

TALES OF ADVENTURE

A HUNTER'S NARROW ESCAPE.

ONE evening while I was sojourning in Wyoming a couple of my young friends went out into a quaking aspen thicket after grouse. One of them was armed with a forty-four Winchester, the other with a shotgun.

About half a mile from the ranch they entered a thicket, where they knew the grouse were plentiful. They advanced cautiously, parting the bushes, expecting every minute to flush a covey into the scattering flocks, when they would have a good chance at them.

They approached a large bowlder, which was about the center of the thicket, when young Stokesberry, who carried the Winchester and was in front, discovered two or three cub bears playing around the bowlder. Without hesitation, two hasty shots brought down two of them and a third shot crippled the other, which raised a terrible yell.

Then out from behind the bowlder came something like a whirlwind—the mother bear—a monster silver tip, breaking the fallen timber and tearing the brush up by the roots. Stokesberry went up a sapling to the top of the bowlder, the bear with a mighty roar after him. The boy with the shotgun jammed it against her side and pulled the trigger, and then took to his heels through the brush.

The shot did not stop the progress of the she bear. It only brought forth another roar.

She kept on after Stokesberry, who had reached the top of the rock, and began to pump 44 bullets into her as fast as he could. But the ammunition was too small and did not seem to do much harm. It only enraged the huge animal.

The rock was not tall enough to protect Stokesberry, so he ran down the opposite side and attempted to make his escape by flight, and probably would have done so, but the fallen timber was a great tangle and the brush thick. He hung his foot and fell. The bear was upon him before he could rise. Then the bloody tussle began. With one stroke of her paw the bear broke two of his ribs, and grabbed him by the thigh with her mouth.

But Stokesberry had held on to his gun. There was only one cartridge in it, and that was in the magazine. From some cause the bear let loose of his thigh and grabbed him by the left arm, just above the elbow. Stokesberry, with his right hand and the breech of the gun on the ground, managed to spring the lever and throw the shell into the barrel, and worked the gun so that he got the muzzle into the bear's mouth and pulled the trigger. It blew the top of the bear's head off, and she fell dead across the body of the young man.

In the meantime the boy had made all possible speed for the ranch, and with two other men, well armed, came back as quickly as they could. They found the bear and the man as I have described, and thought both were dead.

But after pulling the big carcass off of Stokesberry, they found that he was still alive. They hastened to the ranch, got a wagon, dispatched a messenger twelve miles to Carson for a doctor, and used all the remedies they could, which restored him to consciousness before the doctor arrived. He was terribly lacerated and bleeding profusely, and his case looked hopeless. But he had nerve, and in a couple of months he was able to walk about. He had but little use of his left arm.

His friends killed the other wounded cub and brought the four bears to the ranch. The old one tipped the scales at 500 pounds. I afterward bought the hide, but the shotgun, loaded with No. 6 shot, had made a hole about six inches square behind the left shoulder. None of the shot went any further than to the ribs.—Denver Post.

example, recounting all that we remembered of "Monte Cristo" and "The Three Musketeers."

Strangely enough, it was but seldom we experienced any oppressive feeling that time passed at a snail's pace. We were busy with work forced upon us by a hard struggle for existence. We had unending labor endeavoring to get our winter boots into proper condition. We had only one sail-needle, and it was a great piece of good fortune that it never broke as we tugged with might and main to draw it and the thick thongs through the sealskin we used.

Grunden and I made shoes after the same simple plan. Our now bottomless Lapp shoes were provided with inner and outer soles of the skin of the full-grown penguin, and outside the whole we sewed an outer shoe of sealskin with a sealskin sole. It is easy to describe the making of such a shoe, but it took weeks to get one ready. Twenty or thirty stitches a day, with the tools we had was a good day's work.

Duse made himself a pair of artistic outer shoes with wooden soles, the materials for which he obtained from the bottom of one of our bread barrels. In order to fasten the sealskin upper to this sole, he had to carve a deep groove with a very blunt knife round the edge of the hard bit of oak.

The sealskin was stuffed into the groove and held fast there with pegs driven in vertically. They had one great advantage over ours, that they did not become so wet during the thaws. Duse being able to go about dry-footed on his wooden soles, while our sealskin soles flapped like wringing-wet rags about our feet.

THE WHALE'S BACK-SCRATCHER

When a naval architect plans an improvement in marine construction he generally has little thought for its effect on the denizens of the sea. The man who invented bilge keels, however, says a writer on South America, provided the whales of the Brazilian coast with just the sort of a back-scraper they needed.

