

# ORACULUM

Wouldst live? Then suffer much!  
Drink deep the draught of pain,  
He has not lived, or he has lived in vain.

Who knows not sorrow—has not felt the touch  
Of pity for another—wary strife,  
False gilded hopes, and love,  
These things are life.

Wouldst hope? Look not behind!  
But step upon the past to higher things,  
And seek the sunshine. Upon fortune's wings  
You yet may soar, and fortune can be kind.

Why not? All life is change—  
To all who truly hope,  
Night is too strange.

Wouldst dream? Look in the west!  
Drink in the glories of the dying day,  
Where cloudy headlands dot the glowing sea.

Where lie the heavenly "islands of the blest"  
There love is true and things are as they seem,  
And all is good and fair—  
"The sweet is dream!"

Wouldst rest? Keep conscience clear,  
Do well thy work; nor heed the hurrying throng,  
That tempts aside or bars the way. Be strong.  
Keep faith, go bravely on without a rest,  
In conscious virtue. They alone know rest  
Who labor long and well  
And do their best.



## Winning a Million.

BY W. B. HENNESSY.  
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The man had a sharp look that was not altogether hidden by the broad expression he wore habitually as he took the yellow envelop the bellboy handed him.

"Wait," he said. He tore the cover off and read this:  
"Paris, France, Dec. 11, 1900.  
"To John H. Tressor,  
Hotel Metropole, New York.  
"You might spend a few months in France for the good of your health and make it worth your while. Do you need funds?"

"PENARD."  
Mr. Tressor swung off the bed with more agility than the boy expected, for he dodged back.

"Got a blank?"

"No, sir," said the youth.

"Get one," said Mr. Tressor.

When the boy came back the man moved over the rickety marble top table and wrote:

"Penard, Paris, France.  
"I might; I will; I do. Cable.  
"TRESSOR."

Two weeks later Mr. Tressor got out of a train at the Gare du Nord and said: "Hallo, Jacques!" to a tall man with a very long face adorned with a black Vandyke beard.

"Any luggage?" he asked.

"I have," said Mr. Tressor, "but your cousin fellow-countrymen at Havre wanted to charge me toll for bringing over everything in the United States and I left it with them."

"Any letters or names, I mean in your trunk?" asked Penard, sharply.

"Do you think I'm altogether dotty?" asked Mr. Tressor, in an aggrieved tone. With which answer M. Penard seemed to be satisfied.

An hour later they pushed back from the table which contained the remains of a dinner to which Mr. Tressor had paid rather more attention than his companion.

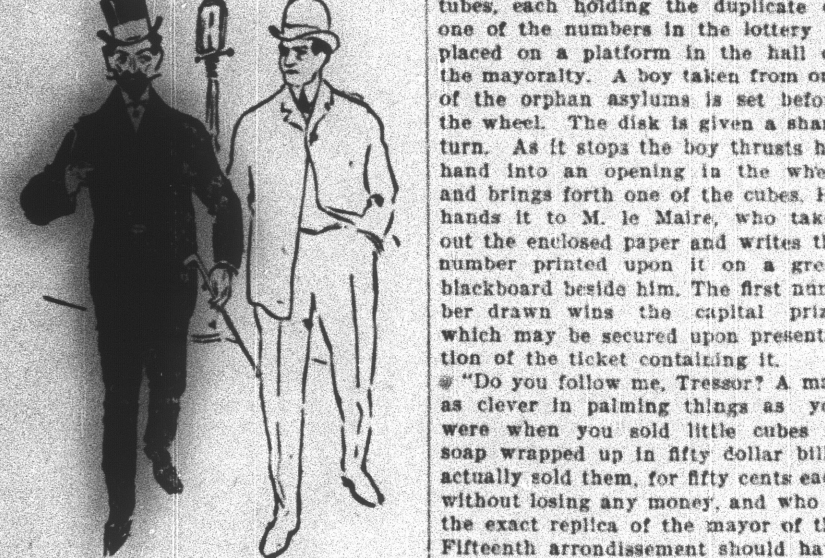
"Now, Jacques," said Mr. Tressor, "what is it, my boy? You didn't send for me because you were worrying about my health. I hear you have been getting along."

"Yes," said the dark man; "yes I have got along to that stage where I think that I can help you to what you most need—money."

"I don't suppose you need it yourself," said Mr. Tressor, amiably. "How much is there in it?"

"What would you have said to a million francs?"

