

up Jamie, doing his best to maintain a chastened tone. 'Did ye catch the writin'?

'In affectionate remembrance of Lily Grant, Who did her duty.'

Sir Andra's ain hand; an' Lily got nae mair than her due.'

When Jamie parted with Drumsheugh on the way home, and turned down the road to Janet's cottage, to give her the lilies and a full account of her lassie, Drumsheugh watched him till he disappeared.

'Thirty pund was what he drew frae the Muirtown bank, oot o' his savings, for the clerk told me himsel, and naeboddy jalouses the trick. It's the cleverest thing Jamie ever did, an' ane o' the best a've seen in Drumtochty.'—*McClure's Magazine*.

(The end.)

THE WONDERFUL TAJ MAHAL OF INDIA.

The central point of attraction to the stranger at Agra must always be the wonderful building known as the Taj Mahal, at once the tomb and the monument of the empress of Shah Jehan. It is said that on the spot where the tomb now stands there was once a sort of summer palace, where the great Mogul and his family spent part at least of the year, as it was the favorite residence of his wife, to whom he was devotedly attached. Here, the story goes, she had asked him to build her the most beautiful palace ever yet constructed as a memorial of his affection for her and of their happiness together. Before anything was done to carry out this design, however, the beloved empress died, leaving the emperor inconsolable for his loss. What he could not do for the living wife he determined still to do for her memory, and the result was the erection of the famous tomb, which remains still the most beautiful example of its class in the world. The building stands on the opposite bank of the Jumna from the palace and city of Agra, and its domes of white marble rising from among the luxuriant vegetation of the surrounding garden form the most dazzling object that can well be conceived as seen from almost any part of the city, but especially from the palace itself.

No estimate has ever been formed of the wealth lavished on the building, but that it must have been enormous no one who examines the almost incredible beauty and elaborateness of the workmanship and the rare and, in some cases, almost priceless character of the material used in its construction, can possibly doubt. The actual execution of the work employed a host of the most skilled laborers obtainable in the Eastern world for twenty-two years, and when it is remembered that the building is small compared with most of those on which emperors have lavished their treasures, some idea of the intricacy of its design and the beauty of its execution may be formed.

The gateway by which we entered the enclosure itself prepared us somewhat for the splendor of the building within. Like every part of the building and its surroundings, this gateway is constructed of the purest white marble polished to the highest perfection of which the stone is capable, while the carving and designs embossed on the surface are remarkable for the elegance and grace of their conception as well as for the perfection of their execution. It is no easy matter to

accustom the mind to the idea that this work, hardly less perfect to-day than it was two hundred and fifty years ago, can have stood exposed to the weather all those years. Something, no doubt, is due to the climate, and more, perhaps, to the exquisite polish of the surface, which has fitted it to resist the weather to the best advantage. It is, however, on the interior of the mausoleum that Eastern art, with all its wealth of patient industry, has lavished the best of all it had to offer. The whole interior blazes to-day exactly as it did when first erected, with the perfect reproduction in polished stone of every leaf and flower with which nature has adorned the Indian peninsula. And not one shade of all the exquisite color is produced by any pigment. If a single flower demanded a score of tints to reproduce its perfect beauty, the effect was obtained by the use of a score of different stones without regard to their rarity or value. Nor is the effect injured by marks of joining. Hardly anything short of a microscope would in most instances disclose the fact that art and not nature had produced the dazzling effect. But it is hopeless to attempt to give any adequate idea of this consummate work of art, which stands, and no doubt will stand, unrivalled as the highest example of unwearying art supported by unbounded resources. — *From Harper's Weekly*.

SPARE TIME.

A party of ladies and gentlemen were shown through a large carpet establishment in Brooklyn not long ago. They were permitted to look into every nook and corner of the building except one. At the bottom of the stairway leading to the top floor they came upon a closed door, upon which were the words, "Positively no Admittance." The curiosity of the ladies was awakened at once. "What is up there?" inquired one, eagerly. "That is the workshop," explained the representative of the firm. "We have one hundred and fifty women on that floor sewing carpets."

"Oh, I should so like to see them at work," said the fair questioner, with a playfully beseeching look.

"I am sorry that I cannot take you up there," replied the firm's representative; "but the rules are very strict. Really, there is nothing worth looking at, and there are no trade secrets there. The reason why the firm interdicts visitors is, because the presence of strangers causes every sewing-woman to look up, and takes her attention off her work from one to five minutes. Suppose every woman loses an average of two minutes. With one hundred and fifty women that means a loss to the firm of three hundred minutes, or five hours of time. That is too much to lose when we are working under a full head of steam, as we are now."

William Herschel discovered Uranus, the greatest discovery of the telescope. He had hitherto been known as a clever amateur astronomer, who had spent the intervals between his musical studies in writing a theory on the height of the mountains of the moon, or in manufacturing telescopes. Music was his profession, but so jealous was he of the spare moments he might give to astronomy that he habitually rushed from the orchestra between the acts to snatch brief glimpses of the heavens.

No one ever appreciated the value of time more than Lord Nelson. "Five minutes," he used to say, "make the difference between a victory and a defeat."

