

A NIGHT OF SUSPENSE.

In a Narrow Cleft with Angry Grizzlies on Guard.

"I was prospecting in a spur of the Rockies about a hundred miles west of Calgary," said Gus Fribbie, an old miner and prospector, "when I had the closest shave of my life. One afternoon, when about half way up the side of the range, I came to a spot where some convulsion of nature had split an immense rock into many pieces. The original rock was a solid mass, about a hundred feet square. The cracks started at a common centre and branched off like the legs of a spider. At the centre these cracks or fissures were three feet wide; fifty feet away they narrowed to six or eight inches. I stood there that afternoon, inspecting and wondering, when I suddenly smelt grizzly. I mean just what I say, I got a strong sniff of bear odor, and looked up to find myself cooped. There was a grizzly coming up the path which I had followed, and there was another on the path which I must take to get away. Above this split rock I have been telling you of was a cliff up which a squirrel could hardly have made his way. I don't say the bear had planned to get me between them. There was probably

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on the path. The one had been off feragling and was returning, and the other had scented me and come out. Neither one was fifty feet away when I looked up.

"I was well armed, of course, and you may set it down that a man who puts loose iron civilization for six months at a time, and takes his life in his hand, has some little nerve. I had bagged four or five grizzlies in the previous year, and was posted as to their cunning, strength, and ferocity. I had a couple of minutes to think. The bears sat up and perked and sniffed and growled. I had a repeating rifle and two revolvers, and you may wonder that I didn't open fire on them. First, the first shot would have brought them both in on me; secondly, I was rattled. I could just as well tell you that I stood there and popped both grizzlies over, and then went my way with cool indifference, but that wasn't the way of it. The shock came so suddenly that I was upset, and my nerves were in such a state that I couldn't have hit an elephant a hundred feet away. I felt just like running, and had there been any show for it I would have taken to my heels. As I said, there was a couple of minutes' grace, but they passed before I had any plan to extricate myself. I didn't wit entirely.

I LOOSENED MY REVOLVERS

with the intention of using them at the pinch, but the way the affair turned out was laughable. As the bears dropped down on all fours to charge me I made a jump forward into the largest fissure, and down I went for nine or ten feet, or until I struck fast. It seemed as if some one took possession of me and flung me down there, for I had no thought of my own about it. The first I knew I was down there, and the bears were looking over the edge of the fissure and dropping their saliva on my upturned face. My rifle had come down with me, but had gone out of sight down the fissure. I was standing straight up, stuck fast as high as the knees, and the first move I made was to pull a revolver and open fire on the beast raising a row above me. As they were leaping back and forth across the fissure I had no trouble in putting lead into them. The six bullets in the first revolver were about evenly divided, but by that time old Bruin had got a flea in his ear. He kept back out of sight; but of all the growling, roaring, and ricting you ever heard the fuses pair kicked up was the worst. The bullets had stung them to fury, and the scratching of their claws on the rocks sounded like iron rakes being drawn over stones by human hands. The row continued for about ten minutes, and then died away.

"It seemed to me that I had the better of the situation, though there were some drawbacks. My position soon became painful, and when I made an effort to change it I was compelled to leave my boots behind. In such a narrow fissure it was quite easy to work myself upward, and by and by I began the movement, hoping that the bears had been killed or driven away. My head was within three feet of the surface when

A COUPLE OF GROWLS

warned me to stop right there. They had retired out of range of my bullets, but were on hand to receive me if I came up. I had to brace with my shoulders and feet to maintain my position, and I soon got tired and had to go farther down. Getting anything like an easy place was impossible, and in less than an hour I made up my mind that the bears had got the oil on me. It was about 2 o'clock in the afternoon when I went down, and by 5 I was sore, thirsty, and desperate. I went up again, and one of the bears came so near getting my scalp that his claws carried off my fur cap. I went down the crack feeling that I was in for an afternoon's job. I thought the bears might possibly leave at dark, but they did not. Indeed, from what I could make out, they were joined by a third, and perhaps a fourth.

