Then came a cloud over yonder hill When the word was muttering low, When the winds o'er the ocean go.

And the skirts of the cloud were snow white, But the heart of the cloud was black; And the sunshine fled, and the trees in

dright Mermured and bowed them back. And the cruel North wind whistled shrill,

And the South wind sebbed in turn, And the East wind skricked, "Come down and kill4" And the West wind signed, "Return !"

Bat the cloud gave heed to sob nor cry, But swept over hill and plain; The cloud went by in the broad blue sky, And the sunshine came again.

## THE TWO ROBERTS.

Singing softly to himself, Robert Edbuty rode 'over dale and over down' in the sweet stiliness of the July night, Hardly a breath of air was stirring in the branches of the trees. Now and shen an invisible night bird piped a solstary note to keep him company, and soft waves of light streamed over hills as the queenly moon, well attended by her guards, rode indolently down the broad highway of heaven. The blue dome, looking soft as velvet, was, like the fabled path of love, strewn thickly with the golden kisses of the stars.

As he gained the last hill, whose summit gazed on the little watering place which was for a few weeks to be his destination, he involuntarily drew wein and sat silent a moment enjoying the gooonlight scene. On his left an old-rashioned brick house reared its twisted chimneys aloft. So close was he to it that its sharp gables seemed to out the air over his head, and only a strip of green lawn, bordered by horseche-mut trees separated him from the windows gleaming in the moonlight.

"Scentre and crown I'd fling them down,
If I might -- "

Hobert Edbury hushed his song when the present, for the first time, his very chee proximity to the house and the WILL OWS.

The substagtial home of some substautial farmer," he said to himself. "I had better move on, or his daughters may think I am serenading them.' Too late! Just then a window was opened softly overhead, and a lady's face appeared at it. In the rush of bright moonlight Robert caught sight of the long ripple of gold-gleaming hair, and was sure that the face was

lovely. At any rate, the voice was. "Robert, dear, is it you?" For half a minute Robert Edbury was mate with surprise, and made no Grove, half a mile out of town."

"Is it you, Robert? Why don't you speak?" He spake, then, low, and with nesita-

"How did you know it was 1?"

Of course I knew it was you There was a dash of petulance in the sweet voice now. "Who else but you wreathed window They were as much would be riding and singing in that alone as it is possible for one to be in absurd way at this hour of the night, the heart of a busy, unheeding crowd, three times did Robert E ibury and Miss and halting before the house? Have The first notes of a Strauss was you a cold, Robert? Your voice beekoning the dancers, and gay couples sounds different from what it usually went laughing, hurrying by.

"You are not engaged for this valse?"

"Perhaps it is the night air," answered Robert, wickedly, and getting his wits partially together. "Or I may baye cracked it with singing." But all he spoke in the most subdued of at him doubtfully, while a rosy blush of speaking with you."

you do it? Where are you going? Into of gilt and enameled pasteboard which

"To be sure. "Bat what for?" "To see a friend."

"Not not Nelly Cameron?"—with a swaying crowd.

"Then I shall claim it," answered the shade of jealousy in the tope now, ing?"

ert Edbury, promptly. "I swear to you I was not going to see Nelly startled face by his side.

Cameron. I have not spoken with a "See," he said, gayly; "I saved it Cameron. I have not spoken with a "See," he said, gayly; "I saved it ingle young lady to-day, except your- from being crushed under foot. Will

"Poor Robert," and a little laugh rippied lightly on the air. "But do go. You know what your health is, and that you have no business to be riding frightened, angry air. "They are Mr. at this time of night. You ought to Robert Stenor's roses. Give it back to take better care of yourself, You will me, if you please."

fastened the bridle to the gate, and claim the rose?" stepped inside beneath the wandow, some time to forgive me some great of-tense. Won't you give me a flower for heeding crowd.

"How strange you talk. Of course I "How dare you speak to me again - you amould give you a flower; but these are only honeysuckles, and you know we promised to give each other nothing me."

I know you know, gasped Jessie. "How dare you speak to me again - you are very presuming, sir. I will not bear it. Give me back my flower and leave me." to give take State Hothing me.

"Nay," he said, gently, but in the woice caught itself. "I have a bunch of wiolets on my table. Would you like anger?" And in a low, reasoning, per-

"Anything—anything that comes from your hands!" whispered Robert, more sincerely than he always spoke.

moonlight.

