

TALES OF PLUCK AND ADVENTURE.

How Cruse Saved the Trooper.

THOMAS CRUSE, quartermaster's department, United States army, got another step the other day and once more changed the little image in his shoulder strap. Colonel Cruse has been a long time in the staff department which has to do with army mules, tents, canteens and haversacks. When he first left the line for the staff friends said he couldn't stand it, but when a man has fought more than most and licked all that he fought, it's not overhard to urge him to take the soft side of a pillow. They say in the army today that Tom Cruse can't pick up a sample shovel that some contractor has submitted for inspection without coming to an "advance carbine" with it and later trying to cook the thing. Cruse for years was an officer in the Sixth Cavalry. Out at Fort Sheridan the other day a retired enlisted man who had served under Cruse some years ago told the story of how the quartermaster officer won the little bit of bronze which on certain occasions he wears pinned to his blouse.

In the early summer of 1882 Cruse was a second lieutenant in "K" Troop of the Sixth Cavalry. He was out scouting after Apaches down in the very hottest part of Arizona. The command had trailed along till it came to the rocky basin known as the Big Dry Wash. Cruse had something less than a corporal's guard with him. The little band had not seen a sign of an Indian since it set out, but then Apaches are not given to making signs, nor do they wait for formal introductions before extending warm greetings to those who would cross the threshold of their rock desert fastnesses. Beyond the basin of the Big Dry Wash was a natural fortification of rocks. Cruse sent a man to the right flank to take a peep behind the bowlders before crossing. The trooper returned and reported there was nothing there. Then the little command pushed down into the basin and fury opened from behind the rocks to their front. The fire was concentrated and terrific. Two of the six saddles were emptied and the mounted command gave way and sought the shelter of the rocks to the rear. Under the thumping hail of bullets Cruse lifted a wounded trooper to his saddle and bore him back to shelter, where the men dismounted and took what count they could of their hidden enemy across the basin.

It was supposed that the second trooper who had fallen in the open was dead. While looking out across the waste between him and the ambushed savages Cruse saw the fallen trooper move. Then there happened one of those things which a single line in the medal of honor list tells about, but to which a whole volume cannot do justice. Cruse, carbine in hand, stood straight up, a fair and easy mark for a bullet. A tawny face showed beyond and an eye glanced along a rifle barrel. Before the weapon spoke Cruse's carbine sent a bullet straight through the Apache's head. Then he rounded the rock in front and strode across the open toward the wounded soldier. At every third stride he fired. He was one of the crack shots of the army, and the bullets scarred the rocks close to the heads of the lurking reds. They had seen their comrade's head split clean at 150 yards. They dared not expose themselves enough to take careful aim, but they answered the officer's carbine challenge with a scattering volley. He reached the moaning trooper. Behind him had come two of his men. "Plek him up, boys," and I'll cover the retreat." He stood there facing the enemy's lurking place. A savage braver than the rest stood up and fired. The bullet scratched Cruse's arm, but an ounce of lead crashed into the Apache's head. Cruse walked backward, while behind him his two devoted men bore their stricken fellow. Bullets tore up the sand, but the magnificent nerve and courage of the soldier who cent back true a shot for every volley palsied the Apaches' aim.

Man Defeats Dog.

Awakened from his sleep by the maddened beast, Dr. Robert J. Kingston had a terrific encounter lasting for more than an hour, at his home in Newburg, N. Y., with Bruno, his St. Bernard dog, weighing more than 200 pounds. He overcame the brute, choking him to death, but at no light cost.

Dr. Kingston had reared the dog from a puppy. It was left at home at night to protect the household when professional business called the head of the family away. He was out one night on a case and in the morning was resting, and the children were playing with the dog.

Suddenly the animal was seized with convulsions, and, running out of the dining room, ascended to the bed chamber of the doctor, sprang on the sleeping physician, and the fight for life followed. Dr. Kingston realized that the animal was wholly uncontrollable, and that there was grave danger for other members of the family if it should escape and get down stairs

again. Under this thought he lost sight of his own peril, and devoted himself to preventing the beast from so doing. He succeeded in driving the frenzied animal into the bathroom adjoining his apartment and then closed the door. But in the act Dr. Kingston was forced to lock himself in as well, for the brute fought fiercely every step of the way.

