

Conquest.

Spring and winter met one day
Near the huddled hills;
Scant his locks as lichen gray,
Spring's like daffodils,
They were known as open foes
Over all the earth:
Spring detested ice and snows;
Winter, blooms and mirth.

Long his tense and tyrant clutch
Prisoned fen and field;
Long the streams, to bar his touch,
Raised an icy shield,
Spring, to break their fetters free,
Summoned all her charms—
All her wondrous witchery—
To take the king of storms!

"May I pass, kind sir?" she said,
Beaming, blossom-wise,
Up at him with lips of red,
Eyes of April skies,
Winter wavered, loth to go;
Smiled and stepped aside;
Bowed his head and bending low;
"Certainly!" he cried.

—Sports Afield.



Heard Both Sides

The three gentlemen in the smoking room of the Pullman on the Chicago flyer were intimate business acquaintances. After wearing the market and kindred subjects threadbare they sat back silently and looked at one another. Each knew the habits of the other so well that it required no word on any one's part to explain that one and all yearned for a fourth man to make up a game of "draw."

"Deliver that to the gentleman in 3 A, will you, Sammy?" And wait to see if there is an answer," he said. So it happened that a few minutes later, with the luxurious train bowling smoothly over the road-bed, and only fifty out of the nine hundred odd miles between New York and Chicago covered, a quiet game of poker was in progress. The newcomer differed slightly from the other three in that his clothes were somewhat noticeable, any his jewelry shiny, as if all purchased in a lump, and recently. Yet he was a corker at the game of draw.

None of the four observed that each time the conductor passed through the car he would gaze with a serious air at this fourth man, whose profile greeted him as he sat facing the engine. The steely blue eyes of the conductor would rest for several seconds on the face of the stranger, as if busy with reminiscence, and then he would continue his passage, seemingly puzzled.

A curious thing about poker is the almost uncanny facilities it affords for establishing an intimacy. To an expert, the stranger who sits opposite him playing his hand, taking up the cards, arranging them, betting, pulling in the pot, is at the same time laying bare cardinal features of his mental make-up, so that ten minutes' play does more to create an environment of friendship than hours of conversation indulged in on a first meeting. Therefore it seemed perfectly natural when the broker, after scanning the stranger, allowed his glance to rest on the latter's head. He looked at the parting in a mass of fine black hair. At first glance there was nothing unusual about it, but a few moments' study showed that it was wider than seemed natural, and finally the observer discerned that the thin straight line was as white as chalk, as smooth as a rule, whereon no hair grew. Observing his steady glance, the stranger leaned back in his chair and remarked:

"I see, sir, that you are more ob-



"Dance, you blankety-blank son of Satan," yelled the bad man, servant than the majority of mankind."

The broker hastened to murmur an apology, but the other cut him short with a good-natured laugh and a deprecatory wave of his hand while he said:

"That line of parting is really a scar, as perhaps you have perceived. It is rarely that I relate the incident

that resulted in my receiving it, yet if you care to listen I will tell the story."

The other three drew their chairs up in an attitude of expectant interest, and after pausing a moment, as if for reflection, the stranger went on:

"It happened fifteen years ago," he said, "when I was ranching out West. I went West because I drank myself



I could neither choke him nor secure possession of the weapon.

nearly crazy at college, and, being ashamed to go home, I resolved to lose myself on the plains, at least until I could return decently. I became a cowboy. I learned to do many things not considered essential in the East, and the pure air and hard work, and a minimum of whisky, soon set me up again. But, try as I would, I could never make boon companions of my comrades, and they, realizing that I was not of their class, did not take me entirely into their fellowship.

"Well, one evening Jake Bellair rode to town on his broncho. He was known as 'Bad' Jake. The news spread, and every one kept his eyes skinned for first sight of him. Suddenly there was a whoop outside the saloon where the boys were gathered, drinking and playing, and Jake appeared in the doorway. In a trice I found myself standing alone beside the bar. The bartender had disappeared, and every cowboy had sunk softly into a seat. Jake's eyes lighted on me, and next instant he stood in front of me, and I looked down the throat of a Colt 45.

