

SPORTS AND ADVENTURE

A NIGHT WITH THE WOLVES.

From the wilds of Carp Lake, Michigan, comes an account of perilous adventure with wolves, not unlike those of our forefathers in pioneer days. On the afternoon of March 17 Mr. George Bigge, who lives at the Nonesuch Mine, twenty miles out of Ontonagon, was on his way home from that place with a load of supplies in a long pack. Night overtook him before he had covered more than half the distance. He continued his journey, but between nine and ten o'clock was startled by the howling of wolves close at hand.

He had no weapons, and urged his horse to a faster gait, but as the road is up a heavy grade, progress was slow at best. He had gone only a short distance farther when he noticed twenty-five or thirty wolves emerge from the brush into the roadway just behind him. On the front of his conveyance was a lantern with a reflector. Mr. Bigge seized this, and turned the strong light upon the wolves. It frightened them so that they slunk back into the shadows of the woods, but soon became bolder, and began closing in again.

He now realized that he was in a desperate plight. In the pung was a tin pail and a quantity of hay. Filling the pail with hay and setting it in the rear of the pung, he applied a match. The blaze cowed the animals. The fire was kept burning brightly, and the team urged forward.

For a time the wolves held back. But they gradually came closer again, advancing along the sides of the road. The supply of hay gave out. In desperation Mr. Bigge tore open a box of canned goods, and commenced hurling cans at them with some effect, checking their progress for the third time.

The stock of cans was soon exhausted, however, and once more the howling pack closed up behind. The man was now in despair; but immediately an opening in the forest showed ahead, and as the panting horses drew into it, the wolves dropped back.

The place was an abandoned mine property where several of the buildings were still standing. Lashing the horses on, Mr. Bigge reached one of these old structures and secured his team inside it, but was obliged to leave the pung and robes to the pursuing pack.

In this old shed, which luckily had a door that could be barricaded, he passed the night with his horses. Toward morning the wolves left the place, but not until they had torn the robes to shreds and trodden the snow down hard all round the old shed.—Youth's Companion.

FEARLESS SWIMMERS.

In the water the Hawaiians are absolutely fearless. As soon as they can walk, little babies are taken to bathe in the sea, and in a very short time they are able to swim like porpoises. The author of "Hawaiian Yesterdays" gives a reminiscence of the courage of the natives:

Our party had arrived in Hilo Bay, and we were all seated upon the platform of a big double canoe, paddling ashore from the schooner which lay out in the harbor. A throng of natives lined the beach, waiting to welcome their returning teachers.

Just as we were entering the surf that rolled upon the sandy shore, through some accident the canoes suddenly filled and sank, leaving us all sitting half submerged in the shallow water. With a loud roar of "Auwe!" (oh and alas!) the assembled crowd rushed as one man into the waves and bore us safely to land.

On one occasion, about the same date, a coasting vessel was upset in a violent squall between the islands of Hawaii and Maui. Although the nearest land was twenty miles distant, the native crew and passengers boldly struck out to swim ashore, and several of them did come safe to land after a night and day in the deep.

Among the survivors of the wreck was a poor woman who for several hours swam with her husband upon her back; but the poor man died of cold and fatigue, and had to be abandoned at last before the coast was reached.

AN ALPINE MISADVENTURE.

The story of the first serious accident to a climber in the New Zealand Alps, told in the Times to-day, is one of the most thrilling and astonishing that the records of Alpine misadventure can show. It begins with a bumping fall of the solitary climber, Mr. R. S. Low, down an icy couloir, which recalls Mr. Whymper's famous solitary tumble on the Matterhorn—with in this case, the additional circumstance of an abyssal bergschrund waiting to engulf the climber at the bottom of the slide, unless he manages to pull himself up somehow. He does, and lies for hours half-conscious with a badly dislocated ankle, a lacerated knee and minor wounds. Then he drags himself, in this condition, and without an ice-axe, down this fearful

couloir, that would have been no child's play, probably, to a properly equipped party. He then crawls on hands and knees, dragging his knapsack after him at the end of a rope, for two days to the Bivouac Rock, six miles away, crossing hideous moraine and badly crevassed glacier all the way, and has to wait at the rock six days for rescue, with only day's supply of food to last out the whole ten days. It is marvellous that a man should have survived all this, and non-climbers will have more vivid ideas than ever as to the joys of mountaineering. But mountains are much the same in Switzerland and at the Antipodes, and the old, old moral as to the folly of climbing alone is almost too obvious to be mentioned.—Pall Mall Gazette.

FIGHTING FOR LIFE.

