

SELF-RELIANCE.

BY GATE BRITTLE.

Who is the man that best succeeds
In life's uncertain race;
Who, step by step, each rival leads,
And takes the foremost place?

It is not he who seeks for aid
Ere the contest is begun;
It is the self-reliant man,
Who leans on self alone.

He meets his troubles as they come,
As brave men meet their foes;
Nor wastes his time in shivering,
In dread of next year's snows.

He lingers not where spendthrifts dwell,
Live their short lives and die;
He tells, he saves, and always asks,
His purse what he shall buy.

No evil pleasures ease his toil;
The purest 'er suffice;
For labor is his salt of life,
And pleasure but its spice.

He stints not gold when need demands,
Nor risks his soul with doubt,
When, though he would "lay money up,"
He also "lays it out."

His acts are just, his pledge is kept,
He tricks not, nor deceives;
He deems that honest deeds are fruit,
And empty words but leaves.

He will not bend the knee to man—
He'll cringe, he'll kneel to none;
The brave, the self-reliant man,
Kneels but to God alone.

THE MAJOR'S LUCK.

By HUGH PENWORTHY.

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It was when the old Forty-fifth was in garrison at Madras—confound the country! with its heat, its insects and snakes, its dismal and overflowing wet seasons and fevers and a dozen other disagreeable things to make life miserable.

There was an uprising in a neighboring petty State, and a detachment of the Forty-fifth was ordered there post haste. Which does not mean much as to speed in a country with roads and a temperature such as India has.

We duly arrived, however, and found that there was a pretty mess of it.

The petty prince of the little province had been raising and keeping a standing army, consisting of thirty or forty lower caste Hindoos, whom he had armed with as many guns of an old-fashioned design, probably worked off on him by some junk dealer on the coast.

Whether the Oriental inclination for despotism had got to be a little harder than usual on the members of the standing army, or whether the army had found itself getting more powerful than its sovereign—for some reason it had revolted and deserted in a body, plundered the royal bungalow and some of the native residents of the station, and was at that time living a sort of bandit life in the neighboring jungle, swooping down on the place whenever provisions ran short, and taking whatever they wanted, with an incidental murder here and there.

Major Barker, on learning all the circumstances and the amount of the force from the few English residents, said:

"We'll put an end to this at once, sir; we'll stamp the rebellion out like that, sir" and he stamped his foot sharply on the matting, by sheer good luck catching one of the big roaches of that climate under his sole, which lent objective force to his declaration.

Well, we did stamp them out very much like that—when we found them.

But the finding of the rebels was the hardest part of the job, and, in spite of the major's contempt for the quality of the foe, it happened that he was to be the man who was to come the nearest to losing his life in a short campaign which was all but bloodless on our side.

The undercurrent of rebellion against our English rule in India is well illustrated by the conduct of some of the natives of this station, from whom we tried to find out the whereabouts of the rebellious standing army.

Much as they were in fear of their fellow countrymen's raids and barbarous atrocities, as between them and us their aid was given to the rebels.

In a few days Major Barker had become furious.

"They think they can fool us, do they? By gad, sir, I'll show them! We'll hunt them out, sir, and hunt them down, sir—in short order, too, by Jove!"

So the major divided his detachment into several small reconnoitering parties to beat up the jungle very much as he would have done on a tiger hunt, with a systematic plan of progress and a series of stated rendezvous.

The major, on his part, took two men with him, and I was one of them.

Our party was smaller than any of the others, and I think the reason was that he wanted to express to the men, in a striking way, his utter contempt for the nature of the enemy.

The major's zeal and bravery were beyond question; these and his hot-headedness were apt to be sources of misfortune to him occasionally.

At the time referred to he dragged us on so eagerly and impatiently into the forest that on the very first day we completely lost ourselves, through not having time to take proper precautions to mark our path.

The fact worried Dick Brace and me considerably, and we began to discuss the matter over the fire we built at dark that night with a view to keeping off the wild denizens of this Indian forest.

We could not get much satisfaction from the major.

