

BATTLE IN THE DARK.

New a Tame White Rat Fought Out a Fatal Duel.

Mrs. Sarah Daggett, a widow, lives in an old house, about a mile from the Pacific River, in Kingsland, N. J. Thursday night she lay awake in the dark for two hours and listened, cold with terror, to a battle that raged behind the wainscot of her bedroom. Mrs. Daggett's house was currently reported to be haunted, until the ghastly noises that frightened the occupants were found to emanate from a big grey rat that lived alone in the walls and under the floor, his unsociable disposition making it impossible for any other rat to share the premises with him. He was not tempted by poison nor deceived by traps, and, in point of age, he was credited with being the Methuselah of his race.

One day last week Mrs. Daggett's nine-year-old son Willie carefully allowed a tame white rat that had been given to him to escape in the garden and failed to lure him back to captivity. The white rat made his way behind the plaster to the surface of the room below, and it was a duel between the wild animal and his little domesticated brother that kept Mrs. Daggett awake after she had blown out her light.

She says it was a very odd contest from the beginning, accompanied by pitiless squeals and savage growls. Knowing that the white rat was little more than half the size of his opponent, her heart went out to her son's pet, and several times she arose and tapped the wainscot with the heel of her slipper. When she did this she could hear the stronger animal scurrying away, but his victim was evidently badly injured to crawl to safety, and he lay where he lay for some time. When Mrs. Daggett went back to her bed his assailant returned and renewed the onslaught.

As it was clear to the frightened but sympathetic lady that she could not sit in her night attire on the floor, hammering the wall with her shoe until dawn, she decided that the only way she could show to the white rat would be to leave him to his fate and allow his antagonist to put him out of his misery as speedily as possible. She ceased to interfere, and the sounds of battle were soon over.

In the morning, when a jolter took down the wainscot to enable Willie to give to all that remained of his pet a decent burial, he was found, not dead, but in a semi-conscious condition, caused by over feeding and fragments of the big grey rat were lying among plaster. The white rat had won.

STARVATION CAMP.

Fifty-two Men Left at the Bottom of a Horrible Canon.

After informing the unfortunate cripples of our intention to proceed forward until we could find food, that we might not all be lost, and send relief as quickly as it could be obtained, I consigned the fifty-two men, eighty-one loads and ten canoes in charge of Capt. Nelson, to the hands of good cheer, and hoisting our loads and loads on our shoulders, we marched away.

No more gloomy spot could have been selected for a camp than that sandy terrace, encompassed by rocks and hemmed in narrowly by those dark woods, which rose from the river's edge to the height of 600 feet and pent in the never-ceasing uproar which was created by the writhing and tortured stream, and the twin cataracts which ever raved along their other's thunder.

The imagination shudders at the hapless position of those helpless men, who were doomed to remain inactive, to listen to every moment the awful sound of that irreconcilable fury of wrathful waters, and the monotonous and continuous roar of plunging rivers; to watch the leaping waves colliding and twisting into uprising columns as they ever wrestled for mastery with each other, and were dashed in white fragments of foam far apart by the ceaseless force of driven currents; to gaze at the dark, relentless woods spreading upward and around, standing perpetually fixed in dull green, mourning over past ages, past times, and past generations; then think of the night with its gloom, the black shadows of the wooded hills; that eternal sound of fury, that ceaseless born of nervousness and fearfulness; that misery engendered by loneliness, and creeping sense of abandonment; then will be understood something of the true position of those poor men.

And what of us, trudging up those wooded slopes to gain the crest of the forest upland to tramp on and on, whether we know not, for how long a time we dare not think, seeking for food, with the double responsibility weighing us down for these trustful, brave fellows with us, and for those, no less brave and trustful, whom we had left behind at the bottom of the horrible canon—H. M. Stanley in Scribner's Magazine.

THE KREUTZER SONATA.

The Beautiful Duet of Beethoven Whose Name is the Title of Tolstoy's Book.

The title of Count Tolstoy's last novel, admirably suggestive to musicians and to the greatest majority of even moderately cultivated amateurs of music, seems, says the Speaker, to have puzzled many of the Russian artists, commentators and translators. The Kreutzer Sonata is a title, as it is beautiful, as the most popular of Beethoven's many beautiful duets for violin and piano; and the two evenly balanced and constantly responsive parts, full of tender and passionate phrases, cannot but give the idea of a love duet. No one but Beethoven could have written it, and as a matter of fact, Beethoven did write it. Yet the French papers appear to think that it was composed by Kreutzer and boldly call it "La Sonata de Kreutzer," whereas it is only dedicated to Kreutzer, the composer of "Lodoika" and the principal violinist of Marie Antoinette's concert orchestra. The name of Kreutzer ought to be known to the French, though Berlioz has told us that his countrymen could never master either its orthography or its pronunciation. They now attribute to Kreutzer one of the most characteristic and most fascinating of Beethoven's works. The writer of the interesting account of Count Tolstoy's book published in the Universal Review makes the performer of the string part in the Kreutzer Sonata play it on the violin.

It is this prodigious task which takes place in the novel is a supposition scarcely tenable, Count Tolstoy's eloquent rhapsodies as to the dangerously seductive character of the work lose a good deal of the value which might otherwise belong to them.