"That is two hundred thousand dollars and expense money. I don't



"Do you think I'm altogether dotty?" think," said Mr. Tressor, meditatively, "that there are many things that could not be done for two hundred thousand dollars, short of carrying off the Louvre—if it was only to be split between two people," he added sharply.

"There are two of us," said Penard, sardoniously.

"Then let's get busy," remarked Mr.

been hailed as Mr. Tressor by at least a hundred men any afternoon on that part of Broadway lying between Twenty-seventh and Thirty-fourth streets, New York—stepped on to the platform.

Nothing had happened. The real M. Vigneron had been taken care of the night before. He had been so rejected at meeting the American art connoisseur, M. Tressor—who looked so very much like him—that it was not the least trouble in the world for his double to administer "knockout drops," by Mr. Tressor—into the green glass filled with absinthe that M. Vigneron was sipping. M. le Maire was comfortably disposed of where he would be very certain to get another drink with more choral, at any time these next three days.

M. Penard had among a little bundle of tickets in an inside pocket one bearing the number B118,059—which was destined to win the million franc prize.

Mr. Tressor was superb in the apologetic which he saluted the fellow citizens of the mayor of the Fifteenth arrondissement. M. Penard was very certain that he could see the morsel of paper held by Mr. Tressor between the third and fourth fingers of his left hand. Mr. Tressor knew that nobody could possibly see it.

He bowed to the man at the wheel and the monster disk was sent whirling. The interesting little boy who had been brought forth from his home in the orphanage maintained by the citizens of the arrondissement, thrust an attenuated hand and arm into the opening in the wheel and drew out a little listening cone. He

was handed it to M. le Maire. Mr. Tressor was in his element. He thrust out his arms and pushed back his sleeves—as he was wont to do when assuring purchasers of soap that he had really no means of despoiling them, even if he were so disposed.

He received the copper cube gingerly between thumb and forefinger of his left hand, extracted the bit of paper it contained, and opening it before the staring eyes of the multitude—after exchanging it for that other morsel which had been concealed between his fingers—turned to the blackboard and wrote:

B118,059.

Whereupon every man in the crowd examined his bunch of tickets, and the drawing went on.

It was remarked afterwards that M. le Maire had never conducted a drawing with more embarrassment.

Three days later two smooth-faced, well-dressed men met at the Adelphi Hotel in Liverpool. They secured a room together.

When they were alone the fair man turned to the dark one and said:

"Got the coin?"

"Yes. Did you save that ticket that was first drawn?"

"I did not; I ate it. I don't believe in being found with the goods on me."

"No? Well, my dear Tressor, you can order me a gallon of your cursed American whiskey. Then read that."

He handed Mr. Tressor a copy of *Le Temps* of February 7. Mr. Tressor read:

"It is now practically settled that the impersonation of M. Vigneron at the drawing of the lottery of the fifteenth arrondissement, and the kidnapping of that gentleman, was the result of a wager or an odd practical joke. An examination of the contents of the lottery wheel shows that B118,059, the winning ticket, was regularly drawn."

### TO FIND THE MAGNETIC POLE.

Capt. Amundsen, the Norwegian, to lead an expedition in 1903.

Captain R. Amundsen, the Norwegian, who was first officer of the *Belgica* on that ship's trip to the Antarctic in 1897, proposes to start next spring with an expedition to locate the magnetic north pole.

In 1831 Sir James Clark Ross reached a position where the dipping needle was at a right angle to the horizon, an absolutely vertical position, but the question has been raised whether the magnetic pole is actually only a point or whether the peculiarity of the needle assuming a vertical position extends over a large area, and further whether the magnetic pole changes its position. With the object of solving these two questions Capt. Amundsen has purchased the *Gjoa*, one of the strongest and best sailing vessels of the Norwegian Arctic fleet, and will start for the north in the spring of 1903. The *Gjoa* is to be fitted with a petroleum engine and will carry a crew of seven men.

It is proposed to leave the ship either at Matty Island or King William Land, says the *New York Mail and Express*, and as soon as the severest part of the winter is over to continue the journey with sledges to the place on Boothia reached by Ross.