"Lost, sir?" said he. "Lost! Absurd. These rascally Hindoos find their way back through these forests; how dare you imply, sir, that our Christian intelligence is unable to do the same? Don't speak that way again, sir, or I'll put you under arrest for disrespect to your commanding officer."

Then the major lay down and went to sleep, while Dick Brace and I talked it over.

It is just such men as the major that have the luck in this world.

Next morning at dawn we were up and looking about for something to shoot for breakfast. It was the major who stumbled over the bird and shot it and at the same time he stumbled

over a trail that bore with it divers signs which would seem to indicate its use by the enemy.

"There, sir," said the major, when we were forced to halt for a rest after an hour's march, "there, sir, you see the triumph of British instinct, if not intelligence, over cool craft. You may call it luck, sir, my stumbling on this trail, but I, sir, call it superior instinct, born of keener intelligence."

The major had risen, as he delivered this specimen of his logic and his philosophy, and he had hardly got the words out of his mouth when there from some undergrowth a few yards away.

The major drew his left arm up as if in pain and uttered an exclamation. The next moment he had turned and dashed right into the midst of the clump where the fire came from.

I might as well say at this point that we all thought Major Barker more or less of a born idiot in action, he was so confoundingly foolhardy; but for that very reason there was not a man in his command who did not feel himself morally bound to take care of such an irresponsible person, as he would have of a child.

So Dick and I bounded after the major, inwardly wondering if he was lending us into the arms of the whole forty.

But the forty, more or less, were gone when we got to the spot; we could hear the crackling of bushes as they scampered off and we fired several shots at them.

The reason that the major did not keep on was that we heard the sounds of retreat going off in so many directions that he for a moment was puzzled as to which one to follow.

This gave Dick and me the desired opportunity, and we seized it.

That is, we seized the major and compelled him to sit down, for his left sleeve was dyed red and his left hand was dripping.

"Confound you, what are you doing?" he cried. "Eh—my wound? Hang it—it's nothing. I don't even feel it. Eh? Hands off there. Forward!"

But we would not let go our hold of him.

"What, sirs; you will not obey? Consider yourselves under arrest, both of you. I—"

He began to grow a trifle pale, probably from loss of blood, and he concluded to give in to our physical persuasion by sitting down.

We ripped up his sleeve and found a gunshot wound through the muscles just above the elbow, and bleeding profusely.

The bleeding was the only really serious thing about the wound, and Dick and I set to work like good fellows to make ligatures for the arm and bind it up, using the fragments of the major's shirt sleeves.

We kept very silent, we were so busy. We were just tying our last knot, when the major said:

"Hark!"

We listened. In a moment we heard the distant rustle of bushes. Later the crackling of a twig. Other similar sounds followed at intervals, growing a little nearer each time.

They all indicated the stealthy approach of one or more skulkers.

"They're coming back," whispered Dick. "They think we've retreated."

"Retreated, sir," roared the major, spring to his feet and snatching the revolver from his belt. "Retreated! I'll show 'em!"

He was off again. The last words were delivered as he ran.

We sprang after him. Luckily we were in single file, for two tongues of fire shot out from an ambush just ahead, and we heard two balls cut the leaves on either side of our line of progress.

and, quicker than I can tell it, a knife flashed in the hand of the turbaned foe.

I saw it was raised high over the major as he struggled to rise.

The sight gave me superhuman strength. I literally wrenched my enemy's grasp free and hurled him backward, down on the major's prostrate form—just as the knife descended.

Then I launched one blind blow at the head of the assassin.

The tremendous and successive actions weakened me to the point of taking away my senses for a moment. I reeled and fell.

But when, a few seconds later, my strength came back and I regained my feet, I saw Dick rolling the body of a Hindoo off the major's prostrate form, and that Hindoo had a knife sticking in his side.

As for the man I had struck at, I must have hit him pretty hard, because it was nearly half an hour before he came around; and as to Dick's man, well, he was harmless, for a time, at least.

The major rose to his feet, puffing and panting, and not quite understanding what had happened.

Dick by chance had had an eye on the proceedings, and explained to the major that, by my last superhuman effort, I had saved his life by a clever interposition of my opponent's body.