"Dance, you blankety-blank son of Satan!" yelled the bad man. "You bloomin' Eastern pickpocket, or train-robbin', or whatever you are, dance, or I'll fill you full of holes."

"I never before had looked into the menacing barrel of a revolver, and my gaze remained glued to the little round blackened circle, from which death might spurt at any moment. Although I never for an instant took my eyes from the hole, I could feel the glance of every one in the room fixed on us. I did not want to dance. If I did, I would be ridiculed, maybe forced to leave town, or have fifty fights on my hands in as many days. If I did not—

"The next instant I bounded like a panther at the bad man. My left hand closed about the pistol, my right hand seized his throat, with no gentle grasp. The action was so quick he hadn't time to draw the trigger. I could feel the baffled rage sizzle within him as I wrenched the pistol barrel toward the roof, being unable, though I exerted all my strength, to tear the weapon entirely from his grasp. I was an athlete and a bit of a boxer at college, and I meditated suddenly releasing his throat and smashing him on the jaw. But he read my thoughts, and his left hand closed on my right wrist with a grasp of iron. So, locked in that grip, we struggled, amid a hub-bub now, for every one in the room was on his feet, exclaiming at the audacity of my action.

"I felt I was weakening. Little by little the muzzle of the revolver described a downward arc, and we were both covered with perspiration and

painting like prize fighters. Strain as I would, I could neither choke him nor secure possession of the weapon. And then, as a dizzy feeling began to creep over me, the shot came. At the same instant I felt with the instinct that serves a man in place of wits at such a time that he had not hit me, although I could feel the biting powder sink into my scalp and face. As I started back I wrenched the pistol from his hand, and the next moment had him covered before his left hand could drop to his hip, where another gun was strapped.

"Hands up!" I cried. Jake threw them up. I stepped up to him, unloosened his belt, which dropped to the floor, and then, regaining my former position, I exclaimed: "I never saw you before, and I never want to again. I will give you till midnight to shake this town. If I ever set eyes on you again one of us dies. Go!"

"He backed to the door, and we could hear his horse's hoofs strike the clay in a gallop.

"Then I raised my hand to my head and brought it back covered with blood. The bullet, intended for my brain, had run along my skull, tearing a clean, straight furrow that healed in a week, but left this scar, which will be there as long as I live."

The other three gentlemen were expressing their interest in the narrative, when once more the conductor appeared. The narrator looked him full in the face:

"Damned if it isn't O'Dell," said the official, heartily. "Say, I knew we'd meet before, and it's worried me for the last two hours to place you straight. It's only this minute that I saw that scar on your head, and then I had you for sure. Why, it must be ten years ago you got that. Do you remember? You were braking in the Olean yards, and when Tench decided for a flying switch one night you went in to cut loose the 'box.' And you missed your hold and went down. We thought you were a dead one sure, and you escaped with that rip on your head. Well, how are you, anyway. Given up the road long ago, I suppose?"—New York Press.

NOT A SHREWD CUSTOMER.

Man Thought He Was Beating the Bar, but Lost His Own Money.

When a man drinks alone it is 15 cents straight in most respectable groceries. The other day a genius stepped jauntily into a Pine street posada and ordered "two whiskies." The natural supposition of the barman was that a friend was expected, therefore he set out two empty glasses, two glassfuls of water from the tub and a bottle of something, then bit off a check for 25 cents, cast it upon the bar and remarked: "Please pay the cashier." The customer poured an ounce of liquor into each empty glass and passed back the bottle. After swallowing one drink he ate a cracker, then gulped down the other, paid his quarter and went out. "Wise guy," said the barman, impressed. "Fool guy," said the owner. "He paid a quarter for two ounces of whisky in two glasses."—New York Press.

There is no Unbelief. There is no unbelief! Whoever plants a seed beneath the sod And waits to see it push away the clod, Trusts he in God.

There is no unbelief! Whoever says, when clouds are in the sky, Be patient, heart, light breaketh by and by, Trusts the most High.

