

## LIFE'S SCARS.

They say the world is round, and yet I often think it square; So many little hurts we get From corners here and there. But one great truth in life I've found, While journeying to the west: The only folks who really wound Are those we love the best.

The man you thoroughly despise Can rouse your wrath, 'tis true; Annoyance in your heart will rise At things mere strangers do; But those are only passing ills, This rule all lives will prove: The rankling wound which rakes and thrills Is dealt by hands we love.

Love does not grow on every tree, Nor true hearts yearly bloom. Alas for those who only see This truth across a tomb. But, soon or late, the fact grows plain To all through sorrow's test; The only folks who give us pain Are those we love the best.

## FORGIVEN.

Dusk was beginning to fall, and as I looked round over the long level of marsh land that surrounded us and saw no sign of any of our party I felt the first thrill of a not unpleasant uneasiness. I glanced at my companion. She was walking quite contentedly by my side, apparently secure in the assumption that I knew my way. As a matter of fact, I had the gravest doubt about it and there seemed no possibility of making sure. For miles on either hand the marshes stretched to the low horizon. The dry tracks were few and ill defined and already a light white mist was rising over the numerous straight waterways. I looked at Miss Pascoe again, and my uneasiness gave place to a kind of expectant pleasure. Even supposing we were lost, there was no actual danger, and the great sense of solitude that hung about us gave me a feeling of freedom that was keenly delightful. Miss Pascoe, unconscious of my doubtful cogitations, still walked on as though her feet were upon a familiar road, and indeed, as far as I could judge, we were making in the right direction. To have stepped would have been like a confession of incompetence on my part, and this to an unwavering lover was out of the question, at any rate until circumstances unquestionably had me at a disadvantage. So we went on, and the twilight deepened, and the mist trailed in denser wisps across the shivering reed beds.

Suddenly she turned to me. "What a queer place this would be to get lost in," she said. "I think the serious possibility of such a thing had not occurred to her. All she had thrown out the remark merely as a contribution to a flagging conversation. "Yes," I said. "But you're not afraid, are you?" "Oh, no; not at all! Of course you know the way, and that makes all the difference."

"Of course it does," I answered, with a glimmering sense of shame. "How far are we from home now?" she asked after a pause, in which the darkness had perceptibly increased. "Three miles, I dare say," I said at a blind hazard. "That's nothing," she said. "I thought we must be quite four."

"Are you sure you're not tired?" I asked. "Wouldn't you like to rest?" But she persisted in walking on at that swinging pace of hers. "Even if I wanted to rest there's nothing to rest on," she said. "I'm sure I could find a fence somewhere," I said. "I don't believe you could," she said, "but I'm not going to let you try. I'd much rather get home."

We walked on silently for another five minutes, and then Miss Pascoe stopped and listened, leaning forward slightly, with her hair blowing about her face. "Is that the sea?" she asked. "It was the sea unmistakably, the slow roll mingled with the rustle of the wind over the rushes. And then it became quite obvious to me that I had woefully gone astray, for the sea was before us instead of almost at our backs."

"It must be the sea," I said, after a show of hard listening. "But it shouldn't be there," she said. "Why not?" I answered rather feebly in order to gain time. "It always has been there, I suppose."

"Don't be foolish," she said. "You know what I mean. We must have got on the wrong path. Mr. Triviere," she cried, "how could you have been so careless?" "My dear Miss Pascoe," I said, "if I have made a mistake, I am very sorry."

"And you said all along that you knew the way," she pouted, trying to shoot a condemnation from her eyes at me in the darkness. "You see," I said, "I got my directions from your brother—from Jim—and he's often so very inaccurate, isn't he?"

"Absurdly inaccurate," she admitted. "If I'd known you were relying upon Jim, I wouldn't have come at all." "And then I should have missed the most delightful walk I ever had."

She turned away from me a little, with a pouting movement of the shoulders that pleased me mightily. "I wish we had Jim here," she said with pretty ferocity. "I don't," I said. "Then, perhaps you'll be good enough to find the right path. We can't stay here."

"There don't seem to be any conveniences for camping out," I said. "Will you stay here for a moment while I explore to the right? I may get up to my knees in the marsh. You will be safer here."

