

A Sledge Adventure.

(From the Companion.)

It was the turn of the oldest member of our party to tell a story, and this is what he told, as he poked the campfire with the long poker-stick and seemed to see in the coals the scenes he described:

I had been out several times alone with my dog-team on short trips, and felt quite equal to managing it under any circumstances. So I set out for Fort Dunvegan alone. Though the chief factor laughingly told me to be aware of "the pride that goeth before destruction," I declined the company of the young Metis dog-teamster who had gone with me hitherto on long journeys.

The distance to Fort Dunvegan was 25 miles, which is a short day's ride. The trail was plain enough, and I felt sure I could drive the dogs so far without disaster.

It was a bright January morning, and not very cold, when I took my seat on the sledge a few minutes before sunrise. I tucked the furs around me and gave the word to my six dogs. The animals settled down to their work steadily. As their soft footfalls and the swish of the sledge over the snow broke the silence I was glad I had left the young Metis behind.

The truth is that I was anxious to show myself independent of his help. Chief Factor Simpson had brought his daughters out with him, two young girls not far from my own age, each an expert teamster. I seemed ridiculous that I, an athletic college graduate, should be thought incapable of doing what they did with ease.

On we went. The dogs seemed to be in particularly good humor. They scarcely made a snap at each other, though they had the reputation of being a decidedly cross-grained team.

The trail lay through open country for the most part. Half way to Dunvegan it crossed a lake about two miles wide and perhaps eight or ten miles long.

I reached the lake without mishap of any kind. The trail struck it just north of a little thicket of firs, and the crust of thin, hard snow glistened in the sunlight.

As the dogs began to descend the low bank they tossed their heads in the air as if scenting something exciting. I heard the fir branches being disturbed by some animal running through them; then there were sharp strokes of hoofs upon the ice.

As the dogs reached the smooth surface we saw a beautiful red deer making its way out upon the lake. Its head was turned sideways to glance at the intruders.

When the animal caught sight of the dogs it quickened its gait, holding its head high and glancing back at us at almost every stride. With yelps and barks the dogs followed. They ran easily, but not so easily as the deer, whose narrow hoofs sank half an inch or so into the deep snow, and gave him a good foothold.

The deer's course lay directly across the lake and I entered fully into the spirit of the chase, urging my dogs on with voice and whip. When about half way across we were nearly up to the fugitive, which seemed to think it needless to put on all his speed. I took out my rifle, intending to end the chase by a well-aimed shot, and was already congratulating myself upon the laurels I should win on returning to the fort with a fine haunch of venison.

The antlers I resolved to give to Miss Alice Simpson, who had made much sport of my experience, and whose merry laugh I dreaded more than the criticisms of all the men in the fort.

It seemed a pity to spoil the chase too soon; so I laid the rifle across my knees and watched the beautiful deer as he bounded along like an exquisite piece of machinery.

At length the critical moment seemed to have come. The dogs would be upon the deer in a few moments. It was time to shoot.

But I had reckoned without the deer. At that instant, and as quick as a flash, the fleet creature wheeled about and set off down the lake at a faster rate.

Taken by surprise, I did not pick up the rifle at once. Before I could do so the dogs had turned also. You know what that meant. The sledge swung around at a tremendous speed, so that I was almost thrown out. I kept my place, however.

Not so the rifle. It was flung out upon the crust, and went spinning fully twenty yards away.

I tried to stop the dogs, but might as well have tried to stop the deer. Their blood was up. All that remained for me to do was to sit still and take my chances.

Down the lake we went in fine style. Though I began to wonder how the chase would end, the ride was for a time very enjoyable. Soon we began to gain again, and I thought of my rifle with regret. When four miles had been covered the chase was becoming a trifle monotonous.

I no longer indulged in anticipations of my triumphant entry into the fort, laden with antlers and venison. Instead, I reflected that I was by all odds the least important factor in the combination of deer, dogs and driver.

A short distance ahead, and on the left side of the lake, was a small clump

of firs. To this I hoped the deer would make its way. There it might be possible for me to check my excited team. Such was the deer's plan; but it was too wary to run directly for the shelter.

