolved to try his fortune in Canada, while Madge put hers aside for a rainy day.

"I'll stay here until you are sure of success, Jack," she said, when he urged her to join him, "and keep a home for you in case that you should need one."

"Do you call this hole a home?" he asked, bitterly, and she only smiled and answered: "A shelter, then."

But she was not smiling when she sat at the Sunday breakfast, eating little, brooding sadly, until suddenly she

"Jack, we must do something. Think what we owe Tom King." "Owe him! I believe we have paid

him every farthing," said Jack, sharply.
"We have paid him the money, I know; but we can never pay him what we owe him still."

"Bah! Don't be so sentimental, Madge."

"Common gratitude is not sentiment alone, Jack. Jack," she repeated, "can you forget who came to us in that sore need, paid doctor and butcher, and then buried our mother beside father in the cemetery?"

"And do you forget," her brother re-plied, almost angrily, "how we worked and starved and perished, until every shilling of the money was in Tom King's pocket again?"

"I know! I know! But think how he helped you and me to get our situa-tion in the mills, and how delicately he made the loans of money. And now, -oh, Jack, I must do something!"

"What can you do? If Tom King chose to lose his money in speculating, how are you responsible?"

"I am not, but, Jack, there is Aunt Kate's money.'

"All you have in the world."
"No," she answered, "I h she answered, "I have my wages. A noble fortune! Don't be a fool,

Madge." But Madge was a fool in the sense he meant. All through the morning, while she dressed in her quiet mourning for church, even through the service there,

she was thinking of what she owed Tom When her mother, crushed by the death of her husband, unable to meet the change from comfort to poverty, sank down prostrated: when Jack, unable to get work, was cursing fortune, Tom King came, as their father's friend, and

kept them from starvation. Madge's heart glowed as she remembered how thoughtful he was about sparing her trouble in every way. He was more than double her age, and a grave, reserved man, whom she regarded with the affectionate respect she would have given ner father, but with that same reverence she loved him deep-And when the whole town knew that Tom King lay in the Newtown hos-

pital, sick and penniless, the whole noble, grateful heart of Madge Morgan went out to him. Many stories reached her. He had made a fortune and lost it; he had invested in mines, and the mines had failed and ruined him; he had been engaged, according to the Newtown gos sips, in a dozen different speculations, winning vast sums only to lose them. But one broad, indisputable fact remained, if all the rest were false; he was lying in the hospital sick from the excitement that had put the last stroke

upon his ill-luck. Dinner over, Madge put on her bon net again.

"I'm going over to the hospital, Jack," she said.

Only a grunt answered her, but she would not be put off by Jack's sour looks, and went on her errand.

Here, upon a low iron cot-bed, pale and emaciated, but evidently on the road to recovery, Tom King lay when Madge Morgan came up to the ward with a nurse, her face so grave and tender that the strong will and patient endurance of its usual expression were lost in the pure womanly sympathy that rested

"My friend!" she said, taking the wasted hand extended to her, and Tom King wondered if ever two words held

day. The doctor says he will have me on my feet in a week, and I'm going abroad again."

"Again! When you have been so un-

fortunate there." "Eh? Oh, I see?" with an odd look

in his eyes; "you've been reading the Newtown Star. Unlucky, wasn't I?" "Yes. But, Tom—I came to tell you —" the words came slowly—"that I have some money that—that is of no use to me. If it will start you again, I—" "You want me to take it?"

"You can borrow it," anxious not to hurt his pride, "and some day when you are rich—you can return it."
"Yes! I see! Have you got it with

you?" "I thought I would bring it with me," she said, her face flushed with pleasure, "and here it is."

He opened the white envelope and took it out, one note, just as the lawyer had sent it to her. Tom King laid it on the broad palm of his hand and

stroked it tenderly.

"All your wealth, Madge?" he ssked.

"Not while I have these," and she held up her hands. "I am so glad though, that I have it."

