

The Passing of the Spirit.

The wind, the world-old rhapsodist, goes by
And the great pines, in changeless vesture gloomed,
And all the towering elm trees, thatched and plumed
With green, take up, one after one, the cry;
And as their choral voices swell and die,
Catching the infinite note from tree to tree,
Others far off, in long antistrophe,
With swaying arms and surging tops
replay.
To men's souls, at sacred intervals,
Out of the dust of life takes wing and calls
A spirit that we know not, nor can trace;
And heart to heart makes answer with strange thrill;
It passes, and a moment, face to face,
We dream ourselves immortal, and are still.

—Archibald Lampman in the Century.

A Fateful Partnership.

Even a stranger to the big town walking for the first time through London sees on the sides of the houses many names with which he has long been familiar. His preoccupation has cost the firms those names represent much money in advertising. The stranger had the name before him for years in newspapers and magazines, on the hoardings and boards by the railroad side, paying little heed to them at the time; yet they have been indelibly impressed on his brain, and when he wishes soap or pills his lips almost automatically frame the words most familiar to them. Thus are the lavish sums spent in advertising justified, and thus are many excellent publications made possible.

There was the firm of Danby & Strong, for instance. The name may mean nothing to any reader of these lines, but there was a time when it was well known and widely advertised, not only in England but over the greater part of the world as well.

Curiously enough, during the time the firm was struggling to establish itself, the two members of it were the best of friends, but when prosperity came to them causes of difference arose, and their relations, as the papers say of warlike nations, became strained.

Whether the fault lay with John Danby or with William Strong no one has ever been able to find out. They had mutual friends who claimed that each one of them was a good fellow, but those friends always added that Strong and Danby did not "hit it off."

Strong was a bitter man when aroused, and could generally be counted upon to use harsh language. Danby was quiet, but there was a sullen streak of stubbornness in him that did not tend to making up of a quarrel. They had been past the speaking point for more than a year when there came a crisis in their relations with each other that ended in disaster to the business carried on under the title of Danby & Strong. Neither man would budge, and between them the business sunk to ruin. Where competition is fierce no firm can stand against it if there is internal dissension. Danby held his ground quietly but firmly, Strong raged and accused, but was equally steadfast in not yielding a point.

Each hated the other so bitterly that each was willing to lose his own share in a profitable business, if by doing so he could bring ruin to his partner.

When Strong found himself penniless, he cursed, as was his habit, and wrote to a friend in Texas asking if he could get anything to do over there. He was tired of a country of law and order, he said, which was not as complimentary to Texas as it might have been. But his remark only goes to show what extraordinary ideas Englishmen have of foreign parts. Strong got himself out there somehow, and in course of time became a cowboy. He grew reasonably expert with his revolver, and rode a mustang as well as could be expected, considering that he had never seen a horse in London, even at the Zoo. The life of a cowboy on a Texas ranch leads to the forgetting of such things as linen shirts and paper collars.

Strong's hatred of Danby never ceased, but he began to think of him less often.

One day, when he least expected it, the subject was brought to his mind in a manner that startled him. He was in Galveston ordering supplies for the ranch when in passing a shop which he would have called a draper's, but which was there designated as dealing in dry goods, he was amazed to see the name "Danby & Strong" in big letters at the bottom of a huge pile of small cardboard boxes that filled the whole window. At first the name only struck him as familiar, and he came near asking himself "Where have I seen that before?" It was some moments before he realized that the Strong stood for the man gazing stupidly at the plate glass window. Then he noticed that the boxes were guaranteed to contain the famous Piccadilly collar. He read it a dozen times and a large sumptuous bill which stood beside the pile of boxes. These collars, he said, were warranted to be the genuine Danby & Strong collar and the public were warned against imitations. They were asserted to be London made and linen faced, and the gratifying information was added that once a person wore the D. & S. collar he never afterward relapsed into wearing any inferior brand. The price of each box was fifteen cents, or two boxes for a quarter; Strong found himself making a mental calculation which resulted in turning this notation into English money.

As he stood there a new interest began to fill his mind. Was the firm being carried on under the old name by some one else, or did this lot of collars represent part of the old stock? He had no news from home since he left, and the bitter thought occurred to him that, perhaps, Danby had got somebody with capital to aid him in resuscitating the business. He resolved to go inside and get some information.