\*There, take them, and now you But mind what I tell you, as sure as there is a heaven above us, the day is

Good night, dear Robert!" coming when you will offer me a rose unasked. Come!" The window was soilly closed, and in an instant after Robert was groping for the violats in the wet grass. He found them where they fell. But, as they were falling, the quick eyes of Robert Edbury had discerned semething, bright as a star, falling too. The small strip wordly with all her might that she of his bitter loss was too great. The The window was soitly closed, and in of grass where he had stood was entirely would not dance, she gave him her setting sun streamed in upon him, in the shade, hidden from the light by the large horze-chestnut trees, and he loating deliciously together to the land to grope in the dark for this ght-Sering thing. An instant's search re- When it was over, Robert led her to peering words-

from her arm; and Robert, with a round cheeks, smile, put it side by side with the withered bunch of violets in his pocket as

he rode away. "Sceptre and crown I'd fling them down." sang Mr. Edbury as he rode swiftly on from in the purple dusk of the trees. "Sceptre and crown, if I had them, I'd him, "Sceptre and crown, if I had them, I'd him, He is angry because I danced fling them down for the one bare with you. Oh, what shall I do? He chance of hearing that lovely voice once is my cousin, and has ill health, and

He was alone; there was no one to see him; and taking the violets out of his pocket he kissed them tenderly. was most absurdly silly of him to do it; but who of us does not do silly things in the heyday of our youth's morning? Silly things that we blush for afterward, perhaps; just as Robert Edbury blushed when putting the violets again quickly away.

"Sceptre and crown I'd fling them down, But his song got no further than that;

it died away in thought. Passing arm-in-arm down the crowded dancing room of the Spa the next evening, with his friend Norton, Robert Edbury's quick ear was caught by a note which at once arrested his attention. He had said that he should know that divine voice again, hear it wherever or whenever he might, and he was not mistaken. A certain remonstrance lay

"But who could it have been, Robert, if it was not you? It frightens me to think of it, It-it was somebody of your height and figure. It must have been yourself, Robert."

in the tone; not to say misbelief.

"But I tell you it was not, Jessie. should like to know who it was." "He was a gentleman, lam surewith a stress upon fhe word. "You need not be put out, Robert."

Robert Edbury turned and saw close beside him, leaning on the other Robert's arm, a young girl, surpassingly beautiful. Roses mingled with the bright gold of her hair, shone in the bosom of her dress, and a bunch of them was somehow intertwined with the slender gold wrist-chain attached to her

Mr. Edbury caught his breath, as, turning her face, the girl's soft violet blue eyes rested for a moment unrecognizingiy on his.

"Who is she?" he whispered eagerly to his friend, "How lovely she is! What is her name? By heaven! I never believed in divine loveliness before; but here it is pure and undefiled. What is her name?"

"It is Miss Chassdane," was the answer. "She and her mother live at the

"A farm house," remarked Robert. "No, it is not, It looks not unlike one. They are people of property. Yes, she is very pretty. I'll introduce you if you like.

Hals an hour later Robert Edbury was bending over the young lady's hand in the pretty secluded gloom of a vine-

said Robert, eagerly.
Some remembered cadence of his "I did not expect the pleasure swept over her torehead. She haif knew him and balf did not.

"The very idea of your coming up on horseback at this night hour! You he pursued, as, with perfect courtesy in know you ought not to be out. Why did his voice and manner, he took the bit "Will you let me look at your card?" she had tucked away amid the roses at

"1-I half promised this dance to Robert," she stammered, flinging a "Who is it?" came the quick response. | quick giance over her shoulder into the

"Are the Camerons receiving this even- other Robert with an audacious smile. He stooped and picked up a rosebud "Not that I know of," returned Rob- that had fallen, and then held it tri-

> you not give it to me?" But she reached out her hand im-

take better care of yoursell, too althe laid up to-morrow; your voice altready sounds strange and altered. Good the same gayly tender voice, though his dark face changed a little at her frank dark face changed a little at her frank dark face changed. "One moment," cried Robert Edbury, confession. "My name is Robert, too,

The soft blue eyes, filled with tears, where gleamed that mysterious, en-chanting face. "Won't you give me a then. Frightened and ashamed, and flower—you can easily reach that clustrembling from head to foot, she rose tering vine by your casement. Perimpulsively to her feet. He took a tiaps-perliaps 1 shall wish to ask you step backward, and they stood so, facing

"I know you know," gasped Jessie.

sussive voice he spoke to her for some moments, and the rising spirit was calmed. In spite of herself and against her will she was becoming trresistibly

attracted to this man. The bright face disappeared a moment from me window and then refurned—a white hand gleamed in the dane, and then I will give you back

Stonor?"

