

PAGE FOR BOYS AND GIRLS



LOST IN A SNOWY WASTE

Rough Experience of Two Lads Who, Overtaken by Blizzard, Nearly Perished from Exposure.

"Boys, hurry up there, for I want you to get an early start this morning!" called Mr. Warren up the back stairway to Alexander and Benjamin, his two sons. Mr. Warren had charge of a large freight wagon which had reached La Grande, Eastern Oregon, with supplies, the evening before from the Little Rock, and the Warren boys were to drive it on to Union, a distance of 17 miles, that day.

Shortly after their father had called, the boys clattered down the stairs to the kitchen where Mrs. Warren was setting the breakfast on the table. They sat down in jubilant spirits and began on the pile of steaming hot-cakes, talking busily all the while.

"We'll have an all-right time today," said Alec, "and get back by 6 o'clock." "Yes, we will, you bet! and I'm going to buy some shot for my gun when we get to the Cove," remarked Ben. "See here, boys," said Mr. Warren, "this trip is not going to be all play, and you will have to attend strictly to business. There is \$250 worth of goods in your charge which you are to deliver at Wright's mill, at Union. Get a receipt for the goods and be very careful about the money. Come now, it's time you were starting."

With that they arose, and the boys donned their thick coats and caps, for it was mid-winter, and the snow lay deep on the ground. Then they followed their father out to the barn, where he had gone to hitch up the team. The wagon had been taken off the wheels and put on runners, thus converting it into a bob-sled, so that it could be drawn more easily over the thick, snowy crust.

Directly east from La Grande, about 12 miles, was a settlement called the "Cove," while Union, at the end of the journey, lay five miles away in a southerly direction. The main road passed through these towns, but by traveling directly southeast across the Grand Ronde Valley to Union by the stage route, the trip could be shortened by several miles. Ben, desiring to cut off these extra miles, remarked:

"Father, may we cut southeast across the valley to Union along the stage road? It's much nearer, and we can probably follow the stage." "No, for the high winds cause the snow to drift so badly in the center of the valley that there is danger of losing the stage. The stage has often been lost there, and you must not take any risks," he replied. "Take the regular road."

"All right, then," answered Ben, cheerfully. "Look for us at 6 this evening! Get in, Alec; it's time we were off."

The Start. Alec clambered in, and, with a flourish of the whip, they started. The weather was clear, and the snow sparkled in the morning sun. This, together with the crisp, invigorating air, stirred the spirits of the boys. Mount Emily, on the northwest, was plainly visible, and her sister, on the eastern side of the valley, stood forth in snowy robes of white. Elsie Creek Ranee, beyond the Cove, peeped at the lads, and at the south end of the valley the vapor from the Hot Springs could be seen. Grand Ronde River, imprisoned in an icy embrace, fretted its way northward to its exit from the valley.

After leaving La Grande, the boys passed no more dwellings until they reached the Cove. At that time settlements had been made only around the outskirts of the valley, the center of which was as yet entirely uninhabited. As they sped along, Alec said:

"I was reading a few days ago that red pepper was good to keep a fellow's feet warm. I know it would be nippin' cold on this trip, so I brought some along. My feet feel like shunks of ice. I'm going to put some pepper in my boots."

"Well, you can try it, and if it works, I guess I'll follow your example," answered Ben. So Alec poured a copious supply of the pepper into his boots and awaited results. Half an hour passed before it took effect. They were talking over their boyish plans, with the new remedy for cold feet quite forgotten, when Alec suddenly sprang up, exclaiming:

"Jimmy Christmas! My feet are on fire; they're a-burnin'!" Ben thought the sled was on fire, and made a hurried investigation which revealed nothing. In the meantime Alec had sprung out, pulled off his boots and was cooling his burning feet in the snow. "Oh, it's the new foot-warmer taking effect, is it?" laughed Ben, teasingly. "Did you get your feet warm? I prefer cold feet to burnt ones," he continued, as Alec climbed sheepishly back into the sled.

They arrived at the Cove at noon, and after eating lunch and resting the horses, started southward on the remaining five-mile drive for Union, reaching the town at 2 o'clock. Driving directly to the mill, they delivered the freight and received the money in return therefor. Ben tucked it away in the bottom of a box in the sled.

"We can't get home by 6 o'clock," he said. "If we go by way of the Cove, and I think we'll just cut across the valley."

