Hunting a Horsethief.

I turned about in my arm-chair and gazed dreamily out the open window, past the few scattering village houses, across fields of green to the Kentucky hills, fresh with verdure and streaked with rain-washed gullies. The warm breeze, odorous with the sweetness of locust bloom, crept in, rustling my papers with nervous stealth and touching my cheek in languorous caress. Along the base of the nearest rise stretched a patch of green, now rising and falling in measured swells, seeming like waves to ebb and flow, and to lap and curl in disappointment against the shelving sides of the hill. Far up the slope and nearly to the top of the pine-crowned summit blue smoke lazily crept upward from a cabin sheltered in a rocky cleft, and from some hidden ravine floated the distant tanking of a restless cow-bell. As I looked a bird, fluttering from the waving wheat, mounted high and higher, pouring forth its soul in ecstatic melody; fainter it grew until, at least, its voice seemed to falter and fail from pure rapture. I withdrew my gaze from its environments of nature's beauty and glanced about my dingy little office. Never had it looked so small and mean. Never had its dusty volumes seemed so unsufferably dull, nor the briefs and petitions scattered about so tiresome and monotonous. I surveyed myself with affected interest, noticing my worn knees and examining my hands critically, even to the ink stains on my fingers.

A bumble-bee, having lost his way, perhaps in quest of a shorter cut, buzzed officiously in and settled on the panes of glass, crawling about in surprise for a moment and then bumping against his prison walls with persistently useless purpose, grumbling at his failure to pass the transparent barrier. Presently, tired with his angry efforts, he fell to the sill below, and having found no bones broken and nothing to bar his way, hummed with sudden haste out of the window. With an impatient gesture I jumped up from my chair, and following my late companion, sought the open air, sauntering along the old gallery to my accustomed seat. I was not long alone. Down the grass-grown street in front of the postoffice the usual crowd was congregated, awaiting in patient anxiety the distribution of the mail. There were people gathered there who would inquire for letters, presently, just as they had each day, for years, and they would each be disappointed, just as they expected to be. It was a time-honored custom among the townsmen to visit the postoffice with unceasing regularity; this done by the head of the family, the day was fairly begun, and other onerous tasks were then able to be overcome. While it was expected of the father, or, in his absence, the eldest heir, to ask for mail, this in nowise excluded any other member of the family from afterwards performing a like errand. Thus, in time, the postmaster daily met face to face the entire population of the village, from the tallest, who stooped to peer in the dilapidated delivery window, to the smallest member, who swung on to the casing and clambered up to its portals in reckless defiance of scraped shins and battered knees. Not to be out-done I crossed the rutted street, and lent my presence to increase their numbers. When I, along with the rest, had met with the usual disappointment, I slowly walked back to my rickety bench, and prepared to entertain my visitor. After a time the assemblage broke up, and a few of the stragglers, headed by Zeke Edwards, shuffled towards me — Zeke, hitching his unsuspendered trousers as he walked and squinting his eyes in the morning sun. "I low, 'Squire," he said, sinking into the seat at my side, with a sigh of relief. "I low you ain't got any of 'at chewing baccy you gin me last week? Powerful fine eatin'," he mumbled as he tore off a mouthful of the plug I had given him, and turned it over to his neighbor. This was the last I saw of the weed. It passed eagerly from hand to mouth as it were and at last disappeared in the maw of a tall backwoodsman. Zeke Edwards braced his feet against the railing of the gallery, and pushed himself back, until the chair legs creaked ominously under him.

"I reckon," he went on, after looking in easy contemplation over his companions, who had found restful positions, preparing to do nothing luxuriously. "I reckon 'at its jest boun' ter rain terday. My rheumatics do be powerful bothersome this mornin', bones jes' creakin' 'n grindin' in their sockets."

None of his auditors cared to combat this statement after having made a careful study of the sky, but seemed to accept it with undoubted assurance. A long jointed man ceased his whittling at a stick for a moment and spat solemnly with a prolonged gurgling sound.

"I presume," he said, meaningly, looking at the crowd, "'at you be shore 'ats whut's ailin' of you. We low as it be f'om roostin' out doors in trees."

The bystanders broke into loud laughter and settled into interested attitudes. Zeke slid well down in his chair and looked studiously ahead toward the uplands.

"I never see th' like of craps," he said, reflectively. "'Pears like th' wheat yander sight mighty purty. I olluz sorter fancied," he resumed after meditative silence, "'at they uz a language 'mongst growin' things. Somethin' 'at each stalk 'n' leaf 'n' flower could understan'. An' th' bees knows it, an th' birds, too. I low ef we had ears to hear we could sense th' speakin' at goes on when th' grain nods an' whispers at each other."

"I low," interrupted the same droning voice, "'at you mus' be pretty well up in scrub oak dialeck, 'cording to that."

Zeke cast a look far ahead of him. "Look't 'at pesky buzzard," he said, pointing his finger skyward, where the scavenger bird slowly wheeled and circled round and round. "I 'low," he continued, half to himself, "as he uz found' 'at hoss thief 'at Mort Long killed las' week."

