

LIFE AND DEATH.

So he dies for his faith. That is fine—More than most of us do. But say, can you add to that line That he lived for it too?

In his death he bore witness at last As a martyr to truth. Did his life do the same in the past From the days of his youth?

It is easy to die. Men have died For a wish or a whim— From bravado or passion or pride. Was it harder for him?

But to live—every day to live out All the truth that he dreamt, While his friends met his conduct with doubt And the world with contempt.

Was it thus that he plodded ahead, Never turning aside? Then we'll talk of the life that he led, Never mind how he died.

—Ernest Crosby.

Rough and Tumble Justice.

There was a lull in the conversation, and the representative of Jarvis and Company, hardware people, took advantage of it.

"Well, gentlemen," he said, breaking the silence, "at the risk of being in isolation—splendid or otherwise—let me tell you that what is known as Lynch Law has sometimes been not only justifiable but absolutely necessary. I speak by the card, for I have been one of the judges in a case of the kind. Short shrift and a stout rope became the culprit's portion."

All eyes turned in the direction of the speaker—a modest, retiring "knight of the road," whose sixty odd years sat lightly upon him.

We were seven well-to-do travelers sitting at a good dinner in "our" room at a North Country hotel. The chat had turned upon the rude, rough-and-ready justice meted out to men by irresponsible "vigilants." That Dermott should have opposed the general condemnation lavished upon the institution of Lynch Law was remarkable enough, but that he should back up his dictum by offering the testimony of personal experience took the company by surprise.

"I see you are somewhat astonished," he continued, "but know that in my early days I wielded the pick and spade which now I am engaged in selling. It was in a small mining settlement in California, and if you care to hear the story of how I helped a man to prematurely quit this world I will narrate it. In doing so I will endeavor to avoid the slang of the settlers, which, truth to tell, I have almost forgotten."

The proposal was received with a chorus of assent and Dermott commenced:

"The camp was a couple of hundred miles from the nearest township or city. It was in a slight hollow; on one side rose a long, gravelly slope, on the other a beautiful green hill. From the top of this hill you could see the prairie stretching away for miles, until it reached a belt of trees that quite encircled this beautiful oasis and all its possibilities of wealth."

"We were the first to find and work this little gold field, and at the time of which I am speaking there were about twelve score of us—many of us 'tenderfoots.' The finds had been scanty, and only a few could boast of having accumulated ore and dust to the weight of a hundred ounces or so, two of the fortunates being a tall, robust Scotsman and a young Englishman, who were partners in a small claim."

"Though they were the luckiest among us, there was no envy felt—on the contrary, they were prime favorites. Gardiner, the Scot, a quiet, resolute man, was looked upon as a boss of the camp, and was judge in every quarrel—was in fact, ruler of the settlement. I must say he dealt out justice promptly and liberally. Dick Martin, a fine specimen of an Englishman, was the life and soul of the camp. From the day he had been seen riding down the hillside to us, whistling and singing as he came, he had been popular. He bought a share in Gardiner's claim and quickly got to work."

"The boys soon found out that he was a born gentleman, that he sent a goodly share of his gold to his mother, and that he himself had quit home partly with the idea of bettering his condition, and partly with the object of tracing an elder brother, who, when a raw boy, had run away to sea, and had last been heard of as leading a rolling-stone life in the United States."

"As in most communities where there is nothing to attract the attention after work is done—no mixed society, no literature, no amusements or anything of the kind—drinking and gambling formed the chief relaxation. In the long, low, wooden shanty, dignified by the name of saloon, any kind of drink could be got, from an 'eye-opener' to a 'sudden death,' and there the men would crowd after work and drink and gamble away the yellow metal they had slaved for all the day."

"Martin often came with Gardiner, but never played. Gardiner, however, Scotsman though he was, showed signs of being a bit bitten with the gambling fever. He played calmly and pleasantly, always drinking and smoking the while."

