BALD IS FAR AHEAD

THE BUFFALO CRACK STILL IN ADVANCE OF OTHER CYCLERS.

He Has Been Defeated in Few Races This Year—Spooner's Weekly Budget of News and Gossip.

Special to the Indianapolis Journal.

ASBURY PARK, N. J., July 20.—Of the L. A. W. since July 5, the date of the last report from the National Circuit, there has been a very appreciable change in the percentages of the men and consequent change in positions in the percentage table. The National meet, at which so much was expected, has come and gone and the results have been very unsatisfactory to those who have been in the habit of making predictions. The two-mile national championship went to a rank outsider and the quarter and half-mile championship were given to Edward C. Bald, of Buffalo. His team mate, Ray MacDonald, was his warm competitor in both of these contests and in one of them it will always be a question of doubt as to the winner. The judges gave the contest to Bald, but eyewitnesses on the track say that MacDonald won. However it may be, both men are good ones, and Bald leads the percentage list again this week, having gained over his last week's percentage of .918. He has failed to qualify in one contest, the two-mile national championship, and has won four final contests in which he started, defeating sixteen men. Harry Maddox, of Asbury Park, has started in five races, defeating twenty-eight men and been defeated by ten, closing with a percentage for the week of .737 and an appreciable increase over his last week's standing. Arthur Gardiner, Chicago's pride, has made a splendid showing inasmuch as his was a strange field. In nine contests he has captured two races. Otto Zeigler has closed the week with a percentage of .613, advancing his season's figures several points.

The total number of competitors in Class B races on the circuit has been about sixty-five, of which number fifty-six have won percentages better than nothing and forty-six have won prizes. Twenty-one days of racing has been seen and sixty-five races havebeen run. The circuit is about one-fourth completed. The rider that has traveled the entire circuit so far, leaving New York for Plainfield May 28, has ridden 3,682 miles on the cars, in which he has spent eighty-one hours, including four nights. The three-fourths of the circuit to be completed will comprise probably five times this distance and will be more arduous than any part of the circuit so far passed over.

Predictions that the Class B teams would disband after Asbury Park have not come true. Likewise, the predictions that all the teams would step into the professional ranks have failed of materialization. The manufacturers have aided the L. A. W. in securing control of professionalism, and in doing so have been looking to the future, as their teams will not race as professionals this season. Three classes, A, B and professionals will be controlled by the league and next season will undoubtedly see two classes only, the amateur and the professional.

The proposed vacation at Asbury Park of all the racing teams has failed, as several of the manufacturers have taken their teams to better training quarters. Bald, MacDonald and Simms, Gardiner, DeCardy, Bainbridge and Monte Scott, Brown and Maddox, Kennedy and several other teams remain at the park. The changes thus far in the make up of the teams are few. Zeigler and Coulter have practically parted and it is understood that Coulter will go with another team and Zeigler back to the Pacific coast. J. C. Coburn has returned to St. Louis to train for single races. Mayo and Saunders, the crack tandem team, has been released and returned to Boston. The number in the circuit chasing party will not be decreased. There will be about 100 men when the party again forms at Steubenville, O., on the 25th. The Williamsport, Pa., meet occurs July 22. Battle Creek, Mich., July 22 and 23, although not on the National Circuit, will secure the cream of the entries, as the Williamsport track is considered dangerous.

PROFESSIONAL ISSUE DROPPED.

The professional issue has been dropped for the time being. Johnson, Sanger and Tyler, the stars of the new class, will probably continue their special racing ventures throughout the country. Managers Eck, Shafer and Webb are deluged with offers of large purses in cities all over the United States and will accept these. No regular circuits will be followed, however. The manufacturers, at least the leading men of the trade, have said that no professional teams will be supported this season and their word is law. It is very probable that time may bring forth a plan for a new professional league under rules of its own. This, it is said, will be maintained by trotting association track owners throughout the country, to be run the year round. Lines are laid to secure Johnson, Sanger and Tyler as stars in the new venture and with these men success will be assured. It is generally admitted that the professional races run at the national meet will give a black eye to the professional sport for the present season. Conn Baker of Columbus and I. A. Silvey of Staten Island were the only two men that promotor O. S. Bonnell succeeded in securing at the national meet. Baker is head and shoulders above his fellows in the class in which he will race at Manhattan Beach, with the possible exception of Harry Wheeler, and at Riverton and other points in New Jersey, where a professional circuit will be maintained. With the action taken by the manufacturers, so opposed to professionalism for the present season, ends the probability of National Circuit dates placing professional races on their programme. The great Springfield meet in the fall will put two professional races on for each day, and will undoubtedly secure the entries of all the American "pros." and of the leading foreign professionals who are coming over early in August to race at Manhattan Beach.

From Steubenville, July 25, the circuit chasers go to Newark for the 26th, Mansfield for the 29th, Dayton for the 30th, Wausson, Aug. 1; Freemont, Aug. 2; Toledo, Aug. 3; Fort Wayne, Aug. 5; South Bend, Aug. 7, and Chicago, Aug. 9 and 10. With the meet of July 4, which was attended by 15,000 people to see Class A races only on a mile track at Washington Park, Chicago becomes one of the most important points in America from a racing standpoint. At this meet but four Class B men competed and not one of these from a point outside the city. All the Class A entries were local men. The meet of Aug. 9 and 10 is to be given on the world's fair track at Thirty-fifth street and will be in charge of Col. George K. Barrett of the Bearings, acting for the Associated Cycling Club of Chicago. The track will be in the finest possible shape, and the prizes of great value, with two special races in which the prizes will be valued for first places at $200 and $250. Chicago is also preparing to give a monster indoor meet Oct. 9, 10, 11 and 12. The indoor track will be the largest indoor track in the world. It will be four laps to the mile, thirty feet wide, and with a ten-foot banking. The track will be built in the latest approved form. The prize list will aggregate $6,000. There will be four nights of racing by electric light and two afternoon. This monster race meet will be conducted by the National Cycle Exhibition Company, and $5,000 will be devoted if necessary to the building of the track. The track will be laid in sections and will be removable. Other meets will be given during the winter. The track is built in the Coliseum, a huge building at Sixty-third street and Stony Island avenue. The building contains 300 by 770 feet of clear floor space. As the riders will be in St. Louis on Oct. 5 and as the National Circuit date in that city of Oct. 9 has been given up, the entire party will proceed from St. Louis to Chicago and thence to Omaha and further west.

STANDING OF THE MEN.