This sally awoke a storm of laughter in the audience, which ended in guffaws, and indeed, the effect was not lost on the target himself, who up to this time had played the roll of inquisitor very successfully. Mort shuffled his feet uneasily and smiled a mournful smirk.

"Tell us about it, tell us, Zeke," encouraged the now thoroughly attentive crowd. "Yes, tell us," I encouraged.

"It uz this away," said Zeke, presently, turning his back on the spectators and addressing his remarks to me. "I mought as well out 'ith it, though I 'lows I uz have no call ter be shamed for shore. T'other night me 'n' Mort Long rid over t' th' holler church t' 'tend 'vival meetin'. We lowed 'ligion boun' t' flow like water. Well, Mort 'n' me uz rid in home arter meetin' uz out, 'n' jest arter we klim the ridge what does we sight but a man ridin' 'n' leadin' a big dapple gray hoss. I lowed to Mort 'at I 'ud know that hoss in th' 'fernal regions. It uz Jim Parker's critter at uz stole a spell back. S'I to Mort, S'I, Mort, I reckon they uz a reeward fer 'at hoss be'ant they? 'N Mort he 'lowed they be. So twixt th' two of us we argies at we be looking 'at th' very thief hisself a' lightin' out 'ith his critters, 'n' 'grees to captivate him shore whosomever he be; so 'ith 'at we jes' nachully slopes arter him hotter'n fried grease, 'n' he jes' tears up th' groun' gittin' away. Bimeby he looks back 'n' sees we uz boun' ter ketch him 'n he jumps th' fence, leavin' his critters behin' 'n' lopes inter th' big woods, an' us arter him full tilt. I 'low it was allfired dark 'mongst th' trees, 'n' 'ith fallin' over logs 'n' slashin' th'ough bushes; 'n' bresh I got sorter dumphisticated an' uz jes' bout'n ter gin up th' chase for los'; then I hears sticks crackin' ahind me, an' fergitten bout'n Mort bein' follerin' I jest lights inter him like mad, thinkin' it uz th' robber himself. An' I jis wallers him quick, him down 'n' beggin' fer life, an' me hollerin' fer help. All to onc't I see 'nother feller runnin' to'ards me in th' woods, I 'low it be reinforcements fer the crimynal; I jest sorter figgers I uz run plum inter a nst of 'em, 'n' 'cording' I up's 'n' nachully—

"Squire," interrupted Mort, "he ain't tellin' it kerect I uz skinnin' 'long, 'n' fust thing I knows some one jest jump all over me. I fit 'n' fit desputly, 'n' uz gittin th' vantage fas' when all of a suddent he jest lets up and slopes, 'n' th' las' thing I sees of him he uz clim'in' th' tree 'n' clawin' bark like he uz skeart nigh t' death.

"Skeart!" broke in Zeke. "I 'low I hez no call ter be skeart. I reckon I don't let no man coward me, nor you neither. I dares you to prove my skeer. As fur clim'in' a tree, I know'd if I could jist git my bearin's onct. I 'ud know which way to lead th' pesky varmint ter git him cornered. 'Sides, I 'low you be powerful panicky whilst I uz wallopin' of you—you see, 'squire," he said, turning to me explanatorily, "it turns out 'at Mort 'n' I jest nachully falls on each other by mistake, each thinkin' t'other be the crimynal, an' I reckon Mort got thrashed powerful. You 'orter heerd him beg," he went on, grinningly. "I 'low he implored moughty fin' fer a brave man."

"Well," rejoined Mort, "I 'low ez I clim no tree. I lights out fer home ter get help, when I see him treed, 'n' by time I gets back it uz plum mornin', 'n' what do you s'pose we foun'? Zeke Edwards heer a' roostin' high up in a scrub oak, like a turkey, an' ol' Jim Parker hisself a hidin' behin' a stump close by. You see, it uz Jim 'at uz ridin' 'n' leadin' of his own hoss, an' we uz chasin' him fer a thief. An' there th' two of 'em sot all night like plum ejuts, each gyardin' t'other, 'n' both of um 'lowin' 'at t'other was th' robber. Jim he uz skeart ter leave the stump, fear'd Zeke 'ud ketch him, an' Zeke he dassen't kim out'n th' tree less Jim 'ud git him shore, 'n' they both so powerful panicky they don't know each other."

At this juncture I could control myself no longer, but rolled on the floor in paroxysms of laughter, in which the others joined. Zeke sat very still and looked gravely disapproving. It was plain to see that he did not relish the turn events had taken.

"Shoot," he said finally. "I knowed all th' time it uz Jim Parker ahind the stump. I lowed he uz jest nachully dead from skeer, 'n' I jes' done it t' pestify him. As fer Mort, th' neighbors do say 'at he mighty nigh lope hisself down from fright. An' whut does he do but tell every one he meets 'at he uz have a powerful conflict with hoss thiefs in the cave, an' he reckons he just nachully kill a passel of 'em. I 'low 'at ef any of 'em died it be f'om runnin' they'sselves to death chasin' o' him."

Mort winked broadly at me. "Zeke is 'at powerful fond o' fun," he chuckled, "'at he jest sots up in a tree 'twell plum mornin', jest to get th' laugh on Jim Parker. I 'low he be powerful jokefied shore, an' at his age, too!"