There is no unbelief! Whoever sees 'neath winter's fields of snow The silent harvests of the future grow, God's power must know.

There is no unbelief! Whoever lies down on his couch to sleep, Content to lock each sense in slumber deep, Knows God will keep.

There is no unbelief! Whoever says to-morrow, the unknown, The future, trusts that power alone Nor dares disown.

There is no unbelief! The heart that looks on when dear eyelids close And dares to live when life has only woe, God's comfort knows.

There is no unbelief! For thus by day and night unconsciously The heart lives by that faith the lips deny, God knoweth why.

His Task Too Hard.

The Austrian treasury was in a deplorable condition when the war with France broke out in 1859, and when Baron Bruck, who had charge of the national finances at the time, was called up to respond to the toast, "May God defend the army," the minister replied that his "fervent prayer was that God would, for he himself would not be able to do so much longer." The baron found his task even more difficult, evidently, than he expected, for he took his own life before the war was over.

It Would Seem So.

Wife—"I was surprised to learn that Mr. Oldsmith had taken unto himself a wife after three score years of single blessedness."

Husband—"Well, the old adage is still working. A man never gets too old to learn."

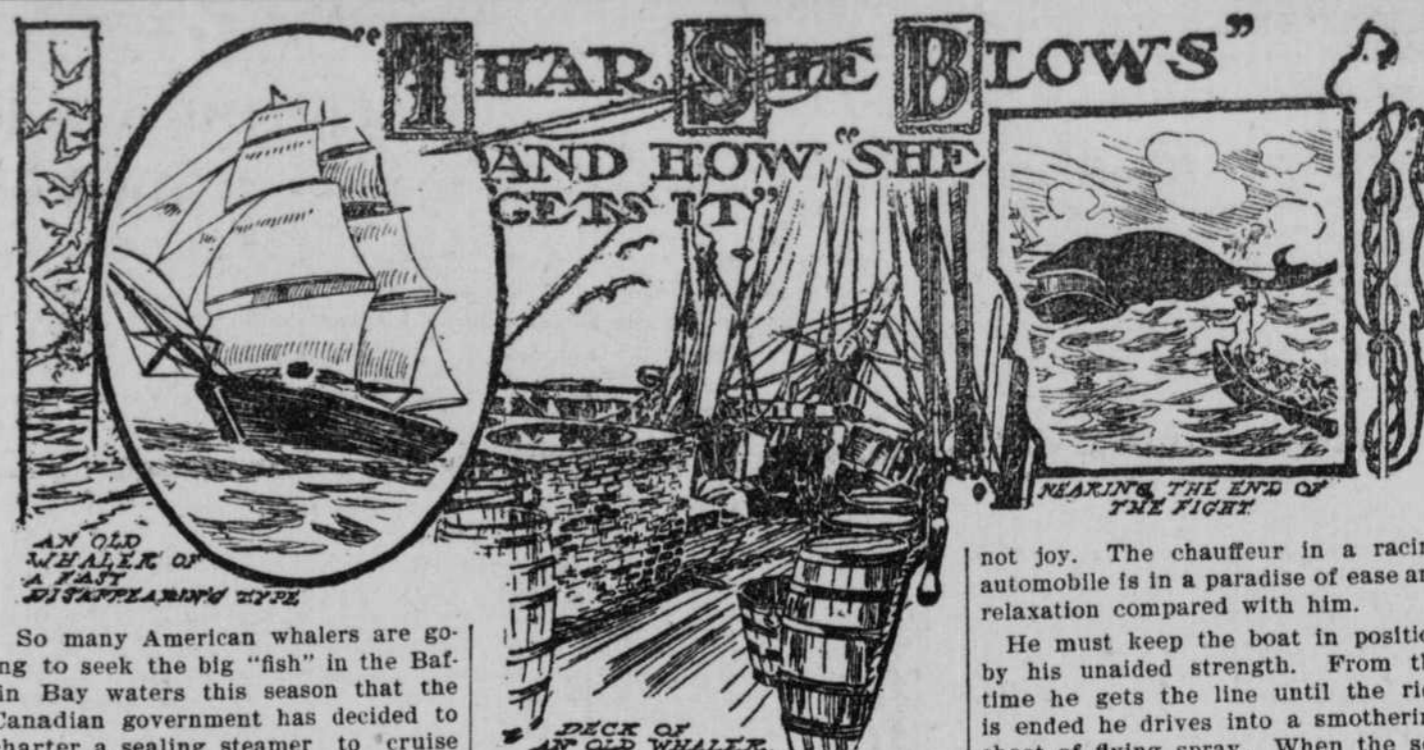
First Recognition.