The following table shows the number of times the men have been defeated in "open" scratch events, with average figures on position of men at finish of race. Each contestant receives credit mark for every contestant he beats to tape:

Name.	Times started.	No. men defeated.	No. defeated by.	Per cent.
E. C. Bald	18	84	6	.933
Cabanne	26	123	39	.759
Callahan, L. A.	3	12	5	.705
Coulter	16	78	34	.697
Titus	14	49	24	.671
Sims	11	40	20	.666
Zeigler	18	72	47	.605
Maddox	16	62	51	.549
Johnson, E. C.	17	60	54	.526
Murphy	6	12	13	.520
Kennedy	3	6	6	.500
Butler, Nat	3	7	7	.500
Jenny	11	37	37	.500
Lemke	2	3	3	.500
Kiser	7	28	28	.500
Johnson, L. C.	15	43	44	.494
Gardiner	9	30	34	.470
Baker, Con	13	40	47	.460
Steenson	8	20	27	.425
Helfert	6	24	34	.414
Brown, Dr.	17	51	73	.411
Miller	5	13	19	.406
Fisher	6	13	17	.403
Allen	15	40	51	.400
Carter	5	17	29	.380
MacDonald	13	34	60	.361
Dirnberger	9	20	39	.340
Porter	2	3	6	.333
Macduffie	3	5	11	.312
Coburn, J. C.	4	8	18	.307
Barry	11	29	49	.290
O'Connor	3	5	15	.250
Barnett, A. H.	2	2	9	.182
Heyer	2	3	24	.111
Callahan, C. H.	2	1	8	.111
Terrill	3	1	14	.066

PRIZES WON ON NATIONAL CIRCUIT.

Name.	Firsts.	Seconds.	Thirds.	Values.
Cabanne	11	5	1	$1,825
Bald	10	3	1	1,670
Jenny	5	3	5	920
Maddox	3	6	2	900
Titus	2	3	6	655
Zeigler	2	2	5	650
Coulter	4	3	0	615
Johnson, L. C.	1	3	5	615
Kiser	1	4	2	570
Johnson, E. C.	1	4	0	475
Sims	0	5	5	455
Callahan, L. A.	3	0	1	405
Church, C. A.	1	0	0	400
Bird	1	0	0	400
Allen, F. H.	1	0	3	405
Baker, Con	2	0	3	435
Helfert	2	1	2	290
Barry	0	2	2	290
Brown, Dr.	1	2	1	265
Terrill	2	0	2	250
Murphy	0	3	0	225
Gardiner	2	0	0	225
Miller	2	0	0	225
MacDonald	1	1	1	200
Mayo and Saunders	1	1	1	200
Steenson	0	1	3	157
Fletcher and Callahan	1	0	0	150
Tyler	1	0	1	130
Coburn, J. C.	0	0	3	125
Barnett, A. H.	0	1	0	125
Butler, Nat	1	1	0	125
Porter	0	1	1	100
Lemke	1	0	0	75
Fisher	0	0	2	50
O'Connor and Coburn	0	1	0	50
Scott, Monte	0	0	1	50
Silvey	0	0	1	50
Dirnberger	0	1	0	50
Sanger	0	0	1	50
Davidson	0	1	0	100
McLeod	0	1	0	35
Kennedy	0	1	0	75
Gause	0	1	0	50
Blauvelt	0	0	1	20
Macduffie	0	0	1	20
Carter	0	0	1	20

Total winnings of National Circuit...$14,942

ED F. SPOONER.

THE BICYCLE FACE IS NOT NEW.

A Sportsman Who Holds It to Be an Indication of Character.

New York Tribune.

"How many persons have been annoyed by the criticisms of cycling and jests about the so-called bicycle face?" said an enthusiastic sportsman. "It is indeed singular that the learned persons who have discovered this bicycle face come from the ranks of the vast army who ride in either cable or trolley cars. For centuries it has been known to close observers that all men and women who ride horses, camels or elephants have set faces. When Alexander commanded his orderlies to face Bucephalus toward the sun that he might not see his shadow, and mounted the fretful charger, does any one believe that the King's features were relaxed and that the face of the mighty conqueror wore a grin? A hundred times no. The great general wore the so-called bicycle face. Did not Julius Caesar say that the stern warlike features of his cavalry were a host when his troopers confronted the infantry of Pompey?

"Did anybody ever see an ancient bass-relief of sculpture in which the features of the equestrian figures did not bear the stamp of the bicycle face? Down through the ages every rider bears the set face of the cyclist. Nobody can ride any animal or any machine that requires the centralization of thought without his features reflecting the concentration. Railroad engineers, sailors, drivers of trotting horses in races, jockeys, cavalrymen and all other equestrians have the bicycle face.

"In riding a horse, no matter where it may be, either in the park or on the prairie, the rider's mind should be on his horse. If a rider on either a horse or a bicycle is going through Central Park he may chat with a companion, but it is certain that the appearance of other riders coming toward him will cause his mind to concentrate on the question of what the persons coming toward him are going to do and how they will turn to avoid him. His wheel or his horse constantly requires his attention, even if he continues to converse with his companion.

"The lone horseman on the prairie may think of home or a thousand other things, but his safety demands that he keep his mind centered on gopher holes and other obstacles which may mean a fall. The boys who ride or exercise thoroughbreds acquire the bicycle face in a few weeks, as their minds are on their safety, even if their fancy runs riot, and they imagine that the horses they ride are future Derby or St. Leger winners. They must be alert and quick to act in an emergency. Consequently all successful jockeys have the bicycle face.

"The Mexicans, who ride as well as the Indians on the plains, have pronounced bicycle faces. So have the Moors and Egyptians, who ride the horse of the desert. In a Russian Cossack the bicycle face is hereditary, as the race is practically born in the saddle. Nobody ever saw a negro of South Africa with a bicycle face.

"To many, and especially to women, the bicycle face is a bugbear. The set face of an expert horsewoman enhances her appearance, especially if she is fair to look upon. When the woman with the bicycle face smiles she illumines everything about her, and causes untold agony to the women who would be beautiful if their features were set. The woman who can ride gracefully on either a horse or a bicycle invariably defeats her sister, who has never permitted her pleasures or pastimes to concentrate her thoughts.

"It is the same with men. A man who has not the slightest claim to passable good looks, who would be unnoticed as a porter or laborer, would yet attract attention as a trooper or calvaryman, when concentration of thought caused his homely features to assume character by being set and firm.

