ruse of drawing our commander to assist me would not have been successful, if I had suspected it and sent a message to him that I wanted no help."

It was the truth—it was the sole purport of the note he had sent through Miss Faulkner. He might not have disclosed it, but so great was the strange domination of this woman still over him that he felt compelled to assert his superiority. She fixed her eyes upon him. "And Miss Faulkner took your message," she said slowly. "Don't deny it! No one else could have passed through our lines, and you gave her a safe conduct through yours. Yes! I might have known it. And this is the creature they sent me for an ally and confidant!"

For an instant Brant felt the sting of this enforced contrast between the two women. But he only said: "You forget that I did not know you were the spy, nor do I believe that she suspected you were my wife."

"Why should she?" she said almost fiercely. "I am known among these people by the name of Benham, my maiden name. Yes, you can take me out and shoot me under that name, without disgracing yours. Nobody will know that the Southern spy was the wife of the Northern general. You see I have thought even of that!"

"And thinking that," said Brant slowly, "you have put yourself—I will not say in my power—for you are in the power of any man in this camp who may know you or even hear you speak. Well, let us understand each other plainly. I do not know how great a sacrifice your devotion to your cause demands of you. I do not know what it seems to demand of me. Hear me, then! I will do my best to protect you and get you safely away from here, but, failing that, I tell you plainly that I shall blow out your brains and my own together."

She knew that he would do it. Yet her eyes suddenly beamed with a new and awakening light. She put back her hair again and half raised herself upon the pillow to gaze at his dark, set face.

"And as I shall let no other life but ours be perilled in this affair," he went on quietly, "and will accompany you myself, in some disguise, beyond the lines, we will take the risks together—or the bullets of the sentries that may save us both all further trouble. An hour or two more will decide this. Until that time your condition will excuse you from any disturbance or intrusion here. The mulatto woman you have sometimes personated may be still in this house. I will appoint her to attend you. I suppose you can trust her, for you must personate her again, and escape in her clothes, while she takes your place in this room as my prisoner."

"Clarence—"

Her voice had changed suddenly; it was no longer bitter and stridulous, but low and thrilling as he had heard her call to him that night in the patio of Robles. He turned quickly. She was leaning from the bed—her thin white hands stretched appealingly toward him.

"Let us go together, Clarence," she said eagerly. "Let us leave this horrible place—these vulgar, cruel people, forever! Come with me! Come with me to my people, to my own faith, to my own house, which will be yours! Come with me to defend it with your good sword, Clarence, against these invaders. Yes! Yes! I know you! I have done you wrong; I have lied to you when I spoke against your skill and power. You are a hero—a born leader of men! I know it! Have I not heard it from the men who have fought against you, and yet admired and understood you, aye, better than your own! Gallant men, Clarence! soldiers bred, who did not know what you were to me, nor how proud I was of you, even while I hated you. Come with me! Think what we would do together, with one faith, one cause, one ambition! Think, Clarence, there is no limit you might not attain! We are no niggards of our rewards and honors; we know our friends! Even I, Clarence, I"—there was a strange pathos in this sudden humility that seemed to overcome her—"I have had my reward, and know my power. I have been sent abroad, in the confidence of the highest to the highest. Don't turn from me. I am offering you no bribe, Clarence, only your deserts. Come with me and live the hero that you are!"

He turned his blazing eyes upon her. "If you were a man!" he began passionately, then stopped.

"No! I am a woman and must fight in a woman's way," she interrupted bitterly. "I entreat, I implore, I wheedle, I flatter, I fawn, I lie! I creep where you stand upright, and pass through doors to which you would not bow. You wear your blazon of honor on your shoulder. I hide mine in a slave's gown. And yet I have worked and striven and suffered! Listen, Clarence—" her voice again sank to its appealing minor. "I know what you men call 'honor'—which makes you cling to a merely spoken word and an empty oath. Well, let that pass! I am weary; I have done my share of this work, you have done yours. Let us both fly; let us leave the fight to those who shall come after us, and let us go together to some distant land where the sounds of these guns or the blood of our brothers no longer cry out to us for vengeance! There are those living there—I have met them, Clarence, she went on hurriedly, "who think it wrong to lift up fratricidal hands in the struggle, yet who cannot live under the Northern yoke. They are—" her voice hesitated, "good men and women—they are respected—they are—"

