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ROYAL RANGER RALPH; The Waif of the Western Prairies.

BY WELDON J. COBB.

CHAPTER XXIII.—Continued.

Darrel seized the hand of the girl and forced him through the doorway. Despard made no resistance. Brown snatched his revolver from his belt. Standing in the darkness near the door was a queer-looking vehicle with a rear, grated door.

"Get in," ordered the Sheriff sternly. "What am I arrested for?" demanded Despard. "No permit if you don't want to be lynched by the mob?"

"This is an old Brown wagon, and stout and secure," said Brown to Darrel. "There is a driver?" "Yes."

"And he has orders to proceed to Miners' Gulch?" "Exactly. Here is the key to the vehicle. Get in with your prisoner, and leave before the mob knows of the capture."

"There was an accomplice of this man?" "Where is he?" "Escaped." "I'll try and find him. Drive ahead!" Darrel sprang from the vehicle and closed the door. It shut with a spring lock.

Darrel held his revolver ready for use. Despard, sullen and silent, sat glaring toward the rear. The vehicle left the place and started for the mountain road. The capture of the bandit had been accomplished most creditably. Darrel well knew, however, that he must be very watchful of every way a foot.

For over an hour not a word was spoken, and the silence proceeded on its way. There was a small shelf in the forward part of the wagon. Here a little lamp cast dim rays of light over the interior.

"I think I know you at last," remarked Despard, finally, in a sullen, sneering tone of voice. "Indeed?" "Yes. You are the friend of Ranger Ralph."

"You expect to prove me to be his assassin?" "And that of the others—yes." "Where are you taking me?" "To Miners' Gulch."

clambered over the shelving rock. By careful climbing he reached the cliff in safety. He held Despard, who had followed him, to reach the same place. Both breathed relievedly at their marvelous escape from death.

Darrel was once more on his guard, and the relentless captor, as he clasped his revolver on the hip, said: "March on," he said, gently, "we have lost time."

He glanced up and down the deserted mountain road. There was no trace of either Darrel or the horses that had been lost from the wagon. "Hold on," said Despard. "Well, what is it?" "You intend to take me to Miners' Gulch?"

"Yes." "What for?" "You ask? Your many crimes?" "It will be poor satisfaction to you." "Why?" "You are losing time."

"In what way?" asked Darrel. "Not by revealing to me, you are leaving your friends in danger." "What friends?" "Ranger Ralph and the girl, Inez Tracey?" "Ranger Ralph is dead."

"How do you know that?" "I saw him." "Allowing that, he can take care of himself." "But the girl. She is a prisoner with the Mob. See here; I'm willing to help you find her, if you will allow me liberty." "No. I shall place you in safe hands. Then I shall find the girl alone and unaided. March on!"

Despard obeyed the mandate, and started down the road with a sullen face. The man in the rear, a revolver was sufficient to make him an obedient and unresisting captive. Not a word was spoken as the journey was resumed. Darrel resolved to convey his prisoner to the next mining camp, and then make known his crimes, and return to search for the driver of the wagon, who had been shot by Darrel.

Later, he learned that the driver had escaped with a slight wound. For over an hour the lonely tramp continued. Several times, as they came toward the road was more tortuous, Darrel paused. He imagined he could hear hoarse hoofs in the distance, but finally attributed the noise to some raving water or cataract. He was not aware that a wolf pack was upon his trail, that Despard's accomplice, Danton, had followed them, intent on rescuing the former.

As they rounded a point of rocks, Darrel started quickly. Too late to avoid a catastrophe, Darrel saved to fire at an advancing foe suddenly revealed behind them. It was Danton, and he was on horseback.

The revolver fell to the ground. With a cry of fierce delight Despard seized Danton gave the lasso a tightening jerk, secured the other end round his waist, and faced his captive with malignant joy depicted on his evil face. "The horses are turned, my friend," he jeered. Darrel was silent with discomfort and chagrin.

FIELDS OF ADVENTURE. THRILLING INCIDENTS AND DARING DEEDS ON LAND AND SEA.

Four Black Bears Tackle a Hunter, But He Wins the Fight—A Woman's Tragic Experience With a Mad Cow in Minnesota—Farmyard—Chivalry in Battle.

Willard Jarrett, of Campbell's Creek, was attacked by four bears last Tuesday within eight miles of Charleston, and narrowly escaped with his life. With a party of Campbell's Creek men he was camping out on the Pond fork of Blue creek, near the headwaters of Bell creek. Mr. Jarrett was out with his double-barreled shotgun looking for squirrels not far from the camp when the bears attacked him.