Insect pests annoy the whale, and barnacles find a home on a large part of his body. Sometimes the monsters may be seen rolling on a shallow sandy bottom to displace these pests, or rubbing themselves on the rocks of reefs.

On one occasion the mail steamer Orissa was stopped during a dense fog a few miles off Santa Maria Island in the Pacific. The coast being dangerous, an anchor was let down sixty fathoms or so, and the ship allowed to drift in the smooth water.

About 6 in the morning the captain heard some heavy whale "blows" or "spouts" apparently close at hand. Shortly afterward a continued tremor of the ship was felt. It was too gentle for an earthquake, and was varied with bumps. Soon a huge whale rose slowly out of the water and floated alongside, like a bark bottom up. It again descended, and the tremors recommenced.

Then the crew noticed barnacles and shellfish coming to the surface, and the secret was out. The whale was scraping himself—carrying himself—on the sharp plate which projected as a stanchion from the vessel's bilge.

Not caring to have him so near, in case he should smash the boats, the captain had him pelted with potatoes and coal; but he took no notice of it until a piece of coal went into his mouth, and was swallowed by mistake. Then he drenched the vessel thoroughly and "steamed" away, a last flourish of his indignant tail indicating that he was seeking quiet in the greater depths.—The Sketch.

GIRL CAPTURED SMUGGLERS.

Two Austrian smugglers recently attempted to cross the Silverta Pass with heavy loads of tobacco and other dutiable goods from Switzerland into the Tyrol. Learning that the customs official, a man named Komerthal, was ill, they chose a misty night to cross the pass.

Their carefully-laid plans, however, were upset by a French mountaineer who is a fearless mountaineer. She had persuaded her father to retire for the night, and taking his gun, stood sentinel on the lonely snow-covered pass.

In the early hours of the morning the young woman saw the smugglers approaching, and hid behind a ledge of rock. When they came up she suddenly confronted them with her gun leveled and ordered them to surrender.

Realizing that the game was up, the smugglers threw down their loads. The woman's voice betrayed her, however, and, finding that neither flattery nor bribery had any effect, the smugglers rushed at the courageous woman with the intention of overpowering her. One of them received the clubbed rifle on his head and fell unconscious in the snow. Komerthal, whom the report of the gun had awakened, then arrived on the scene and captured the second smuggler after a desperate struggle.—London Daily News.

TIGER STORY FROM INDIA.

A man living in a village near Lucknow is reported to have had an extraordinary adventure in the jungle the other day. He had gone in search of two buffaloes that had gone astray when he was attacked by a tiger.

He was unarmed except for a heavy stick, with which he fought until overcome by loss of blood, when he sank unconscious. At this moment the two buffaloes appeared. One of them stood over the wounded man while the other snorted and tossed his head.

The man recovered consciousness and staggered to his feet, when the tiger made another spring at him. The beast was, however, received on the horns of one of the buffaloes, and was so badly wounded that it turned tail and slunk away.—London Express.

Timely Fashion Hints

New York City.—The vogue of the short coat is a thoroughly established one, and almost every costume of the dresser sort shows one variation or another.

**Run on Simple Waists.**  
There is a great run on simple crepe de chine waists, although one can buy simple ones only at very high prices. The cheaper waists are very much trimmed.



**Bonnet Waist With Chemisette.**  
The waist made with a simple chemisette is a well deserved favorite of the present and promises to extend its vogue indefinitely. This one is cut on most becoming and satisfactory lines, and will be found equally well adapted to the gown and to the separate waist.



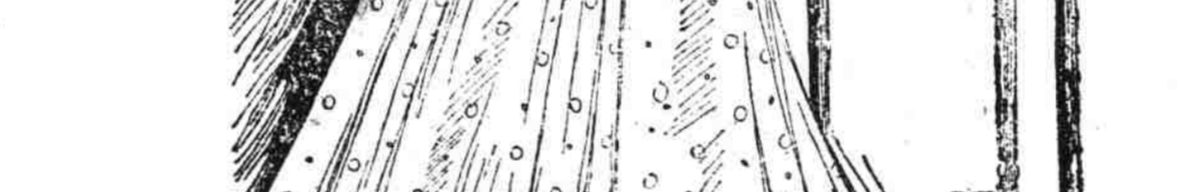
**Blouse Waist With Chemisette.**  
The blouse waist with chemisette is also the vogue of the present and promises to extend its vogue indefinitely. This one is cut on most becoming and satisfactory lines, and will be found equally well adapted to the gown and to the separate blouse.



