

Terms--\$1.25 Per Year.

NO. 48

All Work Guaranteed

Flowers of Life.
Go, plant a flower within each heart,
A flower of kindness rare,
To bloom when other joys depart
And shed its fragrance there.
The heart that holds one precious flower,
Possesses more than wealth or power—
'E'er gave to monarch old.
For wealth and power give joy to none,
At least but transient gleams;
And, like the midday summer sun,
Pour down their scorching beams.
But human kindness! human love!
Sweet flowers that bud and bloom,
Eternal springs of joy that prove
When all is wrapped in gloom.
Go, plant each flower day by day,
To bloom in beauty rare;
And as you walk life's weary way,
Their fragrance you shall share.

THE LAST WALTZ.

"The boys concluded to get up a dancing school. I begged my parents to let me join, and they yielded. There was a nice party of us, about thirty in number. The girls got up a class, too. Old Cady was the teacher. Everybody called him 'Old Cady.' He weighed about 200 pounds, was short and round as a barrel, and as good natured as the day and night was long. He did not do much dancing himself. He played the fiddle and instructed us. The boys met two evenings in the week for lessons. The girls met in the afternoon. After we had made some progress, our teacher concluded to give us a 'hop' once a week. To these hops all the classes might go, and members of former classes were invited. As Old Cady had been teaching dancing school every winter for time out of mind, the invitation embraced pretty much all the town. The most of the fathers and mothers of the class had been his pupils, and so his hops formed a pretty group of old and young together.

"On the evening of the first hop he gave us the easy dances in the first part of the evening, and later on he suited the tastes of the old pupils. I remember that evening well. I was all excitement and bashfulness. I got along nicely, however. The waltz was called. I knew I could waltz, though it was called the hardest of the dances. The music started. Old Cady was a genius. The cadences of his music seemed to lift one off his feet. The air that he played had floated through my life ever since those years. He summoned the gems of every opera and sonata and requiem of the masters, and picked up the melodies in which the people have sung and do sing in every land, and the air whistled on his purposes, and made them the spirit and soul of the dance. He did not seem to know what he was about to play, and as the dance progressed, now and then a new thought seemed to inspire him as new strains whirled us on. Now he would lead forward, and a plaintive air would lead us; then, rising, with chin and elbow elevated, a stately measured movement, and, perhaps, as if laughing, a light and tripping step. It was Anne, Anne of the Marcellas. He even dared the sacred strains of 'Joy, Joy! To the host that in glory advances!' I remember with what audacity Old Coronation once rang out from under his bow, as if in defiance; and he played it with such grand effect that it did not seem out of place.

"I looked around the room for some one to waltz with. I espied Annie, a bright-eyed daughter of a neighbor. She was a few years younger than I. We had always played together, though of late she had seemed a little shy. I invited her to waltz with me. She said: 'Why, I never tried to waltz, except with the girls. I am afraid I can't.' 'She stepped forward, and we started out. We made a few missteps. It was a little difficult for us to swing clear around at first. We got it soon, however. The exercise, and perhaps a little shyness, brought the color to Annie's cheeks. Her eyes brightened up, and I thought to myself, 'Annie is really beautiful.' The music stopped. Annie and I had danced our first waltz. From that time on she and I were always partners for the waltz. Old Cady was proud of us. He gave us more attention than the others. The waltz, as taught by old Cady, was not a jumping, hopping, Apache waltz. There was none of the horrid, awkward reversing. It was smooth and graceful. Annie and I became experts. We used to do all kinds of fancy tricks. She would whirl like a top under a wreath, or turn with a glass of water on her head. We even succeeded in waltzing around the hall with a glass of water on the head of each of us. It was all play. As I look back, I think how happy we were then.

"I went off to college. My father gave me sage advice, and my mother enjoined me to fall in love. You must get the cage before you catch the bird, my son." When I came back on my first vacation, Annie's folks had moved away. Everybody said I was through college, studied hard, and stood well. I came west, I bought and sold town lots and homesteads, went to the legislature, was speaker of the house one session. I had been a candidate for congress, but I had made money and was considered rich. When I started out I kept to my mother's advice, and after I was able to build the cage, I did not want the bird. I had got to be an old bachelor. "One winter I was at the capital attending the supreme court. The legislature was in session. I was also charged by a railroad company in my part of the state to see that it was not put in hostile legislation. It was my business to know everybody, and everybody knew me. Fun of all sorts and amusements of every kind kept up high carnival. One evening a banquet was given at the leading hotel, with dancing in the grand dining hall. Of course, I went. Everybody went. Some of 'my people' were there. They had to be looked after, introduced to the notables, and made happy. There were many things to be watched. In the evening an offer was made in a capital on some occasions. I never danced there. No one had ever seen me dance. It was to me a forgotten art. The new-fangled dances were an abomination to me. They are to all us old fogies. I was busy, however, from one to another, chatting and listening to everything. All at once, a most queenly looking lady, magnificently dressed, came in, leaning on the arm of an elderly gentleman, and seated herself. A second look, and it was Annie, more beautiful even than she was a quarter of a century ago. I stepped over to her; she met me most cordially. She introduced me to 'Mr. Gage, my husband's uncle.' While we were talking, the band struck up a grand waltz. "Annie, let us try it."

