THE SECRET OF POWER.

O! all the men whom I admire
There's not a one who may aspire

To stand as high, and none who can
As does the truly "quiet man."

If any being on the earth
Gets credit far beyond his worth,

That one can be none other than
This unobtrusive "quiet man."

No matter what's within his head
His silence is interpreted

To be a sign that wisdom lies
Behind his inexpressive eyes.

If so he drops a word or two,
His friends will search 'em through
and through

To meanings deeper in intent
Than e'er the speaker thought or meant.

If so, by chance, he takes a stand,
Assumes position of command,

Surprised approval greets him then,
And you shall hear from other men:

"Some weighty reason lays behind
An act so foreign to his kind."

When things go wrong his moveless state
Is credited to scorn of fate;

So softly to himself he swears,
'Tis thought he murmurs pious prayers,

He's so misjudged, his flaws at length
Are twisted into points of strength.

Poor humankind awaits command
From all it doesn't understand,

And he may work his own sweet will
Who has the art of keeping still.

—Chicago Journal.

The Discontent of Helen.

"What a bright little girl!"

That is what Mrs. Marchmont said, one bright summer morning, lingering in the doorway of Mrs. Hammond's thrifty dwelling and laying her hand among the fair curls of Helen, Mrs. Hammond's little girl. That was myself.

I liked Mrs. Marchmont. She was a beautiful woman, intellectual, cultivated, refined. And I was pleased that she noticed me and liked me.

My father was not a rich man, not at all "well-to-do," as the phrase goes. My mother had to do her own housework and latterly had kept me at home from school to help her, needing that help very much with three children younger than myself. The circumstances troubled me. I wanted to possess advantages like other girls whose parents were better off than mine. Then Mrs. Marchmont came on some errand—to get references concerning a housekeeper, I believe—and noticed me in the way I have recorded.

"Does she attend school?"

"No," my mother said and explained the reason, expressing her regret, at the same time, because I was so fond of study. And she would have liked to give me a good education.

"Let her come to my house some day and look at the books in the library," said Mrs. Marchmont. "She may bring home any of them that she likes."

My mother thanked her cordially. And how happy I was!

She came again after that and took me to spend the day with her. I cannot tell how much I enjoyed my visit. I saw such a number of beautiful things—pictures, statues—a hundred lovely and curious objects from far-off countries. And I brought home a book.

I went there quite frequently after that. Not often to stay, but always welcomed kindly and always bringing home a book.

In three years Ada, the sister next in age to myself, was 15. Now Mrs. Marchmont persuaded my mother to send me to a first-class academy for a year or two. She herself would bear the expense, and Ada would take my place.

After some demur my parents consented, thanking her earnestly for her kindness, as I did. And I went.

I suppose there were few girls happier than I during the two years I was at school. I studied to my heart's content and made excellent progress. At the end of two years I came home finished, as the saying is. I went to Mrs. Marchmont's. I was 18 now, rather pretty and with my ideas a little elevated beyond my position in life. I took note of the black servant at the door; the height and grandeur of Mrs. Marchmont's rooms, the elegance and richness of the appointments that everywhere met my gaze. My kind friend was delighted to see me, made a thousand inquiries concerning my attainments and showed altogether an interest in me that pleased and flattered me.

"Now you must come often and see me," she said. "I shall be glad to see you."

I went home pleased, yet discontented. I had seen just enough of the ease and the enjoyment of life and the desirableness of riches to make me dissatisfied with my own humble fortune and surroundings. I looked at the plain, small house I lived in—at the small, low rooms and their plain and well-worn furniture—with a secret feeling of heart-sickness.

"What is the matter, Helen?" asked my mother.

"Nothing, mamma." was my answer.

She did not press her inquiries then. She was a wise as well as a good woman. But I know she watched me and guessed the cause of my serious looks.