"You seem to have a very large stock of these collars on hand," he said to the man, who was evidently the proprietor.

"Yes," was the answer, "You see, we are the State agents for this make. We supply the country dealers."

"Oh, do you? Is the firm of Danby & Strong still in existence? I understand it had suspended."

"I guess not," said the man. "They supply us all right enough. Still, I really know nothing about the firm except that they turn out a first-class article. We're not in any way responsible for Danby & Strong; we're merely agents for the State of Texas, you know," the man added, with sudden caution.

"I have nothing against the firm," said Strong. "I asked because I once knew some members of it, and was wondering how it was getting along."

"Well in that case you ought to see the American representative. He was here this week. That's why we make such a display in the windows; it always pleases the west. He's now working up the State

and will be back in Galveston before the month is out."

"What's his name? Do you remember?"

"Danby, George Danby, I think. Here's his card. No, John Danby is the name. I thought it was George. Most Englishmen are George, you know."

Strong looked at the card, but the lettering seemed to waver before his eyes. He made out, however, that Mr. John Danby had an address in New York, and that he was the American representative of Danby & Strong, London. Strong placed the card on the counter before him.

"I used to know Mr. Danby, and I would like to meet him. Where do you think I could find him?"

"Well, as I said before, you could see him right here in Galveston, but if you are in a hurry you might catch him at the Bronx Junction on Thursday night?"

"He is traveling by rail, then?"

"No, he is not. He went by rail as far as Felicopolis. There he takes a horse, and goes across the prairies to Broncho Junction—a three days' journey. I told him he wouldn't do much business on that route, but he said he was going partly for his health, and partly to see the country. He expected to reach Broncho Thursday night." The dry goods merchant laughed as one who suddenly remembers a pleasant circumstance. "You're an Englishman, I take it."

Strong nodded.

"Well, I must say you folks have queer notions about this country. Danby, who was going for a three days' journey across the plains, bought himself two Colt revolvers and a knife half as long as my arm. Now, I've traveled all over this State and never carried a gun, but I couldn't get Danby to believe his route was as safe as a church. Of course, now and then in Texas a cowboy shoots off his gun, but it's often his mouth, and I don't believe there's more killing done in Texas than in any other bit of land, the same size. But you can't get an Englishman to believe that. You folks are an awful law-abiding crowd. For my part I would sooner stand my chance with a revolver than a lawsuit any day." Then the good-natured Texan told the story of the pistol in Texas; of the general lack of demand for it, but the necessity of having it handy when it was called for.

A man with murder in his heart should not hold a conversation like this, but William Strong was too full of one idea to think of prudence. Such a talk sets the bounds of justice on the right trail, with a constant fascination for the passersby.

Electrical Window Signs.

The manufacturer of electrical window signs is doing an active business. He has established the fact that if an object in a store window can be kept in motion long enough some will be sure to stop to look at it. An up-to-date window sign electrical adopts his own apparatus for pushing his business. In his window he has a central disk, from which three arms radiate. At the end of each arm is a signboard containing a legend commanding the advantages of window sign advertising; for instance, one board sets forth: "If your sign moves and attracts attention your goods will." These boards are so hung as to maintain a perpendicular position as they revolve with their face always to the street. The motive power comes from a cell battery seen in the window. Another novel device which never fails to attract a crowd is the idea of a vendor of electric pianos. Over the sidewalk is fixed a large circular case containing a number of white, flexible, sinuous arms, moving from a common center. These are connected with the keyboard and follow the motion of the keys on a piano inside the store. When a lively tune is being played the bewildering gyrations of the tumbling bars in the case seem to have a constant fascination for the passersby.

A Costly Fan.

"I can tell you a few things about fans, seeing that I have been in the business all my life," said M. Ducler, a Frenchman.

"The finest in the world are made in Paris. Once in a great while my house has an order for a very costly one. Last year the Marquis D'Uzes ordered one as a bridal present for his prospective daughter in law that cost him 5,000 francs. It isn't often that such expensive ones are purchased, even by the wealthy. This one was exquisite, of real lace, hand painted, with diamond monogram. The average rich woman in Paris, however, hardly ever pays over \$25 for a fan intended for personal use, and I find that about the same limit prevails in this country. If it were not for the heavy duty of 40 per cent, imposed by this Government, we would sell a great many more fans in America."

