

PLUCK, ROMANCE AND ADVENTURE.

CRUSE SAVED THE TROOPER.

THOMAS CRUSE, quartermaster's department, United States Army, got another step the other day and once more changed the little image in his shoulder strap. Colonel Cruse has been a long time in the staff department which has to do with army mules, tents, canteens and haversacks. When he first left the line for the staff friends said he couldn't stand it, but when a man has fought more than most and licked all that he fought, it's not overhand to urge him to take the soft side of a pillow. They say in the army to-day that Tom Cruse can't pick up a sample shovel that some contractor has submitted for inspection without coming to an "advance carbine" with it, and later trying to cook the thing. Cruse for years was an officer in the Sixth Cavalry. Out at Fort Sheridan the other day a retired enlisted man who had served under Cruse some years ago, told the story of how the quartermaster officer won the little bit of bronze which on certain occasions he wears pinned to his blouse.

In the early summer of 1882 Cruse was a second lieutenant in "K" Troop of the Sixth Cavalry. He was out scouting after Apaches down in the very hottest part of Arizona. The command had trailed along till it came to the rocky basin known as the Big Dry Wash. Cruse had something less than a corporal's guard with him. The little band had not seen a sign of an Indian since it set out, but then Apaches are not given to making signs, nor do they wait for formal introduction before extending warm greetings to those who would cross the threshold of their rocky desert fastnesses.

Beyond the basin of the Big Dry Wash was a natural fortification of rocks. Cruse sent a man by the right flank to take a peep behind the bowlers before crossing. The trooper returned and reported there was nothing there. Then the little command rushed down into the basin, and had opened from behind the rocks to their front. The fire was concentrated and terrific. Two of the six saddles were emptied and the mounted command gave way and sought the shelter of the rocks to the rear. Under the tramping hail of bullets, Cruse lifted a wounded trooper to his saddle and bore him back to shelter, where the men dismounted and took what count they could of their hidden enemy across the basin.

It was supposed that the second trooper who had fallen in the open was dead. While looking out across the waste between him and the ambushed savages Cruse saw the fallen trooper move. Then there happened one of those things which a single line in the medal of honor list tells about, but to which a whole volume can not do justice. Cruse, carbine in hand, stood straight up, a fair and easy mark for a bullet. A tawny face showed beyond and an eye glanced along a rifle barrel. Before the weapon spoke, Cruse's carbine sent a bullet straight through the Apache's head. Then he rounded the rock in front and strode across the open towards the wounded soldier. At every stride he fired. He was one of the crack shots of the army and the bullets scared the rocks close to the heads of the lurking reds.

They had seen their comrade's head split clean at 150 yards. They dared not expose themselves enough to take careful aim, but they answered the officer's challenge with a scattering volley. He reached the moaning trooper. Behind him had come two of his men. "Pick him up, boys," said Cruse, "and I'll cover the retreat." He stood there facing the enemy's lurking place. A savage braver than the rest stood up and fired. The bullet scratched Cruse's arm, but an ounce of lead crashed into the Apache's head. Cruse walked backward, while behind him his two devoted men bore their stricken fellow. Bullets tore up the sand, but the magnificent nerve and courage of the soldier who sent back true a shot for every volley palsied the Apaches' aim.

Back to their breastworks the soldiers went with their burden. Cruse standing erect and sending one last shot before sinking to cover. Then re-enforcements came and eighteen savages were put to flight. To-day it is nothing but two cents' worth of bronze and a bit of ribbon that reminds one of the gallantry on that July day in the basin of the Big Dry Wash. —Edward B. Clark, in Chicago Record-Herald.

BABY PLAYS WITH A SNAKE.

Undismayed by a blacksnake that crept into the clothes basket in which she lay in the yard, Eva Buelah, three years old, daughter of Peter Buelah, a River Hill, Pa., farmer, hailed the intruder as a pet and caressed it as she would a kitten until rescued from her dangerous position by her frightened father. Her years were too few for knowledge of the scrape her prototype had got into with connection with a serpent, but little Eva perhaps was wiser than Eve; for, whereas the mother of the race let the constrictor do most of the talking, the baby kept up an interrupted flow of prattle to the snake. From the moment in which it dragged its four feet of length into her wicker paradise she was the most delighted youngster in those parts. She cooed to the sable playmate, rapped it over the head with her rattle and laughed with delight when it wriggled over her. Her parents heard and

saw her, but they didn't perceive the snake until the father walked from the door of the house toward the basket. Then he dashed to her side. Buelah snatched the little one from the basket and gave her a fling that sent her rolling over the grass. Then he raised a clothes pole and swung it on the snake until he had beaten the reptile to a pulp. He was astonished to find Eva unharmed. There was no danger of poison; but the snake, being of the constrictor species, easily might have choked the child in its folds.

