

DEATH.

Out of the torments of madness,
Into the sunlight of gladness,
Into the light of the dead;
Out of a land filled with sighing—
Out of the world of the weary,
Into the raptures of rest.

THE EMERGENCY DRILL.

Sometimes in the long winter evenings
Henry Bruce amused himself by making
out lists of lonely people, and his own
name stood at the head. He agreed that
Robinson Crusoe had a hard time, but
Robinson Crusoe could remember when
he had as much company as he wanted,
and Henry could not.

There was another odd thing about
the life here. At all light houses in
these times there are two or three men,
so if one gets sick there will be some one
to take his place. But Mr. Bruce had
never had an assistant. Everything had
always gone on right, and so the govern-
ment had never realized that he was
alone, and he never spoke of it because
he was afraid that he would be paid less
if he had a man to help him.

One morning a fishing boat came in
bound to the nearest town, and Mrs.
Bruce asked the men to take her along
to buy yarn for the children's stockings.
They agreed, but told her she would
have to walk back, but she was willing
to do this, although the distance was
twelve miles, because, as she said, if
they did not take her she would have
to walk both ways.

Everything went on very well until
near sunset, when the sky began to
cloud, and little Lucy became cross and
sleepy, and cried for her mother. Henry
gave her bread and milk, but still she
 fretted. She did not want to play and
she would not go to sleep.

"My goodness!" he cried. "I wish all
babies were grown up! I would rather
hunt lions than take care of you!" He
then picked her up and carried her to
the door. "Now," he said, "we will
watch for mamma."

The rocks stood up against a heavy
sky. The wind had begun to moan, and
the birds flew screaming over the water.
There was not a sign of their mother
coming on the beach, and Henry felt
more lonely than ever. He looked over
to the light house and wished his father
would light it up, and it seemed to him
that sunset, the time for lighting, must
surely have come. Suddenly a little
flag appeared in the lantern. Henry
sprang to his feet.

"What is the matter?" he exclaimed in
real earnest.
"I don't know," was his reply.
"Where first?"
"Where first?"
"Where first?"
"Where first?"

HE had pat this note in front of the
lamp and hurried off.
A boat was always kept ready, and
Henry sprang into it and rowed off with
energy. It was dark, however, when he
reached the light house, and the rain
had begun to fall. He tied his boat to
the little pier and ran to the tower. He
opened a small, heavy bronze door and

entered a large, always dimly-lighted
room, in which was stored coal and
wood, oil for the lamp and fresh water
from the main land.

The stairs were in this room and
Henry ran up. The room above was the
kitchen, over that was the bedroom, and
from this a ladder led to the lantern.
Henry called, but there was no answer.
He went up into the lantern. All was
dark and silent. He spoke again and
again but still all was silent. Then he
heard a groan, and he rushed down the
ladder, got the keeper's hand-lamp and
ran back. His father lay on the floor;
his eyes were closed and blood ran from
his temple. It was plain that he had
fallen and hurt himself.

Henry began to cry. He did not know
what to do, and the "Emergency Drill"
didn't occur to him. Then he remem-
bered that he ought to stop the flow of
blood, and taking his father's handker-
chief from his pocket he tied up the
wound. Still his father neither spoke
nor moved. Then he cried again. And
then he thought of his mother. She
must by this time be at home, and, with-
out hesitation, he rushed off again, but
this time to his boat. It took but a mo-
ment to untie it and spring in and be off.

The rain fell heavily, the waves dashed
on the rocks, and Henry, looking up,
saw the dim outline of the light house.
He stopped rowing. His heart gave a
great jump, and before his eyes seemed
to flash the "charge to keepers" hung up
in the light house.

You are to light the lamps every evening
at sunset, and keep them burning
bright and clear until sunrise.
His father's faithfulness, the great im-
portance of lighting up, rushed into
Henry's mind, and again he involuntarily
repeated his "Emergency Drill."

"What is the matter?"
"The lamps are not lighted."
"Where first?"
"Where first?"

Henry turned his boat and rowed back
a few rods. But was it first? It could not
be! He must take his mother over. His
father would die for want of help. As he
paused, trembling, anxious, irresolute,
he remembered how often his father had
said that no wreck should ever be his
fault, and it was a terrible night!

