

AT THE WAR OFFICE.

A woman poor and a peeress proud,
A dingy room and a crushing crowd,
The gloom of death and grave and
shroud,
A stifled cry and a sob aloud.

A heart has heard and an eye has read,
A soul has writhed and a lowered
head
Is bowed, and a trembling tongue has
said:
"My God! My God! And He is dead!"

A wall, a sob, and a bitter cry,
An anguished tear in a woman's eye,
A peeress's face where agony
Is carved, and a mutely murmured
"Why?"

A woman stares and a peeress starts,
Without the din of traffic's starts.
Throbs in the streets, lie far apart
Their lives, but close, so close, their
hearts!
—James Foley, Jr., in Bismarck Tri-
bune.

EYES OF FIRE.

The Taming of a Bad Man.

By a New York Civil Engineer.

"We were making the preliminary survey of the Colorado Midland road when I first met Big Sam Gardner. He was a man who stood over six feet high, and weighed about 190 pounds. He never used whiskey or tobacco, and it almost required a blow from a hammer to bruise or dent his flesh. He was a scout, a prospector, a cowboy and a teamster. He was a good-natured man, and yet he had one grievous fault. About once in six weeks he would break loose and half kill some one. When we were ready to start out on the survey Big Sam made application to go as an axeman. Col. Kyle, our chief, called him up and said:

"I'll make a place for you, Sam, but I don't propose to have any breaking loose on this trip. If you start in to hurt anybody I'll have you shot like a dog and leave your body to the wolves."

Sam took the place knowing that the colonel would keep his word. We had orders all down the line to open fire on him if he broke loose, and it was generally believed that he would hang on to himself and get through without trouble. As to his courage, he was not afraid of anything on earth, man, animal or reptile. One afternoon at Bluff City, so the story went, six miners undertook to escort him out of town. With an unloaded revolver for a club, Big Sam laid out the whole gang. At Silver Hill, where he had once shot a man, he was surrounded in a shanty by a hundred armed men. When they summoned him to surrender he walked out among them with a gun in either hand and laughed in contempt. Had a shot been fired he would have been riddled in an instant, but no one pulled a trigger. Over beyond San Quentin a half-breed jumped Sam's broncho and camp outfit and was twenty miles away before the trail was taken "bad."

He was followed into a camp of fifty men in all—and Sam got every piece of his belongings back without a shot being fired. He simply rode into camp, stating his errand, and his demeanor was such that the fellows dared not begin a row.

"Perhaps the feat which brought Big Sam the greatest notoriety took place one evening on the edge of Powder Valley, while he was boss of Major Buckley's wagon train. The train was just going into camp for the night, being on its way to a military supply post, when a mountain lion which was hiding in the bushes leaped out and seized a boy about fourteen years old named Clark. As many as six men saw the animal seize his prey, but despite their shouts and gestures he picked the boy up and retreated into the bushes. His teeth were fixed into the victim's right shoulder, and with a twist of his neck he flung the body on his back and trotted off as if he had no burden at all.

"Big Sam was twenty rods away, but he came running up to see what the trouble was. When told that young Clark had been carried off he ran straight for the spot where the lion had entered the bushes. The beast was a monstrous big one, and he was also in a defiant mood. After entering the bushes a few rods and finding himself followed he dropped the boy and turned and made ready for Sam. When the man came running up the lion sprang at him, but Sam leaped to the right and at the same time kicked the beast in the ribs with such force as to make him howl with pain. He was about to skulk away when he was seized by the tail and whirled round and round till his head struck a tree and his neck was broken. Young Clark saw it all as he lay there on the ground, and here were seventy men who saw the deed done.

"One more incident: As a government scout, Big Sam had 'gathered in,' as he called it, over a dozen Indian warriors, and for upward of three years the Cheyenne tribe had a standing reward of a dozen ponies for his scalp. When peace came they still wanted to get even with him, and one day at the agency it was planned to do him up. Some military officer had presented the Indians with a rubber football, and Big Sam was invited to help do some high kicking. There was a crowd of about a hundred bucks, and the plan was to create a jam at a certain point and stick a knife into the big fellow. Everything worked all right up to the last, when Sam scented danger and cut loose. With his fists

and feet he opened a lane through the crowd, and when struck at with a knife he picked the would-be assassin up and flung him twenty feet away.

