

SPORT AND ADVENTURE

GIRL, BEAR AND PRISON.

Sadie McMackin, the fifteen-year-old daughter of a farmer residing in the New Bergen district, had a terrifying experience on a recent night, writes the Cross Fork (Pa.) correspondent of the Philadelphia Record. She had gone alone, at 4.30 o'clock in the afternoon, to fetch the cows from a natural pasture in a sugar maple grove, nearly a mile from the house. Among the eight cows that constituted the drove were two black heifers, both undersize. The girl caught the sound of the bell on the wether cow, and started on a short-cut across the corner of deep woods that ran for miles beyond the maple grove.

When in the thick of the timber she spied what she at first supposed to be one of the undersized black heifers browsing among the bushes. An instant, later, however, when she was barely only a rod away, the animal straightened up and the girl found herself face to face with a monster black bear.

The bear, himself affrighted by the sudden appearance of the girl, raised on his haunches and began chattering his teeth—a defiant attitude assumed by the animals when cornered.

Miss McMackin believed the bear was about to attack her, and turned to run. She was within sight of a dug-out shanty used for the storing of the camp kettle and other sugar-making accoutrements, having upon it a heavy door fastened by a large wooden latch. The girl ran for refuge to this cave-like apartment, snatched the door open and popped inside, jerking the door shut behind her.

The bear by this time doubtless was scampering away, for when the girl peered out through a knothole in the door brain was nowhere to be seen. She then made the discovery that she was a prisoner in the stuffy little cave, for the heavy wooden latch on the outside had fallen into place and held the door firm. There was no way of reaching the latch on the inside. It was as dark as a dungeon, and her stirring about had disturbed a colony of bats, whose ugly forms, in their short-circuit flight, bumped against her head and hands and face. She shouted, but her voice could not penetrate the heavy door of the cave, and for nearly four hours she was a prisoner in the cave. At the end of that time a searching party came close enough to the cave for Sadie to make herself heard and she was released. The girl, however, was in a state of fright bordering on hysteria, owing to the flight of the bats and fear of reptiles in the cave.

WHY THE GAME APPEARED.

Not long ago a monument was unveiled at Pretoria over the grave of the late Paul Kruger. The once supreme figure of the African republic is now remembered more for his mistakes than for his achievements. Fate dealt hardly with the old ruler who dealt so great a part in the making of a sturdy nation. Death found him not even a citizen of the country of which he had been president. He died in exile, his land in subjection to a foreigner. Imperious and domineering, he went out of life a beaten man.

Kruger possessed a Bismarckian gift for blunt and vivid phrases.

"Go back and tell your people never, never!" he said to a deputation. "And now let the storm burst. Protest! Insist! What is the use? I have the guns!"

"My friends," he once began a speech; then, perceiving some "outlanders" in the audience, he added:

"But you are not all friends; some are thieves and murderers. Well—friends, thieves and murderers!"

The president was a curious mixture of piety and shrewdness. A story is told of an incident which occurred in his earlier days.

At one time, when game was very scarce, he went with a party to hunt the hartbeest. They scoured the veldt for days without a sign of their prey. Paul Kruger announced then his purpose of going into the hills to pray for food, like a patriarch of old.

He was gone for a number of hours. When he returned he announced that in three days a large herd would pass that way. The party camped; in less than the appointed time the prophecy was fulfilled, and much game was secured. The Boer hunters were much struck with wonder, and dubbed Kruger "the man of prayer."

Some time after, the Kaffir who accompanied Kruger on his expedition of petition told the truth of the affair. Kruger, when he left the hunting party, had struck out for a neighboring Kaffir kraal, and informed the natives that his men were starving. If they, the natives, did not discover game in three days, he said, he would bring his whole party over the hill and kill every Kaffir. The natives, being sore afraid of Boer methods, all turned out, scoured the region, and drove the gameto the Boer camp. Thus Kruger's "prayer" was answered.

CAPTURED BY SIOUX.

The winter of 1856-7 was one long to be remembered by the people of

Iowa and Minnesota for its bitter cold weather, deep snow and violent storms, which rendered communication between the different settlements almost impossible. Many of the settlements were on the extreme frontier, and absolutely unprotected and defenseless. It was during this winter that the Sioux attacked and destroyed the family of Mr. Rowland Gardner. They killed all except a young daughter, Abbie, who was taken into captivity, but was rescued through the efforts of the United States Government. In "The Spirit Lake Massacre" she tells something of her captivity:

"Whenever the Indians thought to torture me by threatening to take my life I would merely bow my head. My tearless acquiescence and willingness to die seemed to fill them all with wonder. They thought it a sign of bravery.

