

THE LEAF AND THE BOOK

Across the meadow-land together
A youth and merry maiden strayed,
Where grasses grew, and purple
heather,
Midst chequered peeps of sun and
shade.

At last beside the river seated,
He took her book—this lover sage
One fallen willow-leaf secreted,
Then slowly folded down the page.

Next year the maiden, slowly strolling
Alone beside the river's brim,
Saw summer-time to winter rolling,
And rested there to think of him.

Here eyes with sorrow's tints were
shaded,
Her book still pictured youth and
age—
The fallen willow-leaf had faded
Where he had folded down the page.

Years after by the stream forsaken,
In winter time she wandered forth;
Great forest trees with storms were
shaken,
Sent from the Kingdom of the North.

She found the spot where they were
seated
Before he left her for renown;
No willow-leaf the book secreted,
But life's sad page was folded down!

—Clement Scott.

BALLOON PERILS.

"No," said the Aeronaut, "all a mis-
take, I assure you. It is the knock at
the end which hurts, not the fall
through the air."

I had raised the subject of balloon
perils, and referred to the generally ac-
cepted view that by the time a man,
who has fallen from a great height, has
reached the ground his interest in the
world is already at an end. I did not
argue the point with Mr. Spencer. He
has had experience of tumbling
down several thousand feet, I have not.
And, after all, important as the ques-
tion may be to the physiologist in his
arm chair, it is of no practical impor-
tance to the man who is falling—that is
to say, if the event is taking place un-
der circumstances that preclude any
personal control.

"You want to hear of something in-
volving danger to myself as an aeronaut,"
said Mr. Spencer. "I had rather
an exciting experience once at Calcutta.
I was to make a balloon ascent fol-
lowed by a parachute descent, but when it
came to inflating the balloon, I found
there was a scarcity of gas."

"We did our best, for thousands of
people were assembled, but when the
shades of night began to gather, it be-
came evident that it was useless to ex-
pect the balloon to lift the parachute
as well as myself. What was to be
done? There was the multitude of eager
spectators, and I was most anxious
not to disappoint them. At length I
came to a resolution, and it was to as-
cend without car, valve, anchor, or bal-
last. Did I do it? Yes, certainly.
Many did not believe I meant it, but
when they saw the balloon shooting up
towards the clouds, they did. It rose
to twelve thousand feet. It was cold at
this height, and the small sting of rope
on which I sat was not at all most com-
fortable of seats. My legs began to
grow numb, and I had to counteract
this by gymnastic exercises. Yes! it
was rather a queer place for them, as
you say, but it would not have done
for me to lose control of my limbs.
Darkness had now come on, and I be-
gan to think enviously of food."

"At the height I have named the gas
began to expand. It filled the balloon,
and presently overflowed at the open-
mouth, and then I began to descend.
I was able to tell that I was making a
downward move, in spite of my short-
ness of material, by holding out a silk
handkerchief, which fluttered upward,
and," added Mr. Spencer, "with the air
of giving me a piece of information
which I could put to a practical test
under similar circumstances at an early
date, 'this is an even more delicate
method of testing the equilibrium of a
balloon than a barometer. In an hour
and a half after ascending, I was again
approaching the hot Indian atmos-
phere, and through the darkness I
could perceive large rivers. I could
also hear the rush of water, which I
thought must be the sea."

"I had a somewhat peculiar problem
to solve now, and that was to effect a
safe descent without the proper appli-
ances for the purpose and, of course, in
the darkness. I managed it, however,
with very little trouble, alighting on
the Sunderbunds—low-lying lands at
the mouth of the Ganges. I saw lights,
and soon discovered a native village,
but the inhabitants could not under-
stand the spectacle of a white man thus
coming mysteriously out of the dark-
ness, and promptly fled. Then returned,
however, accompanied by a band of
villagers carrying arms and lighted
lanterns. In order to demonstrate that
I was human and not ghostly, I drew
some coins from my pocket, the sight
and jingle of which somehow reassured
these primitive folk. They brought me
food, and by devious ways I reached
Baahart, where a native magistrate
had received a Calcutta paper telling of
my disappearance. He had me driven
to Baraset, where a special train was
waiting to convey me to Calcutta.
There I found great excitement pre-
vailing, and a grand reception was
arranged when I explained my advent-
ures. Many rajahs and native princes
presented me with articles of jewelry
to mark their appreciation of what they
termed my daring feat."

