# A Romance In Real Life.

By James Otis

Robert Myron was the son of an English tenant-farmer, who in the year 1848 found his family expenses increasing so much faster than his income that it was absolutely necessary to decrease the former, since the latter could not be made longer.

In the hope of being able to assist his father in some way, Robert came to this country, and, failing to find employment near the metropolis, walked from town to town until when near Rochester, New York, he was hired as a farm laborer by Judge James E. Berry. During six years young Myron worked industriously, sending nearly all of his earnings to his parents, and then came the sad news that both father and mother had died on the same day. After recovering from this shock it was but natural the young man should begin to think of establishing a home for himself, and quite as natural that his love should go out to the daughter of his employer, who plainly showed her preference for the young man who had so devoted himself to his parents. But Judge Berry, while he recognized in Myron an invaluable farm laborer, had not the same views regarding him as a son-in-law that Miss Bessie had, and the consequence was that the lovers, finding it impossible to change the father's opinion, resolved to elope, and build up for themselves a home in the far West.

In 1885, with but a few hundred dollars and the judge's curse, the young couple were married and settled at Green Lake, Michigan, where, at the beginning of the year 1862, they were in reasonably prosperous circumstances, with two children to make glad their humble log cabin. Their farm was situated several miles from any settlement, and although the Indians were rising against the whites in many portions of the State, neither Mr. nor Mrs. Myron felt any uneasiness, because they believed they had succeeded in establishing the most friendly relations with such of the "forest children" as they came in contact with. Therefore they were by no means alarmed when one day five Indians stalked gravely into the cabin, just as the noonday meal was served. It had ever been Mr. Myron's custom to invite such visitors to partake of food, and on this, as on other occasions, they readily accepted the invitation; but greatly to the surprise and uneasiness of their host, instead of placing their rifles in one corner of the room, as usual, they held them between their knees, the muzzles of the weapons showing just above the edge of the table.

Mr. Myron was too well versed in Indian customs not to know that such action on the part of his guests meant mischief. With the view of showing them that he understood the meaning of this breach of hospitality, and in the slight hope of intimidating them, he arose from the table, took from the rack on the wall his rifle and fowling piece, and carefully examined them to show they were loaded. Why the savages did not attack him then is one of the inexplicable things in Indian warfare. Instead of making any hostile demonstrations, they stalked gravely out of the house, disappearing behind a clump of bushes.

For the moment Myron believed he had wronged his guests and that they had taken umbrage at his movements when their intentions were peaceful. Still holding his rifle in his hand Myron stepped to the open door for the purpose of ascertaining whether his guests had really departed. When the farmer appeared on the threshold the report of a rifle was heard, and Myron fell, with a dangerous but not necessarily fatal wound in his side.

Women who live on the border, where they are constantly menaced by danger, learn early in life that they must deny themselves woman's privilege of fainting. When Mr. Myron fell, his wife sprang to his defense rather than assistance. To close and barricade windows and doors was but the work of a moment where everything was prepared for such occasions, and then the heroic woman turned her attention to her husband and children. The father's wound bled but little, and save to stanch the blood, the devoted wife could not aid him, except by piling the bedding around him in such a way that, in a sitting posture, he could face the closed door. The temporary safety of the children was secured by fastening them in the cellar, where they would be beyond the reach of any bullets their late visitors might send, and after she had perfected their plan of defence she began to assume the offensive.

By removing the mud that filled the crevices of the logs at the end of the house loop-holes were formed, and through these the husband and wife began an assault upon their foes. With his rifle Myron shot one of the Indians, and at the same time his wife killed another with the fowling piece. By this time the foe, finding their intended victims more tenacious of life than they had supposed, resorted to stratagem to accomplish the massacre. In the field was a cart half filled with hay; in the stable yard stood a yoke of oxen quietly eating. To fasten the animals to the cart and not expose themselves to the deadly aim of those in the house was accomplished. To get the load of hay against the building, that it might be set on fire, was still more difficult, and in this case unsuccessful, for before it could be done both husband and wife had shot an enemy, while the fifth and only remaining one sought safety in precipitate flight.