"Give me this one waitz, Miss Chass—I was e
Stonor?"

"Enguered—a white hand gleamed in the

> The old rose-red flush drifted over hand, and in another moment they were lighting up his distressed face. It floating deliciously together to the seemed to him that the great old fash-

aled it to be what he had suspected - her seat near some friends; her mother

a lady's bracelet. It was a slender had not gone to the rooms that night, circlet of gold, studded with crystal. She looked very pale. The pretty rose color had all died out of the sweet

"Are you faint?" he asked anxiously. bending over her. "Are you tired?

Shall I get you some water?" "No. No!" she cried, shrinking away from him. "I am not faint—but look at Mr. Robert Stonor. I have offended must not be excited."

Robert Edbury turned, and saw standing near him that other Robert. who threatened to be-and perhaps was -no mean rival. His ill health was evident. One hand was pressed to his side as if to still some pain there and on his handsome blonde face, which was marked by unmistakable traces of con-firmed sickness, a cloud of jealous anger

rested heavily.

The eyes of the two men met, and each knew the other for a rival. A half smile of scorn as he looked curled Robert Edbury's lips. In a case like this a man has no pity for the ailments of another. With a grave face he took from his pocket the rosebud and

laid it in Miss Chassdane's lap. "Here is your rose," he said quietly. 'I restore it to you at your wish. But remember what I said; and believe me, time will prove me to be no false

prophet." Without waiting for an answer, he bowed and disappeared amid the throng of dancers, seeking her no more that

night. 'Is Miss Chassdane engaged to that man?" he questioned of his friend Nor-

"I believe there is no positive engagement," was the reply. "Mrs. Chassdane, it is said, objects to it." "On what score does she object? Money?"

"Oh, no; Stonor has a small, compact estate close by, and is well off. On the score of his uncertain health. Also, they are cousins, "What is it that is the matter with

"Some complication, connected with both the lungs and the heart, which, I conclude renders treatment difficult," "Do you think Miss Chassdane cares

"I don't think she loves him, Edbury paid to girls, they feel flattered, you him. know, and respond accordingly. Nine out of ten of them understand nothing of their own feelings, and mistake together-have been like brother and dane. sister."

Frequently they met after that, It was an unusually gay season at Spafield, and entertainments abounded accordingly. In the morning drinking the water, or making believe to dring it; in the afternoon sauntering in the gardens, or on the parace; in the evening at the rooms, or at private parties; two or Chassdene meet, and linger W and converse with each other. Robert Edbury's time was his own, and he staid on. He could have staid forever. The two or three weeks' sojourn he had intended had more than doubled itself, For he had learned to love her passionately; and all the world might see it for aught he cared, She, too, might see it, if she choose; but whether she did or not, he could not tell, judging from the grave and sweet dignity with which she met and bore back his eager

At length there came an evening when he was determined to put his fate to the test; to go on in this uncertainty was worse than torment. They had not been much disturbed by Robert Stonor, a paroxysm of his complaint had confined that gentleman to his own

And so Robert Edbury went up to the old gabled house, before which his horse had balted that first night, and sought, an interview with Miss Charsdane. She was quite alone. The long French window by which she sat was flung wide open, and the low red sunlight, streaming in over her, lighted up her fair gold hair and the roses in

her dress. "How beautiful she is!" he thought as he took her hand in his, "What if I should not win her after all? But I will make a hard fight for it."

Jessie looked up inquiringly into his face. "You are very silent," she said; and then, catching the earnest look in his eyes, she blushed violently and drew away ner hand.

"I love you," he passionately broke forth in a low, tremulous tone, breaking his emotional silence, "I have come to you this evening to risk my fate by saying this, to win or lose you all. Jessie, you must know how I love you; how I have loved you all along, from the very first night I spoke to you. neither of us knowing the other. you not give me some hope of love in return? Do not send me from you an utterry broken and discouraged man!

Jessie was silent for a moment-one long, cruel moment to Robert Edbury
—then the small, sweet face was turned to him with gentle dignity. He knew his doom before hand, ere she spoke the

"You must know how useless it was to speak to me of this," she said. "You knew, surely you must have known that I was engaged to my cousin, Robert

"Engaged to him?" "Yee, We are engaged." Neither spoke for a time. The scent of the flowers blooming in the lonely grounds on this side of the house, away from the dusty and busy highway, seemed to mock them with its sweet-

ioned clock in the hall ticked out the

"Engaged!" he said, at length, with a long-drawn breath. "I did not know But engagements, where no love is, have been broken many times before now

"Hush!" cried Jessie. speak like that again. It would kill him! You do not know what you are saving.

