

HIDDEN.

Afar on the pathless prairies
The forest of flowers abound;
And in the dark caves of the valleys
There is wealth that will never be found;

The Wolves of Chicago.

BY HANS LEIGH.
In the year 1850 I
spent the Christmas
holidays with my
uncle, Joel Parker,

Well, there came a frost and a thaw
and another frost that left the roads
too rough and icy for wheels, and as luck
would have it Uncle Joel broke his
axe on a hardwood knot and he
couldn't get to town to buy another.

It was a clear, bright morning,
and the ice was smooth and white, as
thawed ice generally is. Well, I struck
a creek about ten rods from my uncle's
door, tied on my skates and went
booming down the river. The stream
winds somewhat, as you know, and I
calculate it was about twenty-five
miles into the city, but that wasn't a
circumstance to me. I made the
distance easily in three hours, and was
in Chicago in time to dine at noon.

Well, I met some pleasant young
fellows, and the time passed away
until, before I knew it, the sun was
away down in the west. I was a little
startled at first, but the sky was clear,
the moon was up, and a moonlight
skate wasn't at all to my dislike. Some
of the young fellows made a few
remarks about wolves along the river,
but I rather thought they were geying me
for a tenderfoot.

later and whistled a tune for com-
pany's sake.
Now, I was always an absent-minded
boy, and so by and by, thinking of
things, I forgot where I was, and
skated on like a machine, scarcely
hearing my own movements or the
trees cracking with the frost in the
forest; and so when another sound
broke on my ear I didn't stop to
figure on it, but it fell in and became
part of the tune I was whistling and
part of the creaking of my skates
against the thin ice.

Why, of course it was wolves, crash-
ing along through the swamp beside
river, with a low growling and some-
times a bark above the undertone of
growl.
And there I was skating along and
whistling like the moonstruck school-
boy that I was.
Suddenly, like a flash of gunpowder,
I woke to the reality of my position.
Fifteen miles of river before me. Fifty
staring wolves behind me. Good ax
in hand, good skates on feet. Youth
and strength and 2000 yards in my
favor. That wasn't so bad after all.

It was evident that I was their game,
and it was a race for life and death. I
had covered about two miles since first
realizing my danger. The wolves must
have gained 500 yards and now they
were coming forward at top speed,
overhauling me at every bound. There
was no more time for calculations. I
threw the throttle down among the
wolves, and the engineers say, and
started off at my best racing speed.
The moon was out highly again, and
I was clear of the forest. I had de-
veloped almost the speed of an express
train; my skates scarcely seemed to
touch the ice. I was flying in the air
rather than skating. Trees, brush
and stumps went by like birds, and
the low fields and woods took on the
reveling aspect which every child has
seen while looking from the window
of a moving car. I was almost dizzy
with the motion, and I bent my body
low to avoid the rush of air against my
eyes, as well as to gain the utmost
speed possible.

And as I looked back now I could
see the wolves chasing along the
margin, straining every nerve to over-
come me, and they were succeeding,
and every bound brought them closer.
I had gone four miles more, and less
than 400 yards separated us. At the
same rate of progress I could go five
miles further, and then the wolves
would pull me down, still seven miles
from home.
I began to gasp out some prayers,
and then something in my heart told
me to skate faster. I put out another
effort, and when my body responded
to the impulse of the mind I felt
astonished. My pace had increased
to an extent which I would never have
believed possible. To-day it seems like
a miracle to me, and, strange to say,
I never tired. My wind, that was
waning, came back; pains that were
growing in my side and stomach had
disappeared, and my legs grew
like bars and springs of steel.

Lighted were burning in the farm-
house windows, but no noise came
from them; the men were sitting
around the fires with their wives and
children, and work was over for the
day.
After a little I passed beyond these
signs of civilization, between lands
which were wild or far from the owners'
houses, and I saw no more lights.
The last of the day was gone, and the
moon was high—cold, round and
white. It lighted up the ice like an
earl light at first. Then some clouds
came up and dimmed it, and presently
I shot in between the walls of a forest,
where the shores were swampy, and
the trees, black and tall, made the
river almost like a dark room.

ing the ice with a bound, and with the
tremendous momentum which I had
acquired, I flew into the air like a
bird, and, passing over the brute's
head, landed squarely on my feet, and
in a flash had reached the door of the
cottage, forty feet away.
To rush inside and slam the door
was the work of a second, but the
whole pack was behind me. They
paused for a moment, and in that time
I saw that there was no fastening to
door. The cabin had been stripped
even of its bolts.