He had killed a squirrel which lodged in the limbs of a hickory tree, and was looking for it when suddenly he found himself confronted by a huge black bear. It was an old she bear, with a couple of cubs, and not far behind her was the old male.

Mr. Jarrett jumped for breath and his hair stood up on end as the bear stood up before him and struck his head with his right forepaw. He dodged the blow the best he could, but the big black paw struck him on the head, scratched his forehead slightly and wore a long hole in the felt hat he was wearing. With the other paw she struck him in the chest. Mr. Jarrett put out his hand and shored the bear a few feet, for enough to raise his gun, which grazed her nose as it went off, and the woods echoed with the howl of rage and pain which she set up.

Both barrels were now empty, and Mr. Jarrett sought safety in a small bush near at hand. He quickly loaded up both barrels again with shot, and then only time to get the cap on one of them when the bear made another attack upon him. This time he aimed right in front of the shoulder and fired. The bear dropped to the ground dead and a cub jumped at him. He knocked it down with the butt of his gun, crippling it and ran. The old male started in pursuit, and for a time there was a more exciting race through the woods than was ever seen at any driving park. Mr. Jarrett jumped a big log and sped on, but when the old bear reached the log he stopped.

Running like a frightened deer, with his hat all torn, and bleeding slightly at the head, Mr. Jarrett finally came upon the other members of the party, who were camped with him and dispatched the crippled cub. The old male and the other cub had disappeared. The next day the men broke camp and returned to civilization. They don't care to hunt bear with shotguns any more, and will look for squirrels nearer home. The old bear when dressed weighed 165 pounds and the cub fifty.—Charleston (W. Va.) Gazette.

A Woman Freed by a Mad Cow. On Thursday morning of last week Mrs. Geo. Hodges, of Meigs, in the Chatham county, near to Virginia, had a mad cow, and shortly after he had gone to bed, his five-year-old daughter, wandered away from home in an attempt to follow him. Mrs. Hodges discovered her absence about two hours after her departure. She made a thorough search of the premises, and, failing to find the child, notified the neighbors of her disappearance. They turned out in force, and secured the parties all that day and all that night, and all the next day, searching for the little wanderer.

At last an Indian came upon her living fast asleep, just north of Post Oak Creek, in an old road known as the "Whisky Trail." Across her body stood a Newfoundland dog, which had always been her companion about the ranch. The dog was torn and bleeding, and near his feet lay the dead bodies of two wolves. Although her cheeks were stained with tears and covered with dirt, Bessie was unharmed. She and her protector were taken back to her home, a distance of twelve miles from where they were found, where the dog died of his wounds that night. He was given a decent burial, and Sam Dodge has ordered a marble monument, which will be placed at the head of the faithful animal's grave.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

A Brakeman's Thrilling Escape. One of the most thrilling escapes from death occurred recently at Yardley, Penn. George Moore, a brakeman on the Philadelphia and Reading road, was out flagging his train near Yardley station. His train left him, and he started to walk over the high trestle work which extends from the station to the Jersey shore. He had gone about half way over when he suddenly looked up and to his horror saw a fast express train bearing down upon him; so close was the train that he had no time to cross over to the opposite track. With an unearthly cry, which was heard by the bridge workmen, he jumped from the trestle to the ground, a distance of fifty feet. The train was stopped, and the employees made haste to give any assistance that might be needed. To their surprise Moore got up and grasping his lantern, which he took with him in his leap, started to catch the train. Moore said he did not feel any the worse for his escape from sure death, except that his head felt a little dizzy. Moore's home is in Trenton.

Fight With a Grizzly. James Longley and Lewis Miller, while prospecting about thirty miles from Rossland, British Columbia, met a big grizzly bear. Longley's pick was on his back and his rifle was anything but handy. The grizzly rushed at him open-mouthed. Twice the hunter fired straight into the heart of the bear without visible effect and he would have gone down in the embrace had not Miller rushed up the canyon and distracted the bear's attention long enough for Longley to roll off the narrow path out of range. It took two more bullets from Miller's rifle to kill the furious beast. Longley and Miller, while skinning the slain bear, were attacked in the rear by two half-grown cubs, and it took several shots to dispatch them.

HELPS FOR HOUSEWIVES.