"Kill him!" "If he heard it, I meant. He says he

trusts me.' "And you are sacrificing yourself for him!-for a fancy! Hear the truth, Jessie. You care not for Mr. Stonor, except as a cousin or a brother. Examine your own heart and it will tell you that you do not. You care for me, Yes, my darling it is Robert Edbury you have learned to love, not Rebert Stonor. Your blushes, my love, are betraying it now. You-

"What was that?" shricked Jessie, A low, smothered sound, haif groan, half cry, had come in from the open window. It was so full of pain that a man would not care to hear it twice in a lifetime. Before either could rush out Robert Stonor stood in the open

It was a figure never to be forgotten. His handsome fair face was distorted with either pain or anger; his pale lips trembled; his left hand was pressed with the old familiar gesture upon his heart

"False, false that you are!" broke at length from his blocdless lips, as he setzed Jessie with his right hand. "You told me you did not care for Robert Edbury! You told me-"

A pause, a stagger, and with a frightful shiver, he fell to the carpet. Robert Edbury broke the fall partially, but was not quick enough to quite save him from it. Jessie flew from the room for assistance.

"Robert Stonor here!" cried the bewildered Mrs. Chassdane. "I thought he was confined to his chamber at

He had been confined to his chamber; but, alas, he had crept out of it that evening, and came up to the house to see Jessie. With the fond hope of surprising her in the usual evening room, he had gone round the shrubbery, intending to enter by the window, and had heard all,

On the floor, there as he lay, his head raised on a cushion by the hands of Robert Edbury, he died. The med--if that's what you mean. It seems load men said he could not, in any to me that she likes him more as a case, have lived many months, it brother. When eligible attentions are weeks, but that the agitation had killed

It was many long days after that when she had risen from the sick bed to which this shock of sudden death friendship for love. Robert Stonor had brought her, that Robert Elbury and Miss Chassdane have grown up came to say farewell to Miss Chass-

> The interview was brief, studiedly brief, for with the shadow of that dead man lying between them, speech was difficult to both.

'Good bye," she cried, reaching out to him an attenuated hand. "I nope you may find happiness and peace!" "But we shall meet again," cried Signor Natalie is the property man of the Abbey company and he is new a some time in the future I may come to "Hush!" she cried, the tears rolling

piteously down her cheeks, "You must

speak of that, Robert's shadow would always come between us, as he fell there on the floor. We killed him! We killed him!" and she wrung her pale hands together in strong excutement. "Stop!" cried Bobert Edbury, quite sternly. "You are taking an altoge mistaken view of the truth. Ask your

mother; ask any one. But you are weak and ill yet, Jessie, and the time has not yet come for me to insist on this. Let us think of him, poor fellow, as one who must, had he lived, have suffered much, and who has mercifully found peace in the rest of death."

He stood for a moment looking with a fond longing into the small, sweet face from which the summer roses had fled with grudging haste. Then taking from his pocket a fragile gold and crys-tal circlet, he held it out to her. It was the bracelet she had lost that first night

of their meeting. night with the violets," he said. "It fell from your arm. Will you take it back now? A faint lovely tinge of red flickered

into her cheeks once more. "No!" she answered, looking into his dark face with tender, gentle wistfulness-"I-I don't want to recall that night, or anything connected with it.
You may keep it if you like."

B) he kissed her hand and said fare-

weil. But be left a whisper behind When the roses bloom again, remem-

ber me. A year went by, and no m The second year he said to himseif, 'Burely, she will send for me now!' But May and June crept by, and July came; but not one word came from Jessie Chassdane. He was grow-ing sick with a wild and hopeless de-spair, for he felt how worse than useless

it would be to go, uncalled; when one day a letter came fluttering like a white bird to his heart. "The roses are in bloom and there is one for you!'

A GENTLEMANLY farmer from Onion Ureek, who happened to be in Austin last week, called at the office of a distinguished Austin law firm. Both members of the firm were in, but the grau-ger only knew one of them "Come across the street and take a drink," said the farmer. "As soon as I put on my overcoat," "You don't need any overcoat. It's warm outdoors," "Oh, yes, I do," "What for? Patsin' on style, are you?" "No, it's not that," whisperered the lawyer, as soon as they got outside; "but you saw my partner in there, didn't you? Well, if I were to go out and leave that overcoat with him, when I came back it would be in the pawnbroker's office."