But the next day she said: "I am glad your father is getting along in business better than he used to, Helen, so that we need not send you out to earn your own living in the world. I was afraid a year or two ago that I should have to. You do not know what a relief it is to me that I can keep you at home."

Her words conveyed to me, as I think she meant they should, an idea of how much harder my life might have been than I now found it. I thought about the matter and honestly tried to feel how comparatively well off I was. But it was hard, after all. Our little dwelling did not grow any larger, the rooms were quite as low and small as ever, the furniture no less plain and old-fashioned. Yes, I was glad that I was not forced to get my own living in the world; but for all that I was discontented.

"Mother," I overheard Ada saying one day, "Helen isn't happy, I think, because we are not rich, like Mrs. Marchmont."

"Are you happy with your humble circumstances, my dear?" asked my mother.

"Why, I would like to be rich, of course," said Ada; "but we can't be rich, you know; and then we are so comfortable—we have each other and a really pleasant home; and—yes, mamma, I am happy, I'm sure. Only I feel sorry for Helen."

I could not help feeling rebuked. And at night, when my father came home, more tired than usual, he put on his slippers and stretched his weary limbs, saying:

"I have had such a busy day, Mary, and it seems good to get home to you and the children."

He kissed her tenderly and took little Johnny on his knee, his face wearing such a good smile, such a look of rest and contentment.

"Come," he said after supper, "let us sing."

We had no piano, but we got our hymnbooks and sang together—my father and mother had beautiful voices, and Ada's was a correct and musical alto; and the music and the words were so sweet and tender that it melted my heart. I thought what if that loving little choir were broken. And I realized that we were indeed happy; that the lines had fallen to us in pleasant places; that I myself was naughty and ungrateful to be discontented.

That night my father was taken ill, and I was startled—frightened—self-condemned. Especially when I knew that he was suffering great agony—that he was very sick—that the doctor said his illness was a very serious and dangerous one. I thought, what if my father should die!

For two or three days his case was doubtful, and what a sad household was ours! The little ones were taken to the house of a kind neighbor. Mamma and Ada and I watched and nursed our poor father night and day, not knowing whether he would live or die. I cannot tell you how I felt.

The house seemed so desolate, with papa lying sick, and when I went into the rooms downstairs I thought how happy, how contented I should be in them—how cheerful I could be then—how golden and sunshiny the whole little dwelling would seem if papa would get well again. And I prayed, humbly and penitently, that he might be restored to us.

He was. After one sad and anxious week the doctor said he was mending, and if ever there was a happy, glad and grateful girl it was I.

I went about the house like a new creature the day he was to come down stairs, brightened and beautified everything about the rooms to the best of my ability—hung the canary in the sunshine and made the place beautiful with blooming geraniums and roses and heliotropes and hanging vines. And I saw that the fire in the open grate burned clear and bright; that the hearth was clean and no speck of dust about, and papa's favorite books lay ready to his hands, and first of all the great Bible, out of which I myself read aloud a psalm of thanksgiving for him and all of us that night.

I was so happy that mamma could not but see the change in me, and she took me in her arms and kissed me silently and, oh, so tenderly.

And after that I could not and did not murmur any more. But, instead, I went about, daily making our before despised little house as pleasant as I could, until I wondered to see how beautiful and cheerful and pleasant it really was; wondered, too, that I had never felt it before. But I knew the reason I had been so blind was because I would not see.

Mrs. Marchmont had come two or three times while papa was ill. She came again, now he was down stairs, and made a long call. As she went away she lingered at the door.

"Do you know, Mrs. Hammond," she said to my mother, "do you know how I like to come here? Do you know how pleasant it is here?—such a home-feeling comes over me when I get among you all, in this little nest, that I almost hate to go away. It looks like a picture in there. And you are all so happy."

She looked back into our little sitting room with a smile of real pleasure. And how pleased and happy I was.