"Big Sam Gardner had a hundred men to sing his praises, but at the same time no man wanted to chum with him. When his peculiar moods came on he was dangerous to friend and foe alike. While we were glad to have him with us on the survey, we were all the time a little anxious. He had been with us about twenty days, and we had a camp in Red Stone Valley, when we noticed that the big fellow was growing sulky and obstinate. We watched him closely for three days, and it was the general opinion that one of his 'spells' was coming on. About 4 o'clock one afternoon, just as the chain and axe gangs had come in, Big Sam went over to Col. Kyle's tent and said:

"Look yere, Kurnel, we had a fair understandin' about my breakin' loose." "Yes, we did," replied the colonel. "But, I've got to do it, Kurnel—can't help myself. If I don't chew up somebody I'll be no more good. I ain't after any of our boys, but I want a row with some of the fellers in the camp across the creek."

"Two hours before this a band of half a dozen prospectors or land lookers had made camp opposite us and only forty rods away, but no visits had been exchanged yet. Col. Kyle argued and threatened, and Big Sam walked off into the thicket to try and get hold of himself. Every man in camp understood that 'the feeling' was upon him, and that he was in a dangerous mood. Sentinels were posted to watch for his return, and the orders from the colonel were:

"If he comes back on the whoop let every man open fire on him and keep it up until his Winchester is empty."

It was just growing dark when the big fellow came quietly into camp. We were all hoping that his mood had passed away, but one glance into his face showed that he was still hanging on to himself. He sat down beside a campfire and tried to eat, but the food choked him and he turned away and sat for a while with his head in his hands. Col. Kyle took notice of him as he sat there, and by and by came over and cheerfully queried:

"Well, my boy, have you got over wanting to chew somebody up?" "Kurnel, it's bound to come!" replied Sam, with a wail in his voice. "It's time fur me to break loose, and all creashun can't stop me. If I can't have a row with them strangers then I've got to have one here!"

"The giant looked up at the colonel and shook like a man in a chill, and it was really pitiful to watch the play of his features.

"You've got to have a row, have you?" asked the colonel, after a long silence.

"Sure, Kurnel—sure!"

"They look like good men over there. If you pick a fuss you may get killed."

"But I've got to have a fuss, Kurnel. Don't hold me back till I pitch into some of our own men."

"Very well. You are a fool, but perhaps you can't help it. Go and pick your fuss and get a bullet through your heart or a knife in your heart, and I'll be hanged if we don't leave your carcass on top of the ground for the wolves to strip!"

"With a long breath of relief and a smile on his face, Big Sam turned from the colonel and walked deliberately across to the stranger's camp to pick a fight. The first man he came to was sitting down and smoking his pipe. He was picked up and heaved over the fire, and the others came toward us to know what it was all about. Sam was looking around to see what destruction he could effect when the man he had so roughly confronted him and said:

"You are Big Sam Gardner, and you are looking for a fight?"

"Yes, that's me!" savagely shouted Sam in reply.

"Well, I'll accommodate you. I've heard about you and how you break loose at times."

"You'll—you'll fight me?" asked Sam, as he rubbed his hands together and smiled.

"I will, and if I don't kill you my name is not to be put on my gravestone when I die. A shootin' match don't count, but here is what does!"

"He drew from his sheath as fine a bowie-knife as was ever turned out by a cutter, and Big Sam nodded and smiled and whispered:

"Stranger, I'm in dead luck to meet you! Let it be with knives, and if you kin bleed me a little, mebbe I'll feel better."

"Col. Kyle pressed forward to speak to all the campers in general. There was no occasion for a quarrel, and he hoped there would be none. Big Sam must obey orders and quiet down or be driven from the camps. I think this course would have been taken but for the man who had been flung about, snarling under his ill-usage, and having agreed to fight, he said:

"This thing is to go on! No man can toss me around except for blood!"

"That settled it, and we fell back. I don't think Big Sam had taken a second look into the stranger's face. He was of medium height and weight, spry on his feet and all muscle, but his face was a study. It showed a set purpose to kill Big Sam. It was a wicked face, though perhaps not so long as the iron jaw—the compressed lips—the glint of the steel blue eyes. Sam smiled and chuckled as he made ready, and it was only when he stood with his left foot thrown forward and his knife raised that he looked squarely into the stranger's face. Then we saw him give a sudden start. Those eyes looking into his had the shine of a wild beast's eyes at night. The lips parted a little to show the tightly clenched teeth, and there was a lurking smile at the corners of the mouth, and, with the beginning of

his cat-like motions, the eyes seemed to turn to coals of fire.

"Good God, but what a face!" whispered Col. Kyle, as we stood together.

"He will kill Sam out of hand!" I whispered back, as my heart choked me.

"For about a minute Big Sam maintained his attitude of attack and defense. Then he gave way a pace or two, and the other followed him up and hissed between his clenched teeth:

"Sam Gardner, you have met a man who is going to kill you!"

