

Saved By a Dream Girl Warned That Lover Was Tread by Wolves

Henry Pope owes his life to a dream of his sweetheart, Nadine Delane. A few nights ago Miss Delane dreamed that her sweetheart, Henry Pope, was in great danger, and she at once got out of bed and went to his rescue. She rode straight to the spot where she had seen Henry in her dream, and she was somewhat surprised to discover that she had arrived none too soon to be of service to the young man, whose peril was even greater than she had anticipated.

This strange affair happened in Mason county, Tex., about ten miles west of Castle. Miss Delane is the only daughter of a well known rancher on the Llano river, and Mr. Pope is a farmer and raises cattle in the same neighborhood. The young man has been a visitor at the house of Mr. Delane for several years, and everybody knew that he was much more than a favorite with Miss Nadine.

Though this region has been sparsely settled for a long time on account of its close proximity to the mountains of the Llano river, the pastures are fre-



NADINE GALLOPED TOWARD THE TREE.

quently visited by bears and large bands of hungry wolves. Coyotes are seldom dangerous, though they often kill young cattle. The lobo wolf is much larger than a coyote, and it often hunts in great bands. A pair of these ferocious animals are capable of dragging down and killing a full grown steer. When food is scarce in the region called the "Roughs" of the Llano, numerous bands of these hungry beasts frequently swoop down on the pastures of the plains, killing and mauling hundreds of fine steers during one night. Though they are ever ready to fight a man there are times when they are more dangerous than others. It is certain that they will always attack a man on foot when they are hungry. They have been known to growl about over the plains in bands eager and ever ready to spring at the throats of horses, men and cattle. Nearly every cowboy in that part of Texas has a story to tell of a battle that he has fought with a hungry lobo.

Sometimes long periods pass and the lobos are never heard of. During such times the cattlemen and farmers grow careless, and they ride about unarmed until some one in the neighborhood gets hurt by a wolf.

On Sunday morning Mr. Pope had started on horseback to visit his sweetheart, and near sunset, when he was within about six miles of Mr. Delane's ranch, he noticed a large band of lobo wolves crossing a pasture and moving in the direction of a bunch of steers. He at once galloped toward a point of timber with the intention of getting between the cattle and the wolves. When he emerged from behind the trees, he found that the cattle were just in the act of stampeding, and the wolves were ready to fly at their throats. Drawing a revolver and driving the spurs into his pony's flanks, he raised a cowboy yell and charged into the pack, shooting several of the leaders. The cattle proved to be a gentle herd, and instead of running away they began to mill, doubtless expecting that the cowboy would be able to protect them, and he might have done so, but his pony stepped into a prairie dog hole and broke one of his legs.

Pope was now on foot between a bunch of frightened cattle and a big band of hungry wolves. He attempted to change positions with the cattle, but the wolves circled around the herd, and when the cattle streamed away the hungry lobos began to yelp and run around the unhorred cowboy, as much as to say, "Beef is not in our line today when there is a fat cowboy in sight." Pope had three balls in the chambers of his revolver, and as he retreated backward, hoping to reach the timber, the wolves drew closer, and twice he was compelled to fire when he felt their hot breath in his face and their glaring eyes seemed ready to burn his cheeks.

He reached a small mesquite and hastily succeeded in springing upon the first limb beyond the reach of the yelping pack. It was now silent, but a dark mass was rising, and the mes-

geous young fellow said it gave him some consolation to feel that he would not have to die fighting in the dark.

For the first few minutes that the young man passed in the tree he entertained a hope that the pack would finally go away. On the contrary, their number appeared to increase, and he could hear others howling on the hill-tops far away, evidently coming to swell the throng. He could see them gnawing at the roots of the tree, and there were moments when he thought that the little mesquite was awaying and ready to fall and throw his body to the ground to be torn to shreds by the snarling pack.

He was about to spring to the earth and fire his last shot into the mad throng in the hope of reaching another tree when he heard the hoofs of a horse and soon afterward his own name called.