It kept on a straight course, passed the thicket, then turned abruptly and doubled by almost within reach of my dog-whip.

Around came the dogs in a larger circle, but not one big enough to suit me. The sledge swung around even faster than it had before. It caught on a hard, drifted ridge, and out I went, striking on my head so heavily that for a time I was unconscious.

When I regained my senses neither deer nor dogs were anywhere to be seen.

In a little while I could scarcely realize what had happened, but I scattered wits returned soon and I found I was none the worse for my fall. I set out for the fir-trees, hoping that the dogs and sledge might have become entangled in them; but by extraordinary luck they had gone through the bushes unchecked and had followed their prey out into the open country beyond.

There they had disappeared in one of the many ravines or over some of the low hills which diversified the prairie.

Much disgusted with myself, the dogs, the deer and everything, I made my way back to the lake and out to the buffalo robe, which had been thrown from the sledge with me. I rolled it in a bundle and strapped it on my shoulders. Then I set off on the four-mile tramp to where my rifle lay.

I had nothing to eat with me, but it was not more than from ten to fifteen miles to either of the forts, and the snow was hard enough for fast walking. At the worst there was nothing before me more serious than a few hours' walk.

But the dogs? To walk to Dunvegan or back to Fort Reliance, as Chief Factor Simpson's headquarters was called, without the dogs, after having so confidently asserted my ability to manage them—that was more than I felt prepared for.

Rather than go on to Dunvegan and report the loss of the team on my return to Reliance, or go back at once and procure a fresh team, and the smothered ridicule of every voyageur in the fort and the laughter of the Misses Simpson, I would spend at least one night on the open prairie searching for the runaways.

If I had not been little more than a silly boy I should have seen the folly of such a resolution; but my blood was hot, my feelings very tender, and Alice Simpson a most implacable tease.

My mind was made up. After recovering my rifle I would go back, take up the trail of the dogs and deer, and follow them until I overtook them or darkness set in.

January days are short in the Canadian northwest. By the time I had got back to where the deer and dogs had emerged from the thicket the sun had nearly reached the western horizon. So hard was the snow that had it not been for the deer's sharp hoofs I could not have followed the trail. Neither dogs nor sledge made any track except here and there, where the sledge came in collision with a projecting lump of snow.

Nevertheless, I persevered in my attempt, and soon found myself in a maze of ravines. There I wandered till I lost my bearings altogether.

To add to my confusion the trail, shortly after sunset, was crossed by other deer tracks, and a little later became indistinguishable from these.

Twilight was deepening when I saw a small clump of bushes before me. I turned my steps thither, inspired by a vague hope that some clue might be discovered there to my lost animals. So it proved; for there was the sledge, caught between two bushes.

But the dogs were not in sight. They had gnawed themselves clear of the thongs, which served as traces.

It was clearly useless to prolong my search. There was nothing left for me to do but take the sledge in tow and make my way back to Fort Reliance as best I could. So I placed my buffalo robe and rifle upon it, extemporized a drag rope and set out.

I shaped my course by the stars in what seemed most likely to be the direction of Fort Reliance. A more thoroughly humiliated fellow never lived.

It was probably ten miles to the fort, and there was a fair chance of my reaching it before midnight, if I had not lost my bearings entirely. So on I tramped, rehearsing to myself the least ridiculous version of my adventure which the facts would warrant.

Whether it was the effect of my fall, or the fact that I had had nothing to eat all day, or the weight of the sledge, or all combined, which caused my strength to give out so unexpectedly, I do not know; but after walking for quite a long time the sight of a sharp hill directly ahead completely discouraged me. I sat down on the sledge to rest. Soon drowsiness took possession of me. I wrapped myself up in the robes—there were two on the sledge, one of them being fastened to it for a seat. I soon fell asleep.

I was awakened by a shake, and opened my eyes to see broad daylight, and the wondering countenance of Alice Simpson looking into mine.

