

tion for himself. I was feeling very good in the cool shade when a deep growl disturbed the profound silence of the woods. Thoughts of bears and wolves came flocking to my brain. I rose and ran as fast as I could go. I heard the crashing of bushes behind me getting nearer and nearer. Then I stumbled over a root and my dog came bounding to me, full of porcupine quills.

—Harry Carlson.  
Two Harbors, Minn.

Sixth Grade.

**THE BUSINESS HALF.**

Nearly three years ago, the first Monday after the last day of school, my teacher wrote me a letter asking me to come to her place and help her with some writing. So I went, and after finishing the work I asked her to show me the cave near her home which I had heard her speak of so often. We started, lantern in hand, to take a look below ground. It was nearly a half mile to the cave, and when we arrived at the opening, we lighted the lantern and went in.

It was very cold in there, and we had to be very careful lest we fall in one of the many pools of water which were all around us. Some places we had to step down two or three feet to find footing. The lantern shone only a few feet around us so we had to go very slowly. When we had gone nearly sixty feet from the opening I fell and the lantern went out. My teacher had no matches and I thought I had none, but after hunting in all of my pockets I at last found one, broken in two. But what would have happened if I had not found it and lighted the lantern?

The opening could not be seen until we were within four or five feet of it. The teacher's people had all gone to Oronoco that morning, and no one knew where we were. Rocks, a great many of which were loose, pools of water, and darkness were all that surrounded us. Our chances would surely have been very, very poor to get out if I had not found the match.

—George Cutting,  
Byron, Minn.

Ninth Grade.

**A MAN OF QUEER MOTIONS.**

We used to take our cream to town in an open buggy. We had to cross a railroad, and as there was a curve in the road before we reached the track we could not see very far up the track. One day as we were nearing the track we saw a man in the pasture making queer motions. We did not know what he meant, so we went on. Just as we reached the track the train whistled. We tried to back the horses, but we could not. The man told me to get out, which I did in a hurry. My brothers took hold of the buggy and backed it, then they took hold of the horses and we were safe, tho pretty badly frightened.

—Edna Comer,  
Rushmore, Minn.

**THE LUCKY LAST PULL.**

The greatest danger I was ever in threatened one day when I was pulling my little sister across the street car track on a sled. A car was coming only a half block away, and the sled runner was caught between the rails in some way and I could not move the sled. On came the car, and there I stood in the middle of the track trying to get the sled off. When the car was within six feet of us I gave a hard pull and the sled came with such suddenness that it nearly knocked me off my feet. I did not pull my sister home, because I was too weak from the fright.

—Georgia Flinn,  
Sioux Falls, S. D.

Sixth Grade,  
Lincoln School.

**A SORT OF DISAPPOINTMENT.**

Each danger does not mark a separate epoch in my career, for it seems to me that I am in danger of something all the time, even tho it may be that which would not be very direful in its consequences.

However, the time when I thought I stood in the greatest danger—the kind that makes one's hair stand on end—was once when I was a very small girl just beginning to go to school. Ever since I had begun to attend I was in mortal terror that I would do something to offend the teacher and thereby receive a whipping as a punishment for my misdemeanor. However, I fear this thought did not trouble me all the while, for the spirit of mischief was off times uppermost. This certainly was the case on this especial day. All the other scholars were quiet, and my seat mate was diligently conning her books, when something, not easily defined, induced me to take a pin lying on the desk and give her arm a good prick with it. All was over before I had time to think. The girl gave a loud scream and jumped from her seat, the teacher rushed down to ascertain what the matter was, and then it was I realized what I had done. My heart fairly leaped up to my throat, tears stood in my eyes, I held my breath. Now I should receive that long expected whipping! But no, the teacher merely gave me a reprimand and marched back to her desk. I recovered and felt a sort of disappointment. And this was the time when I stood, it seems to me, in the most imminent danger.

—Elma G. Glenn,  
Prairie du Chien, Wis.

**MR. PONY SAID YES.**

One evening as I was returning home from school I was told to go into the country and get some valuable papers for the Bank of Big Stone. I ran home, saddled and bridled my pony, and started.

