

THE GIFT OF TEARS.

When sorrow comes with waiting breath,
And sinks beneath its weight of years,
Nor finds that hope can save from death,
God gives the blessed gift of tears.

If gladness floods the heart and brain,
And passion born of love appears,
Till pleasure almost kisses pain,
God gives the blessed gift of tears.

Though trouble rises Gorgon-wise,
Or bristles like a host of spears,
And Nature stares with sphinx-like eyes,
God gives the blessed gift of tears.

Where tigers roam, or sea birds sail,
Or where man wrestles with his years,
In palace, waste or cottage small,
God gives the blessed gift of tears.

AN ARIZONA EPISODE.

BY COSMOS MINDELEFF.

I was sitting in my tent one afternoon in November absorbed in some mathematical calculations connected with my work, when I heard a tremendous splashing in the river a few hundred yards below, followed by shots and yells and the sound of galloping horses. A moment later four men rode into camp like a whirlwind. Loud cries of "Where is he?" "Don't let him get away!" "Who's got the rope?" gave me an inkling of what they were after. They wanted me.

The camp was a large one, and generally there were eight or ten white men and forty or fifty Indians about; but this happened to be a holiday, and all the men had gone away except my tent mate, Barton, and myself. We were building some large irrigating ditches, and I had come out to take charge of the work only a short time before. I had found it necessary to discharge a number of the men and replace them by others. Only the day before I had had trouble with one of the men, Leonard by name. He went a little too far, and I knocked him down. As he arose he picked up a heavy club and came at me with it, but throwing up my left hand to guard my head I caught the blow on it and knocked him down again with my right. That settled the matter, I supposed, for the fellow went off to his tent, swearing roundly and calling for a gun with which to clean out the camp.

was thrust aside and a man entered, followed by two others.

The first comer was a little fellow, slender and not much over five feet in height, but he had a wicked look in his eyes and the face of a professional desperado. I learned afterward that he was considered the "bad man" of the neighborhood. Behind him was a big man in a flannel shirt and no coat, with a .45 Colt tucked into the waistband of his trousers. He was a saloon keeper in a small town near by and had provided the "conrage" for the expedition. Back of him came Leonard, his face inflamed with drink. I remained seated, while Barton backed off to the rear of the tent.

The little fellow looked at me, and I looked at him. Neither spoke for a minute or more. Finally the suspense became too great; he shifted from one foot to the other and presented such a picture of uneasiness that I laughed. At this he recovered his self-possession and said:

"Good day! I haven't been introduced to you; my name is Carter. Leonard, introduce me to this gentleman." Leonard yelled out my name, and Carter resumed: "We've come down with our friend Leonard here to see that he gets satisfaction for the way you've treated him. We've decided that you'll either have to put up your dukes against all three of us or wade the river three times."

"Very well," I replied. "In that case I will fight. I expect you to act as my second and see that I have fair play. Draw a ring outside, and I will join you in a moment." I knew that I would have to remove my coat and vest, and I wished to get rid of my revolver without letting them see it.

As they went out I turned to Barton and, to my consternation, found him the picture of abject fear. Putting my revolver into the holster I handed it to him and told him to stand by the door with it when I went out, to closely watch the men during the fight and if either of them raised his gun, or if more than one at a time attacked me, to fire into the crowd, and in the confusion following the unexpected shot I would have an opportunity to break for the tent, snatch the revolver from his hands and from behind the shelter of the big tree hold my own against them.

Barton said he understood and promised to follow my instructions. Afterward I learned that as soon as I turned my back he dropped the pistol and ran out into the bushes, where he hid himself. But not knowing this at the time I went out with confidence and stood up before Leonard in the ring.

Leonard was almost exactly my height and weight, and as he stood before me stripped to a tight-fitting undershirt, trousers and moccasins, I could see the movement of his muscles as he put up his guard and made play with his hands. He seemed no mean antagonist, and I thought as I examined him critically that I would have to do my best, disabled as I was, if I held my own in the coming struggle. But I noticed that his face was flushed with drink and excitement, and in that I felt that I had an advantage.

