AMERICAN CYCLISTS.

The Run Through Ireland, England and France Described.

BRILLIANT RECEPTION AT PARIS.

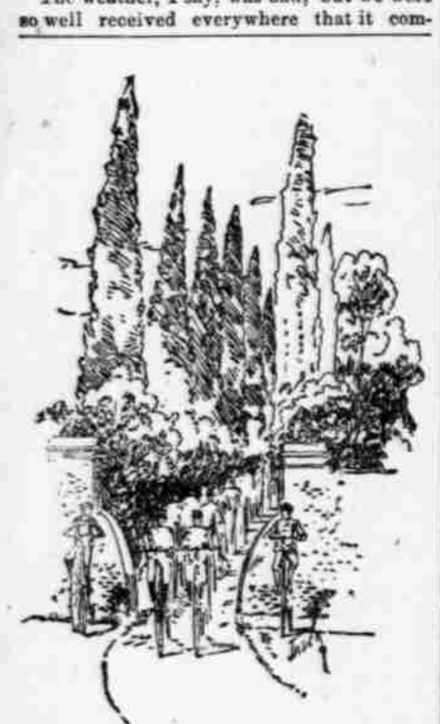
Lunched by the Undergraduates of Balliol College, Oxford.

THE ROUTE OVER THE CONTINENT

PARIS, July 27.

OUR party, consisting of 28 American 'cyclists, reached Queenstown a few weeks ago, after a capital voyage across the Atlantic. We started from Cork, Ireland, where most of the boys received their wheels, nearly all of the machines being of English manufacture. As soon as we got on to the road, we were unfortunate enough to strike a rainy spell of weather; but we were encouraged on our way by many Irish riders. We started with too much luggage. The wheels were too heavy. So we reduced the load at once and sent it on ahead by parcels post.

The weather, I say, was bad; but we were so well received everywhere that it com-



Passing in Review.

pensated our ill luck. We enjoyed three days' stoppage at Dublin, where we were banqueted by wheelmen in fine style. Our next move was to take the steamer for Liverpool. Once in England the sun began to shine. In fact, during the whole time of our stay in that country we had but one wet day. At Birmingham, where we were hospitably received, most of the boys exchanged their wheels for lighter ones.

We reached Hampton Court after an awful day's ride. Several machines broke down. After visiting the palace, we rode into the town, and were delighted with the reception we received. Hampton Court is an important center for English wheelmen, who gather there "in their thousands" on their great parade day in the spring.

THE FIRST BICYCLE CLUB.

The first bicycle club, the Pickwick, was started in London in June, 1870, but the first great Hampton Court meet did not take place until six years after. And year by year since, the meeting of wheelmen under the old chestnuts at Bushey every May has been organized by the Pickwick Bicycle Club, who have taken the initiative in the matter by virtue of being the oldest club of its kind in London.

The great spring meet is at present held more especially in order that the general public may see that bicycling comprises a very large and important section of the community. The riders hope and believe that with that respect for power which is innate in the breasts of the majority of Englishmen, the annual display of wheel-strength will induce a certain amount of respect toward bicycling as a sport, which it could not hope to acquire simply from the fact of a few men being seen occasionally riding about alone. It is wanted, in fact, to make the community of wheelmen to a certain extent a vast united body for mutual assistance and protection.

One of the pleasantest incidents of our tour was the lunch tendered us by the undergraduates of Balliol College, Oxford. We stayed in London nearly a week and sped on to Brighton, accompanied by a number of local wheelmen. From Brighton we ran for Newhaven, where we took the steamer to the coasts of France, landing at Dieppe.

The weather being fine and the roads better than what we had hitherto met with in England, we covered the distance from Dieppe to Saint-Germain-en-Laye, by way of Rouen, in two days. But the route from Mantes was heavy with dust, thick with black flies, and a head wind was blowing.

A FRENCH WELCOME.

M. de Baroncelli and some American friends came up from Paris and met us on the Route de Quarante-Sous, at a small village called Chambourcy, to welcome us in the name of the cyclists of France: and—a thing of no small importance—to show us a short cut through the forest of St. Germain, which saved us going over about three kilometres of the rough stone pavement for which the towns of France are famous.

We dined and slept at Saint-Germain-en-Laye, and the following morning at 9 o'clock I gave the signal to mount, and, one by one, nearly 50 cyclists rolled out to the Hotel du Prince de Galles upon the Place Royale. M. Corti, the Police Commissary, had come to salute the wheelmen of the "Sister Republic," and thoughtfully presented us with a small French banner. Through his kindness special permission was given to our small army to ride on to the splendid terrace and admire the world-renowned panorama to be seen therefrom, with beautiful Paris and the Eiffel Tower in the distance.

M. de Baroncelli led the way upon his silver-plated bicycle; Mr. Higgins, our treasurer, followed with the American flag flying from his handle bar, by the side of M. Porten, flying the French tricolor. The rest of the party followed two abreast, and thus descended the steep hill of Le Pecq, over the bridge, through the beautiful park of Le Vesinet, to Chatou, Rueil, up the hill behind Mount Valerien, down into the town of Suresnes, over the Suresnes bridge, and entered the Bois de Boulogne. At its entrance M. de Baroncelli and I placed ourselves one on each side of the gate and saluted as the troop rolled through two at a time. On past the old mill and the racecourse at Longchamp and up to the Cascade, where machines were stocked and a light repast partaken of. While this was going on, M. Porten got his camera and "took" the whole party in a summer house.

A BANQUET IN PARIS.