"To sum up, anybody who rides every day on a wheel and does not acquire the bicycle face lacks character, and a menace to himself and everybody else when on the road or on the track. The bicycle face denotes strength of mind in the persons who possess it. It means alertness, quick perception and prompt action in emergencies. The idiotic grin of some of the cigarette-smoking fellows who make fun of bicycling can never be mistaken for the 'bicycle face.' "

FEEDING THE DEAD.

Curious Religious Custom Which Is Practiced in Servia.

Philadelphia Telegraph.

The Servians are good eaters. They eat heartily during their lifetime, and it would seem that they are expected to continue eating, even after they are dead and buried. I assisted at a solemn requiem for the repose of the soul of General Horwatovitch. Some time ago Mr. Maclure died in Belgrade. This gentleman was one of the most prominent English friends of Servia. In 1876 he joined the ambulance service of the servian army, and gradually became so enamored with the Servian people that, when the second war broke out, he shouldered a gun and fought in the Servian ranks against the Turks.

In token of gratitude and respect for the memory of this Englishman, the whole of the cathedral choir, the metropolitan and fourteen priests officiated gratuitously at a requiem held for the repose of his soul. The church was crowded with sympathetic people, and these ceremonies were rendered in the cathedral of the Orthodox Church, in spite of the fact that Mr. Maclure was a Presbyterian. This speaks well for the Greek Church. Considering the honor which had thus been rendered to my fellow-countryman, it seemed that the least I could do was to join in the homage now paid to his former commander, the Servian general and hero. Thus I found myself in the cathedral, standing amid the friends and admirers of the General, and, like them, holding in my hand a burning taper, which, I take it, was emblematic of the living soul of the dead.

The priests stood around a small circular table draped with black, and on it was placed what seemed to me to be a mysterious sort of dish. The priests chanted; the choir responded from a gallery above with slow, sad, melodious music, while the crowd stood with bowed heads, silently holding their burning tapers. At last, at the end of the ceremony, the priest, taking a decanter, poured some red wine out in the form of a cross over the dish that so keenly awakened my curiosity. Then an attendant came round with a tray, in which we each extinguished and deposited our candles. By this time the dish had been removed to the door of the cathedral, where it was held by one of the relatives of the late General. One by one the crowd filed past the dish, took up the spoon and helped themselves to a mouthful.

Naturally I followed suit, and found that it consisted of boiled wheat, sweetened, strongly flavored with spices and moistened with wine. This, it appears, was the food for the dead. When I inquired what would be done with what remained in the dish, I was informed that it would be taken to the cemetery and put on the grave. Just as the Indian is buried with his bow and arrow, so that he may be fully equipped for the happy hunting fields, so the Servian is provided with food by his loving relatives for his long and last journey to the unknown land whence no traveler returns.

Naturally this savage though poetic practice has been tempered by the reason that education and civilization brings. Food—and food of all sorts—meats, cakes, corn, pastry and wine—is taken to the cemetery and brought to the grave of the departed. The wine is still poured over the grave in the shape of the cross; but instead of wasting the food by leaving it rot on the ground the persons passing by are invited to eat for the repose of the soul of the departed. Thus, especially on Saturdays, when many persons visit the graves of lost relations, a great number of poor people flock to the cemeteries, and there, in memory of the dead, are given all sorts of food.

As it would be considered a very bad omen to bring back any of the food to the house, the mourners are always eager to find persons who will accept what they have taken to the cemetery.

First they give to their friends, who only take a mouthful out of courtesy, and then help liberally any poor person who may be at hand. Thus, in a manner which does not pauperize or humiliate, are the poor relieved in honor of the dead. There is much to be said in favor of this custom. A bowl of stewed wheat or plateful of mutton chops may not seem as poetical as a wreath of flowers, but they confer an equal honor on the dead, while they are infinitely more useful to the living.

A HISTORIC INDIANA TOWN.

New Harmony Still Shows Influences of Its Founders, the Owens.

Rev. W. R. Halstead, in Christian Advocate.

The town is New Harmony, Ind., on the Wabash, twenty miles from its mouth. The country about it is rich and beautiful. At present this town, in its domestic and religious habits and business interests is clearly modern, neither better nor worse, and not to be distinguished from a score like it in the Wabash valley; but this was not so in the beginning. Its name partially represents it; it was intended to be a New Harmony. Its history is involved in the social experiments which were undertaken in this country between the years 1825 and 1850. At that time these experiments reached the dignity of a social movement, and engaged the attention of some of the brightest minds of the day. Among them were Channing, Curtis, Dana, Dwight, Lowell, Oliphant, Story, Whittier, Hawthorne, Brisbane, Parker, Miss Fanny Wright, Peabody and Greeley.

Nearly all these early advocates and believers, in one form or another, of the social vagaries of that day afterward turned aside to more practical views, but not until they had been the occasion of starting more than forty sporadic efforts toward the realization of their theories, which were as various as they were dreamy. One of these was the New Harmony settlement, whose early history and development made a deep impression on the people of Western Indiana, and attracted over the whole country larger attention than any other society, except, perhaps, Brook Farm.

Robert Dale Owen, its founder, was an Englishman, and a man of great force of character, and evidently with love in his heart for his fellow-men. His first scheme toward the elevation of his fellows was the organization of a co-operative society in New Lanark, England. This society, having the benevolent spirit in its undertaking, and some practical wisdom in its administration, and the steady-going Englishman to give it expression was without doubt very successful. This achievement threw a glamour over Owen's mind, and he came to America a talented dreamer. It is said some little friction he had with the ecclesiastics at New Lanark produced in his mind a revulsion against all religious belief; and, with eighty souls, he began this new organization that was to depart from all tried traditions, and leave God out of the estimate. It was a negation of theism, which is practical atheism, and intensely dogmatic. Owen purchased the place, including thirty thousand acres of land of the Rappites, a community similar in kind, but established on a better practical basis. The Rappites, in leaving, reserved their burial place and have since kept it in order. It is a square inclosure of an acre and a half. The brick wall about it is two and a half feet thick by five feet high, and capped with stone. The plot is a smooth sod, with not a stone or a heading for a single grave. This queer place is sacred to the Rappite dead. On the outside, next to the town and close to the wall, are a number of the graves of the unwashed; as if they had come to the iron gate here, had been refused admittance and had been laid to rest under the shadow of the wall that shut them out. Among these are a few known Methodists, who must have fallen asleep not far away.