"One night in the late autumn, when the evenings were long, a stranger walked into the saloon. Having figured and chatted with many of the company, he sat down to play with Gardiner. It was early in the evening when they began. After various

changes of fortune the stream of luck seemed to set steadily in favor of the stranger. Gardiner lost heavily. Martin begged him to stop, even tried to drag him away, but he merely shook himself free and still played on. He lost everything save one little bag of gold. He rose from the table, and turning to Martin, told him to play the game for him. Martin refused. Gardiner pushed him into his seat, and gripping him tightly, held him there. Still Martin would not handle the cards. Then Gardiner, his voice faltering and great beads of perspiration standing on his forehead, begged his pard to try his luck. "You have never touched a card," he said—"you will be sure to win! Come, laddie," he pleaded, "win me back a little of my gold!"

"Between these two men, so widely different in many respects, there had sprung up a deep friendship—aye, a great love. The Scotsman loved the Englishman for the light and sunshine he brought into his dead life, and the Englishman loved the Scotsman for his frank, fearless, careless nature. Friendship won—Martin yielded and began to play."

"We all crowded round the table. There was a troubled expression in Martin's eyes. It seemed as though he was conscious of doing something that was against his principles; Gardiner was flushed and excited; the stranger was smilingly cool."

"Martin played his first game, and, having won, made a move to quit, but Gardiner pressed him down with a 'No, lad, luck has changed—play on!' Martin consented, and won again and again, until half of Gardiner's gold was back into the possession of its original owner."

"If one had been watching the face of the stranger he would have noticed that his expression had altered—that where there had been a pleasant, frank carelessness there was now a look of craft and cunning."

"Luck was again with the stranger. And then it appeared as though the gambling fever had taken firm hold of Martin. Shuffle, deal and show, shuffle, deal and show, until Gardiner's last bag of gold was once more in peril."

"Play boldly, laddie—luck will change presently!" said the Scot. But luck remained on the side of the stranger, and the last of Gardiner's gold went the way of the rest. To our astonishment Martin did not vacate his seat, but pulling out some of his own money, went on playing."

"It was late in the night now, and only two or three were left to watch the men."

"Suddenly the stillness was broken by the cry of 'Scoundrel and cheat!' Martin sprang from his seat, but had scarce done so when the stranger, who had had his iron ready to hand, fired the weapon point blank. The poor fellow staggered, threw up his arms, and fell heavily to the ground at Gardiner's feet. In the confusion the stranger bolted from the room, followed by the futile discharge of one or two shots. We heard the sound of the assassin had ridden into the night. There was a rush to the assistance of Martin, who gasped out that he had seen his opponent 'sleaving' an ace. Then the bright young fellow, but a minute before the picture of health and strength, lay dead."

"The pained expression, the lines his coarse, rough life had made, were smoothed away, and the face we saw was that which fronted us when, with his voice ringing out in cherry song, he rode down the hill into the camp."

"The next morning we buried him. We had thrown on the last shovelful of earth, when Gardiner looked at us meaningly and quietly remarked—'We will now find that stranger, lads.'"

"Having mounted our horses, we soon struck the trail, and followed it across the prairie and through the wood to the river beyond, where it ended. Gardiner sent some of the men across, and he and four others rode on."

"Some few miles outside a settlement we were nearing we came to a religious camp meeting. There two or three hundred men, women and children were gathered together, and horses and carts of every description were scattered around; several fires were being going on, a few tents were standing for the women to sleep in."

"As we rode into the camp one of the men began preaching—a wild, appealing, eloquent kind of discourse, words that were calculated to go straight home to the sin-stained men and women who were listening so eagerly. Just as the preacher—bending over the edge of the cart that his words might reach every one—was beseeching them to better lives, Gardiner, who had been scanning every face, strode up to a man who was among the most devout and put his pistol to his head. 'Hands up!' he cried. The preaching ceased, the women shrank back frightened, and the men began to press round Gardiner as though they were inclined to resist and resist the Scot's action. But we quickly secured the man's wrists, and, making a show of our weapons, we put him upon a horse, mounted our own, and rode away with our prisoner."

"Five miles distant from the spot where Martin's murderer had been run to earth we came to a tall tree. Here Gardiner halted and dismounted. Not a word was spoken by any one. The boss took a rope from his saddle and proceeded to fasten it to an overhanging limb, leaving a running noose at the end. Turning towards the stranger, who had been watching the preparations with a grim knowledge of their purport, Gardiner broke the silence."