"I want you to understand that that night was the longest one which ever blessed America. It would have been a positive relief to me to have been hung head downward from the limb of a tree to vary the monotony. I had to keep my arms up, and toward midnight they were so numb that they scarcely had feeling. My legs and back were racked with pains, and long enough

BEFORE DAYLIGHT CAME

I had made up my mind that some desperate chances must be taken. It did not seem that I could pass the day down there and live. It was simply a choice between death, and as morning came I began to work upward. It was literally inch by inch, for I was thoroughly benumbed. However, the exertion sent my blood in motion, and as I drew near the top I got ready to do some shooting. There were two bears on watch, and they began a row. I braced myself and fired a stray shot and yelled and screamed at them, and directly a head came into view and I fired a bullet into it. The bear staggered around for a minute and then tumbled into the crevasse to the right of me, sticking fast at three or four feet from the surface. I then played for the other, but as he would not give me a shot I worked to the surface and found that he had turned toward and gone off. There was a dead grizzly lying on a rock, making two I had finished. This fellow had been shot in the stomach the afternoon be-

fore, three balls hitting him, and he had died to death during the night. I got my rifle and boots after some hard work, and left the locality without having seen anything further of my living enemies."

Wolves in England.

Ancient chronicles state that King Edgar attempted to extirpate the wolves in England by commencing the punishments for certain offenses into the acceptance of a certain number of wolves' tongues from each criminal, and in Wales by converting the tax of gold and silver into an annual tribute of 300 wolves' heads. In subsequent times their destruction was promoted by certain rewards, and some lands were held on condition of destroying the wolves which infested the part of the kingdom in which they were situated. In 1281 these animals troubled several of the English counties, but after that period our records make no mention of them. The last wolf known in Scotland was killed in 1680, and in Ireland one was killed in 1701. Very fearful accounts are on record of the ravages committed by wolves when in bad weather they associate in immense flocks. So lately as 1700 such terror is said to have been excited in France by ravages of wolves that public prayers were offered for their destruction. Since India became so much the country of Europeans the race of tigers has been much thinned, and ere long it is probable that they will be driven to the most remote and impenetrable districts. The wolf in these islands was hunted by an animal known under various appellations, as the Irish wolf dog, the Irish greyhound, the Highland deerhound, and the Scotch greyhound. There appears to be no doubt that all the dogs thus denominated were essentially of the same breed. Its original home is supposed to have been Ireland, whence, during the proud days of ancient Rome, it was frequently conveyed in iron cages to assist in the sports of the city on the Tiber. Buffon observes: "The Irish greyhounds are of a very ancient race and still exist (though their number is small) in their original climate; they were called by the ancient dogs of Ephrus and Albanian dogs." Holmshud, in his "Description of Ireland and the Irish," written in 1786, says: "They are not without wolves and greyhounds to hunt them, bigger of bone and limb than a colt." In Anglo Saxon times a nobleman never went out unaccompanied by some of these dogs and his hawk, and so highly were they esteemed that by the forest laws of Canute it was ordered that no person under the rank of a gentleman should keep one.

Volcanos and Earthquakes.

The name volcano is derived from Vulcanus, the god of fire of the ancient Romans. They are generally divided into three classes—active, intermittent and extinct. Stromboli, in the Mediterranean, is a good example of the first class, making a fiery beacon light for sailors on the neighboring sea. Etna and Vesuvius are good examples of the second kind. To the popular mind they are the chimneys of the vast roaring furnace of heat in the bowels of the earth, and undoubtedly serve as vents for the powerful gases that might, if confined, create a total destruction to the crust upon which we live. There are supposed to be some 300 and over of these chimneys upon the face of the earth, two thirds being situated upon islands. America has about 114 of these, and more than any other geographical division of the globe. Earthquakes appear to be from the same cause as volcanic eruptions, the energy of vapors and gases in the earth struggling to find a vent.

The same night that the city of Lima, South America, was shaken down four new volcanic vents were found in the Andes. Soon after the earthquakes in Lisbon in 1750 there were some of the most violent eruptions ever known. After the destruction of Caracas the volcano of St. Vincent became active, and at the beginning the earth was shaken for a space of nearly 20,000 square miles.

The movements of the earth during an earthquake may be vertical, horizontal or whirling. The most destructive shocks are generally the shortest in duration. That of Lisbon, November 1, 1755, lasted about six minutes. The three shocks that reduced Caracas to ruins, March 26, 1812, were over in a minute and most of the damage to the city of Concepcion, February 20, 1835, was done in six seconds. At Lima, Peru, an average of nearly fifty shocks in a year are expected, and in some parts of South America over sixty have been counted in a year, not reckoning the slight ones, which were still more numerous.

