

FIELDS OF ADVENTURE.

THRILLING INCIDENTS AND DARING DEEDS ON LAND AND SEA.

A Lighthouse Keeper's Daughter Plunged Into Seething Waters to the Rescue of Two Men Who Had Fallen Overboard—Dove Hunter's Exciting Experience.

A Bridgeport (Conn.) correspondent of the New York Herald says that Stratford Light shelters a heroine, Agnes Judson, the pretty daughter of the light keeper, late on a recent afternoon dashed into the waters that seethe and boil of the base of the light, and with the help of her brother brought ashore two men who, while fishing, had fallen from their boat.

Agnes Judson is scarcely seventeen years old. She lives with her parents and her brother Henry in the lighthouse, and at times assists her father and brother in attending to the light. She is a noted swimmer, and has won prizes in amateur swimming contests along the shore.

The water of the Sound off Stratford Light is always rough, and under the influence of any high wind is broken into waves which, because of the shoals and the rocks in the vicinity, become dangerous. At times it is almost certain that any boat anchoring in the vicinity will be dashed to pieces. Yet notwithstanding the well-known dangers of the spot, it is a favorite resort for fishermen, the weak-fish and bluefish running in great numbers in the vicinity.

Miss Judson was up in the tower of the lighthouse. A strong wind was coming in from the south, and the surface of the sound was broken into choppy waves, which were every hour growing more difficult for any small boat to contend against. As the plucky girl was looking off shore she saw a small yawl which had anchored off the reef earlier in the afternoon pitching and rolling ominously. In it were two men who had been fishing and who did not seem to appreciate the danger of their situation. While Miss Judson watched them she saw one of the men arise from one of the thwart, and, going forward, attempt to raise the anchor.

There is considerable wreckage at this locality, and the man seemed to be unable to dislodge the anchor, which had apparently become entangled in some of the sunken iron and rocks. His companion, noticing his difficulty, and being summoned by the fishermen in the boat, started forward to help, but he was unused to the constant shifting of the boat, and as he reached the forward part his companion gave a pull, which threw him over on one of the gunwales. The sudden roll made the man in the bow lose his foothold, and head first he went overboard into the seething current. His companion was unable to recover his balance and quickly followed the other fisherman into the Sound.

All this happened in a minute. Miss Judson at once appreciated the peril of the two men. Seizing the rope of the alarm bell, which is used only in cases of the greatest emergency, she rang an alarm. Then, rushing down the winding stairs of the tower, she called to her brother, who was in a room on one of the lower stages, to follow her, and dashed out on the rocks facing the scene of the accident.

Miss Judson was clad in a light summer gown. Seizing a rope which had been fastened to a timber of the tower, she again called to her brother and plunged into the waves. The men were struggling in the deep water a hundred yards from the lighthouse. One of them seemed scarcely able to keep himself afloat. He had already shown signs of distress when Miss Judson reached him. She called to him at the top of her voice to keep his courage up and then she struck out to his rescue.

Henry Judson also had gone into the water and was following his brave sister with as sturdy strokes. The weaker fisherman seemed just about to sink for the second time when Miss Judson succeeded in getting the end of the rope within his reach. He was so dazed that at first he did not seem to know what to do, but the plucky girl commanded him to "catch hold" and by sheer force of her determination compelled him to grasp it.

Then with her assistance the man was gotten into shallow water, while Henry attended to the other fisherman and succeeded in landing him at the lighthouse platform.

Once within the lighthouse, the man whom Miss Judson had saved and whose name is Edward Lowe, was overcome by his experience, but restoratives were administered and soon he and his companion, Herman Chase, were able to leave the lighthouse and go to their homes in Bridgeport, where they related their experience and the tale of the pluck of pretty Miss Judson, who had saved both their lives.

A Dove Hunter's Exciting Experience.

"What was the most exciting experience I ever had?" repeated Clarence Haight at the Olympic Gun Club. "I think it occurred last summer, when I was hunting doves up in Sonoma County. Now, shooting doves is not particularly exciting or perilous, but this was one of the hottest experiences I ever had.

"I had been traveling all day with a big bag, and was pretty well tired out when I struck the country road and started for home. It was a good four miles' walk, and I was pretty well pleased to see a wagon load of hay approaching. The rancher gave me permission to ride, so I scrambled up on top, lay down on my sweet, new mown hay and went swaying and swinging down the road. I was just dozing off when bang went my shot-

gun. I had forgotten to take the cartridges out of it, and something had pressed the trigger. The horses gave a jump, and the driver rolled off into the ditch.