"But father forbade us to go that way," objected Alec.

"I know; but he didn't think it would be so late when we got here, and, anyway, the stage went out only an hour ago. We will follow its track."

"Well, then, go ahead," said Alec. As a protection against the cold wind, they rigged a canvas cover over the front

of the sled before starting the return trip. Procuring four boards, they nailed them perpendicularly to the four corners of the wagon-bed. Over these they threw the large canvas cover and fastened the edges down securely on all sides, with the front end open, thus making a retreat from the icy blasts.

A Bad Situation.

Following the lanes out of Union, they were soon on the open prairie of Grand Ronde Valley, and in the path of a furious gale which had suddenly sprung up. The loose snow was drifting badly, and by the time the lads had reached the center of the storm-swept valley, every trace left by the stage was obliterated by it. It was, moreover, steadily growing dark, and the boys became confused.

The winds in this spot may be likened unto those about the Sea of Galilee, which is often upheaved by wind swirls. Currents of air come from out the canyons in three different directions, and, meeting in the center of the valley, whirl in a circle of about three miles in diameter. Sometimes the gale is so terrific that it can carry a horse and vehicle around with it. And such a fate befell Ben and Alec.

The whirlwind caught them in its embrace, and they followed round and round in the circle, the horses being apparently unable to face the storm, or draw the sled out of its path. Tiny bits of ice filled the air and drove with stinging force against the faces of the boys through the opening in the cover, blinding them so that it was scarcely possible to see the struggling, panting horses. In truth, the youngsters were completely lost, and had no idea where they were or which way to turn.

The boys had supposed they were following the stage road, but at last made the appalling discovery that they were only following their own tracks in the path of the whirlwind. At first the realization of being lost in the center of the uninhabited valley, in the blinding storm,

came a ware that the rope had ceased to move and hung loosely in his inert fingers. "Something has happened to Alec," flashed over him. With an effort he bestrided himself, tied the rope to the sled and started out, holding it as a guide. Visions of Alec, lying cold and stiff on the frozen ground, came to the boy as he groped his way forward in the darkness, and presently he did come upon the rigid form of his brother, lying on his face in the snow. Falling in his efforts to rouse the lad, he picked him up in his arms and staggered slowly back to the sled. He heaped all the blankets and straw on Alec, and, overcome himself by the cold, soon sank down beside him. Thus both the boys, alone in the center of the dreary valley, were seemingly locked in the embrace of death.

Growing tired of standing still, the horses began to wander about. Gradually they escaped from the wind-swirl and struck the bridge across Katherine Creek, led there by their own instinct. They went across to the road on the other side, which was then comparatively clear, and finally they reached David Jackson's farmhouse at 10 o'clock that night and stopped at the gate, snorting and neighing. The farmer heard the noise and hurried out. Seeing the condition of the boys, he drove the horses to the barn, where, with the help of his son, he carried the unconscious lads into the house.

"Wife," he called, "here are the Warren boys, and I am afraid they are frozen to death!" Mrs. Jackson, a kind, motherly woman, appeared, and then began the task of resuscitation. For nearly an hour the hard work was continued, Mr. and Mrs. Jackson having little hope of success, but at last signs of life appeared in the lads, and, presently, both were out of the dangerous stupor.

Mrs. Jackson then prepared a warm meal, which they ate hungrily. Soon afterward they fell into a sound sleep.



"YOU NAUGHTY, BAD HORSE!"

stunned them, and they were too overcome with the knowledge of the probable results of their folly to speak. The situation overwhelmed them, and they sat still, staring ahead for several minutes. At last Alec broke the silence. "Ben," he said, "I have an idea. Tie that long rope to me, and I will get out and hunt for the bridge across Katherine Creek. If I can only find it, there'll be no danger, for then we can get out of this scrape safely enough."

"It's worth the trial," answered Ben, despairingly, and he began tying the rope used in packing the freight to Alec's waist. The lad then stepped bravely into the swirling snow, Ben holding tightly to the end of the line. It was so arranged that when Alec should pull twice on the rope, Ben was to drive in that direction, as the signal would indicate that the bridge had been found.

At first Alec was staggered by the force of the wind, but he struggled manfully against it in the direction in which he supposed the bridge over the creek to be. Stumbling along, he grew colder and weaker, until, from sheer exhaustion, he fell in the snow and quickly became insensible with the cold. The furious gale continued unabated, and he sunk into fatal sleep.