Henry knew what his father would say,
and he at once rowed directly back. He
returned to the house, stumbled up the
dark stairs, got the lamp again and ran
up into the lantern. It took him but a
moment to light the lamps, and the glow
spread out on the sea, and aroused by
the glare his father opened his eyes.

"The lamps," he said.
"I have lighted them," Henry replied;
"and now I am going for mother."
"Stay!" was the answer, and his father
closed his eyes again.

Henry hesitated, but he sat down in
the hard chair in which his father spent
each night watching. He knew what his
father meant. The lights would go out,
and needed care all night.

And so Henry sat there. The wind
howled; the house shook and swayed; the
sea birds dashed against the glass; the
rain beat on the roof, and all sorts of
wild sounds seemed to be in the air.
Sometimes he got up and bathed his
father's head with water. He brought a
pillow. He talked to him, but he had
no answer but a moan, yet he never
cried, and he never ceased to keep the
lights burning "bright and clear."

It seemed to him nearly morning when
he heard pounding at the light house
door. He knew that it was some one
seeking shelter, and he went down and
opened it. There stood a man and a boy
and his mother.

Henry cried then! And he laughed
and he clung around her neck, and he
poured out that his father was hurt, and
that he had kept the lights burning, and
he had to leave Lucy, and all of it in one
breath.

"But," said his mother, pushing back
her wet hair, "I do not understand you.
Where is your father? Where is Lucy?"
"Where is Lucy? I left a note for you
by the lamp."

"But I have not been home," exclaim-
ed his mother. "I have been all night
on the sea. Our friends here told me
they would give me passage back, so I
waited. It became dark so early, and
we were dashed on the rocks and our
mats broken. We had no idea where we
were, and we could not see the light
house. Then all at once it blazed up,
and all night, this fearful night, we have
struggled toward it."

And so it was his mother that Henry
saved when he decided that his father
would hold his duty dearer than life, and
turning back took his place and kept
the signal lights burning.

How happy they were that night after
the keeper was carried down stairs, and
came to his senses, and told how he fell
and only had power to put out the flag.
The only thing that troubled Mrs. Bruce
was the thought of Lucy tied in her
chair. When Mr. Bruce recovered he
asked for an assistant, and when the
man came behold he brought his son, a
year younger than Henry, and Henry
felt as if he had got his "Man Friday."

Our Continent.

LESLEY'S CONSPIRACY.

Mr. John Clifford looked over the wain-
ot and plate-glass railing around his
"office" in the corner of the counting
room of the daily and weekly Herald,
just as a sweet, ringing laugh from the
composing room opposite came to his
ears.

"It's Lesley Lord—that is," Peter Fur-
man said, as he saw the look of inquiry
on Mr. Clifford's face. "As pretty a girl
as ever stepped in shoes, but spoiled and
humored until she thinks she can do as
she likes."

Mr. Clifford looked through the open
door—he was the new bookkeeper, just
entering upon his duties that morning.
"Is that Miss Lord—the young lady
with the round white arms and shining
teeth, and the hair piled in a gold-col-
ored mass on top of her head? Well,
Furman, she is rather good-looking—
certainly not as handsome as one would
be led to think from your description."

Several hours later, when Mr. Clifford
was thinking it was nearly time for sup-
per, a merry little clatter of boot heels
sounded on the floor, coming toward his
office, and he looked up to see Miss Les-
ley Lord standing at the dome-shaped
opening in front of him.

"Mr. Clifford," she said, with a grace-
ful little arch of her eyebrows—"at
least, I suppose it is Mr. Clifford, the new
bookkeeper?"

"I am at your service," he responded,
looking straightforward at the flushed
dimpled cheeks and little white teeth.

"I would like to have an advance on
Saturday night's pay, if you please."

"The 'if you please' was very much at
variance with the imperiousness of her
demand."

"You would like an advance?" he reit-
erated, gravely.

Lesley gave a provoked little toss of
her head, and tapped her finger on the
plate-glass shelf.

"That is what I said, I believe."

"Am I to understand it is the custom
of this office to advance money to the
employees upon all occasions?"

"I don't know anything about what
the employees do; but I know that I
always receive an advance when I ask for
it."