### King Edward a "Fire Fiend."

King Edward, from childhood, has always shown the keenest interest in fires and firemen. Of all the entertainments provided for him by the city of New York, he has most often remembered, and says he most enjoyed, a parade of the volunteer fire department in his honor. There were 6,000 firemen in uniform, and all save those in charge of ropes and tilters, bore torches. It was a great spectacle, and the Prince, as he looked at the brilliant display in Madison square cried repeatedly: "This is for me; this is for me!" with unaffected glee. During many years of his life he used to be informed whenever a really big blaze was signaled, and he has attended, incognito, most of the big fires in London during the last thirty years.—*Everybody's Magazine*.

Many a man falls because he would rather make money quickly than honestly.



### Dangers of Lion Hunting.

In "A Tale of Several Lions," Hercules D. Vinton, in the *Exc.* says: Van Aardt came to me and suggested a little lion stalking. Now, I know lions as well as he; deliberate hunting for a lion who mourns a murdered mate was a foolhardy proceeding. But in the near neighborhood of the spot where Madame Lioness had been killed was one lion, with an earthquake voice, whose rumblings fascinated the very spirit of Van Aardt.

"I am going," he said.

I could not let him go alone, for we had fought too often by side. We started off, my reckless comrade laying out, in calmest confidence, the artless plan he had of walking up to that tumultuous bell of wrath incarnate, and of blowing a few holes in it with his Manner. As we came nearer, the roars ceased. The lion, weary with his imprecations of the night, had gone away from the scene of his bereavement for rest and sleep. But we found in the jungle's depths the footway he had trod; in a sunny path of twisted trees, he had stalked back and forth for twelve long hours, calling aloud for vengeance.

Kristiansen, who looked upon Van Aardt as a hot-headed madman for the time, decided he would use the morning for a peaceful springbok hunt, and took his Kaffir boy along. He went in the direction opposite to ours. After half an hour's close tracking, the Kaffir, who had been in advance, appeared at his elbow with an implacable suddenness, and a whispered word:

"Baas, a lion!"

Kristiansen started ahead of him. There, in a tiny clearing not thirty yards away, the monarch stood, his mane quivering with the intensity of his attention and his brilliant eyeballs gleaming in the effort to penetrate the single veil of cover that hid the hunter from his view. The Kaffir had a faith in his master that was sublime.

"Shoot, Baas, shoot!"

Kristiansen knew that death stood waiting for him in the clearing beyond. The chances were all against a fatal first shot. The wounded lion would tear him into shreds of mangled flesh before he could have time to fly. Step by step, his very breath pent up, he made the slow retreat. The Kaffir, fancying all his master need do was fire a single shot, accompanied him with an expression of disdain. For ten good minutes, Kristiansen paced backward; and then came swiftly to the camp again upon the chance of making up a port, whose numbers would mean safety in a cornered at task. But the majority of us were away, and that lion, with all the others among the spouses of Paris's lioness, were unmolested from that day forth.

I was in Pretoria a little later and saw a sight that told me how wise Kristiansen had been. The oldest lion hunter of the Transvaal shook me by the hand—and read his left hand for the greeting. The other arm hung withered and helpless, at his side. Only half his face was there to speak to me. The other half went into a lion's maw a few months earlier. He was hunting springbok with his son, and carried an ancient muzzle loader.

A dead shot, the old man described a buck not fifty feet away, and kneeling, fired. The crack of the rifle was answered by the snarling roar of a wounded lion. The bullet, passing through the buck, had struck the mighty beast as he was about to spring. And it had no more than wounded him. He leaped for the smoke, coming on in flying bounds, while my old friend fumbled wildly with his powder horn. He was too slow. The bullet had not dropped into the barrel before the lion was upon him. One crunch of his tremendous jaws, and an arm was stripped of the bone. Another, and the side of his face had vanished. The cavernous throat above the prostrate man roared once more, before the teeth should clasp together, when the son, running up, put his rifle barrel to the lion's side and drove a half-ounce bullet through his heart.

### Tabitha Sanborn's Ride.

Some of the feats which our foremothers performed quite as a matter of course when domestic emergencies occurred were such as would tax the endurance and courage of the hardest athletic maidens of our own day. Hannah Sanborn Philbrook, in a recent article on old-time Sanborns, relates how an ancestress of hers supplied a deficiency in her weaving apparatus.

She found unexpectedly that her work required the use of a certain reed and harness which could be obtained only at a place five miles distant, reached by a road leading over a number of steep and dangerous hills.

She was alone in the house with her baby and another young child, whom she could not leave to go on an errand. Nevertheless, she could not endure the loss of wasting time in waiting for that reed and harness when if she only had them she could make such good progress with her web. Her husband owned the "smartest four-year-old colt in town," and this lively animal, nothing daunted, she mounted with her baby in her arms, taking her other child on a pillow behind her.

