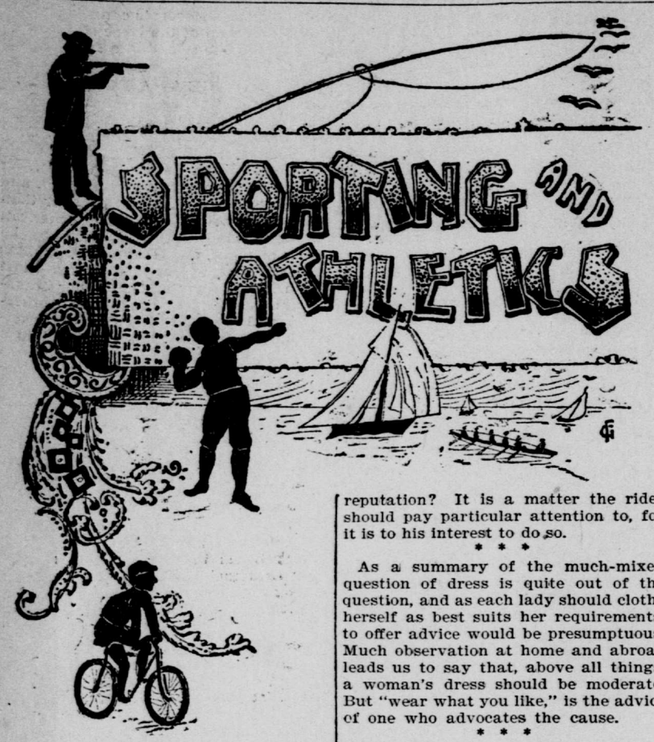

In the Cycling World.

Once upon a midnight dreary, while I wandered weak and weary,
Down a street of our great city, where I'd often been before;
Walking on, a sudden feeling came to me, as I saw wheeling,
Gently o'er the pavement stealing, something like a nymph of yore;
Surely 'tis a maid, I muttered, maiden from the Turkish shore.
Simply this and nothing more.

But there had been various rumors that the maids were decked in bloomers,
And I thought me, this is surely one that I have seen before;
Yet where had the figure vanished? Was the form of beauty famished?
Had the God of Fashion banished all the dress that I adore?
No, 'tis not a female, said I; but a man gone Wilde with lore.
'Tis a male and nothing more.

Presently my soul grew stronger; hesitating then no longer,
"Are you man or maiden?" said I. "Tell me truly, I implore."
What was my surprise on hearing that strange being, nothing fearing,
Say to me with voice so cheering: "I am maid, sir, to the core."
Yes, she jumped from off her cycle, saying on the starlit shore:
"I am maid forevermore."

I bethought me for a second, then I to the maiden beckoned,
Drew her to one side, and there the sentiments of my heart did pour;
Said unto her: "Will you ever from these shocking garments sever?
Make me answer, shall I never see the skirts that once you wore?
When will you again adopt the costume that your mothers bore?"
Quoth the maiden—"Nevermore."
And the maiden, ever flitting, still is sitting, still is sitting,
On those wheels with tires inflated, and around the streets doth soar,
While her pants have all the seeming of Jack's blouse with apples teeming,
Or a maid who in her dreaming had forgot to cover o'er;
But the common sense evolving from the heathen days of yore,
Shall be lifted—nevermore.
Irwin Musgrove, in Cycling West.

* * *

If many worthy people were shocked last year by the bloomers and knickerbockers and short skirts worn by the women cyclers, they had better prepare for the worst this year. The advance guard of the spring riders have been out in all the glory of their new costumes, and it does not require an experienced eye to discern a vast difference between the modes of 1896 and 1895.

It is all in the direction of progression, too—that is, progression as measured from the standpoint of the dress reformer. Women who wore long skirts with bloomers underneath last year wear short skirts with bloomers underneath this year. The 1895 girl who wore short skirts wears bloomers now. The bloomerite of 1895 is a full fledged knickerbocker girl this spring, and the knickerbocker miss of a year ago seems almost to be dressed in tights this year, so closely does her costume hug the form from the tips of her little toes to the mannish collar about the neck.

More than that. There were only a few cyclers who had the courage last year to ride without leggings or gaiters, although their more venturesome sisters in Paris had been doing that very thing for two seasons or more. But the gaiter or leggings is doomed in 1896. Of course many women will wear them, but not those who are considered to be authorities on the subject of bicycle dress. It has been discovered that the high gaiter carries too much warmth with it; that it impedes the free use of the leg; that it hinders circulation, and that it is quite unnecessary anyway, but more particularly that it is no longer in fashion. Consequently it is doomed.

