



# 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.

"Wilt leave the glories of My throne,  
And venture 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 unresisting years  
With sins and sorrows, foes and fears."

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

A weary soul, one midnight late,  
Knocked humbly at the heaven gate,  
With dinted 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 countermeasures  
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 1883, 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 slipping 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, unbrowned 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 palatial 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!"

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 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 1796 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 Santo Domingo claim his ashes as their treasure.

## Reflection Unwelcome.

Clara Well, aunt, have your photographs come from Mr. Snappschotte'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 \$2,692,575.

## 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.

## BOUNDARY LINES.

NATIONAL FRONTIERS ARE NOT ALWAYS DELIMITED.

The Alaska-Canada Line, for a Great Part of Its Length, Can Only be Guessed at Asserts This Writer—Possible Controversy.

Dr. Mill, the British geographer, recently called attention to the fact that Great Britain has still one important colonial boundary entirely undelimited in a little known region, where gold fields will probably be found or reported before long, and where therefore, a serious international question may suddenly arise. He says it would cost a comparative trifle to survey the region in question and to lay down the boundary line before the gold fields are touched, so that no international trouble about it could ever arise. Dr. Mill did not mention the particular boundary to which he referred, but there is little doubt that he was thinking of one of two lines. The boundary between Alaska and Canada along the 141st meridian has not yet been delimited except along its southern part. The exact frontier between the two countries, for several hundred miles, can only be guessed at until it has been scientifically determined and marked at frequent intervals by boundary monuments, such as the United States and Mexico have erected along their entire frontier between the place where the Rio Grande ceases to be the boundary and the Pacific ocean. It is not at all unlikely that gold may be discovered in the neighborhood of this boundary at any time. When this occurs it will be a source of inconvenience to miners if they do not know definitely whether their claims are in the United States or Canada and history would only repeat itself if the misunderstanding arising from this lack of knowledge should result in some international unpleasantness. It is possible, however, that Dr. Mill refers to the boundary line between German southwest Africa and the British possessions. It is known that the German colony is rich in minerals. New discoveries are frequently made, and no one knows yet how extensive the profitable mining region may prove to be. The larger part of the boundary extends along the meridian of 20 degrees east longitude, but this line has not been delimited. It is certainly better to determine by an exact survey the position of such boundary lines before the value of the land near them may give rise to disputes and result perhaps in bloodshed. We had an illustration in June last of the embarrassment which is apt to result from ignorance of the location of a boundary line. It will be remembered that some of our miners have invested considerable money in claims a little to the north of Mount Baker, which is in the state of Washington, before it was discovered by a survey that our citizens had opened their claims under the provisions of our mining laws in territory that was clearly over the border in Canada. The result was most energetic claim-jumping on the part of Canadians and there was some trouble and bad feeling before the matter was finally adjusted. It was, of course, unfortunate that the boundary question between our country and Canada in the neighborhood of Skagway had not been settled before the interests of the citizens of both countries were determined to hold on tenaciously to territory which each declared was in his own country. This boundary question is still undetermined, though a modus vivendi has been arranged.

It sometimes costs a great deal of money to postpone the settlement of boundary questions until claims have been pegged out on debatable land. The historic controversy between Venezuela and British Guiana should be a warning to all nations that danger lurks along the line of unsettled boundaries.—New York Sun.

Good manners have always been recognized as a valuable help to comfortable living, but a story told by Andrew Lang, who declares that he had it from a descendant of the gentleman in the case shows that they may also afford, on occasion, the only way of living at all. Roderick Macculloch, a Highland giant, no less than six feet four inches in height, had been arrested for treason and was on his way to the Tower, when the procession was temporarily blocked. A lady, looking out of a window, called to the victim: "You tall rebel! You will soon be shorter by a head." Roderick took off his hat and made a profound obeisance. "Does that give you pleasure, madam?" he asked. "It certainly does," replied the lady. "Then, madam," retorted Roderick, with another flourish, "I do not die in vain." The answer so captivated the sensibilities of the lady that she made an immediate appeal for clemency to the reigning monarch, George II, and Mr. Lang declares that he saw the rebel's pardon, beautifully engrossed within a decorative border, on the wall of his descendant's study. A novelist would have married the lady to the gallant Roderick, but there seems to have been some objections to this romantic conclusion.

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If you wish beautiful, clear, white clothes use Red Cross Ball Blue. Large 2 oz. package, 5 cents.

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For weakness, stiffness and soreness in aged people use Wizard Oil. Your druggist knows this and sells the oil.

Lots of worry and trouble is brought on by advice that is supposed to prevent it.

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