Mr. Spencer smiled cheerfully at my
wondering testimony to the fact that
he was still alive, and under fatherly
pressure proceeded to tell me of a de-
scent per parachute at Kobe in Japan
case, but it came near to having a much
worse ending. The aeronaut was car-
ried out to sea, and instead of dropping
gracefully down to the ground he was
plunged into the water—an accident
that all balloonists fear. However, he
was equal even to that embarrassing
occurrence. Being a good swimmer, he
managed, by contriving to get a little
aid from his parachutes, to keep himself
afloat till a boat came to the rescue.

He continued his smiling assertion
that ballooning is enjoyable while it
lasted the last incident.

"The most nervous person," said he
"has no fear, and the dizzy sensation
that one experiences when up in high

altitude is not so great as it is often
represented. Then, what pleasant little sen-
sation you can have. On one occasion
a party went with me from the Crystal
Palace, and the balloons would have
landed in a field near Hamlet Hamp-
stead, had I not thought it undesirable
on account of growing crops. I asked
my companions if they were fond of
high jumps when hunting. One said,
"Yes." "Very well," I responded, "you
see that haystack; we will now pro-
ceed to jump it," which we did hand-
somer by the judicious manoeuvring
of the balloon, landing without any
trouble in the adjoining field, which
was more suitable.

"But, after all, jumping haystacks is
child's play compared with the leaps
sometimes taken. I have dropped
from an altitude of seven thousand
feet, and have fallen the first three or
four hundred at the speed of a thun-
derbolt before the parachute opened."

"Still enjoyable?"
"Well, during the first sheer drop
there is a tremendous rush through the
air, and an intense feeling of anxiety
whilst waiting for the pleasant tug
which informs you that the parachute
has opened. This feeling does not last
long, indeed, not more than a few sec-
onds, and I do not know that it is much
more than one experiences when div-
ing from a high board into the water."

Not every famous aeronaut has
emerged so well from tight corners as
Mr. Spencer, and any one who has
taken an interest in aerial ways will
recall some terrible mishaps on com-
paratively recent occurrences. It is not
so many years, for instance, since
brave Captain Dale was killed. Not
even the catching fire of a balloon in
mid-air is more hideously tragic than
its sudden collapse, leaving its wretch-
ed occupants to come crashing down
from a great height, very likely under
the horror-stricken gaze of their dear-
est friends. That was what happened
to the balloon in which Captain Dale
ascended from the Crystal Palace one
summer day five years ago. Anything
in the way of a serious accident was
probably never dreamed of by those—
and I was one of the number—who
watched the ascent. Captain Dale's
reputation as an aeronaut stood high.
Though not approaching the wonder-
ful record of Eugene Godard, who
descended, he had made up times enough
to gain knowledge and experience of
balloon management. But he was
fated to die in harness, for the balloon
burst. The catastrophe came with hor-
rible swiftness, and Dale was immo-
bilized in it, but if my memory serves
me his son, who was with him, recover-
ed.

Another great aeronaut who perished
miserably in an exhibition ascent was
Simmons. The exploits of this
daring aerial navigator are doubtless
fresh in the recollection of most of us.
He was one of the first to cross the
channel, and it is significant of the
perils which Andree has faced, and of
the magnitude of the task he has set
himself, that a feat so comparatively
simple as crossing from France to Eng-
land should have brought so many ex-
perienced aeronauts to grief. Simmons
was one of them, although by a fortu-
nate chance he escaped to tell the story.
He was accompanied by General Brine,
and both had a narrow escape with
their lives, as they fell into the sea and
were picked up by a boat. He was
more successful in another attempt,
for, accompanied by Sir Claude de
Crespigny, he crossed from Maidon in
Essex, to Oudekerk, near Flushing,
covering on that occasion one hundred
and forty miles. To give Simmons's
career in detail would be to give the
history of many strange adventures,
but he was eventually killed after an
ascent from Olympia.

