COURAGE.

It is not that they never knew
Weakness or fear who are the brave:
Those are the proud, the knightly few
Whose joy is still to serve and save.

But they who, in the weary night,
Amid the darkness and the stress,
Have struggled with disease and blight,
With pitiful world-weariness;

They who have yearned to stand among
The free and mighty of the earth,
Whose sad, aspiring souls are wrung
With starless hope and hollow mirth—

Who die with every day, yet live
Through merciless, unbrightened years,
Whose sweetest right is to forgive
And smile divinely through their tears:

They are the noble, they the strong,
They are the tried, the trusted ones,
And though their way is hard and long—
Straight to the pitying God it runs.

—George E. Montgomery, in Harper's Weekly.

On Secret Service.

Yes, sir; I have carried the Barnborough mail for 30 years, seldom missing a day. Hard work? I have to tramp over 20 miles, sunshine or rain, every day but Sunday.

You see that house over yonder—that pretty white cottage with the lilac trees in front? Well, I was witness to a romance which was enacted there a couple of years ago—just as romantic as any novel that I ever heard of.

A widow, Mrs. Wilson, lived there—a refined, genteel old lady—and her daughter, Miss Bessie. She taught the Barnborough Church school—a hard, dreary life that must be.

Every morning when she came down the gravel walk to the gate, on her way to the school, she was almost certain to see me, and she would wait until I came and bid me good morning so sweetly, and ask carelessly if there were any letters for them. But they seldom received any.

One evening I saw Miss Bessie walking with a gentleman. His name was John Keen, and he occupied some position in connection with the general postoffice police inquiry department.

And I was glad when I found that he often went down at nights from his lodgings—which were a mile or so on the way to the London and Brighton station—to the cottage, for I had somehow grown strangely interested in the Wilsons.

One day I heard that John Keen had been selected by the heads of the service to go out to Ireland to fully investigate some irregularities which had occurred in the postoffices in the Ulster district. I was glad of it, for I felt sure he would get to the bottom of the matter.

I did not see Miss Bessie for a whole week after that; but one morning there she was, standing at the gate, waiting my approach, her face pale and anxious.

"Any letters?" she cried eagerly, as soon as she had said "Good morning."

I knew that there was, for I had noticed a large square envelope addressed to her in a bold, handsome hand, with the postmark "Londonderry."

After that I used to bring her a letter with that same postmark every week; and she always looked so contented and happy that, when, at last, one morning I drew near the Wilson's gate and saw the slim, neatly-dressed figure awaiting me, I hesitated to approach, for I knew that I had no letter for her.

There was no letter the next day, or the next, and so on for days and days. Miss Bessie was always at her post, but she grew so thin and pale that I hardly knew her, and I would just shake my head and hurry by, and so she realized that there was no hope.

One day, as I was passing the cottage, I saw a messenger boy from the telegraph office standing at the gate. Then Miss Bessie ran quickly down the walk, and just as I came up she seized the brown envelope and tore it open.

Then she tottered a step forward and fell to the ground like one dead. I could not help seeing the telegram; it was like all such messages—brief and to the point. They know how to stab the poor heart through. This was the message:

"John Keen was drowned three days ago in Lough Foyle."

I rang the bell and her mother came out. Miss Bessie was restored to consciousness, and, pale as a ghost, walked into the house, leaning on her mother's arm, but you could see that all the light had gone out of her life.

Mrs. Wilson wrote at once to the man who had sent the telegram, requesting particulars, and soon received a reply stating that Mr. Keen had been missing for some time, was last seen in a boat on the lough, and finally a body had been washed up near Coleraine, so mutilated as not to admit of identification, but in the pocket a card had been found bearing a name which looked like "J. Keen," but was almost obliterated by the water.

One day I found in my bag a large business-looking letter addressed to Mrs. Wilson, and soon they told me the good news which it contained. A relative had died leaving them some $2000, and I think that I was as glad as they were, for they seemed like old friends to me.

Not long after Mrs. Wilson had decided to give up the cottage, and take Miss Bessie to Brighton for a time, hoping to restore her health, which was failing rapidly. An impulse prompted me to ask for their seaside address.

One day, a month after, as I was passing the cottage—it was still unoccupied—I saw a man standing at the gate, and as I drew nearer my heart gave a great bound, and then stood still, for, dead or alive, it was John Keen!

"But—but," I stammered out, "are you really alive?"

He looked at me as though he thought me an escaped lunatic. So then I began and told him everything, just as I have told it to you, sir. His face was quite white when my story was finished.