"And how his eyes glinted and glistened and seemed to burn holes on Sam's face. The eyes of a wounded tiger never showed half the fire. He flourished his knife as he looked for an opening, and we heard our man whispering to himself:

"Good God, but he is knifing me with his eyes! I can't fight him—I can't fight him!"

"Look out, Sam," called one of our men, and that braced him up for a few seconds. Then we noticed a trembling of his knees, a scared look in his eyes, and of a sudden he flung his knife away and stepped aside to sit down on a rock.

"Don't kill him!" cried the colonel, as the stranger hovered over our man with knife uplifted to strike.

"The man let his arm slowly fall, and then we noticed that his face and neck were wet with perspiration. Big Sam shivered like one with the ague as the colonel walked over and laid his hand on his shoulder and whispered:

"Come, Sam; it's all over. Let's go back to camp."

"What happened?" asked Sam, as he looked up and around in a vacant way.

"Never mind, now—come along."

"But I'm cold—and my heart's gone—and I'm afraid!"

"Two of the men led him over to our camp," concluded the engineer, "and gave him a drink and left him lying on his blanket. An hour later, while we were eating our supper and talking over the affair in low tones, Big Sam Gardner crept out of camp and was never heard of again. Somehow and somewhere in the mountains he met his death that night. His heart had been eaten out by those eyes of fire."

ROSES AND THEIR USES.

The Restful Properties the Beautiful Blossoms Possess.

Since the days when the "sweet singer of Israel" sung the praises of the "Rose of Sharon," the rose has been so transformed by the florist's art that the flowers seen in the rose gardens of to-day bear but small resemblance to the humble little blossom which the tourists who visit the Holy Land see growing in that vicinity.

The rose, with its constantly increasing beauty, has also increased in usefulness, and the "rose rest cure" is the last mode of usefulness to which the flower has been put.

The rose held a high place in the estimation of the Greeks and Romans, who originated the idea of regarding it as symbolical of silence and a reminder of the confidential nature of any information obtained when partaking of hospitality.

A rose was suspended above the table, and the guests who were breaking bread under the protection of friendship understood the mute reminder of the loyalty that enjoins silence regarding any information obtained under such circumstances. From this usage grew the expression "sub rosa" with which many individuals precede or close any information which the hearer is not to repeat.

The rose is also supposed to be emblematic of certain sentiments, the nature of these depending on the color of the blossom bestowed. The pink rose symbolizes love, the white rose youth and the yellow jealousy.

A pretty legend ascribes to an angel's gift the extra beauty possessed by the moss rose, yelled with its mantle of green. The angel, grateful for the protection of a rose bush, asked the rose what gift it desired in return. The rose desired the angel to bestow another grace upon it, and the flower in a moment was covered with moss.

One of the most extensive industries to which the rose contributes is the making of perfumes. The centre of the perfume industry is said to be at Grasse, which is in the southern part of France. Women and girls gather flowers daily between the hours of 5 and 11 o'clock a. m., and on their return to the houses pluck the leaves from the blossoms. The rest of each day is passed in preparing the leaves for the process of extracting the oils containing the perfumes. The season for plucking roses lasts from the beginning of May until the end of June, and during that time roses are collected in sufficient numbers to make the 1,200,000 kilograms of rose leaves used each season. The perfume known as attar of roses is also made there in large quantities. It requires two hundred thousand roses to obtain \$300 worth of the oil.

The Boers of the Transvaal are fond of roses, and in Pretoria the streets are bounded by rose hedges, which for all but three months of each year are fragrant and beautiful with blossoms. All the public places display a profusion of roses of many varieties. The Burgher's Park has a beautiful collection. This flower has been chosen as the floral emblem of several States, including New York, Iowa and North Dakota, the last two mentioned having chosen the wild rose.

In a little village of Alsace several thousand dollars is made annually by fattening geese, which are bought for \$1 or \$1.25, and sold for \$1.50 to \$1.75. The livers sometimes weigh two pounds.

A DEADLY SNAKE DUEL.

METHODS OF RATTLER AND KING SNAKE IN A COMBAT.

Dramatic Story by a Naturalist Describing a Fight to the Death Which He Witnessed in the Florida Everglades—How a King Snake Conquered a Rattler.

If the rattlesnake is justly called the king of America's woods and rocks, yet his crown is not held without danger, since he is hunted diligently and successfully. His fangs are, indeed, deadly and he wears a fine suit of armor, but the deer and the wild hog never fail to attack him, and he has an enemy of his own kind still more dangerous to him. Snakes may be divided into three classes. Those which are venomous, the constrictors and those which are neither. Unless the second of these are wonderful for their size, they are generally beautiful in color, most graceful in action, and often among our best friends.

