Won at Last; Hot Picnic Experience.

friends who lived in Butte, Mont., and ter cross from the spring a few hun-who used to go on a yearly picnic. They go no longer. And this story will ex- door and return to the spring. It was before been printed. Strangers to whom
I have told it have doubted my sincerthe barrel was full. I made no comment, but I wondered drowsily why he should choose such exercises at such ity but it is none the less true.

We had, at the time this narrative begins, tired of the ordinary, every-day found myself staring up into the dark-We had, at the time this marrative sort of picnic in some glade or grove, and decided to try something extraorgrown since sunset. Also that the camp-

tion after several other plans had been driven in a westerly direction? formed and rejected:

MOUNTAIN PICNIC. not make the picnic last a couple of a day in tramping and deer shooting mother and the other women. dine that night on broiled venison and

we arranged to have a big mountain village by daylight." wagon meet us, drive us the remaining few miles over a trail to the foot of Tancred Mountain where we were to a reconnoiter. "I thought of it as soon ling. The girl without a word threw steep climb of the mountain to the two- ringed in. It's creeping higher every A yell from Bruce drew our attention roomed cabin that crowned its wooded minute."

the party, six men and six women. Four flames can't get here."

"But we'll be nice and comfortable, "But we'll be nice and comfortable, along their wives. The only single men won't we," growled Bruce, "with that were a young mine owner, whom I ring of fire around us, baking us slowly nomen will do as well as any other in roast, and what we're goingdescribing certain adventures which his leave anonymous,

THE HEROINE. Of the women four were married, as I have said. A fifth was Barnes' widowed mother, a woman still in the early forties, strong, jolly and active. The sixth woman was destined to be the heroine of this story. She was Miss Helen Sterling, who had been brought along under the protection of her parents, Dr. and Mrs. Sterling, of Anaconda. Miss Sterling (there is no harm in mentioning that name, as she no longer bears it), was the typical "American girl." Tall, slender, lithe, glowing with perfect health; she was the most pleasing sights that burst into a column of wilderness had ever seen. Half the men in Anaconda were head over heels in love with her. And so was at least one blaze and the shower of Butte man, namely, Jack Barnes. The Barnes-Sterling love affair was

of some years' standing. The two young fell on the wet cabin. The whole place people had known each other since Jack was a raw college boy, home from Princeton, and Helen was a long, overgrown child of 12. He had at that time won the ridicule of his set by calmly Helen Sterling, and even in the exciteannouncing that he intended to marry As years went on he had adhered to the resolution, and at sight of her yearly increasing beauty the derison died and an acute admiration the edge of the plateau.

REJECTED FOURTEEN TIMES. During the tramp up Tancred mountain Jack confided to me the news that he had proposed to Helen Sterling fourteen times in the past four years and that he was going to tempt fate once more during this picninc. "But why does she reject you?" I

asked him. "You're young, fairly rich, and women say you're not bad looking, You've lived pretty straight and your family's all right. What more can she

"You'd better ask her," he grumbled, 'She says she likes me and all that, but that she can never marry a man unless she fees he's stronger in will and in mind than herself. Someone who can boss her and all that sort of rot. And

she says I'm not the man." "She'd be better off with a husband who'd pay her bills and be kind to her than with a sort of marital section boss," I said. "But I wish you all sorts of good luck, old man, on your fifteenth proposal. Here we are in sight

For the past half hour we had been climbing in single file up the narrow twisting path that led to the summit of Mount Tancred. The slopes were thickly wooded with

evergreen, white birch, hickory and awed silence. chestnut. The ground was dry as tinder under our feet, and, even at that Barnes in bewilderment, "but I don't teresting sight. It is hardly possible great height, dust from the long believe it." drought lay thick on the foliage. A settler in the old pioneer days had chosen the life of a hermit and had breathe, and the motley zoo of assortof this lonely peak, clearing away the trees and undergrowth for some distance around his dwelling. Decades of campers had kept the clearing free of undergrowth. In the center of the mountain's shaven crown nestled the

Our two guides had preceded us by an hour and we found the camp pitched and ready for us.

We halted on the summit to gaze about at the miles of view that bil-

lowed away to every side. "I'm sorry," I said, in my capacity as sponser for the place, "that the view's so hazy. But the guide tells me there are forest fires all around us, and the smoke obscures everything." "Forest fires," echoed Dr. Sterling. "There is no danger, of course?"
"None at all, sir," spoke up Bruce, one of the guides, "The wind's headed west, and it's not likely to change for couple of days, and by that time the fires will be way past this point You're safe, all right." The sun was setting, so we resolved to cook supper, spend the evening singing about the camp fire and post-

pone the hunting until the following We had brought along enough pro visions for supper and breakfast, and ordered a second hamper to be brought to us fresh the next day. We were a jolly party around the camp fire that evening. All except Barnes. He looked glum and nervous.