"Mr. Jarvis," he said, "let me tell you I was sent away on a delicate mission, and it was necessary that my movements should be guarded and investigations secretly conducted. And then I wrote to Bessie, explaining the situation and telling her that she must not be surprised or troubled if she did not hear from me for a week, as I had promised to communicate my movements to no one.

"Two months afterward I returned from the expedition—successful, too—and I learned that the wagon with the mail bags from the country town from which I had last written had been attacked, the driver killed, the mail robbed of all valuables and the letters scattered to the four winds of heaven.

"But, thank heaven, it was all a mistake, and here I am, safe and sound. Prosperous, too, for the postmaster general has recompensed me handsomely for my successful services, and with my increased salary I am free to marry as soon as the little woman is ready."

The wedding took place in good style not long afterward, for John would not hear of being separated from Bessie again, and—what do you think—I was the first to kiss the bride.—London Evening News.

DEBT-COLLECTING BY STARVATION.

The Absurd Mahratta Method as Practiced in India—Stouter Stomach Wins.

Many queer stories are told of the persistence and clever devices of the collectors of bad debts, but even a professional humorist would find it hard to invent anything more absurd than the method actually in use among the Mahrattas—at least, if travelers' tales are to be trusted.

In that country—so they say—when a creditor cannot get his money and begins to regard the debt as desperate, he proceeds to sit "dhurna" upon his debtor—that is, he squats down at the door of his victim's tent, and thereby, in some mysterious way, becomes master of the situation. No one can go in or out except by his sanction. He neither himself eats nor allows his debtor to eat, and this extraordinary starvation contest is kept up until either the debt is paid or the creditor gives up the siege, and in the latter case the debt is held to be canceled.

However strange it may appear to Europeans, this method of enforcing a demand is an established and almost universal usage among the Mahrattas, and seems to them a mere matter of course. Even their "Scindiah," or chieftain, is not exempt from it.

The laws by which the "dhurna" is regulated are as well defined as those of any other custom whatever. When it is meant to be very strict the claimant takes with him a number of his followers, who surround the tent, and sometimes even the bed of his adversary to make sure that he obtains no morsel of food. The code, however, prescribes the same abstinence to the man who imposes the ordeal; and, of course, the strongest stomach wins the day. After all, we have little right to ridicule this absurdity, for our own laws still provide, nominally at least, for starving a jury into a verdict.

A similar custom was once so prevalent in the province and city of Benares that Brahmins were sometimes systematically put through a course of training to enable them to endure a long time without food. They were then sent to the door of some rich person, where they publicly made a vow to remain fasting until a certain sum of money was paid or until they perished from starvation. To cause the death of a Brahmin was considered so heinous an offense that the cash was generally forthcoming, but never without a resolute struggle to determine whether the man was likely to prove stanch, for the average Oriental will almost as soon give up his life as his money.—Boston Journal.

Within an Inch of Death.

A correspondent of the Detroit Free Press relates a peculiar experience that happened to a friend of his during a stay in Burmah.

We were sitting on the veranda of our bungalow one evening, enjoying our afternoon cheroot. Finally my friend arose and sauntered into his bedroom.

Usually lights were placed in all the bedrooms, but this evening, for some reason—probably the moonlight—the servant had not performed his duties. I could hear my friend fumbling about his dressing table, and then suddenly he gave a cry of horror and rushed out to the light.

"I have been struck by a snake!" he gasped, and his face was deadly pale.

"Where is it? Quick! Show me!" I exclaimed, as I whipped out a knife.

He held out his right arm. There was no mark on the hand, which I examined critically, but on the cuff of the shirt were two tiny scratch-like punctures, and two little blobules of poison sinking into the starched linen and leaving a sickly, greenish-yellow mark.

"You've had a close call, old man," I exclaimed, with a sigh of relief, "and now let us settle the snake."

We found him coiled up on a small mirror, which lay on the table, and an ugly looking reptile he was, too, ready to strike again.

He was a very poisonous snake, known as the Deboae Russelli, but after my friend had done with him it would have been difficult for any naturalist to have placed him in his proper genus.

Children's Column

The Cradle Ship.

When baby goes a-sailing, and the breeze is fresh and free,
His ship is just the queerest craft that ever sailed the sea!
Ten fingers true make up the crew that watch on deck must keep,
While all a-row ten toes below are passengers asleep.
And mother is the pilot dear—ah, none so true as she
When baby goes a-sailing, and the wind is fresh and free.

