

Saved Twenty Lives

Before the railroads came two rival companies each sent three six horse Concord coaches out of Virginia City, Nev., daily, one northerly by the Geiger grade, past Steamboat Springs, across the Truckee meadows, up the Truckee river, along the shores of Donner lake and over the Sierras into California; the other southerly down the mountains to Carson City, up the Car-



FIVE OF THE HORSES WERE DOWN. son river to Genoa, thence south of Lake Tahoe through Strawberry valley to Placerville, the Hangtown of the forty-niners, says a writer in Portland-Oregonian.

Early one May morning Jerry Crowder, one of the famous drivers of his time, led the procession with his coach and team along C street, Virginia City, north and out over the Geiger grade. There were twenty-one passengers on board, and the writer rode beside the driver.

When anything unusual occurs on such journeys, there invariably is present an undue proportion of ladies and babies. It was so on this May morning. The inside of the coach was packed "solid," and there were men on the jockey seat and Chinamen on the rear seat on top.

Jerry was regaling his companion with a pedigree of his six horses when in an easy trot they swung the gently rocking coach around the horse-shoe turn at the head of the canyon leading down to Truckee meadows and straightened out on the three miles of steep grade to the meadows. The canyon was nearly straight and walls very precipitous. The road was cut out of the rocks on the right hand side going down. It was solid, but barely wide enough for one wagon. There were but few passing points, and upcoming teams waited at the foot for the morning stages to pass. The road looked like a ribbon ahead as it wound in and out, following the rugged sides of the canyon. The bottom of the canyon, hundreds of feet below the road, was a mass of jagged rock points and bowlders. From my high seat I seemed to be suspended above the rocks. I could have stepped off the foot and fallen 100 feet before "touching bottom."

As the team straightened out and the front of the coach dipped downward with the grade Jerry moved over to the right, placing weight on the brake staff. I was simply conscious of his movement, my attention being chiefly attracted to the canyon, the road and team. There was no thought of insecurity. It was a merely interesting situation.

But a cracking sound, which every horse noticed, and a movement of Jerry recovering his seat and a peculiar jerking of the coach told me in a flash that the brake staff had broken. Before I could count twenty that team and coach would be rushing down that road, past all control, till at the first turn all would go off the grade and to the bottom of that canyon.

Without an instant's hesitation Jerry turned his face to me. I can't say that there was a change of expression in his countenance or of "light in his eyes" or in the tone of his voice, but there was something in them all that dominated the situation and mastered my spiritual consciousness and physical functions.

He simply said, "Catch me by the belt and hold me on." He, like all the drivers, wore a wide leather belt, closely girt about the waist. I turned nearly half around, thrust my left hand down his back, under the belt, and with my right caught the iron rail at the back of the dicky seat and "stayed there" with all my might. It was the only chance, for the coach was tilted down in front so far that there was little foothold for either of us. I couldn't see what Jerry was doing, but felt his body leaning forward. I tugged at the belt slightly. In a second or two as there was a sharp backward jerk I shouted to Jerry "Hold tight!" I was a giant. I thought and felt Jerry's body writhing and moaning. There was confusion of voices

down in front, a rattle of whiffletrees and harness, thuds of falling bodies, a few groans and a cry—the peculiar outcry of a frightened horse—a medley of sounds. The front foot slowly heaved a little, then comparative quiet, and the coach was at a standstill in the middle of the road. Jerry told me to let loose, and I turned to see what had happened. Piled up in the road, most of them down under the foot, the front of the coach resting against them, were five horses. The off leader alone was standing, much alarmed and distressed by straining straps and a cruel bit.

I looked at Jerry, and he, returning my gaze, said, "My boy, you can thank God that I piled that stock." That was all he said.

It being useless, the horses soon ceased kicking, in which respect they manifested superiority over some men. With Jerry's approval, I slid down and crawled over the piled up mass of animals to relieve and quiet the off leader. The road was full of prostrate bodies from bank to edge of the precipice, the head of one horse and feet of others were sticking out beyond the edge of the road and above the rocks in the canyon below, so I had to climb over the hill of horses to get to the distressed and frightened leader.

The other coaches came up, and men from these soon unloaded the noisy women and children and stripped our coach of mail, luggage and bricks. Meanwhile others unbooked traces and straps as far as possible, freeing connections between horses and coach. Then, with united efforts at wheels and every place where a man could lift, the coach was slowly and by degrees backed up the grade away from the horses, and they were soon on their feet.

There was some broken harness, but that was all. Marvelous as it may seem, not an animal was seriously injured. How the swing pole instead of on top of it was a mystery, but there was the pole uninjured. Repairs were soon made, and the coach continued on its way.