WOLVES ATE THE DOUGHNUTS.

Wolves have been particularly aggressive this past winter in the Northwest, and many narrow escapes of human beings have been reported. A sleighload of people in Cass County, Minnesota, were pursued by a pack of wolves the other day. The pursued dropped doughnuts along the way, and the wolves fought so hard for the delicacies that the whole party got home in safety. Two lumbermen in the employ of Sam Simpson, a logger operating in the neighborhood of Duluth, Minn., heard the howl of a wolf when they were about a mile from their cabin. The men hastened toward camp, but did not apprehend any real danger.

In a few minutes a wolf was heard at much closer range. Then several were heard at various points. The men could think of nobody that the wolves had in view for supper but themselves, and they broke into a run.

They arrived breathless at their camp, three wolves following them to within 150 feet of the cabin door. Ten minutes later the howls of wolves in the vicinity indicated that a great pack had assembled.

"If you want to get a record as a first-class runner," said one of the lumbermen who had escaped, "just get out some place and get yourself chased by a pack of wolves. You will find that you have more muscles in your body than you have any idea of."

"You want to imagine every jump that they are about to spring on you, and wonder whether or not it will hurt when they are gnawing the flesh from your bones."

"I know that I can beat the ten-second class of runners in a walk," Chicago Inter Ocean Correspondence.

WILD RABBITS SAVED BISHOP.

Wild rabbits saved the lives of Bishop Peter E. Rowe, Episcopal Bishop of Alaska, and his companions, in March, while they were en route over the new mail trail from Fairbanks, Alaska, to Valdez. Bishop Rowe made the journey with a mail carrier named Karstens and John Chilson. They went through Golconda Valley to Copper River. At the top of the divide they were to meet and obtain provisions from a mail carrier named Frayne, bound from Valdez to Fairbanks. Either Bishop Rowe's party or Frayne missed the trail and they passed each other miles apart. Their food was exhausted, compelling the Bishop and his comrades to depend upon their own sole diet for three days until they reached a mining camp and obtained food. The trip was very hard, tiring both dogs and drivers. Bishop Rowe seemingly enjoyed the hardships, having become hardened through thousands of miles of arctic winter travel while visiting his widely separated missions. Each day he steamed rabbits while his fitted companions rested.

ALONE, MET CHARGE OF 700.

A dispatch from Gyantse, Tibet, gives the details of the Tibetan attack on Kanema post, in which one Sepoy killed and six wounded formed the total British losses. The onslaught of Tibetans began at dawn. They ascended a hill in two solid masses. A part of the troops had already started to march from the post, but those outside the fortifications immediately ran back to cover, save one Sepoy. He refused to budge and received the charge of the whole 700 Tibetans. After shooting five of them he was cut down, despite a heavy fire from the post.

The Tibetans reached the walls and attempted to climb over, hacking at the men at the loopholes with their swords, and even seizing the muzzles of the protruding rifles. Meanwhile those behind kept up a furious fire with matchlocks and Lhasa rifles. The Tibetans kept up the attack for half an hour with the utmost ferocity. They then withdrew, the garrison pursuing them.

Kindly "Dogs of War."

The latest movement of the Russians to provide further aid for their wounded, which is badly needed, is the utilization of dogs.

The German Emperor has presented three Scotch dogs which have been trained in ambulance work to the Russian Dog Breeders' Association, and after they have been tested they will be sent to the Far East.

It is also intended by the association to teach a number of the animals to be of assistance, either by remaining at the side of a wounded man when they have found him and attracting the attention of the ambulance corps and conducting it to the spot where the wounded man is lying.

Each animal is to carry a wallet strapped on his back containing bandages, restoratives and water, thus following the old custom of the hospice at St. Bernard.

Only Two Residents.

Thus far New York has contributed only two Presidents by election—Van Buren and Cleveland. New York has contributed nine Vice-Presidents, however—Burr, Clinton, Tompkins, Van Buren, Fillmore, Wheeler, Arthur, Morton and Roosevelt.

FINANCE AND TRADE REVIEW.

STRIKE INJURES BUSINESS.

Crop Prospects Improved and Prices for Farm Products, Promise Good Returns.

