New News of Yesterday

by E. J. Edwards

Little Boy Who Loved Flowers

Charles C. Clarke's Delightful Reminiscences of the Childhood of David B. Hill, Former Governor of New York.

In May there died the last of the original group of men who were associated intimately with Commodore Vanderbilt in the building up of his great railroad system. This was Charles C. Clarke, who as auditor, treasurer and first vice-president of the commodore's railroad, was his employer's financial right-hand man for years. For more than half a century Mr. Clarke was a public character, first as a state employe and a banker, and from 1854 until his retirement, as a railroad man. In that period he came to meet most of the big men of his state, and his recollections of Millard Fillmore and Commodore Vanderbilt were particularly vivid. Yet what he called the most surprising experience in his long business life had nothing to do with either of these great men of yesterday.

"When I was assistant deputy treasurer of New York state at the time Millard Fillmore was comptroller," said Mr. Clarke, "I made the acquaintance of a number of men engaged in important business undertakings in western New York. One of these men was establishing a bank in the town of Havana; he asked me to take executive charge of it and I accepted his offer. That was in the year 1852.

"Soon after I went to Havana it became necessary to make some important changes in the bank building and offices, and to do this work I employed a local carpenter, a very good workman, who did honest work. One day he brought with him on the job a bright-eyed little fellow, who was, I should say, about nine years old. The youngster attracted my attention and I asked him if he went to school. He said he did, and then I asked him what he wanted to do when he became a man. He replied that he wanted to own a newspaper.

"The next day the little fellow again accompanied his father to work. He bore a bunch of violets in his hand which he diffidently held out to me, the while smiling quaintly. 'You want to put to put them in a pitcher with some water,' he cautioned.

"A day or two later the little fellow came again to the bank, this time bringing with him a bunch of daffodils. I took him between my knees, and after thanking him for his gift asked him if he was fond of flowers. 'Yes,' he answered, 'but I like the flowers that grow in the woods best and I know most of them.'

"As the season passed from spring to summer the boy marked the progress of the year by bringing to my office the seasonable flowers; and one day, when hot weather was on in dead earnest, he came bearing very proudly a bunch of pond lilies which he said he had gathered especially for me.

"Thus I was showered with the blooms of the seasons until the carpenter moved away from Havana—at least, I lost sight of him and the boy. Two years later I entered railroad life and myself moved away from Havana.

"More than 30 years passed. Then one day I found myself in Albany for a call upon the governor of the state in connection with some important business for my railroad company. As I entered the executive offices a gentleman, with every evidence of real pleasure showing in his face, came up to me and extended his hand. 'Why, how do you do, Mr. Clarke?' he exclaimed, heartily. 'I am very glad to see you after all these years. But I see that you do not remember me.'

"'I do not recall, governor, that I have ever met you. Have I?' I was forced to confess.

"The governor smiled. 'I'll try to aid your memory, Mr. Clarke,' he said. 'Don't you remember a carpenter named Hill who repaired your bank at Havana? Don't you remember his little boy, whom he used to call Davey, who sometimes brought you flowers?'

"'Are you that lad, Governor Hill?' I gasped, in astonishment. And then, as he smiled at my surprise, I added truthfully: 'Every spring I have been reminded of that little boy by the sight of violets, daffodils and pansies. I have often wonder what had become of him. But not once did it ever occur to me that David B. Hill, governor of New York, was the little Davey who used to bring me flowers and left me one of the most charming recollections of my early manhood.'

"'Yes,' said the governor when I had ceased; 'I was the boy, Mr. Clarke. I have never forgotten your kindness and your sympathetic talks with me. And I have long hoped that the day would come when I could see you again and renew that boyhood acquaintance.'"

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He Made Up With Jackson

Thomas H. Benton Could Not Afford to Remain Estranged From General After Latter's Praise of Henry Clay.

One very warm evening in July, 1881, several members of President Garfield's cabinet went from the White House to the lawn and stood a while in such a position that they were able to catch the cooling breeze that came from the Potomac. There were two or three friends with them, and all were in a happier frame of mind than they had been for some time, for the physicians had reported but a short while before that the president was in a more comfortable condition than at any time since he had been shot.

As they stood thus, enjoying the cool breeze, Mr. Blaine, the secretary of state, who wore a very thin and somewhat frayed alpaca coat and a straw hat which had seen service for several summers, turned to his companions.