From the Cascade we were conducted through the gratefully cool alleys of the Wood to the Porte Maillot. Here we were met by Dr. Minart, President of the Union Velocipedique of France, who invited us into the club room and offered us cooling drinks. Dr. Minart spoke a few words of welcome on behalf of the French cycling clubs, and I replied in English, expressing the great satisfaction felt by the whole party at the kind manner in which we had been received in France and Paris.

We started off again, three abreast, up the Avenue de la Grand Armee and round the Arc de Triomphe. Down the magnificent Champs-Elysees, across the Place de la Concorde, and along the Rue de Rivoli, rode the "half hundred," with a quiet precision worthy of a military corps, until we reached our Paris headquarters at the cosy and comfortable Hotel de la Tamise, in the Rue d'Alger, where our iron horses were stabled until the order was again given to march.

We were entertained later by our French wheeling brethren at the Restaurant Dehauve, the spacious private hall of which had been specially engaged for the occasion. The Reception Committee was composed of M. Grassen, President of the Societe Velocipedique Metropolitaine; Dr. Minart, President of the Sport Velocipedique Parisien; M. Duhayon, Vice President of the Cercle de la Pedale; M. Pradelles, Secretary of the Veloce Sport Parisien, and M. de Baroncelli, Consul of the Union Velocipedique de France.

M. de Baroncelli made a telling speech in French, in which he expressed the great sympathy that the French velocipedist felt for their American brethren; he rendered all honor to the American wheelmen who had accomplished a feat never before performed by any foreign cyclists. M. de Baroncelli then presented us with a detailed itinerary of the roads to be followed from Paris to Geneva, and said that the consuls of the different cycling clubs in the different towns through which we have yet to pass had been informed of our arrival, and would be ready to meet us and render any assistance or give any information in their power.

EUROPEAN ROADS.

The roads in Europe are vastly superior to anything we are used to in America, and the distances are shorter. The scenery to an American has the effect of finished pictures. It is nature with her hair combed. The highly cultivated fields, carefully trimmed and bordered, with long avenues of poplars and elms strike an American in France; while in England he is impressed with the whole landscape. How thoroughly England is groomed! Our New England out-of-doors scenery often looks as if it had just got out of bed and had not finished its toilet. But the glowing green of everything in England strikes one particularly: green hedges in place of our rail fences, always ugly, and our rude stone walls, which are not wanting in a certain look of fitness approaching to comeliness, but poor features of landscape as compared to those universal hedges.

The difference in the hours for meals disturbed us somewhat in the beginning, but we have since got used to it. The boys prefer French to English cooking, but the ham and eggs of old England was a rare treat to all of them. The French early breakfast with cafe au lait is too light a meal for an American, and especially an American cyclist, who expects more solid food to start off upon in the morning.

THE ITINERARY.

On leaving Paris we go to Fontainebleau, where we intend remaining over a Sunday, to see the palace and the forest. From Fontainebleau, we start for Geneva, taking the route outlined for us by M. de Baroncelli, which, indeed, is no other than the grand, straight, departmental route to Geneva, by way of Tonnerre, Montbard, Dijon, Dole, Poligny and Morez. It will take us eight days to reach Geneva, where we remain a day.

We then take the steamer to Villeneuve, go over the Pass to Toul, visit Interlaken, Lucerne, the Rigi, Zug, Zurich, Albruck, Freiburg, the Black Forest, and from Strasburg go to Cologne; after which we take the steamer to Rotterdam, and at that old Dutch town our party separates.

Here is the roll call—J. E. Beal, Ann Arbour, Mich.; W. H. Bennett, Chicago, Ill.; E. L. Breed, Lynn, Mass.; T. C. Brinsmade, Cleveland, O.; A. C. Buttolph, Chicago, Ill.; C. H. Cake, Clarkesville, Mo.; A. G. Collins, Boston,

Banqueted by French Cyclists.

Mass.; Clark Cooper, Trenton, N. J.; W. N. Eastabrook, Elmira, N. Y.; F. A. Elwell, Portland, Me.; Rev. C. E. Fessenden, Summit Hill, Pa.; H. S. Higgins, Portland, Me.; W. H. Kirk, Philadelphia, Pa.; Daniel Krum, Columbus, O.; D. W. Levy, Quincy, Ill.; D. C. Nurse, Walnut, Ill.; F. H. Palmer, Portland, Me.; Joseph Pennell, Philadelphia, Pa.; P. H. Reilly, Hartford, Conn.; W. C. Roseboom, Cherry Valley, N. Y.; J. W. Schneider, Summit Hill, Pa.; C. Seavey, Portland, Me.; S. B. Shannon, Cleveland, O.; Wentworth, Skowhegan, Me.; R. B. White, Quincy, Ill., and H. R. Wilson, Clarion, Pa.

F. A. ELWELL,
Manager of the Cyclists' Touring Club.

OTHER PEOPLE'S PICTURES.

A Detroit Dealer Who Has Quite a Trade in Misfit Photos.

Detroit Free Press.]

"Misfit photographs for sale" is the sign on a Michigan avenue photograph gallery. The man who owns the place says he hit on that plan to get rid of pictures that people order and never pay for.

"But who buys the pictures?" asked the sketch artist.

"Oh, many folks. You see, a young man comes in here and sees a nice picture of a girl, and he buys one and sends it home to his friends. Then he takes one for himself—perhaps two—and in that way I get my money back. I know one young fellow who took some of my best work and sent it to Germany to represent his wife. The picture could easily have passed for hers as far as the features went, but she was never dressed out like that. Mothers who have little children often buy pictures of children with long hair when theirs hasn't grown out and send them around to friends at a distance. I can sell brides' pictures without any trouble. I sometimes think pictures that ain't taken for people look just as much like them. Besides, it saves you all the trouble of a sitting."

SMOKERS AND THEIR WAYS.

