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The Scrap Book

An Operatic Engine.

An amusing episode occurred some years ago when Mr. Damrosch was giving a series of lecture recitals on the "Ring of the Nibelungen."

The opera was "Das Rheingold," and Mr. Damrosch, seated at the piano, was giving in his kindly, informal, delightful fashion the various "motives" of the music. He played and explained the "Rhine motive," the "Alberich motive," the motive of the "gold," the "Fafner motive."

Then he came to Lohk, the god of fire. His attitude toward his breathless audience, he played the theme, saying in his slow, grave way, "And this is the Lohk motive."

For a second there was silence; then a low ripple of laughter went over the house. But Mr. Damrosch—bless him!—was so deeply absorbed that he never saw his droll word play at all. He gave a wondering glance over the audience, probably thinking something amusing had happened there, then swept on his rousing way like a steam engine through the score.—New York Evening Sun.

Life—the Struggle.

Virtue's not in mere existence
And shunning things that make life dear.

Virtue is in rightful using
Of the gifts bestowed us here.

Life is not in idle pining
Or passive drifting into joy;
Life is battling with the torrent
Which unstemmed can but destroy.

Virtue's not where life anaemic
Never know temptation's lure;
Virtue lies in overthrowing
Base desire and thought impure.

Life is not in rapid dreaming
Of some distant vague ideal;
Life is labor and a strenuous
Hourly conflict with the real.

Virtue's not in watching struggles
High and dry on some safe shore.
Enter in life's heated combat
There you're needed more and more.

Life is not in following footprints
Or keeping wheels in some set groove.
Make your own tracks; strike out boldly.
Life is progress—forward move!

—Bayoil Ne Treie.

Tim Hurst's Baseball Troubles.

At the close of a most memorable season when Tim Hurst managed the Browns for You der Abe he laid over in Philadelphia on his way to his home up the state, and while in the Quaker City he told his daily experiences while running the Mound City club.

"My Mondays," said Timothy, "were devoted to telling the St. Louis sporting editors how I was going to win the pennant the next year. Tuesdays I would be kept busy denying to the club owners that I had ever made any such statements. Wednesdays I would be explaining to the newspapers why we weren't winning games. Thursdays I would be fighting with Chris to keep him from firing the players all the money they had coming to them. Fridays I would generally be busy all day getting the terms of pitchers that no batter could hit."

"And on Saturdays?"

"On Saturdays I would spend the day signing players that couldn't hit any kind of pitching."

Nothing to Laugh At.

A few years ago a purely self made person, who had acquired a million or so in other lines of endeavor, took a part of his fortune and with it built a theater on Broadway. At the end of his second week as proprietor-manager he was standing at the door one evening just before the performance began, talking to Paul West, the song writer. Along came a leading dramatic critic, and he stopped for a minute's chat with the two others.

"Say, Harry," asked the owner, "what's the reason that I ain't making no money out of this here proposition? Here I put up a nice clean house and hire a good company and yet the crowds ain't coming!"

"Well," diagnosed the critic, "I'll tell you, Jake. This is a new place, and you mustn't be in too big a hurry. Remember how long it took some of these other houses to get established. You'll have to build up your own clientele."

He passed on and West went inside to see the show. When he came out at the end of the first act Jake was waiting for him and drew him aside.

"Paul," he demanded, "what was the name of that there thing Harry told me I'd have to build up here?"

"A clientele," said West.

"Sure, I thought I had it right," said the owner. "And now what I want to know is why them guys down at the building department gave me the laugh awhile ago when I asked for a permit to build one."—Philadelphia Saturday Evening Post.

Cheerful Advice.

A number of railway men were once discussing the question of accidents.

"The roads in Scotland," said one official, "used to have a bad name, indeed, in respect to accidents. No one thought of embarking on a railway journey unless he had provided himself with an accident policy of insurance."

"The famous Dr. Norman Macleod was once about to set off on a long journey through the Scotch country. Just as the train was pulling out the clergyman's servant put his head in through the window and said:—

"'Ha've ye ta'en an insurance ticket, sir?'"

"'I have,' replied the doctor.

"'Then,' continued the servant, 'write yer name on it and g'ie it to me. They ha've an awful habit o' robbin' the corpses on this line!'"

A Straight Tip.

Willie—Paw, when has a man horse sense? Paw—When he can say "Nay," my son.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

The Kind Heart.

How easy it is for one benevolent being to diffuse pleasure around him, and how truly is a kind heart a fountain of gladness, making everything in its vicinity to freshen into smiles.—Washington Irving.