The ring had been drawn nearly in the center of the open space; Carter and his companion stood a little to one side with their pistols in their hands, "to see fair play," and they notified me that if I made the slightest move which they considered unfair they would take a hand in the fight. Carter came up and examined my clothing to see that I had no weapon. Then, turning to Leonard, he said:

"We'll see that you do him up," and a moment later asked him, "Are you ready?"

By this time a number of Indians and Mexicans had appeared, attracted by the sound of the firing, and they stood in little groups some distance off, ready to break away into the bushes if pistol play recommenced.

"Play ball!" shouted Carter, and I advanced and put up my guard. Leonard made a pass at me, but failed to land. I had been a good boxer in my boyhood days, and the knowledge now stood me in good stead.

While the sparring was going on I kept one eye on Carter and the big man. I was afraid that a straight knockout blow delivered by me would be the signal for two pistol shots and that Barton might not be quick enough to fire first. I temporized, sparring lightly, until Carter called out:

"Kick him, Leonard; kick the stuffing out of him."

"Hold on," I cried, "kicking is not allowed," for I had been notified that "this was to be a fair fight, no rough and tumble."

ter in a surly tone. This angered me, and as Leonard made another rush at me I met him half way, and striking through his guard I landed my right full in his face. Leonard spun around and around and finally measured his length on the ground, fully twelve feet from where I stood. As he fell I whirled upon his two companions and cried out, "One for me."

"Yes, that's one for you," replied Carter. "But it's my turn next."

"Wait a moment," I replied. "I'm not through with Leonard yet, nor will I be until he has said he has had enough."

"I've had enough," rejoined Leonard, rising to his feet. "It's Carter's turn now. Give me that gun, and if he hits you the way he hit me I'll blow his head off."

"If Leonard has enough, so have I," was my reply. "I shall certainly not fight with men I never saw before."

"Well, if you won't, you won't," he rejoined. "Let's call it square."

Joining the two men I moved with them toward the tent into which Leonard was just disappearing. I noticed one of our Indians standing by the door, a magnificent specimen of a man, over six feet tall and a noted warrior. Apparently he had just arrived, and I nodded to him as we came up, for we were great friends. It did not occur to me that there was anything peculiar about his standing there at the door, but his experience was greater than mine—as the sequel will show.

Just before we reached the tent, and when perhaps twelve feet away from it, one of the men stopped me a moment to emphasize some remark, and as I turned again the canvas flap of the tent was thrust aside, and I found myself looking straight into the muzzle of a Winchester.

As I looked the little black hole seemed to grow and expand; all the interest of my life seemed centered in that spot. The perspiration started out on me, and it may be that my hair rose. I thought of a great many things, but above all I remember I longed for something to happen—that black hole was maddening. The time seemed very long, but it could not have been more than a second when I saw flame leap from the muzzle of the gun. I heard the ball whiz over my shoulder; my Indian friend had seized the muzzle of the rifle at the very moment when the trigger was pulled. Had he been but the fraction of a second later some one else would have had to tell this story.

I had seemed under a spell as I gazed down into that little black hole, but the sight of the flame and the noise of the discharge restored me. I cleared the intervening space with a spring. As I came through the door like a wild duck on the wing I saw my Indian friend and the fourth man of the gang struggling with Leonard. They had just taken the rifle away from him, and a moment later he broke down and became hysterical.

The men assured me that the gun had been accidentally discharged, and although I knew better I accepted the explanation. Leonard's state was pitiable. He seized my hand and pressing it convulsively between his own again and again asked my pardon and wailed, "Why did you hit me so hard?"

For over an hour we worked to soothe and quiet him, and finally I saw them all out of camp, just as a wagon filled with our own men returned. Barton also turned up as the wagon pulled in, and then I learned for the first time how frail my dependence on him had been.—New York Commercial Advertiser.

Queer Way to Quiet Babies.

That humanity can bear anything to which it is accustomed in early life is proved by the selection of sleeping places for the children by the native women living in the slopes of the Himalaya mountains. They are obliged to work in the fields for the greater part of the day, and have lighted upon this extraordinary expedient for keeping their children quiet while they are away from home.