"Don't be long, will you?" she said. "Oh, no!" I said cheerfully. "I shall find the path in no time."

I started off, carefully exploring the ground before me with my stick as I went. There was no sign of a path, and I began to be seriously alarmed for Miss Pascoe's comfort. On consideration I came to the conclusion that I had made rather an ass of myself. Another hundred yards, and still no path. I paused and looked back. I could see a slight, dark figure moving toward me very carefully and slowly. "Is that you?" I said.

Miss Pascoe's voice answered. "Yes, I'd rather come with you. If you don't mind. When you left me, I felt so lonely that I was almost afraid."

## A BAD HALF-HOUR.

THE SPECULATOR WON HIS FORTUNE, BUT LOST HIS MIND.

A Thrilling Episode in the Career of a Great Grain Gambler—His Career Seemed a Success When the Market "Broke"—How He Snatched Victory and Yet Lost.

"Bad half hours" belong to that type of genius known as the "financier." A man can be truly called a financier only after he has faced and conquered at least one situation which meant his utter failure and undoing. If he wins once, the next hour in which he looks at the end is made more hopeful from the consciousness of one victory. But if he is to be great he must have the "bad half hours," and, indeed, they are the test of his greatness.

Some years ago a man attempted to corner September wheat on the Chicago board of trade. He worked a full year with the utmost care. There must be no mistake. At last came the hour of his drama. The "shorts" (those who sell what they have not got, depending upon buying in time for delivery) began to look for September wheat. Slowly but surely it dawned upon them that some one had been attempting to corner. The same of the genius who held it was unknown and the belief that his supply was in one man's hands was but vague. As the hours passed, however, the awful certainty that there was a corner began to have its effect. Men fought and shrieked like panic-stricken women, knowing ruin was certain could they not buy.

The genius of that hour sat unmoved while the price went up in quivering jumps. But the price seemed to have no effect. There appeared to be no wheat in the market. Suddenly some one rushed to the grain and suddenly shouted: "You are holding September."

"Yes, but I don't like the price." Instantly the floor was frantic. Men prayed to him, and then, as he sat silent, cursed him. The price of wheat went up in bounds. Suddenly it stopped. Some one was selling.

Then came the bad half hour. The genius thought he held it all. Could it be that he had overlooked enough to cause him to lose? If so, it meant failure, ruination, oblivion. What must be forced to a certain price to let him out even, to say nothing of winning. He had bought regardless of price, and every day he had held it the carrying charges, storage, insurance, etc., had increased its price to him. But some one was selling, and he must. In a moment the most obscure broker in the city was in the pit for him—buying at his life depended upon it. But in spite of his efforts the price dropped a point. Then another.

The genius looked about him at the wild fighting crowd. His mind went over the possibility of his failure, and then his success. He painted either in proper colors. His commissionaire hovered about nervously, at a distance, waiting for the word to sell. But the continual selling by others brought the price down another point. He began to feel that he had made some mistake. He began to calculate hurriedly whether or not he could save himself if he unloaded at once. Could it be that they were selling short to frighten him? He did not know. He saw that he had a possible chance to save himself if he sold at once. But if he waited and the price dropped another point it was over—he was ruined. He sat silent and still. He believed he had cornered September wheat. He had taken his time, worked faithfully. He had looked squarely at the chances against him. He believed he had anticipated them. He was certain of it on the morning of that day. He knew they would sell short to force the market. It was not a new trick to him. Why should he have less faith because the very thing he had anticipated was happening. He would not sell until he could name the price.

Ten minutes later the price steadied, and then advanced a point, then two, then three. The pit was a surging, howling, shrieking mass, but the genius sat like a stone. He sold at his price and made millions. A few months later his mind gave way.

Josephine's Plans. What its owners assert is the most valuable piano in the world is now in a London showroom. It was made in 1809, by order of Napoleon Bonaparte, who presented it to the Empress Josephine. It was stolen during the sack of the Tuileries and was afterward sold at public auction. The case is of the finest rosewood ornamented with ornate, while the keys are made of mother-of-pearl and tortoise shell. Napoleon's military taste is shown by the fact that one of the five pedals works a drum and triangle attachment.