"This afternoon, as I stood before the fireplace in the president's room, there came to my mind for the first time in years an anecdote—or, rather, two anecdotes—of Andrew Jackson that I heard on good authority when I first came to Washington," he began. "But before I tell them to you as they were told to me I shall remind you of the fact that an intense animosity characterized the relations that existed between Jackson and Henry Clay. It was one of the rare cases in which Clay permitted himself to have a personal animosity, though frequently, as we all know, he would be a man's political enemy to the full limit of his powers.

"Well, one day, a friend, calling upon President Jackson, remarked in the course of the conversation: 'Henry Clay is not only a moral coward; he is a physical coward, as well.'

"Thereupon Jackson got up, knocked the ashes out of his corncob pipe into the presidential fireplace, straightened up to his full height, and retorted:

"'By God, you wrong him! The d——d scoundrel is as brave as a lion. I know his weakness and his strength.'

"Now, for many years Thomas H. Benton, for thirty successive years senator from Missouri, beginning in 1820, and Andrew Jackson had been bitter enemies, although they were of the same party. They had not spoken since 1813, I believe, when Benton was thrown downstairs at the time when his brother put a bullet through Jackson's shoulder down in North Carolina. At any rate, Benton had not visited the white house since Jackson had been its chief occupant. But it so happened that a day or two after President Jackson had paid his characteristic tribute to Mr. Clay's bravery, the man to whom Jackson had delivered the tribute met Benton and told him of the incident. Benton, clearly astonished for an instant, eagerly asked if his informant was sure that Jackson had made the remark as quoted, and the reply was that there was no doubt about it.

"'Then I will call upon him myself,' said Benton, with grim determination.

"Sure enough, a day or two later the senior senator from Missouri presented himself at the white house and his name was taken into his old enemy. In a moment he was admitted to the president's private office. Jackson was standing before the fireplace. He looked searchingly at Benton, who remained standing upon the threshold. At last Jackson spoke. 'Is it to be war or peace?' he asked.

"For answer, Benton, with both hands outstretched, went across the room, the next moment the differences of years were healed, and the friendship thus unexpectedly and suddenly re-established remained unbroken until Jackson's death."

"But to my mind," concluded Mr. Blaine, "the best part of the reconciliation of those two great characters lay in the reply that Benton gave to his friends when they asked him how he came to put aside his enmity toward Andrew Jackson. 'I could not afford to remain estranged from a man who was brave enough to pay such a tribute to an enemy as Andrew Jackson did to Henry Clay when he declared he was as brave as a lion,' said Senator Benton."

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Prophecy That Was Fullfilled

General Garfield's Veiled Prediction of His Own Nomination for Presidency Just Before Starting to the Convention.

The late John H. Starin, who might have been governor of New York had he been willing to accept a nomination in the late 80s, and who was for some years a member of congress from one of the New York districts, was esteemed by business men as one of the ablest of American men of affairs. He accumulated a very large fortune, was prominent in civic affairs, and to him the city of New York owes a debt of gratitude for his services in aiding to establish the subway rapid transit system.

"During a part of the time that I was in congress," said Mr. Starin to me several years before his death, which occured in 1909, "my seat in the house of representatives adjoined that of James A. Garfield. We became very warm friends, and I conceived so great an admiration of his ability that a year or two before the presidential conventions of 1880 I had come to hold the opinion that General Garfield was in many respects the most available candidate from the west for the Republicans to nominate for the presidency. Of course, later on, as the delegate from my own state to the Republican convention, I was bound to support the nomination of General Grant. But I had a lurking feeling that if we could not nominate Grant, Garfield would be our man.

"It so happened that both General Garfield and I planned independently to go from Washington to Chicago to attend the convention by the same train. Garfield was chairman of the Ohio delegation, which had been instructed to support the nomination of John Sherman. We were greatly pleased when we discovered that we were to take the same train.

"We both were in the house of representatives the morning of the day we were to leave for Chicago. Rather late in the afternoon Garfield turned to me, and said: 'Starin, it is time for us to start. My gripsack is in the cloak room, and I suppose yours is also. Let's go together from the capitol to the railway station, and we'll keep company all the way to Chicago.'

"As I was taking my hat and my gripsack from the attendant in the cloak room, I heard some one say to Garfield—I do not now remember who it was, except that it was a Democrat: 'Garfield, whom are you going to nominate for president at the convention? You don't expect to nominate Sherman, do you? And we Democrats figure that Blaine and Grant will neutralize each other's votes.'