The State of a Man's Finances Indicated by the Cigars He Buys.

New York Times.]

A young man walked into a downtown cigar store last Saturday and called for some cigars. "What kind will it be to-day?" asked the proprietor. "Oh, three for a half," said the customer, and the cigars were given him.

"It's pay daywith that young man today," said the proprietor after the customer had left. "I can always tell just when these young fellows are feeling like millionaires. On pay day they come in and put up 50 cents for three cigars. The next day, say Sunday, they call for two for a quarter, with the explanation that they have discovered that the two for a quarter are just as good as the three for fifty. Monday they come in and ask for 10-cent straight cigars, and explain that they have learned that they are just as good as the two for a quarter. Tuesday they feel confident that the three for a quarter cigars are just as good as the 10-cent straight. Wednesday they try a 5-cent straight, with no explanation, and on Thursday six for a quarter will do. On Friday some of them come in and say: 'Give me a small bag of smoking tobacco.' Oh, yes, the quality of cigars a man smokes furnishes an excellent insight into the state of his finances.

A DREAM DEFINED.

Merely a Sign That the Sleeper's Mind is Not Asleep.

Chicago Inter Ocean.]

Is a dream a sign of anything? Why, yes, undoubtedly. It is a sign of life in the dreamer, and that he is not asleep all over. Some of the organs of the complex brain are active, carrying on the process of thought without guidance of the will. A dream is simply the result of unguided mental action, and the nature of the dream depends on what part of the brain is active. There is probably nothing more superhuman in a dream than in a revery, or even in the incoherent imaginings of an insane person.

THE POET LAUREATE.

A Review of the Life Work of Lord Alfred Tennyson, Who

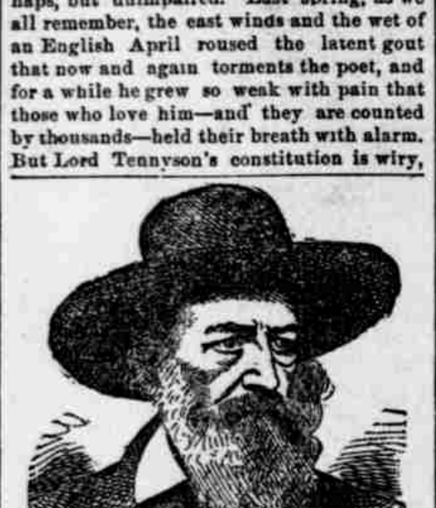
CELEBRATES HIS 80TH BIRTHDAY

On Tuesday Next, Making Him One of the Oldest as He is One of

THE MOST CELEBRATED MEN OF LETTERS

[WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.]

On next Tuesday we shall have the happiness of greeting the most eminent of living men of letters on the occasion of his 80th birthday. It was on the 6th of August, 1809, that Alfred Tennyson was born at Somersby, a woodland village half way between the wolds and the fens of Lincolnshire. Eighty full years have poured their sunshine and their rain, their joys and their sorrows on that noble head, and have left the natural wisdom, the trenchant wit, the deep-mouthed music, a little mellowed, perhaps, but unimpaired. Last spring, as we all remember, the east winds and the wet of an English April roused the latent gout that now and again torments the poet, and for a while he grew so weak with pain that those who love him—and they are counted by thousands—held their breath with alarm. But Lord Tennyson's constitution is wiry,



Lord Alfred Tennyson.

and he springs from a resolute race. The summer came, a summer of all unusual mellowness and sweetness, one of the rare golden summers which he loves to describe, and day by day his strength came back.

Last June he started from his island home at Freshwater in Lord Brassey's yacht—the "Sunbeam," whose adventures so many thousands of readers are familiar with—and cruised up and down the English Channel, calling at a little glowing seaport town, full of tamarisk and myrtle, in the extreme south of Devonshire, whence, as I hear as I write these lines, he has come back strengthened and wholly himself again. Length of life to him still! May the laurel which has clustered so greenly around his brows for nearly 40 years flourish and bud there. It will be an evil day that sees the wreath which Tennyson has worn since the death of Wordsworth descend to any other head than his.

THE PRINCE OF POETS.

As we looked around us in the Anglo-Saxon world, nay, on the continent of Europe also, we see no living figure which approaches that of Tennyson in literary dignity. As long as Victor Hugo was alive, it was he who, by common consent, held the scepter of poetry. At his death it descended to the younger Englishman. This is perhaps the moment to ask ourselves why Lord Tennyson and not another is the confessed first man of letters of the present age. In what does his pre-eminence consist? To what qualities of his mind and work does he owe it? No question is more difficult to answer, because the reply depends on the combination of a great number of wholly intangible forces. Still, an answer shall be attempted. In the first place, no pretense is made by the admirers of Lord Tennyson to claim for him eminence over all his cotemporaries in intellect or knowledge. He is wise and full of intelligence, but in mere intellectual capacity or attainment it is probable that there are many who excel him. This, then, is not the direction on which his greatness asserts itself. He has not headed a single moral reform nor inaugurated a single revolution of opinion; he has never pointed the way to undiscovered regions of thought; he has never stood on tiptoe to describe new worlds that his fellows were not tall enough to discover ahead. In all these directions he has been prompt to follow, quick to apprehend, but never himself a pioneer. Where, then, has his greatness lain?

It has lain in the various perfection of his writing. He has written, on the whole, with more constant, unwearied and unwearying excellence than any of his cotemporaries. He has understood that the first business of an author, and especially an author in verse, is not to preach, nor to teach, nor to prophesy, but to write. He has expended the treasures of his native talent on broadening and deepening his own hold upon the English language, until that has become an instrument upon which he is able to play a greater variety of melodies to perfection than any other man.

