

# Pluck and Adventure.

RIDING A TORNADO.

To ride half a mile through the air on a cyclone and live to tell the tale is a unique experience. Yet that is precisely what happened to the Unitarian minister at Highland Springs, a suburb of Richmond, Va. The gentleman says:

"I had read much and heard much about cyclones, but my information was conflicting and far from satisfactory. Had resolved if I ever got near enough to one to investigate for myself. Don't know that I ever prayed the good Father to send one my way, but was willing He should.

"My opportunity came. It was in Randolph County, Ind., in the month of September. The farmer with whom I boarded was building a barn, and I went out to assist the carpenters, it being Saturday afternoon and nothing doing. One of the workmen remarked that it was good cyclone weather, and just as we finished shingling one side of the roof he shouted: 'Look out, boys, there is a cyclone coming!' Glancing hastily in the direction he pointed I saw on the horizon, some five or six miles distant, a monster as black as ink and as clear as an Egyptian pyramid, bowing along at terrific speed.

"Indiana has had many cyclones. In traveling through the country one sees their track in twisted and strewn timber—trees three feet in diameter twisted off a few feet above ground as if by giant hands. There was an old track to the west of us, and as we watched the cyclone advance it was plainly evident that it was following the course of its predecessors.

"My ignorance and consequent lack of fear and my desire to better observe this wonderful phenomenon led me to disregard the advice of my associates to get off the building. Meanwhile the funnel-shaped mass of dust and debris grew momentarily larger. Fascinated, I watched it, and listened spellbound to the crash and grind of the debris in its swirl. Fences, fragments of buildings, cattle, grain, timber, haystacks and, for aghast I knew, human beings, enveloped in a sable mantle of dust, pounding and grinding one another to pieces and sweeping along with lightning rapidity.

"My interest was roused to the highest pitch, when suddenly a chill ran through me. The raging demon, now almost opposite us, had suddenly tacked, and, leaving the old track at right angles, was headed toward us. There was no time left to get down, and I was too far from the ground to drop. So, burying my hatchet in the shingles in such a way as to get a hold on one of the laths underneath, I stretched myself flat on the roof and awaited the shock.

"I was none too quick. For immediately the roof rose on the rim of the cyclone and sped majestically on its way in a spiral course till it reached the top of the swirl—150 feet from the ground according to the estimate of the onlookers.

"The roof remained intact until it had reached its greatest altitude and had traveled on the rim of the cyclone proper nearly half a mile, when the corner opposite the one I was on sank into the inside current of the swirl and the roof with a great crash went to pieces. I had lost my support and was adrift in midair, the victim of the most terrific power I had ever encountered.

"During all this time, and it was probably only the fraction of a minute, though it seemed an age, I was fully conscious of my position and was calculating on how it would terminate. The fact was deafening, and I realized that if I was drawn into the swirl I would be ground to pieces like the grist in a mill. I also speculated that if I dropped to the ground I should be asphyxiated before reaching terra firma.

"To my surprise I did neither, but kept drifting around what seemed a circle of a hundred yards in diameter until I settled down to about seventy-five feet from the ground. Then I recognized that I had been released from the hold of the cyclone and was shooting to earth like a rocket head first. I expected to be dashed to pieces, but suddenly the top of a tree swam before my vision, and as I plunged into it I seized hold of a limb.

"The force of the fall was so great and my grasp so strong that the branch was torn from the tree and carried with me to the ground, a distance of thirty feet. My hold on the limb had reversed my position and I struck the ground on my feet, sinking deep into the mud and gravel of the creek. The cyclone had swept the water before it in its passage a moment earlier.

"Pulling myself together I took an inventory of my injuries. Both legs were broken in two places between the ankle and knee and my feet were horribly mangled. There were eighteen fractures at least. Dragging myself to the bank I cut the boot from one foot with a pocket knife and was making a compress to stop the flow of blood—using pieces torn from my shirt—when friends came up.

