



The Combatant

God called a little soul to Him,
Forth from His quiring seraphim,
A little spirit, spotless white,
Out of His multitude of light.

"Will leave the glories of My throne,
Against thee in ways unknown,
To acquaint thyself, from youth to age,
With yonder human heritage?"

"Weaponed for warfare shalt thou go,
In armor such as mortals know,
To wrestle through the unresting years
With sins and sorrows, foes and fears."

"O gallant quest! O high emprise,
To fight beneath my Father's eyes!
Thou, Lord, my peril proudly past,
Shalt crown me victor at the last!"

A weary soul, one midnight late,
Knocked humbly at the heaven gate,
With dented helm and broken sword
And downcast head before the Lord.

"Through mist and storm, Thy will I
sought;
Witness my wounds that I have fought:
The unequal strife was fierce and long,
Alas! I bring no triumph song!"

"Nor wiles I had nor countermeas
Against the cunning Foe's designs;
I can no more—my strength is spent—
Bid me, disgraced, to banishment!"

Then did the Lord upon His breast
Fold that poor bleeding soul to rest;
"Thou strivest well, my child," said He,
"I spake not aught of victory!"



Crushing a Scorpion.

BY REBECCA L. FRIPP.

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It was the year 1882, that memorable year which did more to change the geography of the South Sea archipelago than ever Napoleon did to change the map of Europe. At the time of which I write, the city of Anjer, with its 60,000 souls, still rested in fancied security upon the shores of the Java. For three months the solid earth had set aglow a lamp which went out neither night nor day. The people had grown used to it. They did not shriek now, nor start up in terror when the rhythmic tremor of the earthquake set the windows rattling. Bah! it was nothing—a mere undulation. As for Krakatoa—the old mountain would burn itself out, and then there would be an end of all this. The ordinary avocations of life were resumed—at morn the fishing boats set sail, at eve they anchored in the bay.

On the hillside, a mile or two inland, a number of Europeans had set their beautiful and comfortable villas, thus escaping the intense heat and deadly malaria of the lowlands. Here they lived sumptuously in the midst of a cosmopolitan civilization with all that wealth could lend to mitigate the pangs of exile. They, too, had grown heedless of the unnatural conditions. Krakatoa had broken out in May. It was now mid-August, and all that time the warning had not ceased to be heard in the dull rumble of the earthquake.

It was the morning of the 12th of August, a glowing, Sabbath morning. The foreigners were sipping early tea on their verandas. Gorgeous, bewitching in its lavish profusion of beauty, the tropical landscape lay before them, the dew still glittering on the rich and varied foliage of the undergrowth. Great tropical flowers glowed like many colored lamps in shadowy recesses under giant palms.

A young girl and a young man came strolling leisurely down a little path almost hidden in the dense shrubbery. They were unmistakably of Anglo-Saxon blood. The girl was very beautiful, with the pallid, fragile beauty of one who had long languished under the influence of an enervating climate. There was no healthy color in her lovely, oval face, though sometimes it flushed like a June rose as her companion whispered something for her ear alone. The man was of a different type; his was a mature youth. He

A young girl and a young man, was perhaps thirty years of age, tall, sunbrowned and sturdily built. He had an air of self-reliance and responsibility that sat well upon him—a strong man in every way he seemed. The girl was the eldest daughter of a rich American merchant, whose paternal villa dominated the height above them. The man was a member of the British Geological Survey, at present stationed in Java in order to investigate the recent seismic disturbances.

It was but natural that he should spend much of his spare time at the American's hospitable home. To a man wearied with wandering in many lands, it was like a bit of Eden. It was but natural, too, that he should lose his heart to the loveliest of the lovely daughters of that Eden, although to her it seemed a strange and wonderful thing. It was a short wooing, whose end was from the beginning. The glory of first love lay around the girl; her footsteps trod in an enchanted land. As for him, no one else, he told himself, had ever filled his



A long line of fire, heart before—no one else had realized the ideal of his dreams. He was as intoxicated with her beauty and grace as any boy might have been. To find her here, in this out of the world place, it was like the fairy stories of his almost forgotten childhood. She was like a rare songbird that had flown out of this little world of flowers to blossom in his heart. He laughed at himself—he had a trick of laughing when he did not care to analyze a thought too deeply. He did not want to go beyond his love and happiness today. He would let no vision of his haughty English mother disturb him; nor did he pause to consider the difficulties of his chosen career—today here, tomorrow at the other end of the world. What business had he with a wife? Love paused not at such questions. Family pride, interest, ambition, were meaningless words before the deeper reality of this, Love alone was life. Suddenly, across the path, a little reptile darted. The girl sprang back, screaming, "A scorpion!" she cried.