Each moment the conflict lasted the husband grew weaker, and medical aid could not be procured without a journey of 180 miles. To traverse this distance there was no other conveyance than the oxcart. In this rude vehicle Mrs. Myron placed her husband and children, and not once during that tedious journey, made painful by the suffering of the man for whom she had braved the dangers and discomforts of a frontier life, was a halt made.

At St. Cloud surgical aid was procured, and there, after Mr. Myron's recovery, he sought work of any kind that would bring in sufficient for the support of his family, since the depredations of the Indians had impoverished him. It was only by the greatest exertions that Mr. Myron could keep his family from actual want; and hearing that laborers were in greater demand at Cape Giradeau, he, with his wife and children, embarked on the steamer Tidal Wave for that place, after having remained at St. Cloud nearly a year.

The voyage was never completed, however, for when Tower Grove, Missouri, was reached, a fire broke out on the ill-fated steamer, and in a very short time she was burned to the water's edge. The loss of life was considerable, and among the missing ones were the two Myron children.

For the second time Robert Myron was homeless and penniless, with his sufferings intensified by the loss of his children. Perhaps it was fortunate for him that he was obliged to work very hard simply to keep the wolf from the door, for it prevented him from brooding over his misfortunes, as even a stronger man might have done.

During the two years that elapsed after the burning of the Tide Wave, Robert Mryon labored industriously, but without success, so far as the accumulation of worldly goods was concerned; he had been able to pay the rent of a rude cabin three miles from the village of Tower Hill, and to furnish it scantily. But the expenses attendent upon the birth of two children, and his own severe illness, during which he was confined to his bed two months, had exhausted the small fund he had succeeded in saving to enable him to remove to Cape Girardeau.

Then came a time when he could no longer find employment near his wretched home, and he sought it some miles up the river, going and returning each day in a small boat.

Even when it appeared that misfortunes was not wearied with pursuing him, for one night when returning from his work, a storm came up, which overturned his frail skiff, and, nearly exhausted, he was thrown upon a narrow bar of sand that made out from a bank of the river at the spot where the Tidal Wave was burned. On this frail and treacherous foothold he managed to remain during the night, in full sight of the town, but unable to attract attention to his desperate condition.

The dawn of day revealed still more horrors, for close beside him, having evidently been unearthed by the waves, was a skeleton of a human being. At first Myron felt that fear which seems to be natural in man when he sees the deserted tenement of one of his kind; but the resting-place which the waves gave to the living and the dead was so small that he was obliged to remain almost in actual contact with the yellow bones. As he sat by the skeleton waiting for help from the shore, which seemed so tardy in coming, he saw about the ribs of the fleshless frame a leather belt. Curiosity overcame his terror, and, unfastening the belt, he found within it gold coin to the amount of $5.000.

That Robert Myron was in a fever of excitement hardly needs to be told. He had struggled to the full strength of man many years, and was hardly more than a pauper when he should have had at least a spot of God's footstool he could call his own. The dead had brought him what the living had refused. To take the gold for his own purposes seemed a theft, and yet he who had fastened it about his body could no longer use it. The struggle between his conscience and his necessity was a long one; but when those who came to rescue him arrived at the sand bar they found him with a skeleton on which nothing could be seen, and no one could have fancied that the half-drowned man had found a treasure. That the bones were those of one of the passengers of the Tidal Wave, no one doubted, and they were given a resting-place among the nameless graves of those who had lost their lives in the disaster. No one save Robert Myron and his wife knew of the money-belt, or that on the inside of it, cut deep in the thick leather, was the name "Henry Parks."

But Myron, having this money, did not dare to use it openly lest people should question how he got it. He had agreed with his wife that they should use the gold for their own benefit, but do it with the view of returning it if they should ever find the dead man's heirs. This he hoped to do by making such investments as could be readily realized upon, so that they might show themselves to be good, even if self-elected, stewards.

