

Compensation.

And if I have not that I most desire,
Why storm at Fate, and weep her firm decree?
What seems most fair, that which I most admire,
Perhaps were fairer still, ungained by me.
If others have of beauty, wealth, or power,
And I perchance lack riches such as these,
Still hidden evils lurk within their bower,
For every comfort brings its own disease:
And though my love be scorned when freely given,
It should not turn to gall within my heart;
No love is truly lost though freely given—
My love is of myself the better part;
For I have that which has no other man—
My life, like his, may freely bless or ban.
—Sarah Palmer Byrnes.

THE BLOW OF TANCRED

By H. S. CANFIELD

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When Thomas Dering-Mainwaring of Virginia, aged 23 and fairly well off, went to Paris on a visit of leisure and pleasure, he met so many Englishmen who called themselves Smith-Brown or Brown-Jones that he calmly cut out his hyphen and called himself Dering. It was the family name anyhow, the Mainwaring tag having been tacked on with a golden hammer, and he did not feel any the worse for shortening his signature.

In Paris he foregathered with Guillaume Henri Francois Ste. Marie d'Auvergne, who had name enough for both of them. Henri, as he preferred to be called, was a graduate of the Ecole Polytechnique, a sort of Frenchified equivalent to the American West Point, and, having money and a desire to be easy, had bought himself out of the army through one of those processes peculiar to the republic of Rochefort.

Among other pleasures to which Henri with the superfluity of title inducted his Virginian friend was a *salle d'armes*. The master of the place was a "wary cool old swordsman," who had served his time in Africa, in China and in a vain endeavor to stem the outward rush of Ullans from beyond the Rhine. By the looks of him he might, too, have served some of his time in the galleys; but he knew his business, which was fencing, and he took an especial fancy to Dering.

"Ah!" he would say, smirking villainously and sending in a high thrust in *carte* that flickered past the ear like a snake's tongue, "it is you, monsieur, who have the true fencing form—not too tall, not too broad—and the eye and the wrist. After all that is it—the eye and the wrist. The riposte with simple disengage! *Touche! Bon! Bon!*"

Dering learned most of the finesses of a fine art, won first honors in a great "assault," fought a trifling duel or two and took ship at Havre.

"La Gascogne" reached New York on the 25th of April, 1898, and Dering found the town wild with excitement. Congress had in effect declared war against Spain. His country had arisen like a slumbering giant and yawned and stretched its arms. All of the male Derings had fought under the crimson flag of the confederacy, and that was one of the reasons why the present representative of the line hurried home as fast as a train could carry him and joined the first regiment which was sent out. It is true that this regiment got no further than Florida, but that was only because the fun was over too soon. It is true also that a part of it was sent to Havana when hostilities closed, and Dering was among the lucky ones. There he did provost duty in a town which needed provosting badly for a few days, and then simmered down into fatness.

Rosa Villareal, daughter of a Spanish merchant, walking around and around the plaza while the band played.



"The senior will give satisfaction, when?"

ed, was escorted only by her duenna, herself not more than 30 and still warmly susceptible. Private "Tom" Dering, walking around and around the plaza in an opposite direction, got several glances into coquettish dark eyes. There were other walks on the plazas, then an exchange of notes, then a deposit of small coin into the palm of the she-dragon, then blissful love-making. This lasted a week. Going to the trust Dering saw his loved one duennaed as usual.

With the women, however, was a slender, pale man of 30 with a black Vandyke beard and heavily penciled eyebrows. Being of the prompt school, Dering lifted his hat and asked the honor of escorting Senorita Villareal. This forced an introduction. It appeared that the name of the newcomer was Carlos Gusman de Silveira, direct from Spain. In a little while Senor de Silveira took himself off, scowling. Then the trembling Rosa went on to say that he was a lover favored by her father, come out from Spain to hurry his wooing; that she feared she would be forced into



For a moment Dering hung poised, marrying him; that she hated him and that she loved "Don Tomaso" and "Don Tomaso" only.

At half past nine that night, returning slowly to quarters and dreaming of settling in Havana with a lovely Spanish wife, Dering was confronted by the polite Silveira, who asked permission to stroll with him. Granted.