One young woman has taken time by the forelock with a vengeance, and when she rides through the park the horses almost stop to look at her. This girl wears knickerbockers of gray corduroy, and they could not fit the figure any closer. Another striking feature of her costume is an immense cape of purple velvet edged with a broad band of white lace. This cape is tremendously wide and of itself would rivet attention in any gathering. She has bright yellow hair, and the color seems genuine, and a purple Tam o' Shanter hat emphasizes the hue. Golf stockings of the loudest plaids, with never a sign of leggings or gaiters, and low shoes complete the outfit. It might be regarded as a common, everyday kind of costume in Paris, but in New York it holds the populace spellbound. She uses low handle bars and rides in the most approved scorching way, with head and shoulders bent low over the front wheel. —New York Star.

* * *

A pneumatic hub is one of the latest. The principle involved is in the application of an air chamber of rubber between the wheel of the magazine and the frame. The air chamber is provided with a valve stem and valve. A well-known rubber company manufactures the chamber, and it is claimed that 73 per cent. of pure Para gum enters into its make-up. This, with the fabric, gives a receptacle which will resist a pressure of 600 pounds to the square inch.

It is claimed that a hub of this character will render the movements of the wheels smoother and give a freer movement to the pedals, thus insuring greater speed with less exertion on the part of the rider. The weight of a wheel fitted with one of these hubs is not increased a particle.

* * *

Every rider should learn something about the wheel he is going to ride. Most buyers choose their mounts without inspecting the workmanship of the cycles or going into the many fine features some of the manufacturers have embodied in their products. All wheels look alike from a distance, but upon close examination a vast difference is easily discernible. How many riders in this country know how a wheel is put together, and what constitutes its reputation? It is a matter the rider should pay particular attention to, for it is to his interest to do so.

* * *

As a summary of the much-mixed question of dress is quite out of the question, and as each lady should clothe herself as best suits her requirements, to offer advice would be presumptuous. Much observation at home and abroad leads us to say that, above all things, a woman's dress should be moderate. But "wear what you like," is the advice of one who advocates the cause.

* * *

Physicians are encouraging wheeling among women, claiming that it is more beneficial than any other form of violent exercise. The girl who is narrow-chested, the woman who is too lazy to walk, and the athletic young woman who has tired herself out in the gymnasium will find in the bicycle a pleasant means of recuperation. Many even say that it will cure one of sciatica.

* * *

A steering strap which permits cyclists to ride "hands off" has just been put on the market. During a long ride it is a great relief to the rider to relax his grip on the handle bars, if only for a few moments. By using this strap even beginners can ride with their arms folded. The strap is fitted on the body in much the same fashion as a shoulder brace, a crosspiece resting on the shoulder blades. The length of the strap is adjusted by buckles. The strap can be folded and carried in the pocket when not in use.

* * *

The advisability of taking up the bicycle is to be divided by the condition of the individual. Broadly stated, every person who is in good health and able to undergo the usual exertions of life, and who is free from any indication of disease, can ride the wheel. Anatomically and physiologically, no such difference exists between man and woman as would preclude the latter from indulging to a proper degree in physical exercise.

* * *

It has been said that there has been a waste of effort and money in a good many cases where promoters have agitated the question of good roads and cyclists' speedways. In order to insure success of plans of this character it is necessary for harmony to prevail among the various classes of wheelmen, who should unite for the good of the cause.

* * *

Kansas City Star: A small boy has been riding about town with a box attached to the front of his bicycle. The box is made in imitation of a bicycle "baby-carrier." In the box sits a small black dog as proud as Lucifer. He looks around disdainfully, and sneers at ordinary dogs who cannot ride a bicycle and are compelled to walk.

* * *

Mary has a little goat,
That was full of whims and humors;
Old bills and paste
Were quite to his taste,
But he choked on Mary's bloomers.

* * *

It is apparent that a very large number of accidents will occur this summer. They are inevitable. The tremendous increase in the number of persons who use the wheel, their limited experience and the crowded roads will doubtless cause many unavoidable accidents. For every careful rider there seems to be a careless one.

* * *

Apart from its usefulness as a health-giving sport and means of recreation, bicycling has many other advantages, the value of which are only being realized. Of course this sport, like many others, has its detractors. They are, however, becoming fewer and fewer every day, although there are still many practical and scientific men who condemn the wheel.

* * *

To the query, "Who should ride?" Dr. J. M. Comstock replies: "The active for rest, the sedentary for exercise, the well to keep so, the invalid to regain health." That about fills the bill, we fancy.

