

TEACHING EMMA TO RIDE.

Bicycle Lessons That Distract a Whole Neighborhood.

New York Sun.

Emma is learning to ride the wheel. Everybody in the neighborhood knows that her name is Emma, they couldn't help knowing it unless they were deaf-mutes. Charley is doing the teaching, it doesn't require an ear trumpet to discover that his name is Charley. The lessons begin about 10 in the evening, when it is rainless, and last according to the endurance of the participants. At that hour Brooklyn streets are pretty well deserted except in the down-town region. This is a side street up-town. It is paved with hard asphalt. If the asphalt were soft it would be one long bas-relief of various portions of Emma's anatomy. Owing to the darkness the lessons are not visible; they make up for this lack by excess of audibility. Murnur, exclamation, protest, adjuration, appeal, shriek, rattle, bump, crash, re-primand and occasionally obligation; that's the way Emma learns to ride the wheel.

In the ears of the neighborhood, sometimes amused, sometimes sleepily indignant, sometimes mildly indifferent, the lesson pursues its cacophonous course something like this:

"Now, then, are you all ready? Jump on."

"Wait a minute. Ooo-oo-oo! Don't let me go, please-ee!"

"All right. I've got you. Now you're off. Go ahead."

"O, Charley, what makes it wobble so to-night? I know the saddle's on crooked."

"No, it isn't, either. Fixed it on myself. Pedal faster. I'll keep alongside of you. That's it; you're doing nobly, Emma."

"Ye-e-e-e-s, but I just know I'm going to fall off in a minute. Ow! There's a tree!"

"Keep off the walk, then. The wheel wasn't built to climb trees with."

"Don't make fun of me, Charley. It's perfectly hor—ee-ee-ee! Ow! Catch me quick! (A thump, followed by a gentle crash.) There, now, you have done it!"

"Well, if that isn't just like a girl! Don't blame it on me because you can't indulge in the delights of conversation and keep your balance at the same time. You might reserve your remarks till later."

"You needn't get so cross over one little fall. It didn't hurt you, I guess. You took good care to be out of the way."

"If you'll map out a plan of your floppings I'll try to be on hand for each one. Here you are on with you again." (A brief respite.) "Now you're getting on first rate."

"Yes, if you only wouldn't talk to me. It distracts my attention. Ouch! I'm getting wobbly again."

"Steady. All right now!"

"Thank you. Yes, I guess so." (A pause.) "Charley!"

"Well?"

"Don't you think I'll know how to ride pretty well by next week?" (Rackety-whack-bang.)

"No, nor next next. Hurt you?"

"No-o-o, not much. How did that curb get there? I thought I was right in the middle of the street."

"So you were, but while you were occupied in talking, the gutter slipped quietly out and barred your path. Bad habits these gutters around here have."

"If you're going to be horrid and sarcastic I shall go in. I'd like to know if this is what you call teaching a girl to ride."

"God knows it isn't!"

"You're not making it any better by swearing, Charley."

"It wasn't exactly a swear; just a sort of slip; due to stress of emotion. Anyway I'll beg your pardon and we'll start again."

"This time I'll be real venturesome and go as far as the corner. Now watch me."

"Beautiful, beautiful! Turn around, now. Come on, turn around!"

"Oh, I can't! The wheel won't go right. Catch me."

"Just in time that trip. You were all right until you let yourself get nervous. If you'd only make up your mind to it you could ride as well as anybody."

"Do you really think so? How dear of you! But some way, just as I got my mind nicely made up, the wheel begins to cut up, and off I go."

"Try it down this way for a change."

"You'll keep along near me, won't you?"

"Yes, I'll be within reach to claim the remains if you meet your finish."

"It isn't very comforting to have you talk that way. Oo-oo; don't make me talk."

"I'll offer you a prize for ten seconds of consecutive silence, if you think it would have any effect."

"Oh, dear! I hear something coming down the street. Cha-a-rley; what is it? A wagon?"