Men Who Get Drunk on Clay. The habit of clay-eating exists among the Indians in Paraguay and is looked upon by the natives in much the same light as inebriation by liquor in this country. The clay eaten is of a dirty white color and has a peculiar oily appearance and does not crumble, but becomes sticky when moistened. It is held in the mouth until it dissolves and is swallowed in small quantities.

No Holiday for Forty-eight Years. C. M. Bailey, the Winthrop, Me., oilcloth manufacturer, deserves a vacation. He recently told a reporter that in the forty-eight years he had been in business he never had taken a holiday himself or closed his shops. And he has been in his employ the whole forty-eight years, though most of these have had both holidays and vacations.

"Wait Till the Clouds Roll By." At Port Royal, Jamaica, for six months in the year thunder storms are of almost daily occurrence, and guests to picnics and garden parties are usually invited to assemble "after the thunder storm!"

Cork Legs. Sho-called cork legs contain no cork whatever. The name arises from the fact that, years ago, nearly the artificial legs used in Europe came from manufacturers whose places of business were in Cork street, London.

## THREE-YEAR-OLD ELOPERS.

The Babine Gets Indignant at Having They Have Elopers.

The youngest eloping couple on record spent several hours at the Allegheny (Pa.) Police Station a few days ago, and were returned to their parents. The would-be groom was Charles M. Douglas, aged 3 years, and his prospective bride was Margaret Carpenter, aged 3 years and 6 months.

Both are blue-eyed, flaxen-haired tots, and appeared very much in love with each other. They were returned to their parents after being taken to a minister's to have the knot tied. Miss Carpenter had her arm linked in that of her lover, and they were walking hurriedly along North avenue, Allegheny, heading for a minister's house, when a lady met them and asked them where they were going.

"Mardret and me doin' to get married," spoke up Charles, while Margaret hung her head and blushed and said it was true.

The lady, a youthful elopement in charge of an officer, who learned their names, but they did not know on what street they lived. At the Police Station they were handed over to the matron.

Charles also told the matron he intended to marry Margaret. He was a most affectionate lover, placing his arm about the little lady's waist, and was not a bit pleased when she made him remove the arm. Charles admitted he was rather young to wed. When asked what he wanted for a wedding suit he said:

"A wagon with fifteen wheels to haul Mardret and her doll in!" Margaret said she preferred a laughing and crying doll and a parcel for a trousseau.

Charles was asked by Matron Kellogg if he really and truly loved Margaret. He promptly said "Yes." In answer to a like question Margaret said "No."

"Say yes," Charles put in coaxingly, and she did. "Do you ever kiss Margaret?" Mrs. Kellogg asked.

"No, he don't," Margaret put in. "I don't let him." "I do when it gets dark," Charles said.

"Will you kiss her now if I give you a cent?" was asked. Charles said he would, and gave the lady a hearty smack as if he was used to it. After some coaxing Margaret kissed Charles, and then both wanted to go and spend their penny for candy.

The arrival of the parents interrupted the scene of true love. As Charles was trotted off by his mamma he declared he would yet wed Margaret.

## THOUGHT HE WAS A HERO.

Calvary Dilemma of a Man Who Held a Weak Tea Together.

One of those ridiculous situations which at the time bring the coldest sweat out on a man's brow, and ever remain with him as a constant source of mirth, occurred to a Philadelphia merchant a few days ago, says the Arizona Sentinel. He thought he would take a bath, and as his flat is minus one of the chief requisites for the job—a bath tub—he extemporized one out of a small wash tub and employed a cooling-ablution.

He had just concluded and stepped from the tub for the towel, when suddenly the top-roop of the tub burst with a sharp report, and the man saw, to his horror, that the water contents of the tub would soon be flooding the floor. At the same moment he thought of the store beneath and the amount of damage the water would do as it ran down through the ceiling. He is a man of quick thought and in a moment he did the only thing possible, threw himself down beside the tub, and, clasping his arms around it held the already fast swelling waves together. He was successful in keeping the water in, but what a situation! He dared not call for help, for he was hardly in a condition to receive calls, and he knew that all in the block at the time were of the gentler sex, and he realized at once that the only thing left for him was to stay in that position until the return of his wife, who was out on a shopping expedition.