"Then I discovered that my gun had set fire to the hay, and I thought it was about time for me to escape. The horses were tearing along the road as hard as they could run, but I clambered for the side of the load and slid for the road. The tail of my stout hunting coat caught on the top of a sharp standard, and there I hung to the careening wagon that threatened to upset and dump a load of burning hay on me at every turn of the road.

"The fire was crackling and burning fiercely, and already I could feel the flames. Still the horses ran, and still my coat held me fast to that seething mass of flames. My trousers commenced getting hot, and then I found my coat was on fire. The next moment the loose cartridges in my pockets commenced exploding from the heat, and then I smelled my doves broiling.

"I had just made up my mind that all was over, when the tail of my coat burned off and I was thrown into a ditch full of water beside the road. I did not stop to see what became of the hay and the horses, nor the rancher, but out straight across that field for home. That, gentlemen, was the most thrilling experience of my life."—New York Press.

Saves His Father From a Bull.

John August, of Woodward Hill, in the town of Coventry, Conn., was badly gored by a bull the other night and would have been killed had it not been for the heroism of his nine-year-old son, Robert.

Mr. August was off his guard and unarmed when he entered the enclosure, and the bull charged him without warning. He dodged successfully once or twice, but there was neither time nor opportunity for escape.

Twice he was tossed on the horns of the animal. His clothes were torn and his body was injured, and he was already sinking from exhaustion. At this juncture the son appeared, and, quickly arming himself with a pitchfork, began a combat with the bull.

At the first thrust the animal merely lashed his tail with fresh fury, and rushed again. The boy struck home. The bull finally turned upon his young assailant. The boy struck the animal a sharp blow across the nose. The bull hesitated.

With renewed anger the bull lowered his head for another lunge, and once more the prongs of the pitchfork pricked his neck. Again he paused and stared in apparent amazement at the little fellow who was meanwhile shouting words of encouragement to his father. One more blow in the face and the bull stepped backward. Following up his advantage the boy soon had him retreating sufficiently to allow the father to crawl out of harm's way. Then, with his eye still on the bull, which was preparing to renew the fight, he nimbly dodged the next rush and escaped.

A Story of Princess Victoria.

The English papers are still engaged in resurrecting stories of the early life of the Queen. One of the most recent is ament a certain Mr. Hunnings, the son of a rich landed proprietor, who lived near Kensington Gardens. He was about twenty-five when, meeting the young Princess Victoria of Kent, he fell madly in love with her. The police were at first disposed to interfere, but finding that his intentions were the most harmless in the world, they contented themselves with watching him. Hunnings was wont to follow the Princess wherever she went, and one day she mistook him for a beggar. To prevent a repetition of this error, he took to driving every-where she drove in a carriage exactly like hers, except for the coat-of-arms. This offended Victoria, and she begged to be delivered from the man.

Deprived of his former mode of attracting her attention, Hunnings turned to heroic methods; he wrote her a letter asking for her hand. This was, of course, intercepted, but in the mean time some wag interfered, and Hunnings was made the frequent recipient of ardent love letters, presumably from the Princess. The honor was too much for his reason—evidently never very strong. One day at a charity bazaar, having arrived too late to secure a piece of needlework of Victoria's own manufacture, he became violent, and had to be put in a straitjacket. He died soon after.

A touching incident of the otherwise grotesque affair was a very manly letter written by Hunnings to Victoria before he became completely insane, and when she ascended the throne. Believing that she loved him, he nevertheless wrote sacrificing his love for her upon the altar of his country.

The Fashion in Parasols.

Parasols have undergone a radical change since last year, and this will be hailed with rejoicing by the woman who unites a desire for present styles with a moderate income. The elaborate, chiffon-covered creation has had its day. It may be seen marked down at every bargain counter. The parasol of the present is a plain coaching shade one may be made to do double duty, or even quadruple, where one cannot have a hat or a parasol to match every gown. This does not mean that parasols no longer match gowns. Many are made every summer to go with a particular costume. The blue and white combinations so popular this year are generally accompanied by hats and parasols in harmony, if not an exact match, but it is not obligatory.

Changeable tafeta parasols are still much used, and the combinations seem more alluring than ever. White parasols with a hemstitched hem look very cool on these hot July days, and tempt those of us who had bravely decided to forego this accessory to our light gowns to indulge in one. This hemstitched hem may be seen in other colors, but looks best in white. Tucked parasols are also seen in many shops, changeable red tafeta silk with tucks of white laid on it being shown in one of the most exclusive shops. Such striking combinations, however, should not be purchased by those who cannot afford to lay them aside when tired of the novelty and brilliancy of shade.

Gros grain and moire parasols are seen very often, and have a more staid look than the tafeta. They are more

Picture on a Grain of Corn.