That Beethoven was passionately in love when he wrote the Kreutzer Sonata is evident, not only from the thrilling melodies of the work itself, but also from positive external testimony. He dedicated the sonata in the first instance to a violinist named Bridgetower, well known in London; and Bridgetower played the violin part so beautifully that Beethoven, hearing it for the first time, embraced him and said to the French say "with a fusion." Soon after the composer found that his favorite violinist was making love to the very woman whom he at that moment cared for above all others. He then suppressed the original dedication and inscribed the sonata to Kreutzer, who, but for this accident, would never have known of it. There is yet a novel to be written on the subject of the Kreutzer Sonata.

AMERICAN FABLES.

The Ass Who Predicted.

An Ass who heard a Goose observe that the Water in the Pond was getting very Low, at once offered his Services to Predict Rain. This having been Noised about, the Hens asked for continued Dry Weather, the Foxes demanded a snow storm, the Oxen wanted frosty mornings, and the Mule, the Wolf, the Dog and the Peacock each demanded that he be Flavored with Weather made to order. As a result the Ass could please no one, and as his Failure was charged to his Obstacity, the Whole Crowd fell upon him and Wounded him almost to death. He was Complaining of this to the Peasant, when the latter replied:

"Come, now, but why don't you give Way?" demanded the Beetle.

"Who are you that I must give up my Rights?" replied the Hopper.

"Be careful of your Language, sir!" "And don't you rub against me!"

And they were on the point of combat when a Peasant coming along the Path Espied them and gobbled up both.

MORAL.

Men who go to law for their rights become the victims of the Lawyers.

The Sage's Advice.

A Sage who was Noted for his Wisdom received a Visit one day from a Man, who said:

"Oh, Sage, but I have a very Bad Neighbor on my left hand, and I have come to ask what Steps I can take to make him very Tired."

"Shoot his Hens," was the Braque Advice.

"But he has none."

"Kill his cat."

"He keeps no Feline."

"But his Dog died weeks ago, and he refused to get Another."

"Let your Wife hire his Cook on the Sly."

"Have you Presented his Children with Toy-Pistols?"

"Alas! he has no Children!"

"Can't you hire his Church-Pow away?"

"I have tried but failed. It is on Account of these repeated Failures that I have come to you."

"Well there is always one Recourse left. Build a high fence and shut out his View and Light."

"Hurrah! That's it! I can darken his sitting-room until he must burn Gas! Thanks, O Sage—many Thanks! You have Renewed my Youth!"

MORAL.

And he erected the Fence, and every passer-by halted to Look and to Observe:

"Ah, but the Ass has built a Stable for himself!"—Detroit Free Press.

A Great Fire is also a Fire.

What is a fire? The question which a Paris court was recently called on to decide. The Countess Fitzjames had had all her effects insured by the Union Fire Insurance Company for \$85,000 francs.

In the list of jewels covered by the policy was a pair of pearl earrings valued at 18,000 francs and insured for 10,000.

One afternoon while dressing the Countess knocked the earrings accidentally from the mantelpiece into the open fire.

Despite her strenuous efforts with shovel and tongs the jewels were destroyed, and tongs the recovered the gold, valued at sixty francs, and demanded from the company 9,940 francs indemnity for the loss of the pearls.

The company refused to pay a cent, on the ground that an ordinary grate fire was not the kind of a fire contemplated in the insurance policy.

The Countess appealed to the courts, and got a decision in her favor. The Judge held that "an insurance against fire was an insurance against all kinds of fire—that was, insurance against any loss caused by any flames."

The Parson's Awkward Mistake.

Not long since a clergyman of my acquaintance, who practises what he preaches on the Hill, was called to attend to a funeral in a Long Island town.

Not being at home when the messenger called, he did not have opportunity to inquire concerning the deceased, and by some means or other, got the idea that it was the man's wife that had died. When he addressed the mourners he spoke very feelingly to the afflicted husband and sympathized deeply with him in the loss of his wife. The clergyman noticed several times, however, during the discourse that the audience seemed a little uneasy, and he was almost horrified once to think that he perceived some of them trying hard to repress a smile. When the casket was opened and permission given to view the remains, the preacher stepped forward and—it was an old gentleman, and he soon learned, the father of the young man who came for him to attend the funeral, while the healthy looking wife by his side had been listening to her own funeral sermon.—Brooklyn Life.

Wonderful, Wonderful.

When Jay Gould was a struggling young surveyor, with hardly one cent to rub against another, he stamped his initials and the date on a copper cent and put it in circulation. Yesterday Mr. Gould received some pennies in change at the Twenty-third street ferry, and on looking them over he found the coin he had stamped was not among them.—N. Y. World.

One Success.

Tom—Queer fellow, that Jimson; he has no head for business, and he doesn't seem to know it.

Jack—That's so.—He has failed in everything he has tried.—None exception.

Tom—What is that?

Jack—As an editor. He is the successful editor of the Business World—Light.

POOR FOOLISH MEN.



TAKE A WOMAN'S ADVICE.

This is only the second time in eight weeks that I have had to polish my boots, and yet I had had to get up to give up my old blacking brush, and the annoyance of having the paste blacking rub off on my pants, and adopt

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