"Soon after my capture one of the warriors, who was sitting by me one day in the tent, thinking to test my courage or to be amused at my fears, took his revolver from his belt and began loading it, while he gave me to understand that he would kill me as soon as it was loaded. I merely bowed my head to signify that I was ready.

"When the revolver was all loaded he drew back the hammer and held the weapon close to my head. I quietly bowed my head, expecting he would do as he said, but instead of that he lowered the weapon, and looked at me as if astonished, and then laughed uproariously. So amused was he that he told his companions of it, and it was a favorite subject of conversation.

"These Indians were at a loss to know what to do with much of the plunder they had taken. Among the spoils were quantities of soda and cream of tartar. They interrogated me as to their use, and when I told them we used it in making bread they wished me to make some. They seemed greatly surprised and pleased when they saw the bread 'grow' during the process of baking. Although pleased with the 'growing,' they were too suspicious of being poisoned to eat any until I had eaten. Then they devoured it greedily."

STERLING STUFF.

One always feels a bit sorry for the boy who has the responsibilities of life thrust on him too early; yet the qualities brought out in the lad of whom Mr. Cozzens writes in his "Acadia" are worth far more than the careless joy of youth, and the reader feels like taking off his hat to the little fellows. Mr. Cozzens, traveling in Newfoundland, put up for a night at a fisherman's cottage. The host was known by the name of "Red Cap."

As we sat down to luncheon two boys came in, one thirteen years of age, one eleven. After modestly shaking hands with the guest, they quietly seated themselves together in a corner of the fireplace. They were dressed in plain, homespun clothes, made something in the manner of a sailor's rig. Their shirts were of neat check and their shoes were old-fashioned, low quartered and round toed. It was not usual to see such stocky, robust figures as these fisher lads presented, and indeed over all the hutch there was one pervading idea of cleanliness and careful housewifery.

Each little face, although modest, had its own tale of hardship to tell. Something of the open sea was written on each countenance, something of courage and endurance, faith and self reliance, compass and rudder, speaking out plainly under each little tatch of white hair.

As we found out afterward the faces spoke the truth. These two fisher boys were their father's only crew. In all weathers, in all seasons, by night, by day, the parrot and the two children were together on the perilous deep.

"If I were father of those boys," I whispered to "Red Cap," "I should be proud of them."

"Would ye?" returned the father, eagerly. "Well, I thought so once myself." It was once when a schooner got ashore out there on the rocks. We could see her just under the lights of the lighthouse, pounding away. By reason of the ice no one would venture to her, so my boys said, said they, "Father, we can go, anyway."

"I wouldn't stop after that, and we got beside the schooner and took off all the crew, they mostly dead with cold. It was an awful bad night, what with the dark and the ice. Yes, they are good boys!"

MAD RUN WITH WILDCAT.

With a struggling wildcat held tightly to his breast, John Sieh, a farmer near Lake City, Iowa, ran four miles for aid. The animal had leaped at the farmer's throat as he was hunting quail in a plum thicket. The heavy collar of his coat saved Sieh. The farmer threw his arms about the animal as its claws lacerated his flesh and tore his clothing. Then ensued a fight for life between the hunter and the wildcat. The struggle required all of Sieh's strength. He was four miles from home, and when he obtained a grip on the animal he started to run home. Two neighbors killed the wildcat with a bullet while Sieh still held it. Sieh collapsed when freed from his dilemma.—New York Herald.

At the theatre at Namur the performers making their debut are accepted or rejected for further performances by the votes of the audience, the artists usually appearing in three different works before their fate is sealed.



ALL IN MISSION STYLE.

The modern baby sits in a mission high chair, of course. But the latest and most practical wrinkle for the nursery is the low table with its little low chairs, at which the youngsters are safer from draughts while at their games than on the floor. And these tables, thanks to an era of solid furniture, are substantial enough to keep their feet against the maddest juvenile riot. The mission high chair has the same desirable qualification. Dolly herself sleeps in a mission bed, makes her toilet at a mission dressing table. Benches and desks for youngsters who have school work to do at home come in the same style.

INFLUENCE OF ODORS.