**With a Corseler Skirt.**  
One gown had a corseler skirt, the upper part draped slightly. The upper part of the corseler was cut heart-shaped, back and front, and was trimmed with chenille and tinsel embroidery in tones of pink, green and mauve.



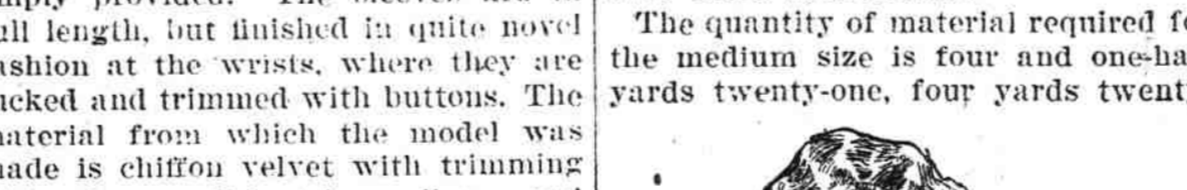
**Covered With Miroir Velvet.**  
A large hat with wide, low, square crown, and brim widened, cleft lapped over, and turned up at the left side has the brim covered with miroir velvet in silver gray, the facing shirred, and binding on the edge one inch wide; and the crown covered with gold tissue.



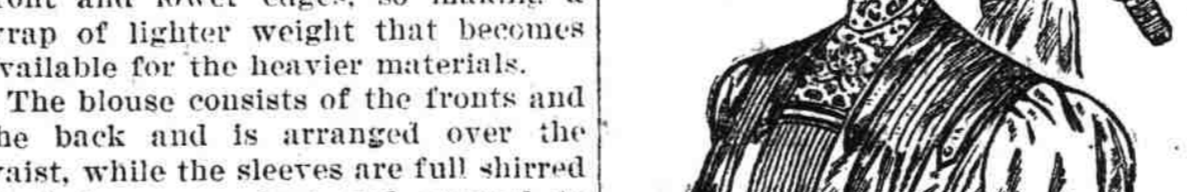
**In Jacqueminot Red.**  
A remarkable hat, of medium-large size, constructed of miroir velvet in the dark jacqueminot-red of the sea-



**Side, looked over under the left.** The sleeves are full and also are arranged over fitted foundations.



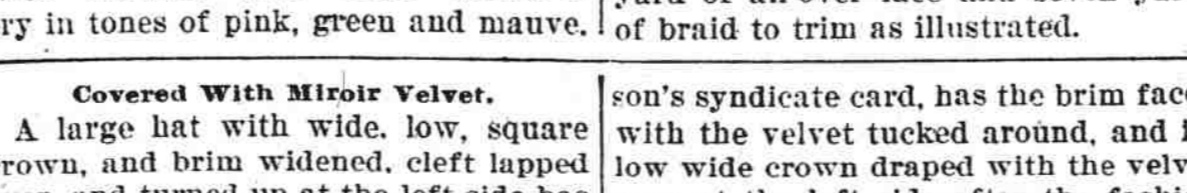
**Quantity of material required for the medium size is four and one-half yards twenty-one, four yards twenty-one.**



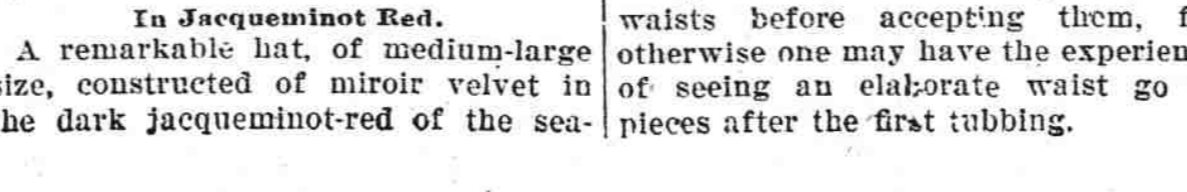
**Quantity of material required for the medium size is five and three-fourth yards twenty-one, four and one-fourth yards twenty-seven or two and three-fourth yards forty-four inches wide, with four and three-fourth yards of applique to trim as illustrated.**



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CHRISTIAN LIVING

OUR REGULAR SUNDAY SERMON

The Ethics of Christianity Lead On to Higher and Better Living in Society.