Zeke drew himself up out of his chair, and stretched himself to his height. His accusing gaze rested severely on his tormentor, beginning at his feet and finally ending with the shock of dust-colored hair that surmounted his head. He looked up at the ceiling of the gallery, then down across the bottoms, to where a steamer, with hoarse bellowing of whistles, was making for the landing. He opened his mouth to answer, and then closed it just as suddenly. "Humph!" he sniffed, contemptuously, and turning on his heel walked off across the creaking floor, stepping high and carefully, like a blind horse.

A. C. GARRIGUS.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

A Point of Similarity.

Puck.

The Count—In French we call it "dot."

Her Father—You just call it "dough?" That's what some folks call it in English.

Defined.

Puck.

"Papa, what is intuition?"

"Intuition, my child, is what your mother claims to have when she makes a good guess."

A Patriot.

Puck.

"Put not your trust in princes," said the bishop.

"I don't," replied the coal baron; "my trust is in the United States."

Run Down.

Detroit Tribune.

"To be sure," said Satan, "you will find our place somewhat out of repair. It is not what it was before the days of the liberal movement in theology."

Injury.

Detroit Tribune.

"Does the bicycle hurt your business?"

"Yes. The junior partner and the confidential buyer are both in the hospital." And the Man of Affairs sighed heavily.

Not for Pleasure.

Houston Post.

Visitor (in the penitentiary)—What brought you here, my friend?

Burgling Jimmy—The cops, of course. D'ye think I kum here on a pleasure excursion?

Discouraged.

Harper's Bazar.

First Spinster—What do you think the coming man will be like?

Second Spinster (wearily)—Oh. I don't know. I don't believe he's coming. I have given up looking for him.

Mistaken.

Hartford Times.

Old Lady—Poor fellow! I suppose your blindness is incurable. Have you ever been treated?

Blind Man—Yes, mum, but not often. 'Taint many as likes to be seen going into a barroom with a blind beggar.

A Sad Mistake.

Pittsburg Chronicle Telegraph.

"For gracious sake!" exclaimed George Washington Snowball to his wife, "what yo' doin' wid dat razzer?"

"Cuttin' mah cohns."

"Den yo' jis' drap it right away! Yo' hear me! Dat's mah pahty razzer!"

Rest.

Puck.

The Doctor—The trouble with you is that your brain is overworked.

The Millionaire—What would you advise, Doctor.

The Doctor—Well, if I were situated as you are, I'd buy a seat in the United States Senate.

His War Record.

Judge.

Mrs. Farmer—You say you was a soldier in the late war?

Truthful Tomkins—Yes'm; I wuz killed at Antietam.

Mrs. Farmer—Killed?

Truthful Tomkins—Theoretically killed, ma'am; I wuz never heard uv afterward.

Two Women.

New York Weekly.

Mrs. Minks (with an ill-concealed air of triumph)—Mrs. Winks, I feel it my duty to tell you that your husband tried to flirt with me to-day.

Mrs. Winks (with a well-simulated air of truth, although she was lying)—Yes, my dear; I told him to do it, so your husband would take warning and treat you better."

His Strong Point.

Chicago Tribune.

"Absalom," said Mrs. Rambo, "have you time to take this carpet out and——"

"Don't ask me to do anything to that carpet, Nancy," responded Mr. Rambo. "I want to rest."

"I think you're always wanting to rest when I ask you to do any little job about the house," wrathfully rejoined Nancy. "You'd be worth a good deal to a bicycle maker."

"Why, my dear?"

"Because you've got an everlasting tire on you."

Except the Man Who Has Bought One.

New York Commercial Advertiser.

The most unmitagated bore in existence is the man about to invest in a new bicycle.

OFFERINGS OF THE POET.

In the Golden World.

Ah—once we fared to Arcady—
The road lured onward, rich and free;
All the time was heavenly—skies were blue,
The world was music—sweet and new.

Now fades the roseflush—skies are gray—
Loved strains but echo—well-a-day;
Though paths wind where no meetings be—
Ah—once we fared to Arcady.

New Albany, Ind. —Emma Carleton.

Her Happiness.

Since that day of which no word
From her lips is ever heard
She has known that at her side
Sorrow evermore must bide,
Drink her cup and eat her bread,
Walk her paths and share her bed,
Be the last to say good night,
Greet her first at morning light,
Go with her through all her ways,
To the ending of her days.

This is hers at last; to know
Life has dealt its heaviest blow,
She has nothing more to dread;
All her bitterest tears are shed.
Pain has now no poisoned dart
That she fears may reach her heart;
Neither day nor night can bring
Any untried suffering.

It is something just to rest
Of this dreary peace possessed;
Just to slip the long control
Of her pride-encompassed soul,
And to let the days move on
In accepted montone;
Not to more anticipate
This severest blow of fate;
Not against its doom to pray,
Any more by night or day;
Not to fear its deadly blight,
Any more by day or night.

As the storm-tossed mariner
Finds the desert island fair
After all the storm's wild distress,
So she, too, is almost glad.
Is there aught in life more sad?
What have been her strife and loss,
Her despair and pain and cross,
Who at last can almost bless
Such a hopeless happiness!