"One of the men attempted to remove the other boot, but was so excited he cut my foot as much as the boot. There was no surgeon near and I was beginning to feel the loss of blood. So I took the knife and finished the job myself, and also set my own broken bones, the carpenters making the splints, having had some little experience along this line."—Richmond (Va.) Times-Dispatch.

## DODGING FATE.

There is nothing more unreasonably persistent than a presentiment. In nine cases out of ten the fear is groundless, but there is always the one chance that it may not be. Not every person can put himself so effectively off of the way of the dread doom as did

Captain Mensei, who was a color-sergeant of the Pennsylvania Veteran Volunteers. He tells his own story in "Uncle Sam's Medal of Honor."

When I was twenty-one years old I spent a furlough in Philadelphia. While I was there a handsome flag was presented to me as my personal property, in honor of my having successfully carried the colors through all of the great battles of the regiment. The names of the battles were printed in gold letters on the flag, and on the staff was a silver plate with an inscription.

I had a strong presentiment that I should be killed at the next battle. In vain I tried to get my furlough extended. The commanding officer said every able-bodied man was needed. I wondered how I could honorably get out of carrying the flag at the next engagement. Then an idea came to me. The Government wanted officers for colored troops, and had established a free military school open to applicants for such commissions. Our regiment was on its way to Washington, and I determined to see the Secretary of War.

When we reached the city I took my Kearney medal and my flag to Mr. Stanton. It was nearly dark when my turn came, and he was tired and worn. At first he spoke curtly, and asked me what I was doing away from my regiment at that time of day. I answered politely, unfurled the flag, and showed him the inscription. There was only a dim light in the office, but the Secretary struck a match and looked the flag all over. Then he called some staff officers, and I had a grand reception.

Mr. Stanton asked me what I wanted. I told him I was a coward, and wanted to get out of the next fight. He laughed, and asked if there were any more cowards like me in the regiment. I said we were all alike. He took my name, and I told him about my presentiment. He seemed pleased with my record, and said that I was the only stranger, either soldier or civilian, who had ever asked a favor of him without being loaded with letters, and who had ever brought a real testimonial of service.

"I'll discharge you, or I'll promote you to a commission in the regular army," he told me.

It was the happiest moment of my life. I was almost willing to take the old flag into the next battle and be shot. I told Mr. Stanton I did not wish discharge or promotion, but simply a furlough to attend the military school. He made out an order, leaving the date unfilled. Then he wrote to my colonel, asking him to leave the date of absence optional with me.

When I gave my papers to the colonel he was furious, and tore them up. Then he had me put in the guardhouse. Late at night the guard let me out, and I went directly to Mr. Stanton's house.

## A WILDCAT THAT TURNED.

Henry Lazinka, a prominent cattleman in Northeastern Oregon, had an exciting contest with a large wildcat in Walla Walla County, Wash. He finally killed the animal, but it was only after a hard fight. He was riding through the country on horseback, and his only weapon was a large riding whip. He saw a big wildcat and gave chase on horseback. The animal ran for a short distance, then turned and savagely attacked the man on his horse. She tore his clothing and even his "shaps" and saddle, and made desperate attempts to reach his face. He defended himself with his whip, and after a long fight succeeded in landing a blow which stunned the bobcat and knocked her to the ground. The man sprang from his horse and kicked and beat the animal to death. It was a beautiful large cat about six years old, with fine fur, which he removed and is keeping.

## DOG DUG MASTER OUT OF SNOW.

Edward Hanavan, one of the best known miners and prospectors in Ouray County, had a remarkable escape from death in a snowslide which came down the western slope of Mount Hayden last evening. He owes his life to his dog Sandy.

Hanavan was climbing over the trail of the mountain above the Mineral Peru mine when he was suddenly caught by a snowslide and swept 100 feet into the gulch. His dog, following fifty feet behind, barely escaped the avalanche. The faithful canine jumped into the gulch and began pawing and scraping where the toe of one of Hanavan's boots barely showed above the snow. Within ten minutes the dog reached his master's head and began licking his face.