Mr. Clifford closed his day-book
quietly.

"I think the rules of the office forbid
such a precedent, Miss Lord. Frank," to
the office boy busily directing the mail,
"just light up, will you?"

Lesley stood perfectly astonished at
the polite yet cavalier treatment she had
received. The ideal of this new man putting
on such airs to her—the acknowledged
belle and beauty of the girls who set
type in the Herald composing room.

Frank lighted the gas, and Mr. Clif-
ford began counting the money in the
cash box, while Lesley, in a passion,
stood staring at him.

"You don't intend to let me have it?"
she said presently, in a low, indignant
voice that was irresistibly charming for
all that.

"Certainly not—you nor any one."

Lesley sent him one look, perfectly sav-
age with anger.

An hour later, in the midst of a driv-
ing rain-storm, Mr. Clifford stepped out
of the tram-car in a pretty, lonely sub-
urb of the city, to which he was an
entire stranger—and after looking about
him for several minutes, sans umbrellas
or overcoats, he began dimly to realize
that he did not know which of the half-
dozen houses within sight was the one
where his new landlady, Mrs. Rawson,
lived.

"A charming position to find oneself
in," he thought, as the rain soaked through
his clothes, and he discovered that the
mud was disagreeably uncertain to
wade through, especially in the dark-
ness.

"I'll make a bee line for the nearest
light," he decided, and forthwith set out
for a little cottage, not so appallingly far
off, where he arrived in due time, and
shivering with the cold dampness of his
clothes, he was cheered by the prompt
opening of the door by a placid-faced,
elderly lady who answered him in the
cheeriest, most unconventional manner.

"Mrs. Rawson? Why, you won't
think of going away up there in such a
storm as this. Come in, and see if I
can't make you comfortable for awhile.
I've got a boy just about your age some-
where in the West—and if he should be
out in the storm—"

Her mother-love was sweet and strong
on her gentle, womanly face, and he
stepped in, gladly, yet reluctantly.

Mr. Clifford arose from his easy chair as
the lamplight and Lesley's amazed looks
fell upon him simultaneously.

He laughed as he extended his hand,
while Lesley, bewildered beyond meas-
ure, stood stock still in the middle of the
room, lamp in hand, her cheeks flushing
painfully.

"Pray forgive me. I certainly did not
mean to be so hateful, I assure you, Miss
Lord. Won't you allow me to relieve you
of the lamp? and then—please begin at
once the part of the programme you are
to fill in the conspiracy against me. I
can promise you it will be the most
agreeable to me."

"I didn't—know you were here,"
Lesley stammered hysterically, and then
she did the best possible thing under the
circumstances—laughed heartily.

"I dare say I shall never hear the last
of it," she said. "Well, Mr. Clifford, I
can stand it if you can."

"If you will let me I will stay the re-
mainder of the evening and try," he re-
turned, gravely.

Well, he stayed, and Lesley was most
bewitching, and after he had gone home
she went to bed and cried herself to sleep
for very shame at her stupid, idiotic
blunder.

"He will despise me, I know he will,"
she sobbed to herself, "and he is just
splendid."

But instead of despising her Mr. Clif-
ford asked her to marry him six months
afterward.

"I will say 'Yes,' just because I like to
be contrary," she laughed. "I said I'd
reject you haughtily, and instead I'll
accept you—"

She hesitated with a little glance at his
handsome face.

"Because I will not take 'No' for an
answer?" he suggested, drawing her face
to his breast.

"Because I do love you," was her re-
ply, low and sweet.

And that was the delightful end of
Lesley's little conspiracy.

Just the Girl for a Dear Self-Sacrific-
ing Man.

His name was Augustus Smythe; he
was a clerk in a dry goods store, and he
didn't earn enough to decently starve
on, but with the sublime assurance that
distinguishes the "lah-de-lah" young
man of the day, he was paying his atten-
tions to the prettiest girl in Detroit. He
managed, by not paying his washer wo-
man and tailor, to take her to the theater
and opera, but as times were getting hard
he concluded to marry her and save the
expense of boarding. By some process
of mental arithmetic he succeeded in dis-
covering with much difficulty that what
was not enough for one was enough for
two; and forthwith he concluded to pop.