For my part, I claim that I had very little to do with it. It was mainly that rash child of a major's luck, say I.—New York News.

Modern Plumbing Methods.

The freezing up of a water pipe has lost many of its terrors. A badly frozen pipe used to mean two or more plumbers, the digging up of pipes, the building of fires and all sorts of other troubles. During the cold weather of last winter numerous water pipes froze, but many of the old evils were done away with by means of a very simple device, depending on the heat generated by passing an electric current along a conductor.

A wire was connected to the faucet of the frozen pipe, another connection made to a neighboring hydrant or the water pipe of a nearby house, and a current sent through the circuit. Since the iron pipe was a better conductor than the earth, the current passed along the pipe, heating it thereby. A service pipe seventy-five feet long could be heated to 145 degrees Fahrenheit by the passage of a current of 275 amperes with about eighteen volts. Care was necessary to avoid too powerful currents, which would overheat the pipes and injure them.

The current was supplied from the service wires of electric companies, by storage batteries carried about from place to place, and in some cases by dynamo driven by small engines carried about on wagons. Digging down to the pipes is unnecessary, except in cases where a building is so isolated that hydrants or other pipe connections to the mains are not available. Even when digging must be resorted to no building of fires or other tedious processes are necessary.

Strange Fate of an English Earl.

"I came across a bit of treasure the other day," writes a Washington author, who is down on Cape Cod. "It is the log-book of the schooner Hera, which sailed from Boston on a day in the '70's. She sailed with a new first mate on board."

"He seemed an ambitious man, and he understood navigation. The captain suspected him of a desire to be master of a vessel himself some day, but there was little about him to suggest that he was anything but a sailor. The third day out he was caught by the down-haul of the mizzen, and went overboard. His body was never recovered. When the Hera came back from her voyage she was met by two Englishmen. They had crossed the water post-haste to find that first mate. Somebody had died in England, and—well, the man who was lost off that Yankee schooner was the Earl of Aberdeen."—Washington Post.

When Beck Fished in Florida.

The Cincinnati Enquirer says that at the Amateur Journalists' Convention in Baltimore a Philadelphia said of James M. Beck, who is one of the association's most distinguished members:

"When we had our convention in Philadelphia Mr. Beck was the life of it. He kept the table in a roar. In reparation it was impossible to get the better of him."

"At one time he was talking about fishing."

"The best day's sport I ever had," he said, "was off the Florida coast. There were three of us; we each had three rods, and all day long we pulled in fish as fast as we could throw out our lines. I forget," he added, thoughtfully, "what kind of fish they were."

"Perhaps they were whales," some one suggested.

"Whales!" said Mr. Beck; "why, man, we were baiting with whales."

The Golf Dog.

A friend writes to me to suggest a drop of oil of rhodium applied to the golf ball and a spaniel led round by the caddie. These in this year of great grassiness and of Haskell balls at two shillings each, are distinct aids, as he says, to living within your income. It sounds a fantastic scheme, but after all, looked at soberly, what is the objection or difficulty about it?—Horace Hutchinson, in Country Life.

The Bare Facts.

"Anyway," said the Cheerful Idiot as he looked over the Tired Citizen's shoulders at the picture of an Igorrot dog feast, "that's one part of the canine they don't seem to fancy."

"What's that?" asked the Tired Citizen, accommodatingly.

"The pants," replied the Cheerful Idiot, with loud laughter.—Baltimore American.

PLUCK ROMANCE AND ADVENTURE.

SAVED U. S. S. ADDER.

A FINE type of the American seaman is Bo's'n P. Deery, of the naval tug Peoria, who, at a critical moment of the Virginia coast, when his young commander, Lieutenant Clarence England, saw the hawvers part which connected the two valuable submarine torpedo boats he had in tow, jumped into a boiling sea with a new line tied about his waist and swam a hundred yards to the adder, getting safely on board. Fastening his line and saving Uncle Sam \$50,000 at night.

Bo's'n Deery couldn't save the *Mocassin*, too, and she now lies off Little Island, in grave danger of total destruction. But by saving the *Adder* he accomplished a feat which not a man of the sear, who breathlessly watched him go over the side of the *Peoria* into the churning sea believed he could successfully do.