"'Stranger,' he said, 'with quiet determination, you cheated at play, and you shot my pard—you must take the consequences. The time has come for you to hand in your checks. Is it not

so, comrades?'—turning to us. 'Is not that according to your principles of justice?' And we all answered, 'It is.' The condemned man's lips remained closed. He saw the futility of asking for time, for framing an excuse, or for defiant action. Steadily and calmly he confronted his doom. I will do the man justice to say that he made what amends he could by informing us where he had hidden the gold which had brought about the death of one man, and was about to cause that of another. This done, Gardiner led the horse under the tree and deftly threw the noose over the man's head. The animal, having been struck sharply, sprang from beneath the condemned wretch, and a man whom we had seen but twice, who came from we knew not where, was left swinging from the tree while the avenging host rode back to the camp. And so, in this case, rough-and-ready justice of Lynch Law was, I think you will agree, not only excusable but perfectly justifiable. No other law was available."

"One curious coincidence in connection with the double tragedy was this—a pocketbook found with the buried gold contained letters going far to prove that the stranger's name was Martin also, and that he hailed from the village wherein his victim was born. The dread possibilities of these facts I have never cared to ponder. Suffice it to say that the event cured me of all desire for a digger's life. With what little gold I had secured I scrambled home somehow, and ultimately became what you now know me as—a 'commercial.'—Waverly Magazine."

BIG GAME IN MEXICO.

Antelopes, Wild Boars, Mountain Lions, Wild Dogs and Wild Burros.

A civil engineer recently returned from the hacienda of Jimulco, in Coahuila, an immense property containing over 2,000 square kilometers, tells some stirring tales of shooting wild game. Antelopes abound, but great care is necessary in approaching these wily creatures, owing to their habit of always placing one or two on guard while the rest of the herd is feeding. The sentinels, faithful to their duty, remain with head erect, peering and sniffing to the four points of the compass and give a swift alarm the moment an enemy appears in sight."

Not long since a party of young men were hunting the javali, or wild hog, and coming up with a number, one of the hunters succeeded in killing one and dismounted to secure it. As he approached his prey a dozen or more javali that were hiding in the tall grass attacked him ferociously, and one fastened his tusks in the hunter's heel, hanging on like grim death. The others came to their companion's assistance and the brute was killed, but the tusks were sunk so deep into the heel that the hog's jaws had to be pried apart with a gun barrel before the man was freed. Strange as this may seem, the wound closed quickly and with no serious results."

On this same hacienda are both wild dogs and wild burros, the latter being remarkably swift and hard to take. The dogs are said to be large and very savage, with ugly countenances and extremely long, coarse hair. Some time ago a pup was caught and tamed, developing into a fine watch dog, but though every effort was made to secure a mate for him it has not been possible."

It is not generally realized that the mountain lions of Mexico will attack a man, but several recent encounters show them to be as dangerous for men as for beasts. One of the mozos in a recent hunting party had but one hand, the stump of his left arm bearing witness to a terrible struggle with a lion he had shot and then approached, thinking the brute was dead. A gentleman who has hunted in the State of Sonora tells of a certain spring where two men have been killed by lions while camping there for the night. These brutes follow a man for miles, like the panther, lured on by the human scent and hopes of finding an opportunity to spring on the traveler. A mountain lion was recently killed in Michoacan that measured three meters from tip to tip."

Mexico possesses many intrepid hunters, especially among military men, but their deeds of prowess are rarely related, this being rather foreign to the Mexican character, which does not lend itself to anything approaching boastfulness. The writer knows of an ardent sportsman, a general, who had one room entirely adorned with firearms and furnished with trophies of the chase. The furniture was covered with skins, the feet of the chairs being of deer's horns. The arms, dating from the conquest to the present time, were valued at over \$20,000. So far did this general carry his mad for shooting implements that he had a cigarette case made in the shape of a pistol, and in offering his guests "cigarros" pulled a real trigger and shot the tobacco missiles in their direction."

Oh, the Greedy Man.

A man took his little boy into a London library for the first time. The child, having more interest in the people than in the literature, noticed a man frequently moistening his finger to raise the pages of the newspapers, and, being unaccustomed to see the habit performed at home, cried out to his father, "Oh, dady, look at that greedy man tasting those leaves!"

