

Pluck and Adventure.

THE RACE WITH A STAMPEDE.

ABOUT half the time you can tell what stampedes are all about, and half the time you can't. Sometimes a herd will be lying fast asleep on a quiet night. Suddenly a steer jumps up, sends out a great snorting snuff from his nostrils, and races off into the darkness.

And behind him may race two thousand of his companions, all going for dear life and apparently scared out of their wits.

One night I saw a herd stampeded by the lighting of a cigarette. The cattle were sleeping peacefully, when one of the Mexican herders, riding slowly on his pony around the outskirts of the herd, rolled himself a cigarette, took out the flint and steel, an ancient way of striking a light which we men have, and proceeded to light up.

At the very first sharp click of the steel against the flint, a big steer jumped to his feet with a snort, and before you could say Jack Robinson every other one of those two thousand head of cattle was careering wildly over the plain, rushing with frantic, blind terror and a great thunder of hoofs which fairly shook the ground, into the dark night.

Men could have no more, stopped the stampede than a man could hold a steam engine with one hand. It took ten days to get the herd together again.

Another time I saw a herd stampeded by a man removing his slicker from his saddle.

The night was intensely dark, and it had begun to sprinkle. A cowboy started to put on his slicker such a coat as fishermen and sailors call an oil-skin coat. It stuck to the saddle when he had it strapped, and as he pulled it free it made a crackling sound. In an instant the sleeping herd was awake and off like the wind over the plains.

I happened to be on my horse in the path of the stampeded cattle, and there was nothing for it, but to ride for life.

Away we went across the midnight plains, my horse straining every nerve and sinew, and I urging him forward with the certain knowledge that if he stumbled, the terrified animals behind me would trample us into the mud.

The only thing to do under such circumstances is to keep going and trying to keep out of the way if you can. Suddenly in the darkness my horse struck a barbed wire. I heard the wires snap like pistol shots as my horse plunged through the obstruction. "It's all up with me; this is my last herd," thought I to myself.

I supposed that the wire would have so cut my horse that he would soon begin to falter from loss of blood and then fall down, which would have been the end.

But the kept straining on and for an hour I rode at a terrific speed. Then I knew by the sounds of the trampling feet of the herd that it had swerved to one side—at any rate, I knew that I was no longer in its path.

I was safe, but mightily used up, and when I drew rein my poor horse was nearly dead; not, as I had expected, from his wounds, but from sheer exhaustion.

Don't believe anyone who tells you that a herd of stampeded cattle can be stopped when once it has got fairly going. It can't be stopped before it is under way—at the very first, before the animals have got really going—a stampede can be stopped, or rather prevented, by a skillful cowboy; but not after the panic has seized the steers in its grip.

Sometimes it does not even take the striking of steel against flint, or even the cracking of a slicker, to stampede a herd. The animals break out apparently from sheer nervous hysteria. Cattle are queer creatures, and even we, who live all the time among them, do not understand them thoroughly. American Boy.

CAPTURING A CROCODILE.

Why should a crocodile leave a river stocked with food, explore for miles an unsuitable tributary, and then wander inland until it finds a pool? One can only say that it does, declares a writer in Blackwood's Magazine. He goes on to speak of the Tal-ping lake, of the Malay Peninsula, where three crocodiles had found their way. So long as they confined their attention to the fish and an occasional duck, no one objected to their presence; but when one of them began to take sheep off the bank, they came down to drink. It was felt that the brute ought to be exterminated, and Mr. Maxwell and his servant, Manap, made the attempt. They set bait attached to a heavy rattan and then waited.

The crocodile had seen us coming, and unconscious of the fatal rattan which thwarted its course, moved into deeper water.

weight of a falling tree would hit the side of the canoe a blow that made it shiver. More than once the great claws got of the gunwale of the canoe, and it seemed as if the brute would get on board. There was no little risk of losing one's balance and falling in on top of the raging brute.