In Florida, writes a naturalist, in the Youth's Companion, we have two constrictors especially noticeable—the black racer, which grows to the length of twelve feet and makes a business of warring on rats and other small deer the farmer hates; and the king snake, whose mission seems to be the extermination of the rattler.

One day I was returning from a day's hunt, at peace with the world and myself, when I heard a squirrel scolding as if he were a ward politician the night before election. The noise he made was so loud and insistent that I turned out of my way to see what could be the matter.

I found the little fellow on the trunk of a pine about ten feet from the ground, jumping about as if in convulsions. He would flourish his tail wildly, scold in anger, threaten an assault, run back a little way up the trunk, and then return and scold again.

I looked carefully and saw that his anger was directed at a rattlesnake that lay coiled at the foot of the tree. The snake was compressed into a ball, from the middle of which its rattle sounded continuously; its blazing little eyes were fixed unchangingly upon those of the squirrel.

The buzz, buzz, droned on the summer aid with a sleepy effect but the squirrel scolded in an ever ascending key. But for the hint of the squirrel's eyes I could not have located the rattler. His color and his variegated markings offered but little contrast to his surroundings. His monotone of noise was indefinite, and to sight as well as in sound, he seemed only a blur on the background of dark sand on which he lay.

Was the squirrel only curious to satisfy himself as to the character of that strange object, or was he hypnotized? I have often amused myself by exciting the violent curiosity of the little animal, but never did a waving or jumping object awaken such intense and painful emotion as the rattler always demands.

I knew what must follow soon; that the squirrel's cries would grow weak, that he would grow dizzy, and finally tumble from the tree, hang a moment by one claw, and then drop into the jaws of the living death that lay in wait. I had raised my rifle to save the little fellow, when the tragedy was interrupted from another quarter.

Swift as light, a form raced on the stage. It was clothed in a gleaming coat of beautiful white and black spots; it shifted and shone like a necklace of precious stones, and I knew the king snake claimed a victim.

The newcomer was smaller than the rattler, its ground color was a greenish gray, and the spots scintillated in the sunlight which sifted down upon the scene from the tangled branches overhead.

At the first rustle of its approach the rattler lost all interest in the squirrel, which ran back into the tree.

The king snake held his head high and raced round the rattler in a wide circle while the rattler tried to slink away. The king darted forward as if to attack, and the rattler threw himself into a coil. The king was again away and racing around, with a swiftness the rattler seemed unable to follow with his eye. The rattler was cowed already; his crest was lowered, his buzz, buzz was jerky and uneven, and although he presented a very different appearance from the self-confident arbiter of the woods which he had seemed when I first saw him, I could think of nothing but some human bully surprised in the act of torturing his helpless victim, and suddenly compelled to face an adversary worthy of his strength. The king snake seemed to enjoy the situation as a cat does her cruel dallying with a mouse.

Round and round went the king snake, and the rattler followed the movement till his neck was twisted. Whenever it attempted to turn the king would spring forward, and it was evident that the first failure of the rattler in swiftness would be the signal for muscle to clinch with venom. The king would race from left to right and then reverse, and if the rattler failed to follow that would be the end of him. This happened, and I saw the king in the air, but could not catch the strike, so instantaneous was it.

There was a confusion of flying pine needles in a cloud of white dust, and I saw that two inches of the king's coil was about the throat of the rattler. Over and over they went, the king's head above that of his enemy, and a curve of his body acting as a buffer to keep up the motion which enabled him to take another turn and still another. And so the struggle continued, till the rattler could not writhe freely, and he was held as a vine wraps a tree.

When he lay still the king snake began to crawl himself slowly and at

every motion of his enemy the constrictor's folds contracted and crushed with killing effect. Even when there was only a quiver of the tail, the king still gripped the throat. It was plain he had a wholesome respect for the fangs, that were still terrible.

As a last precaution the king applied his nostrils delicately to those of the rattler, and repeated that several times, as if to detect the faintest breath. Satisfied at last, it released its enemy, but still watched, ready to resume its hold at the slightest sign of life.

There I left him, keeping grim guard over the body of his vanquished foe. As I turned away, the voice of the released squirrel in the tree broke out again, saucy and defiant as it always is, but no longer filled with agony and terror, as at first.

IN THE HEART OF BRAZIL.

The U. S. S. Wilmington Cruises Up the Amazon River.