He knew that his persistent visits had
kept all other young men away, so he
had no fears of a trial. When the time
came and he found himself in the com-
pany of his Laura in her papa's comfort-
able parlor, he leisurely seated himself
by her side on the sofa, took her little
dimpled hand, used only to tinkle the
piano with, and said in a bronze voice:

"Dear Miss Laura, I have concluded
to marry."

Laura started as he intended she
should. Then he resumed grandilo-
quently, "I want a dear little girl about
your size, with a great big heart, just
like yours, to share my lot."

"Is it on Madison avenue?" murmured
Laura.

"No, dearest; but what are localities to
hearts that love? I want a girl that is
good-tempered, smart, economical, and
who loves me. Darling, do you know of
such a one?"

Laura, faintly—"Yes, oh yes, I am
sure I do."

"One who would rather live with me
in poverty than dwell with some other
man in riches? Who would esteem it a
pleasure to serve me, cook my meals,
keep the house tidy, and listen for my
footsteps? Who would rise early and
sit up late for my sake?"

"Oh, how beautiful," murmured
Laura; "just like a dear, self-sacrificing
man!"

"Do you know of such a one, my
angel?"

"Yes, I do," responded Laura, fer-
vently; "but you must not call me your
angel, for she might not like it; she's in
the kitchen now washing the dishes, and
she told mother this morning that she'd
just as leave get married this winter as
live out, if she only felt able to support
a husband. She's just the girl you want
and she'd love you within an inch of
your life."

But Augustus had fled into the outer
darkness; the too muchness of the occa-
sion overcame him like a summer cloud.

Holding and Losing the Grip.

There are some who have inherited so
much toughness of fiber that they are
sure to hold on until success is assured.
Nothing can discourage them or bring
disunity. They have a faith in ultimate
success which amounts to assurance. If
they make a hundred failures they strike
on their feet like a cat thrown out of a
window.

The Mexicans said that Gen-
eral Taylor didn't know when he was
whipped. Of course not. He had the
toughness of fiber. He was not in the
field to be defeated, but to win success,
field to field. General Grant said he
and he did win. General Grant said he
would "fight it out on that line if it took
all summer." That declaration was a
sure prophecy of success. Defeat was
not admitted into the programme. He
will hold on and tighten the grip. The
more desperate the outlook the firmer
the hold. He will never let go. This is
a beautiful allegory—or fact, as one may
interpret it—in the Scriptures, of Jacob
wrestling with the angel, and would not
let go his hold until he had obtained
what he was struggling for. The old
patriarch had a strong grip. He was an
early type of success—a man of faith and
action. He wrestled, held on and pre-
vailed.

The men who succeed in the profes-
sions have this strong grip. Genius is
not an element of positive success. There
have been no greater failures made in
this world than by men of genius who
lacked grip and staying power. What
is needful is the power to hold on, and
if need be, to grub at the very roots of
things until victory comes. Lawyers suc-
ceed in that way. The most success-
ful members of the bar have this tough-
ness of fiber. Clients know that these
men will hold on and bring a victory
from the very jaws of defeat, if possible.
They go to them in time of trouble, not
because they are men of genius, but
because they have pluck, toughness, fiber,
the power to fight it out on that line "if
it takes all summer." When it is said
of any one that if he meets with any dis-
couragements "he will drop the tools
and run," it may be set down that no
great success will crown his efforts.

Somewhere he must fight his battle for
life. When it is said that one has good
fighting blood in him, the best of qual-
ities has been described, provided his
pluck and courage have been rightly di-
rected. The successful men of this
world have made scores of failures. But
they did not let go for all that. There
is a significant saying in California about
certain men that they have "gone over
the grade." Why go over at all? In the
more essential fact, the man who has
this tenacity, this power to hold on,
never goes over the grade. That is, he
is just as much of a man after he has
made a series of failures as he was be-
fore. In fact he is probably stronger.
He toughens by defeat.