"More likely to be than that a four-masted schooner or a train of cars."

"Oh h-h-h-h! Help! Stop me, somebody! Stop your horse, Mr. Driver! Don't let him run over me! O-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-ow!"

"Stop it, Emma. You're not within a mile of the horse. Great snakes! What barked another tree?" (There is heard the diminishing rattle of a wheel sliding down from the curb, mingled with faint pipping of terror.)

"Did I run into him, Charley?"

"If the tree is a masculine growth, you certainly did."

"I don't know what you mean. What became of the horse? I must have hit him awfully hard. Is he dead?"

"Not unless he succumbed to heart disease. Last I saw of him he was breaking a record around the corner there. That siren whistle of yours finished him. Had enough of it for to-night, do you think?"

"If you're tired of my clumsiness you can go in the house. I shall stay here until I have mastered this machine. My mind is made up."

"That's more than your hair is. It's hanging seventeen feet for Sunday. As a model for a young person escaped from the embraces of a cyclone you'd draw a big salary."

"Any mention of embraces doesn't come from you with a very good grace, considering that you haven't been near enough to hold me up but once."

"Oh, well; if I'd understood in the first place that this bicycle business was only a means to an end, of course—"

"I'll never let you give me another lesson as long as I live! I'll go to a bicycle academy and learn."

"Tell me which one and I'll send around word to pad the walls in advance. (A pause.) Why, Emma, you're not really getting angry, are you. I beg? Come, and we'll have another try. Up you go! Now shall I hold on to you?"

"No, you shan't! I don't want you to touch me. Let me go alone."

"Of course, if you prefer it. There are plenty of trees to keep you company, and you seem to have a predilection for that kind of companionship."

"Whatever makes you so perfectly contemptible? You talk to me as if I were your sister. Oh! (Whack-bang!)"

"Hello! Off again? Hurt you?"

"Yes, it did, and I'm glad of it. No; go away. I won't let you help me mount. I can do it myself." (Rattle, crash, thump.)

"As a tender-hearted man who can't endure to see a dumb wheel misused I feel bound to interfere. Come, Emma, I'm sorry I jollied you, but I thought you didn't mind that sort of thing."

"I don't except when I'm trying to ride a wheel. Anything grates on my nerves then. Now, put me on, please."

"Lean over to the other side. Hard! Look out! Damp!"

"Charley! (with deep reproach.)"

"Beg pardon; but you can't expect a man to lose the better part of one shin without some mild observations."

"Oh, I'm so sorry! Did it hurt you awfully?"

"Not a case for the ambulance. That infernal pedal caught me with all your weight on it. Try it again, now." (A considerable pause.)

"Oh-h-h-h-h! What shall I do? Here comes another bicycle. Take me off, Charley!"

"There isn't anything coming. Go ahead."

"Yes, there is. I see the light. I shall run into it; I know I shall if you don't get me off. Charley, where are you?"

"All right. I'm coming. Heavens and earth! Don't swoop that way. Look out! Turn to your right." (Thumpety-thump, bang, rattle, crash.)

"Oh, dear. Is that what I ran into, Charley? How did it do it?"

"Unusual ingenuity in the murderous management of a wheel. Will you kindly explain what it was you were dodging when you turned on your own axis and made a wreck of me and my trousers? I may possibly be of some use again, but they never will. Did you see a ghost?"

"It was a wheel. Didn't you see it? The light was wabbling all over the road. I never could have dodged it in the world, even if my wheel didn't always make straight for whatever I want to avoid."

"All wheels do that, but all riders don't see imaginary lights in the act of running them down. Must be a new bicycle ailment."

"Look, look, Charley, there it is now! Don't you see it? Oh, it's gone. No; there it is again. Can't you see it?"

"Young woman, is that the thing that terrified you into making an unprovoked assault on an inoffensive citizen whose only crime has been to abet you in a course of wholesale destruction? Is it? Tell me without delay."