The cabin they lived in, and the five acres of land surrounding it, was for sale at a price below its real value. Myron represented to the owner that, despite appearances, he had succeeded in saving a small amount of money—about half the price asked—and offered to buy it if his note would be accepted for the balance. The bargain was made, and Myron still continued to work by the day for any one who would hire him, tilling his own farm when he could find no other work. Then he invested in a very small way in stock, buying when he could get decided bargains only. Year by year he added to his possessions, and his neighbors called him a "thrifty" man.

All his investments were good ones, since none were made save with the view of converting everything into cash at a moment's notice if necessary, and Robert Myron became a wealthy man. As is usual, with wealth came the respect of his neighbors, who, to show their appreciation of money, elected him to the office of county judge.

During the year 1870 the inhabitants of Tower Hill witnessed the destruction of another steamer by fire at almost the exact place where the Tidal Wave went down. Among those men who labored to save life none was more active than Robert Myron, and his house was converted into a hospital for the reception of those who were injured, but saved from death.

Mrs. Myron was as earnest in her efforts to comfort the distressed people as was her husband, and her labor was signally rewarded by finding among the unfortunate ones whom she was nursing her father, whom she she had not heard from since the day she left his home to found another with the man she loved above all others. The daughters heart was made still more glad when the old gentleman told her and her husband that he had been searching for them several months in the hope of inducing them to return to his lonely home, or allow him to remain with them.

Then he told a strange story, and one which lifted a load that had grown heavier with each succeeding year from his son-in-laws heart.

In 1861, Mrs. Myron's aunt had died, bequeating to her niece the sum of five thousand dollars. Judge Berry, half relenting that he had not looked with favor upon his daughter's marriage, had sent his clerk to carry to her this legacy. The messenger had written to his employer from St. Cloud in 1862, stating that he had traced Mr. and Mrs. Myron to that place, but from there they had gone, as he had reason to believe, to Cape Girardeau, which place he was about to start for in the steamer Tidale Wave. From that time Mr. Berry had never heard from his clerk, and he believed he had lost his life when the steamer was burned.

As the old gentleman finished his story, the husband and wife gazed at each other with an almost despairing hope in their eyes, and it was only with the greatest difficulty Judge Myron could ask the question, "What was the man's name?"

"Henry Parker."

The load was lifted for evermore; the money which they believed was another's belonged rightfully to them; the investments made with a view to being able to restore the principal at any time insured their own prosperity, and by purloining their own from the dead they had honestly relieved themselves from the thraldom of poverty.

### Yellow Fever Experiences.

From the New York Commercial Traveler.

"How is the fever usually treated?" It isn't generally treated in any particular way. Every time it breaks out the doctors have to experiment, under guidance of former experiences, of course, until they find out what treatment is best, for what answers well in one outbreak frequently won't answer at all well in another. Sometimes, as in Savaunah the last time the fever was there, dry quinine on the tongue seems to answer best. Sometimes other means are more effective. The champagne treatment is perhaps more generally effective than any other, but there is scarcely enough of that costly medicine at command to supply the need in an epidemic. The late Dr. Gabriel Disosway Ayres, of Brooklyn, once told me that on one occasion he was in a British West India town when the fever was present there. He was traveling with a friend and the two remained a week on the island. One evening they dined with a physician there, and next morning learned that he had died during the night with the fever. "I thought it time for men who had no business there to get away," said Dr. Ayres, "and we took ship the next day far Havana. In the night my friend was seized with the fever, and I treated him with champagne without saying anything about it to alarm the passengers. When he was out of danger I told the captain, who at once and very impressively said: 'If you let anybody in Havana know that you poured champagne into a man with yellow fever they'll hang you?'" The doctor inferred that the champagne treatment, though a favorite one with British physicians, was at that time unknown among the Spanish. Curiously enough, I believe any other form of alcoholic stimulation in yellow fever kills with something of the precision of a Remington rifle, and, of course, men who are harddrinkers are doomed if they once get yellow fever. For that matter such men are doomed whenever they get any virulent disease, and upon reflection I may say they are doomed anyhow.

# Tale of the Selfish Giant.

Every afternoon, as they were coming from school, the children used to go and play in the Giant's garden.