We rallied him on his gloom, and he said, soberly:

"The thought of those forest fires bothers me. The smell of smoke is much stronger than it was this afternoon, and there's no reason for believing the wind won't change. If it does, we'll be in a tight place."

"It gives me much pleasure," writes Miss Ella Sapp, of James town, Guilford County.

N. C., "to thank Dr. Pierce for the great good received from the use of his 'Favorite Prescription' and 'Goldeu Medical Discovery.' I had in the same of the same

after a rather embarrassed pause his mother suggested that, as we must make an early start for our day of hunting, bed was the best place for us all.

I was falling asleep at the doorway of the men's room a little later, when I

There was once a very jolly crowd of saw a figure carrying two pails of wawho used to go on a yearly picnic. They ter into an empty rain-barrel near the plain the reason. The story has never Barnes, and he repeated the trip until an hour.

HEMMED IN BY FIRE. fire smoke was drifting into the room. We succeeded past all our hopes-or Now, the camp-fire stood to the east of the cabin. The wind had been from the I at last made the following sugges- west. How, then, could the smoke be

I leaped to my feet at a sudden fear that possessed me. Even as I made for the door I noted that a dull red glow "The deer season is beginning. Why had replaced the darkness of night. One look out across the clearing and days? We can get in a few hours to I was shouting to the sleepers, whom the Bitter Root Mountains. On the the smoke had already half-stupefied. summit of Mount Tancred there's a little cabin that some friends of mine up and at my side. He took in the situused for a shooting lodge last year, ation at a glance, as had I, and his first We can fix up a bully camp there, spend thought was to soothe his startled

come back to civilization next day." base of the mountain, and the wind is fearlessly in and out among the throng driving it up the slope," cried the doc- of beasts. The panic-stricken bears, enough to please the others, and it was tor, when his eyes were fairly open, wolves and mountain lions huddled "We've no time to lose. We must get close to the ground, heeding his pres-To the point in the Bitter Root range down through the woods on the west ence no more than that of each other. where we used to alight from the train side to level, open ground and trust to He filled the pails, and, with unhurwas only two or three hours' ride. There luck to striking the railroad or some ried pace, returned to the cabin.

alight, taking our impediments, picnic as I waked and went to look. The fire's her arms about his neck and buried baskets, etc., and make on foot the crept all around the hill, and we're her face in his smoke-reeking shoulder

"Luckily we're in the middle of a There were a round dozen of us in clearing," consoled Dr. Sterling; "the fires always bring it." will call Barnes, and myself. My fel- to death, and us with only half a day's upon the flames. low-bachelor's name, be it understood, rations! It'll be a good week before was not really Barnes, but the cog- we get out of this even if we don't

nodesty would have him wish me to isn't the time to whine. The flames are with hunger and our long vigil, but we will begin to drift across the roof of fort. Even while we toiled I had time to take in the increasing glory of the sight about us. The fire, like an angry goldred snake, twined its way toward us along the irregular surface of the hill. The crackling of the undergrowth mingled with the louder sound of some big dead tree that blazed heavenward. As the heat of the flames increased the sap of the living trees began to dry. At length, with an explosion, a giant white birch, half way up the slope, flame, roaring like an ignited natural gas well. Tree after tree leaped into our faces or hissed viciously as they

was as light as day. WILD ANIMALS COWED. "Look, oh, look!" suddenly screamed ment of the moment I noticed it was Barnes' arm and not her father's that she clutched as with her other hand she pointed to a break in the trees at Into the cleared space had bounded huge bull elk. He paused for a second at sight of the human beings. At either side of him ran a tawny, sinuous

mountain lion. As they entered the clearing at their heels lumbered an en- year. ermous, shapeless grizzly. None of these presence of the others. They trotted in cowed and dazed fashion into the haven of refuse provided by the treeless plateau. 'The fire's rounded up every critter on the hull mountain," gasped Bruce.

help us. They'll eat us alive.'

