SPORTS OF THE YEAR.

RECORD PERFORMANCES AND OTHER LIVELY FEATURES OF 1896.

Wheelmen, Athletes, and Harness Horses Create New Figures—Marked Progress in Golfing—Other Standard Pastimes on Track, Field, and Water Flourish.

The year about to close has been productive of some capital sport in all its branches. While there have been more sensational seasons in certain specialties, there has rarely been such a general feeling of satiety and satisfaction. All classes and communities seem to have had an equable share of the fun, and the results furnish a pleasant retrospect. Some international spice was thrown into the doings of golfers, cricketers, oarsmen, athletes, and horsemen. The numerous other standard games seem to have flourished, and there were just enough innovations to keep popular interest up to a healthy pitch. Record breaking, by both bipeds and quadrupeds, played an important part, the progress of the athlete, cyclist, and pacer toward the utmost conceivable limits of speed being especially noticeable.

TROTTING AND PACING.

The five great pacers, John R. Gentry, 2:00¼; Robert J., 2:01½; Star Pointer, 2:02¼; Joe Patchen, 2:03, and Frank Agan, 2:03¾, by their series of remarkable performances on Eastern tracks, saved the harness racing campaign of 1896 from falling to the level of mediocrity and made it a season which will long be remembered by all followers of the sport. For the first time since harness racing had its origin the star pacers this year overshadowed the best of the trotters in the public eye, and their doings were distinctly the feature of the campaign.

Horsemen differ in opinion as to whether the greatest performance of the season took place at Fleetwood Park, where John R. Gentry defeated the pacing kings over a slow track in the unprecedented time, for three heats, of 2:03¾, 2:03¼, 2:03¼, or at Glens Falls the next week, where he took the measure of Star Pointer and equalled in a race the champion exhibition record of 2:01½, then held by Robert J., or at Portland, Me., a fortnight afterward, when he electrified the horse world by pacing a mile in 2:00¼. All agree, however, that the handsome son of Ashland Wilkes, a pacer, was the hero of the year. Other champion records made by the pacers in 1896 were the team mile in 2:09¼ by Mrs. W. E. D. Stokes's mares, Miss Rita and Josie B., at Lexington; the performance of Joe Patchen in 2:04¼ on the half-mile track at Boston, and the wagon record of 2:08½ made by the eccentric Colorado sidewheeler, W. W. P.

Although there were more trotters of 2:15 capacity in evidence this year than ever before at the big meetings there were few stars of the first magnitude among them, and no world's records of importance were lowered during the campaign. Fantasy, the champion of the free-for-all division, trotted the fastest mile of the season, 2:06½, but this was so far below the standard of the four preceding campaigns that it only served to draw attention to the absence of such as Alix, Azote, Directum, and Nancy Hanks. The two-year-old colt Jupe, bred by W. C. Faure of New York, scored the fastest time ever made in a race by a youngster of his age, 2:13¾, but the performance is not within gunshot of Arion's marvellous two-year-old record of 2:10¾ to an old-style sulky. J. Malcolm Forbes's colt Bingen, 2:12½, gained the fastest three-year-old record of the year, although closely pressed for first honors by M. E. McHenry's Futurity winner, Rose Croix, 2:13½.

Of the four-year-old trotters of 1896 the big Nebraska colt Pat L., by Republican, who trotted to a record of 2:11¾ as a three-year-old, was the best. He opened the campaign by cutting his record to 2:09¾, then placed to his credit the fastest record ever made on a half-mile track, 2:10¼, and finally wound up a hard year's work by defeating Fantasy, Beuzetta, William Penn, and the other stars of the free-for-all brigade at Lexington in the fastest seven-heat race ever trotted. Pat L. would be looked upon as a phenomenal four-year-old if there had never been a Directum. As it is, he is what horsemen term "a good one for what he can do."

YACHTING.

While there was no race for the America's Cup and while the unsettled condition of business prevented a great many yachtsmen from putting their boats in commission, the yacht sailing season was interesting in many ways. This, in a measure, was due to the good work accomplished by the New York Racing Union of Long Island Sound, which not only put a stop to conflicting race days among the larger clubs, but created the adoption of uniform racing rules throughout this section of the country and paved the way for the proposed National League of Yacht Clubs advocated by the New York Y. C.

In spite of the dearth of racing in the big classes through the Dunraven controversy, there were two international races in which yachts representing the United States took part, and, strange to say, for the first time in the history of yachting, the Yankee yachts were defeated in both contests by Canadian boats. The first race was sailed at Oyster Bay for the Seawanhaka-Corinthian Yacht Club's international small boat trophy, when the Glencairn, designed by G. Herrick Duggan, and owned by James Ross of Montreal, easily defeated the Yankee defender, Herreshoff, and designed by C. H. Crane of this city. The other race was for the championship of the great lakes between the Chicago yacht Vencedor and the Canadian Scotch yacht Canada. In this race the conditions were so manifestly unfair to the Yankee yacht that it was absolutely impossible for her to win, and no one on this side of the border takes the result seriously.