I was about half a mile in the country when my pony tried to throw me off, but he did not succeed the

first time. He tried it the third time, and I said to myself, "No, you don't." But he said, "Yes, I do," and off I went. Alas! My foot caught in the stirrup and away we went, my pony dragging me along with him. I clutched at the ground, but the round earth is pretty hard to catch hold of. I thought I was going to be killed and I felt as if I were being torn to pieces. Suddenly I stopped and I thought I was in fairyland, altho they tell me I lay groaning on the ground when the driver of a team that was passing by picked me up and took me home.

On examining my leg they found that it was not broken, but badly bruised. I recovered from my injury very shortly and I think that is the last chance my pony will get to throw me off.

—Earl Gold,  
Big Stone City, S. D.

**AN INEFFECTIVE WEAPON.**

When I was about five years old I fell ill with the measles and was sick for over four weeks. When I was just well enough to sit up in a chair, an accident happened. I was sitting near the stove, and as my aunt was out of doors I was alone in the house. There was a rug lying in front of the fire and a spark flew on the rug. I saw the spark but did not think about it until I smelled smoke. I looked all around the room, but could not see where the smoke came from.

Finally my eyes fell upon the rug. There was fire in the rug.

What should I do? It was no use trying to call auntie, because I was so hoarse I could not speak. But I climbed down from the chair and went to the door and tried to call, but of course it did no good for I could only whisper and the wind blew away from her direction. As luck had it, my aunt heard the door slam and ran in. She found me on the floor trying to put the fire out with several small sticks. The more I poked the fire the more it blazed. I was so frightened that my aunt had to carry me back to the chair and then put the fire out. I have often wondered since then what might have happened.

—Hazel Hystedt,  
Maple Plain, Minn.  
B 6th Grade,  
Jackson School.

**SEVERAL TUMBLES AT ONCE.**

One day my brother was hauling the ashes away and in the afternoon I asked him if I could not go with him. He said I could. We were on our way home when a large dog came out and frightened the horses and they started to run. My brother was not very large and could not hold them. They had run about a block when they turned and crossed a sidewalk and the shovels flew up in the air and came down about two feet from me. The horses slackened their speed somewhat, and my brother climbed out, intending to take hold of their heads, when they started again, leaving me in the wagon all alone.

After a little I tried to get out, but I fell and was going into the wheel when I caught hold of a piece of board that was nailed down to the middle of the wagon and pulled myself back. Just then the rear wheels came off, causing me to roll toward the back of the wagon. As I reached the back of the wagon it struck a stone and threw me up against a barn we were passing. I never wanted to go with my brother to haul ashes again.

—Roy Hagestead,  
Chatfield, Minn.

Fifth Grade.

**A PERIL THAT PASSED.**

"Hark, what was that?" It was the howl of wolves. We were skating on a river, the banks of which were covered with dense woods. We stopped short, listening, all of us half scared out of our wits. A wolf howl is dreadful to hear. We stood still for about five minutes too scared to move, then one of the boys said, "Let's not stand here and freeze." So we went to our roaring fire. Soon as we were warm some one suggested going home. We all agreed to this, so we were soon on our way home. Suddenly out to the right the brush crashed a little and I jumped about ten feet in the air, half fearing to see two glaring eyes. At last we arrived home, almost afraid of our own shadows. Thus the peril which threatened passed away.

—Willie Soames,  
Green Prairie, Minn.

Seventh Grade.

**HIGH SPIRITS FALL HARD.**

One morning after breakfast my sister came into my room and said, "Kate, let us go out on the river for a while." Eagerly I caught up my hat and started with her for our boat, never thinking of the possibility of misfortune.

It was a beautiful morning in August and my sister and I were in the best of spirits. Sister was rowing and she insisted upon going past the railroad bridge. Many logs came down the river each year. They were kept away from the bank by means of booms along the shore, which were, however, nothing more than logs themselves. My sister was turning the boat around but she made too big a turn and by doing so ran upon one of these booms. We both tried to push the boat off, but it was impossible. If I had moved I should have fallen into the river. After being stranded for awhile I noticed a boy coming along the bank. I called to him for help. He hurried to get another boat, and as soon as he found one he came out and pushed us off the boom.

I was so frightened that I begged my sister to row home as fast as she could. I never went out with her again so long as we lived by the river.

—Kate MacLean,  
Northwood, N. D.

Eighth Grade.

**A VERY CURIOUS CLOUD.**

One afternoon, when we lived in Iowa on a farm, about half a mile from the village, there appeared in the western sky a very curious cloud. It hung in the same position for two or three hours, but just as evening was approaching it broke and started very swiftly up the sky. This was going on while we were at supper and papa was watching the cloud.

