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THE DREAD TOMORROW.

How often doth the march of coming ill
Its echo of its footfall ring before,
But stands adown the corridor, until
It passes—at the door.

The eagle's shadow warns the huddled flock;
The tempest scarce shall blown through the oak;
Its herbingers on man's firmness shock
Long ere it can unfelt.

The bark, through rapids piloted with care,
Hails a smooth course, forgetting dangers past,
But strikes the hidden reef-edge unaware—
Sinks—and the stream flows on.

No sign foretells the near approach of sorrow
No note, no breath of warning in the air
Still on each crestfall dream the dread tomorrow
Hath broken unawares.

Hath' twas so ordained by wiser powers,
Wise is the death of suffering man most dear
Infused the memory of careless hours
As anodyne to pain!

Willing that such, wonderful of the knell,
Should place the flower, should bid the sun shine and rest,
Locked all fearful wells in hooped spell,
Nor perish all unblest.

Accept the proffered boon with thankful heart,
Nor listen for the tramp of troublous years;
Remembered joy shall soothe when sorrow's smart
Turns thy sweet past to tears.

—Cornhill Magazine.

A DESPERATE FIGHT.

A MODERN VERSION OF AN OLD STORY ABOUT COLUMBUS.

An Account of the Days When Christopher Columbus Played the Role of a Pirate—How He Came to Settle in Lisbon—A Savage Battle at Sea.

It is one of those tales that illustrate the manners of this cruel age. The pirates had long been the scourge of the honest, Venetian traders. Sometimes they would disguise themselves as merchantmen trading peacefully to Candia for wine, and then throwing off their disguises, would pry upon all around them. No mercy was shown in these fearful contests. Between the sea robbers and the merchants there was a lasting and deadly hostility. It was the pirate class that the Columbi belonged, and of all the corsairs of the day they were the most renowned. The elder Columbus had apparently lain in wait in vain for the rich fleet that sailed yearly to the north. But he had a son, known as Columbus Junior, who followed the same profession and whose true name was Nicolo Ortego, or Nicolas the Greek. He at last succeeded in the project which his father had so long essayed in vain. The prize was a tempting one to the bold buccaneers. The Flanders galleys with their freight were valued at 200,000 ducats—perhaps $2,000,000—and would have proved an immense fortune to the captors could they have retained the spoil.

In 1485 the galleys were equipped with unusual care. We have the decree of the senate under which they set sail. The Doge Giovanni Mocenigo appoints the noble Bartolomeo Minio captain, with a salary of 600 ducats. Four great galleys are provided, and to each captain a bounty of 8,000 golden ducats is promised upon their safe return to Venice. This money was to be paid out of the tax on the Jews, and calls up anew Shakespeare's unreal picture; it is plain that the merchants of Venice were the true Shylocks of the time. A medical man was assigned to the fleet; his salary was only nine ducats a month.

Minute rules are given for the conduct of the expedition. The freight is to be paid to the state. No dockheads of tin or pewter ware are allowed, no currants nor molasses are to be stored in the hold. Two galleys were to go to London or the English ports, the rest to Bruges or Bruges. On their passage they might touch at Malaga and other ports in Spain; on their return a ship was detached to trade with the Mohammedans along the Barbary shore. The Venetians were too keen traders not to find profitable markets even in the lands of the infidel.

The Columbi or the Ortegos were at last to seize their prize. They watched with seven ships—powerful, no doubt, and well equipped—off the Spanish coast to intercept the fleet of Bartolomeo Minio. The commander of the pirates was Nicolo Ortego, the son, we are told, of the elder Columbus. His father had disappeared from sights. But with him in the pirate ships was another Columbus, the future discoverer and admiral of the Indies. In his "Life" Fernando Columbus boasts of his father's share in this famous engagement—famous because it led to the settlement of Columbus at Lisbon, his marriage and his future exploits.

He was now a man of at least fifty, hardened by thirty-six years of ceaseless adventure. What position he held in the pirate fleet, whether as commander or seaman, his son does not tell. We only know that he served under his relative, Columbus or Ortego, and that he fought with desperate energy in the famous sea fight of Cape St. Vincent.

The corsairs, or Columbi, approached their prey in the evening. They waited all night on the still Atlantic, and in the morning rushed upon the Venetians. It was seven, perhaps eight, ships against four. The galleys were heavy laden and unmanageable compared to their swift assailants. The Columbi had evidently resolved to make sure of their prey. They sailed under the French flag, and may have been fitted out in Genoa. It was the custom of the pirates. It seems, to assume false colors. But dreadful was the contest and fierce the fight that raged all day, as Columbus had told his son, on the tranquil sea—the same, nearly four centuries later, of the battle of St. Vincent—and his narrative is confirmed by the Venetian archives. The four great galleys under Bartolomeo Minio defended themselves with unfailing courage.

From the first to the twentieth hour they beat off their savage assailants. The ships grappled with each other and fought hand to hand. They need, we are told, artificial fire, and the pirates, fastened their ships to the galleys by hooks and iron chains. Then, no doubt, they boarded and were at last successful. And then Fernando Colon relates the romantic incident that led, he thinks, to the discovery of a new world. The ship in which his father fought was lashed by chains and hooks to a great Venetian galley. The Venetians seem to have set Columbus' ship on fire. The flames consumed both vessels. The only resource left to the survivors was to leap into the sea.