We had instinctively withdrawn inside the cabin, and from windows and doors stared at our new and strange And now, as at some secret signal. a weird array of beasts from one side tered the clearing.

and another of the circle of brush enbear came side by side, heedless of old enmity, with but one thought-that of

their fur, scampered into the space, snapping angrily at the sparks of fire that stung them. "It's-it's like the Jungle Book!" murmured Helen Sterling, breaking the

Gaunt, gray wolves, sparks singeing

And as we gazed the fire ever crept work is carried on and the important higher, the air grew more hard to built his stout cabin on the very top ed denizens of the forest pressed closer vines are cut in the field by a mower,

Are often engaged in doing the work of home under the most trying conditions. Nature cries out against the stooping and lifting, the running up and down stairs at times when labor should be as light as possi ble. It is owing to



overstrain or selfneglect under these conditions that the foundation is laid for serious woman y disease. larity is the first step to impaired womanly health. Perfect regularity may be established by the use of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. It will heal inflamma tion and ulceration and cure female weakness. It makes weak won

en strong and sick

women well.

we'll be in a tight place."

"Are you afraid?" asked Miss Sterling, rather scornfully, I thought.

"Yes, I am," he answered frankly.
"Our position wouldn't be pleasant, and besides—"

"If people lack courage I think they should stay in some nice, safe town," observed Miss Sterling, looking at no one in particular.

I saw Barnes redden painfully, and after a rather embarrassed pause his mother suggested that, as we must make

in drenching the roof.

With a terrified glance at the beasts and the doorway. "You shan't go," she cried hysterical- the cookers are. ly. "It is sure death. I forbid you." 'Stand aside, please, and let me go,' he said. He spoke quietly, but there was a depth of authority in his tone that quelled her. Their eyes met for

bottom." he said.

CUPID VICTORIOUS. Without a second's pause Barnes hurried to the rain-barrel. It was empty. He stopped, picked up two pails, and, while we held our breaths with horror. made his way calmly across the inter-"The fire's crept all along the eastern vening space to the spring, moving

His mother meantime had revived. "Too late for that, sir," panted His first act, on being assured of her

from him. "The rain!" he shouted. The forest than any of earth was fighting for us. ther writes as follows: The rain in one of the cloudbursts common to the region was hissing down By noon next day we were able to

pick our way through wet, smoking un-dergrowth down the path we had asgetting nearer, and soon the sparks were too grateful to think of discom-

Helen Sterling.

THE CANNING OF GREEN PEAS

New York.

sweeping across our tiny plateau stung Work of Preserving Vegetables - A Victor Hugo's Wenderful Pen Picture Growing Industry -- Machines More Important Than Hand Labor.

The season of canning activity at the

Elk, shy fallow deer, fox and black round about furnish the rest on con-Lacoste. The guide made a negative tracts for acreage. In the course of the sign with his head, which was probably busy season many men, women and perfidious. young people find employment, and many a family's little store of money

is materially increased. WORK OF MACHINERY. The industry of putting up canned goods is rapidly growing, and the processes by which the different crops are "I see it! I see it!" groaned Mrs. made ready for the market form an into conceive the rapidity with which the part played by machinery. Take, for instance, the canning of peas, where the the same as is done with hay. Arriving at the sheds of the factory as wanted, they are placed on an endless chain and carried overhead to the workmen

who tend the machine known as the 'viner,"In looks it resembles a large old-fashioned revolving squirrel cage, which are paddles, which beat the pods and allow the peas to fall cut through the meshes of the cage, while the vines and pods are carried by the endless chain to the silo, some distance away. As some pieces of vines and pods pass through with the peas, are run through a squirrel cage, which, revolving, causes the peas to be separ-

ated from the other substances, when they pass out of it into trays. Passing onward the peas are next poured into a slot reminding one of the old time faming mills seen in farmers' barns. Here they are further cleaned before passing through into the "grader," which is another cylinder. in which there are several sections with different sized meshes, and the peas roll along until they come to the mesn which permits them to fall through, All the while they are in this cage dropping water is washing them and carrying out the dirt that may be on them. Each size is now labeled and kept separate.

CLEANING AND COOKING. the trays of peas are carried on an motion utes to pass 25 feet. As some of the seen.

Coming out of the cookers the crates Titans with human heads and equesnow go on to a slowly moving chain, trian chests who scaled Olympus at a which takes about half an hour to pass gallop, horrible, invulnerable, sublime through the channel of cold water 120 gods and beasts.

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Keeps Baby Well and Strong and Rapidly Increases Its Weight.

nourishment for all babies. It is most easily digested and gives the happiest Within ten minutes a power greater results. A thankful and happy mo-

"My baby weighed 81/2 pounds when born; 15 pounds when three months old, and 121/2 pounds when four months old. I think we were starving it, for no food agreed with it. The doctor "Shut up." said Barnes quietly. "This cended two days before. We were faint was called in when the child was four months old. He recommended Lactated Food, and in two months it gained pounds, and now weighs 21 pounds, me a hand. I'm going to soak the roof with me, as on the ascent, breathing using Lactated Food it had little life forth grievances. He walked beside or activity, but now it is as lively as

CUIRASSIERS

3,000 Rode Headlong.

of a Dramatic Incident of the Great Battle.