"Why, Mr. Re-", she exclaimed, "where? I thought you were here? I Dunvegan."

In confusion my explanation-

tion, but stopped abruptly to ask in my turn, "But why are you here?"

"Here? Why, where should I be? You know I always come out for a morning stroll. The fort is just over the hill."

Then she looked at me and laughed merrily:

"I believe you were lost. O Mr. Robertson!" and she laughed again. Then taking pity upon my confusion, she said:

"Oh, I know where your dogs are. I saw them huddled up in a corner outside the stockade. I did not think they were yours though."

Then she sat down on the sledge and made me tell my story, which she heard without a smile.

"And now what are you going to do?" she asked.

"I am going to get those dogs, harness them to the sledge and drive them to Dunvegan, I said, speaking on a sudden inspiration.

She looked at me with an expression of respect that I had never seen on her face before.

"That's the best thing you can do. But keep out of sight if you can. I will smuggle out some breakfast for you and the dogs, and we will tell no one."

She was as good as her word. In a little while, fully refreshed, I renewed my journey, which I completed without further adventures. My mishap remained a secret which Miss Simpson alone shared with me.

But I never had the courage to tell her that I had intended to give her the deer's antlers.

His Answers.

In the Northwest Provinces of India there lived a fakir who seldom made much use of his tongue in conversation. When a nod or a sign would do he spared his words. The author of "Seventy Years' Reminiscences" relates the following story of him. A Mohammedan gentleman went up to him, accompanied by some friends, and said, with mock humility:

"May I trouble you, holy father, with three questions?"

The fakir nodded.

"The first question, holy father, is about God. People say there is a God, but I cannot see him and no one will show him to me, and, therefore, cannot believe in him. Will you explain?"

The fakir gave a nod.

"My second question," continued the gentleman, "is about the devil. The Koran says Satan is made of fire. But if so, how can hell fire hurt him? Will you explain that, too?"

A nod.

"The third question concerns myself. The Koran says every action of man is decreed; now in it is decreed that I must do a certain thing, how can God judge me for it, having himself decreed it? Please, holy father, answer me."

The fakir nodded, and while the party stood looking at him, he seized a clod of earth and flung it with all his might at the face of his questioner.

The gentleman became very angry, and caused the fakir to be arrested and brought before the judge to whom he made his complaint, adding that his pain was so great he could hardly bear it.

The judge asked the fakir if the story were true.

"This gentleman came to me with his companions," replied the fakir, "and asked me three questions which I carefully answered."

"He did no such thing," replied the gentleman, "but threw the clod of earth in my face!"

The judge looked at the fakir and said, "Explain yourself."

"Assuredly," was the fakir's answer. "This gentleman told me that people said there was a God, but that he could not see him, nor could anyone show him God, and therefore he could not believe in him. Now he says that he has pain in his face from the clod of earth I threw at him, but I cannot see it. Will your honor kindly ask him to show us his pain, for how can I believe in it if I cannot see it?"

The judge looked at the complainant, and both smiled.

"Again this gentleman asked how, if Satan were made of fire, hell-fire could hurt him? Now he will admit that father Adam was created of earth, and that he himself also is earth. But if he be of earth, how could earth hurt him?"

"As to the third question," said the fakir, drawing himself up with great dignity, if it was written in my fate that I should throw a clod in this gentleman's face, how could he, and how dare he, bring me here for so doing?"

The judge allowed that the fakir had answered the three questions with his clod and dismissed him, advising him, however, to reply to future questions in a less offensive manner.

A Determined Woman

recently knocked down a burglar and held him until the arrival of assistance. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery is a medicine that checks the frightful inroads of Scrofula, and, if taken in time, arrests the march of Pulmonary Consumption. It cures digestion and dyspepsia, chronic diarrhea and similar ailments. This wonderful medicine has also gained great celebrity in curing fever and ague, and like diseases.

Asthma cured by newly-discovered treatment. Address for free pamphlet, testimonials and references, World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y.

With the Poets.

The House's Darling.