* * *

"I do not see," she said, with great severity, "how it would be possible to add to the unsightliness of bloomers." And the little wheelwoman contented herself with innocently remarking: "Perhaps you are prejudiced. Did you ever try them on?"—Washington Star.

* * *

Bobby—Mommer, I have found something about the bicycle in the Bible. Mrs. Ferry—Why, Bobby. "Yes'm. It says: 'Blessed are the pacemakers.'"

* * *

"That's a bright boy of yours."
"Do you think so?"
"I do."
"Has he any particular bent?"
"Yes. He is bent most of the time over a bicycle."

* * *

There was an old woman who lived in a shoe—
She had so many daughters she didn't know what to do;
She bought them all cycles, and now I hear rumors
Her girls are all boys, for they've gone into bloomers

* * *

She—Since Folsome took to bicycling I suppose he is often seen on the road? He—Yes; I saw him there five times within a mile the other day.—Yonkers Statesman.

* * *

A well-known New York society man has had built a bicycle which has one wheel of gold and the other of silver, while the handles are studded with opals and pearls.

* * *

Wilbur J. Edwards has returned from Coronado, and is at his home in San Jose. On May 9th he will try for the one-mile record at the San Jose rose carnival.

* * *

Wigwag—What's the hardest thing to master in riding the bicycle? Harduppe—I should say to get the bicycle.—Philadelphia Record.

* * *

Nearly every army now has a bicycle corps. In Germany six men of every regiment are mounted on wheels to act as scouts.

* * *

The Grand Prix of Florence, Italy, will be run on May 14th, 17th and 24th. The event is open to all professional bicyclists. The first prize is $1,000, and there will also be consolation prizes. John S. Johnson is expected to be one of the competitors.

* * *

A bicycle manufacturing company in Connecticut recently received an order for 2,000 wheels from a house in Russia.

Delights of Angling.

Among the many descriptive chapters on angling by various authors, there is one gem that stands out clear and bright above them all, from the pen of the most brilliant writer perhaps that our State has ever known, the late E. McD. Johnstone:

It is possible, he says, that there may be in this world souls so sordid that they never rise to any glow of enthusiasm over this very old and enticing pastime, but there certainly cannot be many. Perhaps it may be a matter of education, natural taste or early training, this love of angling, but every man whose boyhood was spent in the country looks back with pleasure upon his first fishing outfit. An alder rod, and a horse-hair line, with a bended pin for a hook, an angleworm, or a small piece of fat pork with a little tag of red flannel attached for bait, and how at the first nibble at the bait the rod would be violently thrashed over the head, and the trout, breaking away from the unbarbed hook, would go sailing away into the air, and land a hundred yards back in the woods, and be discovered only by the frantic endeavors to free himself from an environment of dead maple leaves. A pretty sight it was, too, that trout, when you found him, his silvery sides dappled with dead leaves. Then, he was hung or strung by the gills on a crotcheted rod of witch elm that served the purpose of a creel.

Ah, yes! barefooted boy, will you ever forget your long tramps over the slippery rocks down into the cool alder avenues? Do the birds sing now as they did then? Do the daisies nod to you as they used to, and the kingfisher alight near by, to see what luck you are having, bob his tail a few times and then go singing down the stream? Does the first song of the bobolink or the coming sandpiper in the spring affect you as it did then?

That honest bumpkin face, with its ruddy glow of health, liberally sprinkled with freckles, is much changed I see, and your outfit, too, split bamboo rod or "Kosmic" silver-plated automatic reel, silk lines, and flies with names and tails as long as the devil's darning needles your brother used to tell you would "go clean through small boys," an osier creel, rubber stockings, and I know not what.

Well, do you mean to tell me, my dear sir, that if you had the power, you wouldn't swap that gilt-edged outfit for the old home-made one, be a brown-faced, bare-footed boy again for one good long day in June and try your luck in the "Big Line brook" or in the "West Branch"? We know one man who would gladly make such an exchange, and give several dollars to boot.

The true angler does not find his chief and only joy in the bare fact that he can slaughter so many dozen fish per diem. He must take a genuine pleasure in nature's various moods. He of all others will discover that she is very shy and modest, hiding away in secret places much of her choicest handiwork, and he who finds must seek. He must have an open eye for the minutia as well as the mighty in her works.

The little water ouzel on "the margin of the river" in the middle of his song, plunging into the stream, then bobbing up serenely to take up his music where he left off, as though this little by-play belonged in the piece. This spry little chap is always amusing.