The permanent elevation or depression of large tracts of land is one of the peculiar phenomena attending these convulsions of nature. During the earthquake at Lisbon the new quay subsided and the spot was covered by water 600 feet deep. Many other remarkable instances are on record. They have been terribly destructive to life as well as property. A visitation of the kind in Peru, 1746, killed 3,800; 1797, from a similar cause, 1,600 Peruvians perished. At Caracas, 1812, 10,000 men were destroyed; 60,000 at Lisbon in 1755; 40,000 in the two Calabrias and Sicily in 1783, and 20,000 more by sickness resulting from it.

Wasn't at Home Much.

Smithkins, in a restaurant with a friend, was bragging to him about the hired girl they had at his house, how industrious, clean and economic she was.

"But she must have been pretty near perfect to have lived six years with my wife," he added. "She's a tough one to get along with."

"But you have lived with your wife much longer than six years," said the friend.

"Yes, but you see I ain't at home much."

Justice with Mercy.

A justice found a negro guilty of an assault and addressed him as follows: "I shall either fine you ten dollars or send you to jail for ten days."

"For heaven's sake, your honor," exclaimed the young lawyer who was the prisoner's attorney, "don't impose a fine on the man. Temper justice with mercy. Just send him to jail. Don't rob him of his money; I haven't got my fee from him yet."

He stood under the window and sang "How Can I Leave Theo." But he did leave and so suddenly that the dog went back of the house and wept.

HOUSEHOLD.

RENOVATING OLD CLOTHES.

Black silk can be made to look almost as good as new, by sponging on the right side with weak tea or coffee and pressing on the same side with a piece of flannel between the silk and the iron. If the silk is badly wrinkled, sponge with weak gum arabic water on the wrong side and iron between two woolen clothes.

The following mixture is highly recommended as an excellent preparation for sponging woolen clothes to clean them: Two ounces of white castile soap, cut in small bits and dissolved in one quart of warm water. After the soap is dissolved add four ounces of ammonia, four ounces alcohol, two ounces of ether, one ounce of glycerine, and three quarts of soft water. Mix and bottle, using rubber or glass stoppers for the bottles. To use, pour a quantity of the fluid into an earthen dish, lay the goods on the ironing table on a piece of rubber cloth, and sponge with the mixture, washing thoroughly and always drawing the sponge in the same direction. When the goods are nearly dry press with a hot iron under a piece of white cloth if the goods are light colored, or under black if the goods are dark. Remove the rubber cloth before pressing, and be sure there are no creases in the ironing blanket, as every one will leave a streak in the goods.

Rusty black goods can be best restored by sponging with strong ammonia water, or, what is better, a mixture of equal parts of ammonia and alcohol.

Gross spots can be taken from goods of any color by covering the spot with pipe clay. Powder the clay and moisten with water to the consistency of thick cream; spread on the spot and let dry; leave on several hours and then remove with the blunt edge of a knife, and dust with a soft brush. To remove paint, apply turpentine till the paint is soft, then sponge repeatedly with alcohol. Oil, wax and resinous substances may be removed in this way. Spots made by rust on woolens may sometimes be removed by citric acid, but before applying, test on a bit of the material, as the acid sometimes changes the color of the goods.

Rusty rusty black lace in a teaspoonful of soft water, to which one tablespoonful each of borax and alcohol have been added. When the lace is partly dry, dip in water in which an old black kid glove has been boiled, pull out the edges, pin on a sheet of blotting paper, and dry under a heavy weight.

CHOICE RECIPES.

PEACH FRITTERS.—Twelve peaches, two ounces of butter, sugar, three eggs, four ounces of flour, a gill of milk. Peel the peaches, split in two and take out the stones; dust a little powdered sugar over them; dip each piece in the batter that is made with the eggs, milk, and flour. Fry in hot fat. Serve with airy sauce made of the two ounces butter, sugar, and nutmeg beaten to a cream.

SCOTCH BROTH.—Take one-half teacup barley, four quarts cold water; bring this to the boil and skim; now put in a neck of mutton and boil gently for half an hour; skin well the side of the pot also; have ready two carrots and bunch of parsley, one sprig of celery top; chop all these fine; add your chopped vegetables; pepper and salt to taste. This soup takes two hours to cook.