As the crocodile surged close to the canoe and the open mouth appeared above the water, Manap slipped a noose of stout cord over the animal's upper jaw and pulled it tight, some six inches behind the point of its nostrils. Then, with a quick turn of his wrist, he slipped the slack of the cord round the lower jaw. He drew the cord tight, and the teeth of each jaw pressed home in the sockets of the other. Manap now grasped the point of the long, narrow head with one hand, and with the other rapidly wound the cord round the cinched mouth.

Another noose was slipped over a fore leg. It pulled the leg up to the animal's side. Manap slipped the line over the creature's back and caught up the other fore leg. Then he noosed and tied together the two hind legs. "Sudah," he said. "That is finished." What he had effected was marvelous. In a few minutes he had transformed a ravening water devil into a trussed-up monster, and his only weapon had been three pieces of box cord.

A few blows despatched the brute, and Manap received the government reward.

A NIGHT ON THE MOUNTAIN.

It is not the expected dangers which are the greatest menace to Alpine climbers. Mr. W. C. Slingsby tells in the Alpine Journal of a party of three who set out to scale the Dent Blanche with every reasonable expectation of a quick return. They were well equipped, were all experienced climbers in first-rate condition, and the weather was above reproach. Yet an unforeseen peril overtook them, and not one of them would willingly repeat the experiences of that night. Says Mr. Slingsby:

"We climbed up without any adventure, and about 4 o'clock in the afternoon we started to come down. The weather was perfect and we had no thought of mishap. We had been descending for about one hour when a flash of lightning called our attention to a black cloud which advanced toward us and caused us to hasten our movements."

Suddenly, without warning, the cloud fell upon us, dense and dark. The axes in our hands gave out faint and steady flames; so did our gloves, and our hair stood out straight. A handkerchief which Solby had tied over his head looked like a tiara of light. The sight was uncanny, but interesting. The sparks and flames emitted no heat and no hissing, but I felt an unpleasant vibration about my spectacles.

One hundred and fifty feet of climbing would take us over the dangerous part of our journey, and in spite of the darkness we pressed on to reach safety before nightfall. We were all seated on a steep incline of ledge, clearing away the ice, when all at once the mountainside appeared to break out in a blaze, followed by a muffled, muffled peal of thunder, which seemed to come out of the interior of the mountain. If a great crevice had opened and fire burst forth we should not have been more surprised.

Solby and Smith cried out, "My ax is struck!" and each let his ax go into the chasm in front of us. We were lit by the terribly intense light. Smith had a broad band burned halfway round his neck, but aside from that we were not hurt. There was nothing to do but to wait until the storm should pass. The spectacle was so grand that we even took a grim enjoyment in it. But when it had passed night had fallen, and we were prisoners until morning.

We lashed ourselves to the rocks, braced our feet on the small projections of the steep incline and tried to make the best of it. It snowed and hailed and blew. We did not dare to sleep, but kept our hands and feet moving all night long. Smith was so dazed by the electric shock that he kept calling us by wrong names.

At the earliest dawn we made a breakfast of frozen oranges and sandwiches. Then we tried to start, but we were so benumbed that we were forced to wait for the sun to give some heat. When it did finally blaze upon us and our stiffness had disappeared, we resumed our axes and started for Zermatt, which we reached at nightfall. A rescuing party had just been organized to go to our relief.

A RUSE OF WAR.

It is not always policy to acknowledge a defeat. A little coolness at the critical moment sometimes saves the day, as in the case described in Mr. Stiles' "Story of Company F." In a close encounter during the Civil War, two soldiers, one from each army, came face to face within short range.

Each put up his gun and fired, as it subsequently appeared, his last cartridge. Both missed. The bullet of one man buried itself in a tree, and the shot of the other passed through the coat of his enemy. Each man, knowing his ammunition was gone, supposed himself to be at a disadvantage.

One of them made a great show of reloading his gun, and stepping forward, he handed over his surrender. The other threw down his arms with a groan.

"If I had another cartridge I would never surrender," he exclaimed. "That's all right," calmly remarked the other, in a tone of triumph. "If I had another, you may be sure I shouldn't have asked you to surrender."

For Children Home

BEDTIME.

The Child.
My mother tucks me up in bed
And kisses me good night,
And then I feel as safe and snug
As if 'twas broad daylight.