One murky day in November, 1897,
the master of a steamer called the
Prince Leopold was summoned on deck
abruptly. His mind no doubt, conjured
up any one of the dangers which beset
a mariner in the narrow and crowded
Channel waters, and probably centered
itself in the imminent risk of collision
with some iron monster already close
upon them. He was relieved on that
score as he sent an anxious glance
around, but when he cast a look up-
ward, he saw a singular and perturbing
spectacle. Away to leeward a balloon
was visible, evidently in dire distress.
Despite the efforts of the desperate men
within it, who were battling fiercely for
their lives, it swooped in weak, uncer-
tain flights towards the water, like
some broken-winged bird. It needs no
effort of imagination to depict the ef-
fect of so piteous a sight on the heart
of a sailor, but the distance was too
great for help to be given in time.
Long before the Prince Leopold could
send effectual assistance the balloon
had plunged down. Its occupants
proved to be a Frenchman who had al-
ready distinguished himself in cross-
Channel work, M. Lhoste, and a com-
panion.

And such is but a feeble fragment of
the dangers run by the devoted man
whose fate is now drawing all eyes to
the dim immensity of Polar desolation.

A Turkish Marriage.

Writes a fascinating correspondent
from Constantinople: "We were among
other Americans who were present at
the marriage of the daughter of Munir
Pasha, which took place at his fall, on
the Bosphorus, near Therapia. We gave
our names to the dusky guardians at
the entrance of the Haremlik, and
were admitted into a gorgeous salon,
thronged with gorgeous arrayed Tur-
kish ladies, who were drinking coffee
and smoking cigarettes. At a gentle
clapping of hands, coffee, in tiny jew-
elled cups, was brought to us by fascinat-
ing Circassian attendants. We then
made our way to the salon in which the
bride was receiving her guests. She
was charming, not quite 15 years of
age, and attired in palest of blue satin,
embroidered with gold, and diamonds
flashing from her corsage, arms, hair
and girdle. We were next allowed to
go into the bridal chamber to view the
presents, and were told that at the end
of the festivities the bride is surround-
ed in this room by a bevy of ladies,
who prevent the husband from reach-
ing his bride. Finally, by scattering
coins, which are desired as porte bon-
heurs, he is enabled to reach her at
last and lift her veil, while she falls at
his feet in submission. He then raises
her and places her by his side, but she
rising quickly lights a cigarette, gives
it to him and hands him his slippers,
then he goes to receive congratulations
upon having gained possession of his
wife."

OF INTEREST.

People first saw the cherry, the
peach and the plum.

In France, many there are as ad-
mirable as 1,740 officers and 4,338 men.
In the army there are 330 generals to
1,437 officers and 540,000 men, while
the military complement of the navy is
in the proportion of generals, they
having but one to about 124 officers,
while the army has one to sixty-five.

Those who understand the great
value of the okra in high class cook-
ery will not be surprised to learn that
another member of the family, Hibiscus
Sabdariffa, is proving to be a jeli-
maker equal to the red currant. The
article is selling under the name of
"Roselle."—Mechan's Monthly.

A new dredge for use on the Volga
river in Russia has just been built and
is constructed in two parts so as to
pass through the canal system leading
from the Baltic. Each half is 216 feet
long, 31½ feet wide and 9 feet deep,
and each half can be operated sep-
arately, making a bottom cut of 52 feet
wide.

In a controversy recently started in
Europe as the eminence of "sunny
Italy," "sunny Spain" or "sunny
France," it is shown mathematically
that Spain was the country best en-
titled to the designation "sunny," for
Spain is the country in which all
Europe the number of sunny days is
largest in a year. Italy following and
France coming third.

Gail Borden, who was born in Nor-
wich, Conn., patented his process for
condensing milk in 1856, and built a
factory for its manufacture at Wol-
cottville, Conn., in the same year.
The next year another factory was
built at Burrville, Conn. Now the Bor-
den Condensed Milk company has a
number of plants in several states, and
a capital stock of \$20,000,000. The in-
dustry gives farmers a market for an
ocean of milk.

Do you know why the thistle is the
national flower in Scotland? The story
is a pretty one, and very characteristic
of the Scotch. It is said that Cen-
turies ago the Danes were making an
inroad into Scotland. They were ad-
vancing cautiously at night. But, un-
fortunately, they were barefooted.
They had got close to the Scotch
camp, when one of the men at the
head of their column stepped on a
thistle. Did you ever put down your
foot squarely upon a real Scotch thistle?
If you have, you will not be sur-
prised to hear that that man gave a
scream of pain. His scream awak-
ened the Scotch. They sprang up, per-
ceived their enemies to lie upon them
and defeated them. And the brave lit-
tle thistle was made the Scotch flower.