Hanavan was practically unconscious from lack of air, but soon revived and managed to dig out of what threatened to prove his snowy tomb.—Ouray Correspondence Denver Republican.

## Declined to Accept Knighthood.

When J. Henniker Hentim, M. P., of Great Britain, declined to accept the honor of knighthood the other day, on the retirement of the Balfour Cabinet, he declined for the third time. The title was offered him in recognition of his services in carrying the imperial penny postage scheme in 1898 and introducing telegraphic money orders in the United Kingdom and the parcel post in France.

The fish landed and sold in the British markets last year were valued at \$50,000,000.



New York City.—The Eton is pre-eminently the favorite of the season, with the result that it is being shown in infinite variety and charm. Here is a model that is jaunty and chic in the



extreme, while it is absolutely simple and can be utilized for linen, pongee, voile, and, indeed, for all suitings and also for the taffeta or pongee wrap of separate use. In the illustration the material is pale blue pongee with trimmings of heavy lace that is dyed to match and frills of white Valenciennes. Still further variations can, however, be provided by using con-



trasting material for the vest. Again, if the lace applique is not liked, the jacket itself can be left plain, finished only with the frills or in any manner that may be liked, while the collar and cuffs can be trimmed either with rows of straight braid or with soutache braid applied over some simple stamped design.

The jacket is made with fronts, back and vest. There is a box pleat at each edge of the front and at the center back and there are outward-turning pleats from the shoulders. The vest is attached beneath the box pleats at the front and the flat collar finishes the neck. The sleeves are in elbow length, moderately full, and are gathered into straight bands that are concealed by the cuffs.

The quantity of material required for the medium size is four yards twenty-one, three and three-fourths yards twenty-seven or two yards forty-four inches wide, with ten yards of lace for frills and fifteen medallions to make as illustrated.

## The Perfect Wedding Gown.

Exquisite cut and fitting are requisite for a perfect wedding gown, which is preferably quite plain; for elaborate trimmings, showing through the veil, are likely to look "fussy." Let the material be as rich as may be, and then depend upon its beauty and the perfection of its development to produce the handsome result desired.

## Warning About Filmy Empire Effects.

Empire models developed in filmy mousseline or other soft silk stuffs are charming when skillfully made, but beware of an inexperienced seamstress, for there is nothing attractive about a costume that has the appearance of having been intended for a negligee.

## Darned Lace to the Front.

Among the wide variety of hand decoration now in vogue, darned lace is again coming to the front, and those who are adept at this work will be able to evolve very dainty accessories.

## Admirable Garments For a Girl.

The simplified pony jacket is an admirable garment for a girl from ten to fifteen years of age, its abbreviated style being especially appropriate for the youthful figure.

For Summer Styles. The three styles that will be worn most of all this summer are very much like the old styles. It seems absurd to mention them as new, yet they have points which make them new.

There is the princess skirt, coming up high enough to form a corselet or girdle, with the overhanging Eton, short in the back and long in the front.

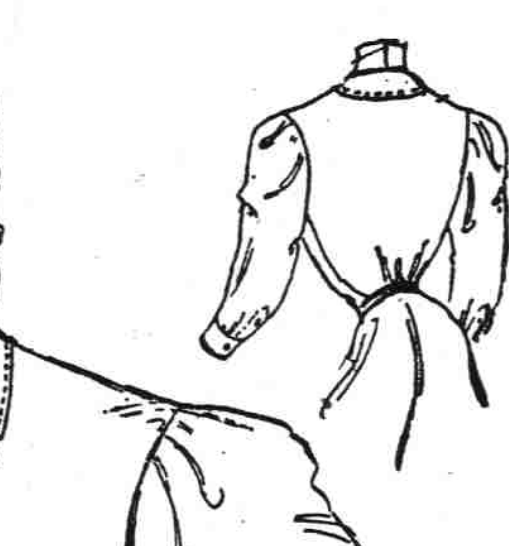
The killed skirt with Eton coat and girdle, made of cloth or linen, or thin summer stuff, will be worn again. And there will be the circular skirt, with little loose coat, nicely trimmed with hand work and made along the tailored lines, with plenty of stitching and seams very neatly finished.

