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**Children's Department**

**HE SAVED TWO LIVES.**

Deeds of heroism have been enacted in Alaska which history will never chronicle. The mantle of death forever covers scenes which will be buried in oblivion until the time when all secrets are revealed, and justice—stern, implacable justice—is meted out to all.

Upon the desolate waste of that inhospitable glacier, the Valdes, which has proved a sepulchre to so many bright hopes and earnest aspirations, last winter a party of prospectors were camped; day after day had the men worked their way, death disputing every foot with them, until it was decided that the main party remain in camp and two of their number, accompanied only by a dog, started out to find a trail which would lead away from a veritable death trap of the terrible Valdes Glacier. For days did these two wander, until nature succumbed and they lay down weary and exhausted, to sleep the sleep from which there is no awakening.

Their faithful companion clung to them, and the warmth of his body was grateful, as they crouched low with the bitter ice-laden wind howling about them.

Their scanty stock of provisions was well nigh exhausted, when one of them suggested sending the dog back to the camp. This was a forlorn hope, but it was the only chance they had. Quickly writing a few words on a leaf torn from a book they made it fast around his neck, and encouraged him to start back on the trail.

The sagacious animal did not appear to understand, but after repeated efforts they persuaded him to go and he was soon swallowed up in the snow, the mist and the storm.

Two days and nights passed, during which these men suffered untold agonies. On the evening of the third day, when all hope had gone and they were resigned to their fate, from the drifting and blinding snow bounded their faithful dog, and close behind him came ready hands to minister to their wants.

The remainder of the story is simple. The whole party returned, having abandoned their useless quest, and on the last Topeka going south were two grateful men and a very ordinary looking dog. But "that dog

will never want as long as we two live," said a grizzled and sunburnt man.—Dumb Animals.

**THE ERRAND.**

Mr. Willis, who was repairing the two-acre-pasture fence, discovered suddenly that he was running out of nails. Somebody must ride to Winthrop, the nearest town, and buy some.

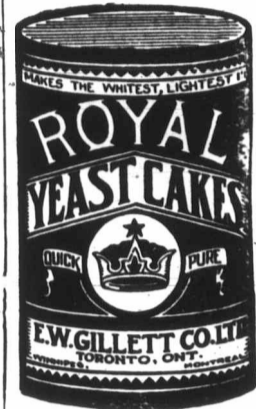
"I can't go, and I can't spare Peter," he said. "We ought to finish this job to-night. Harry, do you think you could go?"

"Yes, sir," said nine-year-old Harry.

His father wiped his hot forehead and looked at the sky. "I d'know as I ought to let you," he said doubtfully. "This is kind of a queer day; may be a weather-breeder. But I guess it's all right. You ride Prince; and don't stop anywhere, son."

"I won't," answered Harry. He was usually a solemn little boy; but

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Harry did not mind getting wet, but thunder-storms were another matter. And yet it was as far back now as it was to Winthrop; and besides, he hated to admit that he was afraid. So he crossed the creek. The lightning winked and shivered again,



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he capered on his way to the barn; he liked to ride Prince.

It was a queer day. Even the birds seemed too hot to sing, and the chipmunks stayed hidden. Little gusts of wind rattled among the weeds and tossed up dust suddenly before old Prince's nose, who snorted suspiciously, but did not shy; Prince was too staid and dignified to shy. The way was rather lonely. Just before the halfway point to Winthrop, the road crossed a little creek at an easy ford. Harry was approaching this creek when he felt a drop of rain. He looked up and saw a very black and ominous cloud drifting across the sky. A little jagged streak of lightning winked from the edge of it.

and the day grew darker. The big cloud seemed to pitch and roll like water, and the edges of it were silver-bright and odd-looking. Harry kicked old Prince to make him go faster and his heart beat hard. The air grew colder and the play of lightning was almost continuous. No more rain fell, however, and at last he reached Winthrop, and rode up before the hardware store. He found the proprietor out in front, looking curiously westward, whence Harry had come.

"Something funny happening out your way, son," he said. "You wait here a while."

They had scarcely gone into the shop when the rain came down in a flood, and continued to fall for fif-

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