When mother rocks the cradle ship, the walls—for shores—slip past;
The breezes from the garden blow when baby boy sails fast!
So fast he flies that Dolly cries she fears we'll run her down,
So hard a-port! we're not the sort to see a dolly drown;
And then, you know, we've got the whole wide carpet for a sea
When baby goes a-sailing and the wind is fresh and free.

When baby lies becalmed in sleep, and all the crew is still,
When that wee ship's in port at last, all safe from storm and ill—
Two eyes of love shall shine above, two lips shall kiss his face,
Until in deep and tranquil sleep he'll smile at that embrace.
For mother watches, too, at night; while through his slumbers creep
Dream memories of sailing ere the breezes fell asleep.

—G. C. Rogers, in Great Thoughts.

Willie and Dan.

Willie was asleep and Dan was lonely. Willie is the minister's son, Dan is his dog. It was Sunday morning and every one was at church but these two friends. It was warm and sunny, and they could hear the good preaching, for their house was next door to the church.

In some way while Willie was listening he fell asleep. Dan kissed him on the nose, but when Willie went to sleep he went to sleep to stay, and he did not mind trifles. So Dan sat down with the funniest look of care on his wise, black face, and with one ear ready for outside noises.

Now, the minister had for his subject "Daniel." This was the name he always gave Dan when he was teaching him to sit up and beg, and other tricks. While the dog sat thinking the name "Daniel" fell on his ready ear. Dan at once ran into the church through the vestry door. He stood on his hind legs, with his forepaws drooping close beside the minister, who did not see him, but the congregation did. When the minister shouted "Daniel" again the sharp bark said "Yes, sir," as plainly as Dan could answer.

The minister started back, looked around, and saw the funny little picture; then he wondered what he should do next, but just then through the vestry came Willie. His face was rosy with sleep, and he looked a little frightened. He walked straight toward his father, and took Dan in his arms, and said:

"Please 'scuse Dan, papa. I went asleep and he runned away."

Then he walked out with Dan looking back on the smiling congregation. The preacher ended his sermon on Daniel as best he could, but then he made a resolve if he ever preached again on the prophet Daniel he would remember to tie up the dog.—New York Mail and Express.

Butterflies as Roommates.

A young woman who lives in a New England town has had a unique experience with butterflies. She happened to be in the garden on a warm day in the fall, and noticed a brown butterfly fluttering about, rather languidly, among the few remaining flowers.

She caught it without much trouble and carried it to her room, where the windows were screened, and let it loose. The little insect accepted the situation, and conducted herself as if quite at home. The substantial New England name of Maria Silsbee was bestowed upon it—though not eminently appropriate. Maria's food and drink were placed on the window sill, and consisted of a lump of sugar moistened by a drop of water, and she partook of this by unfurling her long spiral trunk, which resembled the hairspring of a watch, and inserting the end in the sugar.

Maria was not fated to live in solitude. One day there appeared in the room another butterfly of similar appearance, but more sprightly in behavior. No one could account for its being there, unless the maid had left the screen up for a few moments while making up the room. The stranger was named Jonathan Matthews. He was far more venturesome than Maria, and of not so docile a temperament But he was never seen to eat. Possibly a false feeling of pride or diffidence restrained him from doing so in any one's presence.

The fame of this young woman's two companions spread abroad, and visitors to her room were frequent. This did not seem to ruffle the equanimity of either. At last Maria, indifferent to the joys of a wordly existence, settled down in a comfortable corner, and remained there, to all appearances a corpse. She had decided to hibernate—and hibernate she did for several months. Jonathan, on the contrary, was very active. Thus they remained for most of the winter.

One day Maria awoke, but in the words of Hamlet—"to die—to sleep—to stay."

When the days became warmer and the spring flowers appeared in evidence that there was again honey in the land for vagrant butterflies, the screen was pushed up, and the solitary Jonathan flew joyously forth. He has never been seen since.—Atlanta Journal.

Intelligent Geese.

It must have been in the 40s that my great uncle, Charles N——, was graduated from college and begun to teach school. Communication was not so rapid then as now, and the exchange of ideas was accomplished with more difficulty. The country was not overrun with teachers' manuals and guides, and there were few educational works. It was only by gathering together and exchanging ideas that teachers were able to progress. To facilitate this several would in the summer time travel from place to place, holding what they called "institutes," to which all who taught in the neighboring country would flock to receive or disseminate new ideas, and to discuss methods of study.

My uncle and a friend of his had started on a tour of this kind, and on Saturday arrived at a town where they were to hold an "institute" the following Monday.