The influence of odors upon the spirits cannot be overestimated. An excellent and invigorating perfume to be used in the house is made from sea salt and violet. Put some sea salt in a wide-mouthed bottle and pour in a few drops of violet perfume. Close the bottle tight and let it stand a while; then open, and you get the smell of the sea salt with a slight tinge of violet. This is excellent to use in the bath. Another perfume is made by adding a grain of musk, a little essence of violet, and a teaspoonful of alcohol to the sea salt. Let stand three days before using. A handful of this in the bath will give forth a sweet scent.

DRYING CORN AND BEANS.

The old way was to boil, then shred the corn from the cob and dry. Try this way, which a reader recommends: If possible, have your corn ready the night before, or have some one to husk and silk while you prepare the corn. After it has been husked and the silks drawn off, cut the grains down; do not cut too close to the cob, and scrape the rest; have a hot oven ready, put the corn in bread pans and let it cook until, when stirred with a spoon, no milk will stick. Keep well stirred while cooking so it will not burn. Have a stretcher ready, and scatter your corn on it. Now, while this has been cooking, you can prepare another panful and slip it into the oven as soon as the first panful is out. In this way one can dry all the corn an ordinary family will use. By this process the milk is cooked to the corn and does not dry up in little particles.

To dry a stretcher, take any long strip of cloth, and tack the cloth along the edges on either side to boards or strips of lumber and nail a piece across the ends—something like a quilting frame. Stretch the cloth as tight as possible without tearing it. A 100-pound weight four sack makes a convenient size for handling.—The Commoner.



If kerosene is used for cleansing the rubber of the clothes wringer it will make it as good as new.

To remove coffee stains rub the spot with glycerin and water and they will disappear as if by magic.

Heat a lemon thoroughly before squeezing it and you will secure nearly double the quantity of juice that you would if it were not heated.

When putting away knives and other steel instruments oil them slightly and wrap them in tissue paper. This will prevent their rusting.

Apple jelly may be improved by adding to it water, in which the core and trimmings of pineapple have been boiled, and the liquid strained.

Linsed oil is the very best thing to use on stoves that are stored away. It will prevent their rusting much better than will either lard or kerosene.

To toughen lamp chimneys—Immerse the article in a pot filled with cold water, to which some salt has been added. Boil the water well, then cool slowly.

A good way to clean mica in a stove that has become blackened with smoke is to take it out and thoroughly wash it with vinegar. If the black does not come off at once let it soak a little.

When a scale or crust has formed on the interior of a teakettle it can never be as satisfactory as before, but it is a good plan to prevent the crust from forming by keeping a clean shell always in the kettle.

To revive black velvet hats or toques, well sponge the hat or toque with a small quantity of paraffin, then thoroughly brush and leave in the open air for a few moments; this will quickly remove all smell, and cleaned in this way velvet will look equal to new.

Home-made muciage is excellent. Buy ten cents' worth of gum tragacanth. Dissolve it over night in two quarts of rain water. Add twenty cents' worth of alcohol and water until it is of the right consistency. Stir well and bottle. This will keep for one year. If desired, half the amount may be made up at one time, or even one-fourth of the original recipe. This is a satisfactory muciage and much cheaper than when you buy it.

Future Occupations and Interests of the Medical Profession

By President Eliot, of Harvard.



THE future occupations and interests of the medical profession are to be in some respects different from those of the past, and they are to be more various. The ordinary physician has for the last hundred years been almost exclusively a man devoted to the treatment of diseases already developed in human bodies or of injuries already incurred. He made his diagnosis, and then sought remedies and a cure. He was the sympathetic and skillful helper of sick or injured persons. Most of the cases that came under his care were cases considered plain as to symptoms, period and accepted treatment. The minority of cases were obscure, and called for unusual knowledge and skill in discerning the seat of the disorder, or the approximate cause of the bodily disturbance. Hence the special value of the experienced consultant, who was ordinarily a man of some peculiar natural gift of body, mind or temperament, possessing also in high degree the faculty of keen observation and the habit of eliminating irrelevant considerations, and ultimately finding his way to the accurate, limited inference from the facts before him. Both the ordinary physician and the consultant have already been much helped by the extraordinary progress made in medical science during the last thirty years, but they have been helped chiefly to a surer recognition of diseases established in human bodies, and to a better treatment of their patients' diseases when recognized.

