

STARLING ADVENTURE IN A
GRAVEYARD—A GRAVE
YIELDS UP ITS OC-
CUPANT.

A young man while crossing a burying ground in a certain town near this recently, had quite a startling adventure. The hour was late—in fact it was nearly midnight and the young man on his return from a visit to a young lady, availed himself of a short route which would lead him through the "silent city of the dead." He had reached the centre of the graveyard when a slight noise attracted his attention, and turning his head he beheld a form rising from one of the graves. With a yell of terror he dashed away and reached home in a state of insane fear. An investigation proved that a mischievous young man had hidden in a grave from which a corpse had been removed the previous day. He knew that his friend was in habit of visiting a young lady on certain evenings and of returning home through the graveyard, so he conceived the plan of hiding in the open grave for the purpose of giving him "a little scare," as he expressed it. He succeeded admirably. There are ominous threats made against the silly joker, as his victim is really in a bad condition. His nerves have received a terrible shock, and it is feared that he may never fully recover from the effects of the frights which he received.

TO

You say that my conduct has changed you,
You warm-hearted girl of the past—
That the pride of my heart has estranged you
From joys you once deemed unsurpassed.
Ah, me! There is many a sorrow
To tarnish affection's display,
And the passion-toast flood of to-morrow
May drown the delight of to-day.

It may be my words were distracting;
It may be my hope was too bold;
It may be my will was exacting;
It may be my love was too cold.
I know not, but life is now dreary,
And storm-clouds have troubled me sore,
And the hope-rays once shining so cheery
Have not been so bright as of yore.

Life is not too rich in its pleasures—
Earth has not too little of pain;
Oh, why should we squander the treasures,
And then of the famine complain?
Oh, darling, if passion be fleeting,
Soon will its young spring tide be o'er,
Let us give it a passionate greeting,
And vex its calm beauty no more.

HOW I ESCAPED BEING IN A
DUEL.

By MARK TWAIN.

The only merit I claim for the following narrative is that it is a true story. It has a moral at the end of it, but I claim nothing on that, as it is merely thrown in to curry favour with the religious element.

After I had reported a couple of years on the Virginia City (Nevada) "Daily Enterprise," they promoted me to be editor-in-chief—and I lasted just a week, by the watch. But I made an uncommonly lively newspaper while I *did* last, and when I retired I had a duel on my hands, and there horse-whippings promise me. The latter I made no attempt to collect; however, this history concerns only the former. It was the old "flush times" of the silver excitement, when the population was wonderfully wild and mixed; everybody went armed to the teeth, and all slights and insults had to be atoned for with the best article of blood your system could furnish. In the course of my editing I made trouble with a Mr. Lord, editor of the rival paper. He flew up about some little trifle or other that I said about him—I do not remember now what it was. I suppose I called him a thief, or a body-snatcher, or an idiot, or something like that. I was obliged to make the paper readable, and I could not fail in my duty to a whole community of subscribers merely to save the exaggerated sensitiveness of an individual. Mr. Lord was offended, and replied vigorously in his paper. Vigorously means a great deal when it refers to a personal editorial in a frontier newspaper. Duelling was all the fashion among the upper classes in that country, and very few gentlemen would throw away an opportunity of fighting one. To kill a person in a duel caused a man to be even more looked up to than to kill two men in the ordinary way. Well, out there, if you abused a man, and that man did not like it, you had to call him out and kill him; otherwise you would be disgraced. So I challenged Mr. Lord, and I did hope he would not accept; but I knew perfectly well that he did not want to fight, and so I challenged him in the most violent and implacable manner. And then I sat down and suffered and suffered till the answer came. All our boys—the editors—were in our office, "helping" me in the dismal business, and telling about duels, and discussing the matter with a lot of aged ruffians who had had experience in such things, and altogether there was a loving interest taken in the matter which made me unspeakably uncomfortable. The answer came—Mr. Lord declined. Our boys were furious, and so was I—on the surface.

I sent him another challenge, and another and another; and the more he did not want to fight, the bloodthirster I became.

But at last the man's tone changed. He appeared to be waking up. It was becoming apparent that he was going to fight me, after all. I ought to have known how it would be—he was a man who never could be depended upon. Our boys were exultant. I was not, thought to be.

I was now time to go out and practise. It was the custom there to fight duels with navy six-shooters at fifteen paces—load and empty till the game for the funeral was secured. We went to a little ravine just outside of town, and barrowed a barn-door for a target—borrowed it of a gentleman who was absent—and we stood this barn-door up, and stood a rail on end against the middle of it, to represent Lord, and put a squash on top of the rail to represent his head. He was a very tall, lean creature, the poorest sort of material for a duel—nothing but a fine shot could "fetch" him, and even then he might split your bulle. Exaggeration aside, the rail was, of course, a little too thin to represent his body accurately, but the squash was all right. If there was any intellectual difference between the squash and his head, it was in favour of the squash.

Well, I practised and practised at the barn door, and could not hit it; and I practised at the rail, and could not hit that; and I tried hard for the squash and could not hit the squash. I would have been intirely disheartened, but that occasionally I crippled one of the boys, and that encouraged me to hope.

At last we began to hear pistol shots near by, in the next ravine. We knew what that meant! The other party were out practising, too. Then I was in the last degree distressed; for of course those people would hear our shots, and they would send spies over the ridge, and the spies would find my barn-door without a wound of a scratch, and that would simply be the end of me— for of course that other man would immediately become as blood-thirsty as I was.

Just at this moment a little bird, no larger than a sparrow, flew by, and lit on a sage-bush about thirty paces away; and my little second, Steve Gillis, who was a matchless marksman with a pistol—much better than I was—snatched out his revolver, and shot the bird's head off! We all ran to pick up the game, and sure enough, just at this moment, some of the other duellists came reconnoitring over the little ridge. They ran to our group to see what the matter was; and when they saw the bird, Lord's second said.

"That was a splendid shot. How far off was it?"

Steve said, with some indifference,

"Oh, no great distance. About thirty paces."

"Thirty paces! Heavens alive, who did it?"