"Throw up your hands!" he shouted, bringing the rifle butt to his shoulder.

Danby instantly raised his hands above his head. "I have no money on me," he cried, evidently not recognizing his opponent. "You may search me if you like."

"Get down off your horse; don't lower your hands, or I fire."

Danby got down as well as he could with his hands above his head. Strong had thrown his right leg over to the left side of the horse, and as his enemy got down he also slid to the ground, keeping Danby covered with the rifle.

"I assure you I have only a few dollars with me, which you are quite welcome to," said Danby.

Strong did not answer. Seeing that the shooting was to be at short range, he took a six-shooter from his belt, and, cocking it, covered his man, throwing the rifle on the grass. He walked up to his enemy, placed the muzzle of the revolver against his rapidly beating heart, and leisurely disarmed him, throwing Danby's weapons on the ground out of reach. Then he stood back a few paces and looked at the trembling man. His face seemed to have already taken on the hue of death, and his lips were bloodless.

"I see you recognize me at last, Mr. Danby. This is an unexpected meeting, is it not? You realize, I hope, that there are no judges, juries, nor lawyers, no man-damuses and no appeals. Nothing but a writ of ejectment from the barrel of a pistol and no legal way of staying the proceedings. In other words, no cursed words and no infernal law."

Danby, after moistening his pallid lips, found his voice.

"Do you mean to give me a chance or are you going to murder me?"

"I am going to murder you."

Danby closed his eyes, let his hands drop to his sides, and swayed gently from side to side as a man does on the scaffold just before the bolt is drawn. Strong lowered his revolver and fired, shattering one knee of the doomed man. Danby dropped with a cry that was drowned by the second report. The second bullet put out his left eye, and the murdered man lay with his mutilated face turned up to the sky.

A revolver report on the prairies is short, sharp and echoless. The silence that followed seemed intense and boundless, as if nowhere on earth there was such a thing as sound. The man on his back gave an awesome touch of the eternal to the stillness.

Strong, now that it was all over, began to realize his position. Texas, perhaps, paid too little heed to life lost in fair fight, but she had an uncomfortable habit of putting a rope around the neck of a cowardly murderer. Strong was an inventor by nature. He proceeded to invent his justification. He took one of Danby's revolvers and fired two shots out of it into the empty air. This would show that the dead man had defended himself at least, and it would be difficult to prove that he had not been the first to fire. He placed the other pistol and knife in their places in Danby's belt. He took Danby's right hand while it was still warm and closed the fingers around the butt of the revolver from which he had fired, placing the forefinger on the trigger of the cocked six-shooter. To give effect and naturalness to the tableau he was arranging for the next traveler by that trail, he drew up the right knee and put the revolver and closed hand on it as in the back of the jaw.

Morning Dew.

A good deal of the dew which we see in the morning covering the leaves of grasses and other plants comes from the interior of the vegetables themselves. The extremely fine dew, as a rule, is atmospheric, but the larger drops, which we find on the margins of leaves, are in general exudations from the plant tissues.

Plainly Visible.

A scientific authority states that by covering a bullet with vaseline its flight may be easily followed with the eye from the time it leaves the rifle until it strikes the target. The course of the bullet is marked by a ring of smoke, caused by the vaseline being ignited on leaving the muzzle of the gun.

A BLOODLESS DUEL.

THE ONE BETWEEN RANDOLPH AND CLAY.

After Emptying Their Revolvers the Belligerents Embraced. How the Great Virginian Made a Friend.

The sanguinary encounter between Jackson and Dickinson finds a curious contrast in the picturesque meeting of Henry Clay and John Randolph, of Roanoke. Clay and Randolph were easily the leading orators of the land. Clay surpassed in beauty of tone, grace of person and a charm of magnetic manner, likened by some who knew both, to that gift of making and riveting friends possessed by Blaine in our day.

Randolph, on the other hand, had a repellent manner, as if of lashings attitude, as if Congress were a plantation gang of refractory slaves and he their overseer. His voice was too very shrill and piercing, a cross of squeak and shriek. But in bitterness of wit, in subtle ingenuity of insult, in the Hebrew prophet rapture of rhetorical inventiveness, in fertility of intellectual resources, the result of a scholarship wider than most men then acquired, he was far above his rival. The cause of this duel, like the majority of those fought at that period, was political. Randolph was a kind of Southern mugwump—a man self centered and liable to vote on any side of a question. He was nominally of the same party as Clay, a Whig, but he rarely missed a chance to air his superb contempt for party ties.