HIS UNIVERSAL GENIUS.

There have been poets in his day who surpassed him in certain directions; who have commanded a deeper insight into human action, or a louder volume of lyrical sound. But Tennyson, in his immense patience, has been universal. He has cultivated all branches of the art of poetry. He has failed in none, he has succeeded superlatively in several. The consequence is that now at last he covers more ground, rises before us as a huger and more complicated specimen of intellectual architecture than any of those whose spires may for a while have seemed to sparkle above him.

When Tennyson began to write verses, nearly 70 years ago, the genius of Byron was in the ascendant. The boyish volume which his brother Charles and he published together when they were schoolboys at Louth, early in 1827, shows this influence strongly. Here is a stanza from that inaccessible book, which has never been reprinted, and the few existing copies of which now fetch fabulous sums when any of them get into the market:

> Then, when the shriekings of the dying
> Were heard above the wave,
> Soul of my soul! I saw thee dying;
> I follow'd thee to save.
> The thunder of the brazen prows,
> O'er Actium's ocean wrung,
> Fame's garland faded from my brows,
> Her wreath away I flung.
> I sought, I say, I heard but thee;
> For what to love was victory?

Boy's verses these, perhaps, and in fact the verse is that of a boy of 16 or 17, yet how admirable a following of the writer then in fashion.

A little later, in the "Lover's Tale," which he long afterward reprinted, Tennyson showed that he had been reading Shelley. In the "Poems, chiefly lyrical," of 1830, he was evidently under the influence of Keats. These three great poets were the comrades of his early youth, but his real masters were the ancients; he was deeply imbued with the spirit of Horace and Catullus at the moment when he began to write poetry seriously. I hope I am not indiscreet if I refer to some remarks on this subject which I had the privilege of hearing Lord Tennyson make many years ago, in the course of which he attributed his precocious command of metrical language and flow of measured speech mainly to the thorough acquaintance which he enjoyed in early youth with the Odes of Horace. His father, he told me, insisted on his reciting, on successive mornings, the whole of the four books of the Odes, from "Mæcenas atavis" down without a break to "Progeniem Veneris canemus," before he would pronounce the boy fit to go off to grammar school at Louth. "Horace was my master," I remember the poet's repeating—"Horace and Keats."

HE DISLIKED DULL ROUTINE.

When the time for accepting a profession came, the future poet laureate refused to trammel himself by undertaking any form of business or routine. He preferred to face the probability of poverty to doing anything which should disturb the development of the genius within him. It was, perhaps, a perilous experiment, but one which has been justified a thousand fold. Lord Tennyson, although he started in life anything but what is called "comfortably off," has never done a day's work for his living. Or, to be accurate, he has worked as few have done, but at a kind and class of labor peculiar to himself. Some day, no doubt, the curtain will be drawn from the poet's early life, and it will be seen with what passionate zeal and persistent energy he toiled to become a master of all the best that literature and nature have to offer to a student such as he was.

After this first apprenticeship to the great writers of antiquity and to the leading elder poets of his own race, Lord Tennyson ceased to show sign of any outward influence. He created, almost before he was of age, a style which was characteristically his own, and which has remained so, with the obvious modifications of increasing age.

> About a stone-cast from the wall
> A sluice with blacken'd waters slept,
> And o'er it many, round and small,
> The cluster'd marish-mosses crept.
> Hard by a poplar shook alway,
> All silver green with gnarled bark;
> For leagues no other tree did mark
> The level waste, the surrounding gray.
> She only said, "My life is dreary,
> He cometh not," she said;
> "I'm a-weary,"
> She said, "I would that I were dead."

This stanza, as perhaps but few readers realize, was written 60 years ago. When it was written there was no one but Tennyson who could have composed it; it is still a perfectly typical example of his style. That style, so mellifluous and polished in its mannerism, has been applied to so many forms of poetry within the last half century that, with a multitude of uncritical readers, it has come to suggest the typical form of verse. It has been imitated with success by myriads of more or less accomplished songsters. As Lord Tennyson himself complains, in his little piece called "The Flower,"

> Most can raise the flowers now,
> For all have got the seed.

But the blossoms born of this accidental sowing do not come to stay; they bloom for a moment and disappear. The model on which they are formed, which for an instant they seem to equal, outlasts them, and will outlast all the vicissitudes of task and time.

HIS LAST POEM NOT WRITTEN.

We are not called upon yet to form a final judgment on Lord Tennyson's poetry. Happily, indeed, it is not all yet in our hands. A new volume is, at the moment in which I write, lying in Messrs. Macmillan's shop ready to be published in the ensuing winter. We are not likely to be disappointed in these winter blossoms of Lord Tennyson's garden. He was 71 when he gave us "Rizpah" and "The Voyage of Maeldune;" he was 76 when he gave us "The Spinster's Sweet Arts" and "Frater que Vale." No doubt the treasury of our literature will be permanently enriched by the contents of the first book any great poet has given to the English-speaking world after the age of 80.

Meanwhile, the whole race rises to-day to do honor to this glorious old man, as all Athens rose to carry Sophocles back from the tribunal of the Phratores, after the recitation of his "Œdipus" at Colonus. Let us be careful, however, even in our congratulations. If Pliny is to be believed, Sophocles died of fatigue in consequence of the boisterous acclamations of his countrymen. There is this difference, however, between the English case and the Greek one. All that was said of Sophocles had been said in his presence. In these days of newspapers and magazines Lord Tennyson may sit among the dry-tongued laurels at Farringford and hear as little as he pleases of our plaudits.

EDMUND GOSSE.

AN ENTERPRISING POSTMASTER.

Determined to Run His Office in Bang Up City Style.

Detroit Free Press.]