Bo's'n Deery hails from Brooklyn and has been in the navy many years. He is a tall, broad-shouldered man, with great, long, powerful arms, and a mighty chest, which is the envy of all apprentices. Like many men of his type, his disposition is as sunny as that of a child. He is quiet and modest, but in one little way and another he has given so many exhibitions of his cool courage and ability to do difficult things that whenever there is an especially delicate job on hand there is a demand for Deery.

When Lieutenant England was assigned to bring the *Adder* to Annapolis with the naval tug *Peoria*, the first man he asked for was Deery. Today he is sitting back and contemplating himself on his very fine judgment, for, however willing any other man he might have selected would have been to risk his life to save such a valuable piece of machinery as the *Adder*, there are very few who would have done the thing successfully.

When the wind began to blow and the sea to run high on Wednesday afternoon the little tug and her predecessor towed by the *Peoria* were off Cape Henry the *Mocassin* had already got adrift from her towing craft, the *Yankee*, and although in great trouble himself, Lieutenant England was making every effort to catch her tow line or to assist the crew of the little craft to get away from the heavy seas.

All night this delicate work kept up, and finally the *Mocassin* was caught. To turn her, however, it was necessary to expose her for a moment broadside to the sea, and at that moment the towing pin broke again and once more the obstinate little boat was free to toss about in the trough of the sea.

In a frantic effort to get her again the *Peoria* succeeded in snatching the hawser by which she held the *Adder*, just as precious a charge as the *Mocassin*. It was with a sinking heart that Lieutenant England saw the little submarine float away in the heavy sea. He didn't lose his head, though, but realizing that there was only one chance, piped all hands aft and called for a volunteer to plunge into the sea and carry a line to the *Adder*.

This was like calling for Deery, and the big boatswain didn't disappoint. With a respectful salute he stepped forward. In a few minutes his shoes were off, his mates had freed him from his blouse and trousers and a light line had been fastened around his waist. It wasn't a line that would have hauled him ashore had he worn himself out in the sea. Just a light line with which a heavier one could be hauled aboard the *Adder* in the remote chance of the boatswain being able to reach her.

Deery knew that he had to make the *Adder* or lose his life. He leaped lightly to the rail, waved his hand cheerfully to his cheering comrades and then plunged head foremost into the sea. A hundred yards away was the *Adder*, rising on one heavy sea only to disappear the next moment behind some gigantic wall of water. And slowly making his way toward her, was the big boatswain, a mere spot he looked in, that fearful turmoil.

Deery learned to swim down at the foot of Court street, Brooklyn, when he was a boy. That's a training school where Brooklyn boys have to swim or drown. Deery learned lessons then that served him in good stead at this critical moment of his life. With long, clean-cut strokes, now diving to escape the resistance of a towering wall of water, now coming up and increasing his stroke to take advantage of a little smooth water, this splendid big American sailor went slowly but surely toward the dancing submarine.—New York News.

CAPT. MARCOTTE'S FISH STORY.

It appears that Captain Henry Marcotte, U. S. A., retired, originated the story of catching a trout in one of the pools of the Yellowstone Park and boiling it for his dinner by dropping it, while still on his line, into one of the hot springs. "It's a true story," said Captain Marcotte to a reporter of the *St. Paul Pioneer Press*, "and it originated in this way. We crossed the Yellowstone River on our way to Bozeman, and founded the Yellowstone army post. Our party was the first that had seen the river since Lewis and Clarke discovered it in 1804. I caught the original fish and boiled him in a hot spring not ten feet away, and then wrote the *Chicago Tribune*. 'I can stand in these mountains with my fishing line, catch a fish in a pool of water on one side, and toss it into a pool on the other side, where it will boil for dinner.' The *Tribune* printed