And last, though it should have been first, comes the circular skirt.

## Blouse or Shirt Waist.

Variations of the shirt waist seem very nearly without number. Here is one of the very latest that gives a vest effect and that allows a choice of elbow or long sleeves. It is eminently simple and smart and yet at the same time a bit more dressy than the severe tailored sort and is adapted to a wide range of materials. As illustrated handkerchief linen is combined with embroidery and trimmed with little pearl buttons, but Madras, lawn, and, indeed, all waistics are appropriate, with the strip at the centre front of any contrasting material that may be liked. All-over embroidery is perhaps the simplest, but there are laces that can be utilized with propriety, while the material embroidered by hand is always the daintiest and smartest of all things.

The waist is made with fronts, back and centre front. The back is tucked



to give tapering lines to the figure, while the fronts are treated after a quite novel manner. There are tucks at the shoulders that extend to yoke depth and at the edge of each is the regulation shirt waist pleat. Beneath these pleats the centre front, or vest, is arranged attached to position at the right side and buttoned into place at the left. The trimming straps are arranged on indicated lines and buttoned over onto the left side. The long sleeves are in shirt waist style, finished with regulation cuffs, while the elbow sleeves are slightly fuller and finished with straight bands.

The quantity of material required for the medium size is four yards twenty-one, three and three-fourths yards twenty-seven or two and one-

