

PERILS OF A BALLOON VOYAGE

Some of the Dangers That Attend Aerial Navigation.

Every Year Sees a New Trial of the Air Ship but Little Progress is Made—Narrow Escape of an English Aeronaut.

Every spring about this time some enthusiast on balloons makes a trial of his new airship. Sometimes great crowds attend his venture. Usually he manages to sneak away quietly, and only a line or two in the morning newspapers record another failure.

Those who go down to the sea in ships face perils of a certain nature which they are able to meet and generally overcome by means of the appliances man has invented for the purpose of battling with the storm and waves. But those who invade the air with balloon can safeguard themselves to no appreciable extent. Peril attends the rise from earth, and once above the housetops the aerial craft is at the mercy of every breeze that blows. Danger likewise surrounds the descent, and while accidents are not so numerous as the conditions would seem to demand, still it is a fair statement to characterize as lucky any one who has passed twenty-four hours above the clouds, and then reached terra firma in safety.

It was only the other day that the 60,000 inhabitants of Croydon, an English city not far from London, were thrown into a paroxysm of excitement and apprehension regarding the fate of Professor Higgins, a local aeronaut. He had prepared a balloon of a capacity of 12,000 cubic feet, with a parachute and trapeze attachment. When he gave the signal the ropes were loosed, and the airship sailed away in the direction of Norwood. Upon reaching an altitude of 4,000 feet the parachute became how Professor Higgins went up detached from the net of the balloon, which shot up at a great rate, and rapidly disappeared in the clouds. This was an emergency not included in the programme, for Higgins had intended to descend within the limits of the field from which he made his departure. The loss of the parachute, and the perilous predicament in which the voyager was thereby placed, no car being attached to the balloon, naturally aroused the gravest fears in the minds of his friends and relatives. The last glimpse caught of him on the edge of the sky showed that he was hanging by one hand to a pendant rope and clutching at the mouth of the airship with the other. No one for a moment entertained any hope of his escape, and the general relief was accompanied with intense astonishment when late at night a telegram from Tunbridge announced that he had ailed safely.

On his return the professor naturally had a remarkable story to tell. He reached such an altitude that icicles formed on his hair and mustache. The slow escape of gas from the balloon finally changed its upward to a downward progress, and the return to the lower and warmer strata of the air revived the unwilling traveler sufficiently so that he was enabled to make a struggle for life. He lowered himself to the end of his little trapeze rope, and so hung until his feet touched the earth.

He could not, however, get free until the balloon had dragged him ten yards along the ground and rebounded sixty feet into the air. At the second descent two passing laborers rushed forward and held the struggling monster down until Higgins disentangled himself. He was half frozen and suffering from severe muscular strain, but otherwise received no injuries. It was in its way one of the most remarkable escapes on record.

AN AFRICAN MILLIONAIRE.

He Did Not Find Happiness and Committed Suicide.

It is reported from Lisbon that the famous Silva Porto, the rich and aged Portuguese trader, has committed suicide at Bihe, Africa, where long ago he accumulated a fortune in ivory and slaves. Some of the English newspapers printed long obituary notices of him over two years ago when a report of his death was circulated. Up to Livingstone's time Silva Porto was the only white man who had travelled extensively in Equatorial Africa. It has been widely asserted that he was the first white man to cross Africa. The fact is, however, that in 1853 Silva Porto travelled from Bihe almost to Lake Nyassa, but did not go to the Indian Ocean, though he sent a party of his black porters on to the east coast.

For many years the routes of Silva Porto and the names of the villages he found on his travels were the most conspicuous features on the maps of inner Africa. He became very wealthy, but would never return to Europe, perhaps because he had a good many native wives and children to keep him at his big establishment in Belmonte, Bihe.

Silva Porto was always very kind to explorers, and gave them every aid, while other Portuguese traders, wishing to keep all white men out of their preserves, treated them shabbily. "I am an old man," he wrote to Serpa Pinto, "but I am still tough. If you find yourself surrounded by peril, with all but hope gone, try to hold your own and send a letter to me by the natives at any cost. In the shortest possible time I will be with you, and will bring help and means."