Strange flowers and ferns cluster about the roots of old trees, along the brooks, as they do not elsewhere.

There are cool, dank grottoes, vine-tressled and luxuriant, which one ray of sunlight bursting through the fretted Western streams that can only be ture realms of glory. Every dewdrop is a gem, every vine a diadem. You may scare the eagle from its eyrie on the cliff, and he will show you in his heavenward rising circles how puny a creature you are without wings.

There are vistas of glory along our vault of green transforms into miniafound in mountainous countries, vistas with backgrounds of eternal snow and skies of sapphire, and, brother anglers of all countries, upon the veracity of the fraternity in the West, we assure you that you will find congenial spirits here, and as fine liars for the opportunities they have had, as there are in America, barring, perhaps, the State of Maine.

We have trout in this country with the same scarlet-dotted, silvery-mottled sides as navigate other streams of the world. They are as large, as active and gamy as anybody's fish, and, if you should come this way, we will guarantee to take you up some streams that have their origin in the greatest mountains of North America—streams flowing under the shadow of El Capitan, and the mighty Sequoia, that have been tossed and tumbled and torn in their rugged journey from the high Sierra to the sea; streams, too, that ripple and sing their way down through the exuberant undergrowth of the Coast Range canyons, and there are fish in all of them.

Amateur Athletics.

There is every prospect of an intercollegiate athletic contest between Union College and California University, says the New York "Mercury." L. T. Merion Captain of the Western college, telegraphed Manager Terry of Union the other day, suggesting a meeting at Albany on May 16th. An affirmative answer was telegraphed. The Californians visited Union last year, and were treated so well that they are anxious to again go East. The Union boys are very jubilant at the outlook, and have a strong team in training. Kilpatrick, who lowered the world's record for a half-mile last year, is a student at Union. George Lands, a member of the New York Athletic Club, is also affiliated with Union.

* * *

A celebrated baseball player, basing on his own experience of training, recommends women who are anxious for symmetrical development to supplement the abnormal use of the lower limbs in cycling with special exercises for the arms, and the daily use, for a few minutes, of the skipping rope, which is particularly efficacious in the direction of gaining that advantage known as strengthening of the wind.

* * *

Several of the Eastern papers are very skeptical about Edgren's performance in throwing the 16-pound hammer 148 feet and 5 inches. As Edgren is shortly to go East he will have a number of opportunities to throw the hammer, but it is doubtful if he will equal his great feat made in private, and which isn't recognized as a record. Edgren is a senior in the California University, and has been practicing regularly since his return from the East last June, under the instruction of Tom Carroll, the Scottish athlete.

* * *

Herford Smith, a student of Center College, Danville, Ky., is accredited with running 100 yards in 9 4-5 seconds in a race at the college last week. This performance quashes the world's professional record held by J. Owens, Jr.

* * *

William Kraus of Newport, Ky., claims to be the strongest "boy" in the United States. He is 21 years old, stands 5 feet 8 inches and weighs 160 pounds. His biceps measure 18 inches when distended. He can swing a 150-pound dumbbell with one hand.

* * *

At an Irish athletic festival, held at Stamford Bridge, London, two weeks ago, some remarkable hammer-throwing was done by J. Flanaghan of Kilmallock, who threw the sixteen-pound hammer from a seven-foot circle 147 feet 4 inches, which is a world's record, breaking the previous best, by J. Mitchell. Flanaghan also accomplished 156 feet with an unlimited run and follow, which becomes a new world's record.

Gun and Dog.

The men who hunt ducks with howitzers and bag their quail by means of traps have had their day in California. The Pete St. Clairs and their cannon may be somewhat in evidence for another season, but they cannot do much more harm. The men who go afield nowadays are mostly mechanics, laborers and clerks, and they have resolved that the game of the State must be preserved for all the people, and not destroyed by a few rapacious professional hunters whose only thought is to make a few dollars.

* * *

An English sportsman, having hired a shooting in Ireland, arriving in the district, asked the keeper, "Where's the best place for snipe?"

"Murphy's bog, sir," was the reply. "They're just jostling one another in that place, sirr!"

"And woodcock?"

"Is it woodcock, your honor?" Then adding solemnly, "Don't go into Mike Dennis' wood widout a big shtick, or they'll eat you aloive."—Westminster Gazette.

* * *

The second bench show of the Alameda County Sportsmen's Association will be held in the Mills Tabernacle, Oakland, on May 20th, 21st, 22d and 23d. The premium list is now ready for mailing. The judge will be J. Otis Fellows of Hornellsville, N. Y. Thomas Higgs will act as Superintendent.