The cruise of the "Wilmington" 2,200 miles along the Amazon is the subject of a very readable article in Ainslee's: "The dreary solitude and monotony of the interminable stretch of low banks and the knowledge that back of these shores lay hundreds of miles of unexplored, almost impenetrable forest swampy, stagnant, fever-breeding and pestilential, gave the journey up the great river a weird, mysterious tone."

"Passing craft were few and far between. Now and then rafts, or 'bol-sas,' as they are locally termed, would be discerned near the shore. These 'bol-sas' are peculiar to the Amazon, and are lashed together with vines, and upon this platform is erected a small bamboo house, with thatched roof. Several families equipped with provisions will embark upon one of these queer craft, and drift with the current until a desirable place for settling is reached.

"As the 'Wilmington' progressed it was noticed that the character of the vegetation changed somewhat. The forests grew more dense, and the luxuriant hues of the tropics were pronounced. During the day the heat was oppressive. There was a moist, humid touch to the atmosphere, and an ever-present odor of decaying plants assailed the nostrils. Late in the afternoon, however, cooling rains invariably set in, rendering the night comparatively pleasant.

"About five hundred miles from Para, at the junction of the Tapajós River with the Amazon, a town was reached which proved extremely interesting to the gunboat's crew. Its name, Santarem, gave no evidence of the fact that it was originally colonized by Americans. That was in 1866, and the passing of thirty-three years has removed all traces of the Yankee settlers. It did not require this result of an attempt at Anglo-Saxon colonization to prove to the 'Wilmington's' people that the tropics form no favorable home for their race. Despite the gorgeous panoramas of flaming colors in forest and sky, the evidences of nature's most lavish hand in flowers and fruits and mineral wealth, and a climate eloquent of perpetual rest and dolce far niente, not a solitary officer or 'jackie' of the gunboat would have even harbored an inclination to exchange his home land for this.

"At Santarem were seen several typical Amazon River steamers. They were of various sizes, and looked not unlike the craft familiar to the Mississippi. The more pretentious were so constructed as to furnish two decks open at the sides, the upper devoted to first-class passenger and the lower restricted to those travelling second class. As cattle, mules and freight are easily carried on the latter deck, it can also be understood that this location is not entirely desirable. There are no standing beds on board, hammocks being invariably used. These steamers ply to all parts of the great network of rivers forming the Amazon system, and are utilized in transporting rubber."

Spanish Traditions in Italy.

Spanish traditions still reign in several of the southern provinces of Italy. There are many little towns in the Neapolitan district, for instance, where the women of the upper and middle classes cannot go out on foot by themselves, no matter what their age may be. Falling a male escort—husband, brother or friend—they are followed by a duenna. These Castilian customs are dying out; but even the great centres of the south, where the habits and manners of modern life seem well established, they have left their traces, and where even a small modicum of liberty for women is still in dispute, how is the public mind to be persuaded to consider seriously a social transformation having for its object the equality of the sexes?

The young women of to-day consider herself already fairly well off when she remembers that her mother dared not walk alone in the streets of Naples. Enjoying her new independence, she never thinks of aspiring to the dignity of a vote, and her dreams are not troubled by any desire to see herself clad in the cap and gown of Portia.—The Contemporary.

Newgate Prison Doomed.

The last execution at Newgate Prison, the most famous in the world, the theme of Thackeray and Dickens, is to be torn down to make room for the new Central Criminal Court. Newgate has a right to be famous. It was first built in 1086 by the Bishop of London. After Dick Whittington's death it was rebuilt for the second time and an edifice of Whittington and his cat placed on top. It has since been many times rebuilt, but never became a desirable home.

"Never Do Things by Halves."

Sometimes the condition of your health could be described as half-sick and half-well. You may not be ill enough to go to bed but too ill to be happy or efficient in your home or your business. Why not be wholly well? Your dragged-out, tired feeling is due to poor blood and nothing else. Make your blood rich by using Hood's Sarsaparilla. It works to perfection; there is nothing like it.

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Danger in the Lily. From the New York Times.—"If you knew as much about the lily of the valley as I do you would not put that stem in your mouth," politely remarked the florist to one of his customers as he placed a spray of the fragrant and graceful blossoms between his teeth. "It's not a very elegant habit, I confess," responded the customer, a bit testily, "but it's an old one, and I can't readily break myself of it." "Pardon me, but it is not the habit of which I was speaking, but of the flower itself. The lily is a dangerous flower to chew, differing from most of those one buys at the stores, for while this one stem may do you no harm, it is a fact that the lily is poisonous to man and beast alike, and as very few people know it, I always like to let my customers know the fact. Then they can dine on them if they like."

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