A new postmaster was appointed last spring for one of the villages below Atlantic City on the Jersey coast, and about June 1 people began to write to the two hotels there for rooms and rates. Answers were received from only a small per cent of the letters, and a great deal of anxiety and trouble was the consequence. Among others who finally went down to see what was the matter was a Philadelphia broker, and upon reaching the town he went directly to the postoffice. It was a little 7x9 affair in the rear end of a grocery store, and after introducing himself the broker said:

"I have written several letters to the Seaside Hotel here and received no answer. I have several friends who also make the same complaint."

"How long ago was this?"

"About a month."

"Ah! yes, well, your letters probably went to the Dead Letter Office."

"But why? Were they not called for?"

"Oh, yes, but I started in here determined to do my duty. The last postmaster was removed because he hadn't sent a dead letter to Washington during his whole term of office, and during the first four weeks of mine I sent off 96. I've got about 50 more ready to go to-day, but after this I shall hold up for awhile and deliver all that come. I'm going to run this office bang up and city style or I'm going to get out. Good-day, sir."

Byers and His Little Sister.

Byers—It's a mean thing to do, but I need it for my beach-stroll, and children must learn to give up to their elders."

His Little Sister—"Z-z-z-zip! wow, ough!"

Miss Gaggiggle—"Where did you get that lovely sash, Mr. Byers?"

Mr. Byers—"Oh, that? Why, one of my relatives took a notion to give it to me in a whirl of generosity."—*Judge.*

THE SULTAN'S MARCH.

Oliver Optic Describes the Grand Parade to the Mosque.

A PRETTY CIRCASSIAN FLIRT.

Women of Constantinople, Their Dress and Yashmaks.

ABDUL AZIZ AND HIS BODYGUARD

[WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.]

I WELL remember the many walks, rides and sails I took about Constantinople; and if I had half a dozen wide-awake American boys whom it became my duty to amuse and instruct at the same time I think I could do better by them in the city of the Sultan than I could in London and Paris. Everything there would at least have the charm of novelty, and I believe it would take them about one day to satisfy themselves in regard to the dogs and dog fights. Then, every man and woman to be seen in the streets is an object of curiosity.

What we call Turkey in the United States is no such bird in the dominions of the Sultan, or rather, it is called by a different name. Even in English it is properly the Ottoman Empire. To the natives of the country it is Osmanli Valaieti. In fact we are not at all sure that we are learning the right names of rivers, cities and countries in school. I stopped once on a train in Belgium in front of a station, on which was the word "Aachen." I had never heard of such a place, and it looked like a considerable city. Referring to my guide book, I found that it was Aix la Chapelle. The Danube river is the Donau in Germany, and many geographical names are not the same in different languages, as Vienna in English, Wien in Germany, and Vienne in French.

VISITING A MOSQUE.

The Mahometans hold their religion to be very sacred; and in the city of the Sultan Christians are regarded as infidels, and called so. I suppose they have just as much right to do so as we have to call them heathen or anything of that sort. Their ceremonies in the mosque are very unmeaning to us, but they are none the less impress-

The Sultan's Review.

ive to the "true believer" on that account. The Moslems believe that their sacred places would be contaminated by the presence of a "dog of a Christian," though they do not entirely exclude them. Admission can only be obtained by permission of the Sultan, who is the head of the faithful. There are usually a number of travelers in the city, a dozen or 20 of them, and a "firman" is obtained for the whole of them to go at once. Of course a fee has to be paid for each visitor, a portion of which probably goes into the pockets of the guides, who are generally Greeks, and thrifty people.

One does not find much difficulty in "looking two ways for Sunday" in Constantinople as in most other places, for three of them come all in a heap. They begin with the Mahometan Sunday, which is on Friday; the Jewish Sabbath comes on Saturday, followed by the Christian in its proper place. There are people of nearly all nations in the city, but none of them seem to take any especial notice of their holy days.

On Friday the Sultan goes to the mosque in state, and a grand parade is made of the occasion. When one lands at the custom house on the Golden Horn, this part of the city is Galata. Walking up the hill on which is Pera, and descending on the other side he comes to Tophana. This is the locality in which the Sultan's new palace is situated, and here also, with a mosque at one end of it, is the only piece of good road in the city. It is broad and well built, and would rank with the thoroughfares of Italy and England.

TURKISH BEAUTIES.

For this great occasion my man Dimetri brought out the handsome carriage. Of course the ladies on the street looked at us, and we looked at the ladies. They were dressed in the traditional costume, and the ladies are not perplexed here by the constant changes in the fashion plates, for the dress is the same now that it was a hundred years ago, and that it probably will be a hundred years hence. The ladies were dressed just as they are in the pictures in the "Arabian Knights." I looked at one as a specimen. She weighed 200 pounds or more. She was a great, fat, slouchy-looking woman; but this element of her composition was in accordance with the Turkish idea of beauty. But she was not to be regarded as a houri by American eyes. Her dress was loose and flowing, her white cotton stockings, or rather socks, were plastered with mud and rolled into a fold below her ankles, and her yellow morocco shoes were down at the heels. The muslin covering the women wear to cover their heads and faces is called the "yashmak." In the case of this fat woman it was quite thick, and hardly more than the end of her nose could be seen.

Presently we saw another lady who was certainly better-looking, but her yashmak was much thinner. These were women of the ordinary class. Great, stout Nubians, as black as the ace of spades, wore precisely the same costume, and were just as particular that no man should see their face. I could speak for the Americans present, and none of them wanted to see such faces. These women, like those of higher estate in Turkey, eat largely of sweetmeats, and that has a bad effect upon their health, from which better-looking little girls should take warning.