* * *

F. R. Webster of San Francisco is soon to join a party in New York who will shoot in the principal events in England and France this spring. J. B. Ellison and Yale Dolan of Philadelphia will be the party. Clarence Dolan is already in France and will join the party abroad.

* * *

Reports from the foothills of Nevada and Placer Counties are to the effect that the quail are nesting in large numbers, and the prospect is that the next season's supply will be better than for many years past.

CULINARY HYPNOTISM.

A Practical Phase of the New Fad of Great Value.

"Hypnotism," remarked the professor to a reporter for the Washington "Star," as they sat talking, "is one of the greatest blessings that humanity can be thankful for."

"I take issue with you there," said the reporter.

"You may, and you may also take a drink with me," and he rang the bell. "Just the same, my dear sir, it is the greatest blessing to humanity."

"The drink?" inquired the reporter.

"No guying," frowned the professor. "I say hypnotism is the greatest blessing, and I'll prove it to you."

"Submit the evidence."

"Well, to begin with, my wife is one of the finest cooks in the city of Washington, and she is also possessed of hypnotic power."

"What's that got to do with hypnotism? Does she hypnotize you into believing that her biscuits are fully as good if not better than those your mother made?"

"No guying, I tell you," insisted the professor. "As I said, my wife is the finest cook in Washington, and the average cook we hire is the worst. Not long ago we had a cook who was the stupidest we ever had, and one night we had a dinner party, expecting to get the stuff from a caterer, because it wasn't possible quite for my wife to cook the dinner and entertain her guests also. At the last moment the caterer failed us, and we were in a most disagreeable predicament. I didn't know what to do, and at first my wife didn't; but women are great in an emergency, and after we had discussed and rediscussed the dilemma in which we found ourselves—and it was then 4 o'clock, and the guests were expected at 6—my wife seemed to be struck with an idea.

"'Wait a minute,' she said. 'I think I have discovered a cook. I'll go out and see Amanda about it.'

"Amanda was our culinary angel, and I thought if she went cook hunting it wouldn't amount to much, for she wouldn't know one if she saw it. In a few minutes my wife came back smiling.

"'Well?' I asked eagerly.

"'I think we are saved,' she replied.

"That's all she would say, and I have perfect confidence in anything my wife tells me. I didn't let my curiosity get the better of me, but accepted the situation; more particularly as she told me to get out of the house and not come back till it was time to dress for dinner. At 5:30 I returned and found my wife radiant.

"'How's the dinner?' I inquired.

"'Lovely,' said she.

"And it was. I never sat down to a better. Everything as good as my mother could make it, and all of the guests asked where we found such a superior cook. I was anxious to know myself, and when my wife said it was Amanda for the first time in my life I doubted her word. It was true, though, and the way Amanda had done it was by hypnotic influence. My wife had gone into the kitchen and hypnotized Amanda, and willed that she should cook that dinner right, and Amanda did it."

"Is the skillful Amanda still hypnotized?" he asked.

"I don't know," smiled the professor. "When she waked up next morning she said she reckoned she must be hanted er somethin', and didn't stay to cook breakfast. Just the same, hypnotism is a great snap," and the professor emptied his glass.

Had Him There.

Mr. Chugwater—Women voting and holding office? Shucks! Think of women in Congress making laws for the country!

Mrs. Chugwater—Well, if ever we do elect a Congress we'll never send such a lot of old women to the Senate as you've got there now!—Chicago Tribune.

A Trifle Clumsy at It.

"I hope, Johnnie," said the Sunday-school teacher to her new scholar, "that your parents are good Christians?"

"Well, ma is," replied Johnnie, "an' pa used to be, but I guess he is a little out of practice now."—Bay City Chat.

NEW YORK'S QUAINT LAWS.

Many Municipal Enactments of an Amusing Character.

Remarkable Stories Told by a Traveler Who Visited New York City in 1748.

Old New York is always interesting. It is full of amusing and instructive incidents, but, while a great deal is heard from time to time about the peculiar manners of its early inhabitants, the social customs, old houses, taverns, methods of travel, and other features of municipal life, very little is heard about its early laws. Some of these laws, enacted by the various Mayors and Boards of Aldermen, are decidedly amusing, if not ludicrous, when viewed through the glass of our present-day progress and remarkable advancement in everything pertaining to the so-called higher civilization.