Ernie—"Oh, my father has just discovered that you are a poet."

Suitor (sadly)—"Well, that is more than any of the editors have done."

The Range of Hearing.

The range of hearing in adults under fifty-five years of age is approximately 16,000 to 48,000 vibrations a second.



AN OLD WHALE OF A FAST SUFFLEARDIN' TYPE.

So many American whalers are going to seek the big "fish" in the Baffin Bay waters this season that the Canadian government has decided to charter a sealing steamer to "cruise there to prevent the Yankee from "violating Canadian custom laws."

Years of more or less desultory whaling have given the sea giants a chance to recuperate, and that they were not guilty of race suicide during their time of rest is proved by the fact that whales are plentiful in all the seas again.

For a rich American, eager to try real sport, there is a great chance now. Whaling, one of the oldest forms of big game hunting known, is the one field which has not been fittingly exploited by the amateur sportsman. In a time when lion and tiger shooting are mere routine sporting affairs to hundreds of wealthy men, the whale should appeal with great force.

Few landmen ever have the opportunity to participate in the sport. When a whaleboat lowers to fight a sixty-foot whale the business is too important to incumber the craft with unskilled passengers. And not many landmen would really care to go into the whaleboat even if they could when they behold, wallowing in the sea, the huge thing that is to be attacked.

The ride begins after the whale has been harpooned and when the boat-head considers it time to draw up alongside and begin lancing. The first thing that is done is to haul in upon the harpoon line until the boat is brought as close to the running whale as is consistent with the extremely delicate margin that the whaler allows for safety. "Safety" to the whaler really means to remain just about an inch or two beyond the reach of the vast flukes with which the big beast is beating the sea.

Having hauled as far up on the whale as possible, the boat-head

reaches over the bows and lifts the line out of the chocks. Swiftly he brings it around outside of the boat and passes it to the bow oarman, who has faced around on his thwart so that he looks forward.

He at once lays back on the line and holds fast with all his might. And immediately the boat, dragged like a railroad car by that mighty living locomotive, begins to run parallel with the side of the whale and just a few feet away from him, being prevented from running right on top of him by the oblique strain of the line.

Now, if the harpoon is well forward in the whale, the boat hangs in a precarious but sufficiently arc of safety, for the swinging tail hammers the ocean behind it and the wildly sweeping jaw unavailingly searches the sea in front.

The boat-head braces himself in the bows until he is based firmly as the stempost, and begins to poise his long, green, razor-edged killing lance, waiting for his opportunity to thrust it into the whale's "life." Sometimes the opportunity comes within a minute after hauling up on the big "fish." Sometimes it does not come until the boat has been towed for many miles. It does not require much time to tow a mile when a sixty-foot whale is doing the towing.

As long as the whale runs in a fairly straight course the boat will hang to him like a terrier. He may champ and bite and hammer the ocean into acres of froth with head and flukes and tail, and never shake it off. His only chance for retaliation is to run deep or to "mill." "Milling" is the act of turning suddenly, and so bringing the boat within reach of flukes or jaws.

The position of the bow oarman is

not joy. The chauffeur in a racing automobile is in a paradise of ease and relaxation compared with him.

He must keep the boat in position by his unaided strength. From the time he gets the line until the ride is ended he drives into a smothering sheet of flying spray. When the sea is high every billow is hit by the boat with a smash that wrenches his arms. The strain on the wet line cuts and burns his hands. And if he lets a foot of it slip he is disgraced. Once he is in it he is in it for good, with no chance of help or relief till the wild adventure is done.

