

LIFE'S PATHWAY.

A maiden "neath the linden stood... The breeze sprang through the wood... They touched her cheek, her braided hair...

A New Kind of Duel.

By DAVID KER.

EVERYONE said - although they took care to say it only when he could not hear them - that Squire Fitzgerald, popularly known as "Fighting Tom," was born to be the plague of all his neighbors.

He seemed to have no other object in life except finding a quarrel to fight out, or else fighting out a quarrel that he had found.

What with horsewhipping, knocking down, shooting or "pinking" with a small sword, every man who could be brought to give him the chance, our worthy Mr. Fitzgerald had made such good use of his opportunities that there was not a man in the parish to whom he had not done something, and it was a favorite joke with the wags of the neighborhood that the fighting squire could not sleep at night if he had happened to go through a whole day without killing or hurting some one, which did not happen often, as you may suppose, in times when gentlemen fought with their best friends for a chance dispute about the speed of a horse or the color of a dog.

It was a sight to see this terrible fellow galloping into the little town on a market day upon his great black horse, which no one could ride but himself, with his hat cocked fiercely over one eye and his heavy whip in his hand, ready for a good out at anybody who might dare to get in his way; but it was seldom enough that he had a chance of using it, for the moment he was seen coming down the road everybody took to their heels as if he had been a mad dog.

And then he would swagger into the coffee room of the King George, where the farmers used to dine, and take the best seat at table and lay down the law to the whole company, watching all the while to see if anyone would dare to contradict or oppose him.

But it was very rarely that anyone did so; for he was a great, brawny fellow, six feet high and quite as ready with his fists as with his sword or pistol, and it was his favorite boast that "there wasn't a man within ten miles of his house whom he couldn't thrash easily."

We have said that this amiable gentleman was popularly believed to have quarreled with every man in the parish of Bullocksham. But this belief, though correct enough in the main, was not entirely so. There was one man with whom he had never quarreled, for the simple reason that the most quarrelsome man alive could scarcely have managed to get any cause of dispute out of dear old Jabez Goodharte, the Quaker.

For threats, abuse or loud talk of every kind, "friend Jabez" had but one answer, and that was to smile his own pleasant, kindly smile and say in his chirping little voice, which sounded just like the chirrup of a canary: "Men say that it takes two to make a quarrel, friend, and I will not be one."

And Jabez certainly acted up to his words; for whereas Tom Fitzgerald carried with him wherever he went an atmosphere of strife and brawling, the kindly old Quaker seemed to put everybody in good humor with the mere sight of his compact little figure and bright, cheery face.

Sulky old Grimes, the tollman, who grumbled at everyone else, twisted his crabbed visage into a kind of wintry smile as Mr. Goodharte passed, and had even been known to wish him a merry Christmas - a most unheard-of stretch of cordiality for him.

Two hulking wagners fighting in the market place had been stopped by Jabez stepping fearlessly in between them and joining their huge brown hands in his with a few words of kindly reproof.

Even stiff old Lord Iyrtower, the proudest man in the whole county, had condescended to shake hands cordially with Mr. Goodharte and to give him five pounds for "this poor" for Jabez seemed to consider all the poor of Bullocksham as his own especial property, and was always trotting about with baskets of food and bundles of flannel, now sitting up all night with a sick child, now reading to a blind old woman, and now putting an unemployed man in the way of getting a job.

Hitherto Fitzgerald had let his quiet little neighbor contemptuously alone, as not being a fighting man; but at length something occurred to make him change his mind. News reached him through one of those countless individuals who attend to everybody's affairs but their own that Jabez Goodharte had been heard to say, in answer to a neighbor who was warning him against fighting Tom:

"Fear not, friend; if Thomas Fitzgerald seeketh to harm me, I am well able to overcome him."

Half an hour later the man of war stood in the little garden of the man of peace.

"Mr. Goodharte," said he, in a tone of stern politeness, as the Quaker came forward from among his flowers with his usual smile of welcome, "my name is Thomas Fitzgerald, and I dare say you will be at no loss to guess my errand."

"I shall guess it more easily, friend Thomas, when thou hast stated it thyself," answered Jabez, quietly.