—Carlotta Perry, in Lippincott's.

The Drawing of the Sword.

Beneath a royal mantle, fair
With goodly work of lustrous vair,
Girt fast against her side she bare
A sword whose weight bade all men there
Quail to behold her face again.
Save of a passing perfect knight
Not great alone in force and fight
It might not be for any might
Drawn forth and end her pain.

So spake she; then King Arthur spake:
"Albeit indeed I dare not take
Such praise on me, for knighthood's sake
And love of ladies will I make
Assay it better none may be!"
By girdle and by sheath he caught
The sheathed and girded sword, and wrought
With strength whose force availed him naught
To save and set her free.

Again she spake: "No need to set
The might that man had matched not yet
Against it; he whose hand shall get
Grace to release the bonds that fret
My bosom and my girdlestead
With little strain of strength or strife
Shall bring me as from death to life
And win to sister or to wife
Fame that outlives men dead."

—From "The Tale of Balen," by Algernon Charles Swinburne.

Chloe.

Out in the orchard,
The bent old apple tree,
Weighted,
And white-freighted,
A-flutter seems to be,
As amid the branches
The wind sings merrily.

Out in the orchard,
So fair beneath its shade,
Smiling,
And beguiling,
She watches sunset fade,
Pretty little Chloe,
A dainty, gold-haired maid.

Out in the orchard,
As dark the shadows loom,
Rifted
By the drifted
Soft starlight through the gloom,
I kiss pretty Chloe
Beneath the apple-bloom.

—Ellen Brainerd Peck.

The Wood.

Witch-hazel, dogwood, and the maple here;
And there the oak and hickory;
Linn, poplar, and the beech-tree, far and near
As the eased eye can see.

Wild ginger; wahoo, with its wan balloons;
And brakes of briers of a twilight green;
And fox-grapes plumed with summer; and strung moons
Of mandrake flowers between.

Deep gold-green ferns, and mosses red and gray—
Mats for what naked myth's white feet?
And, cool and calm, a cascade far away
With even-falling beat.

Old logs, made sweet with death; rough bits of bark;
And tangled twig and knotted root;
And sunshine splashes and great pools of dark;
And many a wild-bird's flute.

Here let me sit until the Indian, Dusk,
With copper-colored feet, comes down;
Sowing the wildwood with starfire and musk,
And shadows blue and brown.

—Madison Cawein.

The Lost Voyage.

Out of the darkling sunset-sea,
Out of the windy sky,
My ship comes toiling home to me,
Climbing the billows high.

She wearily mounts the dim sea-line,
Treading the foam-wastes down;
Her breast is blanched with the bitter brine;
The spume is round her blown.

In alien deeps she has dipt her spars;
She has swept from strand to strand;
Her crew have ransacked strange bazars
In many a sunburnt land.

But well I know, on this evening shore,
My ship brings not to me
The treasure sought—and nevermore
Shall she put out to sea.

—James B. Kenyon.

My Rosary.

The hours I spent with thee, dear heart,
Are as a string of pearls to me;
I count them over, every one apart,
My rosary.

Each hour a pearl, each pearl a prayer,
To still a heart in absence wrung;
I tell each bead unto the end and there
A cross is hung.

Oh, memories that bless—and burn!
Oh, barren gain—and bitter loss!
I kiss each bead and strive at last to learn
To kiss the cross,
Sweetheart,
To kiss the cross.

—Cameron Rogers.

Nothing Common nor Unclean.

Philadelphia Record.

The well-known naturalist and writer, Frank Buckland, is said to have maintained the eatableness of all kinds of flesh, giving proof of his assertion by tasting the meat of all animals, reptiles and birds which he met with in his career. According to this statement, he found the flesh of the rattlesnake delicate and succulent, that of the blacksnake was not so good, lizards were unexceptionable, while panther chops were not equal to those of pork, with which they had an affinity; the finest eating was furnished by elephants' feet baked in a hole in the ground, according to the mode in vogue in Africa. In New Zeland, where grasshoppers are so abundant, they are used for food by Europeans, and are pronounced a great delicacy, prepared according to the following formula: One bushel of the insects, immersed for two hours in a half gallon of pork brine, are boiled in the liquid for some twenty minutes, then thoroughly rinsed in warm water, and placed in an oven to become crisp, and when cold the heads are removed and they are ready to be eaten.

A Conscience-Stricken Child.

Philadelphia Press.

Perhaps the quaintest letter in the whole White House collection is one which came from a child to President Cleveland, and which is copied in full below. No name or address is given. It was written last September, and this is what it says:

"To His Majesty President Cleveland:

"Dear President: I am in a dreadful state of mind, and I thought I would write and tell you all. About two years ago—as near as I can remember, it is two years—I used two postage stamps that had been used before on letters, perhaps more than two stamps, but I can only remember of doing it twice. I did not realise what I had done until lately. My mind is constantly turned on that subject, and I think of it night and day. Now, dear President, will you please forgive me and I will promise you I will never do it again. Inclosed please find cost of three stamps, and please forgive me, for I was then but thirteen years old, for I am heartily sorry for what I have done.

"FROM ONE OF YOUR SUBJECTS."