O sweet, shy girl, with roses in her heart,
And love-light in her face, like those
up-grown;
Full of sweet dreams and thoughts that,
dream-like, start
From fits of solitude when not alone!
Gay dancer over thresholds of bright
days.

Tears quick to her eyes as laughter
to her lips:
A game of hide-and-seek with time she
plays,
Time hiding his eyes from hers in
bright eclipse.

O gentle soul!—how dear and good
she is,
Blessed by soft dew of happiness
and love;
Cradled in tenderest arms! Her
mother's kiss
Seals all her good-night prayers. Her
father's smile
Brightens her mornings. Though the
earth shall move
Her child-sweet soul, not far from
heaven's while!

—John James Piatt.

They Are Dead.

There was a man who never told a
lie—
But he's dead;
Never said it was wet when the weather
was dry—
Never said

He'd caught fish when he hadn't
caught one,
Never said he'd done something that he
hadn't done,
Never scolded his wife, and never got
mad,

And wouldn't believe that the world
was so bad.
A respecter of men, a defender of
woman,
Who believed the divine, and in that
which was human;

Meek as Moses—he never was under-
stood,
And the poor man died of being too
good.

And he's dead.

There was a woman who never had
gossiped a bit—
She's dead too;

Who hated all scandal, nor listened
to it;
She believed in mankind, took care of
her cat,
Always turned a deaf ear to this story
or that;

Never scolded her husband—she never
had one;
No sluggard was she, but rose with the
sun;

Never whispered in meeting, didn't
care for a bonnet,
Or all of the feathers that could be put
on it;

Never sat with the choir, nor sang the
wrong note;
Expressed no desire to lecture or vote;
For the poor soul was deaf as a post—
also dumb;

You might have called forever and she
wouldn't have come.
And she's dead.
—By Jeannette La Flamboy.

Proximity.

Dear God, how beautiful thy world to-
day
With revelations of mysterious May!
I saw but now, where sunlight rests, a
bloom
Of purple violets, while near, in gloom
Of sombre pines, lay tattered breadths
of snow.

I think, dear God, our lives are
ordered so.

—Anna Poole Beardsley.

A Forgotten Command.

There was a pious man who one day
died
And passed to judgment. Born to
wealth, his lot
On earth had been with those who
labor not,

But he had kept himself from worldly
pride,
Had hated sin, and sinners; and had
tried
To let no evil word nor action blot
His earthly record. Valiantly (in
thought)

He battled ever on fair virtue's side.
Expectant now before the judgment
throne,

He waited there the nimbus for his
head,
Till some strange force compelled him
to recoil.

"Avaunt from me!" God cried in
thunder tone.
"And six days shalt thou labor," I
have said;

Death keeps no crown for those who
do not toil."

—Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

Speaking Slightly of Women.

When a young man habitually speaks
slightly of women, one may feel
reasonably sure that a moral blight
rests upon his own character. A scath-
ing rebuke was once conveyed to a
man of this class, who, at a public din-
ner at which no ladies were present,
was called upon to respond to the toast
"Woman." He dwelt almost entirely
upon the frailties of the sex, claiming
that the best among them are little
better than the worst, the chief differ-
ence being in their surroundings. At
the conclusion of his speech, one of
the guests arose and said, "I trust the
gentlemen, in the application of his
remarks, refers to his own mother and
sisters, not to ours." This young man

in his low estimate of women uncon-
sciously verifies a sententious saying
by the author of "Youth": "The crit-
erion of a man's character is not his
creed, religious, intellectual or moral;
it is the degree of respect he has for
woman." As a contrast to the light
and flippant tone in which too many
young men of the present day speak
of the other sex, is the noble tribute
from an eminent clergyman, who says:
"I am more grateful to God for the
sense that came to me through my
mother and sisters of the substantial
integrity, purity and nobility of woman-
hood than for almost anything else in
this world."—[Christian at Work.

Can War Be Outlawed?

(From the London, Eng., Chronicle.)