But sometimes when the night wind blows,
And I hear the thunder peal,
I think of all the flowers outdoors,
And wonder how they feel.

How glad I am that I'm a child,
Safe in my little bed,
With mother near if I should call,
And father's roof overhead.

The Flower.
These soft, dark nights, how cozy again,
The time for sweet repose,
I rest my head on my long green stem,
My eyes, petals close.

And when the night is very warm,
And all the earth is dry,
How I rejoice to see the clouds
Come creeping over the sky.

I lift my drooping head to catch
The first drops of the shower,
And when the light is peeling down,
I'm glad to be a flower!

THE RACE OF THE MONITORS.

The accompanying picture explains itself. It is a novel winter sport for boys and just the thing for fresh-water bathers. It should not be tried in surf.

Each boy makes a monitor, as elaborate or as simple as he likes. The very easiest way to construct one is to get a light box and nail a piece of board on each lid. One end of each pointed or rounded, to represent the bow and stern of the little ironclads or monitors of our navy. Cut holes in the sides, front and back of the box, so that you can easily see out on all sides when you are "in the turret."

Now for the monitor race. Each boy puts his head in the opening of the box, wearing the box like a huge hat, until the course is reached. The course for the race should lie over all depths of water, although in deep water for only a very little distance. At some places in the course



IN DEEP WATER—THE EASIEST PART OF A MONITOR RACE.

the water should not be more than two feet deep, in others about six feet for a very little way and in others about waist high. This is the keynote of the race.

Each racer has to propel his monitor by pushing it with his head, which must remain inside the turret. In water just up to the neck this is not easy, and not at all difficult when he enters deeper water and has to swim for a little way, but when he reaches very shallow water his trouble begins. The monitor must rest on the water throughout the race, the racer must keep his head inside the entire distance and must not touch the craft with hands. So when the water is only waist high he has to crouch very low and keep his head in the turret, and when he strikes a few yards of the shallow water where the water is hardly knee deep, the monitor will tip and the sight furnished by a lot of racers at this stage usually convulses the audience.—New York Evening Mail.

A DOG'S FUNERAL.

He was only a dog, but he had saved many lives, and when he gave his own life trying to save others, the good monks of St. Bernard Hospice buried him with honor.

Geneva, May 24.—To-day the monks of St. Bernard Hospice sang a special Te Deum for a dog, the finest and bravest St. Bernard of all the life-saving forces that do battle with the eternal snows and deathlike cold of the Alpine peaks. They sang a Te Deum for a hero. And when the last sonorous note of the chant had droned and echoed and lost itself in the silence, every priest among them shed tears upon the body of Barry II, the martyr of the Alps.

Outside, on the church steps, supported by a rough bier of fir branches, covered by a soft black pall and guarded by two cowered monks, lay the dog that had died while doing his duty. None of his human brothers ever died more nobly, for Barry II. died that three travelers might live. The travelers for whom he died attended the special service at the little chapel, and when it was done they helped, with their own hands, to bury the animal that had died to save them.

It was a fitting service for the dead St. Bernard who had saved thirty-four lives. Men, women and children whom he rescued from the menace of the snows and the perils of crevasses bless the memory of this wordless friend.—Our Dumb Animals.

A SAFE MESSENGER.

Robert was playing on the beach. He had found a little stream that flowed across the sand and made its way between two rocks, and there he found a small waterfall; this stream he called the Mississippi, and he was busy sailing great boats of grass down to the Gulf of Mexico. That is, he said so to his aunt who was busy sketching near by.

Robert was stretched out in the shade of a rock and panting with the heat.

Now and then he lifted up his head and watched the sea gulls as they flew over head. The tide was coming in, but so slowly that they did not notice it, and it had crept round the edge of a large boulder and was fast covering the rocks that had served as stepping stones and connected them with the mainland. The spot where they sat was never wholly covered by water, but the tide surrounded it, and they were always about four hours when it was impossible to reach the shore.

Still Aunt Jennie sketched and Robert carried on a treacherous commerce. Rover felt more uncomfortable, and coming over to Robert, rubbed his nose against his shoulder.