"Well," said Fitzgerald, rather takes aback by this cool reception, after having so long made the whole neighborhood tremble at his very name. "I hear that you, sir, have thought fit to say that you were able to beat me if I should attack you, and, of course, such an expression can have but one result among men of honor. You understand me, I presume?"

"Perfectly, friend; thou wishest me to do what in the language of the world is called fighting a duel."

"Just so," said Fitzgerald, more and more astonished both at the Quaker's unexpected readiness to fight and at the coolness with which he spoke of it. "Name your friend, and I'll send mine to meet him."

"Friends have I many, I thank Heaven," quoth Jabez, "but none for such a purpose. Hear my conditions: We will meet at noon to-morrow on Wantley common, without seconds, or horseback, and with such weapons as each may choose; and whichever is first driven off the ground shall be considered beaten."

Fighting Tom laughed in spite of himself.

"It's pretty plain that you haven't had much to do with affairs of honor," said he; "but one can hardly expect a Quaker to be an authority on dueling. Well, sir, I accept your terms, such as they are; and the sooner you make your will, and take leave of your friends, the better, for you've got little enough time left."

Long before noon on the following day, Wantley Common was crowded as if either the king himself or a monster circus had been expected to pass that way. It still wanted a few minutes of 12 o'clock, when a clatter of horse hoofs was heard from the direction of the town, and up rode Tom Fitzgerald on his famous black horse, with a sword by his side and pistols in his holsters, looking fiercely round for an enemy.

Suddenly a hum ran through the expectant crowd, and, just as the first stroke of 12 pealed from the old church tower, Jabez Goodharte was seen jogging comfortably along on an ambling pony, holding in his hand something that looked like a long pole, though the end of it was hidden under his crimson dressing-gown.

This dressing-gown, fluttering in the wind like a flag, was too much for the nerves of Fitzgerald's horse, which began plunging and rearing so violently as almost to unseat its rider.

Several of the lookers-on burst out laughing, and the enraged bully, hurling a storm of abuse at them, charged at Goodharte with drawn sword, meaning to cut him down like a thistle.

But just then Jabez whisked out his pole, with a bladder full of dried peas at the end of it, the rattle of which scared the already frightened horse almost out of its senses.

Round it wheeled, despite Fitzgerald's furious spurring, and tore off across the common at such a rate that in less than two minutes horse and rider were out of sight, the frantic yells of the squire being scarcely heard amid the deafening laughter of the crowd.

Then the flood of popular enthusiasm broke loose. The victorious Quaker was seized and carried shoulder-high into the town, with an accompaniment of cheering that made the windows rattle again.

The local papers were full of the duel for days after, and Jabez was so overwhelmed with visits and invitations to dinner that he hardly knew which way to turn.

As for Fighting Tom Fitzgerald, that day's work was the last of him, so far as Bullocksham was concerned, for from that morning he never showed his face there again. But, three or four years later, Mr. Hartiboy, the retired landlord of the King George, returning from a tour through southern Europe, brought word that Fitzgerald had died at Milan of a fit of apoplexy, caused by a waiter's impudent question whether he was fond of dried peas. - Golden Days.

Something SILENT. Sturdy Sammy Sampson sought sweet Sally Stevens' society so solicitously - several social societies severally said sentimentally: "Sally's surely secured Sammie! Sally's Sammie's sweetheart! Sammie's Sally's slave! Society shall soon see something startling!"

Saturday Sally sat sewing steadily, singing softly. Suddenly seeing Sammie's shadow, she seized scissors, snipped savagely, still singing softly. Sammie said, slyly: "Sweetheart, sing Sammy something sadly sweet." Sally started - seemingly surprised - saying: "Sammy Simpson, stop saying such silly stuff. Spoony sentiment sounds soft. Say something sensible."

So Sammy straightway said: "Sweetest Sally, set something soon." Sally serenely said: "Say Sunday." "Surely, sure," shouted Sammie, supremely satisfied.

Sequel: Sammie Sampson's safely secured. Sally Stevenson's settled. Sammie's suited. Society's satisfied. - Boston Journal.