One day the Giant came back. He had been to visit his friend the Cornish ogre, and had stayed with him for seven years. When he arrived he saw the children playing in the garden.

"What are you doing there?" he cried in a very gruff voice, and the children ran away.

"My own garden is my own garden," said the Giant; "anyone can understand that, and I will allow nobody to play in it but myself." So he built a high wall all around it and put up a notice board:

"Trespassers will be prosecuted."

He was a very selfish Giant.

The poor children had nowhere to play. They tried to play on the road, but the road was very dusty and full of hard stones, and they did not like it. Then the spring came, and all over the country there were little blossoms and little birds. Only in the garden of the selfish Giant it was still winter. The birds did not care to sing in it as there were no children, and the trees forgot to blossom. Once a beautiful flower put its head out from the grass, but when it saw the notice-board it was so sorry for the children that it slipped back into the ground again, and went off to sleep. The only people who were pleased were the Snow and the Frost. "Spring has forgotten this garden," they cried, "so we will live here all the year round." The Snow covered up the grass with her great white cloak, and the Frost painted all the trees silver. Then they invited the North Wind to stay with them, and he came. He was wrapped in furs, and he roared all day about the garden, and blew the chimney-tops down.

"I can not understand why the Spring is so late in coming," said the Selfish Giant, as he sat at the window and looked out at his cold white garden: "I hope there will be a change in the weather."

But the Spring never came, nor the Summer. The Autumn gave golden fruit to every garden, but the Giant's garden she gave none. "He is too selfish," she said. So it was always Winter there, and the North Wind, and the Hail, and the Frost, and the Snow danced about through the trees.

One morning the Giant was lying awake in bed when he heard some lovely music. It sounded so sweet to his ear that he thought it must be the King's musicians passing by. It was really only a little linnet singing outside his window, but it was so long since he had heard a bird sing in his garden that it seemed to him to be the most beautiful music in the world. Then the Hail stopped dancing over his head, and the North Wind ceased roaring, and a delicious perfume came to him through the open casemate. "I believe the Spring has come at last," said the Giant; and he jumped out of bed and looked out.

What did he see?

He saw a most wonderful sight. Through a little hole in the wall the children had crept in, and they were sitting in the branches of the trees. In every tree that he could see there was a little child. And the trees were so glad to have the children back again that they had covered themselves with blossoms, and were waving their arms gently above the children's heads. The birds were flying about twittering with delight, and the flowers were looking up through the green grass and laughing. It was a lovely scene, only in one corner it was still winter. It was the farthest corner of the garden, and in it was standing a little boy. He was so small that he could not reach up to the branches of the tree, and he was wandering all round it, crying bitterly. The poor tree was still quite covered with frost and snow, and the North Wind was blowing and roaring above it. "Climb up! little boy," said the Tree, and it bent its branches down as low as it could; but the boy was too tiny.

And the Giant's heart melted as he looked out. "How selfish I have been!" he said; "now I know why the Spring would not come here. I will put that poor little boy on the top of the tree, and then I will knock down the wall, and my garden shall be the children's playground for ever and ever." He was really very sorry for what he had done.

So he crept down stairs and opened the front door quite softly, and went out into the garden. But when the children saw him they were so frightened that they all ran away and the garden became Winter again. Only the little boy did not run, for his eyes were so full of tears that he did not see the Giant coming. And the Giant stole up behind him and took him gently in his hand, and put him up into the tree. And the tree broke at once into blossom, and the birds came and sang on it, and the little boy stretched out his two arms and flung them around the Giant's neck, and kissed him. And the other children, when they saw the Giant was not wicked any longer, came running back, and with them came the spring. "It is your garden now, little children," said the Giant, and he took a great axe and knocked down the wall. And when the people were going to market at 12 o'clock they found the Giant playing with the children in the most beautiful garden they had ever seen.

All day long they played, and in the evening they came to the Giant to bid him good-bye.

"But where is your little companion?" he said; "the boy I put into the tree." The Giant loved him the best because he had kissed him.