A Laugh.

The Cheerful idiot remarks that it is better to be half-crazed than completely broken.—Philadelphia Record.

Some people are always sure they are right, and then do the other thing.

FOR THE LADIES.

PING PONG HATS.

Some women literally have ping-pong on the brain. From a popular millinery establishment, come hats on the upturned brims of which ping-pong rackets and balls are applied in fancy straw. The crowns, too, are trimmed with silk scarfs embroidered in the same design. Then there are stocks both in linen and silk, in which the ping-pong emblem is used as a decorative feature."

DIAMOND HAIR NETS.

As fancy sidecombs are on the wane, in fact, considered dimode in ultra-smart hairdressing, something new has arrived, as one might have anticipated it would. This is a jeweled net, not the Maid of Athens sort, strung with pearls in a golden mesh, but a 4x4 inch square of gold lines delicately criss-crossed, a diamond at each line intersection. This brilliant patch is fastened to the hair by means of hair-pins, and may be worn in lozenge shape or as a square."

MISS BOWERS, MINE DIRECTOR.

Miss E. Bowers has lately been elected to the directorship of the Star of Erin Gold Mining Company in Melbourne, Australia. It is reported that when some of the masculine shareholders opposed the choice, they were quickly silenced by the majority, and were informed by the Chairman that Miss Bowers was an experienced person in mining matters, and fully capable of filling the office of a director.—Woman's Journal.

AN ENTERPRISING WOMAN.

A Maine woman, the mother of eight children and a comparatively young woman, is the proprietor of one of the most flourishing farms of her vicinity. Five years ago, when she took charge of the estate of three hundred acres, it was in a rundown condition and was stocked with implements which were of the most primitive sort. Dairying is her specialty. She has a herd of twenty-five thoroughbred Holstein cows, from twenty to forty hogs, according to the season, and keeps five work horses busy. Her farm is stocked with tools and machines of the most improved kinds."

ODDITIES IN VEILS.

Veilings are certainly unconventional at just now, and all of the novelties among them are calculated to increase the oculists' income this year. The fine white Chantilly veils and those of net with Honiton sprigs, are designed expressly, we are told, to be seen with the Marquise and Amazon hats, with which they look very well."

A new veiling is of fine Mechlin net with alternate chevrons of white and of black pin spots, with large black velvet pastilles here and there. Another has the ground of cream esprit net, strewn with minute pin spots, as well as a few large ones at intervals. There is a strong feeling for these black and white veils, and the fine net grounds with these irregular patterns of spots are newer than the open Russian nets. In Paris the veil is worn only to the tip of the nose, but this is an uncomfortable length, and one which is not at all becoming. The most attractive of all is the veil gathered into soft folds underneath the chin, giving a pretty oval look to the face."

DON'TS FOR GIRLS.

Don't borrow money or jewels from your chums; the first you may find difficult to pay, the last if lost must be replaced."

Don't rob your old father of comforts in order to be stylish. The wage-earner should be given his rights before fashion has her privileges."

Don't take liberties with verity. Men especially shun girls who exaggerate."

Don't go out with men unless you are well acquainted with their habits, station in life, even financial position in a degree, for you may be taking from another needed expenditure."

Don't stare. Girls do too often, then unjustly resent return stares from strangers."

Don't wear jewels in the morning; the nobodies do, and if you glitter in daylight you will be taken for a nobody."

Don't swing your arms while walking. The habit is common; it looks coarse. Girls think it looks athletic."

Don't boast. If you are one of the god's favorites it will be manifested; boasting is vulgar."

Don't use superlatives. Reposeful girls who are used to the things of life that are desirable admire, but never gush."

Don't go into debt; it is remorseless; it robs one of sleep, it turns day into night, and it harasses brain and body. Better a few things paid for than many with debts."

Don't be moody. The blues are after Nature's revolt against indolence. Fresh air, wholesome thoughts and cheery company are to be had by any girl, and the blues and moodiness flee at the sight of them.—Philadelphia Record.

FAIR FENCERS.