Like the boy who saved Holland, he manfully remained in his most uncomfortable position until relief in the shape of his wife appeared. Then, to cap the climax, when he asked her to get a rope or any old thing to tie about the tub, she, after a long fit of unbecomingly laughter, asked him why he didn't carry the tub and contents out to the sink and pour out the water. With a look that froze the smile on her face he did as she said, and with a word donned his clothing and wandered out into the cold, unfeeling world, a crushed and humiliated man.

Where the Kellay Falls. The French authorities have found a drawback to the use of X rays as a detector of smuggled goods. In examining the baggage of tourists many photographic plates and films have been ruined by exposure to the rays. A ray must now be discovered to prevent the destruction of these articles of baggage.

Goose as a Watchdog. O. B. Grimes, of Lexington, Ky., has a wonderful goose. While the cows are being milked the goose mounts guard and keeps the other stock away. If a horse or sheep attempts to approach, the goose, with fearful hissings, will warn it off, but if it persists he will fly in their faces and peck at their eyes.

Tells and Edison on Sleep. Edison and Tells are not agreed as to sleep. Edison said recently that "sleep is a dreadful habit," in connection with his statement that some nights he did not sleep a wink. Tells says that sleep is a vitalizer, and that a man could sleep eighteen hours a day he might live to be 200 years old.

Valuable Otter Skins. Four schooners which left San Francisco three months ago to hunt otters have had remarkable success. Although the season is only about half over they have already captured sixty-three otters. The skins of these animals are worth about \$1,000 each in the English market.

Sweet Sixteen. We heard an 18-year-old girl say today that there wasn't a good-looking 16-year-old girl in Aitchison. She's jealous; there isn't a 16-year-old girl in Aitchison that isn't good-looking. There isn't a 16-year-old girl anywhere in the world—Aitchison (Kan.) Globe.

Smallest State, Largest Population. The smallest of all the states, Rhode Island, has the largest population per square mile, or 118.4 persons. The figures of the last census show that if the whole Union were as densely populated it would contain 445,766,400 inhabitants.

Oil Altered to the Bicycle Frame. Bicycles are now being made with one of the tubes in the frame plugged at each end, and to be filled with oil through an inlet at the top, and drawn off below, so that a cyclist need not run out of fuel for his lamp.

Charity in Paris. It is said that in Paris one person in every eighteen lives on charity.

## A BATTLE'S SPELL.

CAST A MYSTIC CHARM OVER A CALAVERAS PROSPECTOR.

Veracious Tale of a California Prospector Who Was Hypnotized by a Battleground—How He Was Unconsciously While the Prospect Was Called on His Wits.

Prof. Charles Rice, the botanist, had a thrilling experience with a monster rattlesnake one day recently, and it was only his coolness and presence of mind that saved him from death. Prof. Rice and Dr. Tynan, the biologist, were up in the higher altitudes of the Sierra of California, in search of rare specimens, and were camped at a place called Moore Creek. They had a small tent with them, which had been pitched near a stream of water that was fed by a spring higher up on the side of the mountain.

Friday evening of last week the professor and his companion, who were completely worn out with their day's tramp in search of rare flowers and bugs, retired to their tent, rolled themselves up in their blankets, and were soon in dreamland. Just as daylight was breaking the professor awoke from his slumber by feeling a soft and clammy substance crawling over his face and down onto his chest, and on raising his head a little to his horror he discovered it was a monster rattlesnake. The reptile had coiled itself, with its head raised about a foot, and ready at the least movement made to strike.

Gold drops of perspiration oozed from every pore of the professor's body, while his muscles became as rigid as bars of iron, and his eyes came fixed with a stony glare as he gazed at the head of the monster, which was about six or seven inches from his face and swinging from one side to the other with the regularity of a clock pendulum. The suspense was becoming unbearable, but still he knew that the least move that he made would mean death in the most horrible form. How long he lay thus in this terrible position he does not know, but it seemed ages, when suddenly he felt his muscles relax, his vision grew dim, everything around him became dark, and in a few seconds he was oblivious to everything around him. The doctor was quietly sleeping a few feet away, unconscious of the terrible danger of his companion. When he awoke the sun was brightly streaming into the tent, and as he rolled over in his blankets toward his companion his blood seemed to chill in his veins at the sight presented to his view. His companion was stretched at full length upon the ground, with his eyes closed and his face as white as a piece of marble, while coiled upon his breast was a huge rattlesnake, apparently asleep.

