

ity. We, however, had been on glaciers many times before. Suddenly, without a moment's warning, Brownie dropped down through the snow crust with all four legs and hung suspended by a light bridge of snow over a gaping abyss, the black depths of which the eye could not fathom. Fortunately she was too much frightened and too exhausted to move a muscle, otherwise she would have disappeared at once, taking her sledges with her. My companion, seeing what had happened, at once came to my help, but unwisely stepped off his ski, which are a great protection in such cases, and at once dropped through into the crevasse up to his arms. I must confess that the next few seconds were anxious ones, as I endeavored to hold up the pony with one hand and to render assistance to Mr. Armitage with the other. However, he fortunately managed to scramble out into safety, and by passing a line round the pony's neck we succeeded in extricating her from her perilous position.—Frederick G. Jackson in Harper's Magazine For September.

THE BLIND TOM OF TODAY.

Loves to Repeat Words and Phrases—He Is of a Very Religious Turn of Mind.

"When Blind Tom talks to himself," says John J. a' Becket in Ladies' Home Journal for September, "he will repeat a word or phrase several times, either to emphasize it or through pleasure in the sound or else because he is filling in time until some other idea shall come to his mind. For instance, he went on in this way for some time as he strolled up and down with his rolling gait on the veranda: 'Wagner. Yes. Wagner. Mr. Wagner. Richard Wagner. Wagner. Mr. Wagner is dead. Yes. He is dead. Dead. His last opera. Yes. His opera. His last opera was 'Parsifal.' 'Parsifal.' His last opera."

"Tom's head and face are not wholly unattractive. He has often been described as a repulsive imbecile except during his moments at the piano. This is not so. His head is small, but well shaped. His features are of a strong African type, with low forehead, large eyes, nose and mouth and a general heaviness rather than weakness. His skin is not perfectly black. In his appearance and in his manner of speaking when addressed he shows intelligence and dignity, with quite a pride of his own at times. There is a respectfulness in his air and pose which recalls the fact that he was a slave for nearly 20 years.

"Tom is of a religious turn of mind. He will play only sacred music on Sunday. He says the Lord's Prayer in his room aloud and is fond of reciting passages from the Holy Scripture, being especially fond of St. Paul's Epistles to the Corinthians.

"He has made fortunes, first for Colonel Bethune, who bought his mother, Charity Wiggins, when the blind baby was 'thrown in;' then for John S. Bethune and lastly for the widow of John Bethune, who is now the wife of the lawyer, Albert J. Lerche, at whose residence he lives."

TAKEN FOR A GAMBLER.

An Incident of Louis Philippe's Voyage to America in 1796.

In an exceedingly interesting article in The Ladies' Home Journal for September William Perrine describes the suspicion that increased in the mind of the captain of the vessel which was bringing to America in the fall of 1796 a mysterious passenger who had come aboard at Hamburg and goes on to tell what happened one day when this passenger said: "Sir, this is not the first occasion upon which I have observed the attentive scrutiny you bestow upon me. May I inquire the reason?"

"Sir," responded the candid captain,

"you took passage on my ship as a Dane. I don't believe you're anything of the kind."

The passenger smiled. The smile was full of perspicacity and confidence and was followed with, "Pray tell me, then, what you believe me to be?"

At this question Captain Ewing fidgeted, hesitated and finally blurted out:

"Well, to be honest, I think you are a gambler. You've well nigh ruined yourself at home and are now coming to fleece the fools you'll find on shore."

The young man's smile broadened. The next minute he turned grave again, lowered his voice and replied:

"Captain Ewing, as you have studied me during this voyage so I have studied you. I have come to the conclusion that you are a man to be trusted. I am Louis Philippe, Duc d'Orleans, eldest son of that Louis Philippe d'Orleans who was slain by the guillotine on the 7th of November almost three years ago."

How to Arrange Bric-a-brac With Taste.

"Authorities upon decoration declare that there should be a culminating spot in the ornamentation of a room," says Helen Jay in Ladies Home Journal for September. "In the ordinary room this culminating center is the fireplace and its mantel. Naturally, therefore, this is the place for the display of the choicest bits of bric-a-brac, and, generally speaking, of the smallest. In arranging these ornaments it is helpful to bear in mind the general rule that bronze requires a strong light, and that marble and delicately tinted china demand half shadow. Whatever the bric-a-brac, and wherever placed, it should always be kept exquisitely clean."

Grant and the Turk.

When General Grant visited Jerusalem, he found Reouf Pacha in the position of governor of that wonderful city. A strong friendship sprang up between the thin lipped, taciturn general and the suave, courtly and yet most simple mannered pacha. It is many years ago now, but Reouf still loves to talk of his meeting with Grant as one of the few truly great men he has met in his life. And as for Grant's opinion of Reouf, I understand from a good source that before leaving Jerusalem Grant assured him that if he were again elected president of the United States he would ask the sultan to send him as Turkish minister to Washington.—Sidney Whitman, F. R. G. S., in Harper's Magazine For September.