"We don't know," answered the children; "he has gone away."

"You must tell him to be sure and come here tomorrow," said the Giant. But the children said they did not know where he lived, and never seen him before; and the Giant felt very sad.

Years went over, and the Giant grew very old and feeble. He could not play about any more, so he sat in a huge armchair and watched the children play at their games, and admired his garden. "I have many beautiful flowers," he said, "but the children are the most beautiful flowers of all."

One winter morning he looked out of his window as he was dressing. He did not hate the winter now, for he knew that it was merely the Spring asleep, and that the flowers were resting.

Suddenly he rubbed his eyes in wonder, and looked and looked. It certainly was a marvelous sight. In the fartherest corner of the garden was a tree quite covered with lovely white blossoms. Its branches were all golden, and silver fruit hung down from them, and underneath it stood the little boy he had loved.

Downstairs ran the Giant in great joy, and out into the garden. He hastened across the grass, and came near to the child. And when he came quite close his face grew red with anger, and he said: "Who hath dared to wound thee?" For on the palms of the child's hands were the prints of two nails, and the prints of two nails were on the little feet.

"Who hath dared to wound thee?" cried the Giant; "tell me, that I may take my big sword and slay him."

"Nay!" answered the child; "but these are the wounds of love."

"Who art thou?" said the Giant, and a strange awe fell on him, and he knelt before the little child.

And the child smiled on the Giant, and said to him; "You let me play once in your garden, to-day you shall come with me to my garden, which is Paradise."

And when the children ran in that afternoon they found the Giant lying dead under the tree, all covered with white blossoms.—Oscar Wilde.

### In a Bad Fix.

One hot day recently, says the New York Sun, a young man wearing side light whiskers, and a long, crooked nose, betook himself to the classic sands of Isle de Conie with the sole intention of taking a plunge into the outstrtched arms of old Father Ocean. Having deposited a 25-cent piece with the man who is not satisfied with the earth, but wants to own the ocean, he received a bathing suit made of Kentucky jeans. The suit had seen its best days, and was rapidly becoming bottomless and very holey.

The long-nosed young man managed to hold the suit together until he had buried himself in the surf. Then he took a little dive, swam under water for a little distance, and when his head reached the surface once more he found himself surrounded by a bevy of mermaids. He felt something entangling his feet, and reaching down he discovered that—oh, horrors!—that the lower part of his suit had dissolved partnership with the upper part. He was in a pretty fix. Summoning a friend he commissioned him to go after another suit of Kentucky jeans. While waiting for the return of the friend the young man modestly swam out beyond the ropes and came near being drowned.

The friend returned with the new suit and then began a struggle with the waves that has never before been equaled. The young man raised a leg in order to incase it in the new suit. A heavy wave came along and knocked him over. The spectators tittered. The girls blushed and the action was repeated. At last, after an hour of hard work, with the assistance of no less than twelve persons, the young swimmer managed to get into the new suit. The young man was very bashful and concluded he had enough of salt water bathing. Once more he stood upon the classic sands of the island inwardly betting himself 50 cents that he'd never be caught again in a suit of Coney Island Kentucky jeans.

### Able to Read in the Dark.

From the Indiananolis News.

"You have heard of men with cat's eyes?' asked Federal Marshal Hawkins.

"Well, this man Johnson, alias Edwards, alias Brown, who was released under the poor convict law has a pair of that variety. They say up at the Penitentiary that he can read in the dark and that his eyes are fairly luminous. One of the guards said that Johnson, alias Edwards, alias Brown, could see a guard through a brick wall."

A curious fact revealed by the phonographer is that people generally do not know their own voices. The husband will recognize the wife's voice in a phonograph, and the wife will recognize the husband's, but neither will recognize their own speech. This must be mighty disappointing to the man who thinks himself a silvery-tongued orator.—Troy

### A Poetical Wife.

I was writing busily one morning when a young friend of mine came in and dropped into a chair, with a long, deep sigh.

"Tired, Ben?" I inquired absently—adding, "There's the morning paper. I'll be at leisure presently."

