

THE WEAKER SEX.

"The weaker sex," they call them, but a mortal couldn't make, in speaking of the womenfolk, a more profound mistake.

Caught in a Cave.

By HUGH F. GRINSTEAD.

It has been said that after all the surface of the earth has been explored there will yet remain many vast underground caverns that will furnish a field of research for the scientist and adventurer.

In 1854 my father moved from Virginia to Kentucky, where, with the help of myself and brother, aged respectively seventeen and fifteen years, he had built a two-room log house and cleared several acres of land preparatory to planting a crop.

One morning about the 1st of May I awoke early and decided to go turkey shooting before daylight, while the wary gobbler was still on the roost.

On nearing the "hog wallow" my attention was attracted to what appeared to be a black spot on the ground and almost directly in the path.

Dazed and half stunned by the fall I sat or rather lay there several minutes before my scattered senses could grasp all that had befallen me.

I had often heard Bob Clary, the old bee hunter, tell of the caves on Lost Creek, where the bees made their nests, and I had seen the pits on Blackburn's Bluff, less than a mile from my father's house.

As this all came to my mind I took courage. If my prison had an outlet by way of the pits on Blackburn's Bluff there was at least a chance for my rescue if I could ever reach there.

blessed light from above, and hope for rescue from some outside source. Thus buoyed with hope I began to move cautiously forward on my hands and knees in the direction of what I thought to be the larger part of the cave, judging from the sounds emanating therefrom as I shouted from time to time.

The floor of the cave was here almost level and I made rapid progress. Losing some of my timidity as I advanced I had arisen to my feet and was walking without difficulty.

With my hands against the wall and by carefully reaching out with my feet I found I was on a narrow ledge, on which it was very difficult to retain my footing.

I was sitting on the narrow ledge throwing pebbles into the water below and mentally calculating the distance, when I suddenly felt the gravelly bench begin to slide, and in that awful moment I realized the extent of my peril.

My fingers slowly relaxed, and I dropped—six feet below to a flat rock! Joy unspeakable! Shortly before I was bewailing my fate and now I was sobbing with very joy.

I found it was but the entrance to a small cave, running at right angles to the ledge above, and so close was I to the ledge, that had I swung out six inches farther I would have gone into the water as did the pebbles which had easily bounded over the rock.

At length the passage widened and the roof became higher, so that I could stand erect, and consequently get along faster. It was always uphill. The floor was a series of terraces, in places several feet apart, but always easily climbed by aid of the jagged stones.

After making my way from one of these terraces to the next higher by feeling my way over a path more difficult than usual, I became faintly aware of a peculiar sensation. I could see? Yes, there was actually a faint glimmer of light discernible by no eye save of one who had been in total darkness for a long time.

I still had to feel my way, for while the delicate organism of my eyes felt the sensation of light it was not enough to guide my footsteps. However, the light was steadily growing brighter. I was going toward it!

day and breathing the pure air; for I stood at the bottom of a large jagged opening, which I instantly recognized as one of the pits on Blackburn's Bluff.

I gazed upward and fairly drank in the pure air and sunshine. A little bird perched on a limb high above twittered gaily and seemed to be singing to me a song of good cheer.

The slanting rays of the sun told me it was late in the afternoon. If I planned escape I must work quickly. I carefully examined my prison. I could scale the wall almost to the top. Here an overhanging rock would stop further progress.

Laying aside my natural timidity, I resolved to use every means of escape, and forthwith began the ascent. I had some difficulty in making my way to the stunted oak, but by pulling myself up by the scant bushy growth along the face of the cliff I soon found myself balanced on the horizontal trunk ready to make my spring into space for the friendly grapevine.

Only four or five feet to safety! It was the supreme moment! Life itself depended on the success of this leap into space! Nerving myself for the final effort I jumped! I caught at the vine; it slipped through my hands for an instant, but the grasp of desperation held it! Slowly pulling myself up hand over hand, I soon reached a firmer hold in the branches of the elm and thence to the ground.

A later visit revealed only a sunken place ten feet across and some six feet deep to mark the spot where I fell into the cave. Years later a party of adventurers fully explored the cave and found a labyrinth of passages. By the merest accident I had taken the one leading out. Any of the others would have taken me miles through winding passages, beset with chasms deep and dangerous.

Eastern Invasion of the West. In fact, within the short space of three years after the Spanish War there was scarcely an important point of investment left untouched by Eastern funds and Eastern promotive enterprise.

Willing to Compromise. The mother had been having a strenuous day with her offspring, as Mrs. Anna Garlin Spencer calls the story of a little cousin of hers. The little boy had even more than usually been a peripatetic interrogation point.

A Revolutionary Relic. Senator Bard, of California, was once conversing with a Jesuit brother at the Georgetown University, when he told this story illustrative of the fine humor of Archbishop Ryan, of Philadelphia: The archbishop had rebuked a priest for wearing a most disreputable-looking hat.