The living are not allowed to enter this ground. The people respect the Rappite feeling about the matter, and about the only profane feet ever seen inside are those of the keeper and his lazy cow. Across the street from the Methodist Episcopal Church is the "old fort," a great solid structure of undressed stone, with its portholes and ramparts built over with bricks, and covered, and filled with milling machinery. Many of the houses in town are yet pointed out to the curious student as Rappite buildings. They are antique and original—better monuments than could be made of stone in their graveyard of a people who cared nothing about the logic of experience, but were intent, in this western forest, on giving form to their ideas of what ought to be, and in utter disregard of some great heart and mind forces which have always shown themselves stronger than any theory of society that tries to build by leaving them out of the count. In other parts of the town may be seen the remains of the Owen movement, such as the venerable half-Grecian Owen residence and the great community buildings for supply stores and storage houses, where all things were held and dispensed in common. There is also another small burial inclosure in the heart of the town; and in the center of it, as if to atone for the absence of such a thing among the Rappites, and to rebuke them, is an immense artificial burial mound. It is an oblong, about five feet high by ten wide and thirty in length. In this have been placed the bodies of several notable characters of the Owen time.

The whole Owen movement only lasted seven years. The spirit which inspired this powerful propaganda soon ran its course, because it was sentimental, and not practical. It proceeded on a profound misunderstanding as to what man's domestic and social sympathies really are, and it contradicted them, and passed away so completely that the American mind has almost forgotten the movement. Not a trace of what was supposed to be the practical features of the Owen time now remains.

The "mine" and the "thine" have come to stay. Not so with the intellectual features of the place. Ideas are the impalpable and greater things; and they persist after the forms they have induced have passed away. An old community is like an old man. They both cling to bygones after the new age has put them aside like effete rubbish in a lumber gallery.

The intellectual life of the place is in some respects of superior quality. Owen was cultured, and possessed a mind full of high ideas, and he drew around him a few to his taste, and they became dominant spirits, and gave to the place their own peculiar intellectual tone. There is there a sprightliness, a fineness, a mental elevation, which, though not distinctly Christian, must be put to the credit of the Owen movement. An aged physician has given the town a public park; and at his own expense has built a magnificent public library, and has filled it with books and works of art; and this is an expression of the public taste. The churches have not had great success, because of this lingering, old-time aversion to the foundations of religious belief; but aggressive and powerful as this spirit once was to spurn religion from the whole valley, as a positive force it has now come to wreck. It first lost countenance with itself in its failure to meet any human want; then it endured the preachers, then tolerated them, then it heard them; and now the Bible is at nearly all the funerals. The gospel grows apace. The fittest survives. The representatives of Jesus Christ will increase in New Harmony "till Gabriel blows his trumpet."

An Explanation.

Boston Transcript.

Little Johnny—Pa, what's the meaning of "Between the devil and the deep sea?"

Pa—It is emblematic, my son, of a situation of imminent danger from which there is apparently no avenue of escape in either direction; when one cannot avoid the impending evil upon one hand without running into the complimentary evil on the other hand. To illustrate: a man endeavoring to dodge a herdic coming in one direction and at the same time seeking to avoid being run down by a bicycle coming in the opposite direction.

UP AT LAKE WAWASEE

MUCH INTEREST THIS SEASON IN THE ANNUAL REGATTA.

New Yacht Built to Race—Lots of Goggle Eyes and Small Fish to Be Had.

WAWASEE, Ind., July 20.—No prettier spot for a few days' or weeks' outing can be found in the State than the shores of Turkey lake, now more commonly known as Wawasee. It is located in the extreme north edge of Kosciusko county on the line of the B. & O. railroad. Unlike many of the small lakes of this State, its banks, except in a few places, are high bluffs and the surrounding land is hilly. This feature adds much to the comfort of visitors on account of the mosquitoes naturally seeking the low spots, few of them ever venturing to the bluffs where the hotels and cottages are located. From this statement it must not be supposed that this place is entirely free from the pest, for such a place would be hard to find in a lake country, but there are as few here as can be found in any part of northern Indiana.

Lake Wawasee is the largest lake in the State and boasts of three small steamers that carry passengers, picking them up at numerous landings. They are managed somewhat on the street car system—twenty-five cents pays a passage to any point, regardless of distance. The trip the steamers make is about eleven miles and occupies something near two hours, making a pleasant way to pass the time. Picnic parties are often given aboard the boats. The boats are too small, however, to permit dancing aboard. A line through the center of the lake, following its windings, is about nine miles in length, which gave it the old name of Nine-mile lake, which it bore for many years, before it became known as a summer resort. It then became Turkey lake and more recently has assumed the pisturesque name of Wawasee, which came to it through a poem written several years ago by a lady who happened to stop here for a few days. She gathered many of the old legends of the days of the red man and made a pretty story about the fame and goodness of old chief Wea Wasee. The people gladly adopted the name, as she changed it to suit the rhythm of the poem, the more readily because the prettiest and most accessible part of the lake was then becoming known as Cedar Beach and was constantly being confounded with Cedar lake. Wawasee it has been since then and will probably always remain so.

FISH THAT ABOUND.

It is just the kind of place as one would expect to find having such a name. Wawasee town is on its north bank a little more than a quarter of a mile from the railroad station bearing the same name. From the broad veranda of the inn the finest view of the lake and its many sailing boats is obtained. After crossing a small grass plot in front of the inn about twenty-five steps lead down to the water's edge, where a pier extends out into the lake. Five minutes' rowing will take a boat to fishing grounds where striped perch and goggle eyes are abundant and ten minutes more will put the boat into deeper water where large black bass, trout and pickerel abound. Most of the visitors enjoy the more active sport of catching a good string of the small fish more than two or three exciting struggles with larger fish, so that the most of the fish caught are of the smaller kinds, but sometimes people with the true fisherman's ideas come here well prepared, and are never disappointed in a reasonably good catch.

Eli Lilly, of Indianapolis, owns a large strip of land, including the Wawasee Inn, and many people from the Hoosier capital spend their summers here. Those here now are Eli Lilly and family, J. K. Lilly and family, Mrs. Fisher, Coke Alexander, Mr. and Mrs. W. P. Fishback, Robert M. Fishback, Mr. and Mrs. Kappes and family, Mr. and Mrs. Worth Merritt, Mr. and Mrs. Charles F. Robbins, C. E. Cathcart and family, H. S. Tucker and family, Mrs. John Wocher, Miss Gertrude Wocher, Fred C. Dickson, L. M. Brown, Guy Hawkins and Leota E. McWhinnery. From other parts of the State are N. J. Wood and J. Irvin Riddle, Terre Haute; J. M. Dale, Goshen; Dr. and Mrs. J. A. Wright, Columbus; Mr. and Mrs. B. Frank Cram and Mrs. Osborn, Rushville. Besides these, there are many other Indianapolis and Indiana people on the south side of the lake at Vawter's point and The Oaks. There are more people here from Chicago than from Indianapolis, on account of the easy access from western points. Wawasee Station is 113 miles east of Chicago, on the line of the B. & O. railroad, and 142 miles from Indianapolis. On account of its distance from large cities it is never bothered with picnic parties made up of the rough element that leaves the cities every Sunday for a day's sport. It is more of a family resort than most of such places. Many cottages dot the banks of the lake and from each a small landing pier extends into the lake, and near it may usually be seen a small yacht.