A coating of peroxide of lead is found and telephone wires,

Ganbout Service.

"Did you notice that man walk over to the curb and spit in the street?" said but feeling more settled, he made occaa gentleman, "I'll bet he's been on shipboard. There a man's got to use either the spit-kids or spit over the side of the vessel into the water. They'll stand anything but dirt in the navy, you know. How is this for a daily routine When the bo's'n pipes up all hands in the morning they turn out, put up their hammocks, stow 'em away in the net-tings, then sweep the decks. Messthe decks are swept down again. At stone, flat and smooth on one side. The centre of a long rope is made fast to it, and a squad of men lay hold of opposite ends and pull it backward and forward wet down and springled with sand, In places that they can't reach, cor-

ners, you know, they make men get down on their knees with little sandstones, called prayer-books, and scrub em out, After all this, they bend the hose to the pumps and wash the sand away. Men follow with squillgeesarrangements shaped like a hoe, with a strip of rubber tacked to the edge. They use 'em to rub the heaviest part of the water off the decks. Next comes another detail with swabs. They are like big hemp horses' taits, and are swung right and left. When the fibres get well saturated the swab is wrung and used over again. Light, flat sheetiron charcoal stoves, the under side three feet square, are then suspended by long rods to within about a foot and a half of the deck, and swung backward and forward until the place underneath is pretty dry, when they shift them to other hammock-hooks and repeat the process. This is done three times a week, and dry holy-stoning twice. Oa such days the sweeps are used five times. The decks are always like the driven snow, and wouldn't soil a cambric handkerchief at any time, Now you can understand why a sailor learns to use the spit kids-well, cuspidorslook here, whose spinning this yarn?

## flinky Pick-Back.

Among those who gazed on the rushing waters from the suspension bridge, not long ago, was Signor Natalie. On a former occasion he had gazed upon another boiling flood, but he was not then supported by anything as firm and enduring as the mighty span of the It was the Niagara river, and bridge. the gentleman in question was carried across it on Blondin's back, when he accomplished the most wonderful and hazardous foat of rope walking in the world.

venerable looking man of 62 years, alspeaks English imperfectly, but can be quite readily understood. He is probaply one of the greatest travelers in the country, most of his travels having been incident to the profession of ca-tering to the amusement-loying public, He traveled with Strakosch for 16 years, went over 18,000 miles in the service of Herry Ward Beecher, and was last year the advance agent of Salvini,

"I first met Blontin," said he, "in the Ravel troupe, of which we were both members, way back in the fifties. He was, I think, about my age, and was not quite so tall as I although very and I remember we played here at what, I think, was called the old Bates theatre. Blondin's specialty was tight-rope dancing, and he was a wonderful performer. I guess there are people here who remember his performance. His most dangerous feat was to walk up a tight rope from the stage to the gallery of the theatre, the incline being very steep. Well, while we were in New had to earry something over on his back and as nobody else had enough interest in the affair to be willing to ris a his life, or enough faith in Blondin's strength and skill to take such desperate chances, I had to do the rid-

"Bo that if there had been an accident the whole troupe, manager, and all, would have disappeared."

"Yes, of course, Blondin wore tights the same as rope waikers usually do, except that he had on a sort of harness, so that I could reach around his neck and get a good grip withour choking him, and so that I could stick my legs through a pair of things like alings, and cross them in front of him, without interloring with his arms or

" How much did you weigh?" "More than I do now-about 165 "Did he carry a balance pole?"

"Oh, of course, That was more ne cessary with me on his back than if he was walking by himself. He carried an unusually heavy pole-had to, you know, I think it weighed either seventy-five or one hundred pounds."

"The entire weight he carried was about 250 pounds?"

"About that, The rope was stretched acrose the river about where the by M. C. Widemann to give chesp, per-fect and durable insulation to telegraph much closer to the falls than the old bridge. Blondin was very confident not a happy one.

