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THE ACADIAN.

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THE REAL HERO.

Up by the gate Sanny's horse was dancing around the hitching-post tugging at his halter, while Sanny was lolling in the hammock on the porch. After a while he was going to ride around the mountain to the lower pasture, to see the fellows break in the broncos.

He was in no hurry; they would be at it all the afternoon. Besides, he was tired, and had eaten a hearty dinner. He had spent the morning chopping off chick ns' heads and dressing the fowls for market, and he had eaten a double portion of dumpling at dinner because his uncle did not w nt his.

This uncle, his mother's brother, William Sanford, had come up into the Colorado mountains to be cured of the lung trouble. He was a hearty and jolly fellow, but unlearned in mountain ways, and very restless. He had made up his mind to drive down to Denver that afternoon, and since he was bound to go, Sanny's mother had decided to take advantage of his trip and go with him, to sell her butter and eggs and chickens, although her usual market day was Saturday.

Sanny's father who had lived in the mountains all his life and knew the weather-signs, said to her:

"I advise you to wait until the drouth is broken. It's likely to break before many hours, in my opinion. It's the closest day I've ever known in these parts, and any one with ears can hear trouble brewing over yonder mountains. You may be caught by a cloudburst."

William Sanford laughed. "See here, John," he said, "you've been expecting this drought to break for the last month, and its still as dry as ashes. There is no more sign of rain to-day than there was yesterday. It was just as sultry, and I heard the same rumbling over the mountain. I've business that I must attend to by telegraph. I couldn't sleep last night for thinking of it. If you can spare the team I'm going this afternoon."

"If he's going, I'm going, too," declared Sanny's mother, whisking around to get ready. "Of course the horses can't make the trip to-morrow if they are driven down to day. Now don't you worry John. If it rains hard, we will just stop somewhere overnight and go on to morrow. I've done so lots of times, you know. Sanny, don't forget to feed the chickens, and help grandma with the dishes, now, son."

Mrs Lane twitched on her sunbonnet climbed into the wagon and took the reins from her brother.

"I'm the best driver," she laughed. "Besides, I know the horses and I know the mountains, and I'm not going to risk having my eggs spilled over a precipice. Get up!"

John Lane sat down on the step and watched them as they drove down the hill and out of sight. Then his gaze turned to the green valley before him. The house was backed securely into a hillside, half-way up a spruce ridge. In front, the ground sloped away across the road and down to the spring, whence it wound up again in beautiful cultivated fields. Up the valley to the right, down the valley to the left and climbing the opposite mountain, green crops glinted and waved in the sunshine.

"It's the best crop I've raised since I went to farming," remarked John Lane, with satisfaction. "I declare we've snapped up the best farming strip in the mountains, son."

"I know it," said Sanny, sitting up in the hammock. "But farming's awfully hard work, pa. Why don't you stick to horses?'

"I guess we'll stick to both,' smiled John Lane. "You'd better tend to Prince; he's chafing himself with that halter. Now I'm going up the wood road," he added, rising and stretching his long legs, "to see how the men are coming on with the timber. You had better wait here with grandma until I come back. I tell you I don't like the way the weather is boiling around the mountain."

Sanny unwound his horse from the halter; then he went round the house and filled the woodbox for grandma. He mixed cornmeal for the newest chicks and fed it to the downy little things from the tips of his fingers. Then he went down cellar and took a big drink of buttermilk to settle his dinner.

"Sanford, Sanford!" called his grandmother to him in a frightened voice.

Sanny rushed up stairs. Coming out of the dark cellar, the whole world seemed ablaze. The storm-brewing mountain was hooded in black, but from beneath the seething clouds burst a lurid light that burned over the valley with portentious glare. Chasing streaks of lightening cracked the black cloud-mass, and terrific roars of thunder echoed from the mountain's sides. But above them the sky was blue and the sun shone steadily on the fields of waving grain.

"Did you ever see the like!" gasped grandma. It's a cloudburst, as sure as you're born. Your mother and that crazy Will Sanford—mercy on us! Come in and shut the door! The waters will—Sanford, Sanford! Where are you? Sanford! Come back, come back this minute! Sanford!"