So far as local racing was concerned, the building of a fleet of fourteen 30-footers, which furnished no end of sport throughout the season, the début of the Colonia as a two-sticker and the remarkable record of the new Gardner and Cox schooner Quissetta were the features.

Another incident which has caused any amount of criticism among yachtsmen has been the construction of a fleet of big steam yachts for American yachtsmen in Clyde shipyards. These foreign yachts, whose aggregate cost is between two and three million dollars, were built for A. J. Drexel, Ogden Goelet, Eugene Higgins, Robert Goelet, John E. Brooks, Rutherfurd Stuyvesant, and Mr. Cassatt.

GOLFING.

Golf's greatest event in 1896 was the amateur championship held in July at the Shinnecock Hills links, when it was demonstrated, for the first time, that the homebred players are very close in skill to the resident amateurs who are graduates of Scotch or English links. The winner, J. Whigham, Chicago Golf Club, an old Scotch player, was not pushed very hard in any of his matches, but then he was playing in grand style. The professionals who had gathered for the open championship United in saying that the Whigham who played would have won him honors in the amateur championship of Great Britain. Like F. G. Tait, who won the special cup at medal play and the amateur championship at Sandwich on succeeding days last June, Whigham beat his rivals at both the medal play and the hole game. The placed men, in the order named, were J. G. Thorpe, Cambridge Golf Club; A. M. Coats, Newport Golf Club, and H. P. Toler, Baltusrol Golf Club. There were eighty starters for the medal play.

So satisfactory was the new system adopted in the amateur championship, of having the sixteen highest scores at medal play on the first day play out to the finals at match play, that it was generally adopted in the open tournaments held at the different clubs after that event. A variation at these open golfing competitions was to have all who failed to qualify at medal play start for a consolation prize under the same conditions as governed the more important trophy. The consistent form and prominence of the sixteen who qualified at Shinnecock Hills in the open competitions that followed during the season, has demonstrated that the United States Golf Association acted with sound judgment in establishing the radical departure from the method (solely match play) of the amateur championship in Great Britain and England. When the merits of the system are fully understood abroad the foreign players may pay the U. S. G. A. the compliment of imitation.

Among other events of national importance was the introduction of annual amateur driving and putting contests. The first was won by Lawrence Waterbury, Newport Golf Club, with a carry and roll of 210 yards, and the second by A. L. Livermore, St. Andrew's Golf Club. Such events will grow in importance with each succeeding year. Another fixture firmly established this year was the women's championship. In 1895, when Mrs. Charles S. Brown, Shinnecock Hills Golf Club, won the title at the Meadowbrook Club, although the list of entries then was a thoroughly representative one, the contest lacked the dignity of the event this year, which was the first for the perpetual emblem of the championship presented by Robert Cox, M. P., of Edinburgh, Scotland. Miss Beatrix Hoyt, Shinnecock Hills Golf Club, was the winner.

The year will be memorable for the great increase in the number of golf clubs and the laying out of new links. A low estimate places the total capital now invested in buildings and grounds by golfers at $1,000,000. The United States Golf Association, founded on Dec. 22, 1894, by five clubs, had on Jan. 1, 1896, fifteen associate and twenty allied members. Counting the clubs on the waiting list that will become full-fledged members at the first meeting after New Year's Day, about 100 associate and allied members will be registered at the opening of 1897.

DOINGS OF THE RUNNERS.

The racing season has distinguished itself by its failure to come up to the previous winter's expectations. Prior to the commencement of operations brilliant performances and exhibitions of dazzling speed had been confidently anticipated. Henry of Navarre, Clifford, Haima, and Keenan, in the older division, Handspring, Hastings, Requital, One I Love, and Applegate in the three-year-old brigade, and a host of reputed phenomenal youngsters, promised to furnish material for sensational racing. All these animals were to prove themselves veritable smashers, and it was under such glowing promise that the ball was set rolling. It had not been rolling many moons, however, before a virulent epidemic swept through every Eastern string. So fierce and general was the attack that of all the stars which were to be only one had fulfilled expectations when the curtain dropped.

But for Henry of Navarre, the sport, so far as the three-year-old and upward contingent is concerned, would not have furnished one solitary episode worthy of future consideration. The Belmont crack was so prostrated that despite all the efforts of his astute trainer, a real test of his sterling qualities could not be ventured until the Suburban was set for decision. Then he was so much above himself that neither owner nor trainer could place any confidence in his ability to win. To the delight of every one, however, Navarre shouldered 130 pounds, and, coming like a whirlwind when Griffin called on him, he won what subsequently proved to be the race of the year.

Of the two-year-olds the past season can boast of a departure from the general rule in that the fillies fairly held their own. More than that, the numerical strength of the smart division possibly showed a balance in favor of the ladies. Among the most distinguished of the latter were Winged Foot, Rhodesia, Royal Rose, Golden Dream, Nanki, Sunny Slope, Cleophus, Suisun, Casseopia, and Divide. Pitted against this array were the colts Ornament, Ogden, Typhoon II., The Friar, Arbuckle, George Rose, Burlesque, and Challenger. How Winged Foot would have fared alongside Ornament and Ogden had she not gone palpably off as the struggle for the Futurity approached will probably be demonstrated in the future. As it was, Ornament and Ogden stood conspicuously by themselves during the fall session.