A gradual numbness had been creeping over Ben, also, as he sat in the sled; he, too, was sinking into a stupor which precedes freezing. But just in time, his feeble senses were aroused, for he be-

SKETCHED BY HER MOTHER, QUEEN VICTORIA.



EMPEROR DOWAGER FREDERICK, OF GERMANY, AS A CHILD.

This picture of the Dowager Empress Frederick, of Germany, whose 60th anniversary was celebrated last month, was sketched a few months after she was born by her mother, Queen Victoria. The Queen had a fondness for sketching when she was young, and a favorite subject was her children. This sketch is one of a very few that ever got out of the royal palace, and shows the young Princess in the arms of her nurse.

Poor Little Moose. One day was a little boy—a curious little fellow—He came from some whar—I dunno—I spec it was de moon.

He never had a bit of luck, dis funny little Moose; He never had a thing to eat but just three meals a day;

He never had no work to do but just rest to play; De one place he had to sleep was in his little bed;

His daddy was de bestest friend dat little Moosey had; Sh'd'nt allow pet and cuddle him whenever he was bad.

At de end an' drank an' slept an' laughed fun moren till night. It's sad to think of any one in little Moose's plight!

Poor Little Moose! Poor Little Moose! —R. F. Outcalt in Chicago Times-Herald.

POLLY HAS AN ADVENTURE

She and Cousin Dick, With Aid of Bold Towhee Caleb, Circumvent a Peripatetic Rascal.

High up on the hillside, near the windmill, Polly and Dick were building a playhouse of adobe. Dick called it a Spanish hacienda, and his Alaska cousin called it an "igloo." Really, it looked as much like one as the other, and the children had worked very hard to make it, mixing their adobe mud with manzanita twigs and drying the bricks in the sun.

The hut was almost finished, lacking only a few more madrone branches for the roof. Dick insisted that the madrone roof looked like Spanish tiles, "and besides," said he, "no igloo was ever built of adobe."

But there came a morning so warm that neither Polly nor Dick wanted to finish the playhouse, and so, after a light breakfast of oranges and bread and milk, the entire family made preparations to spend the day among the redwoods near the canyon stream.

While Mrs. Allen was brushing Baby Nell's tangled curls and the new servant girl was packing the picnic lunch-basket, a visitor appeared who delayed proceedings considerably, much to the annoyance of the family, as the California sun was climbing higher and getting hotter every minute.

This visitor was an old man who carried a chair on his back, one of those snake-looking, spotted affairs which are made of bent willow, with bits of the bark chipped off. He was taking orders for these chairs, and had been all the way up the canyon with his "sample." He said it was the best business in the world, for you could always take your time for it, and when you got tired you could sit down on your sample. However, Mrs. Allen had no use for the rustic chair, for there were already several cozy seats of manzanita branches under the oaks, besides two luxurious hammocks.

A Mind Reader.

The old man took a great fancy to Polly. "Tis somethin' of a mind reader," he said, to Mrs. Allen. "Now, if I had 'er," he continued, "I'd make an elocutionist of 'er. She could be learned to sing an' dance, too. How'd you like that, sis?" he asked Polly.

Polly expressed the opinion that probably she could sing and dance as well as he could, now, and went on lastly swinging in her hammock and humming her favorite, "Whistling Rufus."

After the chairman departed, the family went down to the redwoods, leaving old Caleb, the great St. Bernard, to guard the place. Miss Lane, the neighbor, who accompanied them, asked if they were not afraid to leave the house open as it was, but Mrs. Allen said she felt no uneasiness while Caleb was there, for he was larger than a panther and quite as formidable to people who knew him as when he was a cub. Besides, she didn't know where the doorkey was; it was so seldom used.

"We don't want our little Eskimo to melt in this hot sun, either," added Auntie.

Down among the redwoods it was always shady and cool. Baby Nell brought her kitten and blissfully played on the soft carpet of redwood needles, hundreds of years deep, while Polly and Dick splashed in the brook.

Presently it was discovered that they had not brought Mrs. Allen's favorite magazine, whereupon Dick volunteered to go after it. Polly insisted on going with him, as neither would ever go any errand without the other.

As the children went up toward the house they found a stream of water coming down the hill as if a spring had broken out somewhere.