"Soon after her arrival," writes her great-granddaughter, "there were signs of a coming tempest, and she had to hasten. The reed and harness, at least four feet long, were bound to the colt, and she turned toward home.

"My great-uncle Cate said that when she passed his house she was going like the wind, the sky was black with the coming storm, and the thunder and lightning were terrible. As soon as it cleared off he saddled his horse and followed, 'expecting,' he said, 'to find Tabitha and the children dead in the road. But I went clean over all the way, and there she was, getting supper and singing, as lively as a cricket!'"

She was not even wet; for the smart four-year-old, urged to the utmost, had succeeded, in spite of his queer and cumbersome load, in racing the shower and beating it. Supper over, Mrs. Sanborn, with a tranquil mind and the proper implements, was able to resume her interrupted weaving.—*Youth's Companion*.

### How Soldiers Can Die.

When Lieutenant Egerton of the Powerful and one of the best of the younger officers, was directing one of his guns against the enemy, one leg and one foot were carried off, as he lay on the sand bag parapet watching the effect of the fire. "There's an end of my cricket," he said, simply. He was carried to the rear with a cigar between his teeth, and died soon after.

Spion Kop saw some of the most memorable instances of the cool good humor with which wounds and death were received. Captain Muriel was shot through the cheek while he was handing a cigarette to a private, but he continued to lead his regiment until a bullet crashed through his brain. Scott Moncrieff went on after three bullet wounds; it was not till he was hit the fourth time that he was disabled. An even more remarkable story was that of Grenfell, of Thornecroft's. When he received his first shot, he cried: "That's all right; it's not much." A second wound made him remark: "I can get on all right." The third shot killed him. Buchanan Riddell, the Colonel of the King's Royal Rifles, was shot by a bullet through the head as he stood up to read a note from Lyttleton, his General. When poor Tait was hit on the advance to Kimberly—he had one wound already just barely healed—he exclaimed: "They've got me this time."

But perhaps the death which impresses one most in all the long and glorious list is that of Lord Albion. He was shot down in a shower of bullets from a hidden body of Boers just after his men had finished a splendid and successful charge. A few moments before he had said to a sergeant, who, frank with the passion of battle, had probably burst forth into some characteristic outburst: "Pray, moderate your language." The next moment a bullet had sped through his heart.—*M. A. P.*

### Had to Fight Three Bears.

Fremont Bourne, who lives in Rutland, Vt., had an encounter lately with three large black bears on East Mountain, and but for his pluck and endurance he would undoubtedly have been killed. When Mr. Bourne started out to fish in the vicinity he feared no danger and went unarmed. He had whipped the brook half way up the mountain when suddenly he heard a rustle in the bushes and three bears broke into the clearing.

Mr. Bourne made for a young spruce tree and climbed it. The bears followed to the foot of the tree, and one behind another began to ascend. When the foremost bear got near the branch on which Mr. Bourne had taken refuge he managed to keep the animal from approaching nearer by jabbing him in the eyes with a small branch which he had broken from the tree, but the bear little by little came nearer, and the other two were just below him before Mr. Bourne had decided to run. He moved out as far as he could on the branch, dropped to the ground and started down the mountain for the nearest house, half a mile distant.

Bourne put 200 yards behind him before one of the bears reached the ground. The animals gained on him, and when he reached the farm house the foremost was hardly 100 feet behind. At the farm house Mr. Bourne secured a rifle, and from an upper window he shot and killed two of the bears, the third escaping to the woods.

### A Man-Killer.

Frank Leslie's Popular Monthly says: It was the Fourth of July in the small town of Los Plagos, and a cow-puncher in the crowd but he had a pony that would shake the teeth out of a prairie hen. "Run him out," yelled a chorus, and soon a broad-chested, well-set-up, mouse-colored pony, with the docile eyes of a doe, stood before us. "Me take you; me ride, me dig out hide." It was a Mexican who spoke. The bargain was quickly clinched, as money in a cattle town runs freer than water, by the cashing of twenty-five shining silver dollars in the hand of a stakeholder. The Mexican secured his saddle and drew the cinch up without the slightest trouble. His foot touched the stirrup, then, with the quickness of a cat, that pony reared, wheeled, and like a panther sprang at the Mexican. One foot caught him a sickening blow full in the face. Down he went like a sack of meal, clutching and convulsively working his fingers in the dust. He was in the act of repeating his deadly work when a shot rang out and the infuriated beast dropped like a trap, full on the prostrate body of the Mexican.