ATHLETICS.

The athletic year was signalized by many exceptional incidents, perhaps the most notable from a historic point of view being the revival of the Olympic games at Athens, Greece. American athletes showed great enterprise by travelling thousands of miles to pit themselves against the Greeks, and they reaped a rich reward by winning the sprints, jumps, hurdles, discus throwing, and revolver shooting. Thomas Burke of Boston was one of the most prominent victors at Athens. On his return he won the intercollegiate and national quarter-mile championships in masterly style and wound up the season brilliantly at Williamsbridge on Sept. 19 by reducing the world's record for the 600-yard run to 1:11.

Practically all the big races of the year up to three hundred yards fell to Bernard J. Wefers, who showed phenomenal speed at different times. In winning the Intercollegiate sprint championships at Manhattan Field May 30 he equalled the 100-yard world's record of 9 4-5 seconds and reduced the best mark for the 220-yard run to 21 1-5 seconds. At Bergen Point, Labor Day, he made a new world's record of 31 seconds for 300 yards, and at Travers Island, Sept. 26, he again equalled the figures, going in 30 3-5 seconds. On the latter date he also ran 120 yards in 11 4-5 seconds, beating the American and tying the world's record.

The most conspicuous among a large crop of excellent jumpers were J. H. Connolly of Boston and Ray C. Ewry of Lafayette, Ind. The former won the "two hops and jump" at Athens, and in the same event at Williamsbridge, Sept. 19, he made a new American record of 49 feet ¼ inch. Ewry's specialty was the standing high jump, and at this game he set up a new world's record of 5 feet 3½ inches on May 29 at Lafayette.

Jerome Buck proved to be about the best of the hurdling brigade, and he topped off a very successful season on Sept. 19, at Williamsbridge, by running 440 yards over 2-foot 6-inch obstacles in 56 2-5 seconds, a new world's record. R. Sheldon of Yale cut a wide swath among the shot putters, and he also showed great aptitude at the newly imported game, "throwing the discus." His star achievement with the Greek missile was a throw of 111 feet 8 inches at Williamsbridge, Sept. 19. This not only beat the best accredited Greek performance, but the best previous American standard as well.

ROWING.

The year was an eventful one for amateur oarsmen. The first notable surprise was in the Decoration Day regatta of the Harlem Association, when the University of Pennsylvania Varsity crew not only defeated the junior eight of the First Bohemians, but the champion senior eight as well. It was glorious revenge for Ellis Ward, their coach, who had coached the First Bohemians through the two previous years of their prosperity. It was also a hard blow for both the Bohemian crews, as they had won their cups twice and another win would have made them sole owners of the trophies.

The next notable event was the departure of Yale's oarsmen, June 6, to compete at the Henley regatta for the historic Grand Challenge Cup. Their movements on the other side were watched with national pride and interest until the race took place, July 7, when the crack Leanders defeated them by a length and a half in the first round.

The inter-collegiate four-cornered race at Poughkeepsie also played a prominent part in the incidents of the season. Prior to this, however, one of the very greatest surprises of the season took place. This was the overwhelming defeat of the Yale freshmen by the University of Wisconsin, June 18, at Lake Saltonstall, where Yale was beaten by fully ten lengths.

Another surprise occurred when the four-cornered race took place, as the crew least suspected of capturing the race finished in front. For two miles the Harvards held a slight lead. Then the Cornells forged to the front and kept up their wonderful speed until they won a glorious victory by two lengths or more.

The annual championships of the National Association of Amateur Oarsmen furnished another sensation, for at their Saratoga regatta, Aug. 13, Edward H. Ten Eyck of the Wachusetts, of Worcester, Mass., established a record for the intermediate sculling class, and to add to his laurels he clocked faster time than was made in the senior race, won by Joseph J. Whitehead of the Riverside Boat Club of Cambridgeport, Mass. Their respective times were 9:59 and 10:11. This led to a private match between the two men later on, which young Ten Eyck won decisively. Ten Eyck is a descendant from four generations of oarsmen, his father being James E. Ten Eyck, the well-known professional of Worcester.

The next great performance was Jake Gaudaur's win of the world's professional championship in England from Stansbury, the Australian champion. Prior to this Gaudaur rowed in a four-oared crew for $1,500 and the world's professional championship at Halifax, Aug. 1. The crew won by three lengths from Hubert's English four.

An amusing feature of the season in local circles was furnished by the eight-oared junior crew of the Dauntless Rowing Club, which won the senior eight-oared race on the Harlem against such crack senior crews as the Staten Island and Palisade boat clubs, after being beaten in the junior race by the Union Boat Club crew.