"In reply Garfield said: 'I am to nominate Sherman in behalf of the state of Ohio. Of course we all hope that he will be nominated by the convention.'

"'But whom are you going to nominate, Garfield?' persisted the Democrat.

"I remember perfectly how Garfield looked when that question was repeated to him. He turned half around, there was a cordial smile upon his face—one that was characteristic of him—and then he said: 'I don't know. It's very likely to be some one not now named. It is just as likely to be myself as anybody else.' I was mightily impressed by that reply. It confirmed my own impression that Garfield might be our candidate; I had already said to one or two friends: 'We can't nominate Grant, Blaine cannot be nominated, and in my opinion Garfield will be the man.' And I am satisfied that at the time Garfield left Washington for Chicago in my company he had perceived the situation cut exactly as I had done."

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Cliff Climber's Narrow Escape.

The perils of cliff climbing were instanced the other day by the remarkable escape of a young man named Frank Egan who, while scaling the steep cliffs just beyond the Bailey Lighthouse on the Irish coast, got to a perpendicular part, and being unable to get another hold could neither get nor down, and was practically suspended by his fingers some seventy feet above the sea. Egan's companion, seeing his position, at the risk of his own neck scrambled down the face of the cliff, and gave the alarm. Coast guards promptly arrived on the scene, and one was lowered by a rope to the edge of the cliff, but owing to its overhanging nature he was unable to get a glimpse of the man. The roaring of the waves made it impossible to get an answer to repeated shouts. A fisherman managed to get on to a projecting bank, and was then able to see Egan sliding and slipping down the side of the rocks. Beyond a few scratches and exhaustion, and a severe shock, Egan escaped injury.

To better control others practise controlling yourself.

Hedgehogs Are Good Pets

English Woman Says One Carried in the Purse Pocket Is Sure Safeguard Against Thieves.

Few wild creatures make more interesting and useful pets than the hedgehog, says the Lady's Pictorial. In many houses one or two are often kept in the wine cellars. This is owing to the hedgehog's fondness for black beetles and other insects which it can hunt and eat in large quantities.

Many people, especially women, make pets of the creature, keeping it in smart hutches and during the day allowing it to roam about the sitting rooms and carrying its young ones about with them in their pockets. One Englishwoman says that there is no better safeguard against the pickpocket than to carry a baby hedgehog in the pocket in which you also carry your purse.

She adds, however, that care must be taken not to forget that the little creature is in the pocket and suddenly thrust your hand into it.

The hedgehog must be fed on bread and milk, grass, worms and all the insects that can be caught. Both the young and the old, and especially the former, are most interesting and amusing. Indeed, there is no prettier sight than a family of baby hedgehogs at play.

They can be taught to come and feed out of the hand and to drink milk from a spoon. They can also be taught to perform simple tricks. An ill feature of the hedgehog as a pet is that if kept out of doors in a cold cellar it will hibernate during very cold weather when ladies and children might find it inconvenient.

The Successful Man.

The man who would succeed is the man who was never discouraged by failures. He turns his failures to good account by studying and analysing them.

In The Public Eye

DARING YOUNG SKY PILOT

Walter Richard Brookins, the youthful sky pilot who made the successful flight from Chicago to Springfield, belongs in the aviation game by right of having been born in the city Wright brothers have given such great fame. He is a Dayton, Ohio, boy, who has been over a great deal of America and Canada, having been for a time a driver of racing automobiles before taking up air flying.

Brookins is just past twenty-two years old. He observed his last birthday July 11 by making record flights at Atlantic City, N. J. It was at this meet that he broke the then world record for high flight for the third time by driving his machine in a series of spectacular dashes to the height of 6,200 feet. Brookins' parents are Americans. Both his father and mother are living, and he has two brothers and one sister. Walter attended the public schools of Dayton and managed, between learning to run automobiles and watching the Wright brothers practise with their gliding machine, to graduate from the Dayton high school. That is as far as he got with theoretical schooling. After that he went out into the world and became an automobile man of more than ordinary skill. He perfected himself to such an extent in that profession that he decided to try to become an aviator.

The Wrights knew quite a little about Brookins as a boy. In their observations of his automobile experiences they recognized him as a safe man for their venturesome calling. They told Walt he might have a trial. Young Brookins began as a pupil of the Wrights the latter part of last March. He practised about five hours before he went up for his first flight alone. After that he kept training daily with Orville Wright. He was the first man trained by Orville Wright and it was not long before he was intrusted with the training of others of the Wright school.