Her lover laughed, and aimed a careless blow with the knotted stick he carried, but before it could descend a great stone, loosened perhaps by an earthquake tremor, went rolling down and crushed the creature to atoms. It was a trifling incident, unworthy of mention, but the girl was strangely shaken.

"It meant to sting you," she declared with trembling lips.
"Even so, sweetheart," he answered lightly, indulgently. "You see the devil takes care of his own."
"How can you!" she protested, the indignant color flashing in her face. "It is a poor subject for a jest. The sting of the scorpion is death."
"I know—I know; but Vivien, sweetheart, I am too happy to be serious about life or death. Let me laugh while I can. When I get you over in England, away from this beastly malaria, you'll laugh, too. I want to show you to my cousins. You will be like a lily among red roses."
She shivered in the warm air and drew closer to him.
"Let us go back," she said, abruptly; "it is growing hot, and the ground, how it is shaking! Will these awful earthquakes never end!"
Below them the city of Anjer lay in its Sabbath repose. In the bay, the empty fishing boats were anchored. It was all very beautiful and peaceful. "Look!" cried the geologist.

Far out at sea, thirty miles away, a great tongue of fire darted up from the bosom of Krakatoa!

If heaven was in the heart of Conrad Dunlow, hell burned in the bosom of Antonio Menzada, the dark-browed Spaniard. In vain the girl assured him that she could never love him—he would not be denied. With frenzied jealousy he watched her growing interest in the young officer, and warned her, in note after note, that he would brook no rivalry. She scorned to answer, and bade the servant's refuse him admittance. When she told Conrad, he laughed, as he laughed at everything.

That very morning Antonio's worst fears had been confirmed. A malicious servant from the villa told him of Vivien's betrothal to the Englishman, and then fled for life before the demon he had aroused.

There was nothing generous or great in Antonio at any time, and now his whole being was concentrated upon one idea—revenge! Antonio's stiletto glittered as he let the sunlight fall upon it.

He was the only son of a rich coffee planter, and had never known a wish ungratified. To be foiled in the supreme desire of his life was more than he could bear. To tear the girl from her lover was now his one thought, and it possessed his soul like a devil.

The bearer of evil tidings was gone. He stood upon the shore alone. A little boat rocked idly on the waves. He untied it, jumped in, and seized the oars. A few minutes brought him to a vantage point, whence he might survey the American's villa. It was an old trick of his. With the aid of a small glass, he singled them out in the little group upon the veranda. The tea-drinking over, he saw the young couple wander away, through the trim garden out into the screening foliage of the woods. With clenched teeth and muttered curses, he turned the boat toward shore, conscious of the keen stiletto by his side as of a living presence.

He had nearly gained the shore. A few more strokes and he would be within reach of vengeance. What was the matter with his arms! Strive and strain as he might, he could not advance one inch. His muscles stood out like knotted iron, but their strength was useless now. Slowly, resistlessly, the boat was dragged backward as by an unseen cable. A great hissing roar became audible, and looking up at last he saw a long line of fire rising from the very bosom of the sea and extending even to Krakatoa itself! The ocean was pouring its whole volume into the abyssal fires that yet were not extinguished, and on the crest of that awful and majestic cataract his little boat whirled on to doom. The cowering wretch sank down and hid his face. The tremendous roar of the waters drowned out his frenzied prayers and curses. He strove to make the sign of the cross in the cold sweat on his brow.

In that inferno of waters, his now senseless body was drowned and crushed, beaten and burned, into its elemental atoms.

From the commanding height above supporting the fainting girl in his arms, Conrad Dunlow watched with fascinated horror the scene below. He saw the fishing boats drawn one by one into the fiery whirlpool, and knew not that in one of them, a scorpion lay crushed.

There came a mighty roar, a universal crash as of a world in dissolution. The air grew black around him. He closed his eyes for one instant, and when he looked again, the city of Anjer, with its 60,000 souls, was gone, and the hungry waves of ocean belloyed at his feet.

The Grave of Columbus.
Christopher Columbus, the discoverer of America, died at Valladolid, Spain, May 20, 1506, and was buried there; but in 1513 his remains were removed to Seville, whence, in 1536, with those of his son Diego, they were taken to Santo Domingo, in Hispaniola, now commonly known as the island of Hayti. In 1794 they were, it is stated, transferred to the Cathedral at Havana; but there is some reason to believe that by mistake it was the bones of the son Diego and not those of his father which were removed on that occasion. At present both Havana and Santa Domingo claim his ashes as their treasure.