THE YACHTING ENTRIES.

A large interest has grown here in yachting. This is increased yearly by the annual regatta. This year the Wawasee Inn has offered a purse of $150, of which $100 goes to the boat making the best record and $50 to the second. The regatta includes five races. Besides this there is the annual cup race. Several years ago the Wawasee Club offered a cup to be raced for each year. The winner holds it only as possessor unless in three successive years it is won by one boat, when it is to become the absolute property of the owner of the boat. It has been held for two years by the Anita, owned by Mr. Nordyke, of Nordyke & Marmon. He is not desirous of winning the cup the third time, and thus take it from the yacht club, so he has presented it to the club, and will not enter the Anita this year. This race comes off next Tuesday, and will be closely contested. The entries will be: Kelfin, by Harry Hicks and L. M. Brown; Cynthia, by Colonel Lilly; Eleanor, by Will and Charles Tucker; La Cigale, by William Seran; Marguerite, by Oscar Huey and Luther Lyon; Wawasee, by Dr. Wright; Eugenia, by Lynn Hollowell; Florence, by Vernon Griffith; Mary Louise, by R. M. Fishback; Dione, by Arthur Sudlow. Although this is a race that is not of much importance to the outside world, it is one that creates the greatest interest here, and is looked forward to from year to year with much speculation. Heretofore it has been recognized that none but the Anita and Cynthia had any chance to win. The state of affairs caused the building of the Kelfin, La Cigale and Mary Louise. They were all built especially as cup winners. The first two are what are called "skimmer dish" boats; that is, they merely skim over the water, drawing less than one foot and carry no ballast. The Mary Louise is a centerboard boat, as are all the other entries. It was not launched until last week, and has not yet even had a trial, and probably will not until to-morrow or Monday. Barring the Mary Louise, which is now a dark horse, it is believed the Kelfin will win the cup. She has shown her heels to all the other boats, and seems able to do so with ease. Under the handicap rules she has another advantage. The handicap is made according to the length of the water line and the amount of canvas spread. Her style makes her a short boat, giving her a good handicap. A great deal is expected of the Mary Louise, and if she can possibly be put in shape for the race the interest will all center in her and the Kelfin.

The purse race is exciting considerable rivalry. Two of the series of five races have been sailed, the Kelfin winning the first, and being dropped from first to last place in the second on account of fouling the Eleanor, which was given first place. As it is averages that count in this race it places the Kelfin in a position where she may lose what would have been a certain prize except for the foul.

Fishing is not so good now as it was a month ago, or will be a month later, yet enough can be caught to make good sport. The larger bass, pickerel and trout do not bite much at this season of the year. Small bass, goggle eyes, rock bass and perch are plentiful, and can be caught without the fatiguing work necessary in trolling for the larger fish. Many ladies here are expert fishers, the most enthusiastic being Mrs. Worth Merritt, who is not happy without a fishing rod in one hand and a string of fish in the other. From early morning until late at night she may be found on the water. A few evenings ago just after a storm, and while it was still raining, she was desirous of fishing after supper. Her husband had been indisposed during the day, and did not like to venture out in the rain. Covered with a mackintosh, she was preparing to go out alone, when a young man, also very fond of fishing, volunteered to go with her. Thus, she with a mackintosh and he with an umbrella, they left the ball room behind for the pleasures of the rod. She is the only woman here that will leave the dancing floor to fish.

High Noon.

Time's finger on the dial of my life
Points to high noon. And yet the half-spent day
Leaves less than half remaining! For the dark
Bleak shadows of the grave engulf the end.
To those who burn the candles in the stick,
The sputtering socket yields the little light.
Long life is sadder than an easy death.
We cannot count on raveled threads of age
Whereof to weave a fabric; we must use
The warp and woof the ready present yields,
And toil while daylight lasts. When I bethink
How brief the past, the future still more brief
Calls on to action, action! Not for me
Is time for retrospection or for dreams;
Not time for self-laudation, or remorse.
Have I done nobly? Then I must not let
Dead yesterday unborn to-morrow shame.
Have I done wrong? Well, let the bitter taste
Of fruit that turned to ashes on my lip
Be my reminder in temptation's hour,
And keep me silent when I would condemn.
Sometimes it takes the acid of a sin
To cleanse the clouded windows of our souls
So pity may shine through them. Looking back
My faults and errors seem like stepping-stones
That led the way to knowledge of the truth
And made me value virtue. Sorrows shine
In rainbow colors o'er the gulf of years
Where lie forgotten pleasures. Looking forth
Out to the Western sky, still bright with noon,
I feel well spurred and booted for the strife
That ends not till Nirvana is attained.
Battling with fate, with men, and with myself,
Up the steep summit of my life's forenoon,
Three things I learned—three things of precious worth,
To guide and help me down the western slope.
I have learned how to pray, and toil, and save;
To pray for courage to receive what comes,
Knowing what comes to be divinely sent;
To toil for universal good, since thus
And only thus can good come unto me;
To save, by giving whatsoe'er I have
To those who have not—this alone is gain.

—Ella Wheeler Wilcox, in the Arena.

ROBBING GOVERNMENT MAIL.

The Operations of a Department Messenger in Washington.

Washington Special.

The Department of State is now engaged in an effort to straighten out the tangles left in a part of its correspondence by the dishonesty of the young messenger recently discharged for opening letters containing money for passport fees. The culprit was a very attractive lad of about fifteen, well-connected, intelligent, polite, and quick of action. He was appointed to his place through the influence of some persons of prominence, not long after the present administration came in, and soon made friends right and left in the department.

During the spring just past, some of the boy's mates outside had their suspicions aroused that all was not right with him by noticing the lavish way in which he spent money. He always seemed to have all the money he wanted, and he attended the theater not less than three or four times a week. He also began making handsome presents to his friends—jewelry and bric-a-brac, for the most part, too fine for a lad in his circumstances to buy. He explained the matter by a plausible story about having received these articles as gifts from various foreign ministers and attaches who visited the department, and for whom he had been able to do little favors now and then.

