

TALES OF PLUCK AND ADVENTURE.

Jack Jonett Saved Jefferson.

PAUL REVERE was not the only man who rode long and hard to warn patriots that the British were coming, in the days when the present entente between England and America was a thing undreamed of. Worthy to rank with it was the adventure of Jack Jonett, a young Charlottesville innkeeper, who rode thirty miles to save Thomas Jefferson from capture. The story is told in St. Nicholas by R. T. W. Duke, Jr.

Jack shrewdly guessed that Tarleton would follow the highway into the main road that led by the country-seats, the homes of the gentry. Jack knew a shorter route, an old disused road that would lead him to the river, thence to Monticello, and then to Charlottesville—not a pleasant road to ride or drive, though as picturesque a route as one often sees; for on either side grew great pine trees here, and massive oaks there, while dogwood and sassafras and sumac filled the spaces. The road had once been a buffalo track, then an Indian trail, then a wagon road for a while, but as no one ever worked it or changed the grade, it rapidly washed into a succession of red gullies and became well-nigh impassable. So it had been abandoned many years, and nature had covered up the scars made by the animals and men, and only in a few places could one have known that it had ever been used as a highway. Broom-sage grew wherever there was an open space; ferns of a hundred varieties clustered in every hollow where water ran, and the wild bramble ran riot everywhere in the shade. Into this old road Jack pushed his horse, and soon was dashing at full speed over hill and dale. It was a dangerous ride, even at a slow gait. Deep gullies lay concealed under treacherously smiling wild flowers. Ground-hog holes offered pitfalls liable to break the leg of his steed; overhanging limbs swept him in the face, and the wild briar ever and anon caught him in a painful and harassing embrace. His face bore for many years the scars left on his face by this briar, which, you know, climbs up trees and seems to throw itself from one to another. But Jack had no time to consider these things. He knew that in a few hours the enemy would be in Charlottesville, and make the Governor and Legislature prisoners unless he could give them timely warning. His mare was sure of foot, sound of wind, and no other fox hunter got the brush when Jack and she were in the hunt.

So away he went, touching her lightly with the spur now and then, but often cheering her in the race with a merry whistle or encouraging word. He had thirty miles to make. He could have as easily made fifty on a good road as thirty through this wilderness. At one point the disused road entered a field in sight of the highway along which Tarleton's legion was passing, and a few stragglers saw Jack when he dashed into the open. They followed him with loud shouts and a pistol shot or two, but when he dashed into the woods they abandoned the pursuit. Once his bay mare fell, her foot having caught in a mass of brush and briar and half-rotten logs, but up she scrambled and away she went, as if she knew that the fate of a commonwealth depended upon her. In two hours Jack rode his thirty miles and paused in the ford just opposite the little hamlet of Milton, two miles from Monticello. Only a mouthful of water did he allow his gallant bay to sip, and then he dashed up the river bank and on through the streets of the village, stopping not at anxious halts of men and women, but merely shouting: "The British are coming! The British are coming!" In ten minutes he drew rein in front of a quaint brick house on top of the now famous mountain. "He was a sight, too," the darbies said. His face was torn and bleeding from the wild briar thorns, his gray blue suit covered with mud and dirt, his mare covered with sweat and foam and panting as if her heart would burst through her sides. Down from the porch in front of which Jack had halted came a tall, thin man, dressed in a suit of nankeen, lace at his wrists and shirt-front, and with a little sword-cane in his hand. This man had clear, sparkling blue eyes, and a thin skin under which the blood almost seemed starting. His hair was thin and curly and covered with white powder. For a moment he did not recognize the rider. Then, as he drew nearer, "Why, Mr. Jonett," he said, "what brings you here, and with your good horse so well-nigh spent?"

Jack could only gasp, "The British, Governor! Tarleton and his men passed Cuckoo Tavern at 6 o'clock this morning!"

And Tarleton was outwitted.

Story of a Fall.

Every time that Thomas Dougherty looks at the stump of his left leg he realizes that falling 100 feet into the water and falling the same distance to the ground are entirely different. Yet he insists that, once having started on the downward path, a man can choose the way of his descent and land on his feet, according to the New York Press. He says if he hadn't been able to do this feat he wouldn't be telling his earthly friends now how it happened. Tom runs a little store in Pittsburgh. Years ago, when a lad in England, he got used to the sea, and on shipboard he got used to falls and jumps from high

places. One time, while up on the main truck in the harbor of Liverpool, he saw a man and a woman struggling for their lives in the water. He jumped to their rescue, and landed 100 feet below in the water, feet down. When he came to the surface he succeeded in saving both their lives.