"Your gloves, senior," the Spaniard said, pointedly, "are of the color of your hair, which is the color of your courage, which is yellow."

Next instant he staggered back with a broad red mark on his cheek, bowed, and said:
"The senior will give satisfaction, when?"
"Now! Any time!"
A friend of Silveira's called in half an hour and was referred to Corporal Francis Hardy, also a Virginian. A meeting was arranged for at sunrise next morning, at a spot five miles from the city, on the beach. The affair was conducted, of course, with the utmost secrecy. Dering and his friend reached the spot just at daylight. Silveira and his second, Sebastian Escobedo, arrived within ten minutes. The men bowed with punctiliousness and stripped to their shirt-sleeves. The rapiers were measured and the principals placed facing each other. Escobedo called, "En garde!" and the duel began.

Dering found at once that he was engaged with a swordsman of the first class. The Spaniard was as active as a cat, had a wrist of steel, and there was a look in his black eyes which meant murder. Confident of his skill, Dering sent his steel against Silveira's blade with a clash. Then the battle was on in earnest. Lunge, parry and riposte, feint, guard and lunge followed incessantly. The clicking of the rapiers a dozen yards away would have sounded like the rattle of castanets. Neither man altered his position or gave back an inch. Escobedo bowed to Hardy, smiled, and said:
"Plainly it is a battle a *Poutrance*." Hardy, a young hand at such work, did not answer. His soul was in the fray.

Suddenly Dering stepped in a half-foot, changed from *carte* to *terce*, half-cut, disengaged and lunged with the speed of light. Silveira parried, but insufficiently. A fleck of blood showed through the shirt above his ribs. Escobedo struck down the swordsman.

"It is nothing—nothing!" Silveira said, pantingly. "It is to the death, is it not?"
"To the death!" Dering said, grimly.

Escobedo, shrugging his shoulders, stepped back and once more the blades rasped along each other. Into the American's eyes there came now lust of battle and the desire to slay. He pressed his foe man steadily back. Around the slender form with the spot of red upon its blade "writhed

and bickered like a flame." Twice it was within half an inch of the breast-bone, twice it drew blood from the right arm, once it scarred the cheek. Silveira was fast weakening. His breath came in gasps; each successive lunge was slower, each parry more wild. Dering smiled and lunged. The Spaniard dropped to both knees and thrust upward with all his force. It was "Tancred's blow," long barred in honorable dueling. There was a shivering, splintering ring and his rapier fell in fragments, broken against the American's hilt. For a moment Dering hung poised, his weapon drawn back ready to dart through the heart of the cowering wretch before him. Then he said "Faugh!" spat in disgust, and turned toward Hardy. Escobedo stepped forward, launched a string of vituperative Spanish and tweaked Silveira's beard. The gentleman, still on his knees, seemed glad to be alive.

At the moment there was a rattle in the undergrowth and Rosa Villareal came flying, love and fear in her dark eyes, her red lips pale. She passed Dering like a fawn and threw herself headlong upon the neck of the Spaniard.

"Would they murder him, my love, my darling!" she cried. Then, jerking herself upright, she pointed a small, quivering forefinger at Dering, and hissed:
"Gringo, assassin, go!"

"Say, old man," Hardy asked, as the cab rolled toward the city, "where on earth did you learn that parry?"
Dering stared vacantly out of the window.

Finally, after a very long pause, he asked: "What was that you said?"

SENATOR HANNA GENEROUS.

Kissed Many Little Girls and Paid for the Privilege.

The late Senator Hanna sat in a special car, delayed at the railroad station in Napoleon, Ohio. Some of the townfolk found out that he was there, and they visited the station. Among the callers were two little girls about 12 years old. They climbed up to the car and one of them asked: "Be you Mr. Hanna?"
"That's what I am, little one."
"Will you please give me one of your pictures?"

Hanna ordered the porter to bring out one of his lithographs.
"Here is my picture, and a kiss besides." And, suiting the action to the word, he kissed both of the little girls square on their mouths, and in payment handed them each a quarter.
"And it was worth it," he nodded.
Five minutes later little girls came marching down the hill toward the station in blocks of five and ten and battalions.