Reflection Unwelcome.
Clara Well, aunt, have your photographs come from Mr. Snappeschotte's? Miss Maydeval (angrily)—Yes, and they went back, too, with a note expressing my opinion of his impudence. Clara—Gracious! What was it? Miss Maydeval—Why, on the back of every picture were these words: "The original of this is carefully preserved."—*Stray Stories.*

Death in a Mosquito's Sting.
A mosquito caused the death of Mrs. Anna Lawler of Elizabeth, N. J. A few weeks ago she was stung by the insect on the ankle and blood poisoning followed. On a recent Tuesday she was buried.

Exports and Imports of Gold.
In 1896 we sent abroad \$79,000,000 more of gold than we received; in 1898 we received \$104,000,000 more than we sent; in 1899, \$51,000,000 more; last year the excess of exports was \$2,583,575.

Eager for Revenge.
Flat dweller—Say, we had a robbery in our hotel last night. Detective—So I've been told. I am working on it now. Flat dweller—Say! I'll give you \$10 if you'll arrest the janitor.—*Somerville Journal.*



SCHOOLBOYS RECEIVING A LESSON IN AGRICULTURE.

Besides being "Autocrat of all the Russias" and head of the Greek Orthodox faith, the czar has always evinced a desire to be the leader of his people in matters of industry. As president of the Trans-Siberian railroad he often presides at the meetings of its directors, and it is his pride that with his own hands he drove the first spike in its construction, eight years ago, at Vladivostok.

Under his rule Siberia has become the garden spot and hope of the Russian empire. American seed grain has been introduced, and Yankee methods of agriculture are taught by specialists who travel from district to district. Model farming villages have been built by royal command all through Siberia and money advanced to the new settlers, to whom every opportunity has been offered to become independent farmers.

With 90 per cent of his 140,000,000 subjects depending on the soil, the Little Father at St. Petersburg naturally gives much of his time to the consideration of different plans for the amelioration of their condition. The Russian mujik, or peasant, is not progressive; moreover, he is hard-headed, prefers his primitive plow, which, without much exertion on his part,

his simple folk. Immense barges, a thousand feet in length, on the open decks of which experimental farms are operated, float down the great streams of Russia, stopping at every village. The peasants are invited aboard, and there given practical lessons in modern farming, and in this way new methods and plants are introduced. Children of the peasants attend schools where, in addition to reading, writing and arithmetic, they learn valuable lessons in practical agriculture. On Arbor Day they plant various kinds of trees, over which they are expected to watch, and in summer they assist in harvesting and in haymaking. —Alexander Hume Ford.

THE SHORT SKIRT.

Reaction in England Against Dress-Raising Garments.

Is there going to be a reaction at last against the long skirt trailing on the ground? The English were the first, a good many years ago now, to protest, to give effect to their protests, and, indeed, to change the fashion. But the change did not last long. Short skirts produced pretty boots, and we heard a great deal about common sense. But common sense and



BRINGING IN THE HARVEST.

may be made to scratch the soil; looks with horror on innovations unknown to his fathers, and absolutely refuses to alter his methods, unless at express command of the czar. No Russian would disobey the White Father, any more than he would commit sacrilege, or show disrespect to the Icon, or holy picture, which hang in the room of every Russian, high or low. Evidently the czar relies on the force of example for carrying out his reforms. Everywhere on his appanages, or private lands—which embrace thousands of square miles in various parts of the empire—every known agricultural improvement has been introduced; further still, on these great plantations are maintained numerous experimental agricultural stations. In Central Asia it is tobacco and cotton seed from America that are experimented with, and the peasants are sent to learn the best methods of cultivating the new products. In the Trans-Caucasus, tea-growing has been successfully introduced, and the peasants are being initiated by Chinamen into the art of preparing the leaves for the market. In the Caucasus

ladies' dress do not always combine. Paris restored the trailing dress, and English ladies abandoned common sense, not for the first time, in favor of the Paris mode. The Parisians, indeed, knew what they were about. As a rule, they have not pretty feet, but they have a peculiarly graceful way of catching up their dress from behind, and it is an art which our countrywomen have never mastered. English ladies inelegantly clutch at and bunch their petticoats, while the French well-considered grip just lifts the rim of the long dress from the ground and gives a pretty disposition to its folds. Now, however, comes the change, and it comes not from England, but from America. In Switzerland this year many ladies are wearing short—indeed, very short—skirts. Of course, for ascents, or even for small climbs, the gain is considerable. When you are trusting to your alpenstock you have not time to think much about the rim of your petticoats. And you don't. But perhaps that is not all. For, though American girls constitute a very fair proportion of Swiss tourists, still they mostly keep in the val-



FARMING IN SOUTH RUSSIA.

and the Crimea, the vineyards are being brought to perfection. Royalty has organized a temperance movement on a grand scale in the large cities, where free, open-air concerts are given, at which tea and soft drinks are served. Temperance restaurants have been established, and in summer great barges take the people out on river excursions. The temperance movement is growing, yet there are whole districts in Siberia that are deserted, simply because the bread made from the wheat grown in the damp climate, ferments to such an extent that it causes a light form of intoxication.