What Every Army Needs. No army is complete without a press censor, says the Cincinnati Enquirer. He gains more victories and reports fewer losses than any other sort of an officer or soldier.

BIRDS CARRY MAIL.

New Zealand Has the Most Unique of All Postal Systems.

Carrier Pigeon Post to Daily Service Between Auckland and Great Barrier Island, About Sixty Miles Distant.

Unique among the postal systems through which have been developed means for communicating intelligence and aiding in the spread of civilization is the pigeon post which is in daily service carrying mail between Auckland, N. Z., and Great Barrier Island, known as the Great Barrier Pigeon post. It affords an example of the work accomplished by feathered messengers more promptly and safely than it could be done by human means. Under its operation letters can be sent from any part of the world and delivered promptly at Great Barrier Island, whereas without the intervention of the winged letter carriers they might be delayed a week or ten days waiting for the sailing of a steamer from Auckland for the island.

The idea of establishing a pigeon mail service between the Great Barrier Island, which is 60 miles by water from the city of Auckland, was originated by Walter Fricker, of that city, after the wreck of the steamship Wairarapa. On this occasion birds were used to carry dispatches from the wreck to Auckland, there being no cable communication, and a steamer only once a week. The population at that time was limited to about 100.

Then came the opening up of the gold, silver and copper mines, which industries were responsible for the increase in the population to 600 or 700. It was soon found necessary to obtain some better means of communicating with the mainland, and the Great Barrier pigeon post was inaugurated.

At the outset each bird carried one message only at the cost of two shillings, but subsequent experiments proved the birds could carry four sheets of tissue paper of quarto size, and the rate was reduced to sixpence for a message of one sheet.

The training of birds from Auckland to the island, which is low-lying and



PIGEON WITH DISPATCH. (A Valued Member of New Zealand's Unique Postal System.)

often enveloped in haze, seemed to present insurmountable difficulties, the birds being reluctant to leave the mainland on the long journey across the 60 miles of Hauraki gulf, but with patience and perseverance this was overcome. The service now has a large number of these diminutive messengers traveling both ways daily.

On account of the extra risk and trouble the charge from Auckland to the island is one shilling a sheet. Correspondence is dispatched daily from the island as required between the hours of nine a. m. and three p. m., and from Auckland up to noon daily. The time of closing is earlier from the city, owing to the difficulty experienced by the birds in "picking up" the island on account of the mists in the afternoon.

The birds are trained so that on arrival at either terminus they place their necks between two wires, raise these on their shoulders and walk forward into a box two feet square. The wires then fall back against a piece of metal, which rings an indicator bell and notifies an attendant, who removes the message and permits the bird to enter the loft.

The messages are folded, sealed with a stamp and are then attached to the pigeon's leg. Around the outside of the message is placed a waterproof legging to insure it from wet should the bird meet with bad weather.

Triangular stamps have just been issued by the Great Barrier pigeon agency. If one has friends on Great Barrier Island and wishes at times to correspond with them without delay a stock of these pigeon stamps should be procured. Then he can post his message from any part of the world to the Great Barrier pigeon agency, Auckland, N. Z., who will tie the copied message upon the leg of "Hauraki" or another of their swift messengers, and away it will go over the treacherous sea which separates Great Barrier Island from the mainland. If he includes a sixpenny return journey stamp the reply will come winging its way back to Auckland without further trouble to him. From there, of course, the message would reach him by the ordinary post.

From the Royal Table. In the Austrian court it is contrary to custom for perishable articles to appear twice on the imperial table. The result is large perquisites to the attendants. To one man falls all uncooked bottles, to another the wine left in the glasses, to another the joints, and to another still the game or the sweets. Every morning a sort of market is held in the basement of the palace, where the Viennese come to purchase the remains.

Tobacco Aroma Microbes. A well-known German scientist has discovered that the aroma of tobacco is due to microbes, and it is said he will patent, if he can, a process for making cheap cigars smell like expensive ones.

MISCELLANEOUS MATTERS.

Cheap chemical dyes threaten the great indigo industry of Debar, India, where hundreds of thousands of families have found employment.