As a climax to a series of surprises, mention should be made of Harvard's sweeping reform in her rowing policy, as indicated by the adoption of the standard English stroke. R. C. Lehmann, the famous Oxford amateur coach, caused an international flutter by coming over to initiate the wearers of the crimson. During the few weeks he spent on the Charles he is said to have worked wonders, and although he has returned to England, he will be back in time to perfect his new protégés for the coming season.

FIGHTING.

In the world of pugilism there were many important battles during the past year. First among them in importance was the signal victory of Bob Fitzsimmons over Peter Maher near Langtry, Tex., which was decided by a knockout in just ninety-five seconds. The rise of "Kid" Lavigne to a place that virtually entitles him to rank as light-weight champion of the world was also notable. Lavigne defeated Jack Dixon, Billy Plimmer in England and his victory over Jack Everhardt at the Bohemian Sporting Club, in this city, boomed his stock immeasurably.

Peter Maher received the heavy-weight championship from Corbett when he knocked out Corbett at Mazeppa in a punch, and later lost it to Fitzsimmons. The battle between Fitzsimmons and Sharkey at San Francisco proved to be the most notable event of the year. In the eighth round the referee, Wyatt Earp, awarded the fight to Sharkey on the ground that a foul had been committed, although, according to report, the Australian was on the point of scoring a knock-out. Erne's defeat of George Dixon in a twenty-round bout and the downfall of Plimmer before Pedlar Palmer were also features.

FOOTBALL.

The most sensational feature of the football season was the defeat of the University of Pennsylvania team by the Lafayette College eleven by a score of 6 to 4. When Lafayette played a tie game with Princeton, neither side scoring, experts who saw the game predicted that the players from Easton would puzzle the Quakers. As it turned out, Lafayette beat Pennsylvania in the last few minutes of the second half, which was chiefly due to the inability of Minds, the Quaker fullback, to punt at a critical moment. A second game with Lafayette might have resulted differently, but all efforts by Pennsylvania for another game were met with refusals. Princeton's clean-cut victories over Harvard and Yale were striking features, and entitled the Jerseymen to a good claim upon the inter-collegiate football championship. The surprisingly good showing of the Carlisle Indians was still another feature, the best games of the red men being those with Yale and Harvard. Pennsylvania's defeat of the crimson was a close call, and those who saw the game say that Harvard was fully as strong as the Philadelphians.

BASEBALL.

The baseball season was marked by the Baltimore's third successive capture of the League pennant, and also their success in the Temple Cup series with the Clevelands. Burkett of Cleveland for the second time led the League in batting. The most sensational part of the League race was the phenomenal performance of the Cincinnatis, who finished third, after the critics had predicted a place in the second division for them. Princeton won the intercollegiate championship by capturing the series from both Harvard and Yale.

HANDBALL.

There has been a steady boom in handball right along the line, and so many prominent amateur clubs took up the sport that the A. A. U. felt called upon to establish a tournament for the national championship. This takes place next month, and promises to become a permanent fixture. The game has also found a recognized place in the popular pastimes of the Y. M. C. A. scholastic and collegiate institutions.

Some important matches for stakes were played during the season, and widespread interest was aroused by the inter-city series between Champion Phil Casey and ex-Alderman Dunne of Brooklyn and Keegan and Carney of Chicago. The latter pair scored first blood, but in the second match for double stakes and the championship the Brooklyn veterans achieved a decisive and popular victory.

WHEELING.

Wheelmen claim that the season was the most successful their pastime has ever enjoyed. The bicycle population throughout the country has been more than doubled and the increase has resulted in the enactment of special regulations in all the large cities.

The racing season has been most successful. Tom Cooper of Detroit, in addition to winning the lion's share of the national championships, proved himself to be the best man of the year. E. C. Bald of Buffalo, Tom Butler of Boston, and other riders did some very creditable work on the path.

While Jimmy Michael, the foreign professional, has been conspicuously successful in lowering records, the American riders also met with gratifying success in time trials and competition events. The amateur one mile, flying start, paced record, is credited to A. R. Hughes, who rode in 1 minute 47 1-5 seconds at Denver. The two-mile record in the same class was reduced by the same rider to 3 minutes 56 3-5 seconds. Frank Desmond, Jr., at Denver last September reduced the one mile amateur competition record to 2 minutes 2-5 of a second.

The professional times have undergone considerable change. W. W. Hamilton rode a mile, unpaced, with a flying start, at Coronado, Cal., in 1 minute 39 1-5 seconds. Clinton Coulter covered the same distance, unpaced, with a flying start, in 1 minute 59 1-5 seconds. The one-mile competition record is credited to Arthur Gardener, the Chicago racer. His time for the distance is 2 minutes 10 4-5 seconds.

The professional riders Evans and Hatton covered a mile on a tandem in 1 minute 54 2-5 seconds, unpaced. Michael's performances in this country have astonished the racing world. On Nov. 21 he rode twenty-nine miles 1,293 yards in one hour at Memphis, establishing new records from two to twenty-nine miles.

The one-mile amateur English record was lowered to 1 minute 49 seconds by W. H. Bordsley last September. The professional record at the same distance is 1 minute 41 seconds by J. Platt-Betts.