Years passed, and Tom, a man, forsake the sea and went to Pittsburgh, where he was employed in the rigging gang of a gas company. One day, while at the top of a chimney which rose 104 feet from the ground, he fell from the ropes and fell downward. He says:

"When I found myself going to the bottom I was not at first alarmed. I had fallen before and jumped from higher points. But just then I happened to remember that in my former experiences I had jumped or fallen into the water. So, says I to myself, 'You are going to get hurt, Tommy, so look out.' Down I went, and to tell the truth, it seemed as though I had been on the way a month before I struck the bottom. Finally there was a crash and I saw more stars than all the astronomers have been able to discover since the world has been. After the first jar was over I felt a stinging sensation in both of my legs. I tried to get on my feet, but could not, and then was sure I had been hurt."

What happened to his legs was this: Both ankles were telescoped and every bone in his left foot and ankle was broken. That leg had to be amputated at the knee, but the other leg was not hurt so badly, and it was saved. Dougherty recovered, and now he is happy, and likes to tell how he felt when he was falling.

A Story of Daniel Boone.

In his book, "The Early History of Western Pennsylvania," Mr. I. D. Rupp tells an interesting anecdote of Colonel Daniel Boone, which is characteristic of the humor and coolness of the famous pioneer. He was once resting in the woods with a small party of followers, when a large number of Indians came suddenly upon them. Boone had little doubt as to their hostile intentions, but giving no evidence of his fears, he invited the red men to eat with him and his friends.

The invitation was accepted. The Indians felt so sure of their prey that they could afford to wait. Boone, affording a carelessness which he did not feel, admonished his men in an undertone to keep their hands on their rifles.

Finally he rose and strolled toward the Indians, unarmed, leisurely picking the meat from a bone. The Indian chief rose to meet him.

After saluting, Boone professed admiration for the knife with which the chief was cutting his meat, and asked to see it. The Indian promptly handed it to him, and the pioneer, who possessed some skill at sleight of hand, deliberately examined the knife, then opened his mouth and apparently swallowed it.

The Indians stared in amazement while Boone gulped, rubbed his throat, stroked his body, and then, with apparent satisfaction, pronounced the knife "very good to eat."

After enjoying the surprise of the Indians for a minute, he made another contention, and drawing forth the knife, as the Indians believed, from his body, he politely returned it to its owner.

The old chief took the point cautiously and suspiciously between his thumb and finger as if fearful of being contaminated by handling the weapon, and flung it from him into the bushes.

The Indians seemed uneasy after that, and very soon marched away, without showing their hostile intent.

They did not choose to molest a man who could swallow a scalping-knife and call it "good to eat."

Fought With an Eagle.

A woman named Callahan, living at Carmel, Penn., had a desperate fight with an eagle which was trying to carry away her two-year-old child. The child's face and hands were torn by the bird's talons and Mrs. Callahan was seriously pecked before she succeeded in driving off the big bird.

The child had wandered into a clearing near the house, and soon afterward Mrs. Callahan heard her screaming. From the door of her home the frightened mother beheld the monster bird pecking, clawing and flapping the little one, who, with her hands and arms was trying to break away from her antagonist.

Once the bird caught the child's dress in its talons and prepared to bear it aloft, but the child's struggles compelled the bird to let go. The frightened mother secured a rifle and ran to the rescue of her child. She dared not shoot, but with the butt of the gun she ran screaming toward the eagle. It was not to be driven off without a struggle.

It let go of the child and turned its attention to the parent. The bird flew into the woman's face and pecked her eyes and nose, but with a well-directed blow from the club the eagle dropped to the ground, and after a moment's scrambling took to the air and went flying away. It is said that during the past summer this eagle has carried away several pigs and that once before it had made an attack upon a child. Mrs. Callahan says that the bird was five or six feet from tip to tip of wing, and that its talons were almost razor-like in their sharpness.

Said Colors.

"Occasionally there is a man," moralized the professor, "who acquires the reputation of being a mystic when he is merely pessimistic."—Chicago Tribune.

THE MERRY SIDE OF LIFE

STORIES THAT ARE TOLD BY THE FUNNY MEN OF THE PRESS.

