

Thrilling Adventure.

A CATTLEMAN'S NARROW ESCAPE FROM A TERRIBLE PRAIRIE FIRE.

A few evening ago, says the St. Paul Globe, a party of Northwestern cattlemen were grouped together in the rotunda of the Merchants' Hotel, when one of the gentlemen said:

"A prairie fire with a strong wind is a terrible thing. I have seen several, but fortunately I was never close to one, and it was only by a streak of good luck—or, perhaps, Providence—that I escaped alive."

When the group had settled back for the story the cattlemen told this incident, which has romance enough in it for a novel.

"It was '75 or '76, I don't remember which," said the man. "I was in partnership in the cattle business with a man whose name is immaterial with our ranch in Indian Territory, below Medicine Lodge. We had shipped a drove of cattle to Kansas City, or south of it, from the Territory to Wichita, Kan., which was the terminus of a branch of the Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe road. The drive to Wichita was rather disastrous to the stock, the grass along the route being poor and water scarce. On the way home from Kansas City it was better, but we should continue on the main line of the road to Hatcher, from which place I would take a horse and ride down to the Territory, while my partner was to go on to Dodge City, and also take a horse for home. The object was to find a more desirable route, and to drive our next herd of cattle in order to reach a shipping point. Accordingly I stopped at Hatcher, and before going to bed was in possession of as fine a piece of horseflesh as you ever laid your eyes on. The distance from Hatcher to the Territory was about thirty or thirty-five miles, which could be reached by a hard day's ride. By daylight the next morning I was in the saddle and riding south. It will be remembered that at that time Kansas was little settled west of the central portion, especially of the line of the railroad running east and west through the State. Consequently my ride was a rather lonely one, the majority of the living things to be seen being prairie dogs, which would scamper to their holes on my approach. Occasionally I would happen on a 'dog-out,' and throughout the day I did not see a solitary horse. These dog-outs are strange looking objects to persons unaccustomed to them. Usually they are simply a hole dug in the ground, a few poles laid across and prairie grass and dirt thrown over the top. The only redeeming feature about them is that they are cyclone-proof. In some cases a hole is cut in the side of a hill, but owing to the nature of the country this form of habitation is scarce. The day had been unusually warm, and I had been riding rather slowly with a view of pushing on as fast as I could become cooler. A breeze sprang up from the south, and I gave my horse a tap to urge him on; but not minding the whip he started in a different direction than the one which he had been going. He appeared to be uneasy, but I supposed this was caused from the fact the sun had gone down, and the wind was increasing, bringing with it a faint odor of burning grass. As it grew dark I saw a flickering of light at a distance, but thought nothing of it. It was not long, however, before I discovered the cause of the light. Stretching from the right to left apparently in a semi-circle, was a streak of fire, and I at once realized that I was in a dangerous position.

There was no way to escape except to turn back, and I was loath to do that. I stood still some time, and tried to think of trying to break through this sweeping wall of fire. Turning the horse's head in the direction from which we came I let him have the reins. He needed no urging and covered the ground in fine style. I looked back and saw the fire was not so fast as we were going. The fire was now less than a mile from me, coming before a terrible wind, the flames leaping high in the air. By the light I could see a small hill a few hundred yards away, and my only hope was to reach that, perhaps finding shelter on the opposite side. I put forth my best efforts, but before covering half the distance I could hear the roar of the flames and feel the heat, while the smoke was suffocating. Making a terrible effort I kept to my feet for a few seconds more, but then my consciousness left me. When I awoke it was morning, and bending over me was a young woman. Remembering what I had passed through my first impression was that I was dead and in hell, where we went to go sometime. But I soon found my mistake, and that I was not in a cave, but in a dug in the side of a hill. In diving from the fire my last step had brought me to the door, and falling, had forced it open. The young woman was in great distress, and told me that she feared her husband had been caught by the prairie fire. She had a history very briefly, saying that she was an orphan, had been married but a short time, and came from the East with her husband to make a home. Her husband had left her alone two days before, having gone to the nearest town, and she had expected him to return the evening before. Hastily eating what she had prepared we started in search of the missing man. The scene was a desolate one, as far as the eye could reach being a sea of ashes. We had gone a little over a mile when we found the charred remains of the woman's husband. I left her watching over him while I hunted up a habitation, and, securing assistance, we buried him near where he died. I hired a man to take me to my ranch, where I found my partner had arrived all right. Shortly after that I died and came back to life. I shall not forget that part of the country soon."

Just as the narrator had ceased speaking a bright little boy came running up to him saying: "Papa, mamma wants to see you."

"But what became of the young woman?" was asked by the rest of the party as the gentleman arose. "Well," said he, after a smile, "she has just sent our boy after me."