Columbus, an excellent swimmer, seized an oar that floated near him, and partly resting on it and partly swimming, sustained himself in the water. He knew that he was about six miles from the land, the coast of Portugal, and made his way toward it. Wearied, half inanimate, he was dashed upon the shore. He had much difficulty in reviving himself. But he was near Lisbon and made his way, a shipwrecked, penniless seaman, to the Portuguese capital.—Eugene Lawrence in Harper's.

Death of a Publicist Contractor.

Crocky Baldwin, the contractor partner of the "Zoo," is dead. Crippled so terribly by rheumatism that for the past six months he had not been able to mount his perch, he suffered uncomplainingly until Monday, when the disease attacked his heart and he succumbed. The circumstances surrounding his death were pathetic.

On Monday morning Head Keeper Byrne was passing through the birdhouse, and, as is his custom, approached the aged cockatoo and said, "Good morning." Cracky, who was lying in his cage, looked at the speaker piteously with his sharp little eyes, now dimmed with suffering, but made no response. "Goodby, then, Crocky," said Mr. Byrne, and he walked away. He had almost reached the door when he heard a feeble little chirp, and turning saw the hoary bird erect upon his feet. "Goodby," screamed Crocky bravely, and toppling over on his side he fell dead. This cockatoo was at the time of his death 104 years old, and his age is well authenticated. He was brought to this country in 1788 by a sailor, who had purchased him in China. The mariner sold his pet to Captain William Taylor, who, after spending thirty years in pulling Crocky's vocabulary, which had been sadly soiled on the voyage over, died, with his life work accomplished. The bird, profane no longer, after spending several years with the family of Matthew Baird, became the property of the Baldwins, whence his surname.

Thirty years later Hugh Maddern became his possessor, and after passing through various hands in 1872 he was donated to the "Zoo."—Philadelphia Record.

It Happened in Georgia.

A dispatch from Talbotona, Ga., reads as follows:

Our citizens witnessed a spectacle Saturday night the like of which was probably never seen in this land of queer things. During the performance of Frank's minstrel troop at the opera house the judge of the superior court, the jury and the lawyers in the Ely murder case were seen to file into the opera house and take their seats just under the footlights. "Bones" and "Tambourine" were interrupted in the midst of their chestnuts, and a drama in real life was enacted on the stage.

The opera house had been used for a courtroom during the day and the jury entered the opera house during the performance to be instructed on some points on which they couldn't agree. Judge Martin took his seat on the stage in the midst of the burnt cork artists and recharged the jury, after which they filed back into the jury room. The court and the lawyers remained in the house and the performance was immediately resumed. The defendant, on whose life the jury was to pass, was kept in the courtroom to await the verdict and apparently enjoyed the show as did the court and counsel.—Atlanta Constitution.

Lawyers Work at Reasonable Prices.

A remarkable institution in Chicago is a law bureau founded by some humanitarian to aid the poor in obtaining their rights before the courts. In its last annual report the president says: "I congratulate you on the magnitude of the year's work. You have received 3,795 individual appeals for justice, and you have responded to them at a cost of $4,555—or less than $1.25 each. If the work were one of mere charity it would be very worthy on account of its cheapness. But it is dignified and ennobled by the fact that each $1.25 raises a man, or a woman, or a whole family in the scale of civilization—inspires its beneficiary with fresh hope and courage to renew the battle of life on a higher moral plane."

Not only does the bureau sue employers for wages due their workmen, but it prosecutes in the criminal courts those rascals who fleece the poor. It is sustained by voluntary subscriptions collected among the larger business firms of the city.—New York Post.

To Calm the Waters.

An ingenious invention, with the object of lessening the force of waves, and to supersede the old fashion of floating oil, has been exhibited at the Paris headquarters of the Central Society for the Saving of Life in Shipwrecks. It is proposed to cover the surface of the sea around an endangered vessel with skeins cotton or silken net, rendered impermeable and over floating by being dipped in a special chemical preparation. The idea is due to the fact that when crossing the track of the Gulf stream it has been noticed that the vast spreading fields of floating seaweed within the confines of the stream, though uplooked by the swell, remain glassy and smooth. The net acts in the same manner as the seaweed. Some experiments have already been carried out at Boile Isle.—London Court Journal.

NERVOUS DEBILITY.

Dr. S. C. Wright's Nerve and Brain Tablets! Guaranteed to cure Sleeplessness, Headache, Nervous Prostration, Nervous Debility, Nervous Headache, Mental Depression, Loss of Memory, Premature Old Age, Nervous Weakness, Lassitude, Want of Ambition, Wakefulness, Lost Manhood, Exhausting Effects of Abuse or Excess, Wasting Diseases, Impotency, Sexual Weakness, Impaired Functions or Organs, Wrinkles, Pimples, Blotches, Premature Decay, Gray Hair, Sunken Eyes and Cheeks, Pain in the Back, Cold Hands and Feet, Dizziness, Spermatorrhœa, Impotence, Sexual Exhaustion, Etc., Etc. $1 a box; 6 for $5. Sent by mail prepaid. Pamphlet free. Sold by druggists everywhere. Dr. S. C. Wright's Nerve and Brain Tablets are sold in Salt Lake City by Z. C. M. I. Drug Dept., Salt Lake City, Utah.

THE QUICK AND THE DEAD

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