He lay very quiet, looking steadily at the note for some minutes; then he be-gan to speak, his eyes still fixed on the money, his voice steady but monotonous, as if he was reading a story there:

"When I went away nearly three years agr," he said, "I went to see if I could not shake myself free from a dream I had. I dreamed that I could win the love of a child, a mere slip of a child, who was forced into premature womanhood by trouble. She was utterly unconscious of my love, but I knew I could not hide it if I stayed beside her. Out of her sight, far from the sound of her voice, the dream, instead of fading, became clearer, more vivid Day and night I dreamed, but I worked as well. I put what money I had into investments that promised well-but there, I will not speak of that. Providence was merciful. I am alive, at last," he paused there, but a low, sweet voice took up the story.

"And the dream will become reality," the voice said. "The child-woman did not read her own heart, nor understand why nothing in her life met or filled the longing there. Not until sharp sorrow came, and she heard of him she loved lying ill and in poverty and pain, did she understand that he took all the love she could ever know away with him.

"And now, Madge?" "It shall be as you say. I love you. I am young and strong, and I think I can be a help and not a burden to you.'

"Will you be my wife, Madge?"
"Whenever you will."
"Madge, did you think, my dear, that
I was ruined? I am a rich man, Madge, but I mean to keep this," and his hand closed over the note. "You shall never have it again, Madge."

"I am content," she answered. And even Jack was satisfied; some thing of his sullen temper being lost when he once more found himself on the road to prosperity.

Diet of the Monkey.

Dr. Allison, a London physician, has been making experiments on a monkey. He says: "Some time ago I bought rhesis monkey, intending to study his habits. He is about eighteen inches high, and tame. I feed him with the same food I take myself. He likes fruits best of all; raw grains and cooked vegetables and potatoes next. He prefers his potatoes without salt and his rice without sugar. Peas and beans he will not eat unless very hungry. He always eats with his hands the same as the Turks, and, as he does not wash them beforehand, he swallows much dirt. When I give him hot food he has to wait until it cools before he can eat it, or before he dare thrust his hands into it. I tried his plan a few times with my porridge and stews, and had to wait before I dare finger them. I thought that if mankind were forced, like my monkey, to eat with their fingers, that we should not damage our teeth and stomachs with hot foods, nor should we indulge in soups. Soups are very good for exhausted people, but not so good for persons in health, as they are not as easily digested as more solid articles; in fact, the superfluous fluid they contain must be absorbed before digestion goes Every food I offered him was first of all smelt of, and then, if the smell was agrecable, he ate it: if otherwise, he threw it down. If mankind would always be guided by the sense of smell we should eat less rotten cheese, high game, etc., than we do, and consume more delicious fruits, whose aroma naturally attracts us. He is a nose breather, and I never saw him breath once through his mouthanother good example which mankind might follow with benefit, as we natur-ally are nose-breathers."—Herald of

A Queer Epitaph.

There is an epitaph of an eccentric character that may be seen on a tombstone at the burying grounds near Hoosick Falls,

"Ruth Sprague, Daughter of Gibson and Elizabeth Sprague. Died June 11, 1846, aged 9 years, 4 months and 3 days.
"She was stolen from the grave by Roderick R. Clow, dissected at Dr. P. M. Armstrong's office, in Hoosick, N. Y., from which place her mutilated remains were obtained and deposited here.
"Her body dissected by flendish man. "Her body dissected by flendish man

Her bones anatomized, Her soul, we trust, has risen to God, Where few physicians rise." The American Flag.

The length to width is as three to two number of stripes thirteen, representing the thirteen original Colonies or States. There are seven red and six white stripes. The field is square, covering seven stripes or four red stripes and three white ones. There should be thirty-eight stars—one for each State. The size and arrangeso much as those two.
"Why, Madge," he said presently, for each State. The size and arrange "do not feel so badly, I'm gaining every ment of stars is a mere matter of taste.

TIMELY TOPICS.

Doctor Carlos Faremba, of Mexico, has addressed a circular letter to all representatives of foreign governments now in Washington, advocating the celebration of the discovery of America on its 400th anniversary, October 12, 1892, and the erection of a monument on the spot where the first landing was

The Massachusetts bureau of statistics states that in 1868 the chance of a person being killed on or by steam cars was one in 5,026,281, while in 1882 it had diminished to one in 20,927,034. is less than the chance of being struck by lightning, and much less than that of being injured by a kerosene lamp ex-

Step by step the leading food products of Europe are being reproduced in this country. Macaroni is made by Italians in New York, Neuchatel cheese by Swiss in New Jersey, Schweizer kase by Germans in Ohio, Albert biscuit by Englishmen in Albany, and caviare by Russians in Harlem. Nearly all of these are exported to Europe, and there sold as domestic manufactures.