"Recreants and slaves, before whom you, spy as you are, stand a queen!" broke in Brant, passionately. He stopped and turned toward the window. After a pause he came back again toward the bed, paused again, and then said in a lower voice: "Four years ago, Alice, in the patio of our house at Robles, I might have listened to this proposal, and I tremble to think I might have accepted it. I loved you; I was as weak, as selfish, as unreflecting, my life as purposeless, but for you, as the creatures you speak of. But give me now at least the credit of a devotion to my cause equal to your own, which I have never denied you. For the night that you left me I awoke to a sense of my own worthlessness and degradation—perhaps I have even to thank you for this awakening—and I realize the bitter truth. But that night I found my true vocation, my purpose, my manhood——"

A bitter laugh came from the pillow on which she had languidly thrown herself. "I believe I left you with Mrs. Hooker—spare me the details."

The blood rushed to Brant's face and then receded as suddenly.

"You left me with Captain Pinckney, who had tempted you, and whom I killed!" he said furiously.

They were both staring at each other. Suddenly he said, "Hush!" and sprang toward the door, as the sound of hurried footsteps echoed along the passage. But it was too late; it was thrown open to the officer of the guard, who appeared standing on the threshold.

"Two Confederate officers arrested hovering around our pickets. They demand to see you."

Before Brant could interpose, two men, in riding cloaks of Confederate gray, stepped into the room with a jaunty and self-confident air.

"Not demand, general," said the foremost, a tall, distinguished-looking man, lifting his hand with a graceful, deprecating air. "In fact, too sorry to bother you with an affair of no importance except to ourselves. A bit of after-dinner bravado brought us in contact with your pickets, and, of course, we had to take the consequences. Served us right, and we were lucky not to have got a bullet through us. Gad! I'm afraid my men would have been less discreet! I am Colonel Lagrange, of the Fifth Tennessee; my young friend here is Captain Faulkner, of the First Kentucky. Some excuse for a youngster like him—none for me! I——"

He stopped, for his eyes suddenly fell upon the bed and its occupant. Both he and his companion started. But to the natural unaffected dismay of gentlemen who had unwittingly intruded upon a lady's bedchamber, Brant's quick eye saw a more disastrous concern superadded. Colonel Lagrange was quick to recover himself, as they both removed their caps.

"A thousand pardons," he said hurriedly, stepping backward to the door. "But I hardly need say to a fellow officer, general, that we had no idea of making so gross an intrusion! We heard some cock and bull story of your being engaged with an escaped or escaping nigger—or we should never have forced ourselves upon you."

Brant glanced quickly at his wife. Her face had apparently become rigid on the entrance of the two men; her eyes were coldly fixed upon the ceiling. He bowed formally, and with a wave of his hand toward the door said:

"I will hear your story below, gentlemen."

He followed them from the room, stopped to quietly turn the key in the lock, and then motioned them to precede him down the staircase.

(To be continued.)

A COLOSSUS OF A PLOW.

Seventy-Five Oxen Required to Draw It, But It Wasn't a Success.

Few people are aware of the fact that what is very likely the largest single-share plow in the world was made in California, says the San Francisco Call, and is at present on one of the ranches of the Kern County Land company, near Bakersfield. It is not in use, however, but is simply kept as a curiosity in a little yard by itself.

It is over fifteen years since the idea of the plow was conceived by J. Thompson, a ranch foreman. He was tired of preparing 3,000-acre wheat fields for crops with the ordinary nine or twelve-inch plows, worked by two horses, then in use. He made his calculations very carefully, but not being a mathematician made a great mistake.

He figured that if two horses could pull a 12-inch plow six horses could pull a 36-inch one. It seemed natural enough to figure that way, when, in fact, he should have "cubed" the capacity of his 12-inch plow every time he doubled the width of it. A 12-inch plow when it is pulled a distance equal to its width displaces one cubic foot of soil, and a 36-inch plow will displace twenty-seven cubic feet instead of thirty-eight, as Mr. Thompson figured.