We drove down to the broad street to wait for the procession. On each side of it was drawn up a column of the Sultan's body guard. I have seen a great many fine bodies of soldiers in the different countries of Europe, but I never saw a finer battalion of troops than this Turkish guard. They were all evidently picked for their size and shape, and every one of them looked like an athlete. They wore full beards, and they all happened to have handsome beards, from which I concluded that they had been one element that entered into the selection of the men. They formed a battalion of about 250.

On their heads they wore the fez, which is the national covering for the head, and it is almost universally worn by men of all ranks, from the Sultan down to the laborer. They had the great, bagging trousers of the Turkish costume, made of blue cloth, with socks and gaiter boots. For the body of the uniform they sported a blue frock coat of European style. They were remarkably fine-looking soldiers, and I think they would make a sensation in any city of our country.

A CIRCASSIAN FLIRT.

A considerable collection of people of all nations had gathered at the sides of the street to see the show, and not a few carriages containing ladies were driving up and down the road, which seemed to be about the only place where they could take an airing in any vehicle, unless it were a sedan chair, one of which was occasionally seen in the narrow streets. Most of these carriages were of English make, though there were some which looked as though they had been knocked together on the ground. Some of the ladies were old and ill-favored, and were scrupulously careful about the adjustment of the yashmak; others were better looking, though hardly one could be called handsome in any land but Turkey, and these were not so particular about the covering of their faces. No doubt they were wives of pachas, or belonged to the households of these worthies. On this street was a lofty stone building, with no windows near the ground, which Dimetri said was the harem. He advised our party not to take much notice of the ladies in the carriages; but our curiosity was too strong to be repressed by such counsel, and we continued to look at them with all our eyes.

In one of the carriages was a young lady, evidently a Circassian, who was really a very pretty girl, and what was more, she seemed to be entirely conscious of the fact. She rode by us a dozen times, and stared at us as though she desired to make our better acquaintance. I did not object, and I smiled as though she had been a Yankee damsel. Then I raised my hat very slightly, and smiled once more. She smiled also. The old lady with her seemed to understand her duty well enough to look the other way. The duenna wore a very heavy yashmak,

A Little Flirtation.

which concealed all but the end of her nose, while the houri's was so transparent that I could see every feature of her face. I thought I was making some progress toward a respectful acquaintance with her, when a blast of trumpets broke up the interview, and her driver hurried her from the street.

The Sultan was coming, and the band struck up a tune which was wild and barbaric, but thoroughly inspiring in its notes. The bodyguard straightened up, and two lines of mounted men approached on each side of the way. No one must step in front of the Sultan, and his escort must go on each side. An ugly-looking colored gentleman appeared first at the gate of the palace, and the crowd bowed low to him, for he was the chief eunuch, the Kyzlar-Agassi, the equal of the grand vizier. The Sultan came first, mounted on a magnificent horse. The battalion gave a fierce yell, which was the regular greeting; but the mighty potentate took no notice of it, for it is beneath his dignity to notice anybody.

A DIGNIFIED MONARCH.

The Sultan was a very good-looking man of 40, his hair and beard sprinkled with gray. He wore the fez, with a frock coat and pants in European style. His breast was covered with medals and decorations, and his horse was more richly dressed than himself. His appearance and manner were decidedly impressive. He looked rather languidly about, but seemed to be taking especial care not to see anybody or anything. Our party took off our hats and bowed low to him, but he would not even let his eyes rest on us for an instant. His chief business just then was to support his dignity, and he did it in full.

Behind him came a long procession of pachas, all gorgeously mounted and dressed, and the procession was vastly finer than any cavalcade the boys ever saw at the circus. Near him was his son, Yussuf Izzeddin Effendi—we give it in full so our boys may be able to call him by name if they ever happen to meet him. When I bowed to him, hat in hand, he returned the salute in the same manner, and his politeness was to be recommended to his papa. But this boy of 13 at that time was not the heir to the throne; they don't do things in that way, and his uncle was in the line ahead of him.

The Sultan I saw that day was Abdul Aziz; he is no longer living, and the irreverent newspapers spoke of him as the ruler Az-waz. The present Sultan is Mohammed Murad, brother of Aziz, and uncle of the polite boy. The last three rulers of the Ottoman Empire have been brothers, and all of them sons of the Sultan Mahmoud II.

The procession went on its way and entered the mosque. We could not follow it; the pretty Circassian had evidently gone home, and I saw her no more. I am sorry she cannot be brought over to this country, sent to Vassar College, or some other, and thus escape from the life she is doomed to lead in her own land.

We were driven up the hill to the Rue de Pera, where the carriage stopped in front of the monastery of the dancing dervishes; and we shall have something to say of these and the howling dervishes in the future.

OLIVER OPTIC.

THE MAN WITH A RIFLE.

A Western Farmer and Hunter With a Remarkable History.

New York Star.]

A man who has had a remarkable history is now visiting the East and this city for the first time since the close of the war. Short and stocky, with a handsome, sun-browned face, State Senator John O. Milne, of Minnesota, is one of the best known farmers of the beautiful State of 50,000 lakes. Mr. Milne was born in Fall River, Mass., where his brothers are leaders in the social, political and business world. The principal daily paper in that city is owned by them.

John O. went West long before the war and became a famous hunter. He knew every mile of hunting ground from La Crosse to the Red river of the North, and claims to have been the first man to discover that the source of the Mississippi was not Lake Itaska, as promulgated by Schoolcraft in 1832, but a spring, or series of springs, much farther north, and which Captain Glazier has since conclusively shown to be the real origin of the mighty stream. Mr. Milne is personally acquainted with nearly all the older chiefs of the Sioux and Apaches, and can talk their languages like an aborigine. When Sitting Bull and his 6,000 warriors were brought under military escort to Bismarck in 1881, Mr. Milne visited the camp and was received by Sitting Bull with extraordinary honors. The Sioux call him the "Little Man Great with the Rifle."