Brookins' first big meet, really his first public appearance outside the Wright reservation at Dayton, was at Indianapolis last June, and he immediately started in breaking world records.

Hitherto Brookins has confined his attempts at record-breaking to his specialties of height, quick turning and slow flights. He holds the world's record for the latter now, it being 21 miles an hour. This is almost as essential in the training of an aviator as is quickness in turning, both demonstrating the operator's control of his machine and the sense of oneness with his machine that he must have to be successful.

Since he started flying independently of the coaching of his trainer Brookins has made brilliant exhibitions at Indianapolis, Montreal, Atlantic City, Toronto, Detroit, Asbury Park, N. J., Boston and through the middle of Illinois on his wonderful flight from Chicago to Springfield.

For the most part he has been able to avoid accidents and has had in his entire brief but brilliant career but one of serious consequence. That occurred at Asbury Park in July and in itself was an example of the coolness and resourcefulness of the youth the Wrights call their most promising operator. He was preparing to land from a high altitude when a crowd of newspaper photographers surged out from the lines into the field almost directly at the point he had selected for his landing.

Quick as a flash, Brookins acted. To avoid landing upon them, he smashed into a fence, seriously injuring the machine and suffering a broken limb and other bruises, from some of which he had not entirely recovered at the time he began his exhibitions in Chicago.

It is for his coolness and intelligence that the Wrights have given him so many responsible opportunities of flight. Personally he is a clean, alert, self-controlled young man. He has no vices. He is a wholesome, energetic man.

There is a rumor that he is preparing to annex a new record, to be known hereafter as Mrs. Brookins.

CONSERVED HIS OWN LIFE

Henry Wallace, the new head of the National Conservation congress, is himself a living example of the possibilities in conservation of human life. Thirty years ago, while holding the pastorate of a United Presbyterian church at Morning Sun, Iowa, he was informed by his physician that his days were numbered and that his only hope of prolonging life for even a reasonably short time was to get out of the pulpit. He did not wait to preach a farewell sermon; he went back to the farm and commenced anew the simple life. Today, at seventy-four he is a vigorous and healthy man, doing his full day's labor every day and with intellect as keenly alive to every issue of the time.

Mr. Wallace's special interest in the work came to a head when he consented to associate himself with others in the work of the Roosevelt Country Life commission appointed a few years ago to inquire into the needs of the farms and suggest methods of improving the life of the rural community. On that commission he was associated with Gifford Pinchot, President Bailey, President Butterfield and others.

The presidency of the National Conservation association came to Mr. Wallace wholly unsought. Before he had thought of attending the convention he stated clearly the demand of the friends of conservation. He said:

"The people of the west demand that the government shall protect the remaining resources of the nation as yet under the control of the nation from spoliation, by placing them under a cabinet officer or officers who are not merely honest, but of whose integrity and efficiency there is not the shadow of doubt, men whose affiliations have not heretofore been with the spoilers. Anything short of this will invoke the wrath of an already outraged and indignant people."

Mr. Wallace is regarded as a very able writer on agricultural topics in this country. In 1895, with his sons, he established Wallace's Farmer, a progressive farm journal.

LEADER OF 'PROGRESSIVES'

In the battle between the regular and progressive Republicans in New York state one of the most prominent leaders of the latter and the principal leader before Colonel Roosevelt assumed command was Lloyd C. Griscom, diplomat and former ambassador to Italy, and the chairman of the Republican committee of New York county. When, after his relinquishment of his diplomatic post at Rome, he began to mix in the politics of the metropolis, the old leaders were inclined to be jocose at his expense, called him an amateur and said he had many things to learn.

Mr. Griscom is a native of Philadelphia, a graduate of the University of Pennsylvania and a lawyer. Before being admitted to the bar in New York city, which was in 1896, he became secretary to Ambassador Bayard at the court of St. James. In 1897 he was deputy district attorney of New York. At the outbreak of the Spanish war he volunteered his services, was commissioned captain and assistant quartermaster and served four months in Cuba as aide-de-camp to Major General Wade. Then he resigned to enter the diplomatic service and was appointed secretary to the legation at Constantinople. He afterward served in Persia, Japan and Brazil and was decorated by the shah of Persia and received the order of Bolivar from the government of Venezuela.