After the calculations and drawings were made, a blacksmith came out from Bakersfield, and in due time the monster plow was ready to go to work in the field. The share was made to cut a 50-inch furrow, and the top of it reached about five feet from the ground. The beam was over one foot thick, and the handles were ten feet long, but, of course, did not slope at the same angle as the ordinary plows. To enable the plow to be turned around easily, it was suspended between two 8-foot wheels, on the axle of which was a seat for the driver. It made a huge, ugly contrivance, that looked like a nightmare.

When the plow was taken to the field ten horses were fastened to it. The handles were raised and the horses started but as soon as the share was about half way into the ground they stopped. More horses were brought out and sunk it a little deeper, but not until fifty had been hitched to the plow did it move through the soil at any sort of speed. At best it moved very slowly, and it took four men to hold the handles and make it stay in the furrow. Horses were cheap in Kern county at that time and feed cost nothing, so the plow was a little saving after the men learned how to handle it so that it did not cut more than eighteen or twenty inches deep. The next season it was tried with oxen, and it took seventy-five of them to do the work. On the whole, the plow was not a success, and after being tinkered at for a few years was finally discarded, and at last given a place in the stable yard, where it could be preserved as a curiosity.

COURTESIES OF ARMY LIFE.

How Newly Acquired Rank Was Used to Avenge a Petty Insult.

Notwithstanding the fact that the officers of the American army are the very pink of courtesy, they sometimes, in post and garrison life, have very unpleasant social experiences, says the Outlook. An officer in a garrison is assigned quarters, not according to the necessities of his family, but in accordance with his rank. It therefore comes about quite frequently, when a new officer is sent to a post, that there are many changes of quarters so as to make room for him. When a new major arrives, for instance, he selects the quarters that suit him best. It matters not who occupies them, provided the occupant is below him in rank. He can turn out a major lower on the list or any captain or lieutenant, and each of these when dispossessed can choose for himself what quarters suit him best if occupied by an inferior in rank. One move, therefore, may make a dozen others. The women of the army, it is said, are greater sticklers for these rights than the men. But the men themselves, while preserving all the forms of highest courtesy, sometimes push their authority to its fullest limits. For instance, at a two-company post in the west some years ago, a captain of infantry was in command, as his commission was of older date than that of the captain of cavalry also there. These two captains were mutually antipathic. In their official intercourse all the forms were observed, but still it was plain to all that they cordially disliked each other. One day the senior captain ordered the junior to take a file of men to the forest and cut the firewood needed for the winter! This duty ordinarily would have been given to a sergeant or corporal. The cavalry captain had no recourse and was obliged to obey. Just as he got outside the post the mail, which came only now and then at intervals of a week or so, arrived, and the cavalryman stopped for his letters. One of these brought him his commission as major. He at once issued an order taking command of the post, and another order assigning the wood-chopping duty to the late commandant.

THE HISTORIAN.

General Cambronne did not say, "The guard dies, but does not surrender." The words were the invention of a Paris journalist and attributed to him.

Queen Eleanor did not suck the poison from her husband's wound, as she did not accompany him on the expedition during which this incident is alleged to have taken place.

Cromwell and Hampden did not attempt to sail to America, just before the outbreak of the English revolution. A number of their friends did, but they had no thought of going.

The French soldiers in Constantinople, in 1204, did not, as stated by Voltaire, dance in St. Sophia with the women of the city. When Voltaire was asked where he read the statement, he said, "Nowhere, I invented it."

The siege of Troy was mostly a myth. According to Homer's own figures, if there even was such a man as Homer, Helen must have been at least 60 years of age when she first met Paris, and even in the heroic period of the world, women of that age were a trifle passe.

George III was not the cruel tyrant he is represented by the Declaration of Independence, but was a mild-mannered, pleasant old gentleman, who loved children, and was fond of asking country people where they were going, and what they were going to do when they got there.