Most of the steamboats on the Great
Lakes carry their machinery well up,
but experience shows that such sacri-
ficing of stability to immense carrying
capacity is unwise. The latest lake
steamboat launched is consequently
constructed on lines placing her ma-
chinery amidships.
Peter Long, of Greensburg, is the
patentee of a railway signal time clock
which accurately indicates the time
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danger signal and the engineer can
readily tell, by simply glancing at the
dials, the length of time which has
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At the North Pole there is only one
direction—south. One could go south
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pole is a paradoxical conception, says
McClure's Magazine, for that point is
the meeting place of every meridian,
and the time of all holds good, so that
it is always any hour one cares to men-
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civilization, and its practical solution concerns few.
No one needs to go to the pole to
discover all that makes that point dif-
ferent from any other point of the
surface. But the whole polar regions
are full of unknown things, which every
Arctic explorer of the 'right stamp
looks forward to finding. And the re-
ward he looks forward to most is the
approval of the few who understand
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to take to the opposite bank was also
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At this point I saw, on the left bank,
a little deserted cabin, about a quarter
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I bent every atom of my remaining
strength to do this, and I had almost
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BUDGET OF FUN.

A Foot Note—Relatively—Two of a
Kind—Umbrageous—An In-
genious Query—A Change
of Trade, Etc., Etc.
I rose with great alacrity
To offer her my seat.
'Was a question whether she or I
Would stand upon my feet.—Puck.

RELATIVELY.
'Is Barton rich?'
'Well, only relatively so. He has a
rich aunt.—Puck.
UMBRAGEOUS.
'Lord Fitzbroke's reputation is
rather shady.'
'Shaded by his family tree, I sup-
pose.—Puck.
TWO OF A KIND.
First Disputant—'You're a liar!—
that's flat!'
Second Disputant (knocking him
down)—'So are you.—Truth.
NOT MUCH DANGER.
Mr. Snooper (boastfully)—'I carry
my life in my hand.'
Miss Giddy (with a glance at the
size of his hand)—'I should say your
life was safe.—Detroit Free Press.

A CHANGE OF TRADE.
Jinks—'Is Counter making much
money now?'
Filkins—'No; only shoes. The
stuff he turned out was so bad that
they got onto him inside of a week.—
Puck.
NATURAL MISTAKE.
'What a break that was for the
minister to say 'dust so dust' when
they were married?'
'He probably had in mind that two
great fortunes were united by the al-
liance.—Truth.
AN INGENUOUS QUERY.
He (something of a bore)—'A denoid
quer thing happened to me at the
Museum the other day. A lady mistook
me for a wax figure.'
She—'Was it in the Chamber of
Horror?'—Once a Week.

THESE DEAR GIRLS.
Her Friend—'Tell me just what sort
of a man you fancy.'
She—'Oh, he is everything that is
nice.'
Her Friend—'I'm so glad! You
know, I have always said that people
should marry their opposites.'—
Judge.
WE MUST HUMOR THEM.
Foreigner (on a suburban train)—
'Who is that distinguished looking
gentleman, showing so much attention
to that ordinary looking woman beside
him?'
Bithner—'Oh, that is De Fitz-Smith
returning from town with a new cook.—
Life.

THE BAIT WAS SILVER.
Roger, aged six, had been fishing
with his father the day before, and a
friend of the family asked him what
luck they had had.
'Well,' he replied, 'we didn't have
very good luck. The first place we
went to the man wasn't home and the
other two places the man said he
hadn't more'n enough for his own fam-
ily.—Life.
MATCHMAKING.
Gussie—'These summah hotels ah
meah tindah boxes, don't you think,
Miss Jessie?'
Jessie—'Ye-o-s. The girls say that
they are just full of matches, but, of
course, I don't know about it.—
Gussie—'Oh, Miss Jessie—Jessie—
will you be mine?'
Jessie—'This is so sudden! Well,
yea, dearest.—New York Recorder.

HOUSEHOLD MATTERS.

PREPARED PEACHES.
Pare the peaches or remove the skins
by plunging the peaches into boiling
lye (two gallons of water and one pint
of wood ashes). When the skins will
slip easily, take the peaches out with
a skimmer, and plunge them into cold
water; rinse in several waters and
there will be no taste of the lye.
Weigh, and add three-fourths of a
pound of sugar to each pound of fruit.
Halve them and use some of the pits,
or leave them whole, as you please.
The stones improve the flavor. Make
a syrup by adding as little water as
possible to the sugar—about one cupful
to each pound of sugar. When it
boils skim till clear, then add the
peaches and cook until transparent.—
New York World.