They tell in Philadelphia that years ago a boy named Edwin H. Filder climbed upon the roof of the old Bridgeway row walk to shoot a crow. He shot the crow, but the watchman of the building pulled him down from the roof and gave him a flogging. Edwin H. Filder, the same one, is now Mayor-elect of the city and owner of that rope walk, and that the same watchman is one of his employees—too old to work, but possessed handsomely.

Sixty Skeletons Found.

THE REMAINS OF MEN WHO WERE MURDERED MANY YEARS AGO AND THROWN IN A WELL.

The people of Nashville are excited over a ghastly discovery made near Cookville, situated on what was known many years ago as the Kentucky Stock Road. This was at the time the principal highway for traders between Kentucky and Georgia and north Carolina. Stopping places on the road were few and far between, and many men returning after selling their stock never reached home.

Some years ago a skeleton was found at the entrance to a cave near Cookville and a few days ago a party concluded to explore the cave. Beyond the mountain side, about one half mile from one of the notorious stopping places on the old road, the entrance to the cave was found. A hole something like a well going straight down some thirty-five feet was first passed through and the cave opened into a cavernous space with a downward course under the mountain.

At the bottom of the shaft the party found human bones and with a little digging in the debris that had accumulated at this point unearthed about sixty skeletons of men who had been considered as having been thrown into the well. Some skulls were found with bullet holes through them, others being smashed with an axe or an instrument of that kind.

Old citizens now living in the vicinity say that the keepers of the well would keep track of the travelers when they passed through with stock and on their return they would be almost certain to disappear. There is another cave twenty miles from Cookville near one of the ancient inns and an exploration of it will be made also.

Longevity. When mankind receives the wise raising and training that is expended on horses and cattle, the Scriptural limit of three score and ten will be removed to at least five score. It has been estimated that the normal longevity of an animal is five times its period of growth. This rule gives a lion twenty, a dog ten, a camel forty, twenty years in the case of man. Man's life span is calculated by this calculation to be one hundred. The French chemist Chevreul, of Paris, has reached his hundredth year, with a vigor and clearness of intellect undimmed, and in a world comparatively ignorant of the highest uses of life, and while he is at present an extreme, it is indicative of what is possible to all, under better training and a greater degree of enlightenment. Other extremes have gone many years beyond this. Noah Raby, of Plainfield, New Jersey, is 114, and supports himself by a view of pushing on as fast as he can become cooler. A breeze sprang up from the south, and I gave my horse a tap to urge him on; but not minding the whip he started in a different direction than the one which he had been going. He appeared to be uneasy, but I supposed this was caused from the fact the sun had gone down, and the wind was increasing, bringing with it a faint odor of burning grass. As it grew dark I saw a flickering of light at a distance, but thought nothing of it. It was not long, however, before I discovered the cause of the light. Stretching from the right to left apparently in a semi-circle, was a streak of fire, and I at once realized that I was in a dangerous position.

What Sort of Girls are Lovable? "What kind of girls are lovable?" asks an old bachelor sternly. "That, good sir, depends on a great deal upon what you are going to love them for. Here is a rather pretty sunning up on the thoughts—and experience—of a person who has pride in being in some sort a connoisseur of loveliness. "The girls that are lovable," says he, "are these: girls without an undesirable love of liberty and craze for individualism; girls who will let themselves be guided, girls who have the filial sentiment well developed, and who feel the love of a daughter for the woman who acts as their mother; girls who know that every day and all day long cannot be devoted to holiday-making without the intervention of duties more or less irksome; girls who, when they can gather them, accept their roses with frank and girlish sincerity of pleasure, and when they are denied, submit without repining to the inevitable hand of circumstances—these are the girls whose companionship gladdens and does not oppress or distract the old, whose sweet and ready submission to reasonable control of authority make life so pleasant and their charge so light to whose care they are."

Cairo Children. It is the poor children here that most move to pity and make me lose sight of the wonderfully varied and picturesque scenes of Cairo, writes a Detroit Tribune correspondent from Egypt. The poor little things, borne astride the shoulder of their mothers, often seem more dead than alive, and the little hand clapping so feebly, yet so confidently, to her headgear is a sight most pitiful. It is said that seventy-eight per cent. of the children die here in infancy. I have seen several funerals of children. They are borne along the streets in an open wooden box with a gray pall thrown over it, a motley crowd bearing the box and others following chanting a song with not the least degree of solemnity. Neither the mother nor any woman is ever allowed to follow, and at the grave the child is taken out of the box, and, scarcely wrapped at all, is dropped into the sand.

Proper Indignation. "Chappie, I was grossly insulted to day, don't you know," remarked Fitzpercy. "Ah! how did it occur, me dear boy?" inquired De Nappy. "I went to buy a hat, you see, and I asked the cove what he thought of what I had on. He said it was a swazen as you please, 'A soft one, sir.' " "Did you resent the insult?" "Yas, promptly."