PLAIN APPLE TART.—Rub a pie-dish over with butter, line it with short pie-crust, rolled thin, pare some cooking apples, cut them in small pieces, fill the pie-dish with them, strew over them a cupful of moist sugar, three or four cloves or a little grated lemon peel, and add a few teaspoonfuls of water; then cover with a puff paste crust, trim off the edges with a sharp knife and cut a small slit at each end, pass a gilling iron around the pie half an inch inside the edge, and bake in a quick oven.

BEEF AU GRATIN.—Put two ounces of butter in a saucepan upon the fire; when melted, sprinkle into it one teaspoonful of minced onions, one teaspoonful of chopped parsley, three mushrooms finely minced, a pinch of salt, pepper and allspice, and two tablespoonfuls of fine bread crumbs. Stir for two minutes and add enough broth to make the mixture liquid. Cut one pound of boiled beef in slices; lay these in a silver or tin dish; pour the mixture over them and cover with a thin layer of sifted bread crumbs. Put small bits of butter here and there on the top, and bake in a good oven for fifteen minutes. Serve hot.

SOUP MILK PIE.—To eight pounds of fruit add three and one-half cups of raisins after they are seeded and chopped fine, one-half cup of sugar, a little salt, and different spices as one chooses. Use only the thick part of the milk. Bake in two crusts.

PICKLED PEARS.—To eight pounds of fruit add three and one-half pounds of sugar, one pint of vinegar and one pint of water. Dissolve the sugar in the vinegar and water, let it boil, and skim till clear, then put in the pears and cook slowly till done, then take out and boil the liquid till quite thick and pour over them. The pears should be pared and a few cloves stuck in them.

SPANISH BUN.—Yolks of four eggs, one-half cup of butter, one cup of sweet milk, one teaspoonful of soda, two teaspoonfuls of cloves, cinnamon, and nutmeg. Bake in a moderate oven. Use for frosting the whites of four eggs beaten to a stiff froth, add one-fourth cup of sugar, flavor to taste and spread evenly on the cake. If desired it can be put in the oven until a nice brown.

How to Secure Esteem.

The answer is very simple. It does not differ much from the answer a married lady gave a friend, who was praising the amiability of the former's husband. "How have you managed to break him in?" she asked. "I did it chiefly with a request mallet," was the reply.

A correspondent asks how it is that England gets along so well with Mexico and other barbarous nations. Our correspondent comments on the fact that neither the Spaniards nor any of the little black and South American republics commit outrages on British subjects, and asks how this is brought about.

Whenever Mexico, Chili, Peru, or the King of the Cannibal Islands turn up their noses at the English flag, her Britannic Majesty hits the offender a whack on the ocean with a request mallet, and that insures perpetual respect and veneration.

VARIOUS TOPICS.

Bar Harbor Indians complain that the trade in baskets, bead work, gull feathers, and the like, has been very dull this season. Increase of Indian camps and overproduction have been the causes of this deplorable state of affairs.

Eight-year old Bart Coffee of Plum Creek, Neb., perched on the fence of a slaughter pen to watch Jim Wilson shoot a Texas cow. Wilson fired, the bullet struck the cow on the forehead, and, glancing, hit the boy in the left side and killed him.

Hired girls get very low wages in Canada, judging from a recent sermon of a Kingston preacher, in which he pleaded for more pay for domestics, saying that many girls work hard, early and late, for \$3 a month, when they should receive \$10.

A few days ago the fourteen year old daughter of David Fry of Stumptown, Md., was ill and slept sixty-six hours. She awoke, ate heartily, seemed quite well, and then went to sleep again. At last accounts she had been sleeping ninety-eight hours without intermission.

George Miller, serving out a ten-year sentence in an Indiana prison, heard of the prison trick of eating soap in order to appear to be wasting away, and thus gain a pardon. The scheme worked too well. Miller's throat is ulcerated, he cannot take even liquid nourishment, and is more than likely to die.

A large flock of sheep which were being driven from Montana into Canada were surrounded by a band of Indians on the Belly River, and urged over its precipitous banks until they piled up, one on another, twenty-five feet deep. In this way 172 sheep were killed, and afterward skinned, cut up, and carried off by the redskins.