Oatmeal Blane Mangle. To make oatmeal blane mangle pour a pint of water and half a teaspoonful of salt in a double boiler. When the water is beginning to boil, slowly sprinkle into it a teaspoonful of rolled oats and let it boil for three minutes. Then let it steam for six hours and strain. Add to it a half-pint of scalded milk, sweeten to taste, flavor with vanilla and stir over the fire for a few minutes. Whip up two eggs and add to it, then pour into wet, cold moulds and set in a cold place to harden. Serve with whipped cream.

Tea Puffs. Put two cups flour into a bowl, add one-quarter teaspoonful salt and three teaspoonfuls sugar. Dissolve one yeast-cake in half-pint lukewarm milk, add to the flour and mix into smooth batter. Add two tablespoonfuls melted butter, measured after being melted, and one egg. When all is well mixed, cover and let the loaf in a warm place to rise till very high.

A Good Hash. A correspondent of the Boston Household makes hash as follows: "Use any kind of cold cooked meat, beef, mutton, pork, etc. Chop soft cooked meat rather fine, remove it from the tray, then chop cold boiled potatoes and mix in the proportion of about one-fourth meat to three of potatoes. Less meat is sometimes used—that depends on the supply on hand. To cook the hash put a piece of butter in the frying pan, add hot water to make it thin enough, season well with salt and black pepper. Stir thoroughly and let it boil up, then cook slowly, stirring frequently until of just bright consistency—neither dry nor sloppy. If made from beef, some of the fat obtained in cooking the meat may be used, partially, in place of butter. If of corned beef, less salt is required. Much depends on the seasoning; taste as it cooks and get it just right. If it seems to lack richness, try a little more butter. Never put milk in hash, and do not let it brown on the bottom in cooking, but serve it moist and serve it hot."

Household Hints. Vanilla makes the best dressing for russet cakes. Mix milk pudding and stewed fruit for fillings of puddings. After washing, never wring worsted dress goods. Shake them. Bamboo furniture can be cleaned with a brush dipped in salt water. Wash black clothes in salt and water before washing, and so prevent its fading. Toilet vases, enameled ware, alcohol and red wine are good for oily and muddy hair.

Spirit of turpentine is the thing with which to clean and brighten patent leather. The better the turpentine the better the result. Clean a soiled five minutes in ammonia and water. Moderately strong salt and water taken by the teaspoonful at intervals is a cure for catarrhal cold. Be careful of soiled clothing, even if handsomely decorated, should be kept in a sleeping apartment. When bathing, always make always leave a steady even, and do not open the door for the first twenty minutes. Fresh fish should not be soaked in water before cooking. This treatment only ruins the flavor and makes it soft. Old feathers, left on a grassy place during a warm shower, and allowed to get thoroughly wet, will, when dry and beaten, smell fresh and new again.

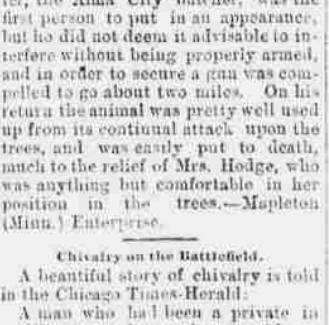
The addition of a little powdered borax to cold starch tends to give the linen extra-stiffness, and a little turpentine put into the boiling starch adds lustre. Whiten yellow linen by boiling half an hour in one pound of the soap washed in one gallon of milk. Then wash in soda, then in two cold waters, with a little bluing. If your window glass is lacking in brilliancy clean it with a liquid paste made of alcohol and whiting. A little of this mixture will remove specks, and impart a high lustre to the glass.

For the sick room, a simple disinfectant is made by putting some ground coffee in a saucer and in the centre a small piece of camphor gum light the gum with a match. As the gum burns allow the coffee to burn with it. The perfume is refreshing and healthful, as well as inexpensive. Two Hours' Sleep a Night. According to Max Muller, Humboldt went to sleep better in his seven years of sleep. Muller, in his series of scientific books of the many persons, says: "Humboldt wanted to say how busy he was with his 'Kosmos,' and how he could no longer work so many hours as in former years. 'As I got old,' he said, 'I want to sleep—four hours at least. When I was young, in my country, two hours of sleep were quite enough to me.' I ventured to press my doubts, apologizing for suffering from him on any physiological ground. 'It is quite a mistake,' he said, 'though it is very widely spread, that we want seven or eight hours of sleep. When I was your age I simply lay down on the sofa, turned down my lamp, and after two hours' sleep I was as fresh as ever.'"