Could Eat, But Not See. A farmer who went to a large city to see the sights engaged a room at a hotel, and before retiring asked the clerk about the hours for dining.

GOOD ROADS.

Building Roads in Illinois.

Building good roads all over the West is more general now than ever before. The Drovers' Journal, in referring to this work in Illinois, says: As a means of educating the people to the advantages of good roads and of the ways and methods to produce them the State highway commission of Illinois is pushing as rapidly as possible the construction of a number of experimental roads in various sections of the State.

One stretch of road has been completed at Salem, Ill. This road is just outside the limits of the city of Salem. The highway commissioners of Salem township applied for broken stone, which was furnished them, and a piece of road built by the local commissioners; owing to the lack of proper methods the road thus laid was poorly made.

The width of the macadam is about fourteen feet and put on eight inches deep; part of the work was resurfacing the road laid by the local commissioners, at the end of which was about 600 feet of newly constructed road. The exact cost of this work cannot be ascertained owing to the lack of records on the work done prior to that under charge of the State highway commission.

Good Roads and Mails. It is a severe commentary on the state of civilization of this republic that no first-class wagon or carriage road has as yet been built between Washington, the capital, and the nearest large city, Baltimore.

In order not to leave the active work of stimulating the construction of good roads entirely to the motorists, the Government is going into it in some degree in connection with the rural free mail delivery. State highway officials have been addressed on the subject of road improvement by the United States Department of Agriculture and the Postoffice Department, and the construction of roads is discreetly stimulated along the line of more rapid mail delivery.

Life's Highest Achievement. It has been said that success consists in getting that at which one aims, and being happy in it. Each one should have an ideal of what is to be the expression of his or her life. If this is attained in some degree such a life may be called successful.

Lafayette's Coach Preserved. Mr. John Nott—passing the evening of his life in the retirement of the old Nott homestead, five miles west of the town; after a long and useful life, worthy of his forebears—has in a cellar of his dwelling, carefully preserved, the body of the old-fashioned, but stately, coach in which Lafayette rode into this place on the occasion of his memorable and historic visit to Fayetteville in 1825.

Could Eat, But Not See. A farmer who went to a large city to see the sights engaged a room at a hotel, and before retiring asked the clerk about the hours for dining.

Home Journal. A farmer who went to a large city to see the sights engaged a room at a hotel, and before retiring asked the clerk about the hours for dining.

CLASS IN AMERICAN HISTORY.

What made Columbus think the world was round? The class declare, "Because in dealings with the world he found it was not square."

Have we our heroes much in mind, and do we hold them dear? "Oh, yes; and that's one reason why we all do Paul Revere."

Pray, how came Washington to be a writer of renown? "Because he from the very first began to cut things down."

Can you tell, when his cake was dough, Why traitorous Arnold ran? "He had good cause—for Benedict, He was a married man."

What bird is noted as the first To wing electric flight? Into the clouds? "An easy one: Ben Franklin's little kite."

And when the siege of New Orleans The British set about, Why did their spirits sink? "Because Old Jackson baled them out."

What battle of the Civil War, When that strife had begun, Was like a bear raid in Wall Street? "The battle of Bull Run."

What present the United States To Panama has made? "When it despaired of a canal, We gave its Colon aid."

Why does the money of our land Show cause its worth to trust? "Because the image on our coin Is all head—hence no 'bust.'" —Baltimore American.



"What a lovely collection of odd cups!" exclaimed a guest, peering into the china cabinet. "Did it take you long to get so many?" "Oh, no," said the hostess, "those are samples of the sets we have had in the last two years!" —Detroit Free Press.

Johanna White and Johnny Black Were wed one summer day, And when their little daughter came, They called her Nellie Gray.

"How does it happen," asked the portly dowager on the overland express, "that you have managed to keep the same cook for thirty years?" "I married one," answered the chance acquaintance, shrugging her ample shoulders. —Chicago Tribune.

The advertising manager was in a towering rage. "What's the trouble?" they asked. "Why, they went and placed our prima donna's testimonial for a cold cure on the same page with the announcement that she had a sore throat and couldn't sing." —Milwaukee Sentinel.

"Yes, sir," exclaimed the representative of commercial interests, "this Pure Food law is all wrong." "What's the matter with it?" "Matter? Why, man, if we couldn't adulterate the poisons we use in our fancy goods for table use they'd be fatal." —Philadelphia Ledger.

Aim high! You'll hit the mark of fame As many men you know did; But there's no use in taking aim Unless your gun is loaded.

Eva—"I saw Charlie Corger yesterday." Edna—"You don't say. And did he tip his hat?" Eva—"No, he wagged his foot." Edna—"Wagged his foot? Why, that is a strange way to greet a lady." Eva—"Well, you see the poor fellow was under his automobile mending a break." —Chicago Daily News.