Brooklyn, N. Y.—The Rev. Winfield Scott Bacon, who came from Grace Church, Sandusky, O., to assume the rectorship of St. George's Church, is a man of attractive personality and an excellent speaker. His subject Sunday morning was "Christian Life." His text was from Psalms cxxxiii-2: "I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills from whence cometh my help. My help cometh from the Lord, who made heaven and earth." Mr. Bacon said:

It is from the heights that we gain our widest vision. It is from the heights of human attainment that we see life most truly. To gain these heights we need to go where Christ has climbed. There are certain incidents in His life which preserve to us the intimate connection between the truth of His life and the place where it was revealed in its fullness. Let us lift up our eyes unto the hills, from whence cometh our help.

Up into a mount, with a few chosen disciples. He went by night to pray. In the darkness of the night those who accompanied Him beheld a vision. Before them was the Son of Man, transfigured, with shining face and garments all aglow. Then there came a voice from God, "This is my beloved Son, hear Him."

How often in the days to come must they have recalled that vision with joy. How often in the night of their perplexity, when they questioned what to do, must they have heard the voice, "This is my Son, hear Him." Their brethren saw not the vision, heard not the voice. In the valley below they slept. They had not been asked to go with their Master, and they did right to rest their wearied frames for the work of the morrow. But those who went with Him saw the vision and heard the voice which declared to them that whatever other teachers were, or had taught, the perfect now was come, and the imperfect was done away. The glory of the morning star is swallowed up in the light of the sun, which it foretells. So, day by day, these men saw in Him the transfiguration of humanity, the glory of a life lived with the Father; they heard the voice of that Father saying, "This is my Son, hear Him," and knew in Christ the perfection of sonship as God intended it to be.

Is this a vision of past history? A page torn from the biography of Jesus of Nazareth? Is this a day when there is no vision, and no prophet; is this the mount of God for aye, and must one journey to the Holy Land to see it? Nay; since He trod the earth, all lands are holy, and we may go into the mount, may gain a vision and hear a voice. For the glory of Christ is not dimmed, nor the voice of God stilled. As one looks back through the vista of centuries and asks for the force which has uplifted man, there dawns upon him for answer the vision of the transfigured Christ. As one seeks for the best inspiration of brush and chisel, again, clearer or dimmer, as he may see, there stands before him the vision of the transfigured man. As he gazes at glorious cathedrals, wondering at the greatness of the work and the beauty of the art, again the Son of Man appears as the Alpha and Omega, the beginning of the inspiration, the end of all the faith.

Ah, yes, and one need not go to masterpieces of art to discern the transfigured man. Closer and nearer is He to us in life than in canvas or in stone. Wherever man kneels down in prayer, wherever in thought he lifts up his heart to God, wherever in time of meditation he goes apart to be with the Father, there comes a vision of transfigured man, glowing with the story of God. The young man looking out into the world, the old man waiting his summons home, each may have his vision and must have it, if he would do his work aright. How sad our life as Christians would be if all we did was daily round of duty on the treadmill of existence. How long the days would be; how joyless the task, with our song at best a stolid chant. How glad when weary work was done, and weary eyes were closed, and weary hands were folded on the breast, that is not the Christian life. It is life and more abundant, with its outlook and its hope. In study of the Scriptures, in musings when the heart is too full for speech, in hours of worship when hearts and voices are upraised to God, there may come to us a vision of strength, of truth, of the better man to be, the answer to all our pining and throbbing desires to come into the fullness of life. It may be dim, because our eyes are dull. But as our eyes grow brighter, the indistinctness fades away into the glory of the transfigured man Christ Jesus. The vision of man is given to us in Him. We long, too, for knowledge of God; as we creep up "the great altar stairs which slope through darkness up to God," far above us we see the light of the eternal glory. And as we draw nearer, the light resolves itself into the face of the transfigured One. "We have the knowledge of the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ," in whom God graciously veiled His brightness that our weak eyes might see.

Our fullest vision of God and our clearest vision of man are had in Him. We may see Him in life of noble man and pure woman as we walk through the streets. We may suddenly be brightened in the darkness of a home of sin by a glimpse of Christ shining through the life of one who lives with Him. Let us ever seek for that vision of Christ in the life of our fellows, and if we seek, we shall find. But let us remember that it is well to take time with Him in worship, in family prayer, where two or three are gathered together, in our own communing with the Father, as we go apart in the mount of prayer, which is the mount of vision, the mount of glory.