There was a recent case of suicide in
this city of a young man who left behind
him a note, which, by any fair inter-
pretation, meant that he had lost his grip,
and for that reason declined to lay hold
again. It was a declaration of a lack of
pluck, courage, endurance, with an in-
dication of disappointment signifying a
neglected genius—one who had failed to
win a fair recognition. Without know-
ing anything special of the circumstances
of this man, the case may be taken as a
typical one. He did not propose to fight
it out on any line for success, but let go
his hold and dropped out of the world.

No doubt, the kind of reasoning here
disclosed shows a morbid and unhealthy
mind. But this very condition comes
from gloomy introspection, from brood-
ing over a want of success and taking it
to heart. In the long run, every man
who has courage, pluck and endurance
will find his place, or at least one where
he will win a fair measure of apprecia-
tion.

Men who achieve marked success hide
their time. How long have the great
artists of the world waited for success?
Scholars and literary men have fought
their way in obscurity for years. No
doubt, some fields are more promising
for literary men than others. But it is
a part of the business of one wanting
recognition and appreciation, to find his
field—to fight for the occupation. If one
sort of work does not win, try another,
until the right vocation has been found.
Suppose a young man tries literature,
the most uncertain of all vocations. He
does not succeed. He imagines he does
good work, but it is not wanted. Does
the world neglect him more than others?
Not a bit; the world does not care for
one's pretensions. It only wants to
know who can do certain kinds of work
better than others. It may be slow in
finding this out. But it does find it out
in the long run.

The man who lets go his grip because
he has not succeeded, and leaves the
world as a suicide, shows that his judg-
ment has been strangely at fault. He
has undervalued life, has trifled with it,
and he goes out of the world more
as a trifter than as an earnest
and courageous man. There is no
better moral for such cases. It is a
running away from the battlefield from
duty and from life, and that is the real-
istic view which every brave and healthy
soul is compelled to take of such in-
stances. The failures of life are a part
of its discipline. Soldiers who suffer
defeat are all the better because they
have been under fire; and there will
come a time when these veterans will
surely win the victory. In the long run,
every defeat becomes a condition of suc-
cess if it is rightly turned to account.
Somewhere in the world every good man
and woman is wanted. Their work, life,
patient and courageous example are
wanted. The men who let go the grip,
leaving sentimental notes behind, leave
nothing which is hopeful to those who
are still fighting the battle. There is no
example of fortitude, courage or higher
endeavor. Of those who go by suicide
because they have become insane from
infirmities which could not be helped,
nothing is said here. But letting go the
grip because there is a conviction that
there is a lack of appreciation, it is little
to say that they have undervalued life
and have not had the courage to fight the
battle for success.

Colonel T. W. Higginson has criticised
publicly Mrs. Julia Ward for entertain-
ing Oscar Wilde in Boston. Mrs. Howe
is replying that what she does is none of
Mr. Higginson's business, and mean-
while the disciples of both are standing
aghast.

How do we love to shut our eyes to
what we fear may be a reality.

A Lion Tamer's Experience.

"While with Robinson's circus," said
Mr. Neylan, "I became acquainted with
Bill Reynolds, the well-known lion per-
former, and became a fast favorite with
him. He was growing old and was taken
ill quite frequently, thereby necessitat-
ing the withdrawal of that feature in the
entertainment. I was in the habit of
playing with the lions outside the cage,
and one day I asked Archie McCarty, the
boss canvasser, who had charge of the
cage, if he would let me go inside. He
laughed at me, and insinuated that I
would back out mighty quick. I looked
about for a cowhide, and being unable
to find one, substituted a broom handle
and started in. There were two lions in
the cage and a tiger, the famous lion, Old
Prince, the pet lioness, Jennie, and a
beautiful tiger of magnificent propor-
tions. Old Prince was a stubborn, bull-
headed creature, and meant mischief
every time. I was about sixteen years
of age at the time, and was in good phys-
ical condition. The moment I entered,
the animals regarded me as an intruder,
and Old Prince began to assume a war-
like deportment. I belabored him vig-
orously with the broom handle, main-
taining my self-possession, and ere I
left the cage he was humbly submissive,
and with the other animals, would do my
bidding promptly. I informed the
manager that I had found a substitute
for Reynolds, and would produce him
that night. The cage was drawn into
the ring, and at the time I appeared
greatly to the surprise and bewilderment
of the manager. As I started toward
the cage he shouted: "Come away, you
fool, you will be eaten up." But I went
on with the performance and the animals
behaved beautifully. At another time
Robinson had a young lion three years
old, of great strength and ferocious dis-
position. I determined to break him
and had a terrible encounter with him
for three hours. The enraged beast re-
fused to obey the lash, and it became
necessary to use hot irons instead of the
rawhide. After he had been subdued I
petted him for a while and then furnish-
ed him with a substantial meal, and he
became the best of friends. All the
clothing I wore at the close of the en-
counter was a pair of stockings and a
wristband to my shirt. I subsequently
broke another pair for Robinson and had
a tough tussle with them, but they were
nothing in comparison with the three-
year-old.