Ballade of the Beggars.

Morning or midnight finds us plying
Our ancient trade on the city pave,
Cloud or the sunlight over us flying,
Stars that shine or the storms that rave.
Never a soul have we to save,
Never a prayer have we to pray;
Cross the palm of a tattered knave,
Lest that a Lazarus starve today.

Whiles we brood in the hovels lying
Thick where sorrow and want deprave,
Fate and its menace all defying,
Darkling crest of a distant wave;
Then, like the wolves that leave their cave,
Out on the highways do we stray;
Give, though we bring nor scrip nor stave,
Lest that a Lazarus starve today.

Creeds and the after life denying
Death, our crouching and abject slave;
Rags we bring as our banners, crying,
"Poverty maketh a coward brave!"
Carve your column and architrave,
Flaunt your flag as a people may,
But give, as the pitying Master gave,
Lest that a Lazarus starve today.

ENVOY.

Or ever your mood be gay or grave,
Hearken well to the words we say:
Bread we covet and alms we crave,
Lest that a Lazarus starve today.

Ernest McGaffey in Woman's Home Companion For September.

TIMELY ANNIVERSARIES.

Some Current Selections From History's Broad Page.

September 1.

- 1715—Louis XIV of France died after a reign of 72 years, the longest on record; among his last words were these: "I have loved war too much."
- 1720—Sir Richard Steele, essayist and dramatist, died at Llangunnor, Wales.
- 1791—Lydia Huntley (Sigourney), author, best known as Mrs. Sigourney, born in Norwich, Conn.; died 1865.
- 1802—Cholera on the increase in Europe; President Harrison issued a circular order to quarantine immigrant ships 20 days.
- 1894—Samuel J. Kirkwood, Iowa's "war governor," died at Des Moines; born 1813. General Nathaniel P. Banks, a distinguished public man and a prominent Union volunteer army commander, died at Waltham, Mass.; born 1816.
- 1895—Sedan day, twenty-fifth anniversary of the French surrender, celebrated in Germany. Earthquake shocks felt in the eastern states.

September 2.

- 1666—The great fire in London began near the Tower; it continued five days, destroying 13,000 houses, besides churches, etc., or five-sixths of the city.
- 1728—John Howard, philanthropist and prison reformer, was born at Hackney; died in Russia 1790.
- 1768—Lady Mary Hervey, famous for beauty, wit and goodness in the court of George II, died.
- 1813—Battle of Dresden and mortal wounding of General Jean Victor Moreau.
- 1870—Surrender of the emperor's army at Sedan; Napoleon delivered his sword to King William and surrendered 4,000 officers, 14,000 wounded and 82,000 fighting men.
- 1894—The towns of Hinckley, Pokagama and Mission Creek, Mich., destroyed by forest fires; over 450 lives lost and many people injured.
- 1896—Lorenzo Niles Fowler, the noted phrenologist, died in West Orange, N. J.; born 1811.

September 3.

- 1588—Richard Tarleton, most noted English comedian before Shakespeare's time and jester to Queen Elizabeth, died.
- 1633—Sir Edward Coke, the famous English lawyer and defender of the people's rights, died; born 1552.
- 1728—Matthew Boulton, partner of James Watt and almost equally celebrated inventor, born at Birmingham; died 1806.
- 1752—New style in the calendar adopted in England and her colonies; 11 days added to all previous dates of that century.
- 1877—Louis Adolphe Thiers, French statesman and ex-president of the republic, died in Paris; born in Marseilles 1797.
- 1878—One of the most frightful river collisions on record took place on the Thames at London. The favorite river steamer, Princess Alice, carrying 700 or 800 excursionists, was run down and cut in two by a screw collier; over 700 persons drowned.
- 1881—General Ambrose Everett Burnside, commander of the Army of the Potomac at the battle of Fredericksburg, died; born in Indiana 1824.
- 1897—The Jackson-Harmsworth arctic exploring expedition returned from Franz-Josef Land.



THIERS.

September 4.

- 518 B. C.—Pindar, Greek lyric poet, quoted by St. Paul, born at Thebes; died 440 B. C.
- 1241—Alexander III of Scotland, in whose reign the division between lowlander and highlander first became marked, was born. CHATEAUBRIAND.
- 1585—Cardinal Richelieu, statesman, was born in Paris; died 1642.
- 1758—Chateaubriand, French philosopher and traveler, born at St. Malo; died 1848.
- 1864—John Morgan, the noted Confederate