The Washington Fencers' Club is composed not only of men who have acquired this dexterous art, but numbers among its members many fair women. These latter are so expert that they need not resort to the woman's natural weapon—a hatpin—to repel attack, but might readily use a parasol or any little stick to ward attack from any man so unnatural as to attack their apparent weakness."

Among the ladies who have been

prominent in this club is the Countess Cassini. She is small and slender, and although a mere girl in years, possesses the accomplishments of a belle. She was among the first to wear the club's colors and cross blades not only with her own companions among the girls, but has occasionally worked new buttonholes into the jackets of men who have faced her rapier. In her delicate physique she demonstrates the truth that skill and not brute strength wins honor at this noble game. She has never appeared outside of the club rooms as a fencer, but rumor has it that she is no mean adversary."

The pretty wife of the Brazilian Minister, Senora de Assis-Brazil, is another expert with the fols. She has triumphed in many private engagements. Besides being one of the prettiest women in the diplomatic corps and in society at Washington, she is one of the most graceful in carriage."

Miss Mabel Merriam, daughter of the Director of the Census, joined the club at its inception. She is a graceful American girl of the new type—tall, lithe and lovely. She rides, fences, plays golf and enjoys every athletic exercise. In coloring she is a perfect blonde, and her outdoor life gives her a radiance of health and a graceful carriage. Miss Merriam is a type of the new American maiden."

Miss Edith Root, daughter of the Secretary of War, as is proper, is a patron of the Fencers' Club. She joined it shortly after the advent of her father in Washington. Among the many sons of Mars she is a goddess.—New York World.

TRAINING THE SLEEPING CHILD.

My little sleeping child was a great comfort; I loved to feel the warm little body so sound asleep, and I would murmur over the dear curls my grief, so quieting myself for the rest of the night."

Soon I noticed a peculiar sympathy existing between us. To my surprise he seemed to reflect my own nervous state. It grew more marked, and apparently the gaiety of babyhood was leaving him. For some time I had been anxious over a fault which had arisen and developed under the tyrannical sway of his nurse during our separation. From a remarkably truthful child he had become just the opposite. I cannot tell how the inspiration came to me; I think solely from my own inner consciousness—but this flashed over me: "Why cannot I control him in one way as in another? My nervousness has been given him with my cares at night while he was asleep; now why cannot I influence him in this other matter?" I worked it all out in my own way and said nothing of the experiment to anybody else. At night, upon coming to the bed which we shared, I would put my arms around him and say, not loud enough to awaken him even in the slightest: "Mother loves her little boy. She loves him the most in the world, even though sometimes she has to punish him. And he loves his mother dearly. He must not tell naughty stories. He does not tell naughty stories. He tells the truth. My little boy must grow up to be an honest gentleman. He is now an honest little boy."

I kept this up night after night, and in less than three weeks there was a wonderful change. The child is now nearly ten years old. While of a remarkably imaginative disposition, he is noticeably truthful and positively sure of his mother's love, even though she feels it necessary to mingle with it the restraint and authority that a father would exercise. I have since influenced him in the same manner in regard to other matters; his lessons, his aversion to soap and water, a certain pertness he had adopted, and always with unflinching success. His love and trust in me are greater than in the average child.—Katharine Scott Umstead, in Good Housekeeping.

FASHION NOTES.

Pongee silk waists, very plain or lace trimmed, are the newest blouses with most commendable features. The belt grows wider at the back. Black and white lace paraols are the height of elegance and good taste. Embroidered batiste of the finest texture and softest biscuit tint is to be in marked vogue this summer for entire gowns, for fancy waists, and for trimmings."

Lace is used in profusion, and probably the dyed Cluny laces will be one of the striking novelties of the season. Colored laces were introduced several seasons ago and made no success. Tulle veils with lace borders are even more fashionable than all lace. One of the latest fashions is to have a tulle veil with figures of lace applied on to it; not on the part which comes over the face, but just across the ends."

The vogue of white still continues. Tailored gowns are finished with white vests, cuffs, collars, revers, pipings and stitching and facings. Hats are not only trimmed with white flowers, but faced with white, and some are all white. Velvet ribbon is still employed in every possible form, in waved, vertical, horizontal, and diagonal lines, in lattice, diamond, and Greek key patterns, and for choux, loops, tabs, pointed ends, strappings, lacings, rosettes with long fringe strands, etc., from the narrowest to the widest weaves of the ribbon."

