

# Adventure.

## RACE WITH AN EAGLE.

THREE hunters were seated in a wagon drawn behind two galloping and terrified colts, above the heads of which flew a fantastic eagle tied by the feet to a rope which was entangled in the harness. Down the mountain road, at a pace which threatened every minute to send the occupants of the wagon into a tumble, went the three hunters, expecting every second to be their last.

George Mitchell, a prosperous farmer in the San Juan Valley, California, had invited three friends to go quail shooting in a region of the Gabilan Mountains, where game was reported abundant. The reports were not well founded, so far as the experiences of the three hunters went to prove. For two days they hunted the favorite feeding places of the quail without securing a single bird. On the way home one of the hunters sat in the back of the wagon, with his gun across his knees, waiting for a chance shot.

Suddenly there was a whirl of great wings out of a clump of trees, and a magnificent eagle came into view directly above the hunters. The man in the back fired immediately. The great bird fell, but with a slight wobble. It did not attempt to fly again, but heaved itself for a fight as the men and dogs descended on it from the wagon.

The dogs, seeing the eagle at bay, did not attempt to rush in on it. They formed a semi-circle at a respectful distance and barked. The men decided to capture the bird alive. With a noose they managed to secure it by the feet and carried it to the wagon. There it was put into the bottom, and was thought to be securely tied. The journey was resumed, but within a short distance quail appeared in numbers. The horses were put in quick action, and every one forgot about the eagle.

Their attention was called to it again suddenly. It arose from the back of the wagon and made a break for liberty, trailing the rope from its feet. It got directly over the horses' heads, when the rope caught in the harness, and down it came on the colts, beating them with its wings.

In a second they were terrified and in a frenzy. They jumped ahead, entirely out of the control of the driver. With the eagle clenching at their manes, beating their necks and heads with its powerful wings, and rising for short flights above them, the colts tore down the mountain road. The wagon jumped from rock to rock, and from one side of the roadway to another. The hunters held their seats by main force, and wondered which turn in the road would send them flying into a gulch. Nothing could control the horses so long as the bird fluttered about their heads, and there was no way of reaching the rope, which held it securely.

Just when hope of rescue seemed to have gone, the eagle rose for another dash. Just then the horses went around a slight curve. The bird flew straight ahead. The rope became unattached and it flew to the side of the roadway, where it fell exhausted. With the torment removed the colts were brought under control. The hunters descended and went back to the place where the eagle had alighted. It was still there, not having gained strength to move. It was secured again, and this time kept confined in the wagon. It is now in possession of Mr. Mitchell.—Chicago Tribune.

## A FIGHT WITH DOGS.

In a long journey by sled, in the region of Great Bear Lake, Mr. Egerton R. Young had a trying adventure with Eskimo dogs, which he relates in "My Dogs in the Northland." He had traveled several days with his own dogs to the point where the Indians were to meet him and replace the tired dogs with fresh ones. When the dogs were changed, his guide, who had accompanied him throughout the journey to this point, gave him a heavy whip and said, "Now do not speak a word, and there will be no trouble. They do not like white people, but if you do not speak to them they will never suspect, in their anxiety to get home."

I looked the fierce brutes over, says Mr. Young, placed my heavy whip so I could instantly seize it, and made up my mind that I was in for a wild ride. The owner of the dogs applied his long whip to them, and away we started at a furious gallop.

We had traveled some distance when I was startled by a splendid black fox which dashed out of a rocky inlet on our left. He struck across our trail, and made for another island of rocks half a mile to our right.

The dogs fell into disorder and sped after him. As we had fifteen miles yet to go, it was not safe to be racing after a fox on this great lake. So I resolved to break the silence and bring the dogs back to the trail, even if I had to fight them.

Bracing myself on my knees, I gripped the heavy whip so that I could use the handle of it as a club. Then I shouted to the dogs in Indian to stop and turn to the left.

The instant they heard my voice they did stop—so suddenly that my cariole went sliding on past the rear dog of the train. They came at me furiously. The leader of the train, the fiercest of the four, began the attack. It was well for me that he did, for he swung the others about into such a position that only one at a time could reach me. As he sprang to meet me I guarded my face with one hand, which I wrapped in the furs, while I bearded the dog over the head with the oak handle of the whip.

Three or four good blows were all that he needed. With a howl he

dropped on the ice, while the next one in the train tried to get hold of me. On fortunate clip on the side of the head sent him tumbling over his leader. Then I had to face the third dog, which proved the ugliest customer of all, for his head, took a prodigious amount of thumping before he yielded. Failing to get hold of me, he tore the robes and the side of the cariole, which was made of parchment.