R. G. Dun & Co.'s "Weekly Review of Trade" says: "Trade conditions were gradually becoming more normal after the conclusion of political conventions, when a new disturbing factor appeared in the strike of packing house employees and allied trades. This enhanced prices of meats and added many thousands to the already large army of unemployed, weakening the purchasing power of the people still further. Aside from this unfavorable development, the news of the week contained much encouragement. Crop prospects improved and the general level of prices for farm products promises a large return to agriculturists, which means better business for all industries. Confidence grows with the crops, retailers showing more disposition to prepare for the future as the season advances with no serious setback to the farms. A few manufacturing lines are more active, although there is still much idleness at the shops and mills, and pig iron output for July will be smaller than in any recent month. Reports of increased plans for erection of buildings are not accompanied by any noteworthy expansion in demand for structural materials as yet. Railway earnings for the first week of July are only six-tenths per cent. less than last year, and foreign trade at this port showed gains of \$530,286 in exports and \$1,906,724 in imports, as compared with the corresponding week a year ago. Export markets are more active, many Western buyers having appeared in Boston and a fair volume of supplementary fall orders have been placed. Tanners who were short of hides are unable to secure deliveries on account of the strike, and the situation threatens to become serious if the struggle is prolonged. Exports this week numbered 225 in the United States, against 213 last year, and 20 in Canada; compared with 16 a year ago.

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THE WEAK SPOT.

A weak, aching back tells of sick kidneys. It aches when you work. It aches when you try to rest. It throbs in changeable weather. Urinary troubles add to your misery. No rest, no comfort, until the kidneys are well. Cure them with Doan's Kidney Pills.

Mrs. W. M. Dauscher, of 25 Water St., Bradford, Pa., says: "I had an almost continuous pain in the small of the back."

My ankles, feet, hands and almost my whole body were bloated. I was languid and the kidney secretions were thick. Physicians told me I had diabetes in its worst form, and I feared I would never recover. Doan's Kidney Pills cured me in 1896, and I have been well ever since."

A FREE TRIAL of this great kidney medicine which cured Mrs. Dauscher will be mailed to any part of the United States. Address Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y. Sold by all dealers, price 50 cents per box.

Ancient Cartoonists.

The London Chronicle, is reproducing in its columns some Egyptian war cartoons 3,000 years old. Pharaoh's chariot is drawn by dogs, his soldiers are represented by rats. The enemy's army is composed of cats. A single combat between a rat and a cat, each armed with a sword, is graphically depicted. It is explained that the drawing was the work of a caricaturist of renown in the year 1100 B. C. Another cartoon represents a donkey and a lion playing a war game of draughts. The caricaturist was also a writer. He describes the soldier of the period as the victim of "bad victuals" and water. This would indicate that, like Uncle Sam, the Egyptians had their "embalmed beef" problem. Many of the ideas expressed by the ancient cartoonists in their productions are found in the drawings of modern caricaturists. There is nothing new under the sun. A wise man once observed that all the funny stories are based upon and are variations of five humorous stories originating with the ancients. Apparently the cartoonists and the joke makers of the twentieth century are revamping some mighty old material. —Baltimore Sun.

Edward H. Harriman went to Wall street as a broker while in his teens. He mastered the broker's business and became a private banker, organizing a banking house, which passed later over to his brother and cousin, with Nicholas Fish as a special partner. The high financial plane which he is now on has been achieved since 1893.

To Exploit African Falls.

A company has been formed to exploit Victoria Falls, in the Zambesi, and will build a hydro-electric generating station, with the expectation of supplying power to the Waukele coal fields, Bulawayo, the Gwelo, Sebakwe and Harle gold fields, all of which are within 300 miles.

\$100 Reward.

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure now known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the formation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials. Address: Dr. J. C. Knapp & Co., Toledo, O.

To Protect Montana Waters.

Citizens of Montana living in the valley of Milk River are gravely concerned over the proposed extensive diversion of the waters of that stream in Canada, and are importuning the government to intervene in order that their prior rights to the water may be protected.

Metal Reduced to Powder.

Visitors to the ruins of St. Pierre have observed the following surprising effect of the eruption of May 8. While some parts of the walls and other remains of masonry still stand nothing remains of metallic constructions but an impalpable powder.

John D. Rockefeller began his business career at 16 as a clerk in a commission house in Cleveland, O. In three years he had saved \$1,000 and borrowed another thousand from his father, with which he went into the same business for himself. His first venture in oil refining was at Cleveland in 1869.

A Household Remedy.

Cures SCALD, ECZEMA, SALT RHEUM, ETC. ZELIN, every form of SKIN ERUPTION, besides being an efficient skin toning up the system and restoring the complexion, when impaired from any cause. It is a fine Tonic, and its almost supernatural healing properties justify its use in guaranteeing a cure of all blood diseases, if directions are followed. Price, \$1 per Bottle, or 6 Bottles for \$5. SENT FREE, together with valuable information, BLOOD BALM CO., ATLANTA, GA.