Before going to work they swaddle their infants completely in bandages, leaving only the face exposed. Then they place them under a ledge of rock from which water is dripping. By means of a bamboo rod, a tiny stream of water is made to fall on the baby's forehead. The dripping of the water seems to have a lulling effect upon the children, for they drop asleep almost immediately and remain motionless until the mother's return. Then they are unwrapped, dried and fed.

The natives declare this system to be most beneficial to the child's health, and, oddly enough, very few of them succumb to the treatment, growing up, for the most part, into strong, healthy men and women.—Pearson's Weekly.

Lake Level Figures.

Lake level figures received for the past year by Secretary Keop of the Lake Carriers' association show that Lake Superior has been above its average for the past 12 years; Lakes Huron and Michigan one foot below the level of the last 28 years; Lake Erie holding her own. These reports confirm the theory that rainfall alone determines the lake level, and that deepening channels has nothing to do with it.—Detroit Free Press.

DEWEY AND VON DIEDERICH.

The Hero of Manila's Message to the Meddlesome German Admiral.

In the article "With Dewey at Manila," by Joseph L. Stickney in Harper's Magazine, the first detailed account of how our admiral put a stop to the ill-mannered behavior of the Germans after the battle of Manila, is given as follows:

Our courteous and courtly commodore made no sign. He was waiting until he could put an end to the whole annoyance with one crushing blow. At last the opportunity came. He learned on unquestionable authority, that one of the German vessels had landed provisions in Manila, thereby violating neutrality. I was not present when he sent his message to Admiral von Diederich, and therefore I do not speak from personal knowledge concerning it; but I learned the facts from a perfectly authentic source, as follows:

"Orderly, tell Mr. Brumby I would like to see him," said Admiral Dewey one forenoon.

"Oh, Brumby," he continued, when the flag-lieutenant made his appearance on the quarter-deck, "I wish you to take the barge and go over to the German flagship. Give Admiral von Diederich my compliments, and say that I wish to call his attention to the fact that the vessels of his squadron have shown an extraordinary disregard of the usual courtesies of naval intercourse, and that finally one of them has committed a gross breach of neutrality in landing provisions in Manila, a port which I am blockading."

The commodore's voice had been as low and as sweetly modulated as if he had been sending von Diederich an invitation to dinner. When he stopped speaking, Brumby, who did not need any better indication of the commodore's mood than the unusually formal and gentle manner of his chief, turned to go, making the usual official salute, and replying with the customary, "Ay, ay, sir."

"And, Brumby," continued the Commodore, his voice rising and ringing with the intensity of feeling that he felt he had repressed about long enough, "tell Admiral von Diederich that if he wants a fight he can have it right now!"

Brumby went with his message, and the commodore paced the quarter-deck in silence for a considerable time, evidently working off some of the high pressure that had brought forth this emphatic message to the German admiral. The latter sent back the extraordinary reply that he had not known anything about these actions of his captains, and that they would not be repeated. When one considers the rigidity of discipline that is supposed to exist in the German navy, the character of Admiral von Diederich's apology is all the more incomprehensible.

WIDE-AWAKE AMERICANS.

Sir William Van Horne on Their Part in Developing Canada's Resources.

Though the pulp and paper industry at Grande Mare on the St. Maurice river, in which Secretary Alger is largely interested, is the most extensive of its kind in Canada American enterprise is about to give Canada a still more important establishment of the same kind. It will be situated at Grand Falls in New Brunswick.

Sir William Van Horne, president of Canadian Pacific railway, who is interested with Secretary Alger in the Grande Mare concern, pointing out the remarkable fact that both that and the undertaking at Grand Falls were due to the tourist travel to Canada. Secretary Alger came here a few years ago for pleasure, and while up the St. Maurice saw the water power and pulp wood side by side and grasped the opportunity presented. Senator Proctor of Vermont comes up to Canada hunting moose very often. His guides took him to Grand Falls and he conceived at once the idea of the powerful syndicate that he has formed to operate the water power. What Canadians are failing to do for themselves, said Sir William, Americans are doing for them. He could not understand, when he first came to Canada, how Canadians failed to take advantage of what nature had done for them. They see their natural advantages every day and do nothing with them. American tourists, on the other hand, come here for rest and recreation. They are never too tired to use their eyes, however, and while recuperating health and energy in Canada they quickly see and appreciate opportunities for enterprise. Many of the finest buildings in Vancouver and Winnipeg, he said, have been erected by tourists, who when passing through those cities foresaw their future.—New York Sun.