Hanna was panic stricken.
"The two little girls have spread the news of the kisses and the quarters through the town," said Col. Herrick, "and they are coming to claim them."
Herrick was right for Hanna spent the next hour distributing quarters and kisses.

The Rosary of Years.

Some reckon their age by years,
Some reckon their life by art—
But some tell their days by the flow of
their tears,
And their life by the moans of their
care.

The dial of earth may show
The length, not the depth, of years;
Few or many they come—few or many
they go—
But our time is best measured by tears.

Ah! not by the silver gray
That creeps through the sunny hair,
And not by the accents that we pass on
our way—
And not by the furrows the finger of
care
On the forehead and face have made,
Not so do we count our years;
Not by the sun of the earth—but the
shade
Of our souls, and the fall of our tears.

For the young are sometimes old,
Though their brow be bright and fair;
While their blood beats warm, their heart
is cold.
O'er them the springtime—but winter is
there.
And the old are oftentimes young,
When their hair is thin and white;
And they sing in age as in youth they
sing.
And they laugh, for their cross was
light.
A thousand of joys may foam
On the billows of all the years;
But never the foam brings the brave bark
home;
It rescues the heaven through tears.
—Father Ryan.

Used Philosophy in Fishing.

Herbert Spencer once won a curious wager. He was staying for a fishing holiday in the house of Sir Francis Powell, the president of the Scottish academy, and while angling for trout he happened to drop his eye glasses into a jeep pool of the river. In the evening he related his misadventure to his host and the guests, and said that he was prepared to bet that he would recover the pince-nez from the bottom of the pool. His friends declared that this was an impossible feat, but Herbert Spencer still offered to make the bet. His challenge was accepted by one of the visitors. Upon the following morning Spencer returned to the house with the missing eye-glasses. He had fastened a strong magnet on the end of his fishing line and fished for the glasses until it came into contact with their steel rims.

His Source of Inspiration.

On Ibsen's table beside the inkstand was a small tray. Its contents were extraordinary—some little wooden carved Swiss bears, a diminutive black devil, small cats, dogs and rabbits made of copper, one of which was playing a violin. "What are those funny little things?" I ventured to ask.
"I never write a single line of any of my dramas unless that tray and its occupants are before me on the table. I could not write without them. It may seem strange—perhaps it is—but I cannot write without them," he repeated. "Why I use them is my own secret."

CHILLAN AND THEIR ODD CUSTOMS

(Special Correspondence.)

The pride of Santiago and of Chillan is the wonderful hill of Santa Lucia. It is a towering pile of volcanic rock so covered by trees and vines and flowers that it looks like a great garden hanging in the air. Its sides are seamed by walks and roads that coil about it like the clinging folds of a serpent, and to follow them is like turning the pages of a book of views. Here is a spreading tree with a vine about its stout trunk, and a flower in full bloom among its thick branches; there is a white fountain with goldfish leaping about the feet of the stone mermaid reclining in the water; in that grotto the marble image of a saint has been bending over its prayer book for so many years that a cushion of moss has grown about its knees, and a coat of dust has settled upon its shoulders.

Below is the vista of the city, its many blocks looking like tiny squares in a great checker board, split here and there by long, slender streamers of green, which are rows of trees



Portico House of Congress.

lining the avenues; and to the face on the summit people are always coming and going—the people who provide the tone which is the life of the picture.

It may be impolite to repeat what one overhears at dinner, but I cannot resist telling some of the interesting things I heard as I sat in my corner of the old cafe on Santa Lucia. At a table a stranger is being told the history of Santa Lucia. In the beginning it was merely a barren rock lifting its bald head above the dusty plain. In its bosom there were numberless caves where robbers fled after committing their nefarious acts. It was a safe retreat for thief and assassin. And many a maiden was forcibly carried to captivity in this rookery of devil's imps. Now the robbers are gone and their haunt has become one of the fairest garden spots in the world.