Tom Linton, the foreigner, rode 31 miles 582 yards in one hour at the Crystal Palace track last October.

The foreign racing men who have visited America have been very successful. J. Parsons, the Australian, did some creditable work on the American path. In the recent six-day race held at the Madison Square Garden Teddy Hall, who covered 1,910 miles, is considered to have accomplished a remarkable ride.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Cricketers had a very successful season from both a native and international standpoint. The friendly invasion of the Australian eleven helped the game along in popular favor. Tennis, in and out of doors, commanded a big following and furnished some exceptional sport. Bowling and billiards held their own as acceptable pastimes, and considerable attention was also attracted by the glit-edged racquets played in this city and Boston. Gymnastics and swimming were among the other standard games which helped to enliven the season, and the enthusiasm is now being kept alive by hockey on ice, one of the liveliest and most fascinating games yet introduced.

Regimental and pigeon shooting cracks were industrious, and they furnished several enjoyable contests for spectators and onlookers. The live bird men did some clever shooting, a conspicuous performance being the work of Dr. Williams, at Milwaukee, who killed 191 to George Delter's 188 in a 200-bird match.

REVENGE OF A MEEK MAN.

An Experience in Candy Buying at the Sign of the Haughty Ladies.

"It took me some time," he said, "to learn how to get along in the candy store 'at the Sign of the Haughty Ladies.' I am a meek man, not given to boasting, and uncertain sometimes in the hour of seeming victory. So I rarely talk of my successes. But I believe I did astonish one of the haughty ladies into something like a temporary accommodating mood.

"I had been used to the sort of treatment everybody gets there. I had received over the soda water counter that stare colder than the hardest clot of ice cream that ever dropped into the glass. But all this time a scheme had slowly been forming itself in my mind. After a while I had a chance to test it. I dropped in 'At the Sign of the Haughty Ladies' late one afternoon. Few people were there. I stepped up to a counter, behind which stood one of the proudest of the ladies. She was talking to a friend, and they both became intensely interested in the crowd passing up and down Broadway as soon as I appeared. They looked out of the window in a far-off way and talked in undertones. I thought of giving it up, as I had done before, and beating a retreat. But the recollection of my scheme came into my head. I took courage and spoke.

"'Will you be kind enough to give me two pounds of mixed?' I said with the utmost politeness, almost with obsequiousness.

"Nobody ever would have thought either of them had heard me except for a quick, sharp look which the two girls gave me. Then one of them turned her back and began to look for a two-pound box. All the time she kept on talking to her friend. After a while she found the box, carefully fitted it with greased paper, and then, turning toward me, seized a pair of tongs and slid open the glass case which contained the candies. Then for the first time she looked me squarely in the face.

"'Chocolates?' she asked as savagely as though she were compelled by superior force to part with her own most valuable possessions. But I was prepared for her. I was going to try on my scheme.

"'Thank you very much,' I said. 'I should really be extremely indebted if you would be kind enough to put in a few. They are very nice also in the mixed lot.'

"She put them in rapidly, but not before she had cast a quick and searching glance at me. She was suspicious, but the first effort had made no impression, as I could plainly see when she closed the case with a bang and stopped long enough to say between her teeth:

"'Marshmallows?' She jerked the word out as though a syllable more would have choked her.

"'Yes, if you please,' I responded with the same melting politeness of tone, 'if it isn't too much trouble to you and won't take too much of your time. I hate to detain you, so just put in as many as you have the time to. Don't trouble yourself too much. A few will do.'

"Again she darted a questioning glance at me, and again she slammed to the door of the case with a vicious bang. I thought she took me for a maniac until I heard the door of the cesspo to with such an unnecessary expenditure of force. But there was something like conciliation in her tone when she said:

"'Burnt almonds?'

"Her voice sounded almost sympathetic. I answered her with increasing politeness. Half a dozen times I responded with the same saccharine, excessive courtesy. I was deferential, subservient, almost cringing. By the time we reached the caramels her tone was tender. She handed the box over the counter, and actually pushed it in my direction. Usually they merely hold it somewhere approximately toward you and look over your head at the soda fountain opposite. She was undoubtedly conquered, but I was relentless. I was determined to force my scheme to the end. I took the box and paid.

"'I regret more than I can tell you,' I said, 'that circumstances have placed it within my power to walk into this store and disturb you simply because I happen to want to buy some candy. I suppose it is brutal of me. I also be a man ought'n to take such an advantage of a defenceless woman, especially after she's been worried all day by customers of her own sex. But I promised my wife that I would bring her home a box, as I knew she would be home for exercise. All the poor devils there looked up at the balloon, that son of the air, the emblem of the most absolute liberty. There they stood with their eyes fixed on the air ship, and waving their arms. Doña Sol looked through the glass and endeavored to explain to the distinguished impressions. One of the prisoners, she said, walking up and down in a narrow yard, leaned against the wall and evidently began to weep. Who knows? Perhaps he was condemned to death, while he saw above him the sun, life, and liberty. Again the wind carried us along, and the party became somewhat sad. We were passing over the cemetery of Père-la-Chaise. Georges Clairin and Doña Sol saluted the tombs that they recognized. The latter took the bouquet from her corsage and scattered its white leaves, which fell slowly, like snowflakes, into the field of repose.