To Harness Whirlpool Rapids.

A company has been organized for the purpose of developing the power of the Whirlpool Rapids by means of a canal built inside or beneath the tracks of the Gorge road. This canal will start 300 feet below the lower arch and will be 350 feet long and 100 feet wide. It will give 35,000 electrical horse power in a station at the Whirlpool. The cost is mentioned at \$2,000,000. Enormous quantities of rock will have to be excavated if the project goes through.

DR. TALMAGE'S SERMON.

SUNDAY'S DISCOURSE BY THE NOTED DIVINE.

Subject: "Bundles of Life"—Inspiration Drawn From a Homely Phrase—Life, Spiritual and Physical, is Divinely Protected—Bundles Which Are Blessings.

Text: "The soul of my Lord shall be bound in the bundle of life with the Lord thy God."—I Samuel xxv., 29.

Beautiful Abigail, in her rhythmic plea for the rescue of her inebriate husband, who died within ten days, addresses David, the warrior, in the words of the text. She suggests that his life, physically and intellectually and spiritually, is a valuable package or bundle, divinely bound up and to be divinely protected.

The phrase "bundle of life" I heard many times in my father's family prayers. Family prayers you know, have frequent repetitions, because day by day they acknowledge about the same blessings and deplore about the same misfortunes, and I do not know why those who lead at household devotions should seek variety of composition. That familiar prayer becomes the household liturgy. I would not give one of my old father's prayers for fifty eucalyptus suppers. Again and again, in the morning and evening prayer, I heard the request that we might all be bound up in the bundle of life, but I did not know until a few days ago that the phrase was a Bible phrase.

During the last spell of cold weather there were bundles that attracted the attention and the plaudits of the high heavens, bundles of clothing on the way from comfortable to the door, bundles in the mission room, and Christ stood in the snowbanks and said as the bundles passed: "Naked, and ye clothed me. Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren ye have done it unto me." These bundles are multiplying. Blessings on those who pack them. Blessings on those who distribute them. Blessings on those who receive them.

With what beautiful aptitude did Abigail in my text speak of the bundle of life! Oh, what a precious bundle is life! Bundle of memories, bundle of hopes, bundle of ambitions, bundle of destinies! Once in a while a man writes his autobiography, and it is of thrilling interest. The story of his birthplace, the story of his struggles, the story of his sufferings, the story of his triumphs. But if the whole story of the most eventful life were well written it would make many chapters of adventure, of tragedy, of comedy, and there would not be an uninteresting step from cradle to grave.

Bundle of memories are you! Boyhood memories, with all its injustices from playmates, with all its game with ball and bat and kite and sled. Manhood memories, with all your struggles in starting—obstacles, opposition, accidents, misfortunes, losses, successes. Memories of the first marriage you ever solemnized, of the first grave you ever saw opened, of the first mighty wrong you ever suffered, of the first victory you ever gained. Memory of the hour when you were affianced, memory of the first advent in your home, memory of roseate cheek faded and of blue eyes closed in the last sleep, memory of anthem and of dirge, memory of great pain and of slow convalescence, memory of times when all things were against you, memory of prosperities that came in like the full tide of the sea, memories of a lifetime. What a bundle!

Bundle of hopes and ambitions also is almost every man and woman, especially at the starting. What gains he will harvest, or what reputation he will achieve, or what bliss he will reach, or what love he will win. What a bundle of hope and ambition! Or the will make home life more joyous by so entrancing to all of us, we see the students receive their diplomas and take up the garlands thrown to their feet? They will be Faradays in science; they will be Tennysons in poetry; they will be Willard Parkers in surgery; they will be Alexander Hamiltons in statesmanship; they will be Horace Greeleys in editorial chair; they will be Websters in the Senate. Or she will be a Mary Lyon in educational realms, or a Frances Willard on reformatory platform, or a Helen Gould in military hospitals. Or she will make home life radiant with helpfulness and self-sacrifice and magnificent womanhood. Oh, what a bundle of hopes and ambitions! It is a bundle of garlands and scepters from which I would not take one sprig of mignonette nor extinguish one spark of brilliance. They will start life without bright hopes and inspiring ambitions might as well not start at all, for every step will be a failure. Rather would I add to the bundle, and if I open it now it will be because I wish to take anything from it, but that I may put into more coronets and hosannas.