"Oh, dash the morning paper! Dash the whole newspaper press!" I have euphemized his expletive a little.

"Why, what's the matter, Ben?"

"Matter? What isn't the matter? My wife says she's the coming Corinne of America."

I began to feel interested.

"You see, it is in this way. When your paper came out with her first effusion, she forthwith went to the conclusion that she was inspired, and began pestering the editorial fraternity of the whole country with her rythmical rococo."

"Oh, that's all proper."

"But she didn't stop there, durn it. One evening I went home, kissed her, asked if dinner was waiting, and she began:

"'My love, the banquet soon will be
Spread with the best of food for thee
And our new waiter from the sands
Of far-off transatlantic lands
Will help thee to menu fine,
Including old Falernian wine.'"

"Must have been exasperating," I said, in a condoling tone.

"Exasperating? Yes. You hit the needle pop on the optic. And she went on in the same strain until bedtime, winding up as follows:

"'My dear, you know full well it shocks
Me through and through when in your socks
I see a hole; I have the yarn
This awful orifice to darn.'

"After breakfast, as I was leaving the house, I heard a voice in the upstairs hall saying:

"'Now, Jane, manipulate the broom
With dext'rous hand in every room,
Until—'

"I fled. When I went home at half-past twelve that night my wife met me with a frown and hissed fiercely:

"'Out of my sight, thou laggard! Out of my sight, I say,
Seek thee another lodgment till the dawning of the day;
Here is my healthy broomstick, there is the open door;
Run, oh recreant husband! as thou never hast run before!'

"That made me mad."

"Naturally,"

"Yes; so I began:

"'This is my castle, madam; here will I stay. I vow,
Till rolleth the radiant sunbeams over the mountain brow;
And, listen, my own companion, if I cannot stay with thee,
I'll stop with Jenny, the housemaid—'

"She said:

"'Well, we—will—see!'"

"Did that remedy the defect?"

"Yes, till this morning, when she began again."

"How?"

"You see, my trousers were out of order, and I begged her to put a little patch under my coattails. That fired her off and she whizzed:

"'Oh, for the rare and radiant Junes
Ere ever I thought of thy pantaloons:
Ere ever I thought that thy love so sweet
Would deign to ask me to patch the seat
Of thy—'"

Just then the door opened; a pink and white vision of beauty appeared upon the threshold and began:

"Benjamin, mother is coming to-day,
And—"

"If that is the case there's the devil to pay," moaned Benjamin, and vanished from my sight.

### A Narrow Escape.

A few days ago a party of ladies from the East were doing Yellowstone Park, and in the course of their rambles they strolled in the vicinity of the crater of the geyser, and one daring spirit essayed to penetrate the mysteries of a spot where frequent, but fruitless efforts have been made to find the bottom. She passed in safety along a narrow ridge which divides a pool of boiling water, and peered into the depths of the dangerous crater a few feet distant. Faithful geyser derives its name from the fact that every 55 minutes there is a discharge from its depths which replenishes the pool near which the venturesome tourist stood. Premonitory symptoms of an eruption are conveyed by a hissing sound as of escaping steam, and the day in question the tourists had been frequently notified of this fact. * * * Suddenly there was the usual sign given by Faithful geyser of its intentions, and the lady tourist, startled by the sound, shrieked and fell backward into the pool of hot water. About ten feet distant the crater yawned in front of her, and in her frantic efforts she was rapidly drifting toward the bottomless pit. At this juncture Private Coyle bravely sprang into the boiling water to the rescue of the unfortunate victim of her curiosity, and, unmindful of the fact that he was being badly scalded, succeeded in saving the tourist and himself.

An irate woman entered a dry goods store the other day and accosted one of the clerks: "I've come to find out what you mean by charging me a dollar Saturday night for that table spread and selling Mrs. Ferguson one just like it on Monday for 60 cents. Didn't you say it was my last chance to get one so cheap?" "You mistook me, madam," responded the ready clerk; "I said it was your last chance to get one for a dollar. And it was, for we put them down to 60 cents Monday morning."—Philadelphia Call.