BUILT BY CHRISTIAN CAPTIVES.

History and Description of the Hassan Tower in Africa.

The Sma-Hassen Tower at Rabat, Africa, is a superb structure, and although in parts unfinished and damaged by lightning, is still lordly and beautiful. Built of hewn stone brought from Spain and by the hands of Christian captives, and 180 feet from base to summit, it presents on the outside three tiers of large and elegant arches over comparatively small windows, and above the topmost arch a deep honeycomb of exquisite carving. It has a simple grandeur of proportion that is peculiarly its own and very impressive, says an exchange. The ascent of the tower is made not by stairs, but by a series of inclined planes, up which a horse might be ridden three abreast, as Leo Africanus asserts.

The lowest of these inclined planes, which are made of a concrete of lime and sand, very hard and durable, was broken away in the time of the Emperor Sidi Mahomet, and by his order, so that now a ladder has to be used before a footing can be got. As the ascent is made a number of spacious chambers, chink solemn and tenacious, except by owls and bats, are passed, and when the top is reached a magnificent view is obtained of the restless Atlantic. The tower is not merely a stately sentinel of the great mosque, but a lookout station and a beacon for ships at sea.

PSYCHEN ETHEKE.

Scene: Nashville, Tennessee.

BY REV. LEROY HOOKER.

I.

It was Decoration Day, and the folks went thronging by To the consecrated ground where their buried Heroes lie. There were sad-eyed youths and maidens, and many a silvered head, And loving little children gathering round the Nation's Dead.

II.

A passing stranger in the place, I lingered for the day To join the mourning people, and it is no shame to say My alien-heart beat faster and my eyes gave tribute due, As I walked, and mused, and listened to the tale I tell to you.

III.

Unheeded footsteps bore me where, apart from all the rest, A single mound and headstone stood with fresh-blown beauty dressed, Beside them was a farmer-man. His snow-white head was bare And bowed in reverent attitude as if he offered prayer.

IV.

I would have passed in silence had I not chanced to see The strange inscription on the slab: "John Stanley died for me." Making bold I said: "Good sir, was the man you mourn your son? And pray, what means the legend that is graven on the stone?"

V.

Shame-faced, he turned away, until the flowing sorrow dried, Then, smothering many a rising sob, he thus to me replied: "Wal, no; he wasn't son of mine; but, stranger, you can't know All he's ben to me!"—then choked with tears, resistless in their flow.

VI.

Then I asked: "Were there no kinsfolk—none of his blood to come? Or was it in their stead you laid these lilies on his tomb?" "Wal, yes," his voice still quivering, "guess the neighbors was all glad To have me come down here to-day to honor this poor lad."

VII.

"But, stranger, sence you'd like to know, set by me on his grave; There ain't no better place to tell the doin's of the brave; And you shall hear just how it was I chose the words you see On that stone—and every word is true! 'John Stanley died for me!'"

VIII.

"Feb'uary, sixty-three, way up north in Illinois,— That's where I've always lived since I was a little boy, There was a gin'ral draft, and among the rest Seth Stebbs, That's me, was spotted to be sent down South to fight the Rebs."

IX.

"I wa'n't a pesky copperhead that loved the South too well, I wa'n't a coward, nuther, as my neighbors all can tell, But when I heard my name by the Recrutin' Sargent read, It seemed as if chain-lightnin' went a crashin' through my head."

X.

"'Twas more'n three mile of crooked road I had to travel home; Don't remember how I got there; some Devil seemed to come And snarl into my ear: 'Ye'r drafted! Becky's always sick! You've seven helpless children! There's your little cripple—Dick!'"

XI.

"There's a mortgage on your farm, so you can't raise cash to pay For a substitute! you'll have only fifty cents a day To keep your eight a goin' while you're fightin' in the South And not a soul can earn enough to feed one hungry mouth!"

XII.

"In them days I wasn't pious—though I tried to keep my word, But Becky was as good as any angel of the Lord. So we took it very different. When I told her of our doom She turned as pale as death and went staggerin' to her room."

XIII.