He quietly seized a shotgun that was standing near by, and, cocking both barrels, raised it to his shoulder and was about to fire, when he realized that if he did so he would probably injure his companion. And at this moment his companion moved a little, when the snake gave a rattlesnake and again raised his head. The doctor, seeing his chance, fired, and at the report of the gun his companion gave a yell and jumped to his feet, throwing the reptile some three or four feet away from him in its death struggle. The doctor's aim was true, for the snake's head was blown completely off.

On being measured it was found to be 3 feet 3 1/2 inches in length and had seventeen rattles and a button. The professor's nerves were so shattered by his terrible experience that he was hardly able to walk, and the following day, in company with his companion, he returned to Calaveras, where he recuperated under the doctor's care.

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## AN ARTILLERY DUEL.

The Confederate Challenge and Its Answer—How the Battle Was Fought.

"I witnessed the only artillery duel that took place during the war," said a veteran wearing a badge of the Wisconsin Artillery. "It was fought at Fort Gibson, Mo., and was arranged with as much formality, it without seconds, as marks one on modern personal affairs of honor in Europe."

In the spring of 1863 Gen. Grant was manoeuvring about Vicksburg in an effort to get near enough to the fort and city to strike an effective blow. Troops below Vicksburg crowded to the east bank of the Mississippi at Bruinsburg. Fort Gibson is ten or twelve miles east of Bruinsburg, and at that point the Confederates were in force. At dawn on May 1, 1863, the two armies were face to face.

"What City," reached Fort Gibson, the South City, and the battle continued. "Both armies had to take breath. Way off toward the Confederates, there was a solitary house, and near this was the rebel artillery. While we stood there a battery of Confederate artillery left the line, trotted out as if on parade, swung around into line, and unlimbered. It was all done with precision and alacrity of a parade at West Point. Every man was in his place, we could see, although the distance was several quarters of a mile. There the men stood. Every body was statue in gray. Everybody knew what it meant, but no one could say a word. It was a challenge! Some one finally ejaculated, 'And were enough it was.'"

"There was no move in our line for a minute or two; then the bugle of the Wisconsin sounded, and out went the six guns, swung into line, and unlimbered in thirty seconds. The Johnny rain saw that the challenge was accepted, and both batteries opened fire."

"While the singular duel was in progress from twelve to twenty shots were fired from each gun. The first Wisconsin was commanded by Capt. Jake Foster, an old Osnuche county boy who went out to Minnesota and settled at La Crosse. He was a good soldier himself, and his gunners were crack shots, and these precision shots made the Johnson jump. It wasn't five minutes before the Confederates had enough and started to withdraw the battery."

"Our boys disabled three guns, blew up a caisson or two, if I remember right, killed a rebel Captain, and wounded three or four gunners. Every shot that told was greeted by a loud cheer from our boys."

SLEIGH BELLS. As Commonly Used as Bells—Many Strange Facts Reported.

The sleigh bells used in this country are made here, most of them in Connecticut, and many sleigh bells of American manufacture are exported to Europe and to Canada.

They have some changes in sleigh bells. Sleigh bells and bells used on the sides of the caisson have to some extent taken the place of the old-time string of bells on straps, but the string of bells still the more commonly used. Probably a third of the bell outfit on a sleigh is of the kind that has been made for the last few years.

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## THE SLEIGH BELL.

The Sleigh Bell and Its History—How It Came to Be Used.

The sleigh bell is a bell of a peculiar shape, and is used on sleighs and on the sides of the caisson. It is made of a piece of metal, and is shaped like a bell, but with a different shape to the mouth. It is used on sleighs and on the sides of the caisson, and is a very useful thing. It is made of a piece of metal, and is shaped like a bell, but with a different shape to the mouth. It is used on sleighs and on the sides of the caisson, and is a very useful thing.

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