A North Adams lineman, repairing telephone wires near a blacksmith shop, was in danger of being killed, and caught hold of an electric light wire. The current was powerful enough to keep him from letting go, and would probably have killed him had he not yelped to the blacksmith, who ran out with his pincers, clipped the wire, and rescued the severely shocked man.

A quick tempered but self-passeoned bull got on the railroad track at Madison, Conn., the other day, and wouldn't get off when the Newport express came along. This is not the usual chestnut about the bull and the locomotive, for the train stopped rather than try conclusions with the animal, and a brakeman was sent to get the bull off the track. He succeeded remarkably well, but the bull was mighty close to his heels as he skipped over the nearest fence.

The marshes on each side of the Little Eau Pienne River, in Wisconsin, were burned over this summer, and recent rains made a strong ley, which was carried into the river. At least this is the theory advanced to account for the fact that the other day thousands of fish came down the river, seemingly in a great hurry, and went over the dam and out into the Wisconsin River.

They raise energetic hens in Kansas. A Kingman county man had one that tried to hatch out a sitting of eggs and failed; then tried a second lot and brought forth ten fine chicks; took care of them for six weeks, during the last three of which she laid an egg every other day; then wanted to sit again, and not being permitted, stole another hen's chicks and brought them up with more than paternal devotion.

A prominent Waterbury manufacturer recently illustrated the force of habit. His habit is to get shaved at half-past 6 each evening. The other day, expecting to be busy in the evening, he was shaved at noon, but at 6:30 he again entered the barber shop, patiently waited half an hour for his turn, and when the smiling barber rubbed his hand over his bald head and said "Hair cut?" remembered that he had been shaved and bolted from the shop.

Mrs. C. I. Cook attempted to cross the river at Milford, Conn., the other evening in a small rowboat, taking her four children with her. When they were in the middle of the stream the baby, nine months old, jumped from the arms of the eldest child into the river. Although Mrs. Cook could not swim, she at once jumped after the little one, caught it by its clothes, and screamed for help. By the time help came the mother was unconscious, the baby nearly drowned, and the children in the boat half crazy with fright.

W. J. Timmons of Illinois was engaged to marry Little Porter of Ohio. He had a friend, Louis Downs, and she a sister Maud, and he tried to make a match between the two. They exchanged letters and photographs, engaged to marry, and there was to be a double wedding at the Porter residence. But when the young man appeared Maud positively refused to marry Louis because he had deceived her. Instead of his own photograph, he had sent that of a flashy and handsome negro minstrel, and Downs was neither flashy nor handsome. Timmons stood by his friend and refused to marry Little unless Maud married Louis, and so the double wedding was declared off.

Prof. Weber's Big Storm Story.

Prof. L. Weber relates in a German periodical that during a thunder storm at Ribnitz, in Mecklenburg, the lower pane of a window in the first floor of a house was broken by lightning and a jet of water was thrown upward through the hole to the ceiling with such force that part of the ceiling was broken down and other damage was done. The hole in the window was like a bullet hole, with radial cracks. Some cigars on a table that was broken by the fall of the ceiling and the water were carbonized. The origin of the jet of water is not satisfactorily explained.

A Triple Tragedy.

An accident occurred the other evening on the Milwaukee and St. Paul railway, close to Waupun, by which a widow named Dacey and two little girls lost their lives. As the train came round a curve the engineer saw walking on the bridge a woman and two children. He whistled and put on the brakes, but the distance was too short, and the engine ran over the unfortunate trio, mangling them terribly. The train was pulled up and the bodies taken to the depot. The parents of the girls had gone out of town, and had left the children in charge of Mrs. Dacey, who did washing for families. The girls, who are between eight and nine years old, had gone on the track to play, and Mrs. Dacey had gone after them to bring them back, when they all met their deaths.

FARM.

TIMELY AND PRACTICAL.

THE BEST TURKEYS.—As Thanksgiving is drawing nigh talk on turkeys is timely. The two largest breeds are the Bronze and Narragansett. The former is of dark bronze color with a luster approaching gold, with dark or flesh-colored legs. The Narragansett is of a metallic black plumage, with salmon colored legs. No adult gobbler of either variety, should weigh less than twenty five pounds. These weights, however, are only minimum, for specimens of gobblers often reach forty pounds. September or October is the best time for selecting the gobbler, as the prices will soon be higher. One gobbler will be sufficient for at least four hens, and sometimes more.