"And I knew that she would manage to ease her heart in prayer. But, as for me, I felt and said—Wal, stranger, I don't care To tell you all I felt and said—for oh, my blood was hot, And man and God seemed hateful; I do hope its ben forgot!"

XIV.

"Wal, mornin' come quite soon enough. At seven I had to go. We'd eat our silent breakfast when I heard the stage horn blow; That meant that in five minutes I must leave them, live or die; So more than half distracted I begun to say good-bye."

XV.

"I'd got all round to Becky and my crippled baby—Dick When the stage-wheels on the bridge gave me warnin' to be quick, So I ketchted them both in arms, but I couldn't do no more; I couldn't speak; I couldn't cry; my heart was hard and sore."

XVI.

"That minute was the blackest of my life, I must allow, My heart cried out: if God is good why don't he help us now! Just then the front door opened and my teeth began to grit, I thought it was the driver to hurry me up a bit."

XVII.

"But no; it was John Stanley, the brave boy that's buried here; There he stood so tall and handsome—only turned of nineteen year! 'Wal,' says he, 'I'm just in time! Neighbor Stebbs, you needn't go, 'Twould be a cryin' shame to let you leave your family so!'"

XVIII.

"I was too dazed and wild to see just what he meant, at first, And said: 'John Stanley, 'tain't no time when things is at the worst For them that's out of trouble to be jokin' them that's in! Says he: 'It ain't no joke, Seth Stebbs; I'm not so rotten mean!'"

XIX.

"You stay at home and let me go. I'll take what God has willed; For no one will be left to starve if I get hurt or killed. Stranger—you should have seen the light that shone from Becky's face! It seemed as if the Lord had let his glory fill the place!"

XX.

"And when she said: 'God bless you, John!' 'twas just as if the Lord's Almighty voice, made low and sweet, had spoke in Becky's words. I trembled like numb-palsy when I recollected how God heard me think: if he is good why don't he help us now?"

XXI.

"And then I thought: Wal, Seth, I guess this wa'n't sent so much for you! It was pity for the children! It was Becky's prayer that drew! They said good-bye and blessed him as he hurried to the gate; For the time was more than up and the stage-boy couldn't wait."

XXII.

"I let him go in silence; but I hope he understood The tears that fell upon his hand when we parted on the road. It won't take long to finish. Before a year had passed He was shot at Chickamauga, and down here he sleeps his last."

XXIII.

"It ain't all told, it can't be! But we always keep the day That he took my place, like Christmas. And when we kneel to pray, And all comes back—how, for love of us, our brave young neighbor died— It don't seem hard to trust in The Man that was Crucified."

Is Cholera Coming.

The news which the London Lancet announced last week as to the continuance of cholera in Mesopotamia has again raised the question whether Europe stands in danger of another invasion of the disease. Cholera in Bussorah, and even in Bagdad, does not necessarily involve such danger, and although the disease has now for many months past prevailed in both these places and in the intermediate country, its incidence has apparently been all limited to Mesopotamia and to the western portion of the Persian empire.

The only really disquieting occurrence is the intelligence that it has made some headway along the Turkish trade routes to Europe—routes which would in the main convey the disease in a northwesterly and northerly direction toward the ports on the southern coast of the Baltic. Should the port towns become infested, it is certain that no Russian or Turkish means of prevention such as have been adopted on former occasions would be likely to stay the diffusion of the cholera poison if the local circumstances favored its epidemicity.

But cholera in Mesopotamia, while it may usefully incite us to the removal of these influences which tend to propagate that disease, is by no means to be regarded as an actual cause for anxiety. We certainly are not in a position to boast of any assured immunity from cholera traveling in a westerly direction from Asia Minor, but we have the satisfaction of knowing that, after years of sanitary progress, and with a steadily improving sanitary organization of our port and inland districts, cholera failed to get a footing in this country during the European epidemic of 1884-'87, and this notwithstanding the fact that we remained all the time in frequent and unhindered communication with Paris during the whole period of the epidemic in that city.

Our clear duty is, while maintaining all necessary watchfulness as to the march of cholera on the eastern confines of Europe, to continue that line of sanitary work which we have now maintained for so many years, and which has already saved more lives in this country than cholera ever destroyed among us.