Simultaneously letters began to come to the department containing references to previous letters inclosing money and checks. It appeared, then, that there was something more than a mere coincidence in the fact that the extravagant boy had the handling of a part of the daily mail in which valuable inclosures were often made. A watch was set upon him, and a record kept of the number of letters and packages which were put into his hands by one of his superiors and the number which he afterward turned over to another. On the day of this experiment four pieces of mail matter were missing. He was searched thoroughly for these, but they could not be found on his person, although he had been under somebody's eye every minute from the beginning of the surveillance till the end of the search. It was not discovered for a long time afterward that, on the pretense of looking for something on the floor, while he was under guard, but before he was stripped, he had contrived to slip the stolen letters beneath one of the heavy articles of furniture.

The impossibility, even in the face of the evidence that the mail had been robbed, of fastening physical proofs of guilt upon the obvious robber baffled the officers of the department for some time, but an experienced detective was called into the case. This functionary soon caught the boy in a series of self-contradictions, besides accumulating facts outside which wove themselves together into a network around him and forced him into a full confession. It then turned out that he had been for several months systematically rifling a part of each mail which passed through his hands, taking whatever of value he could find, and destroying or hiding all the letters, regardless of their contents. The confusion into which this discovery threw the correspondence of the office will take some time to undo. Important links are missing here and there in cases where their absence may cause the greatest inconvenience to all concerned.

There has thus far been no public prosecution, as the relatives of the young scamp show a disposition to make good the consequences of his wrong-doing so far as lies in the power of any one to do so. For this reason no special publicity has been given to the matter.

MARK TWAIN'S FAILURE.

Charge that It Was Through Poor Business Judgment Not Sustained.

Philadelphia Record.

Some of the comments upon the financial failure of Mark Twain overlook the fact that every life has some measure of failure. Mark Twain's life, on the whole, has been a remarkable success, and he still enjoys the possession of a money earning faculty which will soon put him on his feet again. A New York explanation of the failure is that it "was due to lack of good judgment, for it was found when the crash came that the firm was loaded down with a lot of riff-raff biographies and memoirs of people in whom the public had absolutely no interest." The ignorance manifested in this explanation would be remarkable if it had appeared anywhere else than in the local columns of a New York paper. The biographies and memoirs published by Mark Twain's firm consisted mainly of the memoirs of General Grant, the memoirs of General Sherman and the personal recollections of General Sheridan. These are persons about whom we have always thought the American people cared a good deal.

General Grant's book sold in enormous numbers. The profits of it Mark Twain very largely turned over to the Grant family. If he had scooped these profits for himself, an act which we infer would have shown what is called sound business judgment on his part, the firm could have tided over the hard times; but the Grant family would have suffered. General Sherman's book is a standard authority and one of the most readable and popular of war books. General Sheridan's book never sold, and there never was any reason why it should sell. But here the publishers were deceived in a perfectly natural way by the popular reputation of the soldier.

Another book published by Mark Twain's firm was Stedman's American Literature, one of the most useful of American books; one demanding great industry and special knowledge on the part of the authors. It will be seen that among the comparatively few books published by Mark Twain's firm during the short period of its existence was the one book which has sold in larger numbers than any other modern book, and two other works of the first importance. Such a record shows not poor judgment but the best of judgment, while the extraordinary royalties paid the Grant family displayed a liberality that may possibly account for the failure of the firm, but which will never be any discredit to Mark Twain.

A Remarkable Englishwoman.

Springfield Republican.

Not all the women of the last generation were mindless dolls. There was, for instance, Miss Phoebe Brown, of Matlock, Eng., as noted by William Hutton in 1801. Her common dress was a man's hat, coat, with a spencer above it, and men's shoes. She could lift 100 weight with each hand and carry 14 stone. Her voice was more than masculine, it was deep-toned, and, the wind in her face, she could send it a mile. Yet she had no beard. She could sew, knit, cook, spin, but hated them all; she accepted any kind of manual labor, but her favorite vocation was breaking-in horses at a guinea a week. She was an excellent judge of a cow, and shot accurately with a gun. Her chief food was milk, and she was fond of Milton, Pope and Shakspeare. This admirable female also performed neatly on the flute, violin, harpsicord and bass viol. She could cover easily forty miles a day, and when a gentleman at the New Bath treated her rudely she said that "she had a good mind to have knocked him down."

AMERICAN COOKERY.

Coming to Be a Fine Art and Practiced by Fashionable Dames.

New York Mail and Express.

The British reproach that there were no cooks in America has long since lost its force. The hideous meals which Dickens lampooned and Collins made fun of are things of the past. Uncle Sam, aroused to action, made a brilliant flank movement, and, by importing a hundred chefs and a thousand cooks from France, Switzerland and Germany, soon made America superior to the English cuisine. Not content with this he demanded finer cooking, more artistic service and handsome environment until in Delmonico's, the Hoffman, Brunswick and St. James, and, above these, in the Waldorf, the Holland, and the Netherland, he had established restaurants which surpassed anything the world had ever known. There are a score of American dining rooms where you can obtain every great wine of the world; where you can regale yourself with snails from France, lampreys from Italy, pate de fois gras from Germany, wild turkey, reed birds, canvass backs and terrapin from the United States, mutton from Canada and fruit from the California edens, and where you can please the palate with Indian curries, Arabian kabobs, Mexican tamales, Chinese sweetmeats, German delicatessen and Australian preserves. Nowhere else can such a bill of fare be found. The mantle of Epicurus and Lucullus has fallen upon Gotham. The ghost of Brillat-Savarian wanders smiling in the magnificent kitchens of Fifth avenue and Madison Square. When Americans once start on anything they keep it up forever. The bull dog quality they inherited from their English ancestry is their chief characteristic to-day. They never tire and never lose their grip. Franklin astonished the world by harnessing the lightning, and Edison, Maxim, Tesla and Man are following in his footsteps at the present moment. Fulton made the first steamboat and the Cramps are making the first steamers and warships.

So with cooking. We have advanced it from a domestic accomplishment to a fine art and practical science. We pay our chefs from $3,000 to $10,000 a year, and think nothing of importing dainties and luxuries from every part of the globe. We have cooking schools in every district, and deliver lectures on cooking chemistry and physiological cooking in nearly all our colleges. Our groceries overflow with health foods, with hygienic oatmeal and other gastronomic abominations. The voice of the vegetarian is heard in the land, and such horrors as tomato cutlets, macaroni chops, ragout of turnips and fillet of beans convert the banquets of harmless and well-meaning health reformers into Golgothas and living nightmares. Little boys cry out for oysters a la poulet and little girls quarrel over the best lubricant for the interior of a saute pan.