"When you talk that way I never know whether you're fooling or not. Of course, that was it; that light. Now I don't see it. Yes, there it is again. How strange!"

"Not so strange to one who understands the habits of the ponderous and bloodthirsty firefly. I shall take you home at once before you collide with one of them and are utterly destroyed. Come, mount. I'll support your tottering revolutions as far as the asphalt lasts. Sufficient unto the night is the evil thereof." (A long pause. Then, in the distance, the gentle impact of one alighting from a wheel.)

"Tomorrow night, then, if its pleasant?"

"Oh, it's bound to be pleasant. The excitement assures that. Yes, I'll be around at the usual time."

And here endeth the "stealth lesson, with probabilities of 'steer me' to follow, while the neighbors listen and wait and wonder if Emma will ever reward the patience of her Charley by really learning to ride, or the forbear of themselves by changing her practice ground to some other block.

Fever and Canned Salmon.

"The fever that a lot of the boys will get over in Cuba, if they are not mighty careful in their way of living, need not necessarily be yellow to give 'em a hard tussle for their lives," said an ex-sailor of the United States navy, now living in Washington. "There's a plain, old fever down there that had a lot of the men aboard my ship guessing when I spent a couple of weeks in Havana harbor six years ago. I had a good chance to size up the bad breaks I'd made through life myself, for I was one of the first of the crew to be carried into the sick bay with the fever. I had put in both of my previous enlistments on the Mediterranean station, and consequently I was not used to feverish climates. I had never been in the genuinely low latitudes and hot waters before we put into Havana harbor on this cruise, on our way to the South Atlantic station. We hadn't been swinging to our mud-hook in Havana's filthy harbor for twelve hours before I began to feel tottery around the knees, and in the middle of the same night the two men who swung their hammocks next to mine pounded me awake. They told me I had been raving in my sleep. I was too weak to fall out of my hammock, and one of the men went aft and got the surgeon. I was carried aft to the sick bay, pretty fitly in the head, and the surgeon told me I had the fever."

"Yellow?" I asked him.

"No," said he, "you've got a plain, every day case of fever, and your temperature's 106 in the shade. You're in for a dose all right, and you want to mind the apothecary and do everything he tells you to do."

"There were three or four more fellows alongside me that had also been taken to the sick bay with the fever, and one of 'em was delirious. During the next couple of weeks about two dozen of the crew crowded the sick bay and the alleysways, all down with the plain fever. It was about as hot a feeling as I ever experienced, but after the fourth day I went out of my head. I didn't come to for two weeks, and then the apothecary told me that four of the men had died alongside of me, and that my squeak was one of the narrowest. I went down from 180 to 125 pounds. I began to convalesce as soon as I got my head back, and I was as hungry as a wolf. But they wouldn't feed me anything but beef tea, mutton broth and that sort of stuff. I got so I hated the thought of these things. I wanted solids, and I wanted 'em bad. But the apothecary told me they would kill me if I ate 'em."

"All right, my boy, I thought after he told me this one day, 'I'm not going to die hungry, anyhow, not by a d—m sight,' and I watched for a good chance to sneak something to eat. My opportunity came one evening when all hands, including the apothecary, were on the main deck at evening quarters. The sick bay wasn't far from the mess table of the chief petty officers, and the supper was smoking hot on the table, awaiting the return below of the men from quarters. I topped out of my cot and crawled to the mess table on my hands and knees. Then I dragged myself to a mess stool. In the centre of the table was a fine, big mound of canned salmon, swimming in a platter of nicely prepared cream gravy. Well, I jabbed a spoon into that, and I guess I must have eaten about four pounds of it before there was a clattering on the ladders, and the chief petty officers collared me. The apothecary looked at me and then at the dish, and he went white. He rushed aft and told the surgeon what I had done. I was wotted to the sick bay, and the surgeon came alongside my cot.

"My boy," said he, "have you got any messages you want to leave?"

"Nothing in particular," I said, "picking my teeth comfortably. I felt immense. Why?"