"The lines in your hand indicate," said the fortune-teller, "that you will be married a second time." "Pshaw," she angrily retorted, grabbing for the dollar she had just laid upon the table, "you're an old fraud. If I'm ever married again it will be the fourth time." —Chicago Record-Herald.

Mr. Gotrox—"Suppose I were to tell you that I was bankrupt—that every dollar of my fortune had been swept away—would you still be willing to marry my daughter?" Cholly Softly (enthusiastically)—"Why, of course I would! Such a man as you could easily pitch in and make another fortune, sir." —Judge.

Life's Highest Achievement. It has been said that success consists in getting that at which one aims, and being happy in it. Each one should have an ideal of what is to be the expression of his or her life. If this is attained in some degree such a life may be called successful.

Lafayette's Coach Preserved. Mr. John Nott—passing the evening of his life in the retirement of the old Nott homestead, five miles west of the town; after a long and useful life, worthy of his forebears—has in a cellar of his dwelling, carefully preserved, the body of the old-fashioned, but stately, coach in which Lafayette rode into this place on the occasion of his memorable and historic visit to Fayetteville in 1825.

Household Matters.

Cream of Spinach. A half peck of spinach was used for the soup. It was washed thoroughly, drained and put on to boil in boiling water uncovered. A little salt was added when almost done. When cooked it was run through a sieve. To two cups of pulp was added one quart of milk (white stock or half stock and half milk is equally good). Two tablespoonfuls of butter and three tablespoonfuls of flour were added to the liquid and all was cooked until it thickened. Salt and pepper were used to season, and when the soup was served, a spoonful of whipped cream on top, the bouillon cup made a dainty picture in green and white.

Fish and Vegetable Salad.

Ingredients: Half a pint of cooked fish, half a pint of cooked vegetables (carrots, turnips, potatoes), a cucumber, two yolks of eggs, a gill of cream, a tablespoonful of vinegar, some made mustard, chopped parsley, pepper and salt. After removing the skin and bones from some cooked fish, flake and measure it. Make the vegetables you have to use, and cut into dice a larger proportion of potatoes than other vegetables. Slice the cucumber thinly. Place the fish on a fancy dish, arrange the cut vegetables round. Place the slices of cucumber in a row outside overlapping each other. Put the yolks of eggs into a small basin, and poach till hard. Then rub smooth with the back of a wooden spoon, add made mustard and salt to taste, and the vinegar. Then gradually stir in the cream. Last, add some chopped parsley and pour over the fish.

The Good Housekeeper.

The successful housekeeper is not essentially the one who has a spotlessly kept house, always in order, but the one who manages the affairs of the house so that every one is made comfortable and the home is always cheery and bright. A good housekeeper does not worry over every little detail that goes wrong, but sets to work to put it in order again. She can always tell you where everything is to be found, as she always has a certain place for certain articles, and sees that they are kept there. The meals are always just to time and well cooked, and the children look neat and happy. This cannot be done without good management, says Woman's Life, and the methodical housekeeper will have the duty divided out for the different days that are to be done, and she will see that her system of arranging the work does not cause discomfort in the house.

Fruit Ice Cream.

Where fruits are used as a flavoring, they should be added to the cream after they are partly frozen. For instance, for peach ice cream scald one pint of cream; add to it eight ounces of sugar; take from the fire, and when perfectly cold add a pint of uncooked cream; turn the mixture into the freezer; pack with finely shaved ice and a third quantity of coarse salt. Turn the freezer slowly until the mixture is very cold; then turn rapidly until it is like wet snow. Have ready six ripe peaches, pared, mashed and pressed through a colander; add this to the cold mixture; turn slowly again until it comes back to the same consistency as it was when the peaches were added. Remove the dasher, smooth down the cream, fasten the hole in the top of the freezer with a cork, and replace, this time with coarse ice and only a fifth quantity of salt. Cover the freezer with a piece of blanket or paper and stand aside for two hours to ripen. —Carrie R. Hayes.

Concerning Odors.

A generous lump of soda placed in pots and pans in which fish, cabbage, onions and other strong-smelling foods have been cooked, will thoroughly cleanse and make them smell sweet and clean. A teaspoonful of vinegar boiling on the stove will counteract the smell of strong food. A few drops of sandalwood oil dropped on a hot shovel is a delightful deodorizer. A sponge placed in a saucer of boiling hot water, in which has been added a teaspoonful of oil of lavender, gives a fragrance of violets to a room in which it is placed. Flies will not remain where the odor of oil of lavender is.

A large lump of charcoal in a refrigerator will prevent a musty smell. A pound of coppers dissolved in boiling water, if poured into drain pipes, will dissolve the grease and other impurities. An onion breath may be gotten rid of by swallowing a mouthful of vinegar or drinking half a cup of hot water in which a pinch of baking soda has been dissolved. A few mouthfuls of lime water, or a few drops of the tincture of myrrh in a tumbler of water will sweeten an unpleasant breath, and a small piece oforris root, if chewed, will give a violet odor to the breath. —New York Press.