The physician or surgeon commonly renders a personal service to an individual, sometimes for a pecuniary recompense, but often without money compensation. He is often a trusted adviser in the most intimate family concerns. Births and death alike bring the physician into the home. In rendering these services he must be tender, sympathetic, considerate, pure-minded and judicious. There will always be need, crying need, of the physician and surgeon in this sense, and for these functions; and whatever else the regular education of the physician provides in the future, it must provide all the elements of the best training for the practising physician who is to treat diseased or crippled human bodies, and give advice about the sudden and the chronic ills which afflict humanity. So much will continue to be demanded of all good medical schools; but much more they must do.

The progress of what we call civilization exposes human beings more and more to the ravages of disease. When savages come in contact with men called civilized, they invariably suffer from diseases new to them: When a rural population crowds into cities, it falls a victim to diseases from which in the country it had been exempt. When hundreds of thousands of people huddle into small areas, and create there smoke, dust and noise, they suffer not only from diseases, but from the exacerbation of diseases not wholly unknown to them in the rural condition. Under such favorable conditions of residence and labor the human body degenerates in many respects, and, losing vigor, becomes in some respects less able to resist the attacks of disease.

The Ship Canal Between the Chesapeake and Delaware Bays

By George Harvey.



THE commercial usefulness of a broad and deep waterway between the bays (the Chesapeake and the Delaware) named will be appreciated when we point out the services that have been rendered even by the small Chesapeake and Delaware Canal, which has existed for about three-quarters of a century, and which has a depth of only ten feet, and a width of not more than thirty-six feet at the bottom. The construction of this canal began in April, 1824, and was completed in October, 1829. During the period of its existence 708,000 vessels, carrying merchandise to the aggregate weight of 45,000,000 tons, have passed through it. Its largest traffic in any one year was 1,318,000 tons in 1872; but although the traffic has since decreased, it amounted, even last year, to more than 700,000 tons, carried in 5447 vessels, besides tens of thousands of passengers conveyed through the waterway on the Ericsson Line steamships. The initial cost of this canal, which is thirteen and five-eighths miles long, was only \$2,500,000, and the total subsequent expenditure for repairs has only been about a million and a half of dollars. No fewer than seven canal routes have been surveyed at various times across the peninsula separating the Delaware and Chesapeake bays. They vary in length from 13 5/8 miles to 53 3/4 miles, and the estimated cost of construction ranges from about \$8,000,000 up to \$42,000,000. It is, as we have said, only the two shortest routes which the present canal commission is directed to examine. When the new Chesapeake and Delaware Canal shall have been finished, an artificial waterway deep and wide enough for battleships will next be called for between Philadelphia and New York. The Delaware and Raritan route may be selected for that purpose; or perhaps a more northerly line might be preferred.—Harper's Weekly.

IN proportion as the artist observes with greater piety, as he penetrates and identifies himself with nature, surrenders himself to her, does he find unity in her laws, correspondence between her sensible manifestations and the yearnings of his own soul. In the shape of the earth, in the movements of water, in the play of the sun's rays in the many aspects of life, animal and human, he will discover himself. He expresses himself in copying things, for he understands the union between his thought and all the forms of nature, and realizes that in the marvelous multiplicity of appearances there is but one life, one will.

Need of Social Inspiration for Art

By M. Jean Devalve.



And this comprehension of nature is the new center, the unique center, in which henceforth the union of souls will take place. This comprehension is the true internal discipline of the spirit—a discipline far stronger than any external one. The artists thus have a ground of reunion in love and profound reverence for nature. And the same ground will serve as the principle of their future union with the people. It is not possible or conceivable that art subjected with fervor to the truth of nature should not respond fully to the needs of the life of the people; it is not possible that the productions of such an art should not harmonize with the fundamental activities of men and with their celebrations and festivals, should not serve to beautify and elevate their lives and their interests. But it should be borne in mind that the secret of popular art is not in trying to please or to astonish or educate the people, but, without any extraneous designs, in all sincerity and passion, in understanding nature and expressing the truth. Such are will make its appeal spontaneously; it will be social because human, universal, natural.

Why They Are Not Likely to Have Many "New" Women for Some Time in Old Japan

By Prof. Taichiro Honjo.



IN Japan there is no co-education of the sexes, except for young children of the primary grade. Boys and girls above the middle grade have separate schools, each with its separate programme or curriculum. One of the most surprising things to me in your American School system, so far as I have inspected it, is the fact that the education for girls and for boys is practically identical. They are both taught the same things! In my country, the reverse is the case. The boys are specifically trained for business, for the army, for diplomacy. The girls are fitted to become good wives and mothers. That is the chief end of all the educational facilities provided for them, even in the highest grades.