The arrival of another party arouses new interest, and the little gossip bees begin to buzz. The robbers and their dark deeds are soon forgotten as the dowager seats herself and begins her study of the wine list. They say her thirst is quite in keeping with her size, and that after her third glass of wine she always tells stories that make the men laugh and the women blush. The slender little girl in pink belongs to a good family that is very bad off financially. The girl is pretty and sweet, and it is to be hoped she will marry well. A rich foreigner has called upon her several times. Every one hopes he will propose. If he does, the roomers will be turned out, and next year the mother will have a new gown when the president entertains.



Cathedral Tower.

As the moon climbs over the rim of the mountain, and lights up the placid face of the statue of the first archbishop of Santiago, many carriage wheels grind in the gravel of the roadway, and more people come to their evening meal on lofty Santa Lucia. Every now and then there is a foreigner among them. That dapper little chap is an American jockey who became just a trifle heavy to ride

at home, so he had to seek another market for his craft. They say he is as full of tricks as a Latin diplomat, and that he has earned \$4,000 in six months.

Did an eavesdropper ever hear good of himself? I have to take refuge behind my napkin as the talk turns to foreign newspaper correspondents. The American reporter is too brazen. He tackles a king with as much confidence as a book agent would approach a factory manager. He fears his editor, but after him, has no respect for God, devil, or public opinion. I desperately order my waiter around as some of my fellow writers are verbally torn limb from limb.

The band is playing in the Plaza. The Sousa two-step sounds miles away. Instead of being a full band it might be a phonograph in a barrel. The arc lights wink solemnly among the trees, and then flare up as they signal back and forth along the avenues. The waiter clears away the plates and brings the coffee. What is all this hubbub at the table on the right? A Yankee drummer and a native are thrashing out a hot argument on the systems of their respective countries.

The American says he shipped a horse from Chili to Argentine, and the railroad people pasted a big tag on his hip. It took an hour to wash the glue out of the animal's hair. A Yankee would have tied that tag on the halter. Some of the carts in use are almost as heavy as box cars, and the animals are hitched to them as loosely as boys would harness goats. Why not have fewer pounds of cart and more pounds of cargo? Some day when the raw product that is hauled in these big carts comes into competition with similar stuff from North America, it will be undersold, because the Yankee makes a constant study of simplifying and cheapening his methods of production.

The waiters are brushing up the crumbs and counting their tips. A hazy mist of cigar smoke swirls through the cafe. There is a last clinking of glasses and pushing back of chairs. "Buenas noches" is the way to say good night in Spanish. I linger to take my last look from Santa



Archbishop's Palace.

Lucia, for to-morrow at daybreak I am going away. The night is well along and dank smells are in the air. The flowers are wet with dew and the vines shine strangely in the moonlight.

I whirl downward past the monument erected to those hapless souls who have no place in heaven or earth—supposed to mean suicides, then under the poised figure of Victory holding its trumpet to the heavens. The Alameda is deserted save for street cleaners, an occasional beggar, or a belated priest. One may travel far, he may traverse all lands, but the memory of rare old Santa Lucia shining in the moonlight will go with him.

Thibet's Huge Bible.

The Kah-gyur, or Thibetan Bible, consists of 108 volumes of 1,000 pages each, containing 1,083 separate books. Each of the volumes weighs ten pounds and forms a package 24 inches long, 8 inches broad and 8 inches deep. This Bible requires a dozen yaks for its transport, and the carved wooden blocks from which it is printed need rows of houses, like a city, for their storage. A tribe of Mongols paid 7,000 oxen for a copy of this Bible. In addition to the Bible there are 225 volumes of commentaries, which are necessary for its understanding. There is also a large collection of revelations which supplement the Bible.

Saw Three British Sovereigns.

The widow of the late grand duke of Mecklenburg-Strelitz is the only surviving sister of the late duke of Cambridge. She is 82 years old and has witnessed the crowning of William IV, Victoria and Edward VII. She is the last remaining link in the royal family between George IV and Edward VII.

What We Breathe.