The six cents inclosed with the letter was credited to the "conscience fund," and the fifteen-year-old boy or girl who sent it may feel sure that the restitution was accepted.

OUT OF THE ORDINARY.

A French railway company has ordered clocks to be placed on the outside of every locomotive.

A speed of a mile in fifty-eight seconds is claimed for a motor cycle exhibited at the Imperial Institute, London.

After a disappearance of more than thirty years the first Confederate flag made in Mississippi has been found in New York.

Out of sixty-three samples of butter sent from the United States to England and examined by the British Board of Agriculture not one case of adulteration was found.

The great scheme for a ship canal from the bay of Biscay to the Mediterranean has received its quietus. The French commission reported that it is impracticable.

The State of Indiana furnished a great many tall men for the army. Out of 118,524 men, whose descriptions were taken at the time of enlistment, 11,392 were six feet in height.

For those with weakened digestive powers honey is a very desirable food. If a person is very tired—"too exhausted to eat"—a few tastes of honey will act like magic.

Every guest at a Norwegian wedding brings the bride a present. In many parts a keg of butter is the usual gift, and, if the marriage takes place in winter, salted or frozen meat is offered.

The first clocks manufactured in this country were by Eli Terry, at Plymouth, Conn., in 1793. The manufacture soon became extensive, and Connecticut wooden clocks were famous all over the country.

Of the total of 38,000,000 sheep reported in the United States last year it is computed that one-fourth graze on the mountain slopes and valleys of the West and Southwest. The range is almost boundless.

O. H. Venner, of Blue Hill, Me., claims the distinction of having built from newspapers three years ago what is now said to be the best boat in town. His material was thirty-six thicknesses of newspapers pasted together.

It is a whole day's task for two men to fell a mahogany tree. On account of the spurs which project from the base of the trunk a scaffold has to be erected and the tree cut off above the spurs, leaving thus a stump of the very best wood from ten to fifteen feet high.

The biggest gold nugget known was found in 1869 some forty miles north of Ballarat, and was named "Welcome Stranger" — a very appropriate designation. It weighed 184 pounds, and represented over £9,500 in value.

The first book printed in the limits of the United States was the "Bay Psalms Book," which was issued in Cambridge, Mass., in 1640. Specimens of this publication are extremely rare and command very high prices.

The first church building erected specially for that purpose and used for no other was put up in Boston in 1632. Before that date the Puritans held their meetings in private houses or in a house which also served for a school room.

Some idea of the vast extent of the surface of the earth may be obtained when it is noted that if a lofty church steeple is ascended and the landscapes visible from it looked at, 900,000 such landscapes must be viewed in order that the whole earth may be seen.

It is folly to waste time and money on a good tree and then fail to protect it with a good stake. Tie the tree to the stake with a whisp of straw, twisting the band in the form of a figure 8. Thus secured it can neither sway back and forth nor rub against the stake.

The only animal known in the world which, on the approach of dissolution, seeks out the general burial grounds of its species and there digs its own grave and lies down to die is the guanaco, or wild llama. It is peculiar in other respects, too. These animals, in fact, have a regular sanitary system which they respect like human beings.

Greek barber surgeons in the Levant use large ants to keep together the edges of cuts. The ant, held with a forceps, opens its mandibles wide and as soon as it receives the edges of the wound has its head severed from its body, but it retains its grip. People have been seen with healing wounds held together by seven or eight ants' heads.

Since Christmas day, 1066, when William the Conqueror was crowned in Westminster Abbey, England has been governed by thirty-one Kings, four Queens and two protectors of the commonwealth. One King, William III, reigned in conjunction with his wife, and one Queen, Mary Tudor, associated her husband, Philip of Spain, with her in the government.

A "midget" Testament, three-quarters of an inch long and half an inch wide, weighing only twenty-six grains, and a "mite" Bible, one and three-quarters of an inch high by one and one-eighth wide, containing 938 pages, and weighing 180 grains, have just been published by a Glasgow firm. They are said to be the smallest Bible and Testament in the world.

The population of the United Kingdom in the middle of 1896 is estimated at 39,465,697 persons; that of England and Wales at 30,731,092, of Scotland at 4,186,849, and of Ireland at 4,547,756. In the United Kingdom 280,900 births and 176,513 deaths are registered in the three months ending March 31, 1896. The natural increase of population was, therefore, 104,387.

Abyssinia, according to M. Marcel, a French traveler, has three climates, according to the altitude above the sea. In the low country, or valleys, bananas, dates, indigo, cotton and other tropical plants flourish, elephants, lions, giraffes, zebras and gazelles abound. The intermediate zone recalls the climate of Sicily or of Andalusia in Spain. There is good pasture for flocks and herds in the highest region.

THE WHEEL HELPS TRADE.

It Depresses in Some Quarters and Increases Business in Others.

Buffalo Courier.

Again and again we hear complaints from various quarters that the prodigious business of making and selling bicycles has damaged other trades and manufactures, some directly, some indirectly. It is said that the street car companies and the livery men feel the effects of the bicycle fever most nearly, while merchants whose business would seem to be safe from any damage from the wheel, so remote are their interests from those of the bicycle makers, are now beginning to frown suspiciously on the machine as it goes by. The piano merchants and other dealers in luxuries say that investments in bicycles are accountable for the decrease of investments in their wares. Even the tobacconists, it is said, are beginning to grumble, and the milliners are selling one hat where they sold a dozen two years ago. It is a common remark of merchants of many classes, says the Hartford Courant, that the only really prosperous business just now is the bicycle business.