LIMITS OF FRIENDSHIPS

Friendship, at its very best and pur-
est, has limits. At its beginning, it
seems to have no conditions and to be
capable of endless development. In
the first flush of newborn love it seems
almost an insult to question its ab-
solute power to meet every demand
made upon it. The exquisite joy of
understanding, and being understood,
is too keen to let us believe at they
may be a terminal line beyond which
we may not pass.

Friendship, however, is a mystery,
formless, undefined without set
bounds, and it is often a rare experi-
ence to discover that it is circum-
scribed and limited like everything
human. At first, to speak of it to
having qualifications was a point of
national, and to find then came at
a disillusionment.

Yet the discovery is not all a loss.
The limitlessness is also the magic, and
it is well to know the exact terms im-
plied in a relationship. Of course, we
learn through experience the restric-
tions on a friendship, and if we are
wise we learn to keep well within the
margin; but many a disappointment
might have been saved if we had un-
derstood the inherent limitations of
the subject.

Human friendship has its feeble use
of the ideal greatness of man. We are
too big to be quite comprehended by
another. There is always something
in us left unexplained and unexplored.
We do not even know ourselves, much
less can another hope to probe into
the recesses of our being.

Friendship has a limit because of
the infinite element in the soul. It is
hard to be brought up by a friend along
any line of life, but it is designed to
lead us to a deeper and nobler de-
velopment of our life. Man's limita-
tion is God's occasion. Only God can
fully satisfy the hungry heart of man.
—From "Essays in Friendship,"
by Hugh Black.

WHY IS IT?

Why is it that a girl or boy will
not sleep sooner studying their les-
sons than they will reading a novel?

Why is it that a man will bend all
his energies and work almost night
and day and sacrifice his health to get
more than he can make use of?

Why is it that some fathers and
mothers will make slaves of them-
selves and fill an early grave that
their children may live a life of pol-
ished, educated usefulness?

Why is it that some people take a
friendly delight in accomplishing the
downfall of our brightest and best
young men and girls?

Why is it that some people are al-
ways complaining, but never take a
step to do anything?

BATCHELOR'S REFLECTIONS.

A man can treat his wife a lot too
well for his own good.

No woman can ever be jealous of her
husband unless she distrusts him.

A man may hit another man when
he's down, but a woman will generally
kick him.

A woman can be happy with less to
spend than a man, as long as she has
more things to spend it for.

It is probable that very few women
could love their husbands long if they
had to look over their shoulders in the
looking glass while they are shaving
themselves.—New York Times.

BRIC-A-BRAC

Two per cent. of the Hawaiian na-
tives are lepers.

It is decidedly mean to lend to your
friend just enough money to keep him
away from you.

"I don't hate the capitalist because
he has money," the man with the riot-
ous whiskers explained, "I hate him
because I have no money."

The absorption of soda water and ice
cream during the summer season is
more than 50 per cent.

Man, born of woman, is of few days
and full of trouble. What few days
the trouble is out of sight he wanders
about unusually hunting it.

A philosophical observation in "Dav-
id Harum" is to the effect that wealth
is much more desirable for what it
saves us from than for what it brings
us.

Ice cream and soda has been intro-
duced in the Philippines. Surely if
anything can check the heathen's rage
it must be this concoction of sweet-
ness and light.

The worst thing about the Alaskan
boundary dispute is that it is bound to
break out in a new place every time
gold is discovered on the American
side.

Science and the veterinary surgeons
may get together some day and discover
that no milk is pure which does not
contain a certain per cent. of tuber-
culosis.

Mrs. Mary Jane Douglas, the 102-
year-old widow of Galena, Kas., who
recently married a youth of 70, is
clearly open to the implication of hav-
ing taken a boy to raise.

The last book of Paul Lawrence
Dunbar, the negro bard, is lauded both
at home and abroad. The critics say
that he has reached a height as a poet
never before attained by anyone of
his race.

After all it's all in the way you look
at life. A North Carolina exchange
says: "Our editor was run over by the
midnight accommodation train, but
unfortunately he was not hit hard
enough to secure damages!"