"Where on earth's that river coming from?" Dick asked, as he stopped and looked up at the windmill. "The pipe must be broken some place."

Bess, the Culprit.

They hurried up the hill and found that the pipe had come apart at a joining place just below the big windmill tank which supplied both the Allens and Miss Lane with water. Bess, the horse, was tied there under an oak tree, and the children correctly surmised that she had kicked the pipe loose.

"You did this, you naughty horse," said Polly, as she stooped over the broken pipe. "We'll have to get this stopped as quick as we can," said Dick, putting his hand on the pipe and getting his sleeve soaked as he did so. "I'll have to get the monkey-wrench from Miss Lane's shed and shut the water off at the tank."

As Dick started after the monkey-wrench, Caleb bounded after him, with a friendly parting bark at Polly, as though to say, "We'll be right back; we're only going over to Miss Lane's a minute."

From Polly's station near the big wine vat which served as a water tank, she could see Rose cottage very plainly, although a manzanita bush screened her from observation from below. Dick had not been gone five minutes before she saw, coming up the path from the ravine, the old chairman who had been their unwelcome morning visitor.

He looked around, and, seeing no one about, and that the dog was gone, went inside the cottage and commenced to ransack.

Polly watched him go into Auntie's room and take the box containing her jewelry off the dressing-table. Next he collected all the cutlery, a silver pitcher and, last of all, a little clock which Polly had always greatly admired.

Polly's Consternation.

"Auntie's darling little Dresden clock!" she gasped—"the dear little clock with the pink shepherdess on it!" But she didn't dare to scream for Dick, for fear the old man would come and carry her off as well as the shepherdess, and make an "elocutionist" of her.

The chair man put the things he had collected into a bag which he slung over his shoulder, and then he went away down the canyon, the way he came.

Polly bravely kept her hand over the squinting water pipe, thinking, "Just wait till we get this water 'tended to, and I

guess we'll fix him. He can't go far before we can overtake him."

She thought of the little Hollander in the school reader—the heroic little boy who stopped the leak in the dyke with his fist, and while she waited for Dick, getting more soaked with water every minute, she imagined she must be quite a heroine herself.

Dick was gone about 15 minutes, for some one, in a spasm of carelessness, had locked the shed door, so that he had to climb in the window. Then he had not found the wrench where he expected to. However, he finally returned, and while Polly told him what she had seen he screwed up the nut which kept the water in the tank. Then they rushed away, with Caleb bounding after them, in pursuit of the chair man and his booty.

They overtook him just as he was opening the gate at "Idlewild Cottage." He had set down his chair and bag in the road, and Polly ran and picked up the bag, saying, "Now I guess you'll have to give back my auntie's things."

Caleb's Opportunity.

The man angrily retorted, "Here, you drop that, Miss," and started toward her. This was Caleb's opportunity. He rushed at the fellow, with a deep growl, and, seizing him by the leg with his powerful jaws, shook and bit him till he howled for mercy.

Polly and Dick quickly emptied the sack on the ground, gathered up the stolen property, and then called off Caleb. He was loth to let go, but finally he came away, after giving his victim another

WANTS TO BE BAD.



Sunday School Teacher—Be good, Willie, and I'll give you a nice new Bible Christmas. Willie—I'm goin' to be bad. I want a shootin' gun.

parting shake, which nearly dislocated the man's leg and caused him to howl again. People came out of the cottage, and the man, limping dreadfully, made off as rapidly as he could. While Dick and Polly explained the situation. It was not thought worth while to follow the fellow up.

As Dick and Polly passed Rose cottage, on their way back to the redwoods, they saw that their partially constructed house had collapsed from the flow of water from the tank, which had undermined it.

"Oh, well," said Polly, "most of the fun was in building it. We can build a log cabin tomorrow." JUANITA.

OUT OF HARM'S WAY.

Three Pennsylvania Turtles Protect

Themselves From Fire.

L. T. Eckert, of Dunstable township, in Pennsylvania, was recently given an exhibition of the manner in which land turtles will flee from approaching danger. Mr. Eckert has three turtles on his farm—one bearing the inscription, "W. C. D. 1875," which letters and figures were cut out by a neighbor, W. C. Danley; another having on it the initials, "W. S.," which came from Mr. Eckert's dog, not knowing where, and a third with his own initials, "L. T. E.," and a cross mark.