The next week Mrs. Marchmont invited Ada and me to come and take tea with her and go with her and her husband to hear a celebrated lecturer in the evening. When Mr. Marchmont came home from the store he brought with him Henry Earle, one of his clerks, whom I had seen before, once at their house and once at the store, when I went there with a message from Mrs. Marchmont to her husband. We all took tea and went to the lecture together. And Mrs. Marchmont kept Ada over night with her, but I went home after the lecture, and Henry went with me as far as my own door.

I met him at the Marchmonts' more than once after, for he was a favorite with Mr. Marchmont, and they invited him there often, and sometimes we went again, as on the evening I have spoken of, to a lecture or reading, and he always waited upon me home. Presently he came to see us there.

I did not exactly know why, but I could not help feeling a little earnestness that my father and mother should like him. I thought they ought to.

For myself, it had become pleasant to me to meet him. I had learned to like his gentle smile, the glance of his kind eyes, the sound of his voice, that seemed always, somehow, to take a sweeter tone to me than to others. And I was glad when papa and mamma both seemed to like him very much and asked him to come again.

"He is very sensible, very intelligent, very refined—a gentleman, my dear Helen—yes, I like him extremely," said my father. And mamma said she thought as he did, and that it was quite pleasant to see Mr. Earle once in a while of an evening.

Mrs. Marchmont kissed me one day.

"So Henry comes to see you now?" she said, smiling.

I blushed—I could not reply.

"I wanted to tell you," I answered, "but—I did not—I did not—know exactly how."

She laughed at my stammering confession and kissed me again.

"How did you know he came?" I managed to ask.

"He told us last night," she replied. "He wanted us to know and approve, which, of course, we did," she added, smiling archly.

Nothing more was said at the time; but my cheeks were burning, and I was so glad to get home and hide myself in my chamber.

"He wanted them to know and—approve." The words repeated themselves over and over in my ears. What did they mean? What could they mean? There was only one thing, that my own heart kept telling me again and again, telling me that I knew—I knew—I had known this long while. And I put my fingers on my ears, but I could not keep the sound out.

He came—it was a lovely night in June, bright with the full moonlight and sweet with the breath of early summer in our little suburban lanes—and asked me to walk with him.

I cannot tell how far we went. It was a long way, and we said not a great deal, I think, all the while, only walked and walked, with my arm in his and his hand holding mine silently and tenderly.

It was nearly ten when we got back. Papa and mamma and the children had all gone upstairs. And we went in and stood in the little sitting room, with the beautiful moonlight falling all about us, through the windows curtained and draped with honeysuckles and roses.

And then Henry, with his arm about me and his face near mine, told me how much he loved me—how he wanted me to marry him.

"Will you, Helen?" he said.

And I was so happy, so glad, that I had no words to give him, and could only hide my face. But he knew.

He was only a clerk in Mr. Marchmont's counting room, with a salary that was certainly not a fortune, and he could only give me a house as big as this, he said; but Mr. Marchmont said he was to do better soon, and, meanwhile, loving each other well and truly, he thought we could get along nicely, if I could be satisfied for his sake.

I was more than satisfied; I was glad—happy—overjoyed beyond words. I, who had been such a murmurer—so ungrateful and discontented and repining.

But I had learned a lesson now. I knew that it was not riches and station, but true worth and loving hearts, that made real happiness, after all, and I welcomed my lover, with his clerk's salary and the little house no bigger than the one I had lived in all my days, and had nothing left to ask for.

We have more money now, to be sure, and live in a larger house than in those days, and my husband is Mr. Marchmont's partner, instead of his clerk; but the day when I gave myself to Henry without a fortune was the happiest I had ever known, and though we are rich now I have known no happier one since. I had all I could ask for that day. I needed nothing more.

ALUMINUM'S NEW USES.

A CATALOGUE THAT IS MARVELOUS IN ITS EXTENT.

Rapidly Taking Its Place With Iron and Steel as the Most Useful of Metals—Its Greatest Claim to Preference Is Cheapness—Odd Uses.