These melancholy observations are much like those which are heard when a new mechanical invention all at once displaces a dozen pairs of hands. The dozen workmen who lose their jobs curse the machine, and it certainly is an injury to them until they can find other work to do. Meanwhile, however, scores of new opportunities for employment have been afforded by the demand for the new machines.

If the business of bicycle making and selling has injured some trades, how wonderfully it has helped others. The making of the steel tubing for the machines is in itself a prodigious industry, and the providing of other raw materials for the bicycle must keep hundreds of thousands of men busy. Then, fancy for a moment the increased receipts of the railways in freight and express charges on wheels. Thousands upon thousands of them are shipped to different parts of the country every year. Another very considerable item of profit growing out of the bicycle business is the renting in every city and village of bicycle warerooms and riding academies. In the State of New York alone there must be some five thousand different places of this kind. The agents, clerks and salesmen employed in these stores would compose an immense army.

All these things, of course, are part and parcel of the bicycle business. But there is another channel through which the wheel makers pour streams of money, and that is by way of the printing press. To make any estimate of the sums spent on advertising in magazines and newspapers by the leading manufacturers of bicycles is useless. You cannot pick up a monthly magazine, a weekly journal, or a newspaper without finding the advertisements of the favorite wheels. There are three or four manufacturers whose monthly advertising bills must average at least $10,000 apiece, for they advertise in everything that is not of a purely scientific or trade character. Certainly the publishers of magazines, journals and newspapers cannot complain that the bicycle is a bad thing. Furthermore, it is reasonable to suppose that the hands in the bicycle factories, the employes in the bicycle stores and the publishers aforesaid have more money now for pianos, ice cream, chewing gum and tobacco than they ever had before, so the dealer in business does not fare badly, after all.

Finally, it would be of interest to hear from the manufacturers and sellers of bicycling clothes. When one contemplates the huge stock of bicycle suits for men and women, the golf stockings, the gaiters, the high-top shoes for girls, the tam-o-shanters, the gloves, the bells, the sweaters, the thousand and one things that bicycle riding has made necessary to the comfort and comeliness of the rider, there is no escaping the conviction that the bicycle business has been a source of great prosperity in many different trades, while the evidence of its ruinous effect on some branches of business is by no means conclusive.

PRESIDENT FOR ONE DAY.

The Unique Distinction That Fell to Senator Atchison.

New York Press.

March 4, 1849, came on Sunday, a day that the Constitution does not recognize as legal in the transaction of such official business as ministering the oath of office. On that day, at noon, President Polk's term of office ended, and President Zachary Taylor could not take his place, or at least did not think he could. The prospect of the country being without an official head for the twenty-four hours or there being a doubt about who would be the head, created discussion in Congress and in the press.

When General Taylor arrived in Washington a few days before his inauguration, he was besought to take the oath of office on Sunday so as to prevent confusion, and what some persons believed to be danger. It was in the hot days of the "Free-soilers" and Barn-stormers," and the storm of slavery was brewing. During Saturday and Saturday night there was a half dozen fights in Congress. The Capitol was a camp of violence, but General Taylor held out that he would not become President on Sunday.

David R. Atchison, of Missouri, was President pro tempore of the Senate, and it was held by Congress that the functions of President must devolve upon him from Sunday noon till Monday noon, and for these twenty-four hours he has had the distinction of being President of the United States, having all the functions and powers of that office. The oath of office was not administered to him, for the same reason that it was not immediately administered to General Taylor; but he, being virtually Vice President, it was not considered necessary.

That President Atchison considered himself President there can be no doubt, for on Monday morning, when the Senate reassembled, he sent to the White House for the seal of the great office, and signed one or two official papers as President. These were some small acts in connection with the inauguration that had been neglected by President Polk.

But there was much fun and good-natured badinage indulged in among Atchison's friends and himself during his short presidential term. He was a Democrat, while the President-elect was a Whig. A majority of the Senate was Democratic, and his friends jokingly proposed to him to usurp the office by calling the army to his back and preventing "Old Ironsides" from being sworn in. If any such thing had been seriously contemplated, General Taylor was too much the idol of the army to let it be successful.

Had General Taylor been an unpopular man and had Atchison had the character and ambition of a dictator, with a friendly army, Congress and timid Supreme Court, President Atchison's name would probably not have been so soon forgotten and the constitutional day of inaugurating the President of the United States would have been changed so that it would never again fall on Sunday.

According to an almanac maker of the time, the next inauguration to fall on Sunday will be March 4, 1921, and just a century from the date of President Atchison's term of office there will be another Sunday, March 4, and following this will be March 4, 1977. Grover Cleveland was last inaugurated on Saturday. The century gains a whole day from the leap year scraps left over. This day is added to the last year, 1900. If this calculation is correct and the constitutional day of inauguration is not changed, the twentieth century may have three "one day only" Presidents.