It was fortunate for me that the traces for the fourth dog, fastened to the front of the cariole, so held him back that he was unable to do more than growl at me.

When I had conquered the third dog, I uncoiled the last of the whip and shouted, "Marche!" The leader wheeled to the left, and away they flew. I had no hesitancy in speaking now. The dogs showed no more desire for battle, but only a desperate desire to reach the end of the journey.

## DEER-HUNTING IN AUTOMOBILE.

The idea of using the automobile in deer-hunting has been introduced in the West. W. W. Price, of Colorado Springs, probably has the honor of being the first to go after deer and other big game in a motor car. Mr. Price has recently returned from a tour in which he was quite successful, and which covered several hundred miles through the wildest portion of the State. Accompanied by Dr. C. E. Smith, Mr. Price started in a Winton car of about fifteen horse power, going through South Park and Buena Vista, and climbing Ute Pass, one of the most difficult passages in the Colorado Rockies. They entered the "Flat Top" country, as it is called, going directly to the deer ranges in the vehicle. Several fine specimens were shot and the game "packed" on the front of the touring car to be brought back to their headquarters at the camp of the Montgomery Land and Cattle Company.

During the trip the auto passed through a considerable portion of the country which has never before been visited by a chauffeur. Near the town of Meeker a band of deer actually followed the car some distance, apparently astonished at the strange animal. While within easy range of the rifles carried by Mr. Price and his companions, no attempt was made to shoot them, as it was not considered sportsmanlike.

The arrival of the hunters at Meeker caused a sensation, as few in the town had ever seen such a vehicle, and it was the first to make its appearance within the limits. The local paper, in commenting upon the arrival, said: "The first automobile to make its appearance in this valley appeared Tuesday evening, the distance between Ride and Meeker having been covered in three and one-half hours, including stops and one slight breakdown. W. W. Price and Dr. C. E. Smith were the passengers. The machine was given a big stall at Simp Harp's livery, and 'Sally' was on hand with a new fifty-foot rope and a pair of hobbles to secure the thing. All the horses in the barn talked it over that night, and concluded that when the roads were had it would be the same old thing—double up and get up in the collar. It will not prove as destructive on the range as sheep."—Harper's Weekly.

## A LIVELY SHARK.

The representatives of the principal Australian papers were taken out to sea about fifty miles from Brisbane in the pilot boat to meet Mme. Melba on September 16. She was traveling from Canada to Australia by the mail steamship Miowera. While the pilot boat was waiting for the Miowera the ship's company had a most remarkable and probably unprecedented experience. A great gray shark about twelve feet in length was hooked on a snapper line, which broke. The second big fish got on the snapper line and escaped. Then a large shark hook with a chain was thrown out and the ravenous brute grabbed it and was caught.

All hands—pilot, cook and press men—tugged the shark to the vessel's side. A huge hook on the anchor tackle was put through his jaw and one eye, and the fish was then hauled out of the water. One of the crew ripped the monster open from the head to the tail. The vital organs and entrails were thrown overboard and then both jaws were hacked out for the sake of securing the teeth, nothing but the shell of the fish remained, and the shark was lowered overboard. A rush was made to the side to see him sink, but the company was astounded to see the fish make off. First he swam about fifty yards away, returned to the steamer, then went off on another tack of about thirty yards, came back to the vessel and swam astern and was still swimming when he was lost sight of. That the fish could swim away with the whole of his interior from head to tail, and the jaw and one eye gone, simply raised the hair of the pilots and crew, who had never seen or heard of the like before.—Sydney Telegraph.

## FIGHTING ROMANIAN WOLVES.

A band of seven itinerant musicians was recently attacked by a dozen wolves in Roumania. It happened to be near a railway track, and the engineer of an approaching train witnessed the attack. He stopped, and the train hands and the passengers succeeded in chasing away the fierce brutes, not, however, before they had killed four of the musicians. In another place some farmers who were taking pigs to the market in sleighs saved their lives by throwing out fifteen of their animals in succession, and thus delaying their pursuers.

The florist who hopes to make money shouldn't throw bouquets at himself.

The real estate speculator is generally looking for a landmark.

## HOUSEHOLD AFFAIRS.



### INK STAINS ON FURNITURE.

For ink stains on furniture add six drops of nitre to a teaspoonful of water and apply it to the stain with a feather. If the stain does not yield to the first application, make it stronger and repeat.

### A USEFUL ARTICLE.

Powdered borax is a harmless and exceedingly useful article to keep in the house. A tablespoonful added to hard water successfully softens it. It is an agreeable addition to the dishwasher, and helps to keep the hands soft instead of irritating them as soda does.