Aluminum bids fair to become, within the next half century, one of the most useful of metals. Scarcely a week goes by that some new field of usefulness for it is not discovered. From a strong possibility of becoming the metal which enters most largely into the subsidiary coins of the United States government to the newest of shoes for the feet of horses, it runs through a catalogue of uses that is marvelous in its extent. Iron and steel have long been known as two of the most useful metals. Aluminum must now be given an equal place with either of them.

The odd uses to which this metal is put are almost innumerable. The gruesome metallic casket of copper and steel that is used to hide away forever the mortal tenements of humanity is gradually being replaced by the lighter aluminum affair, which answers the purpose more satisfactorily, and at the same time may be hermetically sealed.

Almost a revolution has been created by aluminum among the lithographers. The chances are that nine persons out of ten suppose the old stone process, as it is called, is still in vogue. This consisted of tracing on a slab of stone, known as lithographers' stone, whatever it was desired to take a lithograph of. To print these lithographs under the old system described necessitated the use of a flat press, and this meant slowness of speed. With the up-to-date aluminum lithographic plate it is different. The aluminum plate may be bent so that it will fit upon the cylinder of a fast press, making the speed full 100 per cent. greater, and thus saving expense on the basis of the fact that time is money.

So far as Uncle Sam and aluminum are concerned there is much to think of. Should aluminum, as seems very probable now, succeed copper as the metal in use at the Mint, every person who utilizes the penny will be affected. When that day comes, each cent will be light weight and a thousand times more convenient to carry about. For this use aluminum is also preferable, it is said, from a hygienic standpoint, as copper affords a resting place for the microbes of various diseases, which aluminum would not do.

Some months ago a series of experiments with aluminum were carried on at the United States Mint at Philadelphia, and, although not as extensive as they might have been, were sufficiently so to prove that the substitution of aluminum for copper in money was entirely feasible. The matter was reported upon by the Congressional Committee upon Coinage, Weights and Measures, and in view of its report it is very likely that some some action in the matter will be taken at the next regular session of Congress.

Speaking of hygienic purposes of aluminum, it is said to be as excellent a purifier of water as there is. The salts of aluminum are insoluble in water. Consequently, it is plain that when these salts are formed the water can be strained and the impurities removed from it. Perhaps the most popular method of purification of water by means of aluminum is what is known as the trough method. The trough is composed of plates of aluminum and zinc or iron six or eight inches apart.

One end of the tank affords an entrance for the volume of water which passes over the top of one plate and thence under the plate next to it, this being accomplished by the fact the elevation of the plates is different. In connection with this tank or trough there is a moderate-sized electrical generator. Aluminum will not form the negative pole of a current, but the other plates used will. It is always the case that when an electric current comes in contact with water in this fashion it decomposes a certain portion of the fluid, as it were.

The result of this decomposition is that ozone is formed and oxygen freed. This means absolute extinction to any microbes or organic matter which the water might contain, leaving it, after meeting the purification the salts of aluminum occasion, as clear and healthful as the water which flows from the purest spring. There are other methods of purifying water by the use of aluminum, but they are not adopted to any extent, the trough or tank system always having been productive of the best results.

Possibly one of the greatest claims of aluminum to preference is that it is cheaper, for, although the demand for it has tremendously increased, there has been no notable increase in price.

It costs much less than zinc or copper for instance, and it is replacing them in many instances, such as in the manufacture of paper and celluloid. Even some of the most popular musical instruments are made of aluminum. The mandolin, the guitar, the banjo, are all constructed of the metal occasionally. Even the violin has been made of aluminum, and very successfully.—Philadelphia Times.

LONDON CRIES AND STREET SIGHTS.

Curiosities of Outdoor Life in the Great City.