Once the door was locked Dr. Kingston began the battle for his own safety, fighting with grim desperation, for he knew that only by winning a complete victory would he be spared a fearful death. The physician is wiry, but not apparently a man of great strength, and for a time the struggle was an unequal one.

Time after time the dog buried its teeth in the fleshy part of the lower arm, which the doctor used as a guard for his neck and face. Finally the animal was forced into a position whence it could not escape.

With both hands clutching its windpipe, Dr. Kingston choked the breath out of the animal's body, and then, with the assistance of a neighbor, who had arrived, threw the huge carcass from the window.

Dr. Kingston sank to the floor, not unconscious, but weak from the exertion and the excitement. Dr. F. M. Phillips was summoned, and the injured arm, bitten through and through in many places, was cauterized and bandaged.

While the fight was on the noise was heard by neighbors, and among those who came to the rescue were Bryant Young and the son of Governor Odell, who lives directly opposite Dr. Kingston. He wanted to shoot the dog, but the expedition threatened danger to the physician, who at that time had almost mastered the beast.

Much Might Have Happened.

When tigers are really at large in England, says the London Chronicle, there are no newspaper paragraphs about the fact. The secret is firmly held. At Clifton there is a delightful zoo.

It was discovered one morning that a tiger had escaped from his cage during the night. It was the day of a children's fête at the zoo. A hasty search of the grounds was instituted, but no tiger was found. Then the superintendent decided to keep his own counsel and trust to luck; for it seemed as if the tiger had sealed the walls and was in the open country.

Thousands of children romped in the gardens during the day, and cried "Oh!" and "Ah!" as the fireworks gleamed in the night. All the evening they played and sauntered about among the trees and in shaded alleys and dark corners, and then everybody went home, tired and happy.

In the early dawn there was another search for the tiger; and in the corner of a disused monkey house was found the "monarch of the jungle," still trembling from freedom and fireworks.

His keepers throw a handkerchief about his neck, and he meekly allowed himself to be led back to the grateful safety of his cage. But many things might have happened during that fête day.

Wild Killed Wildcat and Saved Husband.

"I never want to see another wildcat," said Mrs. John Green.

Mrs. Green had saved the life of her husband, but is not boasting of her prowess. Mr. Green had fired at the wildcat with a shotgun, but missed. Before he had discharged the second barrel the animal had sprang from the limb of a tree and fastened teeth and claws in the man's shoulder.

The family dog attacked the wildcat, but would have been killed had not Mrs. Green taken part in the battle. She seized the shotgun from her husband's hands and struck the cat a blow on the head. That ended the animal's life and the battle.

Green is a sawyer, living on Canaan Mountain, in Connecticut. He and his wife were aroused by the barking of the dog. Going outside the man discovered a large wildcat and a young one crouched in a tree near the house. After he had fired and missed his wife came to his rescue.

A Lineman's Remarkable Escape.

There have been many remarkable escapes from death, but Oliver Ladouceur, a St. Paul lineman, had an experience lately that is hard to beat.

He was testing a wire that extends from the store of Hurley Brothers, in Robert street, to the store of William R. Burkhardt, directly across the street. Ladouceur was hanging on to the wire with both hands and was slowly crawling out, hand over hand, toward the middle of the street. He had got but a few lengths when he felt the wire giving way.

He jumped toward the street, a distance of thirty feet. In falling he made a grasp for the electric feed wire of the street far line. It held him without his feet touching the ground, and this saved his life. Had his feet touched anything he would have been instantly killed.—Minneapolis Tribune.

Whales Attack Men in a Canoe.

While trying to fight caraged whales from canoes two members of the Charleston telegraph line construction party at Fort Simpson were hurt so seriously that they barely escaped with their lives, says a special from Vancouver, B. C. Sixty men are at work stringing Government wires on the Skeena River. Last Friday three whales came twenty miles up the river and a dozen men turned out to chase them. The whales turned on the light canoes, and the river was soon in a foam with the splashing of the animals and the efforts of the canoeists to escape. One of the boats was smashed by a glancing blow of one of the whales. One man's arm was broken, while a second was knocked unconscious.—Chicago Tribune.

SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.

A writer in *Le Mouvement Geographique* describes a cave in East Africa, near Tanga, in which one chamber rises to a height of 250 feet, while another covers an area of 5000 square yards.