It was now half-past 6, and the occupants of the basket were all hungry. A little fat basket was unhooked, and in a moment Doña Sol was making foie gras sandwiches. Louis Godard arose, holding a bottle of champagne in his hand. He released the cork, which flew into the ethereal regions with a loud pop. The detonation was echoed from cloud to cloud, and one of them coming near, captured the foam that escaped from the bottle and started off to set the heavens on a spree. In another moment all the clouds began to dance and stagger against each other, a proceeding us completely with their heavenly inebriation.

Georges Clairin, with pencil in hand, fixed upon his album the strange scene of a dinner 2,300 metres in the air. Doña Sol laid the cloth. Each one was supplied with a tiny napkin, a foie gras sandwich, and a glass. The young lady herself had a little silver goblet. The sky was superb. The dinner was gay. There were two courses. The first was foie gras sandwiches, and the second was sandwiches foie gras. The dessert was composed of oranges, and that was all. We drank to the health of M. Giffard, to the future of balloons, to glory, to the arts, to what was, is, and shall be. Then the bottle was tossed overboard, and it fell waltzing into the Lac de Vincennes. The sportive breeze ruffled their wings, the lake knit its brows, and the bottle reached the bottom, and tranquillity was soon restored. A moment of vague sadness came over us. "Poor bottle," murmured Doña Sol. "It is like an old actress, once brilliant and sprightly, now forgotten by everything, and that we, satisfied and ungrateful, fling without regret into eternal oblivion."

"Ah ha!" cried Georges Clairin. "Hurrah for life, since death is the end of it!"

"You people are not very cheerful," said Louis Godard. "Such thoughts are out of place here. They make the balloon heavy and drag us down. Pitch out more ballast! To the devil with philosophical thoughts!"

The party began to laugh, and another bag was emptied. We had descended so rapidly that we were only 500 metres from the ground, and, as luck would have it, the gravel tumbled in a shower upon a picnic party on the grass. We heard a shout of rage and horror. They did not see the balloon, and fancied that they were attacked by a crowd of wicked small boys. They discovered one little chap that was innocently playing, as we saw with our glasses, and one of the women of the party slapped him savagely. Enraged at this, Doña Sol threw the tin box that contained the remnants of the sandwiches into the centre of the crowd. They looked up, shook their fists at us, and shouted to us everything but compliments, as well as we could guess.

The balloon rose to a height of 2,400 metres. We began to travel very fast, passing over plains and woods, over tears and smiles. Here is a garden where people, seated around a table, are singing and laughing. There is a cemetery where a woman is weeping. Life in all its forms rolls under us from house to house.

It is 7 o'clock. Night begins to cover her shoulders with her dark cloak. The balloon is up 3,000 metres. The earth has completely disappeared. "Come," said Godard, "it is time to get down."

Doña Sol opened the valve and the gas began to escape. We began to descend rapidly, and the valve was closed. Soon we found ourselves over the Eastern Railroad. In ten minutes the valve was again opened, and we sank down slowly. We were followed by a crowd of children that climbed over ledges and fences and ran after us through the fields. At last some peasants seized the long cord that Godard throw down to them. "Don't be afraid, mademoiselle," said he to Doña Sol, "I will land you without a jar." And he kept his word. The balloon alighted like a bird. We were at Verchères.

IN THE OCEAN'S DEPTHS.

The Enormous Pressure Exerted by the Water in the Deepest Places.

From the Nineteenth Century.

The temperature at the bottom of the ocean is nearly down to freezing point, and sometimes actually below it. There is a total absence of light, as far as sunlight is concerned, and there is an enormous pressure, reckoned at about one ton to the square inch in every 1,000 fathoms, which is 160 times greater than that of the atmosphere we live in. At 2,500 fathoms the pressure is thirty times more powerful than the steam pressure of a locomotive when drawing a train. As late as 1880 a leading zoologist explained the existence of deep-sea animals at such depths by assuming that their bodies were composed of solids and liquids of great density, and contained no air. This, however, is not the case with deep-sea fish, which are provided with air-inflated swimming bladders. If one of these fish, in full chase after its prey, happens to ascend beyond a certain limit, its bladder becomes distended with the decreased pressure, and it actually rises, in spite of all its efforts, still higher in its course. In fact, members of this unfortunate class are liable to become victims to the unusual accident of falling upward, and no doubt meet with a violent death soon after leaving their accustomed level, and long before their bodies reach the surface in a distorted and unnatural state. Even ground sharks, brought up from a depth of no more than 500 fathoms, explre before they gain the surface.