In the year ended June 30, 1897, the United States purchased 28,704,100 pounds of coffee from Mexico, valued at \$4,578,865; the following year, 24,511,168 pounds, valued at \$3,390,322; last year, 27,324,827 pounds, valued at \$2,686,248. Prices are going down.

A pet dog was chloroformed to death and placed in the arms of its dead mistress, Miss Elizabeth Webster, of Syracuse, N. Y. This was in accordance with the dying wish of Miss Webster, who had expressed the desire to have the dog buried in the same coffin with her.

The death of Mr. Hamilton Y. Casner, the chemist, was announced a short time ago. He invented a process for producing sodium which enabled aluminum to be produced at a comparatively low price. He also invented a process for the electrolytic production of alkali and bleaching powder from common salt, and a process for making cheaply cyanide of potassium.

The noise of a thunderstorm aroused Miss Mary Maloney from a deep sleep in a hotel at Greenwood Lake, N. Y., and she saw a ball of fire pass close to her head. It struck the foot of her bedstead and shattered it into splinters. The terrified girl crawled to the hallway, uttered a piercing scream and became unconscious. In a few hours she had entirely recovered from the shock she experienced.

There is one family that admires William Mercer, of Raccoon Creek, W. Va. In the year 1868, at the age of 19, he married Miss Jennie Moffatt, of that place. Since that time he has successively married her four sisters, Ada, Catharine, Missouri and Anna. His first four wives all died of consumption. He espoused the fifth sister a few weeks ago. The parents of the girls offered no objection to any of the marriages.

There is honor among the lynchers of Alabama. At a lynching party in that state the discovery was made that the executioners had forgotten to bring a rope. In the victim's pocket was found 40 cents, and this sum was invested in the purchase of the rope. At the close of the tragic drama the lynchers, with a fine sense of honor, considering the 40 cents merely a loan, collected and returned the sum to the victim's family.

THE PUNSTER.

A thirsty physician must be a dry dock. Actors do a lot of making up without quarreling.

A damp climate is undoubtedly the best for raising umbrellas.

No man ever produced the bubble of fame by blowing his own pipe.

Worth formerly made the man. Now it is the amount of money he is worth.

If you are at a loss to know how to take a man let him remain where he is.

Always purchase umbrellas in dry weather, as they are sure to go up whenever it rains.

A philosopher says a man occasionally gets light on a subject by scratching his head. So does a match.

The ivy doesn't cling to the stone wall half as tenaciously as the man who is engaged in repairing it at so much per day.

A man is liable to east 12's bread upon the waters during his first ocean voyage, but it's his first excursion in a balloon that makes him soar. - Chicago Daily News.

TO HAVE IDEAL SERVANTS.

In brief, be businesslike. Complete freedom after work is done. Avoid personal supervision while off duty.

One afternoon and evening out each week. Clean, wholesome bedroom; substantial food.

Do not be too pretentious with only one maid of all work.

Avoid interference with her religious and private life.

Run your household on business principles. Servants should have regular hours of service daily.

Do not let slipshod, careless work go unnoticed. A good mistress is critical, firm and exacting, but she always appreciates conscientious effort.

Do not permit familiarity from the baker's, grocer's or butcher's boys. Insist on respectful treatment to your servant, and set them the example.

Social privileges within reasonable discretion. If you have a young, good-looking, capable servant she probably wants a husband some day. Do not drive her into the street to get courted.

FASHION FRILLS.

Dead gold in flower designs is the fashionable thing for buckles and belt-clasps.

Neck scarfs of chiffon, liberty silk and velvet with silk fringe on the ends, are worn with street gowns.

Some very smart gowns are made of a dull soft black satin trimmed with narrow stitched bands of black cloth.

Beaver color is one of the newest shades for cloth gowns, and still another pet fancy is a beige color combined with a blue shade of light green.

Mashed chenille net is a feature of dress this season, used as an overdress and bodice over silk, and covering white bengaline for a short carriage wrap.

Bows, or full neck ruffles of chiffon for street wear, are sometimes finished with long strands of black chenille, each having a jetted tassel. The strands are so long that they reach to the knees, and the ruche, which is very full, is edged with chenille, and just long enough to meet around the neck.