Cute Little Johnny—Hampered—An All-Pervading Growler—The Preliminary Menu—A Weakling Chap, Etc., Etc.

Johnny with his little axe dealt his brother orful whacks. He don't care if Mama kicks; Ain't he cute, he's only six. —Cornell Widow.

Hampered.

"I da never talk slang."

"Then that's it. I wondered why it was she could never make herself understood."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

An All-Pervading Growler.

Mrs. Wiggles—"Does your husband have a 'den'?"

Mrs. Waggles—"No, he roars all over the house."—Somerville (Mass.) Journal.

The Preliminary.

Visitor—"Ah, Antoine, beginning a painting, I see. What is the subject?"

Artist—"I don't know yet. I've only got my name on the canvas so far!"—Chicago Record.

His Occupation.

"I once knew a man who didn't do anything but sign checks."

"Rich, eh?"

"Not exactly; he was a forger."—Philadelphia Press.

No Change in the Menu.

Star Boarder—"I see that meat has advanced in price."

Mr. Sourdop—"That won't bother us. The leather market is firm."—Baltimore American.

A Weakling Chap.

She—"You're getting tired of kissing me already."

He—"What makes you think that?"

She—"I saw you stop to take breath."—Harper's Bazar.

Confident.

Nervous Mother—"Are you sure, Willie, that the ice is safe?"

Willie—"Oh, yes! I wouldn't be safe if there was another boy with me, but I'm going alone."—Life.

School Was All Right.

Mrs. Von Blumer—"My children have been to school now two terms and have made scarcely any progress."

Mrs. Witherby—"How sad. And it's such a good school, too."—Detroit Free Press.

Profits of Ignorance.

"Why don't you bookstore clerks know more about books?"

"Madam, we don't dare be intellectual, for customers would ask us so many questions that we couldn't make any sales."—Chicago Record.

Depends.

"This is a hard world," moaned the young sparrow that had fallen out of its nest.

"Oh, I don't know," replied the anglerworm, making for its hole as fast as it could. "I don't find it so."—Chicago Tribune.

Compassion.

First Parrot—"I don't think you ought to swear at old Henpeck."

Second Parrot—"Why?"

First Parrot—"Oh, I don't believe in rubbing it in too strong; what Mrs. Henpeck says to him is plenty."—Philadelphia Press.

An Unnatural Mother.

"I gave my wife a dreadful turn this morning; she thought I sat down on her pet kitten, but I didn't."

"Wasn't the kitten all right, eh?"

"Now—only the baby, but I tell you she was frightened 'til she found out."—Ohio State Journal.

Agreed With Him.

"I'm not at all discouraged in my efforts to become a musician, but I must say that it requires a great deal of patience to learn to play on the violin."

"I have no doubt that your neighbors are all convinced of that."—Boston Courier.

Covers Too Much Ground.

Blinks—"Jinks is continually telling me what a lucky fellow you are."

Kinks—"Yes, but I don't like the way he expresses it. Every time he meets me he says: 'Klunks, you're a lucky man. You don't seem to have anything on your mind at all.'"—Indianapolis Sun.

Bound to Make Trouble.

First Waiter—"That man over at the corner table is an awful kicker."

Second Waiter—"Yes; he complained the other day because there were no pearls in his oysters."

First Waiter—"And now he wants to know what we mean by removing the diamonds from his diamond-back terrapin."—Philadelphia Record.

A Natural Pride.

He—"Oh, yes! I do a little that way now and then; I've written one or two plays."

She—"How perfectly delightful! And have you met with much success?"

He—"Pretty well, so far. I once got a manuscript of mine back from the manager."—Life.

An Assumption.

"I never saw a man put on such airs," said the street car conductor, as he rung up a fare.

"He merely said that he hoped for some consideration because he was a regular patron."

"That's what I object to. The idea of his assuming such superiority and calling himself 'a patron.' He knows as well as I do that we just permit him to ride."—Washington Star.

SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.

A firm of Hanau, Germany, has succeeded in welding metal aluminum without the use of any metal, solder or acid. No seam can be detected, and the welded pieces can resist blows and temperature variations as well as if there were no joint. The process is a secret one.

The London Lancet calls attention to the fact that canned tomatoes are now being extensively colored, in order to make them look attractive and as if made from ripe fruit. Among the colors so employed are coal-tar colors and cochineal. The subject of artificial coloring and preservation of food is now receiving great attention in England.