Mrs. Cleveland Uses Dumb Bells. From a Washington special. It has been remarked that Mrs. Cleveland possesses exceptionally strong wrists, and is consequently able to endure the prolonged hand-drawing of public receptions without over-fatigue. Her strength of muscle is attributed to her persistent use of dumb-bells. She is said to be quite a gymnast and owes much of her graceful carriage to the thorough command of her body given by calisthenic exercises.

Character in Toothpicks.

STUDYING MEN'S CHARACTER BY THE WAY THEY USE TOOTHPICKS.

"Talk about phrenology," said the cashier of a well-known restaurant, "I can get at a man's character without the feeling of his bumps. Just keep your eye on this man."

As he spoke a portly, dignified gentleman sat down at the desk and laid down a check wrapped in a \$5 note. Then he drew a toothpick from a tumbler on the desk, inserted it between his double teeth, looked at the cashier calmly in the eye, stroked an easy attitude, and waited for his change. When it was passed over he put it in his waistcoat pocket and left the restaurant with the toothpick still protruding from his mouth.

"That," said the cashier, "is a man of business. Did you notice how confidently he picked his teeth? That is a sure sign that he is in no danger of being swindled. He is a man whom you may trust, and one who will always conduct the change you give him. Now observe this one."

The next customer grabbed a toothpick and jabbed it between his teeth in a nervous manner. He gazed away from the cashier until the toothpick broke in half. Throwing the fragments on the floor, he gathered up the change for a fifty cent piece and dashed from the place as though a detective were on his track.

"A bad man that," commented the cashier, "and who is a treacherous wretch. Any man who stabs at his gums as that man did would use a knife in a quarrel. The manner in which he cast the useless toothpick on the ground is significant of how he would treat a friend who had gone overboard with him."

"Lord," continued the cashier, "I've studied this subject so much that I could keep talking all day on it. I am willing to bet that I am right nearly every time. You see, no one suspects that he is being judged according to the way he uses his toothpick. He acts perfectly natural. A man can change the expression of his face, and the hair of most men covers their bumps, but the innocent toothpick is what gives them away."

How Miss Wolfe Mowed Two Trees. There are two trees in the grounds in Vineland which were brought from the country seat of Miss Wolfe's father, coming up to the Hudson. "Can it be done," asked the landscape gardener who had undertaken to make her domains what they ought to be in the matter of trees and shrubs. She referred to the transplanting.

The landscape gardener was astonished. "Pray, madam," said he, hesitatingly, "have you considered the enormous expense of carrying out such a whim? It would cost at least—"

His questioner broke in impatiently: "That has nothing to do with it," she said, "I did not ask you what it cost, but if it could be done. I repeat, it is possible!" "Yes," answered the landscape-maker, "it is possible."

On the train the other day an old man showed up a window as the locomotive whistled for a crossing and stuck his body out to see what the row was about. The brakeman happened to pass through the car, and seeing the situation, he said: "Wheeler take your head in, sir."

"Why?" "Because you might strike a post or switch."

"Yes, that's so," muttered the old man, as he pulled himself in and sat down, "and the railroad would hop on to me for damages. It's better to be on the safe side."

Alden's Manifold Cyclopaedia of Knowledge and Language. One of the most extraordinary literary enterprises of the age is the work which bears the above title. The specimen pages which the publisher sends free to any applicant, show the type which is used—a good clear-faced brevity; also the form—ideal for convenience, easy for the eye, ready to hold. The volumes will average about 640 pages each, and there will probably be about thirty of them—the "manifold" number will not be inconvenient; when you consult a Cyclopaedia you are supposed to know what "titles" you are looking for, the lettering on the back of each volume tells you, at a glance what titles will be found within, so you do not look in the wrong one—and the volumes are so "handy" you quickly turn to the sought-for page.

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A big, burly westerner jostled against a tall, well built young man with a light mustache in the Nicell house yesterday. The young man tried to avoid him, but the westerner was unyielding. "I beg your pardon," said the young man with the light mustache. "Excuse my awkwardness."

"Confound your stupidity," the westerner burst forth. "Why in—can't you get away from me? You've got no business to be here. You've got to get out of my head. A man ought to be thrashed, and I ought to do it."

The young man merely bowed his head and moved away. "Who is that fellow?" asked the westerner of the Nicell. "That's Pat Killen, who is matched to fight Sullivan," was the reply. The westerner was not visible the remainder of the day.—St. Paul Globe.

A Wrecked Life. Omaha Widow—I should greatly like to meet your wife, Mr. De Sweet. Mr. De Sweet—I have no wife. I can sympathize with you. You, too, have lost— "I never was married." "Oh! You are engaged though, I presume, and—"

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