what I wrote, but its staff set me down for a first-class liar, and every one who read the tale believed the same thing. "Times have changed, and the railroad has been built, and the children of the people who called me the original Yellowstone liar are now standing by that river, catching fish and boiling them every summer. Then they write home about it and keep the story alive. The party of surveyors sent out by the promoters of the new railway were accompanied by six companies of regulars, as the country was then full of hostile Indians, who were ready to massacre any lone white man. We set out in the early summer of 1871 from Fort Rice, on the Missouri, some miles from the present city of Bismarck, S. D., and plodded westward all summer until we came to the Bad Lands. The country was new and strange to us, and we lost our way and would never have come out had it not been for our Indian guides, who piloted us through the fantastic region. Late in the fall we finally reached Bozeman, Mont., which was the end of our journey. It took many weeks to cover a distance that is now covered by Northern Pacific trains in about eighteen hours. From Bozeman other parties were sent out, and they finally found the way through the mountains over which the railway was built later. It has been an exceedingly interesting experience to travel over the same ground on comfortable trains and to think about the hardships of our mountain tramp in the early days. The development of the country has been amazing and beyond our expectations."

ALMOND CHEESECAKES.

Blanch a quarter of a pound of almonds; beat them with a little orange-flower water; add the yolks of eight eggs, the rind of a large lemon grated, half a pound of melted butter, sugar to the taste; lay a thin puff-paste at the bottom of the tins, and little slips across, if agreeable. Add about half a dozen bitter almonds.

PINEAPPLE FILLING.

Pare a small pineapple, chop very fine, and sprinkle with sugar. Let stand about four hours, then drain off the juice. Whisk the whites of two eggs to a very stiff froth with one small cupful of sugar, and add one cupful of the chopped pineapple. Place between the layers of the cake. For the frosting take one-half cupful of the juice drained from the pineapple, and stir in one cupful of icing sugar.

LEMON CAKE.

One cup of butter, three cups of sugar, four cups of flour, one cup of milk, five eggs, juice and grated rind of one lemon, one small teaspoonful soda. Beat the eggs separately, cream the butter, and add the sugar and yolks of the eggs. Beat well, add the milk and flour, then the lemon. Dissolve the soda in part of the milk and add it after the flour has been beaten in. Last of all, beat in the whites of the eggs.

STATESMAN'S PLUCK.

No statesman in the House of Commons has had a more adventurous career than Mr. J. J. O'Kelly, the member for Roscommon. Forty years ago Mr. O'Kelly enlisted in France's Foreign Legion and saw fierce fighting with the Arab tribes of Algeria. A year or two later his regiment was ordered to Mexico to support the ill-fated Emperor Maximilian, and here after taking part in a number of engagements, the young Irishman was made a prisoner by the enemy. Mr. O'Kelly, however, escaped, and after many exciting adventures, succeeded in reaching United States territory. His next exploit was a journalistic one. Cuba was in revolt, and an American newspaper intrusted Mr. O'Kelly with the perilous task of penetrating the insurgents' lines in order to gather at first hand the reasons for the insurrection. The Spanish military authorities in the island were polite but firm. They intimated to the correspondent that if they captured him in attempting to join the enemy they would have him shot. This did not deter Mr. O'Kelly from making the attempt, and ultimately he succeeded. On his return he was taken prisoner by the Spaniards and thrown into a dungeon. Threats and cajolery were applied with the object of inducing him to betray the military disposition of the insurgents, but he remained absolutely silent. Eventually he was sent a prisoner to Spain, and there his friends were able to obtain his release. But Mr. O'Kelly's adventures were not yet over. He accompanied the United States troops in their campaign against the redoubtable Sifting Bull, and he saved the life of the Emperor of Brazil in a collision off Rio Janeiro. In the early days of the Sudan trouble again he made a bold but unsuccessful attempt to reach the Mahdi, with the idea of interviewing that remarkable personage for the benefit of a London newspaper.

WENT OFF WITH STRANGERS.

Ernest Clegg, the thirteen-year-old Philadelphia boy, who was taken from two strangers in Louisville, Ky., after he had been terribly beaten, returned to his home, 2512 North Fifth street, yesterday afternoon. With his mother and friends about him, the lad last night told a remarkable story of his sufferings while traveling through the South. His body is covered with bruises, mute evidence of the treatment he had received at the hands of the beggars, and he was in a condition bordering on collapse for want of rest. His clothing, dirty and torn, barely covered his emaciated little body.