COFFINS FOR DEAD PETS.

Funerals, Too, and Private Crematories and Crematoriums.

British society women are getting more and more eccentric in the attention that they bestow upon their dead pets. One titled lady keeps in a prominent position two dead dog pets embalmed in glass coffins in her drawing room.

Certain London undertakers reap a considerable part of their income by making coffins for pets. These are often satin lined, the animal's head rests on a satin cushion, and maybe its "face" is covered with a lace handkerchief. Wreaths and flowers are used, and where burial takes place in a cemetery a hearse is sometimes engaged, with mourning carriages following. The monumental masons also benefit.

Many people prefer cremation for their pets, and there are any number of veterinary surgeons who have a crematorium fitted up. In some cases the ashes, canine or feline, as the case may be, are inclosed in a beautiful jeweled urn. A favorite bird is sometimes buried in a bed of cotton wool.

The well known pets cemetery in Hyde Park is now full, but there are plenty of similar cemeteries throughout the country. There is one, for instance, at Huntington, and another at Haverhill, in Suffolk. In addition to these are hundreds of gardens in London where headstones marking the last resting place of some departed pet can be seen.—Brooklyn Eagle.

FEATS IN DIVING.

Combination Somersaults of the Expert Swedish Swimmers.

The Swedes delight in "combination diving," and two men will perform many clever feats together. One of the most grotesque of these is when one man stands upright on a springboard and tightly grasps another man's body around the waist, holding him head downward and putting his own head through the man's legs. When the upright man springs from the board he throws his legs into the air so that the two men, clasping each other tightly round the waist, turn a somersault, and when they reach the water the man who started upside down arrives feet foremost.

The handspring dive is a very effective specialty of Swedish swimmers. The performer takes off from the diving board with hands instead of feet, turning his body in order to descend feet foremost or somersaulting to arrive head downward.

Very graceful also is the back dive, in which the spring is made backward, the body turning toward the springboard.

Double somersault dives are made from platforms thirty to fifty feet high, the diver making two turns in the air and entering the water feet foremost.—London Saturday Review.

A Heavy Collar.

The heaviest burden which the French president has to bear during his tenure of office is the collar which he wears as grand master of the Legion of Honor, an office which is always filled by the ruler of France. The collar consists of medals, each the size of a franc, engraved with the arms of the principal French towns and joined together by a massive chain, the links of which are fashioned to represent bundles of victors' rods. Attached to the chain is a cross close on two feet in length. As the decoration is made throughout of solid gold, its weight is enormous, and diminutive presidents, such as M. Thiers and Louiset, found it almost unwearable. Fortunately the president is not often called upon to lumber himself with it. The only occasion when M. Loubet wore his grand master's collar appears to have been the day he was invested.—London Chronicle.

Dog Heroes.

At a recent dog show in London one department had a row of kennels in which was exhibited a line of "dog heroes," dogs that had served humanity in a noble way. These canine notables proved to be the great feature of the show. Among these, all authenticated cases of noble conduct, were a Scotch collie that had saved a child from being run over in the street; an Irish terrier that had guarded the body of an old woman who had died from exposure; a collie that had saved a child from drowning and an Air-dale that had saved his master from being stabbed by a Norwegian sailor.

Slow Chap.

"Yes," laughed the girl with the pink parasol, "he is the slowest young man I ever saw."

"In what way, dear?" asked her chum.

"Why, he asked for a kiss, and I told him I wore one of those knotted veils that take so long to loosen."

"And what did he do?"

"Why, the goose took time to untie the knot!"—Mack's Monthly.

Good Business.

Very Young Man—You wouldn't think it, but I've just paid \$25,000 in cash for a house, and it was all made by my own pluck and perseverance.

Young Lady—Really? What business are you in?

Very Young Man—'In a son-in-law.—London Tit-Bits.

Rolling In Wealth.

"Is he rich?"

"I didn't think so, but he must be."

"Why?"

"I heard him say the other night that he lets his wife have all the money she wants."—Detroit Free Press.

Hope and patience are sovereign remedies for all troubles.—Burton.