If you ask for a pot roast instead of a braise you are voted a barbarian. If you call a vol au vent de mouton a mutton pie you are ostracised, and if you dare to refer to a sorbet Romain as orange ice with Jamaica rum, you are put in jail. The cooking cult now reigns supreme. Scientific cooking is now everywhere. One society leader has a solid silver chafing dish, another has one of gold, and still another has a set of kitchen utensils in sterling which excel anything known. Man, the king of creation, has no place in this new world. Professors of chemistry are ignored and voted a bore. In their stead are a number of talented and highly educated women.

There is Marion Harland and there is also her gifted daughter, Christine Terhune Herrick; there are Miss Parloa and Mrs. McElrath, and above all is Miss Cornelia C. Bedford. Miss Bedford is one of the few who have made cooking a scientific study. She is a chemist and a scientist as well as a gastronome and a chef. Her father was a pedagogue and man of high culture, and from him she inherits many of her distinguished traits. She not only teaches, but delivers addresses upon topics suggested by her classes or by the faculty of the college in which she is a justly celebrated professor of her calling. She takes part in scientific congresses and is an honored speaker before professional conventions. And the work done by these society leaders and their trained and talented teachers is enormous.

There are lectures and classes, demonstrations and discussions. There are schools and clubs and societies. There is even an "Association of Cooking Teachers of New York." There is a 'Chafing Dish Club,' a "Hasty Pudding Club," a "Haggis Society," and a "Curry Club." There is a "New York Cooking School," a "Working Girls' Cooking School,' and a "Kind Word Cooking School." There are others of lesser note and degree, too numerous to mention. No fad ever equaled this. It deserves untold praise and support. It will abolish bakers' bread and salaratus biscuit, vitriolic tea and blonde coffee, greasy soup and sweetened green peas, fried beefsteak and indigestible pie. It will exercise the demon of dyspepsia and the terrors of the banquet board. It will enable every diner-out to echo amen to Shakespeare's "May good digestion wait on appetite, and health on both."

WOMEN IN SHOE STORES.

Lady Purchasers Make Men Clerks Tired by Wasting Time.

Chicago Chronicle.

"When a woman buys shoes she makes a man tired," said the superintendent of a big Clark-street shoe store the other day. "That's why we have so many young women in here to sell shoes. They bear up under the strain better than men, and they are cheaper—a mighty important fact when you remember how long a time is required to sell a woman a pair of shoes. The average woman consumes from forty minutes to one hour and a half in buying a pair of $1.50 shoes. Then the chances are that she'll come around next day and want the shoes exchanged. Men are different? Oh, yes. A man will come in here and select and pay for a $5 pair of shoes and get out without spending more than fifteen or twenty minutes. Although we do not have one-fifth as many men customers as women, our sales to men amount to about one-third of the sales to women. You see, men, as a rule, buy fewer, but more expensive, shoes than women. We get along first rate with men, unless their wives come with them. A man makes a mistake when he brings his wife with him to buy shoes. Then the deuce is to pay, especially in summer. You see, women wear such dainty, pointed little things that all men's shoes are ugly in their sight, and they will have their husbands reject pair after pair, without trying on, simply because they don't like the looks of them. The price cuts no figure with women when they are helping their husbands to select shoes.

"Women are great on exchanging shoes, too. Nine-tenths of our exchanging is done for the benefit of our women customers. No, we don't have so much trouble with them when they come back for that purpose, for they usually have a certain pair in mind that they tried on the day before. They have simply changed their mind—woman's prerogative, over night. Practically all the shoes we sell to women this time of year are tans. Ninety pair in every hundred we sell are tan ties. They are cheap and they wear out fast, and therefore give the dear creatures the opportunity of coming here frequently, which, I must say, they seem to like. We like to have them, too, for with all their fuss we get our living and our profits out of their trade.

"Tan shoes for men are about the only kind we sell at this season, except the patent leathers for evening wear. Gaiters are coming in slowly but surely. Patent leather gaiters are the proper thing for evening wear though most men do not realize it. We sell about twenty pairs of gaiters to every eighty pairs of lace shoes. Button shoes in tan are something of a fad just now. With the new big buttons they are very dressy. Men's ties are not worn as much as formerly, but many men will wear only a low shoe in summer, so low tans are manufactured to supply these sensible fellows, for, after all, low shoes are the most comfortable in hot weather."

BY THE SEA WAVES.

Freaks and Peculiarities of People Who Bathe.

Philadelphia Record.

They are bright, intelligent young men, these Atlantic City life guards, and they note many queer freaks and customs among the large family of bathers they are commissioned to protect. Of these there is an aged couple, who invariably kneel under the boardwalk above Virginia avenue and fervently offer up a prayer for their safety before they slowly walk, hand in hand, to the inviting surf. There is a demure young miss, who wears her golden hair hanging down her back, and has a sinker tied to the end of her pretty braid to keep it in position. Her gallant escorts occasionally get a black eye when showing her too devoted attention in the tumbling waves. Another young lady smears her face with oil and glycerine every time she takes a plunge in the breakers. She keeps the preparation in a tin box, which she deposits in the sand on her Neptunic flights. The life guard was shy about asking her object, but vouchsafed the suggestion that it was to keep her "face from corroding."

Two bright-looking and shapely young girls, attired in the nattiest of bathing robes, daily create a lot of amusement below the ocean pier by standing together on the beach while two dapper youths bring the ocean to them. This is accomplished by the young men filling the girls' rubber surf caps with sea water which they carry up the beach and douse over the heads of the timid young women. This novel baptismal-like application of the saline elixir is received with shouts and screams by the merry maids, who seem to enjoy the queer bathing process and appear to be totally oblivious of the fun afforded spectators by their odd antics. A stout male bather always takes a big gulp of salt water before he breasts the breakers, probably with the intention of becoming familiar internally as well as externally with the compassing element.

Another man stuffs his ears and nostrils with raw cotton as he enters the water, and still another bather liberally uses the sea water to bathe his eyes, to gargle his throat, preparatory to joining the dense crowd in the surf. It is no uncommon sight to see bathers wearing eyeglasses, and on several occasions ultra-aesthetic young lady bathers, with fashion-plate bathing costumes, have been seen wearing gloves as they gingerly dodged a two-inch ripple on the edge of the surf. There is no end of bathers, so called, who simply dampen their hair and wash their feet in a flirtation with the breaking waves as they spread along the beach, and who return to their bath-houses with their bodies untouched by the refreshing and invigorating salt water.