The boy said that he first met the beggars by answering an advertisement in this city. At that time the men said they were book agents.

"They treated me well during our stay here," he said, "but shortly after getting on the road they got brutal. In less than a month I was being kicked and beaten. When camping in the woods I tried several times to escape, but they watched me too closely. Sometimes there were as many as four or five tramps in our party. A man in Louisville saw one of the men beating me one day and told the officers of the Children's Society. Then the police surrounded us and locked the tramps up. The society took care of me and treated me well. I can't tell how glad I am to get home. I don't believe I want to travel any more."—Philadelphia Ledger.

A Record Climb.

The record for climbing Pike's Peak was made recently by H. H. Robinson, of Colorado Springs, Colo. The mountain is 14,117 feet above sea level, and the former record was made in three hours and five minutes. Mr. Robinson made the ascent in two hours and fifty-six minutes. He wore a heavy pair of shoes, carried an umbrella, and the last mile walked in two inches of snow.

HOUSEHOLD AFFAIRS.

STEWED IRISH POTATOES.

Peel and cut eight potatoes into long thin slices, and let them simmer gently for fifteen minutes in the following gravy: Into a hot skillet put three ounces of butter, and stir into it two tablespoonfuls of flour, one-half pint of broth and two tablespoonfuls of vinegar. Add salt and pepper to taste; also a bay leaf.

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TOMATO PASTE.

This is delicious to eat with cold meat or to spread on bread and butter. One peck of ripe tomatoes, one cup of salt. Wipe the tomatoes till quite clean, cut them up and boil them till soft. Then strain them through a colander, return to the saucepan and add one teaspoonful each of ground cloves, cayenne pepper, black pepper and curly powder; one cup of chopped onions. Boil till quite thick and add enough flour to form a paste.

BOILED BEEF AND SPAGHETTI.

Take a three-pound piece of beef round and cut up into pieces about the fourth pound each; put a piece of beef fat in the pot and add the meat; brown well; then add one cupful water; let this simmer for one hour, then add can of tomatoes and salt enough to season; break up in another pot one pound package of spaghetti; add three quarts boiling water and a tablespoonful salt; when this is tender drain and add to the meat, which has been boiling slowly for two hours, with a cupful of grated cheese.

PINEAPPLE SNOWBALLS.

Cover one-third of a box of granulated gelatine with cold water and let soak for an hour. When soft add boiling water to make a little more than a pint, and strain it on a platter. When cool break into it the whites of three eggs, and beat until it begins to stiffen. Add sugar to sweeten, the juice and rind of one lemon, a pinch of salt, a tablespoonful of vanilla, and one cupful of chopped pineapple, which has been sweetened and thoroughly scalded in a double boiler, and reduced to a pulp through a colander. Beat all together until stiff and foamy, then mould in egg cups and set on ice to harden. Serve in a nest of whipped cream colored pink with strawberry juice.

Hint's For the Housekeeper.

Oilcloth tacked across the bottom of a screen door will strengthen the netting and prevent rain beating in.

A candle protected by a glass chimney made for the purpose is much safer to carry about the house than a lighted lamp.

Have all plumbing painted well with white enamel, not only for sanitary reasons, but to lighten the work of the housekeeper.

Keep a good-sized piece of charcoal in the refrigerator until frost comes, removing the charcoal every ten days or two weeks.

Keep a lump of washing soda over the sink pipe, as it will neutralize the grease in the wash water and prevent the pipe clogging.

A clever woman traveler mended a rent in her gown by using a hair from her head as a thread for a needle she always carries in her purse.

Unique match holders for the summer cottages are made by carefully sawing a coconut in half and screwing the dry shell to the wall.

If a paper bag is slipped over the hand before the cloth or brush is taken to clean the stove the fingertips and nails will be saved contact with the grime.

Though it is wise to shroud pictures in cheesecloth during the summer months, something of their zestiness can be overcome by a judicious arrangement of colored crepe paper about the frame. A dusting with a feather brush keeps it sweet and clean.

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