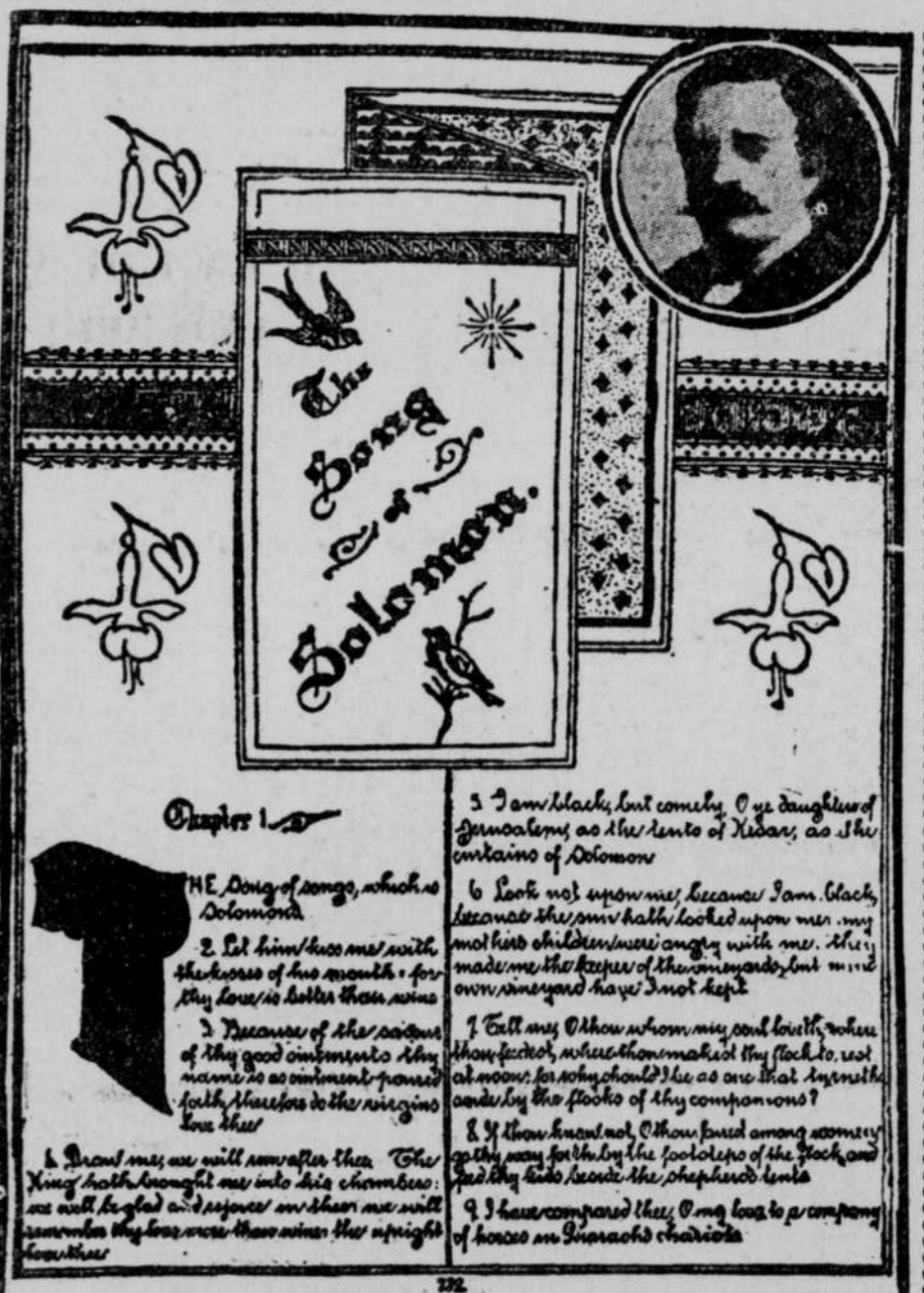
Often the boat is hauled so close on a harpooned whale that the harpooner leans over on the butt of the great sea mammal, while with the other he drives the killing lance. Again and again the long weapon is buried deep in the black sides, until suddenly thick black-red clots of blood well from the wound, showing that the "life" has been reached.