The Executioner of Charles I.

A question has often been asked, who was the executioner of Charles I.? We do not mean, who were the men at whose bidding the deed was done?—for their names have come down to posterity as those of "the regicides"—but, whose hand actually dealt the blow? There are undoubtedly very strong reasons for believing that it was Richard Brandon, a resident in Rosemary Lane, the entry of whose death occurs in the register of St. Mary's, Whitechapel, under date June 21, 1649. To the entry is appended a note, evidently about the same date, to the effect that "this R. Brandon is supposed to have cut off the head of Charles First." This man is stated to have been the son of Gregory Brandon, who beheaded Lord Strafford, and may therefore be said to have claimed the gallows as his inheritance. Besides, in the "Confessions of Richard Brandon, the Hangman" (1649), we meet with the following passage:—"He [Brandon] likewise confessed that he had thirty pounds for his pains, all paid him in half-crowns within an hour after the blow was given, and that he had an orange stuck full of cloves and a handkercher out of the King's pocket so soon as he was carried from the scaffold, for which orange he was offered twenty shillings by a gentleman in Whitehall, but refused the same, and afterwards sold it for ten shillings in Rosemary Lane." If this indeed be true, it follows that the man who struck the fatal blow did not long survive the deed. He was buried in Whitechapel Churchyard, and it was with great difficulty that his interment was effected, so strong was the popular loathing against him.—Cassell's "Old and New London."

A Gang of Bomb Robbers.

In military and official circles at Sebastopol quite a sensation has been caused by the discovery of a systematic robbery of bombs from the artillery magazines in that city. From the extent of the discoveries now made by the police, it would appear that the abstraction of bombs and shells has been going on for a number of years. The Daily News correspondent at Odessa says the prosperity which during the last few years appeared to follow the operations of a certain mechanical engineer, who ten years ago was a working journeyman, and the display which this individual has recently made, primarily led to the extraordinary discovery. He erected a large factory, acquired a handsome private residence, and latterly drove about the city in a well-appointed carriage. This sudden and unaccountable prosperity attracted the notice of the police, who made a raid on the factory, when large hidden stores of bombs were discovered bearing the Government mark. The arrest of the engineer led to the further discovery that an organized band of artillerists and others were implicated in the robbery. The police are of opinion that the burning of one of the artillery magazines in Sebastopol last year was the work of the band now under arrest, who presumably fired the magazine to prevent the discovery of an unusually large theft of bombs. To the same band is attributed the mysterious murder, about the same time, of an artillery driver. The mystery which chiefly exercises the authorities for the moment is how the bombs were disposed of to such an extent as to enrich so largely the organizer of the robberies and his confederates.

A Novel Occupation.

A New York dentist employs a lady assistant at a salary of \$50 a week and a commission for every customer, who goes from house to house and cleans teeth. She is young and pretty, attractively dressed, and, while self-assertive, she is a lady in all that the name implies. She has taken a course of medical dentistry, and knows enough about toothache to put a nerve, soothe a violent toothache, or a temporary filling in a cavity requiring immediate attention, remove a child's tooth and insert wedges to loosen the little molars and incisors that need straightening. In a hand satchel she carries material for that purpose. Besides a supply of drugs, pumice stone and the like for cleaning the teeth. Ordinarily she charges 50 cents to put a set of teeth in order, but the mouths of a small family are looked into for a couple of dollars.

Merit appreciated.—Adam's Tutti Tutti Gum is entitled to special praise and recognition. Sold by all druggists and confectioners.

DOMINION BANK.

Proceedings of the Nineteenth Annual General Meeting of the Stockholders, held at the Banking House of the Institution, in Toronto, on Wednesday, May 28th, 1890.

The annual general meeting of the Dominion Bank was held at the banking house of the institution on Wednesday, May 28th, 1890.

Among those present were noticed Messrs. James Austin, Hon. Frank Smith, C. W. Lewis, Major Mason, Wm. Ince, James Scott, R. S. Cassels, Wm. Ince, James R. H. Bethune, E. Leadlay, Wm. Ross, G. Robertson, W. T. Kieley, Walter S. Lee, John Stewart, Mrs. E. Campbell, T. Walmley, J. D. Montgomery, etc.