A VERY ARTFUL DOG.

His Clever Ruse for Deceiving His Mistress a Complete Failure.

Cincinnati Times Star.]

"Speaking of dogs," said a gentleman from Avondale, discussing some of the recent dog stories told by the delegate, "there is a little fox-terrier owned by one of my acquaintances. His mistress thought so much of him that, when he was a pup, she used to bathe him every day. First she would bathe the baby, then the dog would be given his douse in the water. But she never used the castile soap, which was reserved exclusively for the baby, on the dog. He, poor animal, had to be content with ivory soap. This discrimination evidently annoyed the terrier. The other day his mistress saw him go upstairs a little before the hour for the bath.

"She followed on tiptoe to see what he was doing. She saw him go to the bathroom, pick up the cake of ivory in his mouth and drop it out of the window. His mistress, just previous to the bath, secured the soap and put it in her pocket. When the dog's turn in the tub came, he deliberately picked up the castile soap, and wagged his tail joyously as he put it in his mistress' hand. Then she produced the ivory soap. You should have seen the poor dog. He was utterly woebegone and crestfallen. Never saw a dog look so cheap in my life."

Smart Girls at Slate Lick.

Armstrong Republican.]

Some of the papers are blowing about a couple of girls at Walk Chalk who have been driving a mowing machine and a horse rake. Well, right around Slate Lick we can count nearly a dozen girls and young married women who can reap, mow or stack hay, thrash grain or thrash men when they come in to dinner.

Holding the Fair.

Omaha World-Herald.]

Just to forestall some cotemporary we will ourselves answer the question propounded in the heading of one of our editorials to-day, "Where Shall the Fair be Held?" In our laps, of course.

WOMEN OF FRANCE.

Power and Influence of the Fair Sex in French Politics.

THREE NOTABLE RECEPTIONS.

Strong-Minded Frenchwomen Coming Quickly to the Front.

WOMAN'S RIGHTS A POPULAR CAUSE

[CORRESPONDENCE OF THE DISPATCH.]

PARIS, July 18.—Although the law under the code Napoleon interdicts to a very great extent the property rights of French women, giving to the husband during coverture the absolute control and disposition of the wife's property and goods, it has never been able to control their tongues. When the French woman is impelled to talk, she talks, and she stops only when she has fully expressed her mind. French women have to-day, and have had in the centuries past, a strong influence in political matters.

It has always been the custom with the fisherman, the farmer, the miner, and the laborer who works for hire, to give all of his earnings to his wife, who manages the household and the expenditures of the family, always laying aside something for a rainy day. She provides the wine for the table and they drink it together, hence the husband does not spend his money in the saloon or restaurant. Thus the wife accommodates her expenses and the expenses of the family to the income of her husband. But it is more than likely that she adds to the income of her husband, for French women work. She thus acquires a power and influence that the woman who lives simply upon the bounty of her husband, not knowing whence the money comes, does not know.

THE FRENCH WOMAN THINKS.

With the use of money, and the accumulation of property, naturally comes the desire to earn it in fields that are most lucrative and congenial, and the desire to dispose of it by gift or will, which married women cannot do. But all women do not marry, and France has a much larger proportion of women than of men. So the women are beginning to ask for rights, civil and political, and they are coming to the front on these questions with an earnestness and zeal that means business. They have called their sisters from other countries to give testimony to the right and privileges acquired in their several domains and how it has been brought about. They have compared the progress that has been made in science, in the opening of schools and professions, and especially the numbers reclaimed and saved by special charities not connected with the Government.

The Association for the Rights of Women, of which Maria Dessaimes was President and Leon Richer President of Honor, came out boldly and announced that their object was to secure the rights of women, civil and political. They discussed questions historic, economic, moral and legislative. As to both of the latter subjects there would seem to be just cause for complaint and great room for improvement. The French woman has no control whatever over her children during the lifetime of the father. His word is absolute, and he may by his will deprive her of the care of the children of the marriage after his death. He dictates their education and their religion.

WHAT WOMEN HAVE DONE.

The eloquent President, in her opening address, did not fail to remind the large audience of the present unequal condition of women under the law, and to detail in words, now pathetic and now amusing, what women had done for the liberties of France during the last century. The close of the five days' session of this congress did not by any means close their work. Their earnestness, their zeal and the ability of the papers presented in certain lines of reformatory labor, indicate the thought, time and attention that have been given to them, and their clear insight into the nature of the reforms needed. These women mean work, and they have had the courage to come forward and openly avow sentiments not yet popular in France; but the press of Paris treat them courteously, and that is a great point gained.

The Society for the Works and Institutions of Women, with Jules Simon for President and Emilie de Mosier (the real head) for General Secretary, have perhaps been wiser even, if less frank. Jules Simon announces it his belief, with all the authority of a litterateur of note, that women should be equal to men up to a certain point, but that men should hold the offices. He commends their work, especially their charitable work, and believes that lines of work should be open to them; and especially that they should be permitted to bind up the wounds that men have made by the bullet and the bayonet.

"But I want peace! I wish to stop the devastation of war," exclaimed a little woman in the audience, "and I do not believe in making arrangements to aid it!"

A STRONG ORGANIZATION.

The conservatism of this body, apparently, has drawn into their fold and into their organization a larger class of women who are occupied in philanthropic works, and who are endeavoring to open larger fields of work, with better pay, for women. The woman physician and the woman litterateur are quite features of this congress and of Paris, and these women are practicing their professions, but the woman barrister has not yet made her appearance. They have enlisted here and there women of distinction, they are under the patronage of the Government and it has voted to them a small amount of money.