For Almost Nothing.

Native - Ye wunter keep purty straight in this here town, stranger, for the citizens lynch a man on the slightest provocation.

New Arrival (smilingly) - Would yer lynch a feller for killin' a dog?

Native - Would we? Why, say, I've knowed a feller to be lynched for killin' a Chinaman. - Town Topics.

Similar But Different.

Miles - Where is your friend Jaggs now?

Giles - He's gone to the spirit land.

Miles - Indeed! It's strange I never heard of his demise.

Giles - Oh, he isn't dead. He's visiting relatives in Kentucky. - Chicago Daily News.

Her New Coat.

She is charming in her natty golfing suit. She is charming in her graceful evening gown.

But in candor I must say that her charms had fled away when I saw her yesterday.

In a box coat that was cut straight up and down. - Chicago Times-Herald.

SOME OTHER FELLOWS.



Ralph - Suppose a fellow's best girl gets mad when he asks for a kiss?

Curtis - Take it without asking.

Ralph - Suppose she gets mad then?

Curtis - Then he's got some other fellow's girl. - Harlem Life.

Kept His Word.

When he said he'd do a thing he never hedged nor tarried.

So when he said he'd go to war he went straightway and married.

- N. Y. Evening Journal.

A Philosopher.

Hopewell - I expect to make \$20,000 out of that deal within six months.

Glumbird - I wouldn't count my eggs before they're hatched.

"That's a poor maxim. If you can get any fun out of counting them, it's so much gain. What you don't want to do is to discount them." - Brooklyn Life.

Knew What Was Coming.

She - Raggie, dear, there is something of the old-time love light in your eyes to-night - something about you that reminds me of those sweet days of long ago. I hope you have -

He - Yes, I have a little left. How much will let me out this time - ten or twenty? - Boston Globe.

Proved His Innocence.

Mrs. Crimmonbeak - I understand they found a shirt button in the contribution box, to-day. I hope you didn't put it there, John?

Mr. Crimmonbeak - Me? You ought to know I haven't had a shirt button on a shirt for six weeks! - Yonkers Statesman.

Matchmaker's Problem.

Hicks - It is hardly possible that a marriage should come out of it between two such persons.

Wicks - I don't know. He is a regular stick, and she has got enough brimstone in her to make a match. - Boston Transcript.

Discriminating.

"There are only two types of feminine beauty that I really admire."

"Indeed!" exclaimed Miss Cayenne.

"Yes, only two."

"And which are they?"

"Blondes and brunettes." - Washington Star.

Where They Buy Them.

"I have resurrected what I think is the oldest joke in the English language."

"What are you going to do with it?"

"Sell it to a magazine for its department of humor, of course." - Chicago Post.

His Way Out.

Old Man - Don't you know that it is good deal more economical to buy ready-made clothing than it is to pay the prices charged by a fashionable tailor?

Young Man - It is, of course, if you pay the tailor. - Somerville Journal.

True to Her Promise.

Sue Brette - You see that girl over in the wings? She promised her father she'd never be an actress.

Footie Light - Well, she's kept her word, hasn't she? - Yonkers Statesman.

Slightly Wrinkled.

Isaacs - Shut look at dot, now; dot coat fits like der barber on de wall!

Smithers - Yes, so it does; like some paper I put on the dining-room, the other day. - Harlem Life.

Conflicting Recollections.

"Never talk with more than one old settler on a subject."

"Why?"

"They always contradict each other." - Chicago Record.

Her Meaning Explained.

Patience - Miss Styles was speaking about her wealth of back hair.

Patrice - Yes; she referred to the hair she had some time back. - Yonkers Statesman.

Learned by Experience.

Daughter - What is the dead-letter office, mamma?

Mamma - Your father's pocket. - Brooklyn Life.

PLUCKED HIS FEATHERS.

Terrible Revenge of a Turkey Gobbler Upon a Vain-glorious Peacock.

