

### RESURRECTION.

Trust gives sweet peace to every living thing:  
The wavering robin that in space has flown  
Finds its safe nest; the germ of roses sown  
Waits sure in darkness for the touch of spring;  
The tendrils of the ivy blindly cling.  
Stretching their brown threads toward the  
wall unknown  
To find a place secure, where, spite the  
moon  
Of rushing winds, they hang till soft airs sing.

We who love life fear most the mystic death,  
Yet we in death the selfsame life shall live—  
This very life we know—but glorified,  
And the fair temple which now holds our  
breath  
Shall simply take the glory seraphs give,  
Renew its joys and say, "I have not died."  
—Maurice Francis Egan in Century.

### KARL AND TARPUS.

Karl knelt down and took steady aim. Then came a flash and a report, and almost simultaneously with the rebound of his immense rifle the huge, crouching lioness, the black lioness, hurled herself upon him. He was borne down as if by an avalanche.

He had missed. Why? For this reason: As he aimed between her eyes out of them flashed a strange, strange light that quivered the core of his being; a light that unnerved his hand and withered his desire to kill.

And it smote him not with fear—for Karl had slain many lions, and his nerves were as steel—but it smote him with sudden, overwhelming remorse.

Thus he, the mighty hunter, was shaken and made to send his bullet flying wide.

And he lay in the grip of death. Though he felt that his end had come, he had that clearness and poise of mind which come in supreme moments.

The noisome breath of the lioness burned his face as he lay crushed into the sand by her weight. He was waiting, with eyes closed, for the beginning of the end, that hideous beginning, but a calm was in his soul, a strange calm. He felt at rest, at peace.

There was a pause. Suddenly the lion snarled, and Karl opened his eyes.

Ah, again that weird, reproaching light! It streamed from the glaring, yellow eyes. Into their depths he gazed and gazed till his mind partly left him. No more he thought of death.

And now the eyes became a piercing blaze of light, which grew and grew till Karl saw before him a broad, shining space.

In the distance flashed a scene. And the soul of the hunter flew toward it.

This was the scene:  
Humans filled a vast amphitheater. They shook it shouting. Fearsome was this shouting, even as the howl of a myriad pack of wolves. On the faces was the look of glee—that glee indescribable—that comes when the passion for blood spilling fills the soul.

This passion was upon all—all, from emperor to slave. Man was transformed to a human wolf. The wish to kill or see killed linked, bound all.

The impulse of Cain made all akin. It was a feast day to the gods in Rome, and a mighty, yelling multitude had gathered together to do them homage by seeing a man fight with and kill a man, by seeing a man wait for the signal that might bid him drive his gladius into the heart of a beloved comrade, by seeing a man fight with a beast. Their gods were honored by the flowing and flying of blood. Huge, huge sport to watch it! And yonder Nero sat, swathed in purple. His eyes gleamed as he witnessed the glorious sport.

Prolonged was the shouting, because Tarpus, a favorite gladiator, had just killed, in single combat, with the gladius, his third man. He was now about to fight yonder Numidian lioness. She was striving to burst the bars of her cage, for she had been without food for three days.

A fine fellow was Tarpus, with waving, yellow hair that hung afar down his back. Frank was his face, bold was the glance of his blue eye, and he was great of stature.

And Karl was Tarpus.  
"Course the Roman cowards!" the gladiator muttered as he waited, headless and resentful of the ovation he was receiving, for the black lioness to be let loose into the arena. "Oh, to think that I played their cruel machine that had me play my comrade, Davo—Davo, who risked his life for mine in the campaign! But he smiled in my face, as I bent over him, and said, 'Strike deep, my Tarpus, if thou lovest me!' and I drove the full of my blade through his heart. Oh, I, of all men—I, who loved him, thus to have slain him! Oh, the fight—the fight—it is with me yet! Davo, who was bound to me by ties of closer than the ties of blood, stands before me, his gladius in hand. We cross blades, but our eyes meet not, and lo! before I know aught, he is lying on the sand beneath me, while I stand over him with uplifted blade. Then I look up to yonder sea of onward faces, and see thumbs which point downward. Aye, around and around I look, but from all sides the vile gestures come, crowding, overwhelming my soul. They bid me to slay. And then Davo's voice rings in my ear, as he lies prostrate, bidding me to falter not, but kill him swiftly. Oh! And the face of Tarpus was softened and sad as he looked across the blood-red sand of the arena to the place where his comrade lay in death.