Among the more frequent cries in all districts, but particularly in the crowded business and shopping sections, are those of the cabmen and omnibus-conductors. For example: "Pic'dilly," "Full inside," "Igher up," "Keb, sir? Keb, madam?" and at the railway stations, "Glawster Rowds" "'Igh Street," "Kenzint'un," "King's Krauss," "Menshun 'Ouse," "Wes'minster," "S'n' Jimes-iz Pawk," "Victawia," etc.

In London, as at home, many saleable articles are carried on the head, only London differs from American cities in this being a more frequent custom. But in considering this thought we must remember that London is the most populous city in the world, and therefore there are more salesmen in it, and they must take their own way to dispose of their stuffs. And odd as many of their customs now seem, the London of the last century was more peculiar still. For instance among the cries of that period were "Jaw-work up and under jaw-work; a whole pot for a half-penny; hazelnuts!" "New-laid eggs, eight a groat—crack 'em and try 'em;" and among the sights was brick-dust carried on the backs of asses and sold for a penny a quart. And "Tiddy Diddy Doll, lol, lol, lol," the vender of hot gingerbread, who was counted a king of tradesmen. He dressed as an individual of rank, wore a ruffled shirt, white silk stockings, and laced suit of clothes. He also wore a white wig and a cocked hat decorated with a long feather. He amused the people who gathered around him by his nonsense, some of which was the following.

"I live two steps underground, with a wiscom, riscom, and why not. Walk in, ladies and gentlemen. My shop is on the second floor backwards, with a brass knocker at the door. Here's your nice gingerbread, your spiced gingerbread, which will melt in your mouth like a red-hot brickbat, and rumble in your inside like Punch in his wheelbarrow!" after which he sang "Tiddy Diddy Doll, lol, lol, lol," and therefore his nickname was Tiddy Doll.

But we must leave the old and modern London cries and introduce the monkey, who is indeed a frequent sight here, and, like Tiddy Doll, is arrayed most fantastically. He is a prominent character, and collects no end of money for his owner, the organ-grinder. The first notice we have of his arrival is from his master, who grinds out the opening notes of a familiar dance or song; scarcely has he played one bar of the same, however, before the monkey runs up the hall door before which they are standing, far enough to reach the knocker, which he lifts, allows to drop twice or thrice, and then runs down again, and waits expectantly. In a few moments the maid appears, smiles pleasantly at the monkey, closes the door and retires, only to appear a few moments later with pennies in her hand. When this collection is made, the monkey runs off satisfied, only to repeat a similar action at the house next door. Indeed, he does not always wait for the money to come before leaving, for he seems to know it will be all right when the maid smiles, and in his hurry and greed for coin runs on to the next door, opened by the time the money is brought to the one he has just left. And thus the organ grinder and his monkey make their tour around the squares, and when night has come many sovereigns are often the collection of a single day.—Harper's Bazar.

Baltimore Wants Its Taxes.

Street car conductors in Baltimore are to be under double surveillance for a time. In addition to the inspectors of fare registers employed by the companies the park board of the city has employed forty on its own behalf. The interest of the park board in the matter concerns the city's getting its full share of taxes from the railway companies for the maintenance of the public parks. Under the law the street car companies pay into the park fund 9 per cent. of their receipts from fares collected within the old city limits, the tax being levied on the receipts in proportion to the relative percentage of the trackage within the city limits to that outside.

For years the returns from this tax were sufficient to maintain the city parks, but since the electric development and the extension of the street railroads further into the suburbs the gross receipts upon which the city collects its tax have become so much less that the avails are insufficient for park purposes. For this reason the park board is questioning the equity of the mileage system of measuring gross receipts, and its employment of inspectors may be preliminary to the devising of a new plan of apportionment.—New York Press.

Triumph.

First Tramp—Haw! Haw! I've won a bet I made wid me frien', Beery Bill. He gev me odds of two to one he wouldn't do ten days' work inside of a year.

Second Tramp—What's he been a-doin?"

First Tramp—It says here he's been sent up fer six mont's at hard labor.