Among the old newspapers lately acquired by the Lenox Library are several files of Zeneger's famous New York "Journal," the paper which was started as a rival to Wm. Bradford's New York "Weekly," the first paper published in the city. The year 1738, judging by the old files, seems to have been a particularly active one in th enactment of laws by the City Fathers. It looks very much as if these old worthies were actuated by a strong desire to reform things generally, for nearly everything was touched upon. Zeneger faithfully published in his Journal all of these new laws, so that all might read them and not be amenable to the fines imposed for non-obedience.

It will be a pleasure, undoubtedly, to hundreds of citizens to-day to know that as far back as 1738 the condition of the streets was regarded with careful consideration. There was no Department of Street Cleaning at that time, the Mayor and Aldermen combined with their other burdens of office the duties nowadays of the Street Cleaning Department. By the laws enacted in 1738 we can reasonably imagine that there had been loud grumblings about the miserable and filthy condition of the public thoroughfares. That these complaints were largely based on truth is practically admitted in the curious preamble to a law demanding all land owners in the city precincts to keep the streets in front of their property well paved or be fined twenty shillings. This curious and interesting law as published in 1738 in Zenger's "Journal," is as follows:

For as much as the former laws of this city made for paving the streets within the same have been much neglected, whereby the citizens and sojourners within the said city are much annoyed, and the intercourse of trade among the inhabitants much lessened. For regulating whereof, be it ordained by the Mayor, Recorder, Aldermen and Assistants of the city of New York, convened in common council, and it is hereby ordained by the authority of the same, that all and every, the citizens, freeholders, and inhabitants that dwell in the respective streets, lanes and alleys of this city, or are or shall be in possession of any lot or lots of ground fronting any of them, shall, from and after the publication hereof (at the charge of the landlord), well and sufficiently to pave, or cause to be well and sufficiently paved, with good and sufficient pebble stones suitabe for paving all, or so much of the streets, lanes and alleys within the said city, as shall front the respective buildings and lots of ground that belong to them, respectively, as aforesaid, and keep and maintain the same in good repair, at such time or times and in such manner and form and according to such dimensions, quantity and proportion as shall from time to time be unto them respectively directed and appointed by the Aldermen and Assistant of each respective ward aforesaid.

Then follows a very interesting series of laws, setting forth at much detail what articles must not be thrown into the streets, each enactment closing with the penalty of a substantial fine for neglect to keep the street clean and unincumbered. These laws are:

Be it ordained, that all and every, the citizens, freeholders, housekeepers and inhabitants living within the six wards on the south side of the Fresh-water, shall, on every Friday, weekday, either by themself or servants, rake and sweep together all the dirt, filth and soil lying in the streets before their respective dwelling-houses, upon heaps, and on the same day, or on the Saturday following, shall cause the same to be carried away and thrown into the river, or some other convenient place, under the penalty of six shillings for each neglect, refusal or default.

And be it further ordained, that if any person or persons whomsoever shall at any time hereafter cast into, throw or lay in any of the streets, lanes or alleys of this city, or in the dock of any of the slips thereof, any carrion, guts, garbage, oyster shells, ashes, dung, rubbish, granis, beast's entrails, or any other kind of filth or dirt whatsoever, that may be noisome to any of the inhabitants of this city, such person or persons so offending shall forfeit and pay for every such offense the sum of six shillings current money of New York. And in case any such offense shall be committed by any servant or slave, the master or owner of such servant or slave shall pay the said forfeit.

And be it further ordained, that no person whatsoever shall encumber the streets with timber, beams, planks, boards, stones, bricks or any other lumber or pyle, or leave the sae in any of the streets or highways within the city, without leave from the Mayor of the said city, for the time being, under the penalty of six shillings for each offense, one-half to the informer and the other half to the Treasurer of this city, for the use of this corporation.

And be it further ordained, that if any person or persons within this city shall hereafter, in the time of rain or floods, sweep the soil or dirt of the streets into or near the channel of any of the streets of this city, so as the same may be carried away by the stream thereof, such person or persons so offending shall for every such offense forfeit and pay the sum of six shillings current money of New York; and if such offense shall be committed by any servant or slave, such forfeiture shall be paid by the owner, master or mistress of such servant or slave, one-half to the informer and the other half to the Treasurer of this city, for the use of this corporation.

And be it further ordained, that the respective carmen within this city shall have, take and receive for carrying every load of dirt, rubbish, filth or soil, out of the streets of this city the sum of four pence half-penny, current money of New York, and if the said carmen shall load their carts themselves with such dirt, rubbish, filth or soil, and carrying the same away, that then the said carmen shall have, take and receive the sum of seven pence half-penny current money of New York, to be paid to them by the person or persons who shall employ them to fill, load and carry away the same.