India is rapidly becoming an important factor in the coal market. The output last year was nearly forty per cent. in excess of that of the year before, and a still further increase will be seen this year. Exportation of coal from India has already begun. The coal is found over wide areas.

The largest stationary engine ever built in the United States has just been turned out at East Pittsburg, Penn. Though nominally of 6000 horse-power, when occasion demands, it can deliver 10,500 horse-power. The whole engine weighs more than 1,500,000 pounds and stands twenty-seven feet high. The fly-wheel is twenty-three feet in diameter, and the main shaft, measuring from twenty-six to twenty-nine and a half inches in diameter, weighs 136,000 pounds.

Cosmos tells of a recent experiment by some Frenchmen in using a kite instead of sails to propel a boat. A Malay kite less than seven feet high when well aloft, it was found, had power enough to tow a boat loaded with six persons. It is obvious that it would be impossible to go against the wind, but it was found possible to take a course forty-five degrees off in either direction by using the rudder. It is suggested that the steady and strong currents of air some distance above the surface of the earth might be thus utilized to assist navigation in some cases.

According to the geologist of the Antarctic expedition in the steamer *Belgica* there is a remarkable difference in the distribution of ice around the two poles of the earth. Going towards the South Pole perpetual snow is encountered at the sixty-fifth degree of latitude, and he thinks that the floating ice of that region comes from a layer covering the whole polar crown. The floating ice of the north, on the contrary, comes from true glaciers, which are pushed down through valleys until they reach the water. Up there the glacial caps do not reach the sea.

Professor Woodward, of Columbia University, believes that the height of the earth's atmosphere varies with the distance from the equator. The figures that he gives are so enormously in excess of those formerly taught, that they will be received with astonishment by the average reader. About 200 miles is the height that the scientists used to tell us, only forty-five miles of which, comprising the belt immediately around the earth, had appreciable density. Professor Woodward, however, shows reasons for thinking that the height above the equator is fully 26,000 miles, which gradually diminishes to about 17,000 miles above the poles. At the same time, he says that above a few hundred miles from the earth, it has no density, or so little, at least, that its effects are imperceptible.

Hand Sweeping Machines.

Hand sweeping machines have been used with much success on the Washington streets, says the *Engineering Record*, according to Mr. Warner Stutler, superintendent of the Street Cleaning Department, who recently made the following report on the apparatus. "The advantages to be attained by the use of this machine over the present method are as follows: The work is better done for the reason that no dust is raised by the machine and scattered by the wind, and much more of the fine dust is taken up. No sprinkling is necessary, as the dust is carried into the machine; the operation of which is very much like that of a carpet sweeper. The sprinkling of a street in advance of sweeping prevents the machine or broom from taking up the fine dust. Instead, it is plastered to the street by the broom to become dust again as soon as dry. With the use of this machine one man can care for one-third more area of streets and keep them cleaner than he can with the hand broom. For the foregoing reasons and the further fact that this machine is superior to all others tried by me, I would respectfully recommend its adoption in this city."

Auto-atic Flagman For Trains.

With a view to preventing accidents at level crossings and collisions in the neighborhood of railway stations a very ingenious mechanism has recently been tried in France. It consists essentially of a huge hook, or catch, made of iron, which is connected with a lever at the station by means of a wire, through which a current of electricity passes. When it is lying in its place the train passes over it quite easily, but as soon as it is raised it catches a lever which is attached to the engine. The lever thus caught causes an air valve on the engine to open automatically and applies the brakes at once so that the whole train is brought to a standstill within a very short distance. In foggy weather the use of such an apparatus cannot be overestimated, as it is calculated to prevent a train running into another which happens to be delayed at a station.—Pearson's Weekly.

The Discovery of Felt.

Tradition gives the discovery of felt to an early English monarch. As a comfort for his cold feet it is told that he put wool into his boots, and the combination of heat, pressure and moisture produced felt, a primitive state from which the modern kind grew.

Your Hair

"Two years ago my hair was falling out badly. I purchased a bottle of Ayer's Hair Vigor, and soon my hair stopped coming out." Miss Minnie Hoover, Paris, Ill.

Perhaps your mother had thin hair, but that is no reason why you must go through life with half-starved hair. If you want long, thick hair, feed it with Ayer's Hair Vigor, and make it rich, dark, and heavy.

\$1.00 a bottle. All druggists.