"All right," said she. "She rose, and I took her right hand, and she laid her left on my shoulder, her train swung out gracefully, and we began to spin around the hall, and the memories of a quarter of a century began to spin through my head. The old dress, the curls, the smile, the eyes, the old sister to the eyes. We waltzed as easily as ever. As we danced, we talked. She asked about this one and that one. We had a little word of each. I told her this reminded me of old times. She said 'Yes.' I said: 'You dance as lightly, and look as beautiful as ever.' She blushed a little, I thought, and her big eyes looked up into my face. 'Do you think so?' So we went on dancing and talking, thinking of nothing else. It was a whirl, a fancy, a dream, an ecstasy. The music stopped. The spell was broken. Annie swung round to my side. Her left hand took my right arm naturally, and we stepped forward to cross the hall. We glanced around the room, and she exclaimed, 'Oh! there was no one else dancing?' Sure enough; that was so. The faces of my friends were smiling a delight and surprise. An enthusiastic one of those clapped his hands, and all around the room ran a little cheer. Annie looked at me; her face flushed, and then she tossed up her chin and glanced around the room like a queen.

"I must go now," she said. 'We take an early train.' As we walked toward the grand stairs, I thanked her for the dance, and told her I had never danced the waltz since the old days. She said, 'Do you know, I have never waltzed with any one but you—strange, it is truly strange.' She gave me her hand at the foot of the stairs. 'Good-bye,' and she turned and walked grandly up. I stood there looking at her, and as she reached the landing, she turned her head and looked a smile down at me over her shoulder. As she turned away and faced the electric light, I thought—'Was I mistaken? I saw a big tear drop in her eye. My heart was thumping like a stamp mill. I started. A little while I turned away, saying to myself, 'I could have won her.' Then I thought what a fool I had been not to catch the bird when I could and take chances on the cage. I would willingly give every dollar I have, and every success I have achieved, and start life again 'from the grass roots,' at my age even, with Annie. The boys gathered around me; said it was magnificent. That everybody dropped dancing to watch us. 'Didn't know you could dance,' they said, 'then best everybody.' They asked me lots of questions; but I got away as soon as I could. I didn't sleep much that night. I was thinking of Annie. I had not ever loved her so much. I was thinking of the morning, which I thought would never come. I went to the register, and found that 'Mr. Gage and niece' had left. Annie had gone her way, and I went mine."

POWER FROM HEAT.

The Invention of a Pittsburg, Pa. Was a Pupil of Edison.

E. G. Acheson, electrician of the Standard Underground Cable Company, received an official notification from the Patent Office authorities granting him an allowance on his application for a patent on a calelectric generator. The allowance gives Mr. Acheson six months in which to ask for an issuance of his patent and protects his invention while securing foreign patents, etc.

To a reporter who called upon him, Mr. Acheson was very much interested in his invention. "I have," he said, "received a notification of the granting of an allowance to me on October 20. Any publication of my plan or description of the invention, however, would absolutely bar me from securing patents in at least two European countries."

"I can tell you," he continued, "what my invention is. It is a calelectric generator—a generator for converting heat into power. So entirely original and new was my idea that when I made my plans and sent them on in August I was required to come on with a working model and demonstrate the utility of the generator. This I did, and it was entered into an entirely new class at the Patent Office. With my generator I expect to be able to obtain a conversion of 50 per cent. of heat energy into electrical energy."

"As an illustration, take an ordinary gas-burning stove, one foot of gas per hour. This is calculated to have an energy of one horse power. By conversion of one horse power, one conversion this will give one-half of one horse power in electrical energy."

"In the present state of the art of incandescent lighting, electricians are able to obtain 12 lamps per one-horse power of electrical energy, or 8 of mechanical energy. So, having a gas jet burning five cubic feet per hour, it furnishes approximately 16 candles for illumination. This taken as an equivalent to one horse power of energy, we have for our fifty per cent. conversion one-half of one horse power electrical energy, which would be sufficient to illuminate six 16 candle incandescent lamps, a gain in proportion of electrical energy as 1 to 6 or 16 to 100."

"That I expect it to do for illumination for power: Take the best equipped engine and boiler and not more than 15 per cent. of the coal burnt in the grate can be realized in mechanical energy. By means of the calelectric converter 30 per cent. of the heat energy can be converted into electrical energy, and by the use of any one of the best electrical motors now in the market, which reproduce 80 per cent. of the electrical energy into mechanical energy, we would have 80 per cent. of 50 per cent. or 40 per cent. of actual mechanical energy from the coal, instead of from 10 to 15, as at present. In short, I intend with the calelectric generator, to do what heat what the dynamo has done with power."