Cooking and sewing occupy an important place in the rudimentary instruction of Japanese girls. With these combined the care and training of their younger brothers and sisters. The theoretical study of pedagogy is combined with actual kindergarten practice. Medicine and surgery, in their simpler domestic applications, are also considered a proper part of these "little mothers'" equipment for family life and management. English is the only foreign language taught in our girls' high schools. Their teachers are of both sexes. The average age of graduation is from sixteen to eighteen.

The Formosan government is now spending a large sum of money for a new high school on the American plan whose faculty board will include a number of lady teachers from the United States. This experiment is independent of the State educational system of Japan.

Not Old at 70. The Rev. Dr. Clifford, the noted English divine, who has just celebrated his seventieth birthday, says he thinks that at that age a man is just approaching his best.

FITS, St. Vitus' Dance, Nervous Diseases permanently cured by Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. \$3 trial bottle and treatise free. Dr. H. R. Kline, L.D., 981 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

English medical men are demanding that bakers should deliver loaves in oiled paper bags.

Piles Cured in 6 to 14 Days. Pazo Ointment is guaranteed to cure any case of Itching, Blind, Bleeding or Protruding Piles in 6 to 14 days or money refunded. 50c.

The sea-level canal from Marseilles to the Rhone river is to be completed in seven years at a cost of \$13,730,000.

NO RELIEF FOR 15 YEARS.

All Sorts of Remedies Failed to Cure Eczema—Sufferer Tried Cuticura and is Entirely Cured.

"I have had eczema for over fifteen years, and have tried all sorts of remedies to relieve me, but without avail. I stated my case to one of my friends and he recommended the Cuticura Remedies. I bought them with the thought that they would be unsuccessful, as with the others. But after using them for a few weeks I noticed to my surprise that the irritation and peeling of the skin gradually decreased, and finally, after using five cakes of Cuticura Soap and two boxes of Cuticura Ointment it disappeared entirely. I feel now like a new man, and I would gladly recommend these remedies to all who are afflicted with skin diseases. David Blum, Box A, Bedford Station, N. Y., Nov. 6, 1905."

How Tastes Differ.

The natives of the Sandwich Islands estimate women by their weight. The Chinese require them to have deformed feet and black teeth. A girl must be tattooed sky-blue and wear a nose ring to satisfy a South Sea Islander. Certain African princes require their brides to have their teeth filed into the semblance of a saw.

STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO, ss.

LUCAS COUNTY. FRANK J. CHEREY makes oath that he is senior partner of the firm of F. J. CHEREY & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of CATARRH THAT CANNOT BE CURED by the use of HALL'S CATARRH CURE. FRANK J. CHEREY. Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A.D., 1896. A. W. GLASCOY, Notary Public. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials, free. F. J. CHEREY & Co., Toledo, O. Sold by all Druggists, 75c. Hall's Family Pills are the best.

Brought Back Alive.

Representative Victor Murdock, of the Wichita district, is telling this one as the latest new story in Kansas, says the Washington "Herald." A farmer hired a green Irishman. One of the first tasks assigned the new hired hand was to bring into the cow lot, dead or alive, a refractory bull that had broken into the cornfield. The Irishman was given a shotgun and told to shoot the bull if the animal showed fight. Jauntily he went about his task. The farmer stood at a safe distance to watch developments. As soon as the bull saw the Irishman enter the cornfield, he bolted at him, bellowing madly. The Irishman blazed away with the shotgun and emptied the load in the beast's breast. On rushed the bull, madder than ever. The Irishman took to his heels with the bull after him.

"What are you doing" screamed the farmer at the fleeing Irishman. "I'm bringing him alive, sir!" shouted the Irishman between breaths.

Some Cat Superstitions.

Napoleon Bonaparte showed a morbid horror of cats. The night before the battle of Waterloo a black cat passed near him, and at the sight the great warrior was completely unnerved. He saw an omen of defeat. Henry III. of France swooned whenever he saw a cat, and one of the Ferdinands of Germany would tremble in his boots if a harmless tabby got in the line of his vision. Among the Romans, the cat was a symbol of liberty. The Egyptians held the animal in veneration under the name of Aelurus, a deity with a human body and a cat's head. Whoever killed a cat even by accident, was put to death. Diana assumed the form of a cat and excited the fury of the giants.—London Mirror.

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