"I have always believed," the colonel continued, according to the Galveston News, "that animals have far more intelligence than they are commonly credited with. I am sure they can talk to one another. A case in point: You see that turkey gobbler and hen out there? Let me tell you an actual fact about them. I. M. Johnson presented me with a very handsome peacock. He was a splendid bird, and the beauty of his plumage was the wonder of the neighborhood. One afternoon I saw him strutting around and making a magnificent display of his gorgeous tail feathers. Mrs. Turkey looked on admiringly for awhile, and trotted over to where gobbler was quietly napping under a peach tree. They were engaged for a moment in earnest conversation.

Then Mr. Gobbler straightened himself up, stiffened his wings, gave a strut and proudly spread his tail feathers. Madame gave a contemptuous toss of her head and evidently laughed at him. I could see the fire in the gobbler's eye, and told Mr. Boubel, my engineer, who was with me at the time, to look out and we would see some fun, and we did. That gobbler marched straight over to where the peacock was still prouetting and admiring the glint of his iridescent plumage, pounced on him and never let up until he had picked out the last feather of the gorgeous tail. I gathered up the feathers, put them together and gave them to Mrs. Gunnison. You can go over the river and see them if you want confirmation of the story. The poor peacock, after the loss of his tail, took no more interest in life, but pined away and died in less than a month."

A NEW HORSE FARE.

The Curiosity of the Man Who Saw Bread Delivered at a Stable Was Satisfied.

A delivery wagon of one of the big bread-making factories of Yorkville stopped in front of an uptown livery and boarding stable the other morning, and two men at once unloaded barrels of bread and carried them into the stable, says the New York Journal. The bread looked good, and was good. There were all sorts and sizes of loaves in the barrels - "homemade," "rye," "Vienna," "potato," "graham" and "cottage."

The curiosity of a man who saw the bread being delivered to the stable was aroused, and he ventured to ask the proprietor of the stable what it meant.

"There's nothing remarkable about it," said the proprietor, with a laugh. "I simply buy it for horse feed. We grind the bread up and mix it with other feed, and it makes first-class food for horses. It is stale bread and costs us 40 cents a barrel, and there are 50 or 60 loaves to the barrel; so you see it comes pretty cheap. Some of the bread is only a day old, and is as good enough for any man to eat; but the bread factories cannot sell it. What you see here are returned loaves from the groceries. I'll bet there is many a soldier who would like to have had as good bread in the war."

DUTCH LOVE SUNDAYS.

Four Sabbaths in November Are Fete Days in the Land of Dikes and Ditches.

The four Sundays of November are observed as fete days in Holland. They are known by the curious names of Review, Decision, Purchase and Possession, and all refer to matrimonial affairs, November in Holland being the month par excellence devoted to courtship and marriage, probably because the agricultural occupations of the year are over, and possibly because the lords of creation from quite remote antiquity have recognized the pleasantness of having wives to cook and cater for them during the long winter, says the Denver News.

On Review Sunday everybody goes to church, and after service there is a church parade in every village, when the youths and maidens gaze upon each other, but forbear to speak.

On Decision Sunday each bachelor who is seeking a wife approaches the maiden of his choice with a ceremonious bow, and from her manner of responding judges whether his advances are acceptable. Purchase Sunday the consent of the parents is sought if the suit has prospered during the week. Not till Possession Sunday, however, do the twin appear before the world as actual or prospective brides and grooms.

Over the Falls.

A Wisconsin paper reports an Indian's remarkable escape from death. He was one of a driving crew that broke a big jam above Sturgeon Falls. He attempted to cross the river on a log, and to the horror of the spectators, was carried over the falls. The falls are 40 feet high, and consist of two pitches and the rapids. Of course the man was given up for dead, and the driving crew thought it useless to search the river for his body, as the logs were piling over the falls at a rapid rate. The next morning, however, the Indian walked into camp for breakfast. He had been swept down the river and up against the bank, where he managed to crawl out. Finding only a few scratches and bruises, but being, as he remarked, "rather tired," he lay down and slept until daylight, and was none the worse for his adventure.

Vast Wealth of Hindoostan.

In India there is more wealth than in any other country in the world. Gold, rubies, diamonds and precious stones have been produced and found in this land. One of the Indian princes owns jewels valued at \$15,000,000.