"Go in and shut the door, grandma," yelled Sanny, from the gate. He had jerked Prince's halter loose; he was on the horse's back—he was off down the road. He could ride Prince as well with a halter as with a bridle.

The awful light faded out. The aspens trembled tranquilly in the sunshine that climed up the steep walls of the canon, and the tall columbines waved their stately heads. Sanny swept by the familiar scenes without a glance. He dug his heels into the horse, his elbows slapped his sides, he whooped his fiercest cowboy yell; a cloud of dust rolled back from his horse's feet.

Now and then Sanny gave a fearful glance over his shoulder. The canon walls cut off sight of the storm-brewing mountain, but above the clatter of the horse's feet broke the crashing of thunderbolts, and beneath all Sanny's ears detected a low, continuous roar that caused his brown face to pale.

Already the slender mountain stream that threaded the roadside had risen in it's bed and was lashing itself to white foam.

A lone man was cultivating a valley that broke from the canon. Sanny checked Prince a trifle, by hard work. "Run!" he yelled. "A cloudburst on the mountain!"

The man caught up his hoe and ran.

Sanny stopped at the lower pasture. The bronco tamers were tossing hilariously.

"A cloudburst, a flood!" shrieked Sanny.

The horse-tamers paused, listened and whipped their horses up the mountain's sides.

A "mountain schooner" crept slowly up the mountain road bearing a party of jolly campers.

"A flood! A cloudburst! Turn back! Drive up the divide! Hurry for your lives!"

"A flood!" The campers looked up at the cloudless sky and laughed. "A flood in your eye!" they shouted; but Sanny was out of hearing, and they went gaily onward to their doom.

Five miles from home Prince over took the team. Sanny's mother looked back at the sound of hoofs; she recognized Sanny—she looked beyond him.

"A flood! A flood!"

She pushed Will Sanford from the wagon, sprang to the ground and gave the horses a stinging lash. She scrambled up the mountain-side, her brother tugging behind her.

"Sanny!" she screamed.

But Sanny and Prince had sped on. They had one more message to deliver.

For a week two campers had been loitering in the beautiful valley. They had pitched their tent close to the trickling mountain stream beneath a cluster of pines, tethering their horses among the aspens. They were city worn and weak—men who were breathing in health and strength before climbing farther into the mountains. One of them lay in a hammock, gazing into the fathomless blue of the sky. The other sprawled listlessly in the sunshine watching chipmunks steal oats from the fodder bag.

"Have you noticed," remarked he, "how noisy the brook is all of a sudden? Why, I declare it's full to the bridge! It's running over. By George! We have got to get out of this; we're going to be flooded.'

"Hi!"

An empty wagon bounded by, the horses blind with fright. A bareheaded rider dashed across the bridge. The bridge melted away from beneath the very horse's hoofs. Behind the boy came a seething wall of water ten-twenty—thirty feet high.

"Come!"

Sanny spurred Prince up a steep mountain path. The terrified campers scrambled after him. They clung to bushes, they clutched at rocks, up, up, up!

The water caught them, but one got upon a rock and pulled the other after him. The canon was narrowest here the rush of water mounted high; it beat the mountainside, it tore trees, it wrenched rocks. And Sanny was beneath; Prince had stumbled and fallen and the cruel wave had passed.

When the storm washed valley looked up again at the unchanged sky, the campers found Sanny's body jammed into the fissure of a rock. Just as they managed to get his leaden weight down the mountainside, his mother came running down the road. She crossed the boiling stream on a fallen pine; she snatched Sanny out of the stranger's arms.

"Sanny! Son!"

The men who heard that terrible cry never forgot it, nor did they forget the scene that followed.

After the first cry of distress, Mrs Lane collected her energies and went to work. She turned Sanny face downward; she raised his body and let the water flow from his mouth. She pressed and inflated his lungs; she bade the campers strip off his wet garments, to slap him, to rub him, to wrap him in their own coats

William Sanford came panting down the canon. He bent over the boy: "No use, sister, he's dead."

"No!" ejaculated Sanny's mother. "You've got brandy. Let me have it."