The fauna of the deep sea—with a few exceptions hitherto only known as fossils—are new and specially modified forms of families and genera inhabiting shallow waters in modern times, and have been driven down to the depths of the ocean by their more powerful rivals in the battle of life, much as the ancient Britons were compelled to withdraw to the barren and inaccessible fastnesses of Wales. Some of their organs have undergone considerable modification in correspondence to the changed conditions of their new habitats. Thus down to 900 fathoms their eyes have generally become enlarged, to make the best of the faint light which may yet penetrate to there. After 1,000 fathoms those organs are either still further enlarged, or so greatly reduced that in some species they disappear altogether and are replaced by enormously long feelers. To the only light at great depths which would enable such large eyes to be of service is the phosphorescence of deep-sea animals.

We know that at the surface this light is often very powerful, and Sir Wyville Thomson has recorded one occasion on which the sea at night was "a perfect blaze of phosphorescence, so strong that the lights and shadows were thrown on the sails and it was easy to read the smallest print." It is thought possible by several naturalists that certain portions of the sea bottom may be as brilliantly illumined by this sort of light as the streets of a European city after sunset. Some deep-sea fish have two parallel rows of small circular phosphorescent organs running along the whole length of their bodies, and as they glide through the dark waters of the profound abysses they must look like model mail ships with rows of shining portholes.

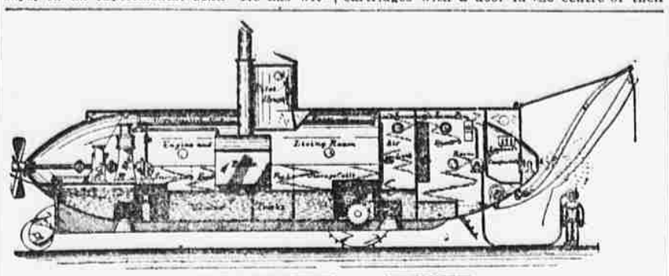
LAKE'S SUBMARINE BOAT.

A CRAFT INTENDED TO BE ALSO A SUBMARINE LOCOMOTIVE.

It Is Meant to Travel on the Bottom of the Sea and Take the Cargo Out of Sunken Vessels Beyond the Reach of Divers—A Contract to Build It Signed at Baltimore.

BALTIMORE, Dec. 25.—A submarine locomotive and a train of freight cars, to be used for wrecking purposes, are about to be constructed. The contract has been signed and the materials for the craft are already being prepared at Baltimore. The inventor proposes to find sunken vessels along our coasts, remove the cargoes, and raise the hulls. The craft is to perform all kinds of submarine work, such as laying foundations for piers, lighthouses, bridges, docks, and breakwaters. She may also make journeys among beds of coral or sponge for business purposes, and take down scientific and pleasure parties for an inside view of the ocean. The boat is to be able to descend to a depth of 300 feet, and to sink or rise at the will of the operator in the pilot house. When searching along the coast for valuable wrecks, the locomotive will carry a searchlight.

The inventor, Simon Lake of Baltimore, has already accomplished many of these things, he says, in an experimental boat. He has witnesses that he propelled his model on the surface in any desired direction, submerged the boat and brought her to the surface again, and guided the locomotive along the bottom of the Atlantic coast and walked out of the craft while it was under water. He has found marked articles which had been thrown overboard and returned them to the beach.



SECTIONAL VIEW OF SUBMARINE WRECKING BOAT.

The machine is to carry six men, a Captain, an engineer, and four divers. The hull is to be built of steel, and strongly ribbed, to withstand a pressure of 130 pounds to the square inch, which is the pressure at a depth of 300 feet. The wrecker is divided into four compartments, the engine and living room, the divers' room, with an air lock, and the lookout and operating chamber in the bow. In the engine room will be placed the steam engine and boiler which are to operate the vessel when she is running on the surface. A dynamo will be geared to the propeller shaft as an auxiliary force when working on the bottom. Under the front part of the craft will be two wheels, studded with teeth, to give them a grip on the ocean's bed. These wheels will be driven by an electric motor. At the rear of the locomotive there will be a wheel to carry the weight aft. The axis upon which all these wheels instead of the propeller when submerged is calculated at 50 per cent. The electrical force will be carried in storage batteries. In the engine room are to be placed the air storage tanks, in which the atmosphere will be compressed to a density seventy times greater than the normal. Foul air will be pumped out. In the engine room are also steam and electrical pumps for handling the water ballast. Forward of the living room and reached through air-tight doors is the divers' compartment. In the floor of the divers' apartment is a door which drops downward when any one wishes to leave the room and go out on the bottom of the sea. By means of an air lock a diver may pass from the living room out into the sea or vice versa.

In the divers' room will be placed a telephone, a hose reel, a diver's hoisting engine, and wrecking tools. Forward of the divers' room is to be the lookout apartment, in which the atmosphere will be normal. This is the pilot house when travelling on the bottom. In it the operator in charge of the vessel will control the hoisting derrick rigged on the bow, control the divers, and direct the craft. On the nose of the vessel will be placed a 2,000 candle power searchlight. Incandescent lamps throughout the vessel are to furnish light.