Grand was the face of Tarpus—like

to the face of a Norse god. And he thought of his home far, far away—his home from which he was torn, long years ago, from a loved one and little ones, and carried to this great city to be made a slave; to be made to fight out his heart's blood for the amusement of the brutal Romans! Visions of outstretched hands and loving, sorrowful faces came to him from across far, wild seas. The arena, with its blood lust, its pitilessness, was forgotten in a flood of old, tender memories.

Suddenly he looked up at the shouting Romans. Scorn was in his face. They looked upon him but as a human fighting beast, and he wished fiercely that he could kill them all with one thrust from his blade. His heart hardened. He felt that he was indeed alone.

His glance sank and fell upon the black lioness. He wiped the blood off the blade of his gladius and waited. No long did he wait, for with a mighty, resounding roar she tore from the cage into the center of the arena. The door had been suddenly flung open.

She paused, turning her head and sniffing the air. Tarpus walked straight toward her. Suddenly she noticed him, and she bounded, roaring, almost to his side. She crouched for a final spring, and Tarpus, sinking on one knee, and with gladius ready, prepared to fight to the death. The vast crowd was hushed, awaiting breathlessly the instant when the brute and the man would meet in the death struggle.

But here occurred a thing inexplicable.

As the eyes of the lioness and the man met both paused suddenly and remained as if transfixed, the man kneeling, the lioness crouching.

What had happened? Why did she not obey the prompting of her instinct to rend him asunder? Did some subtle, sudden power stay her? What spell was working? What was the bond that bound this man and beast? Could it be that they were kindred souls, who were once together, and who recognized each other? Who could tell?

But whatever the spell or bond it had a strange effect upon Tarpus, for he, with a look in his face indescribable, stood upright, and laying his hand upon the lioness walked over with her to the place where Nero sat and insulted and reviled him. Then he became frenzied, and called loudly for the Romans to come and kill him—the lioness roaring the while.

All were amazed and terrified. Surely a weird, nameless happening! Their hearts were cold with fear.

And archers were ordered out. They killed the gladiator and the lioness with their arrows.

A party of French soldiers, who were stationed at a post in the interior of Algeria, came across a man uninjured, but lying senseless in the sand. An immense rifle lay by his side. It was Karl—Bart Kennedy in London Sun.

### Sterne's Plagiarism.

The following instance of Sterne's unblushing "conveying" has not, I think, been hitherto recorded. In "Tristram Shandy," volume 1, chapter 12, is the following well known passage:

"When to gratify a private appetite, it is once resolved upon that an innocent and a helpless creature shall be sacrificed, 'tis an easy matter to pick up sticks enough from any thicket where it has strayed to make a fire to offer it up with."

In the introduction to "Baconiana," London, 1679, T. T.—i. e., Dr. Thomas Tenison, in comment on Bacon's words to King James, "I wish that as I am the first, so I may be the last of sacrifices in your times," writes as follows (page 16):

"And when from private Appetite, it is resolv'd that a Creature shall be sacrificed; it is easie to pick up sticks enough, from any Thicket whither it hath straid, to make a Fire to offer it with."

There could not be a more audacious example of literary theft.—Notes and Queries.

### Pronunciation of "Bicycle."

The constantly growing bicycle fad calls attention to the large number of cases of mispronunciation of the word "bicycle." There is a certain class of people, particularly New York's fashionable set, which insists upon giving the "y" a long sound, as in "cycle," forgetting that a prefix or suffix often changes the sound of the vowel "y." Still others go to the other extreme and give the "y" the sound of "ee," but the best usage makes the "y" short and pronounces the word "bis-sik-1." But even among those who give the "y" the short sound there is a disposition to place the accent on the second syllable instead of on the first, where it belongs. When a word comes into such common use as "bicycle," it is well to learn to pronounce it correctly.—Troy Times.

### Holmes as the Autoerast.

Colonel Higginson said recently in an address in Cambridge on Dr. Holmes that, although it was commonly supposed "The Autoerast" was a success from the outset, yet in his opinion its fate was evenly balanced for a month or two. Mr. Underwood, who was then assistant editor of The Atlantic and had a large share in its conduct, thought that the work would be either a great success or a great failure and consulted

Colonel Higginson with some anxiety. He feared that Dr. Holmes' outspoken sayings might be looked upon as conceited. But the matter was not long left in doubt.—Springfield (Mass.) Republican.