"Go away!" said Robert, a trifle impatiently, for he was sure that that moment that the coast cities were without grain and the people were starving.

Rover tipped up his head and gave a long howl, and then he jumped about on the rocks. Robert looked up from her work. "Why, Robert," she cried, "the tide has come in and left us on these islands."

They slipped down their things and ran to the other side. Here they found that the stepping stones that ran over to the land were already far under water. Robert looked dismayed. "Do you think we will starve?" he asked, fearfully.

"Not for two hours," laughed Aunt Jennie, "and perhaps, perhaps, some one will come after us."

"Can't we telephone?" he asked. "I am afraid we should have to build a station and connect the wires first," laughed his aunt. "I do wish we had some one to send." Then she looked down into Rover's solemn eyes. The dog wagged his tail and gave a short bark. "Would you go?" she asked. He began to dance round her and give short whiffs, to show how willing he was. Rover had been taught to find his master under all circumstances. Robert often tied a letter to his collar and sent him to father's office.

As they decided to try the experiment, Aunt Jennie tore a leaf from her note-book, and wrote, "We are caught by the tide; send a boat to the island." This she tied to the dog's collar by a bit of her sash ribbon, and

then Robert said, "Go find papa!" Hardly were the words given than Rover was away with a bound. He paused but a moment at the edge of the water, and then, giving a parting bark, he plunged in and made straight for the other side. When he reached the shore he shook himself, and tore off up the hill.

They knew now that they would be safe if the dog's master were only to be found, so they began to pack up their things to return. It was not long before a boat came round the point, making toward the island. Papa was rowing, and Rover sat in the bow, acting as pilot.

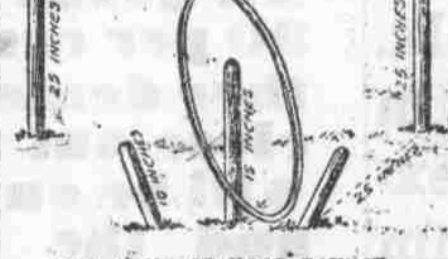
"Hurrah for the messenger!" cried Robert, and papa waved his cap.—H. C. Hill, in Youth's Companion.

NEW GAME FOR OUT OF DOORS.

This game is a test of skill in hoop-rolling. As a rule, says the Home Journal, the players soon grow to be quite expert in guiding their hoops, and can perform such feats as "return rolls" and "booming hoop" with a great deal of cleverness.

Five pegs or sticks are required in this game, per dimensions shown in diagram, and placed according to measurements shown. Standing at a distance of fifteen feet from the pegs each player must endeavor to roll his hoop through either of the two openings, to left or right of the tall peg.

If they pass through safely, they will strike the string or rope and rebound, falling possibly over one of the three



THE GAME OF HOOP BOUNCE.

pegs. The middle peg, more difficult than the rest, counts twenty points, while the two smaller ones score ten points each.

It will be found possible to exercise cleverness in manipulating the hoops, as a jerk or twist or firm roll will tend to give the rebound its necessary force.

First of all, the hoop must be rolled skillfully enough to make it pass through the two openings. If a hoop falls upon a peg before it rebounds from the string, the player loses his chances of count for that time, and other players follow in quick succession.

HOUSEHOLD AFFAIRS

TO IMPROVE THE FISH.

Salt-water fish are much improved by Good Housekeeping, if they are soaked in salted water for half an hour before cooking.

FOR CLEANING VASES.

It will be found that vinegar and tea leaves are excellent used together for cleaning vases that have become discolored by flowers.

GARNISHING THE BEEF.

A fillet of beef or a veal roast is effectively garnished with artichoke hearts, brimming with new peas, each choke placed in a nest of green. Delicately grilled, they are even more inviting surrounded with asparagus tips or little hearts of blanched lettuce.

POTATOES AS DECORATIVES.

Mashed potatoes are pressed in the form of tiny pyramids with flat tops. These are dipped in the white of an egg, then in fine minced parsley, giving the effect of small green pyramids, through which the white of the potato gleams temptingly. These may be used with small pyramids cut from stale bread and fried a delicate brown in hot butter. They are arranged about a dish alternately with stars or cubes of lemon between.