Sunday afternoon they took a stroll in the outskirts of the town, on the banks of a stream, and were engaged in deep conversation when my uncle's friend espied a flock of geese approaching in a solemn procession. Moved by a sudden impulse, he took off his hat, made a low bow and, addressing the geese, said: "Allow me to introduce to you my friend, Mr. N——, who will hold an institute in this town tomorrow. I cordially invite you to be present." The geese appeared to listen attentively to the young man's words, and when he had finished they waddled gravely away.

The incident passed quickly from their minds, the next afternoon arrived, and the friends repaired to the church where they were to expound their educational views to those who were assembled for instruction and profit. The day was beautiful and sunshiny and everything beamed propitiously on my uncle as he arose from his seat behind the pulpit to address the dignified gathering.

Hardly had he opened his mouth to speak when something in the wide-open door attracted his attention. There stood the old gander, leader of the flock they had seen the day before, and behind him were all the geese! Having completed his survey, to my uncle's horror and chagrin, he waddled slowly up the middle aisle, followed by the rest.

Was ever a young man in a more painfully embarrassing situation? At this moment he received a tug on his coat tail and plainly heard the partially suppressed amusement of his friend and the whispered exclamation, "They've come!"

My uncle grew redder and hotter as the geese approached in front and the tugs on his coat tail continued behind. He could only stutter and stammer, each moment becoming more painfully aware of the awkwardness of his position.

At last, with the timely assistance of the congregation, the unwelcome intruders were expelled amid quackings, confusion and uproar.

It is almost unnecessary to add that the fount of my uncle's eloquence was checked for the time being, and consequently his disquisition on the education of the young was not as edifying as it might have been under ordinary circumstances.

This did not end the matter, however. My uncle's friend for many years after, at every dinner when he was called upon for a speech, managed to recount this incident. If my uncle was there it only added to the general enjoyment.

Tiring of this in the course of years, Uncle Charles once arose, after his friend had related the story, and said:

"There was one point to which sufficient attention has not been called, namely, why did the geese understand so perfectly all that my friend said?"—Atlanta Journal.

The Wild Horses of Arizona.

"There must be 20,000 head of wild horses in northern Arizona," said Will S. Barnes, one of the largest cattle owners in Navajo county, recently. "They are the worst nuisance that can be imagined. It has reached the point when we cannot safely turn out a riding horse to graze. We have to keep our saddle animals and round-up horses stabled all winter or bring them down to Phoenix for pasturage. The wild stock not only eat the food that ought to go the cattle, but they run cattle off the range. They have chased off all the cattle from the west end of the Hash Knife range, one of the best grass districts in northeastern Arizona. It is useless to put out salt for the stock, for the wild horses chase away the cattle that come near it. At this season of the year they are fat and have shining hides. They sweep over the country in great bands, gathering up any stray animals they may come across. A horse is as good as lost that joins them."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Got Off Easy.

First Reprobate—Well, old man, did you get home all right last night?

Second Reprobate—Yes; but my wife wouldn't speak to me.

First Reprobate—Lucky beggar! Mine did!—Punch.

MONEY MADE IN LAW.

THE LEGAL PROFESSION FROM A FINANCIAL STANDPOINT.

There Are a Few Who Make Fortunes Every Year, but There Are Others Who Are Obliged to Work Hard for Very Small Wages—Some Big Fees.

There are hundreds of lawyers in New York who earn less than a day laborer does, alleges the News of that city. Hundreds of others make a fairly comfortable living, and a hundred or so make from $5000 to $25,000 a year, and a lucky few make a fortune. To be a successful lawyer in New York means more than to be a successful lawyer in probably any other city in the world. In no other city are fees so high for the great lawyers or so low for the little ones. You can get the services of a Tombs shyster for a dollar, or those of one of half a dozen others for a little less than a million. There is no maximum or minimum fee. New York lawyers charge just what they can get, and put their own valuation on the services that they render. A good lawyer—but, of course, not one of the great lights of the bar—will try a case at from $10 to $200 a day, and many others just as good will do the same thing for half this sum, while the fees charged by the men who are considered as being at the head of their profession are well nigh incredible.

"It pays to be a lawyer after you have succeeded in making a reputation, and it pays in proportion with that reputation, said one who is at the top. "Of course, it takes time to build up a reputation," and success to many men comes late in life. When attained, however, it is substantial. Perhaps the best paying business for a lawyer is that of attorney to corporations. As an example of the high fees paid to corporation attorneys I may mention that John E. Parsons received $900,000 for organizing the Sugar Trust, which, by the way, was afterwards declared illegal by the court of appeals of this state, and was, I believe, recognized under the laws of New Jersey.