A Galveston resident, going home
late on a recent night, thought to ex-
periment with a pocket electric search-
light, which he had recently purchas-
ed, and unexpectedly caught a negro
in the act of robbing a store.

The secretary of the Massachusetts
board of health has issued the state-
ment that codfish is as nutritious as
sirloin steak or oleomargarine. It is
plain that locally sometimes in-
fluences even the scientific judgment.

A French chemist, attending the
American Medical association at Col-
umbus, presented a report on the cure
of consumption, claiming to have cured
1,000 hopeless cases and offering to
cure 500 cases gratis in this country.
The treatment is by inhalation of for-
maldehyde vapor.

A final act of the three days' June
session of the Rhode Island legislature
was the passage of a bill fixing the
salary of legislative employees, and en-
ding the scandal of treasury grabs by
members for extra services by making
the compensation \$10 per day for at-
tendance at committee meetings dur-
ing a legislative recess.

The London daily newspapers are
famous for queer advertisements—if
for nothing else. A "personal" which
appeared recently in one of them
reads: Wanted—A respectable gentle-
man—householder preferred—to marry
the widowkeeper of an aged gentle-
man, who has been an invalid for years
and who respects her, whom he would
like to see in the happy state of mar-
riage before he dies. She has had
three husbands, but is willing for a
fourth.

Francis L. Loring in New York has
brought suit against Senor Mendonca
to recover \$4,725. Artists and art pa-
trons are displaying much interest in
the suit. It seems that Mr. Loring
paid \$4,550 for the "Magdalline" at the
sale of the Brazilian minister's collec-
tion, held in New York recently. The
picture was sold as a genuine work of
Mutillo. Experts who have examined
it say it is a copy and worthless. Senor
Mendonca says he thought the paint-
ing was the original and seems quite
eager to return the purchase money.

An interesting relic of the Confed-
erate reunion at Charleston, S. C., was
the Iron 6-pounder cannon, "Old Seces-
sion," which was used in announcing
the opening of the secession conven-
tion in that city, and was again fired
when the ordinance of secession was
passed. It was also used to announce
the secession of each state as the news
was received in Charleston, and when-
ever its roar was heard many persons
rushed to see what state had joined
South Carolina. The cannon has been
moved by night to various places and
buried since the evacuation of Char-
leston in 1864. It was recently dug up
in Savannah and returned to Char-
leston.

A writer in the Century, who has
made a study of the tramp, has come
to the conclusion that the free riding
on freight trains has not been the least
incentive to trampdom. The custom
grew up after the war, and it was tol-
erated so long that tramps came to re-
gard it as a right and fought to re-
tain it. Thousands pass from one re-
gion of the country to another, thus
spreading the evil. Furthermore, trav-
eling is so attractive to many men that
it induces them to become tramps. The
writer holds that if tramps were kept
off freight trains, trampdom would no
be so attractive, and that if railroad
officials would make a concerted and
energetic effort, they might cut off the
privilege of free transportation, which
would confine the wanderers to limited
areas, where they would soon become
known to the officials and the custom
be suppressed.

BE PLEASANT AND KIND

TO EVERYBODY

If you feel cranky and out of
your look to your kidneys. Stomach,
Liver and Bowels. Diseases
of these organs cause nine tenths
of all the mean feelings in this
world. If your kidneys are not
acting properly or are breaking
down from Bright's Disease, there
is only one remedy that will build
them up and restore them to a
healthy condition; that is, Mrs. B.
French's Crown Kidney Cure.
When you have indigestion, sour
stomach, heartburn, waterbrash,
jaundice, insipidated bile, gall
stones, or blood in the urine, take
French's Crown Stomach and Liver
Cure.

MRS. B. FRENCH
who has invented more useful
medicines to cure her than
any other man in the world.

It is the only cure for indigestion. Don't take artificial digestives
they simply relieve.

Mrs. B. French's Crown Stomach and Liver Cure is the greatest
summer tonic and blood purifier. It produces a beautiful skin
complexion.

For the blood taints and Scrofula use Mrs. B. French's Crown
Blood Remedy.

It is better than a trip to Hot Springs.
Get strong, make blood and get beautiful rosy cheeks in the natural
way with Mrs. B. French's Crown Blood Tablets.

Cure constipation by using Mrs. B. French's Crown Dinner Pills.
They are the only remedy that contains the choicest laxative com-
bined with tonics.