It will be noticed by the above laws that slaves were still held in New York City. They were not very numerous, it is true, but the custom did not entirely die out until several years later. New York City had at this time about 10,000 inhabitants and about 2,000 buildings. Surely a very small town.

The institution of the carmen, as mentioned above, is something of which no vestige now remains. These were the public carters, and the prices they were allowed to charge for carting loads of various kinds of goods were carefully fixed by law, and heavy penalties were attached for the crime of overcharging. These carmen were licensed by the Mayor in 1738, the number being limited to 100. It does not appear that they paid anything for the license to work under regulated prices, but they were required to fill up and repair all holes and breaches in the streets when demanded by the Mayor, without pay, or else be "turned out of their places."

Some of the other curious enactments regarding these carmen's duties, showing that no detail was overlooked, are as follows.

And be it further ordained, that each cart employed for the carrying of any goods, merchandise, firewood, or other things, within this city, shall be two feet, eight inches wide and three foot high, under the penalty of three shillings.

And be it further ordained, that no carman presume to ride or drive his cart within this city above an hour after sunset nor above an hour before sunrise, without special license from the Mayor, under the penalty of twenty shillings.

Be it further ordained, that no carman do ride in his cart in any of the streets within this city, nor drive his cart a trot in the street, but patiently, under the penalty of twenty shillings.

Be it further ordained, that no boys or negroes do drive any cart for hire or wages within this city, under the penalty of three shillings.

The said carmen shall carry good and sufficient loads(that is to say), as much as can be conveniently stowed on their carts and is reasonable for a horse to draw, under the penalty of three shillings. And that no carman do presume to load or carry in his cart at one time more than one hogshead of rum or one hogshead molasses, one hogshead of sugar, one pipe of wine, or hogshead or pipe of any other strong liquors, and that no greater quantity of liquors shall be loaded or carried in a cart at one time in smaller casks than what will contain 140 gallons, under the penalty of six shillings.

If any carman shall neglect or refuse to ride and employ his horse and cart for any person when required (when he and his horse and cart are not otherwise employed), such carman shall for every such offense forfeit and pay the sum of six shillings, current money of New York, to the party grieved, with such costs and charges as shall accrue in the recovery thereof.

If any carman within this city shall neglect or refuse to carry away out of any of the streets, lanes or alleys of this city on the south side of the Fresh Water any carrion, guts, garbage, oyster shells, dunghills, ashes, dirt, soil and filth, being thereunto required by any of the inhabitants of this city, shall for every such offense forfeit and pay the sum of ten shillings, current money aforesaid.

The following law, however, is one of the most surprising and singular of the lot. It refers to the old custom, long since abandoned, of employing persons to extend invitations to funerals.

Evidently these "inviters," as they are called, had been in the habit of charging exorbitant fees, for the corporation saw fit to regulate the practice, which it did in the following peculiar manner, not by the number of persons invited, but by the age of the deceased.

Be it ordained, that the fees of the persons who are the Inviters of Funerals be and are hereby regulated and established in manner following, viz: For inviting to and attending at the funeral of every person of 20 years of age and upwards, eighteen shillings. For every person above 12 years of age and under 20 years, twelve shillings, and for every person under 12 years of age, eight shillings, current money of New York, and no more; and that the said Inviters shall take notice hereof and conform themselves accordingly.

No persons but freemen of the city could keep a store or do mercantile business, as seen in the following law, which also regulates the price to be paid to become a freeman of the city.

Be it ordained, that no person or persons whomsoever, within this city and liberties thereof, do keep shop or sell or expose to sale any goods or wares by retail, or exercise any handycraft, trade or occupation, but such as freeman thereof, or so admitted by the Mayor, Recorder and Aldermen, or by the Mayor or any four or more of the Aldermen in the Mayor's court or in Common Council (after legal warning given to the contrary), under the penalty of five pounds for each offense. And all persons hereafter to be made free of this corporation shall pay for the freedom thereof as followeth, to wit: Every merchant, trader or shopkeeper, the sum of three pounds of current money of this colony, and every handycraft tradesman, the sum of twenty shillings, of like current money, for the use of this corporation, with the customary fees, on being made free, as aforesaid.

The style of the Bowery fences was also regulated by law. In recent years, however, the fences have been of a totally different character, but also regulated by law. In 1738 it was ordered "that all the fences in the Bowery division be made and upheld in manner following: The outside fences to be not less than four rails and four foot and a half high, and the partition fences to be not less than four rails and four foot high. And all persons concerned are hereby required to take notice accordingly."