The third cable has been laid between the Netherlands and England. It comprises four wires, which extend from London to Rotterdam and Amsterdam. Telegraphing over these wires will be done by means of the Hughes apparatus, and at busy times with duplex Hughes apparatus. The cost of the construction of the cable will be borne by both countries. This will greatly accelerate telegraphic traffic between the Netherlands and England.

In excavating for the drainage system which is being installed in the City of Mexico, a number of articles were found which belonged to a period previous to the invasion of Cortez. Some of the articles found were golden ornaments with which the Aztec gods were decorated. On the extension of the Mexican Central Railway, workmen dug out \$50,000 in gold and silver coins, the Government and the workmen sharing equally under the old law of treasure trove.

The scarcity of agricultural labor in Yorkshire, England, has resulted in the widespread introduction of mechanical appliances in order to cope with the work. One of the most novel is a mechanical milking device, but which, however, has not been employed with very great success. The results of mechanical milking are far below those obtained by hand, which is principally due to the fact that no two udders are alike, and also because the animals object to the tubes.

The American red gum wood is now being largely employed in London for street paving purposes. Regent Street, Piccadilly, and the Haymarket have recently been paved with this wood, and it is to be employed extensively in other parts of the metropolis. Although the wood is not so hard as the red woods of Australia, it is more durable than deal or any other timber, while it affords the best foothold for horses. A prominent feature of the wood is that it neither shrinks nor expands under the influence of dry or wet weather, which are great recommendations for its utilization for paving purposes.

A Claimant to the British Throne.

Diversity of personal claim has ever constituted a hitch in the "divine right" argument to sustain a throne. It is an interesting manifestation in monarchical affairs even now, when that argument is so little dwelt upon. At the present moment one gentleman is abroad who considers himself the rightful emperor of the French, while another sees himself the proper king of the same people. Spain has a pretender in the shadow. And while Queen Victoria, of the house of Hanover, lies dead in Osborne House, a lady watching events from Munich regards herself as a living Mary IV., direct from the house of Stuart.

The pretender in Bavaria is the Princess Mary Theresa Dorothea, wife of Prince Louis. She is a direct descendant of the Princess Henrietta Anne, sister of the deposed James II. If she has any hope in England it is in the Legitimist party. But her hopes are admittedly faint. When a statement of the Legitimist cause was printed, nearly a year ago, she contributed her photograph to the story. So little was thought of the matter in Britain that the Legitimist Jacobite League is permitted to exist untroubled and unwatched. This Mary in Munich is a devout Catholic. She has twelve living children, one of whom is regarded by her as the real Prince of Wales. Her ambitions need not trouble the rest of Victoria nor the dreams of Edward VII.—New York Herald.

Effect of Foreign Invasion in China.

The effects of quartering the Germans, French and Italians in the city soon became apparent. When they moved in, conditions were about normal. The streets teemed with life, and the shops and markets did business as usual. By the next day nearly all the shops were closed and the markets vacated, except in the quarter policed by the British. The major part of the population had disappeared. The ways were comparatively deserted. Criss-travelled by French, German, or Italian soldiers, and laden with loot, could be seen everywhere. The town was evidently being pillaged deliberately and systematically. Now and then a woman's piercing scream broke from the muffling depth of a cluster of houses, and spent its echoes in the empty streets. Such sounds, with their sinister meaning, were frequent in the French and Italian quarters.—From "Punishment and Revenge in China," by Thomas F. Millard, in Scribner's.

A Very Wicked Berry.

Professor Bottomley gives the Arum lily a very bad character. It appears that it keeps a grog shop for bees and makes them drunk merely to insure its own fertilization. Then it poisons the birds with its bright red berries simply to provide for its own progeny.

THANKFUL TO MRS. PINKHAM

Letters Proving Positively that there is No Medicine for Woman's Ills Equal to Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.



MRS. ANNIE THOMPSON

(ALL LETTERS ARE PUBLISHED BY SPECIAL PERMISSION.)

"I cannot say enough in regard to Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. It has done me more good than all the doctors. I have been troubled with female weakness in its worst form for about ten years. I had leucorrhoea and was so weak that I could not do my housework."

