

harnessed water to turn mill-wheels. At Spokane Falls will rise the manufacturing town that the wide farming population of the plateaus of the Columbia and Spokane

must soon make necessary, and about it will cluster the most solidly constituted and agreeable society to be found "east of the mountains."

## THE HERO OF THE TOWER.

Long time ago, when Austria was young,  
There came a herald to Vienna's gates,  
Bidding the city fling them open wide  
Upon a certain day; for then the king  
Would enter, with his shining retinue.

Forthwith the busy streets were pleasure-  
paths;  
And that which seemed but now a field of  
toil,  
With weeds of turbulence and tricky greed,  
Flashed into gardens blooming full of flowers.  
Beauty blushed deeper, now the rising sun  
Of royalty upon it was to shine;  
Wealth cast its nets of tinsel and of gold  
To catch the kingly eye; and wisdom merged  
Itself into the terms of an address,  
Which the old Mayor sat up nights to learn  
(A needy poet wrote the same for him).  
No maiden fluttered through the narrow streets  
That pondered not what ribbons she should  
wear;  
No window on the long procession's route  
But had its tenants long engaged ahead.

But the old sexton of St. Joseph's Church  
Moped dull and sulky through the smiling  
crowd,  
A blot upon the city's pleasure-page.  
"What runs wrong with you, uncle?" was the  
cry—  
"You who have been the very youngest boy  
Of all the old men that the city had,  
Who loved processions more than perquisites,  
And rolled a gala day beneath your tongue—  
What rheumatism has turned that temper  
lame?  
Speak up, and make your inward burden  
ours."

The old man slowly walked until he came  
Unto the market-place, then feebly stopped,  
As if to talk; and a crowd gathered soon,  
As men will when a man has things to say.  
And thus he spoke: "For fifty years and  
more

I have been sexton of St. Joseph's Church.  
St. Joseph's would have fared ill but for me.  
And though my friend the priest may smile  
at this,  
And wink at you an unbelieving eye,

My office shines in heaven as well as his.  
Although it was not mine to make the church  
Godly, I kept it clean, and that stands next.  
If I have broke one circle of my sphere,  
Let some one with straight finger trace it out.

"And no procession in these fifty years  
Has marched the streets with aught like kingly  
tread,  
But on the summit of St. Joseph's spire  
I stood erect and waved a welcome-flag,  
With scanty resting-place beneath my feet,  
And the wild breezes clutching at my beard.  
It took some nerve to stand so near to heaven  
And fling abroad its colors. Try it, priest.

"But I am old; most of my manhood's fire  
Is choked in cold white ashes; and my nerves  
Tremble in every zephyr like the leaves.  
What can I do?—the flag must not be missed  
From the cathedral's summit. I've no son,  
Or he should bear the banner, or my curse.  
I have a daughter: she shall wave the flag!

"And this is how my girl shall wave the  
flag.  
Ten suitors has she; and the valiant one  
Who, strong of heart and will, can climb that  
perch,  
And do what I so many times have done,  
Shall take her hand from mine at his descent.  
Speak up, Vienna lads! and recollect  
How much of loveliness faint heart e'er won."

Then there was clamor in the callow breasts  
Of the Vienna youth; for she was far  
The sweetest blossom of that city's vines.  
Many a youngster's eye climbed furtively  
Where the frail spire-tip trembled in the breeze,  
Then wandered to the cot wherein she dwelt;  
But none spoke up, till Gabriel Petersheim,  
Whose ear this proclamation strange had  
reached,  
Came rushing through the crowd, and boldly  
said:

"I am your daughter's suitor, and the one  
She truly loves; but scarce can gain a smile  
Until I win her father's heart as well;  
And you, old man, have frowned on me, and  
said

I was too young, too frivolous, too wild,  
And had not manhood worthy of her hand.  
Mark me to-morrow as I mount yon spire,  
And mention, when I bring the flag to you,  
Whether 'twas ever waved more gloriously."

And thus the old man answered: "Climb  
your way;  
And if a senseful breeze should push you off,  
And break that raw and somewhat worthless  
neck,  
I can not greatly mourn; but climb your way,  
And you shall have the girl if you succeed."

High on the giddy pinnacle next day  
Waited the youth; but not till evening's sun  
Marched from the western gates, that tardy  
king  
Rode past the church. And though young  
Gabriel's nerves  
Were weakened by fatigue and want of food,  
He pleased the people's and the monarch's  
eye,  
And flashed a deeper thrill of love through  
one  
Who turned her sweet face often up to him,  
And whose true heart stood with him on the  
tower.

Now, when the kingly pageant all had  
passed,  
He folded up the flag, and with proud smiles  
And prouder heart prepared him to descend.  
But the small trap-door through which he had  
crept  
Had by some rival's hand been barred! and he,  
With but a hand-breadth's space where he  
might cling,  
Was left alone to live there, or to die.

Guessing the truth, or shadow of the truth,  
He smiled at first, and said: "Well, let them  
voice  
Their jealousy by such a paltry trick!  
They laugh an hour; my laugh will longer be!  
Their joke will soon be dead, and I released."  
But an hour, and two others, slowly came,  
And then he murmured: "This is no boy's  
sport;  
It is a silent signal, which means 'Death!'"

He shouted, but no answer came to him,  
Not even an echo, on that lofty perch.  
He waved his hands in mute entreaty, but  
The darkness crept between him and his  
friends.