John Lane galloped down the road pale as a ghost. "Thank God!" he cried when he saw his wife. But when he saw Sanny he dropped on his knees shuddering from head to foot.

"The boy is dead! Our boy is dead!" he groaned.

"John Lane," cried his wife, "take hold here. Do as I am doing. If you love Sanny, take hold and help. We have got to get the breath back into his body."

The horse-tamers galloped down the road, and stood a little way off with sober faces. They had just helped to drag from the gulch above the bodies of the six foolish campers, who had gone up in the wagon. The horses and the mountain schooner had been hung up by the flood twenty feet up on the mountainside.

The farmer whom Sanny had warned from his field came in a long wagon. His wife had sent blankets. He brought them over the stream in his arm.

"Better let me put him into the wagon, and carry him home, Mrs Lane," said the man with great pity.

Sanny's mother lifted a grim face "If you think you came to carry back a corpse, go home."

For two hours and ten minutes she kept them at work. They thought her mad. Even John Lane relaxed his efforts. But she made him work, she made him rub, she made him give his own warmth to the boy's cold body. And at last Sanny gasped and shuddered.

His mother cast a triumphant look around, and sank down unnerved. But when the men carried Sanny to the wagon, she clambered in beside him.

"Ma?" murmured Sanny inquiringly.

"Hush, Sanny; it's all right. You saved their lives. My boy is a hero."

Sanny made a sick grimace. "If being a hero feels like this! ——"

He was all right a week later, and had to accept much gratitude and other things

Seventeen people had perished in the awful flood. Sanny Lane had saved ten lives at risk of his own. The horse Prince had been carried seven miles by the flood, and there they buried him. The bronco-tamers rolled a boulder over the horse's grave, and on it one of the campers whom Sanny had saved—he was an engraver at Denver—carved the epitaph:

"Sanford Lane's Horse, Prince,—A Real Hero," with a brief notice of the event.

"I wish you'd written, 'The Real Hero,'" said Sanny with a lump in his throat.

The Largest Tree in the World.

In Nassau, the capital city of the Bahama Islands, they say "the tree in the public square"—not the trees. Now the public square of Nassau is quite as large as that of most cities of the size, but there is only one tree in it, and that tree literally fills the square and spreads its shade over all the public buildings of the neighborhood. For it is the largest tree in the world at its base, although it is hardly taller than a three-story house. It is usually known as a ceiba, or a silk cotton tree, but the people of the low islands of the West Indies call it the hurricane tree. For no matter how hard the wind blows it cannot disturb the mighty buttressed trunk of the ceiba. In the hurricane of last spring all the palms and other trees of Nassau were overturned, but the great hurricane tree, although it lost all its leaves, did not lose so much as a branch. Its trunk throws out great curving wing-like braces, some of them twenty feet wide and nearly as high. These extend into the ground on all sides and brace the tree against all attack, while the great branches throw a thick shade overhead. In the tropic sunshine of midsummer hundreds, even thousands, of people gather in the cool of its shadow. A very old picture in the library at Nassau shows the tree as big as it is at present and even the oldest negro in the island cannot remember when it was a bit smaller.

Don't Burn a Light all Night.

The following advice from the Indiana *Farmer* should be read and remembered by many families:

The habit is growing I find of housekeepers burning a light at night, so that in case of accident one will be in waiting. It is so much better to have lamp and matches convenient so that a light can be had in a moment To save kerosene oil, some keep the wick turned low, and this is far more harmful in its effects than if burning full size. One lamp burning consumes more oxygen than several pairs of lungs, and the effect on nervous people is to be deplored. It is nervous people who are most likely to fall into this bad habit. I know one young mother who burns a lamp all night long through the hot summer, with doors and windows closed, because if ventilation is allowed the insects will fly in, which make so much annoyance When reasoned with on the bad habit, she said that the baby cried for it. And he cries and frets all day because of the imperfect rest at night. I think it would be better to let him cry a few nights, and have the entire household rest better thereafter, besides the great gain in mother's and baby's health.

He Was Vaccinated.