LET ME ASK YOU TO TRY THE FRYING-PAN
for the following recipe, writes Mar-
garet Compton. I have found that it
gives better results than a soapstone
griddle. As the secret of success lies
more in the cooking than in the mak-
ing, I give direction for both:
Take one-half pound of mashed
potato, three ounces of flour, milk
slightly warm, a little butter and one-
half teaspoonful of baking powder.
Have the potato finely mashed, being
sure there are no lumps in it. Some
use an egg. I never do. When the
mixture is a smooth dough roll it
out two inches thick. Have your
frying-pan hot as for a steak. When
it is well buttered and drained
drop your cake gently into it, so that
where it will cook steadily, but not too
fast. Have a large plate ready, one
that will fit into the pan. See that it
is heated "piping-hot." When your
cake has been on about four or five
minutes place the hot plate over it,
turn it out and slide it back into the
pan. This is to prevent any possi-
bility of breaking it in turning. Cook
five minutes more and test it by press-
ing the sides lightly with the finger.
If it remains dented it is not done.
When cooked, turn out on the hot
plate, butter lavishly and serve.—St.
Louis Republic.

HOW TO CHECKMATE MOTHS.
Just at this time of the year the
careful housewife is particularly busy
packing away the winter garments and
furs in a place of safety from the much
dreaded and most pernicious of all in-
sects, the moth.
She is perhaps at her wits' end to
know just what to do with the many
articles belonging to the different
members of the household. The pow-
ders and moth balls she has used are
surely effective, but it takes nearly a
whole season of thorough airing to
eradicate the disagreeable odor which
has permeated every thread of the gar-
ment during the months it had been
stored away. Happily, however, some
thoughtful and ingenious person has
come to the rescue, and the perplexed
housewife can now do away with old
newspapers, cloth bags and pasteboard
boxes.
The invention is simply a paper bag,
but so arranged that it takes the place
of all previous devices, and at the same
time does away with disagreeable
odors, which fact is not the least to be
considered.
The bags can be bought in three
sizes, ranging in price from twenty-
five cents to forty-five cents each. The
largest are roomy enough for coats
and gowns. They are made of very
strong, heavy paper, thoroughly satu-
rated with moth preventives, princi-
pally cedar oil. Within are hooks on
one side and pockets on the opposite,
which are just the place for fur caps,
muffs, mitts, and numerous small arti-
cles.
There is a sort of lid at the top which
can be brought over and tied securely,
thus keeping out dust and every inter-
loping insect. The bags are not only
very inexpensive to begin with, but
they will last for ten years—in fact,
if well cared for, a lifetime. They may
be used in summer for the winter gar-
ments, and will be a great convenience
in winter for packing away summer
gowns.

OLD PUDDING.
Chaparrone Pudding—Soak a pint of
fine bread crumbs in a quart of milk.
Add a cup of sugar, the yolks of four
eggs beaten light, the grated rind of a
lemon and a piece of butter the size of
an egg. Bake until it is brown, but
not water. Whip the whites of four
eggs until they are stiff; beat in a tea-
spoon of sugar; add the juice of a
lemon. Pour over the pudding when
cold. Serve cold.
Lemon Pudding—Heat to boiling a
pint of milk. Stir into this two table-
spoons of corn starch wet with cold
water. Boil for five minutes, stirring
constantly. Stir in a tablespoon of
butter and set away to cool. Beat the
yolks of four eggs light, add a cup of
sugar and mix thoroughly. Add to this
the juice of two lemons and the grated
rind of one. Beat to a stiff cream.
Add to the corn starch milk when that
is cold. Stir, pour into a buttered
dish and bake. Serve cold.
Italian Pudding—Mix a half pound
of fine flour and four ounces of sifted
sugar. Put a half pint of new milk
and a quart of a pound of butter in
a saucepan and bring to the boiling
point. Stir the flour and sugar gradu-
ally in. Beat well four eggs and add
the grated rind of a lemon. Stir this
into the milk. Stir until the mixture
is thick like dough. Put it on a paste-
board and when cold roll to the thick-
ness of about a quarter of an inch.
Spread the paste with jam. Roll into
a bolster-like form and bake. Serve
cold.

LEMON MERINGUE—Soak two cups of
bread crumbs in a quart of milk. Add
the beaten yolks of four eggs, a cup of
butter and half a cup of sugar, rubbed
to a cream, and the juice of a lemon
with half its grated rind. Bake until
slightly brown. Make a meringue of
the whites of the eggs beaten stiff,
three tablespoons of sugar and a little
lemon juice. Cover the pudding when
cold with this, and brown slightly in
the oven. Serve cold. Orange pud-
ding is made in the same way, substi-
tuting orange juice and rind for
lemon.

POPULAR SCIENCE.

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are produced from a ton of steel.
A doctor says that sleeplessness is
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