Our Young Folks.

WHEN THE FROST IS ON THE PUNKIN.

The husky, rusty rassel of the tassels of the corn,
And the raspin' of the tangled leaves, as golden as the morn;
The stubble in the furries—kind o' lonesome-like but still,
A-preachin' sermons to us of the barns they growed to fill;
The strawstack in the medder, and the reaper in the shed;
The hoes in theyr stalls below—the clover overhead!—
O, it sets my hart a-clickin' like the tickin' of a clock,
When the frost is on the punkin and the fodder's in the shock.

—Whitcomb Riley.

SLUMBER SONG.

Adown the twilight river we float,
Baby and I together,
Gliding along in our little boat,
Baby and I together,
Down to the wonderful land that waits
Where the river flows through the sunset gates,
While the silvery stars keep watch and ward
As we drift beneath their loving guard,
Baby and I together.

Adown the river we softly glide,
Baby and I together,
As the day goes out on the ebbing tide,
Baby and I together,
The twilight river is broad and deep,
So close to the shadowy banks we keep,
While drowsy poppies nod and sway,
And sleepily beckon us to stay,
Baby and I together.

To Slumberland our craft we steer,
Baby and I together,
Slowly, but surely, our port we near,
Baby and I together,
Where the Dream-tree spreads its branches wide,
And scatters rare fruit on every side,
Down the twilight river we float along,
While lapping waves croon a tender song,
Baby and I together.

A fair little head is drooping low,
Baby and I together,
Gently into the harbor go,
Baby and I together,
Have reached the shores of Slumberland,
By whispering breezes softly fanned,
Amid the fleet that are anchored fast,
Hush! we are safely moored at last,
Baby and I together.

—Motherhood.

AN ENTERPRISING PHOTO-GRAPHER.

The recent war between China and Japan, which now seems to be practically over, fortunately, was watched by all the military and naval men in the world with a great deal of interest, for it was the first real war in which many of the modern inventions in war-ships and army accoutrements were given a fair trial. To be sure China had little that was modern in her army and navy, though some of the ships of her navy were of recent European build, and were manned by capable seamen and good fighting-men. But the Japanese certainly did have many of the modern inventions in their cruisers, and they made most effective use of them.

The correspondents of the great papers of the world, however, seem to have suffered, and whether this is a development of modern warfare, or because the Japanese and Chinese did not understand and appreciate their position, does not appear to have been settled. At all events, the correspondents from Japan and China, as well as those from European and American countries, went about their always dangerous business at their peril, and were in constant danger of being captured and hung or murdered by either party. Some of these bright and daring men did lose their lives there, and no one takes the trouble to sing a requiem over them in verse or prose, but others, in spite of all the opposition, got to and remained at the front, and succeeded in sending out accurate news to their papers.

It was one of these successful newspaper men, and a Japanese at that, who originated the idea of using a balloon to help him get to the front, as well as to keep him safely out of the reach of both contestants. He procured a balloon, several, in fact—and had a peculiar metal framework constructed, which held him firmly in place under the balloon, and left his arms free, so that he could use them to write, or to work a huge camera that was also attached and supported by the same iron frame. By means of straps over his shoulders and about his body he could keep himself moderately firm in his position, and his camera reasonably stationary, except, of course, for the movements of the balloon itself, which he could not regulate.

Several times this correspondent was sent up in his balloon, and held by an assistant with the help of a long rope far above houses, and even hills, so that he could take photographs on his huge lens of the general view of a battle, while he himself was either too far away or too unimportant at the moment to the combatants to tempt them to fire upon him. In this way he succeeded in securing some astonishing views. They were, of course, very far removed from the scene of action, too far to give much of the small details, but they presented a bird's-eye view of the whole battle, which proved of great interest. Occasionally, because of a sudden movement of the balloon, he "took" the sky or a distant landscape instead of the raging battle beneath him, but these little mistakes were insignificant when, on being hauled down, he discovered two or three views that showed charges of cavalry here, repulses of infantry there, and smoke and strife, bursting shells and burning houses, everywhere.

Sometimes the photographer would go up in his camera-balloon without being held to the earth by a rope, and then he might drift with the wind over the battlefield, or quietly drift away without getting a chance to "shoot." As a rule, however, calculations were pretty well made before the rope was dropped, and then the balloon was allowed to float where it would, with the comparative certainty that it would pass over, or nearly over, the scene of action.

Here is a chance for photographers who want to take new scenes and original things with their cameras. The earth at a few hundred feet distance would look like a big bowl covered with many little roofs, laced with white roads, along which funny little animals would be seen crawling along at a snail's pace.—*Harper's Round Table*.

Japan has a beautiful custom. At children's parties caged birds are brought in. The child, eager to confer happiness, takes a bird out carefully, and throws it into the air. Soon the cages are empty. It is the way they play "freedom." No wonder they are essentially a gentle, humane race, slow to create suffering, and loath to permit it.

Lake Superior is in danger of losing its distinction of being the largest fresh water lake in the world. African explorers begin to think Lake Victoria Nyanza is larger.

The Christian's hardest battles with the devil are often fought at the door of his closet.