"Yes, I've been vaccinated," said the business man as he gingerly removed his topcoat, "and I've had a pretty exciting experience. I didn't want to do it," he continued, "because I had a natural aversion to allowing any sawbones to write his autograph with virus in my quivering flesh, but my wife kept at me, and finally I went to our family physican and told him to blaze away.

"He said it wouldn't hurt, of course. As a matter of fact it hurt a little more than mashing your nail with a tack hammer, and not quite as much as having a tooth pulled, but I stood it like a man, and for several days nothing happened. Then I began to swell up, and before the end of the week my arm resembled a large bologna sausage, both in color and in general contour. The swelling up process was accompanied by shooting pains, starting simultaneously at the ends of my fingers and roots of my hair and coming together with a bead on collision at the place of vaccination. I saw the doctor again, and he told me the inoculation was coming on nicely but I must be careful not to irritate it.

"Irritate it!" said I. 'Do you think for a moment that I would be fool enough to do anything to exasperate such an inoculation as that—anything that might cause it to get mad and harbor resentment?'

"On the contrary, I was doing my level best to keep it in a state of good humor, but circumstances conspired against me. By some hideous fatality every other fellow I met immediately grabbed me by my sore arm, so in passing to and from the office I was constantly emitting bowls of anguish, like a walking steam calliope.

"I am assured that always happens in cases of vaccination, and they say that scientists are unable to offer any explanation. There seems to be some fatal attraction that draws the hand of friendship to the zone of inoculation. Even my wife who had been fully cautioned, forgot herself while we were looking into a store window. She saw something she liked and clutched me impulsively at the exact focus of inflammation. I used to be opposed to wife beating, but I believe now there are circumstances under which it is justifiable—even advisable.

"I am better at present, but next time I get vaccinated I shall retire to the attic, provision it for ten days and barricade the door."

Wonderful Mines.

The rapid development of Africa is due to the gold, iron, coal and other mineral deposits. The Kimberly mines are located in British territory, just outside the bounderies of the Orange Free State, about 660 miles from Cape Town, and supply 99 per cent. of the diamonds of commerce. The existance of these mines was unknown prior to 1867, and since their discovery $350,000,000 worth of diamonds have been taken from them which after cutting, were easily worth double.

Equally wonderful are the Witwater gold fields, located in the South African Republic, better known as the Johannesburg mines. A few years ago this territory was worthless, and used only as pasturage. Gold was discovered there in 1883, and the first year $50-000 was taken out. In 1888 the amount was $5,000,000, in 1889 $10,-000,000, in 1892 over $20,000,000 in 1895 over $40,000,000, and the last two years $55,000,000 a year.

But more important than gold or diamond mines are the vast virgin coal fields of Zululand and the practically unlimited iron and lead mines in the other parts of Africa, waiting untouched for the pick of the white man.

Merely a Counter-Irritant.

A physician knows the value of a counter irritant, but what form the latter shall take depends entirely upon the doctor. Not long ago a young man, ill with intermittent fever, sent for a certain physician, who was noted for insisting upon literal obedience. He came and prescribed accordingly. The next day he came again, and found that the patient had not taken a drop of the medicine, had been seized with a chill, and had gone to bed, shaking with the ague. Up went the angry doctor slipped off the bed clothes, and thrashed his patient with a riding whip. Then he left him roaring with pain and vexation.

A profuse perspiration followed, and neither the ague or the doctor returned. But the young man as soon as he got out, sued the doctor for assault and battery. At the trial the physician pleaded his own case.

"I only did my duty," said he. "As a doctor, I had to prescribe, and when I found my prescription neglected I had to administer. It was the crisis of the disease; there was not time to make a mustard plaster and I therefore administered the only remedy which time and circumstances admitted. I used a counter-irritant, and its effect was beneficial to the patient's mind and body. The patient began to get well from that very hour."

The court gave the patient nominal damages, and the next day he received his bill for "medical treatment in his intermittent fever."

The Wit Mr Beecher Kept In.

In the early days of Mr Beecher's career, when wit was unknown in the pulpit, some of the deacons of his church asked him if he didn't think such frequent outbursts of humor were calculated to diminish his usefulness.

He listened patiently, and when they finished he said: "Brethern, if you only knew how many funny things I keep in you wouldn't complain about the few I let out."

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