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A Noble Sacrifice

A Story For Memorial Day

By F. A. MITCHEL

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ONE evening before Memorial day a remnant of a Grand Army post, a few old fellows whose hair and beards were white as snow, had got together to confer upon the morrow's decoration of the graves of their comrades who had gone before them to the eternal camping grounds. Having perfected their arrangements, they fell to swapping yarns about episodes that had occurred half a century before. They had told their stories many a time, but each listened to the other with much of the original interest and a respect that had grown with years. This is one of the stories that were told:

Along about '62—or was it '63?—may be it was '64 (my memory about those days is getting mixed), I commanded General B's headquarters escort, we being encamped just back of the tents



had been corralled and found the picket line stretched around the group. I examined all the men critically, but could learn nothing from any of them. Considering that it would be no use to question the women, I concluded to adopt the general's suggestion. I stood the men in line, ordered the sergeant to draw in his command and assemble them for a firing squad. When the two lines faced each other I told the citizens that if they didn't give up the man who had been chased in among them I would shoot every one of them.

Of course I only did it to effect my purpose, for I had no orders to carry out the threat and wouldn't have been so inhuman as to do so if I had.

They all turned white, but not a man spoke. I gave the word to the squad to aim, and yet no one flinched. I was about to give up my bluff game when a window sash in one of the houses went up and a man put his head out of the window.

"Don't shoot, cap'n," he said. "I'm your man."

Delighted at the result of my expedition, I turned my firing squad over to the sergeant and sent the two men I had brought with me to arrest the man who had confessed. He proved to be very young—scarcely eighteen. I scanned his face with a view to discover if he were the fellow who had driven the cow, but saw no resemblance, though I did not consider this of importance, for he had probably been made up for every character he had played.

I searched him, but finding no papers, directed the men to search every house in the place. I was not surprised that they found nothing, for there had been plenty of time to burn any papers he might have carried. Not finding any documentary evidence, I took him to headquarters.

He was the pickiest young fellow I ever saw. The general questioned him and cross questioned him, but could get nothing out of him. Asked if he was the man who drove the cow, he said "No." He also denied that he was the man in Federal uniform who had eluded the provost guard. All he would admit was that he was the man who had been chased by the pickets out of the wood and into the village.

Well, the case was reported to general headquarters with the expectation that we would be ordered to send the spy there. As such order came. No general likes hanging a spy, and they didn't propose to do it further up when they could shove it on to us below. That's one of the benefits of high rank. We were ordered to try the youngster by drumhead court martial and hang him at once. He was convicted and sentenced to be hanged the next morning at sunrise.

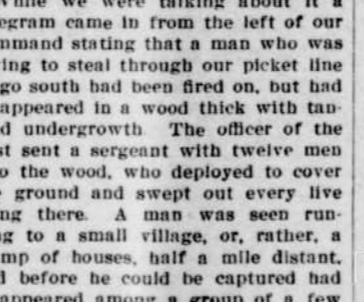
That night the boy weakened and withdrew his confession. He said that before I arrived on the ground the real fugitive had gone into a house, dressed himself as a woman and, coming out with a bucket, started to a spring for water. He passed one of the guard, who failed to stop him, and never returned.

No one believed this story told by a man as a last resort to save his life, and preparations were made for the execution next morning. About mid night a telegram came from general headquarters countermarching the order for the spy's execution. We were further informed that a man dressed in woman's clothing had applied for a

pass to go through the lines southward. Having a very coarse voice, he was suspected, searched and full information found upon him concerning the strength, equipment, etc., of our corps d'armee. He was to be executed at once and had confirmed the story of the young man now in our hands.

I never saw a more relieved, a happier man than our general at the outcome of the affair. He called for the prisoner and, taking him by the hand, called him a noble fellow. Then, putting his own hand in his pocket, he took out the principal part of his last pay and gave it to him.

After the war I went south to find that young man. I learned that he had enlisted in the Confederate army and had been killed in one of the battles of the Wilderness. I've been down there since and have found that on every southern Memorial day the whole people of that region turn out to put flowers on his grave. For a long while I and several others used to club together once a year and send a wreath to be put on his grave with the other flowers.



"DON'T SHOOT, CAP'N," HE SAID, "I'M YOUR MAN."

Two or three days later, while talking with one of the aids, he told me that a circular order had been sent out from general headquarters for all commanders to look out for a spy who had first appeared driving a cow, pretending to have got confused without the picket line. A few hours later a man in Federal uniform had been picked up by the provost guard for being absent from his command without a pass. While inquiries were being made about him he had given the guard the slip and had disappeared. At our headquarters we wondered if the country man we had passed and this straggler were not one and the same man.

While we were talking about it a telegram came in from the left of our command stating that a man who was trying to steal through our picket line from his command without a pass had disappeared in a wood thick with tangled undergrowth. The officer of the post sent a sergeant with twelve men into the wood, who deployed to cover the ground and swept out every live thing there. A man was seen running to a small village, or, rather, a clump of houses, half a mile distant, and before he could be captured had disappeared without a pass.

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