He was not mistaken. His faithful sweetheart was riding toward him at a full gallop, directed by the howls of the wolves. She had dreamed that she saw him in a tree near a well known point of timber surrounded by a pack of howling wolves.

She awoke greatly distressed; but, persuading herself that a dream was an illusion not to be depended upon, she again fell asleep. The strange dream was repeated, and the now thoroughly distressed girl sprang out of bed and after securing a well loaded Winchester and saddling her pony she rode with the speed of the wind to the place that had been so faithfully pictured in her dream.

The little mesquite was fast yielding to the attacks of the sharp fangs of the wolves when she came within sight of the surprised young man. He recognized her voice, but he could hardly believe the evidences of his own senses. Nadine, now thoroughly crediting her dream, galloped straight toward the tree, pouring a blaze of fire from her Winchester. Pope dropped from the swaying mesquite on the back of the pony behind the girl.

Splendid Courage Of a Swedish Maiden

For two days and two nights pretty Mary Olafsen guarded her father's wealth at her rifle point, and the miners of Arizona are making up for her a medal of the yellow metal for which she risked her life.

A month ago Olafsen, with his eighteen-year-old daughter and son of twelve, came into the Pico Blanco country, when the rush of prospectors into that country had just begun. Olafsen luckily fell upon a very rich piece of placer ground, and in a brief time he, his son and daughter were panning out large quantities of the glittering dust.

On a ledge far up a hillside from his placer fields Olafsen dug out several pockets of nuggets. In his cabin in was stored a quantity of gold reaching well up into the thousands. Ramon, his trusted man, advised Olafsen to send his gold to a safe place, but the Swede laughed and declared he could not leave his work to after his stored wealth.

One day Olafsen fell ill, and from the Mexican camp below a Mexican doctor came. For days the miner's daughter watched at his bedside, and he steadily grew worse. Finally in total exhaustion she left Ramon and the doctor to watch by the sick man and retired to the main room of the cabin. Half whispered talk in the room adjoining aroused her, and, going to a crack in the wall, she peeped through. The doctor was giving her father a potion and Ramon, the traitor, was pulling the boards from the floor where lay the hidden gold, where he had spied and watched Olafsen place it.

Seeing her father's repenting rifle, she threw open the door and covered the Mexicans. Ramon covered on the floor, but the doctor rushed for the girl. A bullet met him half way, and he lay still where he fell. The young son of Olafsen rushed in at the gun shot, and while Mary kept the faithless Ramon under her aim the lad bound the Mexican tightly.

It required but a glance and a whiff of the medicine to tell the girl that the doctor had been slowly killing her father. Hours of hard work by the girl brought him back to consciousness, while her brother climbed the mountain in the rear before dawn and hastened by a circuitous route to the nearest white camp, twenty miles away. Early in the day the girl saw several Mexicans coming from below, doubtless in search of their countrymen. As the nearest came in sight she fired a shot over his head and all day kept her watch, firing occasionally to show she was still watching closely.

All the next night in the dense darkness she kept her finger on the trigger. Once a noise at the window and one at the door drew her bullets there, and she was not mistaken. In the early morning the miners came, and a doctor followed. Olafsen recovered rapidly, and the miners escorted him and his family and his wealth to safety and the treacherous Ramon to jail. The body of the Mexican doctor they buried in the canyon.

GEMS IN VERSE.

When I had less,
When I had less, I prized it more—
Less love, less friends, less worldly store—
And not that now I would have less
Of these the treasures I possess
Or that to add to my small store
I would not eagerly have more!

But just to feel the olden thrill
Of having one thing all my own—
A sled to skim the snowy hill,
A friend to play with me alone,
A mother to remove my tears
And just again have fourteen years!

Oh, it was joy to be alive,
To watch in spring the birds arrive,
To hope for what before me lay,
But in these fuller days I say
God pity him who has to live
Possessed of all this world can give!
—Mary A. Mason in Leslie's Weekly.

The Blue and the Gray.
By the flow of the inland river,
Whence the fleets of iron have fled,
Where the blades of the grave grass quiver,
Asleep are the ranks of the dead:
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day;
Under the one the blue,
Under the other the gray.