In the morning when a broad beam of sunshine pours through the window of your sleeping apartment you see countless tiny particles floating along the path of the sunlight; but the air of the remainder of the room seems entirely clear and pure. Is it? Not at all. There is just as much dust in the air outside that stream of light as there is in it, but it is not visible. So the disease germs in the form of impalpable dust are floating about us often when we are unconscious of their presence. Our vitality may be strong enough to render them innocuous, or it may not. If it is we retain our health. If it is not we are attacked with typhoid or diphtheria, or some other malady communicated in that way.

STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO, Lucas County.
FRANK J. CHENEY makes oath that he is senior partner of the firm of F. J. CHENEY & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of CATARRH that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CATARRH CURE.
FRANK J. CHENEY,
Sworn to before me and subscribed to my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1900.
A. W. GLEASON,
NOTARY PUBLIC.
Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials, free.
F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.
Sold by all Druggists, etc.
Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

A Matter Easily Understood.

A. H. Hummel, the well-known lawyer, was dining with a group of actors at the Waldorf.

Appropos of a certain breach of promise suit, one of the actors exclaimed:

"I can't understand how an honorable woman can jilt a man and at the same time keep the engagement ring he gave her."

"That is very simple," said Mr. Hummel. "The woman has changed her opinion of the man, but she admires the ring as much as ever."

This Will Interest Mothers.

Mother Gray's Sweet Powders for Children, used by Mothers Gray, a nurse in Children's Home, New York, Cure Feverishness, Bad Stomach, Teething Disorders, move and regulate the bowels and destroy Worms. Sold by all Druggists, 25c. Sample FREE. Address A. S. Olmsted, LeRoy, N.Y.

War Sacrifice Great.

A French statistician, Dr. Charles Richet, has arrived at the following estimate of the number of men who died in the wars carried on by the various Christian nations during the last century. The total reaches to the figure of 14,600,000. It is made up as follows: Napoleonic wars, 8,000,000; Crimean war, 300,000; Italian war, 300,000; American civil war, 500,000; Franco-German war, 800,000; Russo-Turkish war, 400,000; civil wars in South America, 500,000; various colonial expeditions in India, Algeria, Mexico, Tonquin, Abyssinia, South Africa and Madagascar, 3,000,000.

Versatile Woman.

Few head waiters know as many languages as a woman named Scheidreiter, who died at Salzburg, aged 73. As a girl of twelve she had taken a position as maid with a wealthy family, and had in the course of years visited all parts of the world, gradually acquired the faculty of speaking, besides her native German, six languages—English, French, Italian, Arabic, modern Greek and Turkish.

To Remove Warts.

To remove a wart pour on it a drop of vinegar and then cover it with as much carbonate of soda as the vinegar will absorb. Keep it on ten minutes and repeat the application twice or three times daily. In a few days the wart generally drops off, leaving only a tiny white mark.

WRONG TRACK

Had To Switch.

Even the most careful person is apt to get on the wrong track regarding food sometimes and has to switch over.

When the right food is selected the host of ails that come from improper food and drink disappear, even where the trouble has been of lifelong standing.

"From a child I was never strong and had a capricious appetite and I was allowed to eat whatever I fancied—rich cake, highly seasoned food, hot biscuit, etc.—so it was not surprising that my digestion was soon out of order and at the age of twenty-three I was on the verge of nervous prostration. I had no appetite and as I had been losing strength (because I didn't get nourishment in my daily food to repair the wear and tear on body and brain) I had no reserve force to fall back on, lost flesh rapidly and no medicine helped me.

"Then it was a wise physician ordered Grape-Nuts and cream and saw to it that I gave this food (new to me) a proper trial and it showed he knew what he was about, because I got better by bounds from the very first. That was in the summer and by winter I was in better health than ever before in my life, had gained in weight and felt like a new person altogether in mind as well as body, all due to nourishing and completely digestible food, Grape-Nuts.

"This happened three years ago and never since then have I had any but perfect health, for I stick to my Grape-Nuts food and cream and still think it delicious. I eat it every day. I never tire of this food and I can enjoy a saucer of Grape-Nuts and cream when nothing else satisfies my appetite and it's surprising how sustained and strong a small saucerful will make one feel for hours." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

"True food that carries one along and 'there's a reason.'" Grape-Nuts 10 days proves big things.

Get the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in each pig.