THE PEOPLE'S FOOD.

We are Wasteful in Purchase and Preparation of What We Eat.

Review of Reviews.

So much for the development of the food investigations. But what are the results already gained, and what is to be expected in the future? One thing which is sought out by these and other investigations is that we make a fourfold mistake in our food economy.

We purchase needlessly expensive kinds of food. We use the costlier kinds of meat, fish, vegetables and the like, when the less expensive ones are just as nutritious, and, when rightly cooked, are just as palatable. Many do this under the impression that there is some particular virtue in the dear food materials, and that economy in their diet is somehow detrimental to their dignity or their welfare. And, unfortunately, those who are most extravagant in this respect are often the ones who can least afford it.

Our diet is apt to be one-sided. It often does not contain the different nutritive ingredients in the proper proportions. We consume relatively too much of the fuel ingredients of food—those which are burned in the body and yield heat and muscular power. Such are the fats of meat and butter, the starch which makes up the larger part of the nutritive material of flour, potatoes and sugar, of which such enormous quantities are eaten in the United States. Conversely, we have relatively too little of the protein or flesh-forming substances, like the lean of meat and fish and the gluten of wheat, which make muscle and sinew, and which are the basis of blood, bone and brain. We use excessive quantities of food. This is true not only of the well-to-do, but of many people in moderate circumstances also. Part of the excess which is bought is thrown away in the wastes of the kitchen and the table, so that the injury to health from overeating, great as it may be, is doubtless much less than if all of the food we buy were actually eaten. Probably the worst sufferers from this evil are the well-to-do people of sedentary occupations—brain workers as distinguished from hand workers. Not everybody eats too much; indeed, there some who do not eat enough for healthful nourishment. But there are those, and their name is legion, with whom the eating habit is as vicious in its effect on health as the drinking habit, which is universally deplored.

And finally, we are guilty of serious errors in our cooking. We waste a great deal of fuel in the preparation of our food, and even then a great deal of the food is very badly cooked. A reform in the methods of cooking is one of the economic demands of our time.

Revival of the Inn.

New York Evening Post.

Those persons who do not ride bicycles and those bicyclists who only potter about the park, boulevard and Riverside Drive, can have no idea what a change has been produced by the sport in remote country places. For one thing, the condition of the roads has improved immensely within a year. This is largely the effect of concentrated effort, steadily applied. But by far the most interesting evolution is the recrudescence of the inn. Those who drove horses were an insignificant few as compared with the army of patrons of the wheel. The custom which depended upon the horsey people was variable and uncertain. On the other hand, that of the cyclists is constant and reliable. The innkeepers have realized that their time has come round again. The competition among the keepers of houses of entertainment is just keen enough to cause them to give good value. Meals that are satisfactory to those whose appetites have been sharpened by a good spin along a good road are obtainable at places where a short time ago only the most primitive fare could be had. It is customary just now for large parties to leave this city and Brooklyn on Saturdays, take the train for some distant point and start bright and early on Sunday on a long run. There is no trouble in finding accommodation. If the good work goes on the inn will become more and more of an institution. This is a consummation devoutly to be wished.

The Food Supply of the Future.

Review of Reviews.

The amount of vegetable growth that is possible within a given area is so great that the densest population would be incapable of using it. And even if it were conceivable that population should become so dense as to consume more food than could be produced by the natural growth of plants, there still remain the sources of artificial manufacture of food, of which we are hearing so much of late. And if one may be allowed to reason from analogy, the inference for the production of food would be—what has actually been found to be the case in the recent production of other commodities—that what is needed to make food more abundant and more cheap is enough population to make sufficient demand. So, strangely yet simply, it comes about that in providing of what is essential for the best welfare and highest happiness of mankind in the future, the things which have heretofore seemed the furthest from our reach, nitrogen and energy, are the very ones which providence places about us at all times and in utterly inexhaustible amounts. The capacity of man to consume food is limited. The possibility of its production is almost limitless. The very increase of population which the Malthusian doctrine makes the cause of starvation will thus become the condition of cheap and abundant sustenance. So the use of man's brain transforms the prospect of dire calamity, of misery ineffable, into the promise of inexpressible blessing.

A Hero Discovered.

Chicago Post.

We have always been a little curious to know the exact status of a hero. Thanks to the picture gallery in the Sabbath Times-Herald, we now know that a hero is a man who looks after his wife and children in a storm. Charles Bradley, of Michigan, is a hero. More than this he is an "absolute hero." When the storm struck his house he shouted to his wife to go down into the cellar. This was tolerably heroic in itself, but Mr. Bradley had just begun. "Put the babies down and bend over them!" he cried. His wife obeyed and Mr. Bradley bent over her. "The bricks and beams fell upon him, but he did not wince." If he had winced the consequences might have been terrible. When the storm was over they all crawled out "unhurt," and Mr. Bradley's picture is in the Sunday paper with appropriate felicitations. We are told that Mr. Bradley is a modest gentleman who sees nothing very heroic in a perfectly natural impulse to save his wife and children, but his modesty will not save him from the penalty of greatness. But suppose Mrs. Bradley had not obeyed the injunction to go down into the cellar? Then this story would not have been written and Sabbath journalism would have been the loser in its pictorial display.