Soon he came in very much excited and told us that the storm was upon us. We all rushed for our wraps and went as fast as we could to the cyclone cellar, which was near at hand. We took a hatchet, shovel and an ax down with us, to dig our way out if something should blow upon the cellar. We were down there but a few minutes when something very heavy seemed to be thrown upon the door. It proved to be hail stones about three inches in diameter. This did not last more than five minutes, when a shower of fine hail came. Altogether the storm did not last more than ten minutes, but while it did last it was very destructive. It did not do so much damage there as it did a few miles farther east, for east of us it tore up a town and buried most of the people alive.

The next day an excursion went down that way, but did not stop at our village, for the train was already overloaded. This storm was about two miles wide and many miles long.

—Irene Mitchell,  
Slayton, Minn.

Sixth Grade.

**FIVE CHILLY BOYS.**

I enjoy rowing now, but when I was small one could hardly get me to go into a boat unless a strong swimmer accompanied me. Once my brother, several other boys and I went fishing. We did not have very good luck, so we thought we would go up the river farther when we spied a boat. We all tumbled in, and were in such a hurry to push off that we did not notice the leak in the boat until we were in the middle of the river. It was then that we pulled for safety. It was lucky that the water was not deep near shore, for the boat sank about five feet from land, and we went up to our waists in water. That evening five tired boys went home with chills running up their backs at every step they took. Every time I go rowing I always think of that incident.

—Paul J. Preston,  
Luverne, Minn.

Eighth Grade.

**THE PRISONER OF A HOLE.**

One bright, sunny day a few years ago, when I was quite small, a little friend of mine and myself were playing in some bright yellow sand which had been thrown out of a hole the men had been digging for an electric light pole. I became so interested in the building of my sandhouse that I forgot all about the hole. I moved back to admire my work, when suddenly I found myself in the hole with my hands behind me, unable to move. I thought I never could get out. My friend tried to reach me, but she could not. She screamed and that frightened me all the more. Two ladies who were passing by heard her screams and came hurrying to where I lay imprisoned, and with some difficulty pulled me out. This may not have been exactly a dangerous situation, but at least it was very unpleasant.

—Lora Spillane,  
Balfour, N. D.

Eighth Grade.

**UNDER A MOVING TRAIN.**

The whistle was blowing and the bell of the engine was ringing. I was coming down a hill, crossed by a railroad track, on my sled, full force, and I could not stop. I could not steer off the road, because then I would go into a deep ditch which was on both sides of the road. If I had done so I certainly would have been killed. At last I became so frightened I thought, "I will have to die." I could not see and I could not hear anybody call me, because I was so frightened. At last I felt that I was going over the bridge which was on the other side of the railroad. I at once wondered how I came there. I had no more stood upright than about fifty people gathered to see if I was hurt. I had gone right under the car and had not been scratched. Never again will I go sliding where there is a railroad below the hill. My lesson also taught some other boys not to slide in such places.

—Carl Swanson,  
St. James, Minn.

South Side School.

**Careful of the Thermometer.**

In a certain village, not very long ago, a benevolent doctor offered to give a thermometer to every cottage, carefully explaining its use. Soon after their arrival a district visitor entered one house where the new thermometer hung proudly in the middle of the room, dangling at the end of a string. The visitor complimented the owner upon it and inquired if she remembered the instructions.

"Ay, that I do," was the reply; "I 'angs un there, and I watches 'un, until 'e gets above 60."

"Quite right, Mrs. —," said the lady, much pleased that the directions given had taken root, "and what do you do when it gets above 60?"

"Why, then," was the unlooked-for answer, "I takes 'un down from the nail and puts 'un out in the garden, and cools 'un down a bit!"

—Tit-Bits.

**Platinum Very Valuable.**

Platinum, which is indispensable in some instruments of precision and is useful in the arts particularly, because when imbedded in glass it does not crack by unequal expansion, is still much more valuable than gold. Nine-tenths of the world's platinum (about 8,300 pound) comes from the Ural mountains, which enables Russia to control the price.

There are 3,064 languages in the world, and more than 1,000 religions.



Mama—Come, Willie, walk faster!

Little Willie—Huh! You wouldn't be in such a hurry to get to the dentist's if it was your tooth vot was goin' to be pulled!

—From Harper's Bazar.