I also had falling of the womb and inflammation of the womb and ovaries, and at menstrual periods I suffered terribly. At times my back would ache very hard. I could not lift anything or do any heavy work; was not able to stand on my feet long at a time. My husband spent hundreds of dollars for doctors but they did me no good. My husband's sister wrote what the Vegetable Compound had done for her, and wanted me to try it, but I did not then think it would do me any good. After a time, I concluded to try it, and I can truly say it does all that is claimed for it. Ten bottles of the Vegetable Compound and seven packages of Sanative Wash have made a new woman of me. I have had no womb trouble since taking the fifth bottle. I weigh more than I have in years; can do all my own housework, sleep well, have a good appetite, and now feel that life is worth living. I owe all to Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. I feel that it has saved my life and would not be without it for anything. I am always glad to recommend it to all my sex, for I know if they will follow Mrs. Pinkham's directions, they will be cured."

Gratefully yours, MRS. ANNIE THOMPSON, South Hot Springs, Ark.

CHANGE OF LIFE.

"I was taken sick five years ago with the Grippe, and had a relapse and was given up by the doctor and my friends. Change of Life began to work on me. I flowed very badly until a year ago, then my stomach and lungs got so bad, I suffered terribly; the blood went up in my lungs and stomach, and I vomited it up. I could not eat scarcely anything. I cannot tell what I suffered with my head. My husband got me a bottle of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and before I had taken half of it I began to improve, and to-day I am another woman. Mrs. Pinkham's medicine has saved my life. I cannot praise it enough."

M. A. DENSON, Millport, N.Y.

PROFUSE PERIODS.

"I commenced taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound about 3 months ago, and cannot express the wonderful good it has done me. My menstruations were so profuse as to leave me very weak for some time after. Was also troubled with leucorrhoea, tired feeling, bearing down sensation, pain across the back and thighs. I felt as though there was a heavy weight in my stomach all the time. I have taken two bottles of the medicine, and now have better health than I have had for four years."

MRS. LIZZIE DICKSON HODGE, Avalon, Ohio.

\$5000 REWARD.—We have deposited with the National City Bank of Lynn, \$5000, which will be paid to any person who can find the above testimonial letters of genuine, or were published before obtaining the writer's special permission. LYDIA E. PINKHAM MEDICINE CO.

The lowest human habitation is said to be that of the coal miners in Bohemia, some of whom make their dwellings at a point over 2,000 feet below the level of the sea.

There are about eight thousand libraries scattered over the United States, including one at Tampa, with books in the Spanish language endowed by Queen Christina of Spain.

A Nerve Tonic.

When tired and weak from over-work or loss of sleep, take Garfield Headache Powders. They are made from herbs and are wonderfully effective in restoring the nerves.

The notes of the Bank of England cost exactly one halfpenny each.

Dr. Bull's Safe, sure cure for all throat and lung troubles. People praise it. Doctors prescribe it. Quick, sure results. Refuse substitutes. Get Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup.

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In an ounce of our extract there is all the nutrition of many pounds of beef. To get more nutriment to the ounce is impossible. Few extracts have as much.

Our booklet, "How to Make Good Things to Eat," tells many ways to use beef extract. It gives recipes for lunches and the chafing dish. Send your address for it.

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The children's tonic, cure of WORMS. Removes them effectually and without pain. 60 years' record of success. It is the remedy for all worm troubles. Entirely vegetable. 25 cts. at druggists, country stores or by mail. E. & S. FREY, Baltimore, Md.

Lane's Family Medicine

Moves the bowels each day. In order to be healthy this is necessary. Acts gently on the liver and kidneys. Cures sick headache. Price 25 and 50 cents.

In excavating a tunnel at the farm of Aarnes, in Norway, a short time ago, a skeleton and weapons were discovered. Or examination the skeleton was found to be that of a woman entombed with her arms and warlike equipment. This is the first barrow of a valkyrie (Scandinavian Amazon or battle-nymph) ever discovered in Norway.

The Best Cure For Headaches.

Headaches are quickly cured by the Garfield Headache Powders. These powders are guaranteed to contain no harmful drugs or narcotics; they are made from simple herbs.

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The Life Saver of Children

is Hoxsie's Croup Cure in attacks of Croup, Whooping Cough, Diphtheria and Pneumonia. No opium to stupefy. 50 cts.

Exports of cottonseed oil from the United States in the year ending on June 30 amounted to 46,992,390 gallons, valued at \$14,127,538.

Sweet and fruit acids will not discolor goods dyed with PURS-A-FABLESS DYES. Sold by all druggists.

In New Jersey it is claimed that the hoboes use churches for resting places. Occupy them at night and vacate them during the day.