THE RURAL FAIRS.—The agricultural fairs now being held throughout the country should not be neglected by farmers, horticulturists and stockmen. When properly conducted and encouraged, such exhibitions are highly beneficial to individuals and communities, and to make them what they should be, right thinking, progressive ruralists ought to attend and contribute to one or more.

SAVING VEGETABLE SEEDS.—Do not attempt to save your own seeds, says a gardener, unless you have used every precaution necessary to prevent cross-fertilization. Plants often mix without the knowledge of the grower. A melon may be fertilized by a pumpkin, and though a fruit of this season may be genuine, yet the seeds of such, if used next season, may cause a failure of the crop or else destroy the quality.

A HOME MADE CREAMER.—Some one thus tells how to make a simple, home-made creamer. Cut a barrel in two, put in a faucet to let off the water, and provide a tight cover to keep out vermin. Get the tinners to make three cans seven inches in diameter and fifteen inches deep, with three flanges on the bottom to fit under stilt blocks bolted to the bottom of the tub, so as to hold the cans down even when empty or only partly filled. Pass the tub full of water, or let the spring water run through it to the watering trough, and you have a handy cream raiser.

A special investigation with reference to the probable production of wheat in the United States makes the aggregate of the winter crop, 295,000,000 bushels against 212,000,000 last year. The estimates put California at 60,000,000, Illinois at 28,000,000, Indiana at 32,000,000, Ohio at 34,000,000, Michigan at 25,000,000, and Missouri at 22,000,000 bushels. The spring wheat is estimated at 140,000,000 against 45,000,000 last year. The quality of winter grain is reported to be better than it was in 1885.

PROFITABLE FEEDING.—The feeding that pays best is that which keeps the animal constantly gaining. Some one has truly said that every pound of feed consumed by an animal that is not increasing in weight, is so much wasted. Keep the young things growing from the time they are weaned till they are ready for the market, and then every pound of feed brings you a tangible return. The more rapidly the animals gain in weight, the smaller the proportion of feed spent in sustaining life, and therefore the greater the profit to the feeder.

COMB AND HEALTH OF FOWLS.—A poultry authority informs us that when the comb of a fowl is large and bright colored, showing it to be full of blood, and shaking with every activity of the bird, she is in a healthy, laying condition. With this condition of comb you will discover the utmost activity in your fowls, starting at every sound or motion. The movements are not like a nervous jump, but with an elastic spring, showing a condition of vigorous health. On the contrary, if the edges of the comb and wattles are a purplish red, and the movements sluggish, there is disease and danger.

SALTING STOCK.—There is a great variety of opinion and practice as to quantity in salting stock, and here is some light on the point. The French point, through their Department of Agriculture, instituted an investigation in regard to salting animals. After careful experiment and inquiry on the subject the following was recommended: Working ox or mule, one ounce per day; oxen fattening in stall, two and a half to four ounces; pigs, fattening, one to two ounces; sheep (double for fattening) one-half to two thirds ounces; horses and mules one ounce.

SOBER MOMENTS.

"The sting of reproach is the truth of it."

"A mutual understanding is ever the firmest chain."

"Not in nature but in man is all the beauty and worth he sees."

"It is a fatal oversight which asks not what is right, but, what is the majority."

"Unless a tree has borne blossoms in the Spring, it is vain to look for fruit in the Autumn."

"The bread of life is love; the salt of life is work; the sweetness of life, poetry; the water of life, faith."

"The discovery of what is true and the practice of what is good, are the two most important objects of life."

"Man is a creature of association and education. The early influences of childhood direct the tenor of his life."

"There is a species of pleasure in suffering from the ingratitude of others, that is reserved for great minds alone."

"Experience keeps a dear school; but fools will learn in no other, and sooner in that, for it is true we may give advice, but we cannot give conduct. However, they that will not be counselled cannot be helped, and if you will not hear reason, she will surely rap your knuckles."

It is not sufficient to constitute ourselves just men and women that we strictly pay our debts, keep our promises, and fulfil our contracts, if at the same time we are stern where we should be kind, hard where we should be tender, cold where we should be sympathetic.

Success grows out of struggles to overcome difficulties. If there were no difficulties there would be no success. If there were nothing to struggle for there would be nothing achieved. There is a hill before us that all active spirits endeavor to mount; they run, they toll, they struggle, they die.