In discussing the question of irriga-tion in California, the San Francisco papers sound the alarm that the system is being overdone especially in grape and fruit raising. Copious moisture in a warm climate promotes rapid growth, yet it does not permit trees and plants to mature. The wood is consequently soft and sappy, and the fruit watery and Insipid. This accounts, in part at least, for the flavorless fruits and vegetables often shipped from California. forcing process may seem to insure tem-porary profits, but may ultimately work nore harm than good in the fruit itself.

Last year the government distributed 8,622,738 packages of seeds, of which 2,912,730 were given to Congressmen. The seed distrubution is the most popular of the perquisites of members of Congress. It began in a small way, but now \$100,000 are appropriated for the purpose, and 160 women and fifty men are employed by the department of agri-culture in putting up the seeds, which are of all sorts, from field-corn and potatoes to the rarest flowers. Peas, beans, corn and potatoes are put up in quart sacks and the flower seeds in tiny envelopes. The list includes over fifty kinds, while of vegetables there are 128 varieties and of flowers 131.

The Chinamen on the Pacific coast are very careful to return to China the bodies of all their deceased countrymen. A Western paper says: "When a tomb is the resurrectionist scratches around in the dust until he has secured every part of the dried skeleton, and these are carefully sacked up in clean white sacks, about two feet in length, and labeled for the Flowery Kingdom. The cost of collecting, permit and transportation to San Francisco is \$15 per keleton, and across the ocean the charges are \$30 per ton. No one is missed; not a Celestial is so poor but his bones are transported to the land he left in the years before."

It has been suggested that Bartholdi's statue of Liberty could be made useful as well as ornamental by putting in the torch an electric apparatus for projecting an intense cylindrical beam of light against the overhanging clouds, which would show the location of New York to vessels far out at sea. The apparatus, it is said, would not cost more than three thousand dollars, and it is believed that the beam of light would produce a cloud illumination which would be visible sixty miles The light which it is proposed to put in the torch will be visible at a distance of about forty miles under favorable conditions, or from a little over twenty miles outside of Sandy Hook, and will be of very little practical use to navigators.

"This country should be made too hot for the despicable Italian padroni," declares a Philadelphia paper. ago they began purchasing little children in Italy, who were brought here and made to slave in the streets of the great cities as musicians and bootblacks for the sole benefit of their remorseless owners. But the children learned English, became Amercanized and rebelled. forced the padroni to turn their attention to another field of oppression and moneygetting. They, therefore, imported gangs of ignorant Italian peasants, and for some time have hired them out as railroad laborers, exacting the greater part of their earnings from them and treating them in the most shameful manner. Fortunately, the padroni system of slavery has been completely exposed. It should now be totally eradicated."

According to the returns prepared by the French ministry of agriculture, the law which has been passed within the last two years with regard to the destruc-tion of wolves, has had the effect of increasing the vigilance of the officials appointed for that purpose, as well as of private indvidvals. A sum of \$40 is now paid for every wolf which has attacked a human being, and nine were killed last year in three of the central departments of France. A reward of \$30 is given for every she-wolf with young, and thirty-two of them were killed last year. A sum of \$20 is given for every other wolf killed, and 774 were killed, this being exclusive of 493 cubs for each of which a reward of \$8 is given. Altogether, 1,308 were destroyed last year, at a cost to the government of \$20,750 in fees alone. The greatest number of wolves were killed in the northern and eastern departments bordering upon Belgium and Germany.

Apropos of the suicide mania, a Louisville, Ky., gentleman calls attention to the fact that negroes hardly ever take their own lives. Although a great many of them are hard up from the day of their birth to the day of their death, they seldom become melancholy, and it is only among courtesans that suicides occur. Notwithstanding their complaints of hard times, the gimme-a-nickle expression on their countenances and a generally hungry appearance, they hang on to life with the tenacity of a mud-turtle. They are not prompted to do so through hope of being struck by political lightning or of a rich relative dying, but hang on simply for the fun they will have. The higher we advance in civilization the less we seem to value our opportunities for fun, and give our mind wholly to serious and mighty matters. As the jovial and con-Apropos of the suicide mania, a Louis give our mind wholly to serious and mighty matters. As the jovial and convivial elements of our nature die out they are replaced by melancholy and ennui, the tendencies of which are to death.