What is the use of suffering from Hay Fever when Mrs. B. French's
Crown Catarrh Cure No. 1 will cure you! For all forms of Chronic
Catarrh there is only one remedy that will cure it.

Mrs. B. French's Crown Catarrh Cure No. 2. It is the only guaran-
teed catarrh cure on the market.

Would you take the Piles for \$1.00? Then why suffer when Mrs.
B. French's Crown Pills and Pile Ointment will cure you! Guaranteed
if used together.

Remember that Mrs. B. French's Crown Cough Cure is the only
remedy that destroys the germs in the air passages. It is not a dope.
Why do you suffer from a lame back when a Crown Plaster will
cure it?

It is spread on oil cloth and is the best chest protector made.

Don't forget that Diabetes makes you nervous and cranky. Mrs.
B. French's Crown Diabetes and Nerve Cure cures either form. This
remedy makes strong men and women out of nervous and physical
wrecks. In case of Sugar Diabetes the Crown Stomach and Liver
Cure must be taken with the Crown Diabetes Cure.

Rheumatism yields quickly to Crown Rheumatic Cure and Oint-
ment. The Ointment is the best remedy for sprains, bruises, etc.
In cases of rheumatism the Rheumatic Cure and Rheumatic Oint-
ment must be used together.

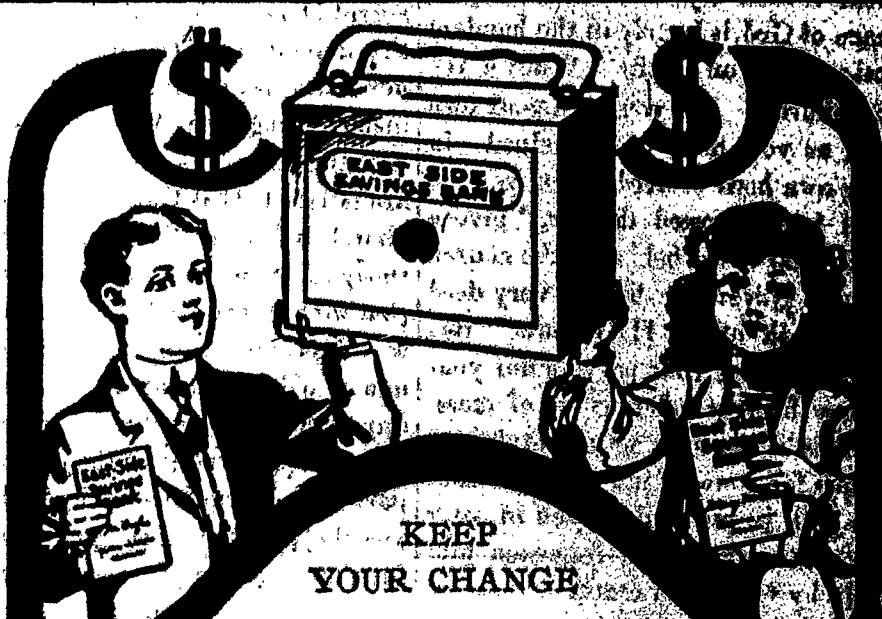
Inflammation of the Eye quickly disappears when Crown Eye
Water is used.

Mrs. B. French's Crown Skin Ointment for all eruptions of the
skin, sunburn, chapped skin and chafing. Nothing equals it.

If you do not derive benefit after taking two-thirds of any one of
these medicines return it to your druggist and get your money
back.

Send for Symptom Blank, fill it out and return to us and we will
diagnose your case and the proper treatment therefor will be given
by our expert, absolutely free.

The Mrs. B. French Crown Medicine Co., Rochester, N. Y.



KEEP
YOUR CHANGE

In one of our small steel banks, which
we furnish free and then deposit it with us
where it will be absolutely safe. We will pay you
interest on it.

Save the small sums this way, and some day when you
need it more than you do now.

Your Change Will Keep You.

You don't miss the coin you put in this little bank.

A nickel to-day and a dime to-morrow isn't much, but it
amounts to a pretty neat sum in a year.

These banks are for young and old. For those who earn
wages and those who employ wage earners. Our little bank
will save any man's money from childhood to old age.

Call and get a Bank and begin to save to-day.

We also loan money on bond and mortgage.

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