These in the robes of glory,
Those in the gloom of defeat,
All with the battle blood gory,
In the dusk of eternity meet:
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day;
Under the laurel the blue,
Under the willow the gray.

From the silence of sorrowful hours
The desolate mourners go,
Lovingly laden with flowers
All for the friend and the foe:
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day;
Under the roses the blue,
Under the lilies the gray.

So with an equal splendor
The morning sun rays fall,
With a touch impartially tender
On the blossoms blooming for all:
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day;
Brothered with gold the blue,
Mellowed with gold the gray.

So, when the summer calleth,
On forest and field of grain,
With an equal murmur falleth
The cooling drip of the rain:
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day;
Wet with the rain the blue,
Wet with the rain the gray.

Sadly, but not with upbraiding,
The generous dead was done;
In the storm of the years that are fading
No hot or bitter battle was won:
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day;
Under the blossoms the blue,
Under the garlands the gray.

No more shall the warring sever
Or the winding rivers be red;
They banish our anger forever
When they laurel the graves of our dead:
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day;
Love and tears for the blue,
Tears and love for the gray.
—Francis Miles Finch.

The Man Who Wins.
The man who wins is the man who works—
The man who tells while the next man
shirks;
The man who stands in his deep distress
With his head held high in the deadly
press—
Yes, he is the man who wins.

The man who wins is the man who knows
The value and the worth of his
Who a lesson learns from the man who
falls
And a moral finds in his mournful
wails:
Yes, he is the man who wins.

The man who wins is the man who stays
In the unsought paths and the rocky
ways
And, perhaps, who lingers, now and then,
To help some failure to rise again;
Ah, he is the man who wins!

And the man who wins is the man who
hears
The curse of the envious in his ears,
But who goes his way with his head held
high
And passes the wrecks of the failures by—
For he is the man who wins.
—Henry Edward Warner in Baltimore
News.

The Great Future.
The sweetest song has not been sung,
Nor has the loudest bell been rung,
The brightest jewel still lies deep;
The fairest rose is yet asleep;
The greatest ship has never sailed;
The highest mountains are unscaled;
The largest house of brick and beam
Is but a vision of a dream.
The swiftest locomotive, too,
Has yet to show what it can do,
The richest mine is still unknown;
The airship's but a monstrous drone.
The telegraph is still afraid,
To open the wide world without aid.
Point out the man who'll say to you
All the electric mind will do,
The greatest city still shall rise;
Ah, who will solve the mystic skies?
Ninewa's falls remain unchained;
The arctic's sphere has never been gained.
The steamer, submergely plied,
Is anchored fast in fancy's tide.
The world's great plans have not been
heard,
And peace today is but a word.
Think, then, ye men of little worth
Who say there's naught to do on earth.
—M. A. Kay in Success.

Rehears.
Have you a little baby boy
With six months more than two years old,
With soft brown eyes that brim with joy
And silver ringlets bathed in gold,
Who, toddling, follows you around,
And plays beside you near the hearth,
Whose prattle is the sweetest sound
To you of all glad notes of earth?

Share you a little baby boy
Who, when the voice of slumber calls,
Reluctant leaves each tattered toy
And in your strong arms, weary, falls:
Who, yawning, looks with sleepy eyes
Into your own and faintly smiles,
Then shuts his lids and quiet lies
And drifts away to Orianiand's isles?

Have you a little one like this,
Who puts all troubling thoughts to flight
When, climbing up, he plants a kiss
Of love upon your lips at night?
If so, then hushly bow your knee
And lift your heart in thankful prayer,
For you are richer far than he
Who, childless, is a millionaire.
—W. L. Stanford in Galveston News.

My Task.
To love some one more dearly every day,
To help a wandering child to find his way,
To ponder o'er a noble thought and pray
And smile when evening falls.

To follow truth as blind men long for
light,
To do my best from dawn of day till
night,
To keep my heart fit for its holy sight
And answer when he calls.
—Hattie Louise May in Harper's.

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