and firm, but of course we both knew it was a desperate chance to take He walked first very slowly and regularly, sional stops, stool on one leg, kissed his hand to the crowd, and did a few other such things as you have seen other rope walkers do, I could see the water way down under us and the crowd on either side, everybody watching us with faces which looked as if they were suffering. There was no cheering or applause while we were out over the water, and the roar of the falls, cloths are spread, and after breakfast which seemed only a few yards away, would have prevented us from hearing 11:30 A. M. sweepers are piped and very plainiy, even if there had been. then mess-cloths are laid for dinner, It was a terrible few moments to me; after which she is swept fore and aft more so to me than to Blondin, because once more. It's done twice more, be- he was used to that kind of danger and fore supper and after supper, making six times a day. You mustn't think they sweep only. Not a day passes but sure you, I felt mighty good when we that the decks are either dry or wet reached solid ground again and the holy-stoned. A hely-stone is a big people began to yell and shrick and wave their handerchiefs. You can form some idea of how big the crowd was, when I tell you Blo din received \$2,000 for the performance That gave us a over the decks, which have been first big start, and not long afterward we wet down and springled with sand. went to London, Just before we started a young man we had hire! as our treasurer ran off with \$2,000 of our money, and left us little except our tickets to travel on. We had hardly reached London before we were offered £150 each for twelve performs ces at the Crystal Palace,

"In a couple of years he had made nearly a hundred thousand dollars, and when I left him, after six years of business, he was a very wealthy man. He suffered once in a bankruptcy affair caused by a corner in wines, but still has a fine fortune, and lives in splendid style. I dined with hin when in England last,"

A Famous Steamboat Engineer.

There have been many fast steam

boats built during the past forty years,

and the result has been many fast trips

by them; but no event during that period has served to detract in any degree from the fame acquired by the Duke of Orleans, which, in May, 1814, ran from Cincinnati to New Orleans in three days and twenty hours, and came up again in five days and eighteen hours. To belittle her performance, it has been said that she was a small boat with powerful machinery; that she carried all of the steam that it was possible to generate in her boilers, and that she did no way business; but the fact remains that forty years have rolled by and no boat has equalled her performance. Upon her return trip she left New Orleans on Sunday, May 26, at 11:10 A, M, according to the Cincinnati standard of time, having on board for fuel thirty-six cords of pine wood, thirty-five cords of cotton and cypress woods, two hundred bushels of coal and thirty-five barrels of rosin. To fully realize her great speed it must be borne in mind that she wooded from the bank, which consumed much time, and that she made landings at Vicksburg and Memphis for business, and was detained some hours at the canal. Since that ough his vigor is well preserved. He remarkable trip no boat has exhibited or Mississippi rivers without being forced to suffer by comparison with the Dake of Orleans, and thus the incidents of her great performance are kept fresh in the minds of all, but it is proper that the foregoing remarks should intro-duce intelligence of the death of Isaac West, chief engineer of the Duke of Orleans when she made her famous run, who stood at the head of his profession at that time, and to whose devotion to duty may be partly attributed the wonderful performance of the boat. Uf all who were aboard during the trip but was not quite so tall as l, although very powerful. I think he was about five feet seven inches high. We traveled all over the country with the trou e, all over the country with the trou e, all over the played here at what, and Dawdon Cockayne, who was a passand Dawdon Cockayne, who was a passan two are now alive-namely, Eu W. Cunsenger and is now residing in Kentucky thirty miles back of Newport, the latter figuring conspicuously in an inci-dent of the trip which iliustrates Mr. West's devotion to duty heretofore noted. At one time steam was escaping from the safety-valve when steam was precious, and the sound annoyed Mr. York State he thought what a big thing it would be to cross over Niagara on a tight rope, so he left the troppe thing it would be to cross over Niagara ou a tight rope, so he left the troupe and made an arrangement wite the railroad companies leading to the falls by which he was to give a performance there, and was to receive a certain amount on every ticket that was sold by the railroads. That was in the summer of 1861. A tremendous crowd of people gathered that day at the Falls, and it was a nice day for our purpose. I was no performer, but acted, you know, in the capacity of manager. In this particular event, however, Blondin had to carry something over on his back time a wealthy man, but his nature was more generous than his purse would admit. One of his acquaintances said of him: "He was big-hearted and liberal, of which there are living witnesses. He kept many a poor family from freezing, and there are well-to-do people to-day who owe all that they now own to the fiberality of Isaac West, a liberality which made him poor, and some of these people have passed him by in later years without recognizing

Mr. West was twice married, and leaves two sons and three daughters by his first wife, who was an adopted daughter of Grendmother Hudson, a lady whom the hot weather of two or tures years ago so much affected that she died at the age of 95 years, after having brought up a large number of adopted children. His second wife was a Mrs. Shaley, who died about a year age, after which Mr. West made his me with his son-in-law, Mr. En Ganit, No. 583 East Third street, until his death from heart disease, which had caused him to se ill several months, Had he hved till the 12th of next June ne would have been 76 years old. About fifteen years ago he retired from busi-

Many farmers leave their implements