### Philadelphia's Ancient Lockup.

An old English dungeon has been brought to light by the tearing down of a building in the rear of a pickle factory on Spruce street, below Second. The building is thought to have been more than 300 years old. Every brick in it was brought from England, and the building was once the pride of the little colony that lived here. It was originally, it is said, the courthouse of the settlement, and underneath the ground were those dungeons or cells in which prisoners were kept. It is supposed that the cells were used as temporary places of confinement, and not for prisoners serving long terms, much the same as the "lockups" or station houses of today. The bricks are as solid as in the days of old and will be used again in another building. The old house has been burned out several times, but the walls were never damaged much. The whole neighborhood is an interesting one. The building adjoining the one torn down has a fourth floor, which is windowless. Instead of the usual windows it has portholes, slanting downward, from which, "in days of old, when knights were bold," men probably picked off prowling Indians or enemies of some kind.—Philadelphia Press.

### CURED BY CYCLING.

Strange Experience of a Grand Army Man With Paralysis.

One of the latest triumphs of the bicycle is the cure of paralysis. G. A. Boettner of Brooklyn was afflicted with paralysis in the legs, having sustained a stroke four years ago. It was after he had undergone his sufferings for many months and the physicians whom he consulted had failed to relieve him that some of his G. A. R. comrades who were devoted to the bicycle urged him to learn to ride. He laughed at the idea of a man who could scarcely stand alone attempting to sit a wheel, but they persisted that it would save his life.

Impressed with this he consulted a New York nerve specialist, who told him to go ahead under specific directions. Mr. Boettner got hold of a \$15 boy's wheel, on which to make the trial. He was lifted on the wheel, held on the seat and pushed along by friends. But he found he could not follow the pedals with his feet. This difficulty was met by strapping his feet to the pedals. For six weeks he was wheeled around Prospect park for an hour or more each morning by friends with his feet tied to the pedals.

"I began to feel better after three days," said Mr. Boettner. "At the end of six weeks the cold water and prickly sensation had almost entirely gone. I finally became able to ride alone and got well speedily."—Philadelphia Press.

### A NOVEL SUIT.

Wants \$5,000 For Injuries Received From a Bursting Bicycle Tire.

A resident of Rochester is about to commence a novel suit for damages in the supreme court. He seeks to recover \$5,000 for injuries which he claims to have received through the explosion of a bicycle tire, or, strictly speaking, the forcible ejection from the tire of a plug which had been used to repair a puncture and was not secure enough to stand the pressure of the air.

The complainant was riding his wheel behind another wheelman whose bicycle was fitted with a single tube or hose pipe tire, when suddenly he heard a noise like the report of a pistol and felt a stinging sensation in his left eye. He dismounted, and at the same time the rider in front of him was obliged to dismount on account of the collapse of one of his tires. The apparent puncture was in the exact spot where a puncture had previously been received, but the plug which had stopped the leak was nowhere to be found.

The injured optic grew rapidly worse, and, although the missile which was the cause of the damage cannot be produced in court, the plaintiff thinks he is warranted in charging his hurt to the innocent rider who was in front of him.—New York World.

The remains of Motorman Robert Seran were conveyed yesterday to their last resting place in Mountain View cemetery by the trolley car of the Grove street line, which he had operated since the road was opened for business. The car was draped with crape and was laden with many floral tributes from employees of the road, who were present at the funeral in large numbers. The car moved in advance of the cortege and was rolled up to the gates of the cemetery.—San Francisco Chronicle.

### Arbitration to Be Tried.

With the passage of the arbitration act and the naming of the arbitration board by Governor Altgeld a new chapter of the industrial history of Illinois will open. Just what that chapter is to contain no economist or student of labor troubles can foretell. The experiment of arbitration—as applied through the law—is attended with circumstances which often render its results doubtful. Its success is largely dependent upon the wisdom of the authorities who administer it.—Chicago Record.

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Cattle and Horse brand circle A on left shoulder. Thoroughbred cattle and American horses are branded J on left jaw. Vent, same brand on left thigh.

Cattle mark, down-cut dewlap in bricket. Range, upper Ruby valley, from lower upper cañon, including all tributaries.

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