Bundle of faculties in every man and every woman! Power to think—to think of the past and through all the tuture, to think upward and higher than the highest heights of heaven, or to think downward until there is no lower abyss to fathom. Power to think right, power to think wrong, power to think forever, for once having begun to think, there shall be no terminus for that exercise, and eternity itself shall have no power to bid it halt. Faculties to love—filial love, conjugal love, maternal love, maternal love, love of country, love of God. Faculty of judgment, with scales so delicate and yet so mighty they can weigh arguments, weigh emotions, weigh worlds, weigh heaven and hell. Faculty of will, that can climb the ladder of ascent, wade seas or bridge them, accept of eternal enthronement or, choosing everlasting exile. Oh, what is to be a man! Oh, what is to be a woman! Sublime and infinite bundle of faculties! The thought of it staggers me, swamps me, stuns me, bewilders me, overwhelms me. Oh, what a bundle of life Abigail of my text saw in David and which we ought to see in every human yet immortal being!

Know, also, that this bundle of life is properly directed. Many a bundle has blundered its way and disappeared because the address has dropped, and no one can find by examination for what city or town or neighborhood it was intended. All great carrying companies have so many misdirected packages that they appoint days of ventus to dispose of them. All intelligent people know the importance of having a valuable package plainly directed, the name of the one to whom it is to go plainly written. Baggage master and expressman ought to know at the first glance to whom to take it.

The bundle of life that Abigail in my text speaks of is plainly addressed. By divine providence it is directed heavenward. However long may be the earthly distance it travels its destination is the eternal city of God on high. Every mile it goes away from that direction is a mile toward some human or infernal fraud practiced against it. There are those who put it on some other track, who misplace it in some wrong conveyance, who send it off or send it back by some diabolical miscarriage. The value of the bundle is so well known, all up and down the universe that there are 1,000,000 dishonest hands which are trying to detain or divert it or to forever stop its progress in the right direction. There are so many

influences abroad to ruin your body, mind and soul that my wonder is not that so many are destroyed for this world and the next, but that there are not more who go down irremediably.

Know also that a bundle may have in it more than one invaluable. There may be in it a photograph of a loved one and a jewel for an ancestor. It may have an embroidered robe and a Doro's illustrated Bible. A bundle may have two treasures. Abigail in my text recognized this when she said to David, "The soul of my Lord is bound in the bundle of life with the Lord thy God." And Abigail was right. We may be bound up with a loving and sympathetic God. We may be as near to Him as ever were emerald and ruby united in one ring, as ever were two deeds in one package, as ever were two vases on the same shelf, as ever were two kindnesses in the same bundle. Together in time of sorrow. Together in time of joy. Together on earth. Together in heaven. Close companionship of God. Hear Him, "I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee." "For the mountains shall depart and the hills be removed, but my kindness shall not depart from thee, neither shall the covenant of my peace be removed, saith the Lord that hath mercy on thee." And when those Bible authors compared God's friendship to the mountains for height and firmness they knew that they were writing about; for they well knew what mountains are. All those lands are mountainous. Mount Hermon, Mount Gilboa, Mount Gerizim, Mount Egeud, Mount Horeb, Mount Nebo, Mount Pisgah, Mount Olivet, Mount Zion, Mount Moriah, Mount Lebanon, Mount Sinai, Mount Sion, Mount Zion. Yes, we have the divine promise that all those mountains shall weigh their anchorage of rocks and move away from the earth before a loving and sympathetic God will move away from us if we love and trust Him. Oh, if we could realize that we are writing about; for they well know what mountains are. All those lands are mountainous. 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