An early traveler, Professor Kahn, who visited New York in 1748, tells some very remarkable stories about the city. In reading them we are almost inclined to believe that some ingenious Yankee got hold of the innocent foreigner and filled him full of whopping big yarns. However, some of them are decidedly amusing, and it is barely possible they may contain many elements of truth. The following about lobsters, frogs in the streets and watermelons are among the best which this Professor has left for the edi,cation of posterity:

"About New York they find innumerable quantities of excellent oysters, and there are few places which have them of such exquisite taste and of so great a size; they are pickled and sent to the West Indies and other places. Oysters are reckoned very wholesome; some people assured us that they had not felt the least inconvenience after eating a considerable quantity of them. Lobsters are likewise plentifully caught hereabouts, pickled much in the same manner as oysters, and sent to several places. I was told of a very remarkable circumstance about these lobsters, and I have since frequently heard it mentioned. The coast of New York had already European inhabitants for a considerable time, and yet no lobsters were to be met with on that coast; and, though these people fished ever so often, they could never find any signs of lobsters being in this part of the seas. They are, therefore, continually brought in great well boats from New England, where they are plentiful. But it happened that one of these well boats broke in pieces near Hell Gate, about ten miles from New York, and all the lobsters in it got off. Since that time they have so multiplied in this part of the sea that they are now caught in the greatest abundance."

Referring to the streets of the city at at that time Professor Kahn says that are not so straight as those in Philadelphia and "have sometimes considerable bends; however, most of them are paved, excepting in high places, where it has been found useless. In the chief streets there are trees planted, which in summer give them a fine appearance, and during the excessive heat at that time afford a cooling shade. I found it extremely pleasant to walk in the town, for it seemed quite like a garden. Besides, numerous kinds of birds of all kinds which make these trees their abode, there are likewise a kind of frogs, which frequent them in great numbers during the summer. They are very clamorous in the evening, and in the nights (especially when the days have been hot and a rain is expected), and in a manner drown the singing of the birds. They frequently make such a noise that it is difficult for a person to make himself heard."

But the interest of the worthy Professor was not entirely centered upon birds and frogs, for in the watermelon cultivated at that time in the city he found much to admire and praise. Judging from his remarks, the raising of watermelons in New York is evidently a forgotten art. "The watermelons," he says, "grow very large. They are extremely delicious and are better than in other parts of North America, though they are planted in the open fields and never in a hotbed I saw a watermelon at Governor Clinton's, in 1750, which weighed forty-seven English pounds, and another at a merchant's in town of forty-two pounds. However, they were reckoned the largest ever seen in the country."—New York Times.

Pity the Poor Waiter.

It is the business of a waiter to please his customers. A man who knew just what he wanted and liked to show that he knew it came into the dining-room of a certain hotel, and, while sipping at a tumbler of water, proceeded to order his breakfast.

"Bring me a pot of coffee," he said. "And mind, it must be hot—hot and strong—don't forget to have it strong. And a steak, well done; remember, have it well done and no fat. I can't bear the sight of fat in the morning."

"Yessir, yessir. No fat," replied the waiter.

"And bring me some dry toast—hot, mind you; hot toast, and have it made from stale bread. I don't want it toasted outside. Now, don't forget that."

"No, sir; all right, sir. Made from stale bread, sir," echoed the waiter.

"And some sliced tomatoes," continued the man. "I want them dry, you understand, dry. Now, don't forget that."

"All right, sir. Tomatoes must be dry."

"And let's see! Yes, bring me some fried eggs. Fresh eggs, you know, perfectly fresh, and I want them fried on one side only. Don't forget that."

"Yes, sir; fried on one side. Which side, sir?"—New York Mercury.

The Distinctive Feature.

He was from the eastern shore of Maryland, and he spoke feelingly of his home and its surroundings.

"Look at the Chesapeake Bay, suh," he exclaimed. "Theh's a body of watah foh you. Famed in history and celebrated in aht, it smiles upon the multitude from the silent canvas, and speaks to the world from the printed page."

"Yes; it is very interesting. What, in your opinion, is the most remarkable thing about the Chesapeake Bay?"

"The most remarkable thing about the Chesapeake Bay?" he repeated, reflectively. "Well, suh, to my mind, the most remarkable thing about the Chesapeake Bay is the fact that the'h are any ducks left in it."—Washington Star.

Still One Danger.

Friend—And are you now out of danger?

Convalescent—No; the doctor says he will pay me two or three more visits.—Puck.

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