If your druggist cannot supply you, send us one dollar and we will express you a bottle. Be sure and give the name of your nearest express office. Address, J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Your Tongue

If it's coated, your stomach is bad, your liver is out of order. Ayer's Pills will clean your tongue, cure your dyspepsia, make your liver right. Easy to take, easy to operate.

25c. All druggists.

BUCKINGHAM'S DYE FOR THE HAIR

It has been calculated that something like 1,250,000,000 pints of tea are imbibed yearly by Londoners, and that the teapot necessary to contain that amount, if properly shaped, would comfortably take in the whole of St. Paul's Cathedral.

The only building at Spitzbergen is a tourists' hut about five hundred miles from civilization.

Each package of PUTNAM FADELESS DYE colors either Silk, Wool or Cotton perfectly at one boiling. Sold by all druggists.

Virtue is its own reward, but some few people are good because they really like to be.

Dealers say that the hammock continues to hold its own.

Are You Using Allen's Foot-Powder? It is like 1,250,000,000 pints of tea...

The Bank of France compels customers checking out money to accept at least one-fifth in gold coin.

Freely Vermorel by Mail. Send 25c. to E. & S. FRENCH, BALTIMORE, MD., for not for sale at your Druggist or store.

Lots of people make their calls over the telephone.

Best For the Bowels. No matter what ails you, headache to a cancer, you will never get well until your bowels are right.

The coal miner generally finds himself in a hole.

FITTS permanently cured. No fits or nervousness after first day's use of Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer.

There may be plenty of room at the top, but some people prefer to get at the bottom of things.

A Real Funny Story.

Old Tim Linkins, the barber of Wabash Avenue, Chicago, is a great student of proverbial philosophy, and he sometimes entertains his customers in the interval of a "scrape" or "haircut," by his apt applications of the well-known proverbs of the past to the conditions of the present. His regular customer, a man who apparently goes in for a shave, is really in search of a rest in a cosy chair, and has a desire to hear "Tim" hold forth verbally. One day last week a stranger came in for a shave, and as he stretched himself wearily in the chair, Tim prepared to lather him. The man incidentally remarked that he had intended coming in earlier in the day but had been prevented. "Well, it's better late than never," said Tim, smilingly. "Not at all," replied the stranger, slowly. "How about losing your pocketbook? I never lost one until yesterday—never did, but I would sooner have kept it. Now, why was it better for me to lose it late than not at all?" Tim acknowledged that he was wrong and the man continued: "Don't know what I would have done in my predicament, only an old acquaintance of mine on the Lake front let me have twenty to go on with." "Ah," chimed in Tim, "that was good! A friend in need is a friend indeed." "No, he isn't," snapped the man who was being shaved. "There you're dead wrong again. How can a friend in need be a friend indeed? I have a good many friends who are always in need and they are a nuisance to me. Always on the borrow." Tim thought the problem over in his mind and reluctantly admitted that the man was right. He had almost made up his mind not to speak again when the stranger continued, "Yes sir, they are nuisances. Why, one of them fellows has been calling on me for the past year and threatens to get even with me some way if I do not loan him fifty dollars. He threatens me at every visit." "Oh, I wouldn't mind that," replied Tim unconsciously, "you know the old adage 'A barking dog never bites.'" "There you are again," said the "shavee" as he wiped a little lather from the corner of his mouth. "Say, what do you know about dogs barking at all? Have you ever ventured to go too close to a barking dog,—and if you did, what did he do to you? Did you ever know a barking dog that didn't bite if he got the chance?" Tim said he couldn't exactly call to mind any canine acquaintance that strictly fulfilled the claim in the proverb, and there was a silence for a few minutes while his razor was gliding over the man's face. Then the barber smiled to himself as he bethought him of a good joke. "I suppose," he said, as he applied the bayonet, "I suppose you don't believe in the barber's proverb at all?" "What's that?" asked the stranger, rising. "Two heads are better than one," answered Tim. "Of course you can understand why they are, in my business, but I know you would like to say they would be bad for a man with the headache or—" "Nothing of the kind," put in the other, smiling. "One of your proverbs, at least, is right. I happen to know that two heads are better than one." "Then you don't object to that old adage?" "Not at all. It is dead right. And I would thank you very much if you have any stray Lion heads at hand—those taken from the Lion Coffee wrappers. My wife is collecting them and she is about six eighths of the number required to get a Lady's Gold Watch. You see in this case 'two heads are better than one, and twenty are better than ten.'" "Just so," added Tim, cheerfully, "but you see, my wife is doing the same thing, and expects a premium in a few weeks. So to her also 'two heads are better than one.'" "Well, in that case," said the stranger, as he paid Tim for the shave and prepared to depart, "you had better tell your wife to do the same thing. Save up the Lion heads until after September 1st next, when the new Premium List is issued. Then if she sends them to the Woolson Spice Co., Toledo, Ohio, she can have her pick of some very choice presents."