One day flames broke out in Mr. Eckert's barn, and the turtles, seeing the danger, fled to the water tank, which was situated in the middle of the field.

LONG STOCKINGS HOLD MORE.



Better—When do you want mamma to put y'ou in long trousers? Better—Not till after Christmas.



VANITY HATH ITS REWARD

Misfortune That Befell a Belated Guest at an Entertainment by The King of the Dogs.

Long, long ago, when there were few, if any, people on the earth, and when all the animals in the world lived happily without fighting one another, the King of the Dogs decided to give a ball. Now, this ball was to take place on the birthday of the King's oldest daughter, and the preparations for it were most elaborate, for it was intended that it should far surpass any entertainments ever given by an animal since the world began.

As soon as he had made up his mind to give the ball, the King sent out invitations written with his own royal right paw, for, though the date settled upon was still some weeks in the future, he wished to give his guests plenty of time to prepare their costumes for the important occasion.

Great was the joy and excitement among the King's loyal subjects when it was discovered that almost every one of them had received an invitation to be present. From that time forward nothing was talked of but the ball and what each animal meant to wear, while all the tailors and dressmakers in dogdom worked day and night, and accumulated vast stores of bopes (which were formerly used by the dogs instead of money) in return for their labors.

Master Dandy.

Among those who displayed the most excitement was a rather small, long-haired dog, with a sharp nose and a straight tail, quite unlike any animal seen nowadays, who even went to the length of having his long silky coat cropped short, in order that his built clothes might fit his back without wrinkling. This dog, besides his fastidiousness as to the set of his garments, was known to be extremely vain of his personal appearance, and it was whispered among some of his neighbors that he would never be in time for the ball, because he always spent a long time after he was dressed in admiring himself in the mirror before he started for any place which he meant to honor with his presence. None of the other dogs had their hair cut; they contented themselves with curling their tails and crimping their long locks over their new collars.

And, sure enough, when the eventful day came, every dog except the vain one arrived at the palace in good time. The ball was a great success; the decorations were pronounced "perfectly lovely" by all the ladies, and bones and delicate tidbits were distributed between the dances. Later it grew late, and, till the King, who knew that all of his guests had been present, at length gave the signal for the company to go in to supper.

A Late Arrival.

Just as they were seating themselves at the well-laden tables, a crash, a scramble and some groans were heard on the palace steps, and a moment later the vain dog, in a very woebegone and disheveled condition, slunk into the dininghall. The company turned and stared at him with all their eyes, and it was no wonder that they did so, for a sorrier spectacle they had seldom seen.

The tardy one had, in his haste, slipped and fallen on the palace steps, and his fine, sharp nose, of which he had been so proud, was broken and knocked quite out of shape; he had run so fast to make up for the time lost in looking in his mirror that his new coat was split up the back; his tail had come out of the curl in which he had carefully arranged it for the occasion, while his rapid run had so taken away his breath that he could do nothing but wheeze for several minutes.

For some moments the King of the Dogs looked severely at this disgraceful figure which had interrupted the quiet course of his supper. Then he arose from the great chair in which he had been sitting at the head of the table and said sternly, while he pointed to the disfigured nose of the poor dog:

The King's Edict.

"Henceforth you shall be called the 'pug' dog, because your nose and the noses of your descendants shall never more be straight. You have shown so much vanity that your hair will never again grow long and silky, and for your audacity in daring to enter my presence in this bedraggled condition, I command that, through all time, you and your kin shall always curl your tails."

The pug, abashed at this public rebuke, left at once for his home, and he never ventured out again till he hoped that his friends had forgotten his disgrace. And the prophecy of the King of the Dogs came true to this day; pug dogs have turned up noses and short hairs, and always wear their tails curled, and they frequently wheeze when they remember how their ancestor ran to reach the King's ball in time—Florence A. Evans in the New York Herald.

How Louis Worked His Papa.

It's a wise boy who knows how to work his father, and in this precious age most boys are wise. Louis' father works in Omaha, but Louis himself lives with his grandma in Western Nebraska. Like most boys do, Louis writes to his fond father only when he wants money or something new in wearing apparel. Last week he wrote, enumerating a number of articles he needed. Among other things he wrote:

"Please send me some stockings. You better send bicycle stockings, because they last longer than the other kind. Are you going to send me a bicycle on my birthday to wear with my bicycle stockings?"—Omaha World-Herald.