A half-hour seemed an age, and still he  
clung.  
He looked down at the myriad city lights,  
Twinkling like stars upon a lowlier sky,  
And prayed: "O blessed city of my birth,

In which full many I love, and one o'er-well,  
Or I should not be feebly clinging here,  
Is there not 'mongst those thousands one kind  
heart

To help me? or must I come back to you  
Crashing my way through grim, untimely  
death?"

Rich sounds of mirth came faintly—but no  
help.

Another hour went by, and still he clung.  
He braced himself against the rising breeze,  
And wrapped the flag around his shivering  
form,

And thus he prayed unto the merry winds:  
"O breeze, you bear no tales of truer love  
Than I can give you at this lonely height!  
Tell but my danger to the heart I serve,  
And she will never rest till I am free!"

The winds pressed hard against him as he  
clung,  
And well-nigh wrenched him from that scanty  
hold,

But made no answer to the piteous plea.

Hour after hour went by, and still he held—  
Weak, dizzy, reeling—to his narrow perch.  
It was a clear and queenly summer night;  
And every star seemed hanging from the sky,  
As if 'twere bending down to look at him.  
And thus he prayed to the far-shining stars:  
"O million worlds, peopled perhaps like this,  
Can you not see me, clinging helpless here?  
Can you not flash a message to some eye,  
Or throw your influence on some friendly  
brain  
To rescue me?" A million sweet-eyed stars  
Gave smiles to the beseecher, but no help.

And so the long procession of the night  
Marched slowly by, and each scarce hour was  
hailed

By the great clock beneath; and still he clung  
Unto the frail preserver of his life,  
And held, not for his life, but for his love—

Held while the spiteful breezes wrenched at  
him;

Held while the chills of midnight crept through  
him;

While Hope and Fear made him their battle-  
ground,

And ravaged fiercely through his heart and  
brain.

He moaned, he wept, he prayed again; he  
prayed—

Grown desperate and half-raving in his woe—  
To everything in earth, or air, or sky:

To the fair streets, now still and silent grown;  
To the cold roofs, now stretched 'twixt him  
and help;

To the dumb, distant hills that heedless slept;  
To the white clouds that slowly fluttered past;

To his lost mother in the sky above;  
And then he prayed to God.

About that time  
The maiden dreamed she saw her lover, faint,  
Clinging for life; and with a scream uprose,  
And rushed to the old sexton's yielding door,  
Granting no peace to him until he ran  
To find the truth, and give the boy release.

An hour ere sunrise he came feebly down,  
Grasping the flag, and claiming his fair prize.  
But what a wreck to win a blooming girl!  
His cheeks were wrinkled, and of yellow hue,  
His eyes were sunken, and his curling hair  
Gleamed white as snow upon the distant Alps.

But the young maiden clasped his weary  
head  
In her white arms, and soothed him like a  
child;  
And said, "You lived a life of woe for me  
Up on the spire, and now look old enough  
Even to please my father; but soon I  
Will nurse you back into your youth again."

And soon the tower bells sung his wedding  
song.  
The old-young man was happy; and they  
both,  
Cheered by the well-earned bounty of the  
king,  
Lived many years within Vienna's gates.

GEORGE FULLER.

THE death of George Fuller occurred in the most interesting period of his artistic career. He had developed his method of painting so far as to be able to express with much more accuracy than at any previous stage of his progress that peculiar effect of light and atmosphere which excited his imagination and tempted his brush; he had attained a skill in rendering the finest qualities of expression in the human face which has not been equalled in the history of art in this country. He was one of the few painters of modern times who have kept young in art while they have advanced in years. At his death the conditions of progress were apparently as vital and as sound in him as in any youth who thumbs his first palette. Like Corot, he developed slowly and ripened late in life; like Millet, his love for art and his singleness of purpose only strengthened as he grew older; like all great painters, his art was his life, and strongly reflected his personality. To fully understand Fuller as a painter it is necessary to keep in mind the conditions under which he pursued his profession. If we take into consideration his surroundings, if we properly gauge the influences to which he was subjected, then much that seems hesitating and uncertain in his methods will be accounted for as necessary phases of his development, and we shall gain a more just estimate of his strength as a painter and his character as a man. It was a common remark among his friends that in any other country he would long ago have been honored as a

master in the profession. It is undoubtedly true that in a community where artists, as a class, have more popular distinction than they have here, Fuller would have found at a much earlier point in his career an appreciative audience, and he would have had a wider influence with his art than he has had. Not that every painter of marked individuality is speedily recognized even in the novelty-hunting French artistic circles, but the quality of human interest and the personal charm in Fuller's work are too eloquent not to have been deeply felt in any society susceptible to artistic impressions. The individuality of his work, though intense, was never revolutionary in character. It did not oblige the spectator to lay aside all previous predilections, and to try to analyze the charm of the new creations. It did not attempt the glorification of the humble and the uncouth, nor deal with any problems beyond the scope of the observer gifted with ordinary intelligence. His art was grounded in the poetry of every-day life. It was not based upon any peculiarities of social condition, and it made no appeal for recognition through the dramatic emotions. He has built his own temple out of fine materials, and it is because he has chosen the rarest textures from among the mass of superficially attractive material ready to his hand that his individuality deserves such honor.

Fuller passed his early life in a New England village. To any one who has experienced the artistic dearth and desolation of the American country town re-