"Hamilton, I have made up my mind to receive Clay's fire without returning it. Nothing shall induce me to harm a hair of his head. I cannot make his wife a widow and his children orphans."

Hamilton naturally expostulated with his principal for such decision, and went away to communicate it, as in duty bound, to the other second, Colonel Tattnall. The latter said, emphatically:

"Mr. Randolph, if you persist in your absurd purpose, you must choose some other second. I'll be double-damned, sir, if I go out with any man who is bent on committing suicide."

"Well, Tattnall," said Randolph, coaxingly, as the colonel rose to go, "I promise you one thing. If I see the devil in Clay's eye and feel that he means to take my life I may change my mind."

When the duelists arrived that afternoon on the ground the sun was just setting behind the blue hills of Randolph's native State, the river was murmuring its placid song and all the pleasant noises of a rural evening were beginning. Glancing at his tall opponent, for Clay, like Jackson, was a man unusually slender and lofty in figure, Randolph remarked to Hamilton:

"Clay is calm, but not vindictive. I hold to my purpose in any event." Randolph, always very eccentric in his personal attire, had been driven in his chariot to this meeting in a long dressing gown. What a queer figure he must have cut as he stood with the last rays of the setting sun lighting up his flowered and embroidered robe! Just before the word was given, his pistol, which he held muzzle downward, went off. Whereupon General Jessup, Clay's chief second, angrily shouted: "If that occurs again I will take my principal away from the field."

"Nay, nay," said Clay, bowing courteously, "I am sure it was an accident."

Randolph bowed in return. The pistol was reloaded. The word was again given. Clay's bullet whistled through one of the folds of Randolph's dressing gown. Randolph quietly raised his pistol, looked Clay in the face for a moment and then fired it above his head. Clay, greatly affected, with swimming eyes and a trembling voice, rushed forward and seizing Randolph in his arms, exclaimed:

"I trust in God, my dear sir, that you are untouched. After what has happened, I would not harm you for a thousand worlds."

Randolph returned the embrace, and thus the belligerents parted, Clay remounting his horse and galloping back to Washington.

The whole country was overjoyed at the escape of both of these men from any fatal effects, for Clay was in the high noon of that glorious popularity which, even though he lost the Presidency, can never be said to have reached a sunset, while Randolph, though not loved, was immensely admired as an intellectual giant and a man of rare personal character. He died seven years later; and just before this event, as he was driving through Washington on his way to Philadelphia, in a chariot drawn by four blooded horses, each of a different color, he partly rose from the pillows that propped him and directed his course to be diverted to the Senate.

There his servant laid the sick man on a sofa, and presently it so happened that Clay began to speak. As the sound of his old opponent's oratory roused the feeble, failing senses of Randolph, he cried:

"Raise me up! Quick, raise me up! I wish to hear that matchless voice once more."

This period in American history is noted for many singular duels and attempts at dueling. In New Orleans Pauline Prue and Hippolyte Throuet fought at "The Oaks," placed back to back at five paces, with agreement to turn and fire on the word. Both were killed. In 1828 Colonel Lanusse and Marigny met at New Orleans, and after firing the charges of two pistols, attacked each other with their swords. Both were severely wounded, and Marigny died while being carried from the field.

A still more savage duel occurred in the same year near Philadelphia, between two doctors, Jeffries and Smith. They were placed at eight paces. The first fire was a mutual miss.

At the second Smith was wounded in the arm. Then they advanced two paces, and at the third fire Jeffries received a bullet in the thigh. They

again advanced and at the fourth fire both fell. When Jeffries was informed that Smith was dead, he said quietly: "Then I am willing to die, too," and almost immediately followed.

In 1825 the legislative assembly of Mississippi enacted the singular law for the discouragement of the duello, that in event of fatal result to one the survivor should pay all the debts of the victim.

For public opinion he had the unconcealed disdain of an oriental potentate; for the opinion of John Randolph, of Roanoke. Clay and Randolph were easily the leading orators of the land. Clay surpassed in beauty of tone, grace of person and a charm of magnetic manner, likened by some who knew both, to that gift of making and riveting friends possessed by Blaine in our day.

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