### PLASTER FIGURES.

Plaster-of-Paris figures and busts are apt to become soiled and discolored. The best way to clean them is to make a strong solution of saleratus in water, stand the figures in it, and throw the water over them. Places badly soiled may be rubbed with a soft cloth. Rinse in clean saleratus water and let them dry without wiping.

### FLOWERS FOR SICK ROOM.

The prejudice against cut flowers in the sick room is probably a groundless one. Flowers with a strong perfume, like hyacinths, lilies of the valley and others, might nauseate the patient by their strong odor, but a few simple blossoms are cheering in their effect, and especially so when the patient is fond of flowers. Do not allow flowers to stand more than a day in the same water unless there is some charcoal in it.

### THE GUEST CHAMBER.

An exquisite scheme for a guest chamber recently developed in the new home of very fashionable folk had silver gray walls with a frieze of conventionalized purple thistles. The suite of velvet-stained wood furniture was inlaid with pewter panels in the foot and headpieces of the bed. Inlaid designs and drawer handles of pewter were on the dressing table and chest of drawers. The soft, dull sheen of the pewter with the violet wood was extremely attractive as well as unique.

### PROTECTING DAMP CLOTHES.

To protect damp clothes from possible stains from a clothes basket that has seen many years' usage, I make a loose, removable lining. I use old sheets and always have two on hand. Cut a piece the size and shape of the bottom of the basket. Cut another piece as long as the circumference of the basket at the top and as deep as the sides and four inches more. If the basket is a round one gather the side lining, after seaming up, and sew to the bottom piece, but if the basket is of oval shape take two deep darts at each end to make the side lining fit the bottom. Cut and bind two slits four inches from the top to slip the handles through, turn over on the outside the superfluous four inches, which keeps the lining from slipping, and you can always have a clean basket, no matter how discolored or old it is.—F. E. P., in New England Homestead.

### TREATMENT OF HOUSE PLANTS.

If your house plants have begun to look a bit droopy and delicate, little white worms in the soil may be the cause of their shabby appearance. When flowers have been potted any length of time these frequently come to the soil and feed upon the roots of the plants, thus causing their ruin and death. An easy way to rid the pot of them is by sulphur matches. Stick these, with their heads down, in the soil about the plants, and they will soon cause the death of the worms. There is not the slightest danger of the phosphorus injuring the plant; indeed, it is likely to make it more vigorous and healthy. Another treatment that is excellent for plants is to sprinkle them with water that has carbolic acid in it. Ten drops to about one pint of water is the correct proportion.—New York Journal.



### RECIPES.

Rice Muffins—Separate two eggs, beat the yolks, add one cup of milk, one cup of boiled rice, one tablespoon of butter, melted, half a teaspoon of salt; beat into this one and one-half cups of flour, then add the whites of the eggs beaten stiff and two teaspoonfuls of baking powder; fill buttered muffin pans two-thirds full and bake in a quick oven twenty minutes.

Corned Beef Hash au Gratin—Chop one pint of cold cooked corn beef, add to it one pint of mashed potatoes, moisten with a very little water, or one egg beaten a little; season with salt and pepper and a very little nutmeg; mix some bread crumbs in a little melted butter; put the meat in a baking dish and spread the buttered crumbs over the top and brown in the oven.

Fried Rye Drop Cakes—Mix together one cupful of rye meal, one cupful of flour, half a teaspoon of salt, one tablespoon of sugar, and two and one-half level teaspoonfuls of baking powder; beat one egg until light; stir in two-thirds of a cup of milk; add these to the flour; beat thoroughly and drop by the teaspoonful into hot, deep fat; cook until quite brown; they will turn over in the fat.

## RAM'S HORN BLASTS.

THE dutiful are the beautiful. Leniency is the law of love. The best things cost least. Your strength is God's will to service. Man's progress reveals God's purpose. A hard head may go with a tender heart.

He offends mercy who depends on merit. You ask for a loaf and God gives you a seed. Rome cannot be regenerated by a change of climate. It is doing the right in the dark that is always hard. The brave man is not afraid of being called a coward. The hold-up church cannot give the world any uplift. The outer act is the gauge-glass of the inner character. There are no places for spectators in life's grand game. The wind of words will not carry the flying machine of pride over the walls of repentance. Work alone gives value to rest. A prejudice cannot be a principle. The straight gate is for straight men. He cannot give who will not forgive. God pours nothing into empty heads. Manliness depends on moral muscle. The restless are not likely to be restless. Men mistake the glory of gain for the gain of glory. Meekness is might with right. Reproof is the proof of a friend. Life will give out what you live into it. The wise father makes a glad son. Pardon may be the opposite of mercy. You cannot kick back and pull forward. The self-sacrificing are never self-satisfied.

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