Two heavy circular anchors are to be placed in the bottom of the hull to assist in sinking the boat. To sink the wrecker five tanks in the vessel are nearly filled with water and the weights are lowered to the bottom of the sea. Then the cables are wound into the boat and she is drawn down. This is the method of going down to a sunken ship whose location is known. The wrecker retains a reserve buoyancy and in case of accident the anchor chains may be cut loose and the craft rises to the surface. When out on searching expeditions the tanks will be filled with sufficient water to keep the locomotive on the bottom and the toothed wheels will drive her forward. The searchlight will show the path across the hard sandy beaches which girt the coasts and also bring out the lines of sunken hulls.

The cars are to be shaped like giant revolver cartridges with a door in the centre of their backs. When loaded the cars are coupled together and attached to the locomotive. The train then climbs up the beach to the dry land. This method costs less power than running on the surface, especially in stormy weather. It is to be so arranged that the whole train can be pumped out, when it will rise to the surface and proceed to harbor like a tugboat and a tow of barges. The boat is to be capable of going down and looking for sunken passenger liners like the Elbe, the Saller, or the Drummond Castle, which lie in waters too deep to be reached by man. One of the principal objects of the boat will be the rescuing of drowned persons from the interiors of sunken ships.

The craft is to be 50 feet long and 12 feet wide, and will have a displacement of 54 tons. When necessity calls for it the vessel can be transported to the great lakes on a flat car or taken across the seas on the deck of a steamer. It may be possible for this craft to find some of the treasures in silver and gold that lie at the bottom of the seas. They include L'Orient, sunk by Nelson at the battle of the Nile, with $3,000,000 aboard; the Latune, sunk in the Zuider Zee with $7,000,000 in her hold; the De Bruke, lost off Delaware Bay with Spanish bullion, and the steamer Golden State, which went down off Cape Hatteras while returning from California in the fifties, loaded with gold. Official statistics show that 2,000 vessels are sunk annually, the vessels and cargoes being valued at $100,000,000. The Atlantic and Pacific coasts are strewn with old and new wrecks, many laden with valuable cargoes. Only those in shallow waters can be reached by the methods now in use. The lake boat can run down the beaches, which drop six feet in a mile, and travel out 100 miles under the sea.

BERNHARDT UP IN A BALLOON.

Her Own Account—Her Birdseye View of Paris—A Dinner in the Clouds.

"In the Clouds; the Impressions of a Chair," is the title of a long-lost little document by Sarah Bernhardt, which has now been found and is running through the French papers. It is the description of a balloon ascent which she made with the painter Clairin and a few others some time ago. As a specimen of Sarah's reporting powers the little sketch is interesting:

It was just half past 5 in the evening.

The crowd formed around the balloon. Hats were raised, hands were pressed, farewells exchanged, and the balloon rose rapidly amid shouts of applause. And then, nothing, nothing! The earth below and the heavens above. Soon we were in the clouds. I left Paris in a fog, but suddenly I found a blue sky and a radiant sun. Our little basket plunged into a warm and milky vapor. Around us were opaque mountains with rainbow crests. A thin, lead-colored line marked the second plane. It was splendid, dazzling. Not a sound, not a breath could be heard. It was not silence; it was the shadow of silence, soft and dreamy.

I heard Doña Sol murmuring, "How I would love to live forever here!"

But suddenly the scene changes. The clouds scatter, and the balloon begins to descend just over the Pont de la Concorde, about 100 metres from the starting point. The crowd that was still assembled in the courtyard of the Tuileries rushed toward the quays. It seemed as though it were about to fall into the Seine. Clairin turned to the aeronaut with an inquiring look. "I am playing a trick upon them," said Godard. "You will see." And immediately he emptied a sack of ballast, and again we rose up into the clouds to 1,600 metres.

The spectacle was no less beautiful than the first one. The gray and fleecy clouds formed a carpet for us. Magnificent orange-colored draperies fringed with violet came down from the sun and stretched along far as the eye could see until they became lost in a soft white lace. The balloon did not appear to move. It was cool, but not cold. Soon the air became warm again, and the noise of the city reached our ears, carried along by dull emanations. Paris appeared once more. We were just over the Bastile. The humidity had weighted our balloon and we were again descending. More ballast had to be thrown out. Doña Sol insisted upon having the pleasure of opening the bag and covering the impudent Genius of Liberty with sand. An English family, as we learned later, enjoying the fresh air on the balcony of the column, was almost blinded by our ballast. When the bag was emptied we rose rapidly, and, running into a more rapid current, the air ship travelled with considerable rapidity, but it seemed to us that we were going at a furious rate, considering the slowness with which we had travelled up to that point.

The city rolled under us, somewhat dimmed in the gray light of the evening. The streets looked like long snakes, and the boulevards like enormous lakes in repose. In the distance La Villette, with its great gas holders, looked like a calcined cemetery. The balloon stopped a moment, soaring over a strange looking monument. One would fancy that it was a gigantic wheel. Clairin, taking his glass, recognized La Roquette. It was the hour for exercise. All the poor devils there looked up at the balloon, that son of the air, the emblem of the most absolute liberty. There they stood with their eyes fixed on the air ship, and waving their arms. Doña Sol looked through the glass and endeavored to explain to the distinguished imp