NICE SANDWICHES.

Cream cheese in combination with chopped olives or with chopped nuts is recommended for sandwiches. Moistened the cheese with a little thick cream and add a little salt. About ten olives, stoned and chopped, to one cheese is the proper proportion. Mix the two and spread between thin slices of bread and butter. Trim the crusts and, if desired, cut the slices into rounds or triangles. Peanuts, English walnuts, or pecans, or a mixture of these nuts, combines well with the cheese. Prepare exactly as with the olives.

HOUSEHOLD RECIPES

Delicious Salad—A novel salad is made of grape fruit and tomatoes. Fill a ring mold with water, and set away on ice to freeze; or set a small mold heavily weighted inside.

Sweetbreads in Cases—Cut the sweetbreads, after being boiled, in very small pieces. Season with salt and pepper, and moisten well with cream sauce. Fill the paper cases and cover with bread crumbs. Brown and serve.

Peppermint Drops—Boil one and one-fourth pounds of sugar with a pint of water; add three drops of oil of peppermint, and after five minutes remove the mixture from the fire and stir until it turns white, when it must be quickly poured out on buttered tins.

Broiled Sweetbreads—Split the sweetbread after being boiled. Season with salt and pepper, rub thickly with butter, and sprinkle with flour. Broil over a rather quick fire, turning constantly. Cook about ten minutes, and serve with cream sauce.

Plum Sherbet—Cover plums with hot water. Simmer until thoroughly cooked. Then press through a wire strainer. Add water and sugar to suit the taste, and other fruit juices, if desired. Then freeze. They also make a nice pudding if used with tapioca in place of apples.

Toast For Invalids—Cut the crust from slices of stale bread and toast to a light brown. As each is done, slip into well-salted boiling water. Arrange in a baking pan, sitting and buttering each layer, and cover with boiling milk, adding cream if you have it. Cover and bake for fifteen minutes.

A Cake Without an Egg—Beat half a cup of butter to a cream. Add gradually one cup of sugar, then half a pound of seeded dates, chopped fine, and, alternately, one cup of thick, sour milk and two cups of flour sifted with one scant teaspoon of soda and half a teaspoonful each of cinnamon and clove.

Cream of Squash Soup—Put one quart of milk with two sticks of celery and a small onion in a double boiler. Allow it to cook for one hour. Mix one tablespoon of flour with half a cup of sifted, cooked squash, and stir with the hot milk. Let cook about fifteen minutes. Have half a cup of whipped cream or a well-beaten egg, and strain the mixture on top.

French Beefsteak—Dip the steak into melted butter and broil on a gridiron over fresh coals. When nearly done, sprinkle with salt and pepper; have ready softened butter and beaten to a cream and pour into the middle of a platter. Dip the pieces of steak in this, turning them around the platter. Serve hot. A little lemon juice improves them for some.

Russian Salad—Have ready cooked peas, string beans cut in pieces, beets cut in slices, tomatoes cut in slices and shaped to resemble a flower. Let all these vegetables become chilled by standing on ice for some time. Dispose crisp, well-cleaned lettuce leaves in nests on a large dish. In the central nest place slices of hard-boiled eggs with the other vegetables in nests around them, and a radish flower here and there between the nests. Serve either French or mayonnaise dressing in a bowl apart. Offer a choice of vegetables to each one served.

Current Happenings.

Johnson City papers complain that the Southern freight rate from Knoxville to Bristol, 131 miles, is only 40 cents per hundred. It is alleged that the freight rate from Knoxville to Johnson City, 106 miles, is 50 cents per hundred.

Nearly 200 Indians are working on the grade of the South and Western railroad.

A Mere Matter of Size.

She was corpulent and on her way to Chicago from New York, and was traveling with her two children, aged respectively 3 and 4 years. As far as Buffalo she had not been asked to pay for the children, but at that point the train crew changed and the new conductor, a gruff, surly-looking individual, looked askance at the children and asked for their tickets.

"Why, I have none," said the mother.

"How old are they?" snapped the man in blue.

"The girl is 3 and the boy 4, sir."