Another electrician, in speaking of the matter, said: "The economical conversion of heat into power is the greatest problem with which electricians are wrestling to-day. They are all working for it and its importance was known as far back as Faraday's time. Such a converter as Mr. Acheson claims would revolutionize the motor power of the world and which is being hanging on it, trierian could believe that it will be developed in time, all have failed to make it practical so far."

Mr. Acheson refused to say what his position he proposed making of his invention, but seems enthusiastically sanguine of its success in every way. His name is not unknown in the history of electricity and electrical developments. He was a Washington county boy, a nephew of Judge Acheson, and from his boyhood devoted to the study of electrical mechanics. In 1880 he went to New York and secured work in one of Edison's machine shops. A few weeks later he was put at experimental work in the laboratory and eight months later sent to Europe as assistant engineer of Edison's European works, leaving special supervision of the incandescent lamp manufacturing at Paris. He stayed with Edison between three and four years, introducing improvements in the incandescent lamp, and lighting in that time. In 1884 he resigned his position with Edison and spent nearly two years in experimental work for himself, when he became connected with the Westinghouse system of electrical work where he still remains.

Among the French aristocrats who escaped the guillotine in the days when it was a crime to have been born with a title, was the Marquis de Sourcy, who fled to England and thence to this country with her son, a boy of fourteen. Her husband having been executed, the boy, Pierre, inherited the title, estates and were none.

His mother landed penniless in Wilmington, Delaware, and found refuge in a little cabin on Sixth street. The influential people of the town called on Madame de Sourcy and offered her aid; many houses were opened to her, but Pierre refused all help.

"We are poor, but not beggars," he said, "I will not accept of charity. I will support my mother."

He had no profession, trade or capital. In the garden attached to their cottage grew a gourd vine. He cut the smaller gourds, and made of them boxes, which he stained and decorated with black figures, drawn on silhouettes. These boxes sold rapidly at high prices. He then invented an icebox, which drew large crowds to the banks of Christina Creek, when he was frozen over. There the young Marquis was waiting with toy boats which he had for sale. When spring came he had several small barons ready to dispose of. In the garden he raised poultry and vegetables enough to supply his mother's table.

Two years passed. Pierre had wider ambitions. He built, after many failures, a boat so large that in it he was able to cross the Delaware and bring home New Jersey and which he sold for building purposes. He had from the house at 10 a. m.; that he should first give three paces upon the window, and then he should go to the front door and give two paces; that when the door opened he would be found standing with both hands upon the door, and his head leaning up; then he should open the door and when he got to her bedside he should say: "Good-morning," and that she should answer in reply: "Good-morning, doctor." On the appointed day he did just as he said he should, and when he said "Good-morning" to her, she promptly made the reply: "Good-morning, doctor," in a loud, strong voice. She seemed utterly astonished, however, but said she felt that what the doctor said would be true and firmly believed that he had wrought a miracle in her cure.

A Cannibal Mansion.
Residence and Furniture of a Man-Eating African Chieftain.
There are two large pots in front, eighty feet high, on which rests the large peaked shade, around which there hangs a graceful fringe of young sage leaf. The front is about thirty feet wide, and the whole length of the house is about 100 feet, tapering gradually down to the back, where it is small. Our compartment is about twenty feet broad. The front is a common plain form, covered with the skin of the lion, and the back is a beautiful clean, white, and the whole is divided into courts, with divisions of cocoanut leaves, nine feet high, on which hang various figures, not at all good-looking. From the top to the cocoanut leaves hang graceful curtains of the young frond of the sago palm. Standing on his platform in front and looking down the whole length along the passage or hall, with the various divisions and their curtains, it was a wonderful effect.

In each of the courts are numerous skulls of men, women and children, crocodiles and bears, also many breasts of the cassowary. All are carved and many painted. The human skulls are of those who have been killed and eaten. The faintest hint here is man, and it is considered that only fools refuse and despise it. In the last court there are the same kinds of ornaments, and then a screen with curiously formed things of wood and native cloth hanging on it, also, sibs (the only native cloth), betelnuts, bags and other things belonging to those murdered, which have been presented to the gods.

The Brasses had left Sydney in their yacht Sunbeam. A good story is told to the credit of the Lord Tommoy's papa, which runs just like this: In the dawn of a young man with lots of energy, a good character and, it follows, no cash. He was in the employ of a Chester banker, Mr. Wardell. Being, like his son, a wife, of a pushing turn of mind, he saw his way to enter on small contracts. At last he was offered a very large railway contract by the Government. He was a second Croesus, a rumor got about that Wardell's bank was shaky. Brassy had been told that the bank was shaky. He had just got it and to Chester. "What can you require?" "Several hundreds of thousands," was the hopeless reply. "You shall have it." "But I have no security at all." "Yes you have—the best—a good character. You shall have the money." (Mr. Wardell lived before the days of defaulting clerks.) Now comes the poetry of the affair. 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