The Danger from Flies.

A number of investigators recently have called attention to the important role played by insects in disseminating disease. Because of their great numbers and active habits, flies are no doubt the most dangerous insects in this respect. After feeding on the feces of typhoid patients or other infective material, they carry disease germs into innumerable places and deposit them not only by direct contact with their filthy little bodies, but by their excreta and the dust formed by the crumbling of their dead bodies. Restaurants infested with flies are special abominations. The danger from this source is not small, and as the summer will now soon be on us in good earnest with hordes of these pests it seems desirable that everything possible should be done to limit the amount of mischief done by them. More effective measures are needed for destroying their multiplication. The war on mosquitoes by our sanitary department in Cuba has shown what can be done in several exterminating insects, and the preparations which are already being made in several different places in our country to carry out the Cuban methods show that the people are willing to act if they are shown the best ways. Until some successful method has been devised for exterminating flies special care should be taken to prevent their access to sputum, pus, or other infectious material; fruits and foodstuffs which are thoroughly cooked and washed if flies have been allowed to come in contact with them, and should be protected from flies after preparation for use.

Great Domain He Rules.

It may surprise most persons to know that the British possessions in North America and West Indies are larger than the territory of the United States in America, even including Porto Rico and Alaska. On the North American continent alone King Edward's possessions are nearly 100,000 square miles larger than those of the United States, and taking in the West Indies and Newfoundland more than 200,000 square miles larger. No man ever before reigned over an empire so great as King Edward's. The empire to which Victoria acceded in 1837 covered one-sixth of the land surface of the globe; the empire to which King Edward has acceded covers nearly one-fourth. It is 53 times as big as France, 52 times as big as Germany, three and a half times as big as the United States without Alaska, and the island possessions, and three times as big as continental Europe.

People who suffer from headaches, general depression, weak nerves and sleeplessness will be greatly benefited by taking Garfield Headache Powders. Send to Carfield Tea Co., Brooklyn, N. Y., for samples.

The judge may deliver a very long sentence in a very few words.

The population of China is nearly 400,000,000—more than the combined population of Great Britain, France, Russia, Germany and Japan.

When plants are grown in dry air their stems and leaves have a more complicated structure than when the air is moist.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic, 25c a bottle.

The chronic kicker deserves to stub his toe.

I do not believe Piso's Cure for Consumption has an equal for coughs and colds.—JOHN F. BOYER, Trinity Springs, Ind., Feb. 15, 1902.

It's a good thing to swallow your pride, provided you can digest it.

Garfield Headache Powders deserve your consideration and confidence; they are a positive cure for headaches and save much suffering; they do not derange the system and are absolutely harmless.

Even the men who die may feel that they have much to live for.

LION COFFEE

A LUXURY WITHIN THE REACH OF ALL.

"A HIGH OLD TIME IN VIEW."

The Lion rises now to the occasion, To exercise his powers of persuasion, To tell you all to pay the best attention Unto the date that he herein will mention. For 'tis important that you should remember Nineteen hundred and one, first of September. As on that date the Lion's list of prizes, Will be renewed—but filled with new surprises!

The Lion from his car is now proclaiming His newest Premium List, which will be naming, To man and wife, to children, aunt and cousin, Attractive presents, dozen after dozen. The List comprises gifts most wisely chosen For household use and ornament intended. As well as tools and toys to suit the younger, Who after playthings naturally hunger.

From his balloon the Lion makes suggestion That on September first you ask the question:—"THE LION COFFEE Premium List you're needing. The up-to-date one, others superseding. And if your grocer is not so possessing, Don't hesitate, because your need is pressing, Just write to us—a two-cent stamp inclosing, We'll send the List, no further work imposing.

Watch our next advertisement.

Just try a package of LION COFFEE and you will understand the reason of its popularity.

WOOLSON SPICE CO., TOLEDO, OHIO.