Mr. Neylan was asked if he ever found
himself in extreme peril.

"Well, yes," replied Mr. Neylan, "I
was placed in a most uncomfortable situ-
ation. Jennie, the pet lioness, was with
young, and one day I had occasion to
enter her cage and repair it. The sound
of the hammer employed in driving nails
appeared to frighten her, and suddenly
she fastened her teeth upon the calf of
my leg. I had the presence of mind to
let her alone, although she was tearing
my flesh terribly, and seizing my ham-
mer, I watched my opportunity when
she had caught my wrist between her
teeth, and thrust the handle down her
throat, choking off her hold. Then she
sought to leap upon me, and stripped
me of my clothing, beside leaving the
bloody imprint of her claws upon my
back. The blows of the hammer did not
seem to have any effect, and at an oppor-
tune moment one of the keepers, seeing
my predicament, seized an iron bar and
belabored her vigorously, while I kept
accompaniment with my hammer. We
conquered her at last, and I left the cage
to dress myself and my wounds. She
never distressed me again, and was al-
ways gentle and tractable. Once, pre-
vious to this, Jennie knocked me down,
and Old Prince evidently intended to
make a meal of me, but my good fortune
and courage did not desert me, and I
whipped them both into subjection with
my cowhide.

"The best time to begin to break
lions," said Mr. Neylan, "is when they
are cubs of eight to ten months' growth.
My practice was to devote an hour a day
in the training, always exercising them
on empty stomachs and feeding them
immediately afterward; if the animal is
tractable and submissive, he should be
treated kindly, but if he is inclined to
be stubborn and ugly, then you must ob-
tain the mastery by a vigorous use of the
cowhide. They are inclined to be
treacherous even when the most frolic-
some and gentle, and it can be shown
that the majority of lion performers who
have been killed, have allowed too much
liberty to their pets. The objective
point of the cowhide is the face and eye
to blind and confuse them, and they
smart and are forced into retirement by
a vigorous flagellation. It must not be
thought for an instant that one can look
them steadily in the eye and thus disarm
them. The lion does become somewhat
blinded by a steady gaze, but the mo-
ment he lowers his head and gives it an
ominous shake, then look for danger,
and the more promptly the lash is ap-
plied the better. The tiger is more
treacherously inclined than the lion, and
more difficulty is experienced in their
training. I have trained Asiatic, African
and Mexican lions, and some of them
have developed remarkable power of
intelligence and sagacity.—Interview in
Providence Journal.

An Idea.

'Twas a calm, still night; not a breeze
stirred the leaves as they lay sleeping in
the trees. The sun had already gone
down, and mother earth seemed to be
taking a nap. The Thomas cat hopped
from fence to fence and sang his spark-
ling songs to his companion, and the
cricket chirped his lay. When these had
stopped, it was so silent you could hear
a house drop. As she lay nestled on his
manly bosom a thought struck her, and
she said:

"Alphonus, I have a brighter idea."

He said he knew a brighter one, and
when she asked him what it was, he an-
swered:

"Your eyes, dear."

There was silence for a moment; then
he said:

"Alum!"

Intermission for two minutes; then she
laid her head on the rim of his ear and
wept. He raised his lips to hers, and the
first thing heard was a farmer's voice
from behind a bush, inquiring if that
was his cow stuck in the mud and was
trying to get her hoofs out.

A little charcoal thrown into the pot
will sweeten meat that is a little old. Not
if it is anyway tainted—it is then unfit
to eat—but only if kept a little longer
than makes it quite fresh.