Probably the smallest piece of painting in the world is that executed by a Flemish artist. It is painted on the smooth side of a grain of common white corn, and pictures a mill and a miller mounting a stair with a sack of grain on his back. The mill is represented as standing on a terrace and near it is a horse and cart, while a group of several peasants is shown in the road near by. The picture is beautifully distinct, every object being finished with microscopic fidelity, yet by careful measurement it is shown that the whole painting does not cover a surface of half an inch square.—Chicago Journal.

Lowly But Learned.

Advanced domestic servants who read Carlyle, Ruskin, Darwin, Huxley and Herbert Spencer have been discovered by the Daily Telegraph in London. It has also found a cook who took a Latin prize at the Polytechnic, and a housemaid who passed a university extension geometry examination.

NEWS AND NOTES FOR WOMEN.

Improved Summer Corset.

Among the myriad of comfortable things for the summer girl is the improved summer corset of silk net, with soft elastic gores, simply edged with feather-stitching in silk floss. There are no frippieries nor extra frills to take up any room, nor become frayed, but the corset itself is a gem. It is the perfection of shape, and the manufacturer claims that it will wear better than any of the "ventilation" corsets of heavier fabric. Stout, short-waisted women have quite made up their minds that the short, graceful tennis or bicycling corset is a boon for them for constant wear.

Beauty and the "Blue-Stocking."

The popular idea of the day, that intellectually is not abundant where beauty dwells, is strengthened by the fact that we have learned to associate spectacles, frowny hair, and lack of style in apparel, with higher education in woman. The "blue-stocking" element in womanhood is not given to personal adornment. It is apt to place too light an estimate upon beauty of feature and style of dress as compared with intellectual growth; and it is this condition which has created the prejudice against higher education of women. Physical culture may have some effect upon this; but at present the "college-girl face," with its intensity of expression, its stamp of superiority is something to avoid.

Beauty and intellectuality may travel hand in hand, and have done so down the ages to the present time. Beautiful women should be as brilliant and as accomplished as plain women. And plain women may cultivate the most attractive kind of beauty to take the place of that which they have been denied, by studying their personal appearance and their dress, and by cultivating a demeanor of manner which will lead the observer to forget the commonplace type of the face itself.—Demorest's Magazine.

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Thought He Was a Hero.

Dilemma of the Man Who Held a Bath Tub Together.

One of the most ridiculous situations which at the time brought the coldest sweat out of a man's brow, and ever after remain with him as a constant source of mirth, occurred to a Shelton merchant a few days ago. He thought he would take a bath, and as his flat is minus one of the chief requisites for the job—a bathtub—he extemporized one out of a small washtub and enjoyed a cooling ablution.

He had just concluded and stepped from the tub for the towel, when suddenly the top hoop of the tub burst with a sharp report, and the man saw to his horror that the whole contents of the tub would soon be flooding the floor. At the same moment he thought of the store beneath and the amount of damage the water would do as it ran down through the ceiling. He is a man of quick thought, and in a moment he did the only thing possible, threw himself down beside the tub and, clasping his arms around it, held the already fast swelling staves together. He was successful in keeping the water in—but what a situation. He dared not yell, for he was hardly in a condition to receive callers, especially as he knew that all in the block at the time were of the gentler sex, and he realized at once that the only thing left for him was to stay in that position until the return of his wife, who was out on a shopping expedition.

Like the boy who saved Holland, he manfully remained in his most uncomfortable position until relief in the shape of his wife appeared. Then to cap the climax, when he asked her to get a rope or any old thing to tie about the tub, she, after a long fit of uncontrollable laughter, asked him why he didn't carry the tub and contents out to the sink room and pour out the water. With a look that froze the smile on her face he did as she said, and without a word donned his clothing and wandered out into the cold, unfeeling world, a crushed and humiliated man.—Ansonia Conn., Sentinel.

Curious Lands in Florida.

Payne's Prairie, three miles south of this city, covers an area of 59,000 acres. A large proportion of the prairie is now covered with water, but there are thousands of acres around the borders of the lake which has been formed on which horses and cattle graze. There is no way of estimating the number of cattle, but there are many thousands, and they are in fine condition. The prairie, or savanna, which it really is, occasionally goes dry, the water passing out through a subterranean passage called the sink. Where the water goes has never been determined. When the sink is open the lake goes dry, and when the outlet becomes gorged or choked, a lake from five to seven miles wide and about eighteen miles long is formed. When the waters of the lake suddenly leave it, thousands of alligators, snakes, fish, and turtles are left with nothing but mud for their places of abode. The fish and turtles perish, but the saurians and reptiles seek and find other quarters. For miles along the northern border of the lake there is a succession of sinks, averaging in depth all the way from 25 to 100 feet. Subterranean passages run in every direction, leaving the ground in the shape of a honeycomb. The ground is liable to give way at any time, creating a new sink. The scenery around the lake, especially on the north side, is unique and grand, and is an attractive feature to strangers who visit this city. The sink has for many years been a popular resort for citizens of Gainesville, who go there to fish, boat ride, and in other ways enjoy themselves. It is said that this vast area of land could be drained at trifling expense, and were it drained it would be the largest as well as the richest tract of productive land in Florida. It is for the most part a bed of muck. The land is owned by various individuals.—Gainesville Sun.

