

that the poor woman was the only bread-winner of a family of four. Her son was crippled, her granddaughter a little school girl, and her husband had for some months been out of work since a new railroad official had dismissed him as being too old to do much work. The stranger then suggested that she should apply, on her husband's behalf, to the railroad authorities. "That is no good whatever," she replied, as she wiped her tears with her apron. "If you haven't the pope for your cousin, nowadays you can't get anybody to listen to you." "Then try the emperor," the stranger went on. "Alas!" she sighed, "if the old gentleman was allowed to see petitions that are sent it might do some good, but he does not get to know about us poor people."

"Well, then, let your husband write to the crown prince." "Yes," she said, "he might do that," and she would tell him so as soon as she had sold her flowers. By this time the train had got to the terminus, the old dame bundled out her basket, and noticed with astonishment that the officials and the crowd on the platform looked at her carriage and saluted and cheered. "What's up?" she asked. "Why, the crown prince was in the same compartment with you!" Then the flower seller held her head high and told every syllable of what had happened to the delighted crowd. Her flowers were sold before five minutes were over, and a fortnight afterward her husband was at work again in his old place.

"Gentleman Jim."

In the diamond shaft worked Gentleman Jim
Handsome of face, stout of limb,
Coarse in dress, but something in him,
Whether down in the coal mine, solid and grim,
Or wandering alone in holiday time,
Won the love and respect of all in that clime.

He had no sweetheart, he had no wife,
Some mighty sorrow had dimmed his life—
His earnings, hardly won and small,
Were at the orphans' and widows' call—
Of those who had perished in shaft or winze,
He was the friend of all living things,
And moving along in those toilsome ways,
He wore the demeanor of gentler days.

In April last, when the mine fell in,
Beneath the timbers stood Gentleman Jim;
With giant grasp he flung two of the boys
Clear out of danger. With deafening noise
The shaft gave way on every side;
The boys were safe, but Jim—he died—

Died as men die, and will die again,
Giving their lives for their fellow-men.

When rocks and timbers were cleared away,
And Jim borne up to the light of day,
They took from his bosom, stained with blood,
Two withered leaves and a withered bud
Pinned on a card. "Toute-a-toi—Marie"
Was written beneath them; beneath it he,
On his heart for years had worn,
Had written, "All withered—except the thorn."

What life romance, what story of wrong,
This man had locked up in his soul so long
None who loved him may ever know;
But the tale of his glorious, chivalric deed
Shall not perish as long as men hold this creed—
That the hero whose blood for his kind is shed
Wins a deathless fame and an honored bed—
A monument grander than sculptor e'er gave,
In the glory that hallows the martyr's grave.

A Song from the Heart.

One afternoon, toward the close of the year
1851, a gentleman occupying a room in a hotel
at New Orleans had his attention arrested by
the tones of a flute, not far away, played sweetly,
but evidently by a novice. Taking a like instrument
from its box on a table near him, he executed the
"Last Rose of Summer," with variations. Presently
there came a faint tap upon the door, and responsive
to his "Come in!" a lad of perhaps fourteen entered
his presence. "Well, my boy, what do you wish?"
the gentleman asked, in a kindly tone. "While
I was playing my flute a few moments ago, I
heard you play, as I never heard any one play
before. I am blind, but managed to find my
way here, hoping to hear more of your music,"
timidly. "I shall be pleased to accommodate
you. Take a seat; there is a chair close beside
you, at your right hand." The boy sat down,
and the gentleman played several pieces exquisitely.

"Who are you?" inquired the lad, in a husky
voice.

"My name is Kyle, and I am travelling with
Jenny Lind."

"You are?" earnestly. "I am very fond of
music, and when I learned that she was to sing
in this city, I wanted so much to hear her that
I cried. But my mother is a widow and poor,
and we live 'way up the Mississippi; so I didn't
cry much, because I knew it wouldn't do any
good. Then my friends took up a collection,
and gave me a small sum of money, enough,
they thought, to pay all expenses into one of