The professional "faster" who goes without food for four or five weeks, who is carefully watched and tended, and whose progress is chronicled by the daily papers, is but a trifle in the experience of starvation compared with the castaway fisherman of the Grand Banks. The New York Sun prints an account which includes several adventures that make the performances of Dr. Tanner read like child's play. It seems almost incredible that a scantily clad man could live for twenty-nine days on a barren rock without food or drink, blistered by the hot sun in the daytime and benumbed by the night's cold. Yet a Newfoundland fisherman went through such an ordeal, and lives to tell the tale. In 1904 two trawlers remained adrift for eleven days, with only a small jug of water to afford them subsistence. When found they were lying insensible on the bottom of the dory.

Terrible as the sufferings of these fishermen are in summer they are far outclassed by the miseries of those who go astray in winter. Two dory mates were caught in a midwinter snowstorm 100 miles off Newfoundland a few years ago. They lost sight of their vessel in the blizzard, and tried to row to land, one toiling at the oars while the other bailed out the boat.

When night came they made a drag or sea anchor of trawl kegs. While thus engaged Blackburn's mittens were washed overboard, and with naked hands his plight was desperate. But he gallantly held on. The next day his comrade collapsed, and the third morning froze to death. Blackburn, taking the mitts and socks from the dead man, tried to cover his own hands, which were now positively frozen into the shape of the grip on the oars so that he could not straighten them.

Days passed and he toiled on without food or drink. On the evening of the fifth day he reached the coast and moored his boat at a deserted fishing wharf.

His work was not over, for he had promised to give his companion a burial on shore. Satisfying his thirst by eating fresh snow, Blackburn lay on a heap of nets all night, the agony of his hands preventing sleep. The next morning he found that the dory had sunk with the body still in it. With great difficulty he hauled the boat on the rocks and got the body upon the wharf above. Then getting into the dory once more he rowed all day, seeking signs of human beings. At nightfall he came upon a little settlement, but would not accept the proffered hospitality until some of the men had set out to bury his dead companion.

As for himself he lost all his fingers and toes. Yet this man has since won fame as a daring mariner, having twice crossed the Atlantic alone in a dory, besides making a cruise of the seaboard from Boston to New Orleans without any companion.

ESCAPED DEATH BY MIRACLE.

Patrick Stewart, of West Philadelphia, lives to tell the story of how he miraculously escaped death despite the fact that he was buried beneath twenty tons of dirt and stone from 9.30 a. m. until 11 o'clock, when he was rescued by a group of laborers. Stewart says that a man named Michael Kennedy was preparing a blast in a quarry near Second street and Wyoming avenue, and as he ignited the dynamite fuse he warned Stewart of his danger, but before he could leave the place the explosion took place. He was standing under a high embankment and the concussion loosened the mountain of dirt and stone.

Fortunately Stewart fell into a hole in the ground, and was first covered with a large stone which gave him the opportunity to breathe, the embankment of dirt covering him fully three or four feet. The laborers who removed the dirt in double quick time were surprised at not finding a dead man, and hurried Stewart to the hospital.—Philadelphia Record.

GIRL KILLS CINNAMON BEAR.

Miss Bertha Jones, a recent arrival in the Entiat Valley, is said to have celebrated her coming by shooting and killing a 1000 pound cinnamon bear, one of the largest ever seen in that section.

Miss Jones, who lives in Walla Walla, went to Entiat to join her brother, who is prospecting Muddy Creek. Last Friday morning, her brother being absent, Miss Jones left camp for a few minutes for water. On her return she found a bear inside the tent investigating and bolting everything eatable in sight. A .3020 rifle was close at hand. Miss Jones killed the intruder at the first shot.—Spokane Chronicle.

CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT.



THE ELEPHANT AND HIS SCHOOL.

The great white elephant left the show, He said he was too refined; The ways of a circus did not suit His most superior mind.

"A creature as big and wise as I Should be teaching school," said he; "And all the animal little folk My scholars they shall be."

So into an empty school-house near He marshaled them all one day; (Twas in vacation time and so The children were all away).

The kittens and puppies, the pigs and geese, Were put to work with a will; But the squirrel and fox to the platform went Because they would not keep still.

And then he began to teach his school The various things he knew; "There's much not down in the books," said he, "That you ought to know how to do."

At first he showed how to flap the ears, But their ears were far too small; And then he showed how to wave the trunk, But they had no trunk at all.

The only thing that he taught his school That the scholars accomplished well, Was when he called in the peanut man, And taught them the nuts to shell.