There is one topic of the time that
cannot be discussed too often—the
possibility of averting war. And upon
this topic no man has a better right to
be heard than the veteran reformer,
statesman, academician and reformer,
M. Jules Simon. Therefore, among
all the articles of an unusually interest-
ing number of the Contemporary Re-
view, the thoughtful reader will turn
first to his outspoken words about
"Disarmament." "The world is at
peace—profound peace." Italy, Aus-
tria, Germany are bent upon peace—
the first because she cannot do other-
wise; the second because she has
everything to lose and nothing to win
by war; and the third, because she
has only one ambition—namely,
to keep what she has taken. But the
Triple Alliance gave an arbitrary
peace to Europe by reducing
France to impotence. Now the
Franco-Russian alliance "has done for
her diplomatic status what she herself
had already done for her military or-
ganization." M. Simon thinks that
no one dreams of doubting that Russia
desires peace. "The fetes of Cron-
stadt, like those of Toulon and Paris,"
he says, "were peace rejoicings." It
may be so, though different people
may have rejoiced for different
causes. As for England, "looking
on at the politics of the continent
from her inaccessible island, and hold-
ing in her hands so large a por-
tion of the globe," her desire for peace
goes without saying. Yet throughout
all Europe, adds M. Simon, there is
nothing but war, and his picture of the
effect of the conscription upon France
is an appalling one. "France gives
her whole springtime. For three years
her youth is lost to marriage, to study,
to agriculture, to industry. When they
retire from active service men still be-
long to the army. There is still the
Armée Territoriale, still the Reserve;
they are soldiers up to age of 55. One
would have thought it was a question
of starting at sunrise to-morrow for the
conquest of the world." M. Simon
insists emphatically, as so many
French writers are insisting to-day,
that the three years of military ser-
vice are three years of mental and
moral disintegration. "A man does
not come out of it the same as he went
in." Young men enter the regiments
as country-folk; they leave it towns-
people. "The villages are depopu-
lated." The barracks is the breeding-
place of every disease. For all this
the country gives half its revenue year
by year. "It is worse than folly to go
on with the system which imposes all
the evils of war except war itself."

Yet the end can only be one of two
things: a war of extermination or dis-
armament.

Consider, says M. Simon, how you
would like the experiment of universal
war. "Humanity will be put back six
centuries in a single day. . . . The
victors in that day will be as miserable
in their triumph as the conquered in
their defeat. They will be like two
hostile fleets, which have all day long
been trying to destroy each other, and
which at nightfall find themselves
caught and enveloped in a common
tempest. The sea opens to engulf
them, and they go down together,
ground, and crushed, and undistin-
guishable, into the abyss." Yet M.
Simon regards disarmament as out of
the question, and so pessimistic a view
from so enlightened a man who would
so willingly be an optimist must give
us pause. "It is risking all our con-
quests. It is sinking to the level of
those whom we have distanced by
superhuman efforts. . . . It is but a
dream of the philosopher, the theo-
philanthropist." Human nature is
such, thinks this life-long student of
it, that under any scheme of disarmament,
the strongest or the boldest would hold
himself in readiness for a coup-de-
main. Can nothing, however, be
done? In only one direction does M.
Simon see any hope: in the "clear and
simple formula" that an international
convention should decide on the re-
duction of military service everywhere
from three years to one. There
would be no diplomatic differences to
provoke, for the relative strength of
nations would remain as it is. And
the colossal sum that would thus be
set free for works of peace is enough to
make the brain of the economist reel.

When the question is raised again in
Parliament, as it is shortly to be, we
trust that this practical solution will be
placed in the front rank of suggestions.
For all that is necessary, as we often
said in these columns and, as M. Si-
mon declares afresh, is to secure a
sufficiently long duration of peace to
make war at last an impossibility. "I
cling," he concludes, "to all the forms
of peace, in the hope that, after she
has once tasted of it, the earth may
long to satiate herself with it to the
end."

Just for Fun.

"It seems to me," said Uncle Silas
Sassafraz, as he read the rules and
regulations tacked on the door of his
room at the Hyprise Hotel, "that these
hotel people just systematically try to
bleed people." "What is it, father?"
asked his wife. "Why one of these
dinged rules says 'Don't blow out the
gas,' and another says, 'Gas burned all
night will be charged extree.' Now
what's a fellow to do?"—[Life.