Where the Office Sought the Man. Talk about Poe Bahs, Representative King of Utah claims to carry the prize for officeholding.

"I once held six offices at the same time," he said yesterday to a reporter. "In the early days of Fillmore City, in my State, we actually had more offices than men, consequently I was City Assessor and Collector, City Recorder, City Attorney, County Attorney, member of the Board of Education, and member of the State Legislature. That was a pretty good haul for a young man not 22 years of age."—Washington Post.

In a country town, when a man buys a new suit, people gey him for a week.

STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO, Lucas County. FRANK J. CHENEY makes oath that he is the senior partner of the firm of F. J. CHENEY & 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 CATHARTIC CURE.

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, 1886. A. W. GLASBURN, Notary Public. HALL'S CATHARTIC CURE is taken internally, and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials, free. F. J. CHENEY & Co., Toledo, O. Sold by Druggists, 75c. Hall's Family Pills are the best.

Try Grain-O! Try Grain-O! Ask your grocer to-day to show you a package of Grain-O, the new food drink that takes the place of coffee. The children may drink it without injury as well as the adult. All who try Rike's Grain-O has that rich, soft brown of Mocha or Java, but it is made from pure grains, and the most delicate stomach receives it without distress. One-quarter the price of coffee. 15c. and 25c. per package. Sold by all grocers.

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So Particular.

"They seem quite particular in Paris," said an attaché of the state department, "about having the French language used by any representative of the United States."

"Yes," replied Miss Cayenne; "I understand they go so far as to insist on putting French labels on American wines."—Washington Star.

Without Effort.

Anxious Mother—I don't understand how it is, Bertie, that you are always at the foot of your class.

Bertie—I don't understand it myself; but I know it's dreadful easy.—Boston Transcript.

Getting at the Root of Things.

Lea (sadly)—I don't know what to do with that boy of mine. He's been two years at the medical college, and still he keeps at the foot of his class.

Perrins (promptly)—Make a chiropodist of him.—Tid-Bits.

Yukon and Klondike Gold Fields.

Parties intending to visit the Klondike Gold Fields or invest in stock companies operating in that country, are advised to get the Canadian Government's Yukon and Klondike Gold Fields, before doing so. This is the only report made last spring which substantiated the Canadian Government's claim that they did not publish it till Prof. Ogilvie confirmed it personally on his arrival in Ottawa. The report is very extensive, abounding in Photographs and Maps and giving the most reliable information on routes, climate, and the indescribable wealth awaiting the miners. Sent postage paid, on receipt of 50c. in stamps to the Toronto Newspaper Editors, Publishers, 44 Bay St., Toronto, Canada.

Try Allen's Foot-Paste.

A powder to be shaken into the shoe. At this season your feet feel swollen and hot, and get tired easily. If you have smarting feet or tight shoes, try Allen's Foot-Paste. It cools the feet and makes walking easy. Cures and prevents swollen and sweating feet, blisters and callous spots. Relieves corns & bunions of all pain and gives rest and comfort. Try it today. Sold by all druggists and shoe stores for 25 cents. The Toronto Newspaper Editors, ALLEN S. OLMESTER, Lacey, N. Y.

I have found Plac's Cure for Consumption.

an invalid. F. R. PORTZ, 1305 Scott St., Covington, Ky., Oct. 1, 1884.

Pistols and Pestles. The duelling pistol now occupies its proper place, in the museum of the collector of relics of barbarism. The pistol ought to have beside it the pestle that turned out pills like bullets, to be shot like bullets at the target of the liver. But the pestle is still in evidence, and will be, probably, until everybody has tested the virtue of Ayer's sugar coated pills. They treat the liver as a friend, not as an enemy. Instead of driving it, they coax it. They are compounded on the theory that the liver does its work thoroughly and faithfully under obstructing conditions, and if the obstructions are removed, the liver will do its daily duty. When your liver wants help, get "the pill that will," Ayer's Cathartic Pills.

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