The elephant soon dismissed his school, And packed up his trunk to go; "For, after all, my talents," said he, "Are best displayed in a show." —Ellen V. Talbot, in St. Nicholas.

SPIDER LIFTED SNAKE.

In his recent book, "The Seven Follies of Science," Doctor Pain describes, among other strange things, how a spider contrived to lift from the ground a snake that was, of course, many times heavier than itself. The story is of interest chiefly for the scientific explanation which is given of the way in which the thing was done.

Some years ago, in a small village in New York State, a spider entangled a milk-snake in her threads and actually raised it some distance from the ground, in spite of the struggles of the reptile, which was alive.

By what process of engineering did the comparatively small and feeble insect succeed in lifting the snake by mechanical means? The solution is easy enough if one only gives the question a little thought.

The spider is furnished with one of the most efficient mechanical implements known to engineers, namely, a strong elastic thread. There are few substances that will support a greater strain than the silk of the spider. Careful experiment has shown that for equal sizes the strength of these fibers exceeds that of common iron. But notwithstanding its strength, the spider's thread would be useless as a mechanical power if it were not for its elasticity. The spider has no blocks or pulleys, and therefore cannot cause the thread to divide up and run in different directions, but the elasticity of the thread more than makes up for this, and renders possible the lifting of an animal much heavier than a snake.

Let us suppose that a child can lift a six-pound weight one foot high, and can do it twenty times a minute. Furnish him with three hundred and fifty rubber bands, each capable of pulling six pounds through one foot when stretched. Let these bands be attached to a wooden platform on which stand a pair of horses weighing two thousand one hundred pounds, or rather more than a ton.

If, now, the child will go to work and stretch these rubber bands singly, hooking each one up as it is stretched, in less than twenty minutes he will have raised the pair of horses one foot.

The elasticity of the rubber bands enables the child to divide the weight of the horses into three hundred and fifty pieces of six pounds each, and at the rate of a little less than one every three seconds, he lifts all these several pieces one foot, so that the child easily lifts this enormous weight.

Each spider's thread acts like one of the elastic rubber bands. The spider would have to connect the snake with the point from which it was to be suspended by a sufficient number of threads. By pulling successively on each thread and shortening it a little, the snake might be raised to any height within the capacity of the building in which the work was done.

SOME CANDLE EXPERIMENTS.

Touch-paper is made by dipping ordinary unglazed paper into a solution of saltpeter. When it is dry, after this treatment, it will burn with smoke, but without flame. You will need it in performing experiments, a few of which follow.

In the top of a shallow pasteboard box that is well made and close, cut two holes about an inch in diameter each, and place over each hole an argand lamp chimney, as shown in Figure 1.

In one of the holes, under the chimney, place a piece of candle of such a length that it will project above the hole about half an inch. Light the candle, and it will brightly.

Now ignite some touch-paper, and the smoke will rise from it, but hold

it over the chimney that has no candle in it, and the smoke, instead of rising, will go down into the chimney and fill the box, and then rise out of the chimney in which the candle is burning.

The reason is a simple one. The burning candle makes a draft up its chimney, using the air in the box. If the box be perfectly tight, with no crevices through which the air can enter, then the air comes down the other chimney to fill the box, because no space can remain empty of air. This draft, going down the one chimney, carries the smoke from the touch-paper with it, and you can readily see why it rises in the other.

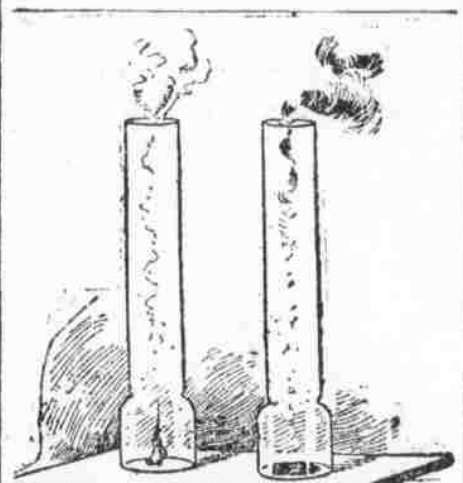


Figure 1.

Of course, you know that the candle could not burn without air, but you can prove it by holding your hand over the chimney down which the current has been going into the box. The candle will soon begin to burn feebly, and will finally smoke and go out. No air can come down its own chimney because the upward draft in it is too strong.