According to the New York Herald this is the "blue-mist year." The vapor that early in the day obscures the view across the valleys, ordinarily gray, is now distinctly blue in color; and the air has a quality in virtue of which it gives to objects comparatively near by the azure hue ordinarily noticed as the effect of distance. At one time there was an opinion that this atmospheric phenomenon went with the cholera, as it was several times observed in cholera years; but the sounder opinion is that it is only an evidence that the atmosphere is charged to an unusual degree with vegetable spores. In such a year the cholers, if started, would be more likely to spread than in another year, but the condition has no necessary relation to the presence of that malady. But diseases dependent in any degree upon atmospheric causes are worse in such a year; wherefore this may aggra-vate our ordinary maladies and give rise to exaggerated reports of epidemics here and there, against all which reports the public should be upon its guard and keep its head level.

An interesting series of maps showing the cholera routes in the different epi demics begining in 1817 is printed in the Chicago Tribune. The epidemic of 1817 did not reach this country, but beginning near Calcutta it traveled about the Eastern hemisphere for six years, disappearing in 1823. The epi-demic of 1826 started in India, and eventually reached this country, appearing almost simultaneously in New York and Quebec: followed the water routes westward to Buffalo, Detroit and Chicago; went down the Mississippi, and did not disappear until 1832. The epidemic of 1842 reached this country by New Orleans, and did not disappear until 1849. The epidemics of 1865 and 1871 were of shorter duration. Both reached this country, the former appearing in New York and the latter in New Orleans. There has seldom been a visitation of cholera in any city that did not leave a large number of victims. Many citizens do not record the deaths, and statements of the number cannot be made. Doctor John C. Peters, of New York, makes this statement: In 1832 there were 2,966 deaths from cholera in New York, 389 in Albany and 6,000 in New Orleans. In 1849 678 persons died of cholera in Chicago, 953 in St. Louis, 1,400 in Cin-cinnati. In 1866 1,200 died in New York, 990 in Chicago, 8,500 in St. Louis, 1,100 in Cincinnati, 600 in Nashville. These figures are small, however, when compared with the ravages of the disease in India. In Calcutta, during one season of cholera, the lowest number of death per day was 2,501, and the highest number 6,417. War has never made such havoc as this frightful scourge.

Speech by Sight.

Not long since the Mirrer recorded experiences in what it entitled "Lip Reading"—which in a more complicated form appears to have been a subject of special culture. The little town of Mystic, in Eastern Connecticut, has a school where the dumb are taught to speak from the motion of the vocal organs, founded on a combination of formed from the position of the lips, teeth, tongue and palate as they are employed in speaking. The system is methodically taught.

It may amuse the reader who is interested in elecution and elecutionary methods to know that the general shapes of the organs above named are the principal basis of the teaching. The vowel sounds, for instance, are all represented by a front view of the lips—the sound of e, as in cel or me, is represented by a straight line for the upper-lip, and a slightly curved line joining the straight line at both ends for the lower. If you look at your own lips in a glass and pronounce any word that has a long e, you will see that they assume this position, and so on, changeably, through the whole gamut of vowels. understood that it is the principle matured and enlarged that furnishes a vocabulary for the deaf and dumb. It may be considered with profit by actors, teachers of elocution, lawyers, preachers and others of the oratorical brotherhood. -New York Mirror.

Ye arning for the Unattainable.

One who will recognize me when I am compelled to wear patched breeches; who will take my hand when I am sliding down hill instead of giving me a kick to hasten my descent; who will lean me a dollar without requiring twenty dollars' worth of security; who will come to see me when I am sick; who will pull off his coat and fight for me when the odds are two to one; who will talk of me behind my back as he talks to my face. Such a friend is wanted by ten thousand human beings throughout this broad earth. - San Francisco Post.

Newspaper men in Louisiana have to pay a \$5 license.