Then it is "back," sometimes for dear life. A whale may take his death so quietly, so passively, that it is pitiable to see so mighty a swimmer killed thus easily by man. Or he may fight till the boat seems only a black atom in the sudden uproar that smites the ocean and sends tons of water rising till they seem high enough to wash the sky.

The danger from a fighting whale is not only in the whale himself. The boat is a perfect man trap of keen, deadly tools. Lances and harpoons, cutting spades, hatchets, knives, and boat hooks, all sharpened to the finest edge the ship's grindstone can give them, fill the boat. If the whale gets at it and hurls it into the air the men find themselves in murderous company when the weapons come raining down on them.

So there are enough sporting chances in the whale to excite and content the most exacting of sportsmen. And the size of the trophy if he "bags" a whale certainly leaves nothing to be desired.

BIBLE, WRITTEN BY HAND, A WORK OF ART



Like the monks of the middle ages, Mr. R. B. Johnston of Glasgow, Scotland, has written the Bible by hand and beautifully illuminated it. His was a herculean task, in this day of rapid achievement and expeditious processes. Mr. Johnston worked seven years over his Bible manuscript and not long ago put the finishing touches upon the unique book.

One striking thing about the production is that the letter text does not vary from Genesis to Revelation. The work is done on post quarto paper, and looks like the production of some medieval ecclesiastic. The artistic arrangement, the spacing and the alignment of the text are due, in a large measure, to the fact that Mr. Johnston is a practical printer.

"In my work of rewriting the Scriptures," said Mr. Johnston, "I discovered two typographical errors. These, you know, are very rare, and are regarded as statutory offenses, for which a penalty may be imposed."

The hand print made use of by Mr. Johnston has commended itself to a firm of London printers, who have prepared types from it, paying him a large sum for the original design. It is Mr. Johnston's idea to have his hand written Bible issued to the public in parts by the process of photo-lithography.

Suffer From Cold in Fire.

It is strange to think that the actors in the inferno scenes in "Dante," which Sir Henry Irving has produced in London, suffer principally from cold. The fire is a wonderful illusion, and the method by which it is produced makes the stage of Drury Lane theater very drafty. Many of the actors caught cold during the rehearsals, and the sufferers on the stage have been heard to sneeze in their fiery graves.

Naval Band a Poor One.

Rear Admiral Rodgers, new commandant of the Brooklyn navy yard, is not at all pleased with the band that has been sent him from Washington. The leader and all the members are Italians and none of them knows a word of English. Exasperating errors are made during the marching exercises of the marines, while the playing at all times is very bad. The pay in the band service of the navy is so low that American musicians will not enlist, so most of the recruiting is done at European stations.

How Wives Make Business.

It was in a decorator's shop, and one of the employees was reporting to the proprietor. "I advised Mr. Cooke to have the whole house decorated during his wife's absence in Canada, as a surprise," he said. "So we've got the job." "Good!" cried the proprietor, enthusiastically. "Then we'll have to do it all over again when she comes back. Say, you deserve a holiday for working that so well!"

Pastor's Long Record.

Retiring after a pastorate of fifty-one years in the Reformed churches at Farmersville and Arndts, Pa., Rev. Daniel F. Brendle, aged 81 years, will have an annual pension of \$300 and all the marriage and baptismal fees that come his way. He has never worn spectacles, has baptized 2,794 converts, married 727 couples, or 1,454 persons, buried 1,221 parishioners and preached 4,791 sermons.

Prizes for Best-Kept Lawns.

Mayor Hiram M. Summers of Ottawa, O., has published a notice offering a number of prizes to the persons who will maintain the best-kept gardens and lawns in the town this summer. Already a number of citizens have registered their names as contestants. A committee will tour the city three times and from the result of their observation the prizes will be awarded.

China a Riddle to Europe.

Pierre Loti does not believe that there will ever be a real understanding between Europe and China. In his last volume, which describes his experiences during the late war, his refrain is "China will always remain a riddle to us."