Another way to make both of these experiments is to use an ordinary lamp chimney and a piece of tin cut in the shape of a T, as shown in Figure 2. Hang the piece of tin inside

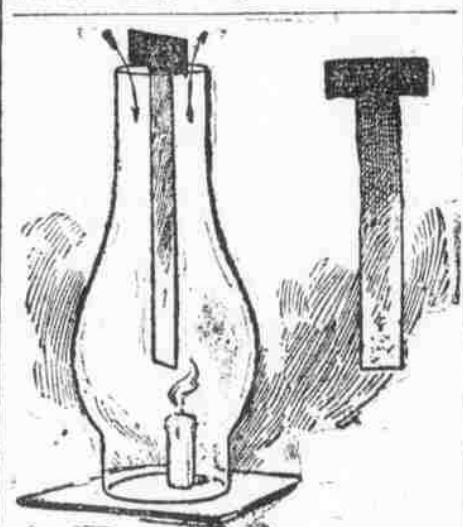


Figure 2.

the chimney and place the candle a little to one side of it. Now, when you light the candle, the draft will go up that side and down the other; so, if you hold the touch-paper to the empty side the smoke will descend and ascend on the candle side; and in the same way, by holding your hand over the empty side of the chimney, you can put the candle out.—Good Literature.

TOMMY'S AGE.

Tommy's father brought a business friend home for dinner. While they were waiting for the meal to be announced, the visitor took Tommy upon his knee, patted his head, tweaked his ear, and tickled his ribs. Tommy smiled and rather liked the visitor with his round, fat jolly face.

"Now tell me, Tommy," said the visitor, "how old would you be if you were right fat?"

Tommy had never thought about this question before. He was ten years old, but he couldn't see how being fat would make him any older. He sat still and thought deeply.

At last he looked up and said: "How old are you?"

"Well," said the visitor, "we'll say that I am forty-seven years old."

"Well, you are right fat, aren't you?" asked Tommy.

"I suppose I am," answered the visitor. "People seem to think so."

"Well, then," said Tommy, solemnly, "if I were right fat, I s'pose I'd be forty-seven years old."

The visitor laughed loudly and said that Tommy was a very bright boy.

STRENGTH OF MUSSELS.

You must, some time, try to open the shell of a fresh water mussel or a sea clam. You will find one the size of your hand has great strength, although both his muscles may not be larger than those of one of your fingers. I have often seen a boy pick up a mussel and insert his fingers before the shell was quite closed, thinking he would open it again. Few boys can succeed. They usually have hard pulling to get their fingers free. A big mussel can bite hard. Were it not that the edge of the shell, in big specimens, is smooth and thick, a boy might get his fingers cut to the bone.—From Nature and Science in St. Nicholas.

With the Funny fellows

Our Language.
Against sense and analogy
Our tongue is always sinning;
For when his outing takes a man,
He says it is his innings.
—Baltimore American.

Sometimes Different.
Mr. Wise—"You can't judge a man until you hear him talk."
Mrs. Wise—"At home, or out in company?"—Detroit Free Press.

He Knew What It Was.
Medium—"I see a large dark obstacle rising suddenly in your way."
Railroad Magnate—"I guess that's my coal stock."—Baltimore American.

That Tired Feeling.
"I can always tell when the weather begins to feel springy."
"Yes?"
"Yes, because I don't."—Philadelphia Press.

Why You Laugh.
"Why does a human being laugh?" inquired the naturalist.
"Usually," answered the man with the weary air, "to avoid offending a friend."—Washington Star.

Fortunatus.
Knicker—"Has Jones got any luck?"
Bocker—"Yes, he is the kind of fellow who can sow the wind and reap a cyclone cellar."—New York Sun.

Loving Her Neighbors.
"I thought you had decided not to call on Mrs. Sniffleigh."
"I did think I wouldn't at first, but I see they have an automobile that holds six persons."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Weather Forecast.



Squalls.—London Scraps.

Driven From Home.

"Jinx had to put up at the hotel last night; he had quarreled with his cook."

"Why, the idea! What was Mrs. Jinx doing, to stand for such a thing like that?"

"Mrs. Jinx is his cook." — Fort Worth Record.

Facts in the Case.

"Love is blind, you know," quoted she with the curls.

"It is color blind, at least," rejoined the fussy bachelor. "A married friend of mine tells me he used to think his wife's complexion was genuine."—Chicago News.

The American Youth.

"My boy is beginning to take an interest in the inalienable rights of the American youth. I told him today that he might be President some day."

"Yes? What did he say?"

"Wanted to know what salary the job paid."—Philadelphia Press.

Natural.

"So you're going fishing with Bob next summer. Well, he's a great story teller."

"Yes, and his stories get bigger every summer."

"How's that?"