PROGRESS IN MAN-FLIGHT.

What Is Being Done in This Direction by Scientific Men.

Harper's Weekly.

It seems fairly doubtful whether Goldsmith, if he had been of this generation, would have felt justified in declaring that man wants but little here below, nor wants that little long. The contemporary sentiment about man, based on daily experience, is that he wants everything that strikes him as even potentially desirable, and wants it vehemently and continuously until he gets it. For a long, long time he has wanted to investigate the air. His attempts to do so have been imperfectly successful, but he keeps on trying with irrepressible persistence. A long time ago he invented balloons, which are successful in a measure, since they will carry him into the air. But they are far from satisfying him. He wants a machine that will take him where he wants to go.

He cannot fly yet, but this problem of man-flight now engrosses the attention of some of the cleverest scientists and inventors in the world, and they certainly seem to be progressing toward its solution. Professor Langley of the Smithsonian Institute has been working at it for years, as is well known, and though he works in retirement and says very little, we get information now and then as to his proceedings. There was a little flutter the other day over the news that a machine of his which is run by steam had made two short flights, coming down each time in safety. It came down because it ran out of steam. But the fact that it did mount up, and that it kept its balance after the power gave out, and came down without disaster, is thought to represent an achievement of first-rate importance in aeronautics.

Professor Langley calls his machine an aerodrome. While he is busy in Washington, with abundant resources at his disposal, Mr. Maxim keeps experimenting in England with aeroplanes, and Professor Lilienthal and Count Zeppelin keep at work in Germany. A recent Berlin dispatch says that Count Zeppelin, after years of experiment, is to carry 5,000 pounds, and go wherever its governor wills. But air-ships that are going to carry loads and be dirigible hardly excite even the imagination. In aeronautics the hopes of inventors count for little with the public. It is incredulous, except in the face of an accomplished fact. Whatever Professor Langley's expectations are, he is wisely reticent about them.

American Books in France.

Bok's Letter.

In talking the other day with a French author of repute I asked him what American authors were being most generally read in Paris.

"None," he replied.

"None?" I echoed in surprise.

"That is right," he said.

"Why is that?" I queried. "Are the prices of our books too high?"

"No," he replied, "your literature is too low. Now, understand what I mean. The French are a sentimental people; the people of their books must live, must be human and have in them the interest of human beings. They want their characters to be of blood—that is to say, they do not want human passions discussed; an erotic book is just as distasteful to a Frenchman of the best class a to an American of equal standing."

"And our books?" I meekly ventured to ask.

"Are weak. Lamentably weak. The people in your books do not live. They are fiction characters; they live only on paper; they are not taken from real life. Your novelists put ice water into the veins of your characters, not blood. You do not know what sentiment is in this country, and your novelists show it in their books. And until your writers create characters with warm blood in their veins the European countries will not read them."

"But what becomes of the American authors whose books we hear are translated into the French?"

"The books are not read. American students read them, and perhaps five hundred copies will be sold. Often these translations are the result of some personal arrangement with some friendly Frenchman who has received courtesies from your authors while he has been in this country, and he translates one of their books into his language, and a tremendous difficulty he finds, too, in getting a publisher to issue the book. But don't get the idea that the French people read these books. They do not."

The Young American Duchess.

Cable Special.

The past week has been the gayest of the social season. It has been crowded with parties of all kinds and began with the drawing room of Monday, which was the most brilliant of the season. Never has there been such a sumptuous display of costly fabrics, laces, jewelry and flowers and, among the display of magnificent dresses, there were a number of costumes embroidered with gold, silver and even with brilliants.

The Duke and Duchess of Marlborough had an old-fashioned single chariot. But there was a rush to get a sight of the bride, and it was with great difficulty that the people were kept from touching the vehicle.

The Duchess bore the ordeal of being stared at for over an hour with great composure.

She wore her wedding dress, which was ablaze with diamonds, and the celebrated pearls which her mother gave her, a string of which broke in the anteroom, but all save two were recovered.

Vanity Fair had this to say about the jewels:

"If young and lovely duchesses will go to court, arrayed in $10,000 dresses, their necks covered with ropes of pearls and their heads adorned with tiaras worth $50,000, not to mention countless jewels massed on the front of their dresses, they must not complain if they attract pushing attention. It would have been supposed that the Duchess of Marlborough would have obtained an entree, but, like other great ladies, she patiently took her turn and must have had a weary wait."

The First Wheelwoman.

Buffalo Courier.

The Rochester Post Express suggests that if there is going to be a society of pioneer wheelmen, there ought to be a sister society of "D. A. R. composed of the daughters of the women who first dared attempt riding." It is rather less than ten years since a woman first rode a wheel in this city. At the tournament held here in September, 1888, Mrs. Smith, of Washington, D. C., rode a bicycle and attracted much attention. Most of the women of those days rode tricycles and all the members of the Women's Wheel Club, which was formed in June, 1888, rode tricycles. The Courier observed on Sept. 2 of that year that "several ladies tried Bowen's women's bicycle last week, but have not yet entirely succeeded in mastering it." It would be interesting to know what Buffalo woman first rode a bicycle.

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