"They look pretty big for that," was the gruff rejoinder.

"Well," said she of the avoidpouls, "if you're collecting fares according to size, you'd better get another ticket for me."

Needless to say, she did not pay for the children.

Peacock feathers are said to bring ill luck.

Cures Rheumatism and Catarrh—Medicine

These two diseases are the result of an awful poisoned condition of the blood. If you have aching joints and back, shoulder blades, bone pains, crippled hands, legs or feet, swollen muscles, shifting, sharp, biting pains, and that tired, discouraged feeling of rheumatism, or the hawking, spitting, blurred eyesight, stiffness, sick stomach, headache, noises in the head, mucous throat discharges, decaying teeth, bad breath, belching gas of stomach, take Blood Balm (B. B. B.). It kills the poison in the blood which causes these awful symptoms, giving a pure, healthy blood supply to the joints and mucous membranes, and makes a perfect cure of the worst rheumatism or fondest catarrh. Cures where all else fails. Blood Balm (B. B. B.) is composed of pure botanical ingredients, good for weak kidneys. Improves the digestion, cures dyspepsia. A perfect tonic for old folks by giving them new, rich, pure blood. Thoroughly tested for thirty years. Druggists, \$1 per large bottle with complete directions for home cure. Sample free and prepaid by writing Blood Balm Co., Atlanta, Ga. Describe trouble and special free medical advice sent in sealed letter.

Young Fool and the Old.

There's no fool like a young fool
When fireworks are concerned—
Behold them all, the victims small,
With hands and faces burned.
Behold the brand which maimed and maimed,
Their needless sufferings;
There's no fool like the Old Fool
Who gives a child such things.

There's no fool like a young fool
In glorious July,
To fire a bomb and lose a thumb
And tear away an eye.
To touch a light to dynamite
And lose a hand and arm;
There's no fool like the Old Fool
Who gives a child such toys.

There's no fool like a young fool
To make the Fourth a crime,
When every nurse and every hearer
Is working overtime.
When East and West and North and South

There's no fool like the Old Fool
Who thinks a child should know,
There's no fool like the young fool
Who smells the powder smoke;
But the awful death and noise
Has ceased to be a joke,
Yet Satan tempts the Old Fool
To chuckle "neath his breath,
And put among the needless young
The instruments of death.

—Life.

Clever Work of Detective.

In examining a jeweler's window in Oxford street, London, which had been broken to permit of the extraction of nine watches, a police sergeant noticed a little blood on the glass. Later on in Soho he observed a man with a cut finger, so he arrested him and found the stolen watches in his pocket.

Life is short at best—and perhaps that is the best thing that can be said about it. So, 45.

OLD FASHIONED FARE:

Hot Biscuits, Griddle Cakes, Pies and Puddings.

The food that made the fathers strong is sometimes unfit for the children under the new conditions that our changing civilization is constantly bringing in. One of Mr. Bryan's neighbors in the great State of Nebraska writes:

"I was raised in the South, where hot biscuits, griddle cakes, pies and puddings are eaten at almost every meal, and by the time I located in Nebraska I found myself a sufferer from indigestion and its attendant ills—distress and pains after meals, an almost constant headache, dull, heavy sleepiness by day and sleeplessness at night, loss of flesh, impaired memory, etc., etc."

"I was rapidly becoming incapacitated for business when a valued friend suggested a change in my diet, the abandonment of heavy, rich stuff and the use of Grape-Nuts food. I followed the good advice and shall always be thankful that I did so."

"Whatever may be the experience of others, the beneficial effects of the change were apparent in my case almost immediately. My stomach, which had rejected other food for so long, took to Grape-Nuts most kindly; in a day or two my headache was gone, I began to sleep healthfully and before a week was out the scales showed that my lost weight was coming back. My memory was restored with the renewed vigor that I felt in body and mind. For three years now Grape-Nuts food has kept me in prime condition, and I propose it shall for the rest of my days."

"And, by the way, my 2½ year old baby is as fond of Grape-Nuts as I am, always insists on having it. It keeps her as healthy and hearty as they make them." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. There's a reason. Read the little book "The Road to Wellville" in pigs.