Daring Slide From An Anchored Balloon

A fifteen hundred foot slide for life is the latest "thriller" to be devised by a life risking athlete. A sailor, Simon Nicks, an ex-man-o-war's man, is the daring individual who thinks so little of life that he is ready to risk it in the "champion slide," and his performance contains more thrills than were ever passed out by the most daring act in or out of doors.

The feat consists of ascending 1,500 feet into the air in a balloon and then sliding to the ground along a guy rope which holds the balloon captive.

Nicks made the slide recently at Los Angeles before a monster audience. He went up in the balloon dressed in an ordinary suit

of clothes and carrying nothing but a ten inch section of garden hose slit so that it would fit snugly around the one and a quarter inch Italian hemp rope by which the balloon was controlled. Accompanying him were the aeronaut, named Hudson, and a small boy.

When the height of 200 feet had been reached, Nicks clambered out of the basket, and with a twist of the rope around one leg he began to slide downward. He checked himself shortly and then rose with the balloon until it reached the height of 1,500 feet.

Then he began to slide again, slowly at first and gradually increasing his speed until the rope whizzed past him at a terrific rate. Regulating his speed at will, he sometimes came to a full stop, when he would release his hand hold, leaning back as though he were in an armchair.

The friction of the rope on the calf of his legs created a burning sensation, but was not sufficient to scorch his trousers, while his hands, protected by the hose, were not affected in the least.

Once the tar stopped himself with a sudden jerk and threw out his hands as though he had lost his hold. A cry of horror went up from the great crowd, but in a twinkling it was seen that the slider had merely created a diversion by which to add interest to his feat. Then he grasped the rope with his hands, released it from his clamble legs and made a giant swing through the air.

Then he would slide swiftly for a great distance, catch himself with one leg and turn himself upside down. He continued to cut up such dangerous antics until he touched the ground, and every moment was filled with sensations for those who watched. When he finally reached the earth, there was one tremendous sigh of relief, and many declared that no money would tempt them to witness another such foolhardy attempt.

FOR THE LITTLE ONES.

Pretty and Reasonable Dresses For Little Girls.

(Special Correspondence.)
New York, June 17.—Little children seem to suffer more from heat than grown people, if we may judge from the fact that the summer days produce annoying and irritating eruptions on their little bodies, and we should try to dress them in such a way as will conduce to their comfort as well as to provide dainty things for them. In fact childhood is so tender and sweet that nothing is so rarely fine enough to see beside their fresh delicacy without appearing coarse.

Wash frocks and thin white stuffs are the most suitable for every day and for "best" white muslin or gauze, with lace or very delicate embroidery. Swisses, with small dots, are not only pretty, but quite strong, and they wash so well that nothing is better for afternoon wear. Dainty gingham frocks for mornings or play are the most satisfactory, for they wash and wear well. Chambrays are frequently seen with embroidery at the bottom, or else the yoke, belt and sometimes sleeves are of all over embroidery.

For the warmest days short sleeves and square necks are the most comfortable. The thin zephyr gingham are exceedingly pretty, with their soft, silky feel, and they are not only cool, but practically indestructible.

A pretty design for making a dress for a girl of from six to ten is to have a small square yoke made of something white, lace or tucked muslin. The dress is cut so the gingham portion also is square, but naturally larger. From the yoke the dress is laid in box plait, left to flare naturally a short distance below the waist. Two or three tucks at the bottom give a little finish. Where the dress is of chambray or other self colored stuff a line of featherstitching at each tuck is an addition. The sleeves are but short ruffles. A little simple trimming can be put on the sleeves and at the edge of the yoke.

Sashes are now quite the style again for children, and if the dress is to be worn afternoons a sash can be added of the same material or of some color in the pattern in plain goods. Washable batiste sashes in pale blue, pink and white are seen, the edges hemstitched or bordered with featherstitching, which will never go out of fashion for the ornamenting of children's garments.

Tucks, insertings of lace or fine embroidery are all favorites in the making of the finest little dresses for the tender



DAINTY GOWNS FOR LITTLE GIRLS. buds of humanity. Those who can afford it have the exquisite Mexican drawn work on the little dresses, but it is very costly. The next best is a good quality of openwork embroidery and last the Bulgarian cross stitch work. This last is done in colors, red and blue, mostly. The lace insertings are light and beautiful, but not so durable.

This season many children are seen with short white socks and low slippers with straps over the ankles. These are pretty to see, but not very sensible, and the wise mother will protect her child's legs from flies, mosquitoes and scratches. The low shoes will do no harm, if the stockings are of reasonable thickness, they will not be too warm.

Hats and bonnets are fairly wonderful as to size for the little ones. It would seem that the smaller the child the larger the hat is to be. Thin muslin, batiste and in some cases liberty silk are used to build up the pretty hats. These are for dressy occasions, and for every day are many kinds of hats of rough straw trimmed with trailing wreaths of field flowers. Of these daisies, buttercups and cornflowers seem to be best liked, with forget-me-not last.