Recent airship happenings give new force to the philosophy of the old negro who said: "If you're on a train and it runs off the track, dar you are, but if you're on a boat and de biler busts, whar are you?" Only Senor Sevezo could answer that. And he has stopped talking."



OUR MUTUAL FRIEND.

Hear me singing,
See me winging,
Feel me stinging—
I've just come back to woo you,
To wake you and to chew you,
Extract a little pabulum
With sharp, incisive labium,
For I'm an awful eater—
Yours truly,
A. Muskeater.
—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

THE ORIGINAL PATENT.

Teacher—What was the forerunner of wireless telegraphy?
Scholar—The wink.—New York Sun.

GOING TO MEET.

As it is talked nowadays:
She—Are you going to go?
Another She—Yes. Are you going to come for me?—Indianapolis News.

SUCH IGNORANCE.

Glee Club Man—You ought to see a sunrise on the Pacific Ocean. It is simply grand.
His Partner—Why, I didn't know the sun ever rose in the West.—Yale Record.

EARLY EXPLANATION.

"And she married Juggers, did she? Well, well! How on earth did that come about?"
She—So far as I can learn, it is owing to a mutual misunderstanding.—Brooklyn Life.

A DELICATE CHOICE OF TERMS.

"I suppose those newly rich friends of yours will entertain in society next season."
"No," answered Miss Cayenne; "they won't entertain. They will amuse."—Washington Star.

NOT POETRY FORSOOTH!

"Pshaw!" he said after having read it through the second time, "I can't see any poetry in this."
"You can't!" she exclaimed in surprise. "Why, look there—there's 'adown' and here's 'messeems.'"
Chicago Record-Herald.

HARD LOT OF THE FOX.

"Why is it," asked the fox, "that you always look so gaunt?"
"It's all on account of the business I'm in," replied the wolf. "I always have to keep from the door until there's nothing left in the house to eat."
Philadelphia Press.

HIS PHILANTHROPY.

"If you had \$400,000,000, which would you do, start universities or build libraries?"
"Neither; I'd establish free soup-houses for educated people whose refined tastes unfitted them for ordinary work."
Chicago Record-Herald.

HE LACKED TACT.

Nell—He wrote a lovely poem to Mabel.
Belle—I know, but she got mad and tore it up.
Nell—The idea! Why?
Belle—He headed it "Lines on Mabel's Face."
Philadelphia Record.

HE ENJOYS IT.

Borem—You can't find a man anywhere who enjoys a joke better than I do.
Biffkins—Guess that's right. I've heard you tell the same old joke twenty times, and you laughed every time you told it.—Chicago News.

MONOTONY.

"You ought to have a change of scene," said the physician.
"But, my dear sir," protested the patient, "I am a traveling man by profession."
"Well, that's the point. Stay home awhile and see something besides hotel rooms and depots."
Washington Star.

A GENIUS.

"There goes a great genius!" exclaimed the Georgia citizen, as a tall figure slouched by.
"Novelist!"
"No, but he reads all the novels the other fellows write."
"You call that 'genius'?"
"Well, if it ain't exactly genius, it's the patience of it."
Atlanta Constitution.

HER REGRET.

"Did you see the trained animal exhibition?"
"I did," answered Miss Cayenne.
"Did you enjoy it?"
"No. Such things always give me a certain impression of sadness. When I see what can be done in educating dumb brutes I cannot understand why more human beings cannot be moved to a display of intelligence."
Washington Star.

HIS ALTRUISM.

Maud (newly married)—You look very melancholy, George. Are you sorry you married me?
George—No, dear—of course not. I was only thinking of all the nice girls I can't marry.
Maud—Oh, George, how horrid of you! I thought you cared for nobody but me?
George—No more I do. I wasn't thinking of myself, but of the disappointment for them.—Punch.

A woman appeared before the York, England, Guardians the other day who had just buried her seventh husband.

The person with a keen sense of humor is the one who knows when not to be funny.