"Why the fish he's caught grow during the winter, I suppose."—Detroit Free Press.

A True Patriot.

"Hair cut, sir?" asked the barber.

"None."

"You ain't the kind of man to go around with shaggy hair."

"Neither am I the kind to yell for a hair cut on Saturday afternoon with seventeen business men behind me waiting for shaves."

And the seventeen applauded him inwardly, at least.

Trouble Centre.

The small boy had just smoked his first cigar.

"Boss," he gasped, with a troubled look, "w-where was dat cigar made?"

"That cigar, my boy," replied the man who had given him the weed, "was made in San Domingo."

"Gee! I thought so."

"Why did you think so?"

"It—it started a half dozen revolutions in me stomach."—Columbus Dispatch.

GOOD ROADS.

Congressional Interest in Roads.

The closing hours of Congress were enlivened by a number of good roads speeches, in the course of which the necessity for government aid in improving the public highways was brought out in no uncertain manner, writes the Washington correspondent of Automobile. Representative Bankhead, of Alabama, in a very able address, declared that to his mind the condition of the wagon roads, over which ninety per cent. of all the commerce of the country is transported, presented a problem for legislation by Congress far more serious and important in its results than that of railroad regulation. There is no necessity, he said, for making an argument to prove the value of good roads. They save worry, waste and energy. They economize time, and labor and money, and enhance the value of property. He pointed out that it has been estimated that every time the sun sets the American farmers have lost \$1,500,000 because of the condition of the roads. Representative Bankhead produced a set of figures, showing the cost of hauling per ton, horse power, over dirt roads five miles, was \$1.25, and that sum will pay the freight for 250 miles on a railroad or 500 miles on a river and 1000 miles on the lakes. These figures prove conclusively the enormous tax levied by the bad roads on the farmers, and how much of their legitimate profit is consumed in hauling from their farms to railroad stations and river landings.

The speaker declared that the question of governmental road construction had been successfully tried for many years in other countries.

Representative Lloyd began his speech by saying that he endorsed the statement of a prominent citizen who said that he could tell the intelligence and progress of the people by the condition of their roads. The wag on the streets said in reply: "Then judge our people when the weather is dry." He then went on to call attention to what the Federal Government has done, is doing, and what it may do to encourage road improvement. In his judgment the Bureau of Public Roads in the Department of Agriculture is one of the most important branches of public service, and from it incalculable benefit may come. This great service thus far has been somewhat overlooked, and its work has not been fully known or properly appreciated. One step in the onward movement to give the country better roads is to encourage the development of the road department of the Department of Agriculture by enlarging the scope of its labors, increasing its force of expert engineers and specialists and bringing it more in touch with people, so that they can receive more of its benefits by practical demonstration of its real value.

Interesting Road Figures.

Believing that improved highways are necessary for the continued prosperity of automobiling, the American Motor Car Manufacturers' Association will provide for a department having road matters in charge. Information received at the headquarters this week from Logan Waller Page, director of the United States Department of Agriculture, gives some interesting figures of the amount of new roads which have been recently built, together with the total number of miles. The major portion of the States have less than ten per cent. of their roads improved, a wretched showing for a civilized country.

Tennessee has 48,939 miles of public roads, or one mile for every forty-one inhabitants, of which only about nine per cent. has been improved. Virginia has 51,812 miles, of which 1600 miles are improved, giving but one mile of improved roads to every 1158 inhabitants; North Carolina has 49,763 miles; Oregon, 34,258 miles; Iowa, 102,488 miles; Arkansas, 36,445 miles; Arizona, 5987 miles; Alabama, 50,089 miles; Washington, 31,998 miles; New Hampshire, 15,116 miles. In most of these States there is one mile of ordinary road for every twenty-five to thirty-five inhabitants, but of improved roads, only one mile for anywhere from 471 to 1255 inhabitants, a discouragingly small proportion.

A Crying Need.

One of the greatest needs of this country is good roads. The countries of Europe have better roads than we have. Thousands of wealthy Americans go to Europe every year to run automobiles over the good roads there. This is not a pressing reason why we should have them, but it is a pointer to our condition. We need good roads most especially for the sake of the farming community. They would enable the farmer to get to market better. He could save money and time by drawing much larger loads. The saving in this respect, the country over, would amount to millions of dollars every year. Good roads would bring us practically closer to our neighbors. They would add to our convenience and comfort in many ways, besides increasing the value of our lands. Some sections now have fairly good roads. Others are wretchedly provided. All could make decided improvement. Nothing tells more for an agricultural community than good roads.