Very small boys are now put into pantaloons, and for them are fancy Russian blouses with postiche sailor collars, some of these plain and others either ruffled or embroidered. The materials for the boy's clothes are galles, pique and crash. It needs copper bottomed and ironclad stuff to make durable clothes for the boys.

There are pretty little Tams made of white linen for the little man, and they have bands with the name of some famous ship woven on the front. Some mothers put short socks on these little martyrs also, but the boys tell me they hate the socks, for they are always working down into the shoes and making wrinkles.

OLIVE HARPER.

FOOD FOR THE SICK.

How to Prepare Some Appetizing Dishes For Invalids.

A great many dainty dishes suitable for an invalid are inexpensive as well as nourishing and easily digested, says the New York Commercial Advertiser. Take, for instance, the proverbial chicken, which the average invalid soon tires of when served up in the inevitable broth or stew. There are one or two new ways of preparing it, not the least delectable of which is chicken custard.

To prepare this take a teaspoonful of good chicken stock and add to it a like amount of cream. Cook it for a few moments in a double boiler; then when hot add the yolk (beaten) of three eggs and a sprinkling of salt. When it begins to thicken a bit, pour it into custard cups and set it aside to cool.

Another appetizing dish is made by putting the yolks of three eggs into a double boiler with half a pint of clear chicken broth and with an egg beater whip the mixture until it is frothy. When it has cooked for a few moments, add to it three teaspoonfuls of sherry and serve hot with some thin crackers.

Tapoca jelly is a dainty that is esteemed by invalids who have been so fortunate as to have been served with it, and this is how it is made: Take a cupful of tapoca and soak it over night in about three cupfuls of water. In the morning put it in a double boiler with one teaspoonful of hot water and let it simmer gently, stirring from time to time until it is perfectly clear. Sweeten and flavor with the juice from half a lemon and two tablespoonfuls of any kind of wine you prefer; then pour into little molds or cups and set on the ice to harden. A little whipped cream added to it when serving is an addition that most people will like.

Talked About Him.
Wiggles—Hicks is an old friend of yours, isn't he?
Waggles—Yes, Why?
Wiggles—Oh, I heard him talking about you this morning.—Somerville Journal.

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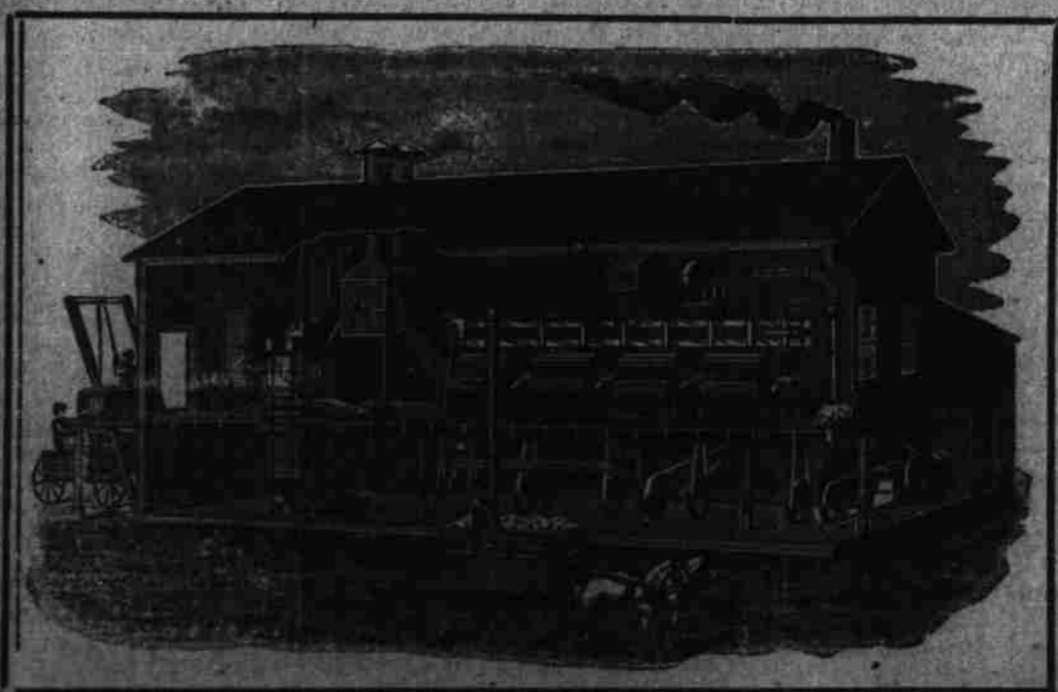
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