Jones is nothing if not gallant. Mrs.
B is exactly the same age as her hus-
band, but she will not admit it.

"My husband is 40," she said to
some friends the other day; "you
wouldn't believe it, but there's actually
ten years' difference in our ages."

"Impossible, dear madam!" hastily
interposed Jones, anxious to say some-
thing agreeable. "I'm sure you look
every day as young as he does."—
[Judge.

A few evenings ago, while running
from Williamsburg to Cincinnati on
the Kentucky Central, a newly-married
couple got on from the Bluegrass
regions. They were just off for that
most delightful season, the cloudless
honeymoon. They occupied a berth
in a sleeper, and the cooing was dove-
like, and attracted the attention of
some and distracted others. Finally
the winsome bride said, "I'm going to
get a drink of water. When I come
back, stick your foot out of the berth
so I won't make a mistake." When
she turned to come back, every foot in
every berth was exposed.

Harriet Hosmer tells of an incident
which occurred in her studio, where
her statue of Apollo rested. An old
lady was being shown around, a Mrs.
Raggles, and she paused before this
masterpiece for a long time. Finally
she exclaimed: "So that's Apollor,
is it?"

She was assured that it was. "Sup-
posed to be the handsomest man in the
world, wasn't he?"

She was again assured of the cor-
rectness of her surmise. Then, turn-
ing away, she said, disgustedly: "Wal,
I've seen Apollor and I've seen
Raggles, an' I say, give me Raggles!"

AFTER DINNER STORIES.—There
was an old Dutchman, a farmer, thrifty
and prosperous, who had been carefully
saving for many years. Finally he was
elected to the Legislature. It was a
peculiarly profitable session. There
were several railroad charters up for
consideration. Hans served faithfully,
never broke silence, and always voted,
and after the Legislature had ad-
journed, surprised his friends at home
by laying the foundation of a \$10,000
house, while there were rumors of a
\$20,000 bank deposit.

"Have you had a legacy, Hans?"
asked a neighbor, at last. "Oh, no,
was the reply. "I have just been sav-
ing a leetle."

"But how could you manage to save
\$30,000 on a three months' salary of
\$3 a day?"

"Vell," responded Hans, compla-
cently, "dat was very easy; it was just
dis way. You see, last winter, my
wife, she didn't keep no hired girl."

A traveling man occupied a sleep-
ing-car and desired to leave the train
at Syracuse. Calling the porter, he
said: "I want to get off at Syracuse.
I am a sound sleeper, and want to be
put off at Syracuse, asleep or awake.
Now, here's a dollar, and don't forget
me." "All right, sir, you'll come off
the train sure," was the reply. The
traveling man settled down to peaceful
sleep. At last, waking with a start, he
glanced at his watch and found Syra-
cuse must have been passed an hour
ago. Hastily dressing, he searched
the car in no pleasant mood, and
found the porter at last with one eye
closed and one arm tied in a sling, and
presenting a demoralized appearance
generally. "Here, you black scound-
rel!" he exclaimed, "why didn't you
put me off at Syracuse?" The porter
gave a terrified glance at the gentle-
man as he said: "For de Lawd sake,
who was dat man I put off at Syra-
cuse?"

THEY NEVER FAIL.—Mr. S. M.
Boughner, Langton, writes: "For about
two years I was troubled with inward
piles, but by using Parmelee's Pills I
was completely cured, and although
four years have elapsed since then they
have not returned." Parmelee's Pills
are anti-bilious and a specific for the
cure of Liver and Kidney Complaints,
Dyspepsia, Costiveness, Headache,
Piles, etc., and will regulate the secre-
tions and remove all bilious matter.

"We won't print any such stuff as
that!" said the editor, loftily, as he
handed back the manuscript. "Well,
you needn't be so haughty about it,"
retorted the irregular contributor;
"you're not the only one who won't
print it!"—[Puck.