RIVAL ACTRESSES.

Bernhardt's Personal Popularity Greater Than Duse's.

Nellie Hooper's Letter.

Speaking of Parisian idols reminds us of the only one to whom Paris is faithful in her worship, namely, Sarah Bernhardt. The great actress has been playing in London to overflowing houses, whereas her Italian rival, Eleanora Duse, was not drawing nearly so well at a neighboring theater. Hence the Italian actress hates the French tragedienne with an intensity of hatred which Sarah does not take the trouble to return. There were most elaborate advance notices respecting Duse published in the French press so Paris, with the languid interest usually inspired here by foreigners, prepared to judge the Italian actress; but lo she acted not. Now this incoherence of action roused our curiosity, and so we determined to find out why we were deprived of this dramatic treat, and after much investigation we managed to hunt down a personage who was very learned in matters theatrical, and found out all about everything. Every arrangement, it seems, had been made for Duse to act in Paris. Sarah, before her departure for Brussels, had concluded negotiations with the Italian's manager, and had shown herself, as usual, lavish in her arrangements and most generous in her hopes for her rival's success. No sooner did Duse hear where she was to act in Paris than she flatly refused to act in "that woman's theater." Sarah smiled and accepted her decision.

Here our informant, who, it is needless to say, was French, grew eloquent in his wrath and drew a comparison between the two great actresses, with both of whom he has had dealings.

Sarah, it seems, is the best of comrades and most kindly of women. She never takes a point from any of her actors, is perfectly ready to "play up" to her leading man, as the term goes, when the scene belongs to him. Duse, on the contrary, ignores her company, walks on the stage with a nod of greeting, rehearses, and walks off without addressing a syllable to any one. She sacrifices her leading man so entirely as to cause her maneuvers to be a source of amusement to the knowing ones in the audience. In "La Dame Aux Camellias" she makes Armand stand with his back to the public during some of his best speeches, and generally arranges all business to show herself off to the best advantage, and utterly to quench any chance of success for the members of her troupe. Duse has but one real passion on earth, and that is her love for her daughter, a girl of eleven or thereabouts, who is being educated in Italy. She is frightfully unpopular with all her managers and employes, for she is rude beyond expression to every one, and her dislike of newspaper publicity is merely one expression of her intense misanthropy. In extenuation of her peculiarities, it must be said that she is a very ill woman, and if there is one thing calculated to give one a jaundiced view of life, it is the necessity for exertion when one's physical strength is inadequate to the strain upon it. Reports from London say that Duse's second engagement there is a dead failure, but she looks forward to her American tour this winter with anticipation of fresh successes.

PUPPIES AND TRAINING.

The Dog Cannot Learn What He Should When in Confinement.

Forest and Stream.

The manner in which many people care for puppies, as compared with the high expectations which they have concerning their puppies' mental and physical development, are so antagonistic that they are sources of wonderment to those who give the matter rational thought. Many puppies and dogs are kept in confinement, or, what is worse, on a chain. If under restraint on a chain, the puppy or dog acquires a habit of standing at the extreme length of it, pulling it taut.

This strained position, elbows out and neck set hard in the collar, the whole body leaning forward and resting against the collar, soon becomes habitual, and then he stands out of shape when not on chain. The puppy grows up with light and badly formed bone, elbow out, and, from constant fretting and irritation, with a most ill-favored countenance. The scowl which comes from tugging at the end of a chain, from anxiety to be released, and from the irritation of such confinement, in time becomes permanently set and mars the dog's expression. For his best development and health the dog requires freedom.

Any man, if confined to his room with nothing to read and no one to give him any information, would consider himself unjustly treated if he were expected to learn worldly ways and worldly knowledge under such circumstances. The puppy cannot learn when confined. He learns only by direct experience. Unlike man he can gain no knowledge from the speech of others or from writings. Cut off his powers of observation and the source of all knowledge is cut off from him. Confine him, his physical development is impaired.

The dog thrives only when he has sufficient liberty. The knowledge which man teaches him is but little compared to the vast knowledge which he acquires from his own observation and perception. Information does not come to him by instinct. If it were so the dog, when kept in confinement all his life, would have an equal knowledge with the one which has its liberty. Every one who has owned dogs knows how essential experience is to them. The city dog in the country for the first time is in a new world. He chases sheep at first sight and all kinds of fowl alike are his prey.

A frog is a source of quizzical wonder and careful investigation, while a butterfly affords delight. Yet the country dog in town has far more complexities to encounter and many dangers to learn and guard against. The strange noises of the city are terrifying to him; the crowds of people cut off his view of his master, and if a corner is turned he is lost.

Only by experience can the dog learn the problem of living. Give him his liberty and he will gain his own knowledge of every-day life; he will grow up healthy and vigorous and his temper will be sweet and even. Inaction and seclusion have the same effects on both men and dogs—undeveloped minds and bodies.

The Bird Could Talk.

San Francisco Post.

A small boy carrying a big cage with a parrot in it got aboard a Market-street car last Thursday and took a seat next to a benevolent looking man wearing a white tie.

The boy set the cage down in front of him and as the car started the parrot began to mutter in most unintelligible fashion. The benevolent-looking man glanced up from his paper and said:

"Nice parrot, isn't he?"

"Yep."

"Is he yours?"

"Nop; m'uncle's."

"What's his name?"

"Chimmie Fadden."

"Can he talk?"

"O' course; hello Chimmie!" bending over the cage.

"What t'ell! What t'ell! What t'ell!" screamed the bird, without an instant's hesitation.

The benevolent looking man got red in the face, and a girl across the car giggled. Other passengers laughed also. The owner of the white tie got behind his newspaper, while the small boy looked innocently out of the window.

One Strange Thing.

Nashville American.

The observing newspaper man sees a great many strange things in the course of his life. One of the strangest is the alacrity with which sensitive John Smith or Bill Jones runs to the editor to have him publish broadcast the fact that Mr. Smith or Mr. Jones is not the Mr. Smith or Mr. Jones "who was arrested yesterday for vagrancy," etc. Some of these oversensitive fellows, whose reputations and surroundings would cause nobody to put them in the arrested man's place, become very indignant when the editor mildly protests against publishing the so-called "correction." They are convinced that everybody is saying that they have been arrested or that they were drunk or acting in some other disgraceful way, and hence they must have the fact blazoned to a curious world that they are not drunkards, or horse thieves, or vagrants. The world is full of these people, and they never realize how funny it appears to the public until somebody chides them about it.