NEW GRAND ARMY COMMANDER

John E. Gilman of Massachusetts, who was elected commander-in-chief of the Grand Army of the Republic at the forty-fourth national encampment, has an enviable record as a soldier and citizen. He belonged to the noted Twelfth Massachusetts, a regiment which vies with the First Minnesota as having lost the largest percentage of the men it carried into any single action. Commander Gilman fought bravely with his regiment through all its battles until at Gettysburg he lost his right arm by a wound from a shell.

He joined the Grand Army in 1868, and has since been zealous and active in its service. During the dark days of the order he was one of the mainstays, and has held nearly every office within the gift of his comrades as a reward for his fidelity and ability. He was elected commander of the department of Massachusetts in 1899, and gave that great department an efficient and satisfactory administration.

Commander-in-Chief Blackmar selected him for his adjutant general. He traveled with that official all over the United States, and made friends wherever he went. Commander-in-Chief King continued him after the lamented death of Blackmar, and he added to his popularity in that position. For years he has been the head of the Soldiers' Relief commission of Boston.

Personally the new commander-in-chief is said to be a genial and lovable man, whom any of his comrades can approach sure of hearty interest and sincere sympathy with him.

Was He a Coward?

By CARL JENKINS

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Dr. Hargraves, retired and said to be wealthy, has more or less business to do with a certain safe deposit company. He thus came to know young Austen Parker. There came to be a social as well as a business side, and after a time Mr. Parker was a caller at the house.

Dr. Hargraves was a widower and in poor health. The light of his eye and the joy of his heart was his daughter May. A sister oversaw the house, but the doctor used to say that his daughter oversaw him. The friendship between them was almost selfish. Miss May's handsome face attracted many, but she received them all as callers until Mr. Parker came. In his case, after a bit, the father thought he detected more than usual interest, and he was secretly pleased. He knew that his ailment must carry him off at the end of a few years, and he hoped the daughter's future would be settled before the dark day came.

The doctor and his daughter were at the Harbor hotel when Mr. Parker and his mother arrived. It was simply chance that brought them together there, and all were pleased over it.

A week had passed very pleasantly when one day the doctor, Miss May and Mr. Austen were on the long wharf below the hotel to sit in the band house and enjoy the cool breeze. There were women and children about, and here and there a man was lazily fishing. Of a sudden a women screamed out. Her boy of five had climbed the railing and fallen into the water. There were shouts and screams from others, and a hubub all along the wharf.

The accident occurred within thirty feet of the band stand. Mr. Parker reached the railing in four or five bounds, tore off his coat and kicked off his shoes, and was on the point of

"Oh, Go-Go-Go!" Called Miss May.

leaping the rail into the water when he suddenly halted and stepped back.

"You can get him—you can get him!" urged the doctor as he came up. "There's his hat—there he rises!"

"Oh, go—go—go!" called Miss May to the man who stood wringing his hands and his face pale as the dead.

"I—I can't!" they heard him say.

"Man—man, are you going to leave the boy to drown?" cried the doctor in astonishment and indignation.

Mr. Parker advanced to the railing, looked over at the child struggling in the water and then threw up his hands with a groan and retreated. He even picked up the things he had cast off and almost ran from the wharf.

Splash! Splash! Splash! Three men leaped the railing, one after another, and, as the little lad was sinking for the third time, he was rescued, and there were tears, cheers and shouts of congratulation. The doctor and his daughter returned to their seats and sat for a long time without a word between them. Then the girl asked in a hesitating way:

"Was it because Mr. Parker can't swim?"

"He could have got the boy and hung to a spile until a boat came. Heavens, but if I had been in his place!"

"Then—then what ailed him? He seemed to be frightened."

"He was!" was the grim reply.

"Father, you can't mean——"

"But I do, dear. You have only to hear what the people around us are saying. Too bad. I feel sorry for him. He and his mother will have to go today."

A hundred people on the wharf had words of praise for the three men, and words of censure for the one. It is at such times that men curse in their throats and women refuse to forgive. A man is either recorded as a hero or a coward. If a hero, it is forgotten in a day; if a coward, not for years, if ever.

Mr. Parker hurried straight to the hotel. People who saw him in his flight looked and wondered. Mrs. Parker had not come out. The son burst into her room and flung himself down and covered his face with his hands and wept.

"What is it?" she asked as she stood beside him with her hand on his head.

"A child fell off the wharf," he answered after a time.

"And you were there?"

"I was the one to have leaped in after him."