Another vision, not now on mountain high, apart from others, with veil of night drawn down, but in light of day on little knoll by side of road where throughs from the city pass. Three crosses reared black against the sky, and the form of Him who was transfigured on the mount. When He came down from the mount of transfiguration He met His disciples at the foot of the hill

surrounded by a curious and disputing crowd. There was a strife of tongues; there was need and sorrow of man; there was weakness of His followers; the call was made on Him, and the demon was expelled, sorrow was done away, the distressed through His strength was restored to peace. This was the epitome of His life. Then He set His face steadfastly to go to Jerusalem. From vision to service; from communion with God to service of man; from transfiguration to crucifixion. His life was a life of service. He came not to be ministered unto, but to minister; He was a teacher, a preacher, a savior forth of God and man in word and life. He ministered to men's bodies; He enlightened their minds; He cleansed their souls; He strengthened them to realize the ideal which His whole life was pouring out for man in sacrificial love, as He humbled Himself and became poor that we might become eternally rich; He gave Himself up to death for our miserable sinners, that we might have eternal life. The depth of sin shows the height of His love. The Cross of Calvary is the offering up of self for others.

As we know well there is wondrous strife of tongues. From every quarter there are questionings. Old forms of belief are losing power, but the old belief, we know, is not. It still inspires and uplifts, because it is life in God. Change is on the face of the earth; new and strange things are taught, sometimes even as the gospel of Christ; the seething waters of life rush to and fro, and at times one is tempted to believe that there is a reversion to chaos in spiritual things. We pass from this church, where we are gathered to worship God with the voice of thanksgiving and melody, the sound of prayer and praise, or we go from the quiet silence of our meditation, which was all filled with God's voice, into our life with other men. They may have no interest in these things, or best it may be an intellectual or speculative interest. They are very critical.

In that babel to whom shall we listen, what voice will still the deep and make a great calm? What but the old voice of the Transfiguration: "This is my Son, hear Him." Study His words to ascertain the vision which we have had of truth and love. It will mean cost. If He found that service of others meant cost, bitter trial and weariness of body and mind, can we expect that as His followers we shall have naught to endure? May there not be for us misunderstandings, temptations from fortune and power and ambition? May there not be hardships for us, does service cost naught? It cost Him the cross. And the disciple is not above his Master. The nearer we come to realizing the vision of the perfect man the closer we draw to Calvary in the offering up of self for others. This mount of service and sacrifice is not far away, inaccessible peak capped with the everlasting snow. The service is here, where throughs of men pass to and fro; it is a lowly mount, the mount of service; in the turmoil and dust of the streets, among busy men thronging the vision which should be the city of God. It is lowly, yea, but hard to climb. Easier far to go up on mount of prayer and gain the vision of what we ought to be than in life of service to be what we ought. But thanks be to Him who is with us on Calvary as on Transfiguration. His spirit strengthens and helps us and enables us to offer ourselves a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable unto God. "My help cometh from the Lord."

Is this all—vision, service, death? Nay, Christianity is not a law of death, but a law of life. Buddhism may hope to escape life, but Christ came that we might have life, and have it more abundantly. Christianity is life, not death. A few weeks after the crucifixion, on another mount, was a gathering of men with loving eyes fixed on Him who was the center of the group; and His form was as the form of Him who had been nailed to the cross, the same, yet changed. Giving them His command, and His benediction. He ascended into heaven. Vision, service, life—not vision, sacrifice, death. Through His obedience to what He knew to be right, through His translation into a life of service of the perfect vision, which He had, He had come into the higher life, and is seated on the throne with God. It was, the fitting end and glorious summation of such a life, the crowning with the glory of manhood, fulfilled and ennobled to its greatest height. The law of sacrifice is not the law of death, but the law of spiritual life. He that loseth his life for My sake, saith I, do I not lose it? He that humbly himself is love, ascendeth up into the Mount of Ascension.

For the truth of the Mount of Ascension is a higher life for man into which he comes through vision and through service. Is it wrong to wish to see right those powers which we feel within; is it wrong to long for a fuller life than that which now we have; must we be content with what we are in spiritual attainment in character? Nay, if we be Christians, we cannot be content, as we behold the hills of Transfiguration and Calvary, of vision and sacrifice, and on the hill of Ascension behold manhood crowned by God in a fuller and larger life than that which earth affords, with clearer range of vision, with larger realm of service, with richer glory of the man, as He comes more and more into the likeness of His Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.

**Love.**  
Nothing is sweeter than love, nothing stronger, nothing higher, nothing broader, nothing better, either in heaven or earth; because love is born of God, and, rising above all created things, can find its rest in Him alone.—Thomas a Kempis.

**Do I really love Jesus?** Have I ever loved Him that I love Him? Let me tell Him now. Do I know Him as my friend to whom I can always go? When I am weak, do I think of His strength? When I am sinful, do I think of His purity? When I am in doubt, do I think of His wisdom? When I am tired, do I go to Him for rest?—Floyd W. Tomkins.