I listened with some interest to a short paper presented by Lady Saunders in person, to a letter from Madame Carnot, wife of the President of the Republic, expressing regret at not being able to attend the session at which the report was made on works "Philanthropic and Moral," of which she is President, and of the interest and patience of M. Jules Simon, Fredic Passy and other gentlemen who successively presided at the sessions.

But the popularity of the "Congress for the Works of Women" is best illustrated perhaps by the series of brilliant receptions that have been given and which have been attended by the elite and people of literary distinction in Paris. The first was given by the Committee of Organization in the Pavillion de Flore, Palace de Louvre, and the learned, but now gay, procession were soon chatting merrily in the spacious halls where only a little time since Napoleon III. and Eugenie held their brilliant court.

THE WITTY REMARKS

of the toastmakers and the sage thoughts of wiser heads perhaps made no allusions to the gorgeous pageants that had gone before; or that intelligence and cultivated thought were now succeeding royalty.

The second reception was given by Madame M. Laurent and the Comite "de l'Orphelinat des arts" at the Hotel Continental, and was attended by a brilliant concourse of people. But the reception that most notably exhibited the interest that the general public are taking in woman's advancement in France was perhaps the splendid reception in honor of the members of the Congress by the Minister of Public Works, M. Yves Guyot and Madame Guyot. The halls of the old mansion were brilliantly lighted, the mantel and portieres were banked with flowers, and the stairway lined with potted plants. The beautiful garden with its rare old trees and beds of flowers was radiant with yellow Chinese lanterns hung in the trees, and the flower beds and walks bordered with red and white lights, and its refreshment cafe in a sheltered nook.

The concert by the Roumanian artists was exquisite, but the brilliant stars, both ladies and gentlemen, who sang between were a rare treat to the listeners. The Minister and Madame Guyot seemed to be in their kindest mood, chatting gaily with the guests, for whose every want they had so generously provided; but an incident that gave point and pertinence to the proceedings was the presentation to them on behalf of the committee of a beautiful stand of flowers for the interest they had taken in the

WORKS OF THE CONGRESS

and the encouragement that they had given to their labors. The remarks of Madame Mosier were ably seconded by the English delegates, who have a large representation at the congress. The Minister and Madame Guyot were bowing and smiling their acknowledgments during the presentation speeches.

Only make a cause popular and people will say to you, "I always believed in it." The term "woman's rights" has always been odious, but call it by any other name, sugar-coat it, and the masses of the people will see good reason for their adoption, and wonder why women were not always fairly treated.

But the strong-minded French woman has made a great advance. She will not hereafter take a back seat. But she lacks the educational privileges that are granted to women in America. One of the questions hotly discussed was their admission into professional schools on an equality with men, and the coeducation of the sexes.

BELVA A. LOCKWOOD.

NEVER FELT BETTER.

A Soldier Makes Light of the Wound That Causes His Death.

There are men who, after a battle, die of imaginary wounds, and there are others who seem incapable of realizing actual danger. Of the latter class was a brave fellow, whose courage is thus described in Regis de Trobriand's "Four Years With the Army of the Potomac:"

He was a strapping Irishman whom I found smoking his pipe, at the door of the hall where lay the wounded.

"Well," said I to him, "how do you find yourself?"

"Perfectly, Colonel. Never better in my life."

"Why have you got your face half covered with bandages then?"

"Oh, a mere nothing, a scratch. I'll show it to you."

"No, I thank you."

"Yes, yes, you will see what it is."

Raising compresses and bandages, he showed me a gaping wound in the place of the eyebrows, which had been carried away.

"I see," said I, "that your wound has not been dressed this morning."

"No, the doctor put this on yesterday; but today he's so busy with the others, who need his help more than I, that I didn't want to bother him."

"And your eye?"

"Gone. But you see, Colonel, it's only the left eye, and that will save me the trouble of closing it while I take aim, which always did bother me. In a fortnight I'll be back with the regiment."

But the brave fellow never did rejoin his regiment. Before the fortnight was over, he had died of this "mere nothing" of which he had made so light.

COUNTERFEITING A SNAKE BITE.

The Trick Played by a Georgia Youth to Get a Drink.

Americus (Ga.) Republican.]

A young man living in one of the dry counties, killed a large rattlesnake last Monday, and just as he did so the Savannah, Americus and Montgomery train rolled into the station. He noticed that his father got a bottle of XX X. Martell brandy, and he wanted some of it. So he got the rattler, took his pocketknife, cut a gash on his hand, and ran to the old man, exclaiming: "See here, I killed him! But he bit me, and I'll die!" The fond father saw the blood dripping from his boy's hand, and without looking at it, opened the Martell, forced the bottle into his son's mouth, and poured the entire contents into his throat, and then sent for a doctor.

The boy was soon stupidly drunk, and when the doctor arrived he looked at the wounded hand, then at the dead snake, and quietly said: "No snake ever bit that hand. Why, it's a deep gash, and cut with a knife, too. He is not poisoned from snake bite, but he is dead drunk," and forcing a strong emetic down him, the wise old doctor left.

The Meanest Mean Man.

Albany Argus.]

Among the mean men of Duchess county is a farmer at Wappingers Falls, who hires "green-horns" at Castle Garden for a month, and at the end of that time discharges them and refuses to pay them any wages.

Poor, Foolish Men.

TAKE A WOMAN'S ADVICE.

This is only the second time in eight weeks that I have had to polish my boots, and yet I had hard work getting my husband to give up his old blacking brush, and the annoyance of having the paste blacking rub off on his pants, and adopt

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