"Poor boy! We should not have come to the water."

With that she turned away and commenced taking her garments down off the hooks and folding and packing them.

When the son could control his voice he stepped to the telephone and asked for his bill and ordered a carriage for the depot. Two hours later mother and son were on their way home. When they talked it was not of what had happened on the wharf.

"Don't you see he couldn't have done anything else?" queried Dr. Hargraves at lunch, when some one said that "the coward" had departed. "He passes out of our lives, of course."

And it so comes about. When the doctor again visited the safe deposit company he saw young Mr. Parker, but neither bowed. Some one else waited on the patron. People who had met the young man socially at the doctor's residence inquired about him in a careless way, and were as carelessly answered. Now and then the father wondered if the daughter had been interested enough to care or be disappointed, but he could not make up his mind. The affair had never been referred to again after the first day.

A whole year passed. Father and daughter were again bound for the same hotel, but this time they were motoring a part of the way, the car being driven by a chauffeur.

In the middle of the afternoon, on a broad highway, four foreigners who had struck work in a quarry not far away and were ripe for mischief, halted the auto to commit highway robbery. The chauffeur was a poltroon. He could have run them down, but he halted the machine.

The doctor was not armed, but he refused to leave the car, and struck at the fellows who sought to pull the daughter out. Such a one-sided conflict could not last long, and must terminate in a victory for the attackers. They were pushing the advantage of numbers when a second auto rolled up quietly behind them and a young man leaped out. Without any weapons but his bare fists he sailed into the four. They drew knives on him, but he struck one after another and fought fiercely and silently. The battle raged up and down the road for five minutes, and then the used-up men retreated to the woods.

The doctor and his daughter had watched it without a word. They knew the attacker, and they saw blood on his face and hands as he waved to them that the road was clear and walked back to his own machine.

"It is Mr. Parker!" whispered Miss May.

"Hanged if it isn't!" replied the father.

"But folks said he was a coward."

"Um! I was among those who said so. Guess we made a mistake somewhere."

"I—I hope so!"

"Eh? Eh? You hope what?"

The words were not repeated.

A week later, at the Harbor hotel, the doctor called his daughter into his room to say.

"I wrote to a friend of mine in the city and asked him to do me a favor. He had an interview with Mr. Parker's mother. Say, dear, while the public has a notion that your father is a great doctor, I want to admit to you that he is a great fool."

"Why, what is it?"

"I ought to have suspected something of the kind from the first. When Mr. Parker was a child of two his nurse let him fall into the water. He had a close call from drowning. It gave him a dread and a horror of the water, and it will always be with him. He's no coward. He simply fears the one thing. Plenty of cases like it. I'm writing him a very abject letter this afternoon. Don't you want to inclose something? If he'll be sensible and forgive, I'll take him for a son-in-law about a year hence. Eh? Eh? That makes you blush, doesn't it? I believe you've been his champion right along!"

HISTORIC SLIP OF PAPER.

Marlborough's Brief Message to Wife Written After Battle of Blenheim, Preserved by His Descendants.

A scrap of paper that carries one back to the very atmosphere of a great decisive battle in the world's history is among the historical treasures of Blenheim house. On the paper are a dozen lines scribbled in pencil. They were written by the duke of Marlborough at the close of the fierce struggle at Blenheim.

The tumult of battle was rolling westward, where French and Bavarians were in disordered retreat, with Marlborough's cavalry riding fiercely in their rear. The slopes of the hill and the marshy plain were strewn with 30,000 killed and wounded.

But Marlborough, with the excitement of the great fight yet strong within him, pulled up his horse on one of the litle rustic bridges across the Schwanbuch and scribbled these dozen lines to his wife in London to tell her of the great event.

Apparently the duke borrowed the scrap of paper from some member of his staff, for on the back of it are the faded items of a tavern bill. He used the parapet of the bridge for a writing desk. He had been 17 hours in the saddle, most of that time riding in the very heart of one of the greatest battles in all history, yet the letters are firm in shape, a curious testimony to that serenely unshakable temperament that was Marlborough's most striking characteristic.

To Keep Out Moths.

People who dislike the odor of moth balls should know that bags of dried tansy placed among the woolen garments will answer every purpose of keeping out moths, and with none of the disagreeable odor which is sure to tell the story of moth balls. Make small bags of thin white muslin and fill them with the dried crushed leaves and sew up. Place half a dozen of these in the packing box and the moths will vanish.