So the Emperor, meditating on this two plants in this city (Rome, N. Y.), terrible turn of fortune, swept his glass Ohain. This figure probably comprises and in others in surrounding villages for the last time over all the points of is now on in good earnest, and from this the field of battle. His guard, standing into this ravine the day after the combat. time until the cold weather of the ap- behind him with grounded arms, proaching fall there will be no cessa- watched him from below with a sort of tion. The season for opening is about religion. He pondered; he examined hour previously, making a charge to one a fortnight earlier than that of last the slopes, noted the declivities, scrutinized the clumps of trees, the Peas are the first crop to mature, and square of rye, the path; he seemed to this charge of Milhaud's cuirassiers, had the early varieties, commonly known be counting each bush. He gazed with scrutinized the ground, but had not as June peas, are of a quality seldom some intentness at the English barri- did not even form a wrinkle on the surequaled. Central New York might well cades of the two highways—two large face of the plateau. Warned, neverbe called the home of the canning in- abatis of trees, that on the road to theless, and put on the alert by the dustry of the Empire State from the Genappe, above La Haie-Sainte, armed on the hull mountain," gasped Bruce. "They're all bein' driven up here. Lord number of factories here. One of the all the English artillery which comlargest, and perhaps the largest, is en manded the extremity of the field of the banks of the Black River Canal, battle, and that on the road to Nivelles about half a mile north of its juncture where gleamed the Dutch bayonets of Chasse's brigade, Near this barricade with the Erie Canal. In connection with the factory there is a large farm, on Nicholas, painted white, which stands which are grown some of the products at the angle of the cross-road near put up in cans, while the farmers Braine-l'Alleud; he bent down and

> The Emperor straightened himself up Wellington had drawn back All that remained to do was to complete this retreat by crushing him. Napoleon, turning round abruptly.

dispatched an express at full speed to Paris to announce the battle was Napoleon was one of those geniuses from whom thunder darts. He had just found his clap of thun

He gave orders to Milhaud's Cuirassiers to carry the tableland of Mont Saint Jean. dred of them. They formed a front a quarter of a league in extent. They were giant men on colossal horses. There were six and twenty squadrons of them, and they had behind them to support them Lefebvre - Desnouettes picked gendarmes, the light cavalry of the guard, eleven hundred and ninety of eight hundred and eighty lances They wore casques, without horse-tails horse-pistols in their holsters and long sabre-swords. That morning the whole army had admired them, when, at o'clock, with braying of trumpets and all the music playing "Let Us Watch O'er the Safety of the Empire," they had come in a solid column, with on

of their batteries on their flank, anothe in their center, and deployed in two ranks between the road to Genappe and Frischemont, and taken up thei position for battle in that powerfu second line, so cleverly arranged by Napoleon, which, having on its extremleft Kellermann's cuirassiers, and or

its extreme right Milhaud's cuirassiers had, so to speak, two wings of iron. Aide-de-Camp Bernard carried them the Emperor's orders. Ney drew his The "blancher," as it is called, is a sword and placed himself at their head rough of boiling water, through which The enormous squadrons were set in

endless chain, requiring about ten min- Then a formidable spectacle was skins of the peas, and possibly other All their cavalry, with upraised dirt, may yet be clinging to the peas, swords, standards and trumpets flung they move on to the second series of to the breeze, formed in columns by squirrel cages, where the revolving divisions, descended, by a simultaneous motion again cleans them, while cold movement and like one man, with the water is continually dripping into the precision of a brazen battering-ran cage and on them. Now they pass out which is effecting a breach, the hill c on to a belt about three feet wide and slowly move along betwen rows of terrible depths in which so many me slowly move along betwen rows of women, whose busines it is to pick out any bad peas or any other foreign substance. Dropping from this table into trays, they are carried by men to the filler. It is the machine which automated by the case which are matically fills the cans, which are a storm of grape-shot which burst upor matically fills the cans, which are dropped down through tubes from the storeroom above. When the can fails into position on the moving chain it is carried under the spout, which is then automatically opened, allowing the same quantity of peas to fill each can, at the rate of seventy to eighty cans a minute.

The movement is so well timed that

dently unconsciously, had pressed close its place is taken by an empty can to Barnes' side.

Had the trees been as thick and the undergrowth as luxuriant near the summit as on the sides of Tancred we now swings on its course, going through traversed the battle like a prodigy.