It was moved by Mr. G. Robertson, seconded by Mr. James Scott, that Mr. James Austin do take the chair.

Major Mason moved, seconded by Mr. R. Leadlay, and

Resolved—That Mr. R. H. Bethune do act as secretary.

Messrs. Walter S. Lee and R. S. Cassels were appointed scrutineers.

The secretary read the report of the directors to the shareholders, and submitted the annual statement of the affairs of the bank, which is as follows:—

Balance of profit and loss account 30th April, 1889. \$ 7,680 00

Profits for the year ending 30th April, 1890. 75,600 00

Less: 1 per cent. payable 1st May, 1890. 75,600 00

Amount voted to pension and guarantee fund. 15,000 00

Less: 1 per cent. payable 1st May, 1890. 15,000 00

Carried to reserve fund. \$ 170,000 00

Balance of profit and loss carried forward. \$ 62,220 00

For money were prevalent, enabling your directors to fully maintain the profits of the bank.

The charters of the Canadian banks expire on the 1st of July, 1891. This has necessitated a new Banking Act, which has just been passed at Ottawa. The act has been extended for ten years longer, with the elasticity so necessary to move the crops of the country.

JAMES AUSTIN, President.

Mr. James Austin moved, seconded by the Hon. Frank Smith, and resolved, that the report be adopted.

The president spoke at some length on the success of the institution, and mentioned that the bank had not only funds available to pay all possible demands, but was also open to take up desirable accounts, having cash on hand for that purpose to a very large amount.

After the usual resolutions the scrutineers declared the following gentlemen duly elected directors for the ensuing year.—Messrs. James Austin, Wm. Ince, E. Leadlay, Wm. Ross, G. Robertson, E. B. Oler, James Scott and Hon. Frank Smith.

At a subsequent meeting of the directors, Mr. James Austin was re-elected president, and the Hon. Frank Smith vice-president for the ensuing term.

GENERAL STATEMENT.

Capital stock paid up. \$ 1,500,000

Reserve fund. 81,200 00

Balance of profit and loss carried forward. 62,220 00

Dividend No. 24, payable 1st May. 75,600 00

Bonus 1 per cent. payable 1st May. 15,000 00

Reserved for interest and exchange. 33,900 00

Rebate on bills discounted. 3,983 92

\$ 1,815,577 92

Notes in circulation. 31,173,630 00

Deposits not bearing interest. 1,524,211 11

Deposits bearing interest. 6,362,661 06

Balance due to other banks in Canada. 2,945 92

\$ 39,068,438 09

ASSETS.

Specific advances on call. \$ 231,600 00

Dominion Government demand notes. 701,587 00

Notes and cheques on other banks. 338,493 12

Balances due from other banks in Canada. 128,886 72

Balances due from other banks in United States. 1,105,033 20

Balances due from other banks in Great Britain. 42,385 20

Provincial Government securities. 277,511 61

Municipal and other debentures. 1,557,255 44

\$ 4,182,255 29

Bills discounted and current, including advances on call. \$7,922,341 59

Overdue debts secured. 30,109 04

Overdue debts not secured. 16,735 32

Bank premises. 173,570 85

Other assets, not included under foregoing heads. 5,849 50

Real estate other than bank premises. 3,156 45

\$ 12,220,273 00

R. H. BETHUNE, Cashier.

Dominion Bank, Toronto, 30th April, 90.

Care of Young Trees.

Very few young trees receive the proper care and attention after they have been planted until they have reached sturdy maturity. Many magnificent trees have grown up to fine proportions, and lived a good old age, without care or forethought that should be given to the whole number which spring up annually is very small indeed. Nature is so lavish with her seeds that some must survive; but her work can be greatly supplemented by man. This is the planting time of the year, and every newly planted tree should have a stake for a support, to keep it from being whipped about by the wind. The trees should be fastened to the stake by strips of cloth, or some substance that will not cut into the tree. After they are planted thorough cultivation should be given, the ground around them being stirred every two or three weeks until the first of September. Sometimes a mulch of straw or manure around the trees will answer the same purpose as stirring the soil. The trees must be watched during the growing season, and injurious insects and borers kept down.

