A RACE FOR LIFE.

A cyclist riding through the forest near Milton Ross Whatcote recently had a terrible adventure with a pack of wolves.

After riding a long time, he says, I heard a slight sound as of "yah, yah." I stopped and dismounted to listen.

After awhile I heard it again plainly. I concluded that it must be a dog barking in some farmyard near.

Mounting again, I rode on as a rabbit ran. The only thing that perplexed me was that the sound came from behind, but this I attributed to some echoes.

Then the sound grew louder, and it was plain that whatever it was it came from more distant than I had at first thought. It was like a bark, yet it was not the bark of a dog.

In a moment the silence (with fear it seemed to me) was broken by the sounds of hoofs on the frozen and resounding earth.

Regaining courage, I found for my life I constantly urged about a mile, but I could not keep up the speed.

Closer and closer (unknowingly they were nearing) and now the sounds were guiding on the tiny cement to ring.

But this was only for a moment. To think of death—and a death so horrible—rushed then, filled and trembled, in the darkness of all night, in the midst of a thousand sore hopes.

I could now hear the scattering, pebbles ground over under or they spat over the ground. Sometimes a solitary pebble would hook the alignment, and once or twice, as it I remembered, the whole pack burst into a fearful chorus.

The sounds were now up, and I could see, as I looked back, the pack (the pack for I felt all but one dog, formidable beast, who, with red tongue lolling out, was, I was sorry to say, nothing but a dog) of me.

Just then the point of a second tree on my left. A tree, upon, close to the corner of the Rose (or Infirmary). Breaking through the trees of it (shortly the moonlight, the blinding waters of a sometimes stream.

It lay down in a low but some inches, its only bank (shortly enough to be height of my feet or ten inches). On the opposite bank I could see the white bank with evergreens. Footing (and the bank) I could.

I should land, but it will amount to all the wolves behind are paying more heavily than ever.

But, looking ahead, I perceived that the bridge was longer (about). It had probably been swept away by some flood in the stream.

Despairingly I looked to the left that the river a few hundred yards away from me, that night that perceived shortly the bridge (apparently) to be, and I only much. It I spurred and shouted, again and again.

I was now willing to pay (at) of the river. I was contending whether to cut my throat (or) by diving and the daughter and (the) the torrent or to dismount and die standing at bay.

Just I was about to adopt the latter course I perceived that the bridge was not entirely gone. One solitary plank spanned the stream from cliff to cliff.

In a moment I had decided on my course. I passed the bridge lightly and put on the highest speed I could, for I knew that the faster the pace the more accurately I could aim.

I mentioned a pause. I was on the bank. Instantly it was somewhat joined on the top.

Steadily I kept my eye on the narrow track, every little unevenness, every knot in the timber I had to steer clear of. The slightest jolt would have cast me into the swirling waters beneath.

I may say with truth that the texture and outline of every inch of that track are imprinted on my memory to this day.

As intent was I on it that for the time I gave not a thought to the wolves that had cursed me so boisterous a ride. The noise a shell of terror ran through me as the track (that) over to one side and threatened to pitch me down.

Yet it must be remembered that all this took place (in) at the speed, three seconds.

Now, I was more foot from the edge back when the beam gave a (loud) sib-over. I bound again to the other side. This time (a) vain.

Before I (will know) it I was falling. But I made a wild spring toward the bank. Forces bound me. I landed on my face (in a cluster of bramble leaves.

I (about) fold of (time, and, though my legs hung over the precipice, I pulled my self up. (Never) (I) heard a (sound, caused by my machine or it fell.

A moment after that was a louder one. I turned to look and saw with the greatest joy I ever felt the foam was gone. I heard a smothered yelp below me and saw the wolf that had followed me, in close cruise down by the corner. He and I must have been together on the bank.

Would (of) to double (in) terrible (in) of the (abandoned) pack when they saw their prey had escaped (him).

I now looked to the road and heard receding shouts in the direction of the light. At (the) speed, as I could see by the increased brightness that branch out.

There is little (to tell). I spent the night in the (nearest) (hut). The next day I reached Moscow, but (into) the (house) for my (wounds) (and) —Boston Globe.

Rocked Up in Compartment Cars.

When the Southern Pacific Sub Limited (that is a name (that) a competitor) on a (train) (scheduled) to (run) (from) (without) stopping of a (speed) of 30 miles an hour) (is) will (probably) wonder (what) (keeps) (the) (train) (from) (rocking) (so) (much) (when) (it) (is) (moving) (at) (a) (speed) (of) (60) (miles) (an) (hour) (it) (will) (probably) (wonder)