"Because you're a dead man," said the surgeon.

"Oh, I guess not," said I. "I've got no kick a-coming, anyhow. I've had a feed."

"You'll be dead in an hour," said the apothecary after the surgeon went out.

"Well, I felt out of sight from that time on, and I began to mend so rapidly that the surgeon was nonplussed.

"There's no precedent for it," said he. "Canned salmon—a man with a temperature of 102 eating half a platter full of canned salmon! What the devil's he made of, I wonder?"

"I was smoking my pipe at the gang-way ten days after I ate that salmon."

—Washington Post.

All Sorts of Paragraphs.

—One of the newest baby boys in Kansas is named Dewey Hobson Johnson. He carries a heap of honorable distinction for one of his age.

He—"They say Walter is the best shot in the country." She—"Well I don't believe it. He kissed me in the dark, the other night, on the nose."

—A swarm of bees has taken refuge in a box surmounting a Bangor, Me., telephone pole. They make lots of trouble but nobody disturbs them, and their owner can have them by applying at the pole.

—He—Tell the truth and shame the devil, you know. She—"I don't know whether it would shame him for you to tell the truth, but it would surprise him much."

DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salvo has the largest sale of any Salvo in the world. This fact and its merit has led dishonest people to attempt to counterfeit it. Look out for the man who attempts to deceive you when you call for DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salvo, the great piper cure. Evans Pharmacy.

The most wonderful astronomical photograph in the world is that which has recently been prepared by London, Berlin and Parisian astronomers. It shows at least 68,000,000 stars.

—Hazen—I like to see a man stick by his friends. Now, for instance, if a man told you I was an ass, you would not join right in with him, would you? Dilby—No, sir; I'd rebuke him. I'd tell him that the truth should not be spoken on all occasions.

—The recovery of many of the wounded at Santiago is attributed to the bits of antiseptic gauze, known as surgeon's sponges, which were distributed among the soldiers for immediate application in case of being wounded. These are sterilized and saturated with bichloride of mercury, which is a strong antiseptic and prevented the formation of pus or gangrene later.

—When an ostrich is preparing to hatch she scratches a hole in the ground about the size of a bushel basket. Eggs are then laid day after day and arranged around the hole. When twenty-one are laid the bird kicks them into the hole, and at night sits on them. The male bird performs this duty in the daytime, thus permitting his partner to obtain exercise.

One Minute Cough Cure surprises people by its quick cures, and children may take it in large quantities without the least danger. It has won for itself the best reputation of any preparation used to-day for colds, croup, tickling in the throat or obstinate coughs. Evans Pharmacy.

"What nonsense!" exclaimed the proud young father as he flung his book aside. "To what do you refer?" asked the friend who welcomed any topic that did not lead to a description of phenomenal children. "This statement that all men were born equal. It's an utter fallacy. Why, my baby weighed ten pounds when it was born, and Tackley's weighed only seven and a half."

—A few days ago while sawing into a pine log at Lambert's saw mill in Florence, a curious relic was found, in the shape of an old flint and steel fire. The log had a hollow in the butt of it and in the hollow was found the relic. When it was placed there is not known. The tree was a large one and it must have been very many years ago. The tree was felled in the forest land of Mr. J. Robert Muldrow, about three miles below Florence.

—Guy C. Lee, a student in one of Wisconsin's universities, has started in a canoe from Madison, Wis., to Brazil. He crossed Lake Monona, and followed the Yahara south to the Rock river, through which he will pass to the Mississippi, thence to New Orleans and across the Gulf of Mexico and Caribbean sea. The rest of the trip lies along the south Atlantic coast to Rio Janeiro.