"Perhaps the highest fee paid to a lawyer for attending court is received by Joseph H. Choate," continued my informant. "When he attends court for another lawyer he gets a fee of $1000 for each appearance, together with his retainer in the case. This retainer is never less than $5000, and is often much more. The biggest fee Choate ever received for one appearance was $100,000. This was for his argument before the United States supreme court to have the Income Tax law declared unconstitutional. When the corporate interests involved are considered, the fee was not such a great one, especially as he won his case.

"As I remarked before," continued this lawyer, "corporation business pays best of all. As a recent instance of big fees paid to corporation lawyers, the firm of Guggenheimer, Untermyer & Marshall received the other day a fee of $10,000 for drawing up the articles of incorporation for a brewing company. An ordinary lawyer would have done the work for a fee of $100. Companies, however, are willing to pay big sums to be started right."

"How does criminal compare with civil practice as to fees?" I asked.

"There is a great deal more money in civil than in criminal practice. Criminal lawyers never get as high fees as civil lawyers, and for a very good reason. As a rule, rich men do not commit ordinary criminal offenses. The average criminal is hard up. In fact, he commits crime usually in order to get money, and seldom has much to fee lawyers with. A criminal lawyer must be content to take what he can get and be thankful. In many criminal cases the lawyer who defends a man accused of crime is out of pocket himself. There are no such fees for the ablest criminal lawyer as the one which Henry L. Clinton received for defending the will of the late Commodore Vanderbilt. His fee in that case was $250,000."

"But there are lawyers who make money in criminal practice," I remarked.

"Yes, but they are few. If a man makes money by criminal practice it is due more to untiring industry than to anything else. He must be working all the time because his fees in individual cases are small. A good fee in a criminal case would be from $500 to $1500, and there are not many of the latter going."

In building up a practice it is an aim with all young lawyers to enlarge the number of their acquaintances. To this end they are nearly all in politics, and many are club members.

Many of the great lawyers of New York practice like English barristers that is, they only appear in court—their cases being prepared by another lawyer. A number of young lawyers who have means are also aping this English fashion. Clever attorneys not very learned in the law, but good at hunting clients, bring them cases. The latter charge moderate fees for trying them, and the attorneys get a great deal more out of the client.

Limbless From Birth.

A strange sight was witnessed recently in the Southwestern police court. An elderly man, armless and legless, was carried into the witness box by a policeman, who held him as though he were a baby, while he made an application to the magistrate for an extension of time under an ejectment order from the court. Mr. Marsham asked him how he came to be so afflicted, to which the helpless man replied that he was born so. He got his living by making beaded ornaments with his mouth. His Worship allowed him a few additional days to find fresh accommodations.—London Daily Mail.

President Krueger's Piety.

Bishop William Taylor (Methodist), who has just returned from Africa, called recently on President Krueger. "I found the ruler of the Boer Republic," he says, "an exceedingly unassuming man. He heard with interest of the work that I was doing, and spoke very encouragingly to me. He is an intensely religious man. He arises at 6 o'clock in the morning to hold family prayers and preaches nearly every Sunday."

A Pickpocket's Ruse.

Lady Bulwer sat for her potrait in Bath, and the artist was commenting on the beauty of the sitter's eyes, which, if contemporaneous evidence is worth anything, were indeed magnificent. That started Landor on the subject of eyes. He insisted that green eyes were most "woonderful"—he always pronounced the word with a double o. In support of his argument he told the following story: "It so happened that when I was a young man at Venice I was standing in the doorway of the Cafe Florian one day, watching the pigeons on the Piazza San Marco, when an old gentleman rushed up to me and said, 'Pardon me sir, but will you allow me to look into your eyes? Ah, I thought so! Sir, you have green eyes! I never saw but one pair before, and they belonged to the late Empress Catherine of Russia; they were the most wonderfully beautiful eyes in the world.' I have reason;" continued Mr. Landor, "to remember this, for while the old gentleman was examining my eyes I had my pocket picked."—Argonaut.

No Klondike for Me!

Thus says E. Walters, Le Raysville, Pa., who grew (sworn to) 252 bushels Salzer's corn per acre. That means 25,200 bushels on 100 acres at 30c a bushel equals $7,560 That is better than a prospective gold mine. Salzer pays $400 in gold for best name for his 17-inch corn and oats prodigy. You can win. Seed potatoes $1.50 a Bbl.

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The German navy has only been in existence half a century, the first naval officer having been appointed in 1847.

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LUCAS COUNTY.

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FRANK J. CHENEY.

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1886.

SEAL } A. W. GLEASON, Notary Public.

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