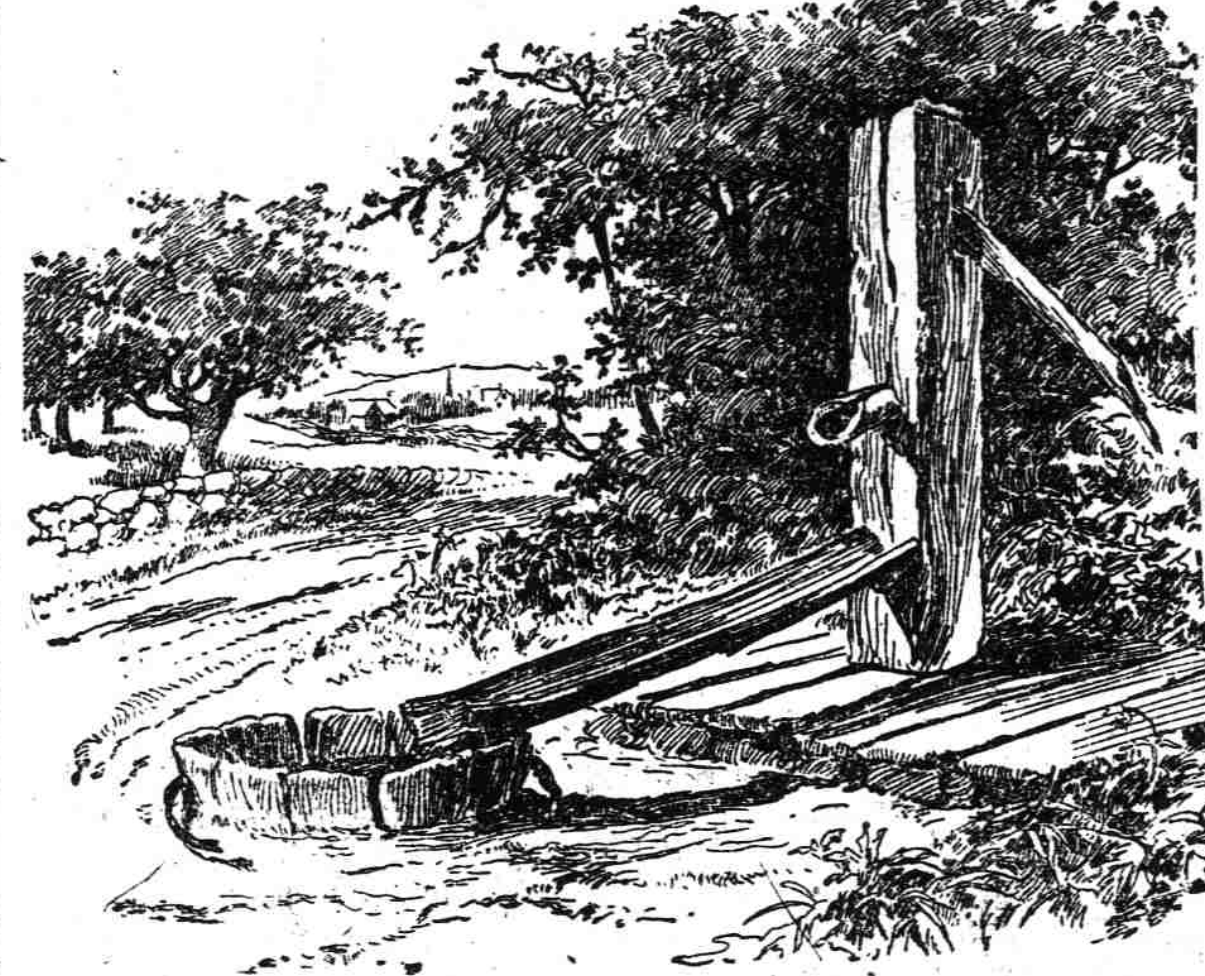


eight yards forty-four inches wide, with three-fourth yard eighteen inches wide for the centre front and collar.

## For an Early Wedding.

A bridesmaid's gown prepared for an early New York wedding is of crepe de chine in a delicate shade of pink with bolero and sleeveless of all over lace. There is a foiled girdle of liberty satin and a wide satin band at the skirt hem. Large hat with shaded pink plumes, roses and creamy lace.

# The Old Pump's Farewell.



As, root me up like some dead tree  
Bereft of leaf and shade,  
And in some corner let me be  
Irreverently laid.  
To waste my bones in rot and rust,  
And let me, once who gave  
Cool draughts to man and beast, in dust,  
Find an unhonored grave.

The dusty yokel, worn and tasked,  
Tramped to me from the road,  
Gripped hands with me, and all unmasked  
The grateful waters flowed.  
The cup held by its clanking chain  
He lifted off and drained  
To give them drink enough and fill  
Its crystal waters once again,  
And some new vigor gained.

It was thy father set me here  
A score of years ago,  
And bade cool water, crystal clear,  
In grateful streams to flow.  
In all my years no thirsty lout  
For drink of me has cried  
And from my overflowing spout  
Has gone unsatisfied.

And, ah! those patient beasts that brought  
Their noses to my tank,  
When the red sun beat fiercely hot  
And drank, and drank, and drank  
With mighty draughts and deep until  
My labors were nigh vain  
To give them drink enough and fill  
My water tub again.

The children, rioting from school,  
I heard their merry cries,  
Whence sparkling water, clear and cool,  
In torrents gushing out,  
Brought thirst a comforting eclipse  
With its refreshing draught,  
And all the sweetness of their lips  
Pressed to me as they quaffed.

Nor all my score of years till now  
Have I once failed to cool  
The thirsty lip and fevered brow  
From that still rippling pool  
Wherein my feet have stood. My cup  
In ready hands and strong  
Has dipped its crystal waters up  
So long, so long, so long!

Then, speeding onward to their play,  
I heard their merry cries,  
And like the tears that drip away  
In gladness from the eyes,  
The cool drops flowed and trickled down  
My iron cheek, to see  
How from far corners of the town  
The thirsty came to me.