The cars spare neither effort nor expense in placing object lessons before

leaves, where they are seen to great advantage, and rarely do much in the Alpine peaks. But the Americans are a practical people, and short skirts are obviously the sensible thing to wear. —London News.

COSTLY HAY FIELD.

Is in New York City, and is Worth \$1,000,000 an Acre.

This year's abundant hay crop filled with rejoicing the hearts of Fifth and Madison avenue residents in the exclusive neighborhood of the 70s, New York. The hay field of this section is on one and a half acre plot, valued at \$1,000,000 per acre. It yielded a particularly good crop, and hay is

high this year. The owners look forward to getting all of \$22 a ton for the hay. This is said to be the most valuable hay field in the country. It is part of the Lenox library property. It can be improved only for library purposes, and, consequently, has been left as a field, as the library building is sufficiently large for present requirements. It has 200 feet frontage on Madison avenue, 300 feet frontage on Seventieth street, and 300 feet frontage on Seventy-first street. The Lenox library and its yard occupy the Fifth avenue frontage. The hay field is particularly valuable, real estate men say, because it is one unbroken plot and occupies an entire block, with the exception of the library building. Twenty-five foot lots the same distance from Fifth avenue have recently brought \$80,000 apiece. The plot would make twenty-four 25-foot lots. It is in a neighborhood of fine houses. In the immediate vicinity are the houses of Joseph Eastman, G. H. Benedict, Charles Weisman, Henry O. Havemeyer, H. A. C. Taylor, Richard M. Hoe, E. P. Swenson and Adolph Hirsch.

St. James' Protestant Episcopal church is on an opposite corner, and the Presbyterian hospital just across Madison avenue. From the wide windows the patients have been gazing eagerly ever since the harvesting began. To them the hay field was long the most entertaining feature of the neighborhood.

About Modern Americans.

"But the American army is much larger than it was. It seems to me it grew very quickly. Only a short time ago I read it was less than 50,000, now it is 100,000 or more." I told him that 100,000 was the maximum; that the minimum was much less. "But you build great battlefields—the best in any nation." I agreed to this. "It is a pity you think you need any battlefields. After the Pleiad the writers America produced in the civil war you can now only show as your most brilliant brain, Carnegie, the millionaire. (He pronounced the word Carnej.) You had Thoreau, Ballou, Emerson, Longfellow, Whittier and Walt Whitman. It was your Homeric age. Then rose the Achilles among statesmen, Abraham Lincoln. All these were a giant constellation. Your war fever is over, but gold has you now. Your great men are your millionaires." —Count Tolstol.

Mean Trick.

Not long ago, relates the Kansas City Journal, the wife of a western Kansas politician asked him to lay aside politics long enough one day to dig the potatoes in the garden. He agreed to do it. After digging for a few minutes he went into the house and said he had found a coin. He washed it off and it proved to be a silver quarter. He put it in his jeans and went back to work. Presently he went to the house again and said he had found another coin. He washed the dirt off of it. It was a silver half dollar. He put it in his jeans. "I have worked pretty hard," said he to his wife; "I guess I'll take a short nap." When he awoke he found that his wife had dug all the rest of the potatoes. But she found no coins. It then dawned upon her that she had been "worked."

Native Population Growing.

The census returns show that the native white population of the United States exceeds the foreign-born element in the ratio of more than five to one, there being more than 56,000,000 whites against a little more than 10,000,000 foreigners. Of the natives something more than 41,000,000 are also of native parentage. A more striking fact brought out is that since 1890 the native white element has increased 23 per cent, and the foreign white element only 12. If this ratio continues the foreign element must steadily become a smaller proportion of the entire population, which is only another way of saying that the population will become more homogeneous as time passes. —Washington Times.

How Detroit Drinks.

"A Detroit woman has been trying to see how many drinks she could absorb without being infected by the stuff." "Something with water in it, I suppose?" "Water? No. Don't you know that Detroit is the City of the Straights." —Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Not a Missing Link.

"I'm glad I'm not green like you," taunted the monkey to the parrot. "I may be green," replied the parrot freely, "but I'm glad I'm not a missing link." —Exchange.

That Settled It.

Brinkerhoff—I thought you intended to become a piano virtuoso. Beecroft—I did; but my barber says that I will be prematurely bald. —Brooklyn Eagle.