The whole shape of the tree should be made during its first year or two of growth, and a great deal of injurious pruning will then be saved. A bud may be pinched off of a large loss to the tree than the pruning of a large branch later in life. Very little of thumb-pruning will be needed the first year, but during the second and third it may be employed quite extensively. The tree can thus be easily shaped without any loss of vital force. Pruning will be necessary, however, to prevent the tree from becoming top-heavy. This will be required every year for some time if it is desired to give the tree a noble, symmetrical appearance. Wherever a false or unimportant leader crosses a good branch, or an important fork threatens the life and beauty of the tree, or a branch is found growing in the wrong direction, the thumb or pruning knife should be used as soon as possible. The work is in the life or the tree that this work is done the less will the amount of injury be done to the tree growth.

Briggs.—I suppose Timson is overjoyed with happiness since his new boy arrived. Briggs.—"He may be by this time, but when I saw him this afternoon he was half full."

BORNEO PI... Pled Their... tion in the... FIT TO DE... A CRONY CLEARED OUT B... TEER... From Singapore, situa... end of the Malay penins... to the north for four hun... and with islands. They... a good hundred. ... an acre in extent, a... long. A portion... by Malays, and... The first come... the second from Bor... little difference between... what there is favors the... in his habits and h... captive... Up to the year 1850... China Sea were the re... The fellows made no se... but practised it openly... ever opportunity offered... about. Cairn of the... they numbered 15,000... With the women and... the number could not h... 40,000. I once saw a li... tured and destroyed by... tween the years 1838 and... ber was over a hundred... body was put to death, ... made, the captive was d... slave. In 1850 the Eng... distance from other nat... made on the pirates and... Those who got away fi... end of Borneo and to... north, and for seven or... very quiet. Then, u... of a Dyak called Riker... THREE OR FOUR... in one year. Eng... full at the time, and the... sent out to break up the... plished nothing. There... some international disput... and John Bull fought s... matters by opening a v... even boasted that they v... In this emergency the... peninsula, assisted... and along the China coast... Campa of her Scotch of... fitted her out as a man-of... large, stout, and hands... was outfitted at Pahan... with nine guns on a si... Tom" on a swivel, a... Pahang she had 130 men... crowding her somewhat... clean, new ship and wel... was no growing. Her cr... up at half a dozen differ... all sailors and white me... that the Captain and Li... ten English sailors al... drafted from H. M. S... others were runaway sa... French, German, and Ru... the brig went out of Pah... for anything of her size e... crew were ever under be... carried three extra bod... helped to stow her amm... she had a great plenty... There were men on t... were in communication... and to begot them we ra... Siam until we sighted Ca... we headed to the north... the work of disgui... old set of sails were bent... brought out, and in th... four hours we made the... called, look like a tea ba... was no use to hunt pri... war. They were altoget... caught under her guns... We cruised up and do... for a week, keeping we... Borneo coast, but met v... Then we got the... TAIL END OF A M... which we rode out safely... sided we limped along... foretopmasts down and... A sailor looking at us... half a mile would have... pulled through by the sk... dead calm usually follo... sea, and as we were oppo... the westernmost island... group, we were not sur... selves within five or six... coast and without steer... the state of affairs at sun... morning, and as the tide... drifted in for a couple o... go our anchor in forty f... Dyaks not only had as g... as any ship carried, but... platforms in the tops of t... see as far out over the o... masthead could see inlan... they insisted that isla... doubt we should soon be... tiny. For this reason all... sent below, and those rem... dressed as merchant sa... a man or two in the rig... gaged in making repairs... the coast, and about th... that a sampan was app... in this case there was bu... was doubtless coming a... matters stood. He came... within half a mile of us... took a long survey. Our... and it was a relief. Jim... that we were a merchant... further this idea we wa... him. All in all, it was... we felt, padding with... these we felt quite sure t... hands. The crew wer... shell, and grape we... and that they had... ready... The tide was setting... toward the... brought her starbo... they have... ABOUT THE... Dr. had we not... that it was... in our repair... S. B. T. B.