Scientific Scrap. In a recent test of floor material the most desirable turned out to be a tile made of rubber. An English cartilage tile comes next. Vermont marble, flagstone, granolithic marble, granite, oak, Oregon pine and teak come in the order named. Putrefactive bacteria, once gaining access to the household refrigerator, live and contaminate meat, butter, milk and other foods kept therein. Wash and seal refrigerators often. A butcher's refrigerator may become so contaminated as to taint his meats and lose him customers. Although the possibilities of the production of aniline dyes from coal tar are by no means fully developed, according to chemists, it has already yielded sixteen shades of blue, sixteen yellow tints, twelve orange tints, nine shades of violet, and over two score other colors, shades, and tints. The expedition of the Sydney geographical society, under Professor David to the Ellice Islands, between the Gilbert Islands and the Fiji Islands, northward of Australia, has obtained evidence confirming the theory of Darwin as to formation of coral islands. Diamond drilling in coral to the depth of 557 feet failed to reach bottom. Sea water is suggested by the American Druggist as the best possible disinfectant for use in street sprinkling, because all chemicals are either too expensive or dangerous. The organic dust of the streets is one of the most potent factors in the spread of disease in cities. While the use of water settles the dust, it also carries it into the most favorable spot of settlement ground for the development of all kinds of bacteria. Salt water, if used, would remedy that danger. Great caution incident to cooling has always been the production of sound aluminum castings well-nigh impossible. This trouble is now remedied by adding a grain of phosphorus to a kilo of the molten metal, but that makes the castings too brittle for rolling. So to secure ingots fit for rolling, rapé oil is used in treating the molten metal as soon as it is run into crucibles and while the process of contraction continues, with the result of a metal that is fairly ductile and malleable. Many of the violent changes which occur under the curie of the sea, as Professor John Milne has recently shown, produce effects that are distinctly and sometimes disastrously different on the land. Wherever a profound cavity exists in the bed of the ocean near the land, and wherever the border of a continent slopes off into a deep sea, great slides are apt to occur, and these often cause earthquakes. In Japan, Mr. Milne says, a large number of earthquakes came from the deep sea off the mouth of the Tonegawa, the largest of the Japanese rivers. The river breaks down annual detritus, which is deposited on the bank of a deep hollow in the ocean, and from time to time the accumulated deposit slides into the depths, shaking not only the sea bottom, but the adjacent land.

Hygiene of the Feet. Linen underwear for all seasons of the year has not yet become popular enough to be well known, but there are already many people who are neglecting it. Father Knapp recommended linen underwear at a large, central society on June 10th, and said that he had worn it for years, but the linen which he made into underwear was not quite so good as underwear. The linen at present in use has a two-fold effect, which to the uninitiated observer would seem to make it too porous to be beneficial in retaining the heat of the body. But that is what the physicist of the linen garments counts valuable. The warm air is retained in the meshes of the material, and thus the heat of the body is preserved. Another advantage which Father Knapp and his followers claim for linen underwear is that it is absorbent and also dries quickly, which woolen garments do not. This peculiar openwork linen is all imported from Germany. A Californian physician introduced it into this country. He had heard of it in Germany and traveled all over the country to find it, but without success. He was about to give up the search, when one day at a small restaurant he mentioned it, and was directed to a small building across the street, which it was to be the place for which he had been searching. The proprietor of the building had never before mentioned it, and it was not until he had seen the linen that he had been searching for. "This had been the same garment which I had seen in Germany," he said, "and I had been told that it was the best for the purpose."

Insurance against accident and sickness is made compulsory upon all citizens of Switzerland.



LADY ANDERSON.

Thomas of Greenfield, last year for \$450. In her scoring for heats Lady Anderson displays much grace and vitality and seems possessed of almost human intelligence. Then, too, she is a peer of wonderful speed. She has cut her going down from 2:14 to 2:08 on a half-mile course. This was made in an effort to reach the world's record of 2:04 1/2. It was done on a half-mile track, which detracts from the natural speed she would have developed. Had a mile track been used the wonderful mare would have done 2:35 or better. There are but two other drivable pacers in this country. They are Marion Mills of Wisconsin, who holds the world's record of 2:04 1/2, made at Detroit, and Happy Jack, with a record of 2:11.

The pleasant thing of the times is the progress of Mrs. Charlotte Smith's boy war against bachelor candidates and bachelor politicians. There exists no reasonable doubt that bachelors should be forced to marry or work the roads.