Nothing like it had been seen since the product of the product of the product of the product of the sides of the sides of the sides of the product of the sides o must have been killed by the terrible heat and smoke. As it was life was well-nigh insupportable. Our skins were dry, our tongues parched.

Mrs. Barnes was the first to succumb.

"Water," she gasped, "I'm fainting.

There was not a drop of water in the cabin. Jack Barnes snatched up a long part the little sumb.

"Water," she gasped, "I'm fainting.

"Water," she gasped, "I'm fain the cabin. Jack Barnes snatched up a to the "dotter," who solders the little there. A confusion of helmets, of cries, cup and started for the rain-barrel, hole in the center of each cap. The of sabres; a stormy heaving of the whose contents we had so liberally used inspector then takes his turn, and if cruppers of horses amid the cannons drenching the roof.

"There may be a little left in the the end of their first journey, as they and disciplined tumult; over all, the pass on to a table, where they are re- cuirasses like the scales on the hydra. moved and put into large steel crates, These narrations seemed to belong that now pressed close to the cabin, preparatory to a second journey of some another age. Something parallel to the thin sterling sprang between him 150 to 200 feet under ground on an endless chain to reach the building where ancient Orphic epics, which told of the

that quelled her. Their eyes met for one moment in battle. Then hers fell, and she stepped aside. She had at last met and recognized her master.

Their eyes met for feet long to the storeroom, where they six battalions rode to meet twenty-six battalions. Behind the crest of the chinery again taken and recognized her master. chinery again takes a prominent place.

Among the products of this plant are

battery, the English infantry formed canned peas, succotash, beans, pork and into thirteen squares, two battalions to beans, pumpkins, tomatoes and beets.

Rome Correspondent New York Trithe first line, six in the second, the stocks of their guns to their shoulders, taking aim at that which was on the point of appearing, waited calm, mute motionless. They did not see the cuirassiers, and the cuirassiers did not see them. They listened to the rise of this flood of men. They heard the swelling noise of three thousand horse, the alternate and symmetrical tramp of their hoofs at full trot, the jingling of the cuirasses, the clang of the sabres, and a sort of grand and savage breathing. There ensued a most terrible silence: then, all at once, a long file o uplifted arms, brandishing sabres appeared above the crest, and casques

centaurs, the old hippanthropes, those

trumpets, and standards, and three Lactated Food is the world's ideal thousand heads with gray mustaches. shouting "Vive I'Empereur!" this cavalry debouched on the plateau and it was like the appearance of an earthquake.

English left, on our right, the head of the column of cuirassiers reared up with a frightful clamor. On arriving at the culminating point of the crest, ungovernable, utterly given over to fury, and their course of extermination of the squares and cannon, the cuirassiers had just caught sight of a trenchtrench between them and the English. It was the hollow road of Ohain. It was a terrible moment. The ravine was there, unexpected, yawning, directly under the horses' feet. fathoms deep between its slopes; the second file pushed the first into it, and the third pushed on the second: the horses reared and fell backward, landed on their haunches, slid down, all four feet in the air. crush-

ing and overwhelming the riders; and there being no means of retreat-the whole column being no longer anything more than a projectile—the force which had been acquired to crush the English Process in a Large Factory in The Death - Ditch Into Which crushed the French; the inexorable ravine could only yield when filled; horses and riders rolled there pell-m grinding each other, forming but on mass of flesh in this gulf: when the trench was full of living men the rest marched over them and passed Almost a third of Dubois' brigade fel

This began the loss of the battle. A local tradition, which evidently exaggerates matters, says that two thousand horses and fifteen hundred men were buried in the hollow road of Let us note in passing that it

Dubois' sorely tried brigade which, an side, had captured the flag of the Lur enburg battalion. Napoleon, before giving the order for little white chapel which marks its angle of juncture with the Nivelles nighway, he had probably put a tion as to the possibility of an obsta-cle, to the guide Lacoste. The guide had answered "No." We might almost affirm that Napoleon's catastrophe originated in that sign of a peasant's head.

Other fatalities were destined to Was it possible that Napoleon should nave won that battle? We answer, No. Why? Because of Wellington? Beeause of Blucher? No; because of

thor Bonaparte victor at Waterloo; that loes not come within the law of the nineteenth century. Another series of facts was in preparation, in which there leon.

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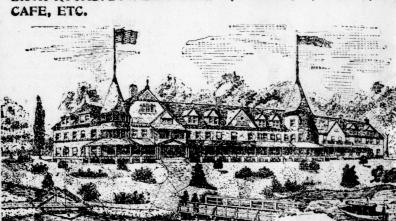
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