The pony was rolled off and rough though gentle hands carried the Mexican into the Red Raven. The blow had completely crushed in his face and he had passed over the long trail.

## WESTERN EDITOR GOES HOME.

When Ewing Herbert resigned from the editorial chair of a leading New York comic weekly and returned to resume the editorship of a weekly paper in a small Kansas town, says the *New York Evening World*, several persons wondered. They did not know, as Editor Herbert declared the other day when in this city, that no man is so well situated as the country editor, with a well-equipped printing office in a good town, with a fair share of the county printing, a good circulation and plenty of job work and advertising.

It may be that he takes a turn occasionally at working the press, making up the forms or even setting his own editorials in type; but he takes an honest pride in being able to do these things. He is willing to give every man his due, but insists on his own rights and dares to maintain them. Such an editor is Ewing Herbert. According to a story which has some foundation, a customer whom he knew as a close-fisted man came in not many days ago to get a hundred small posters ordered the day before.

Editor Herbert handed him the posters, neatly tied up in a package. The customer untied the string, laid the bills on the imposing stone and proceeded to count them.

Editor Herbert watched the count. When it was concluded there proved to be six over and above the hundred. Without a word the man who would rather be an editor in Kansas than in New York took the six extra posters off the pile, crumpled them in his hand, threw them into the office stove and bowed his crest-fallen patron out with a smile.—*Fourth Estate*.

## WISE WORDS.

A voluntary burden is no burden.—Italian proverb.

Not every one that dances is glad.—French proverb.

The bow that is always bent slackens or breaks.—Spanish proverb.

More are drowned in the bowl than in the sea.—German proverb.

What is learned in the cradle lasts till the grave.—French proverb.

He does a good day's work who rides himself a fool.—French proverb.

If you have no arrows in your quiver, go not with archers.—German proverb.

A single penny fairly got is worth a thousand that are not.—German proverb.

A peasant between two lawyers is like a fish between two cats.—Spanish proverb.

Woman's happiness is in obeying. She objects to men who abdicate too much.—Michelet.

With money you would not know yourself; without money nobody would know you.—Spanish proverb.

Time is the great comfort of grief, but the agency by which it works its exhaustion.—L. E. London.

There will always remain something to be said of women as long as there is one on earth.—De Bowdler.

To the generous mind the heaviest debt is that of gratitude when it is not in our power to repay it.—Franklin.

### Mme. Melba's Wit.

If Lord Wolseley is a strategist on the field of battle, at the dinner table he proved anything but a warrior when parrying the wit of that famous singer, Mme. Melba.

At the dinner in question Mme. Melba was seated at the right of Lord Wolseley, who was on the right of the hostess. The great soldier, turning to his hostess, asked:

"Who is the lady on my right?"

"Why, that is Mme. Melba."

"Who is Mme. Melba?"

"Is it possible that your lordship does not know the great singer?"

"Oh, yes! Born in Australia, I believe?"

And with that the general applied himself to the course then served. After a few moments he turned to the prima donna, greeted her pleasantly and said:

"You are an Australian, I believe, midname? I know a great deal about your country. My brother lives in Melbourne."

"And pray, sir, what is the name of your brother?" the singer naively inquired.

"Goodness! Why, his name is the same as mine—Wolseley!" answered the surprised officer.

"Who is Wolseley? I do not recall that name," Mme. Melba continued.

"Why, I am General Wolseley," replied the astonished officer.

"Wolseley! Wolseley! Wolseley!" whispered the singer, as if appealing to refresh her memory. And then the general applied himself again to the food. He had learned his lesson.—*This Adelaide Inquirer*.

### A Most Important Individual.

If you ask me who is the most important individual in New York I shall point out him who drives the six horse truck laden with steel beams. Monarch is he of all he surveys. In Broadway a king, among ordinary drivers of one or two horses a tyrant! He and his truck, a monster sometimes fifty feet in length, rule the street wherever they go. The loquacious motorcade of the surface railroad, who lends it over other men and beasts by the force of epithet and platform, sinks into insignificance when his car approaches the king's chariot. Experience has taught him that even the troley cannot budge the monstrous vehicle and its load, therefore he is content to wait.—*Victor Smith, in New York Press*.