DROPSY NEW DISCOVERY.

Given quick relief and cures worse cases. Book of testimonials and 10 days' treatment free. Dr. R. E. GREEN'S OIL, Box 2, Atlanta, Ga. P. N. U. 31, 1904.

HIVES CURE FOR CONSUMPTION.

CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. One in time. Sold by druggists.

Vice Presidents Who Became Presidents.

Of the 25 persons who have been elected Vice President of the United States, about one-third of them, or eight, have attained the Presidential office, either by subsequent election or by the death of the President, and five of them died in office. Those who were elected Vice President and were afterward elected to the Presidency are John Adams, who was Vice President for two full terms, and was then elected President; Thomas Jefferson, who was Vice President during the term of John Adams; Martin Van Buren, who was Vice President in Andrew Jackson's last term and was then elected to succeed him. If Mr. Roosevelt's electors should be elected in November next that would add another to the list.

Those who have gone into the Executive through the death of the President upon the death of William Henry Harrison about one month after the latter was inaugurated, and so served nearly a full term; Millard Fillmore, who succeeded Zachary Taylor 1 year and 4 months after the inauguration of Taylor; Andrew Johnson, who served all of Lincoln's second term but one month; Chester A. Arthur, who succeeded James A. Garfield and served three and one-half years, and Theodore Roosevelt, who succeeded William McKinley six months after his second inauguration.

A peculiar "glass disease" has broken out among the windows of York Cathedral.

Some of the thirteenth and fourteenth century glass in the edifice has been removed in order to arrest the "disease." The outbreak is ascribed to a fungus.

ITS permanently cured. No return necessary.

Allen's Foot-Ease. A powder. It relieves the feet. Cures Corns, Bunions, Swollen, Sore, Hot, Callous, Aching, Sweating Feet and Ingrowing Nails. Allen's Foot-Ease makes new tight shoes easy. At all Drugists and Shoe stores, 25 cents. Accept no substitute. Sample mailed FREE, Address, Allen S. Olmsted, LeRoy, N. Y.

Port Arthur and Cincinnati are in the same latitude.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic, 25c a bottle.

The Korean capital has a Japanese quarter known as the Shingorai.

Piso's Cure is the best medicine we ever used for all Catarrhs of throat and lungs.—Wm. O. Lindsay, Yankton, Ind., Feb. 10, 1900.

Rabies Very Rare.

The fear of rabies is almost mythical. In the last three years the New York Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals has cared for nearly 160,000 dogs and not one case of the disease has been found. The malady is extremely rare and, contrary to popular superstition, a mad dog never attacks man or beast unless first attacked and is not afraid of water. Even this almost unknown disease is not dangerous to the public, if the suffering animal is left alone.

Old Indian Capital.

Tahlequah, which used to be noted on the maps of all old geographers as the capital of Indian Territory, is a town of about twenty-five hundred people, and the majority of its population are Cherokee Indians. The Cherokees are of all shades of complexion. Some coal-black negroes boast of being Cherokee Indians, but the prevailing color is a dusky brown, a little darker than that of a Japanese, or a yellow somewhat lighter than a mulatto.

BEST FOR THE BOWELS.

GUARANTEED CURE for all bowel troubles, appendicitis, biliousness, bad breath, bad blood, wind on the stomach, bloated bowels, foul mouth, headache, indigestion, pimples, pains after eating, liver trouble, yellow skin and dizziness. When your bowels don't move regularly you are sick. Constipation kills more people than all other diseases together. It starts chronic ailments and long years of suffering. No matter what ails you, start taking CASCARETS today, for you will never get well and stay well until you get your bowels right. Take our advice, start with Cascarets today under absolute guarantee to cure or money refunded. The genuine tablet stamped C. C. Never sold in bulk. Sample and booklet free. Address: Sterling Remedy Company, Chicago or New York.

Chickens Earn Money!

If You Know How to Handle Them Properly. Whether you raise Chickens for fun or profit, you want to do it intelligently and get the best results. The way to do this is to profit by the experience of others. We offer a book telling all you need to know on the subject—a book written by a man who made his living for 25 years in raising Poultry, and in that time necessarily had to experiment and spent much money to learn the best way to conduct the business—for the small sum of 25 cents in postage stamps.

It tells you how to Detect and Cure Disease, how to Feed for Eggs, and also for Market, which Fowls to Save for Breeding Purposes and indeed about everything you must know on the subject to make a success.

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