But now my joints are worn and old,  
My spout is parched and dry;  
My cup's a-leak and will not hold  
My drink, howe'er I try.  
So root me up like some old tree  
Bereft of leaf and shade,  
And in some corner let me be  
Irreverently laid.  
—J. W. Foley, in Good Literature.

## NATIONAL CLIFF RUIN PARK IN COLORADO.

AN area of several hundred square miles in Southwestern Colorado has been made into a new National park for the purpose of preserving from spoliation numerous cliff ruins found in that region. This has been accomplished through the efforts of the Colorado Cliff Dwellers Association, an organization of fifty women of that State formed for the purpose.

The park comprises the Mesa Verde country, in the southwestern corner of the State, and was leased from the Ute Indians by the association under the authority of an act of Congress passed last March.



A WAR CHIEF OF THE MOKI TRIBE. A DESCENDANT OF THE CLIFF DWELLERS.

The Mesa Verde is an irregular table land of some 700 square miles in extent, cut by the Mancos River and its tributaries into innumerable canons and gorges. The main canon is thirty miles long and from 1000 to 2000 feet in depth. The walls are composed of soft sandstones and shales, which break off in huge masses under the action of storms and frost, forming a series of small cliffs, alternating with long slopes of debris, the whole being crowned by lofty embattled cliffs of massive sandstone. At the tops of the slopes of debris and under the vertical cliffs are found the remains of houses once inhabited by the cliff dwellers, who lived for many centuries in the Mesa Verde country, and the cause of whose disappearance from that region has not yet been adequately explained.

As a result of investigations conducted by the Smithsonian Institution and other learned institutions it has been determined that the cliff dwellers were of the same stock as the Pueblo

Indians, who now live in villages located on the mesas and in the valleys in parts of New Mexico and Arizona. The evidence so far obtained suggests that some of the clans of the Moki tribe in Northern Arizona migrated to their present habitat from a place in the north, and that place is believed to be the Mesa Verde country. In other words, the Moki Indians may be regarded, in general terms, as the descendants of the people who built the houses in the cliffs of the Mancos.

The ruins found in the Mancos canon and adjacent gorges represent the highest attainments of the ancient cliff dwellers in the art of house building. Although many thousands of ruins have been found in the southwest none compares with those of the Mesa Verde in character of masonry or in general finish. In this respect the ruins along the Mancos and its tributaries are far superior to the villages now inhabited by the Pueblo Indians in New Mexico and Arizona.

Although discovered in 1874 and 1875 by explorers connected with the Geological Survey under Professor F. V. Hayden, and reported upon at that time, the ruins are in such an inaccessible region that few white men visited them until quite recently. Within the past few years, however, several large collections of relics of various kinds have been taken from the old buildings, which were partly demolished in the process, and it was to put a stop to such vandalism that the Mesa Verde country was placed in charge of the Colorado Cliff Dwellers Association.

## Seattle's Fur Centre.

The Seattle Fur Sales Agency has been organized, and articles of incorporation will be filed within a few days. As the name implies, the company is organized to handle furs of all kinds, and regular fur auctions, such as are held in London, are to be held here four times each year.

"The purpose," said J. S. Goldsmith, one of the trustees, "is to make Seattle the greatest fur centre in the country. We expect to get furs from all parts of the country, particularly the Northwest and Alaska. This agency will have the effect of bringing here fur trappers and salesmen from all sections of the United States, Canada and Alaska, and fur buyers from all parts of the world. We will deal both with the storekeepers in the remote regions where the animals are trapped, and with the trappers themselves. The company will commence business as soon as the details can be arranged. The office has not yet been secured, nor the site of the warehouse decided upon, but these matters will be attended to at once."—Seattle Post-Intelligencer.



PRESENT HOME OF THE CLIFF DWELLERS' DESCENDANTS, MOKI, ARIZONA.