—A case was recently tried in one of our courts about the soundness of a horse, in which a clergyman, not conversant with such matters, appeared as a witness. He was a little confused in giving his evidence, and a blustering lawyer, who examined him, at last exclaimed, "Pray, sir, do you know the difference between a horse and a cow?" "I acknowledge my ignorance," replied the witness. "I hardly know the difference between a horse and a cow, or a bully and a bull—only that a bully, I am told, has horns, and a bully (bowing with mock respect to the pettifogger,) luckily for me, has none." "You may retire, sir," said the lawyer; "I've no more questions to ask you."

Truth wears well. People have learned that DeWitt's Little Early Risers are reliable little pills for regulating the bowels, curing constipation and sick headaches. They don't gripe. Evans Pharmacy.

—The largest egg is that of the ostrich. It weighs three pounds, and is considered equal in amount to 34 hen's eggs.

Popularity of Soldiers.

There is no record so conducive to popularity as a military record. The heroic always appeals to the general heart, and especially so obvious and dramatic an expression of it as the career of a successful soldier.

The American people, though they have been devoted to the arts of peace rather than to the arts of war, have ever reserved the chief place in their regard for their most heroic defenders. They have never engaged in a conflict of any magnitude without making a leading general of it their President. They made George Washington President because of what he did in the revolution. They made Andrew Jackson President because of the first Seminole war and his victory at New Orleans. They made William Henry Harrison President because of Tippecanoe, and his services in the war of 1812 as the commander of the army of the northwest. They made Zachary Taylor President because of Buena Vista, where he vanquished Santa Anna though out numbered four to one. They nominated Winfield Scott for President because of his eminence as a soldier, and, though defeated, his defeat was compassed by Franklin Pierce, who had served in the Mexican war as a general officer. They made Ulysses S. Grant President because he crushed the rebellion. It is said that William Tecumseh Sherman would have received a Presidential nomination but for his refusal to allow his name to be considered. Hancock, a soldier, was defeated for the Presidency, but by Garfield, a soldier.

Who can doubt, if there should be another war, history would repeat itself? Surely some officer of the army or some officer of the navy, now comparatively unknown, would be the hero of it, and would for a time overshadow in public interest everybody else, however prominent in civil walks. A war with Spain now would be likely to end just about the right time to make the victorious chief a candidate for the Presidency in 1900. If there be any one who has been hoping that he may be elected or nominated two years hence, doubtless he has not failed to think of this.

—A Kansas correspondent at Chickamauga says the Arkansas regiment camped near the Kansas troops furnishes lots of fun for all observers. He recites the case of one of their captains who, instead of giving the order, "In two ranks, from company!" shouted, "In two rows, like corn!" and then, in place of the order, "Fours right!" commanded, "Now swing like a gate!"

—It has been found that the X-ray shines through a fox-terrier as if he were a Chinese paper lantern. The experiment was tried upon an animal of this species which had swallowed a diamond ring, the trinket appearing in his midst as visible as a fly in amber or a gold fish in a glass globe. All the dog family will do well to lay the lesson to heart and take care what they swallow.

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Advertisement for Gold Dust Washing Powder, featuring an illustration of a woman washing clothes and text describing the product's benefits.

Advertisement for The Farmers Loan and Trust Co., stating it is now ready for business and offering money to lend at reasonable rates.

Advertisement for O. D. Anderson & Bro., listing various products like seed oats, corn, and molasses.

Advertisement for O. D. Anderson & Bro. WANTED CASH, offering to buy various goods.

Advertisement for Car Half Pat. Flour, offering lower grades at \$3.90 per barrel.

Advertisement for We Want Your Business, Large or Small, offering various goods.

Advertisement for O. D. Anderson & Bro. listing various goods and prices.

Advertisement for Vestibule Limited Trains, offering double daily service.

Advertisement for Southern Railway, listing various routes and schedules.

Advertisement for Blue Ridge Railroad, listing various routes and schedules.

Advertisement for S.S.S. The Blood, listing various routes and schedules.

Advertisement for Lost Stock, listing various routes and schedules.

Advertisement for Dr. J. C. Walker, Dentist, listing various routes and schedules.

Advertisement for Atlantic Coast Line, listing various routes and schedules.

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