Louis XVI did not behave with overwhelming dignity at his execution. On the contrary, he screamed for help, struggled with the executioners, and begged for mercy. Nor did the attendant priest say, "Son of St. Louis, ascend into heaven." The expression was used for him by a Paris evening newspaper.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

A TALK WITH GENERAL MILES.

In Fighting Indians You at Least Know What to Expect.

WORK OF THE MILITIAMEN.

THEY DO NOT ALWAYS MAKE THE BEST RECORDS.

Personnel of the Army at Present Excellent—What the Size of the Army Should Be—Good Arms and Good Soldiers—One of the General's Narrow Escapes—A Glimpse at His Family.

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General Nelson A. Miles, who at 25 was commander of the famous Second corps, and who after the war became one of the most intrepid Indian fighters in history, has lately left Chicago to take command at Governor's Island, in succession to General Howard, retired. He has been stationed in this city for some years, in command of the department of the Missouri, and his work during the strike riots of last summer is too well known to need more than a passing allusion. His headquarters while in Chicago were in the Pullman building, and it was there that I found him in the bustle and confusion of moving, just before his departure for New York.

General Miles at Twenty-One.

"It is almost like going home to me, this moving to New York," he said when I asked him how his personal convenience was affected by the order of transfer, "for I have many friends at the mouth of the Hudson. Indeed I have always been closely associated with men from the Empire state, ever since I began active life in the army. It was General Francis C. Barlow, then colonel of the Sixty-first regiment, New York volunteers, who asked Governor Morgan to commission me lieutenant-colonel of the same regiment. I was then thrown in close contact with New Yorkers early in the war and during my subsequent service in the great struggle there were more New Yorkers about me than men of my own native state, Massachusetts. It has been very pleasant for us all in Chicago and we shall leave many extremely pleasant friends and acquaintances in removing from here, but we shall not be entering a strange community in going to New York."

There are many things upon which such a man may talk with profit and pleasure to his hearers. On some of these he talked with me, and what he said is given below as near as the living words can be transferred to the colder medium of type and paper.

What the Size of the Army Should Be.

The question of how large an army the United States needs, and should support, is a most important one, and one concerning which General Miles has pronounced views. In reply to my queries on that point, he said:

"The United States should have just as large an army as the intelligence and patriotism of the people will prompt them to support. If the citizens of this republic desire their military arm to be commensurate with their own wealth and prosperity and the necessities of one of the greatest nations of the earth, they will act accordingly. As to the number of men that should be enrolled in such an army, I am not prepared to give an opinion here and now. This question should be determined on a percentage basis, and, in order to properly determine it, the statistics of the country's population and growth should be carefully studied and compared. These I have not by me at present.

"But while the people of the United States should not be called upon to support any such large body of armed men as are some of the European states, yet, on the other hand, enough attention should be given to military matters to prevent the men of America from losing all knowledge of the art and practice of war; such as should be possessed by the sons of a patriotic nation. The most modern appliances, the best artillery, the most effective small arms and powder and the scientific use of all these things, should be developed here as systematically as in any country under the sun. If this is done and if, in addition, we take proper heed of our navy, if our ships are of the best and latest pattern, their armament of the most effective sort, and our coast defenses well devised and well kept up, we shall be able to cope with any and every foe either from within or without.

"These things should be attended to now. The often quoted words of Washington, 'In time of peace prepare for war' are words of golden wisdom, words that should be taken to heart by the people and statesmen of this age and our country.

China and Japan.

"The whole world is just now being favored with a powerful object lesson that cannot prove otherwise than beneficial to those nations that heed it, in the war between China and Japan. The result of the contest between two nations, one of which is composed of patriotic and brave men whose ideas are progressive, and whose military appliances are up to date and of the very best, while the men of the other lack patriotism and enterprise, and are outfitted with antique weapons, cannot be otherwise than such as has obtained in this case.

"Think of it. China, the great Celestial empire, with a population of 400,000,000, is being thoroughly subjugated by little Japan, with only one-tenth as many inhabitants, with a vastly smaller area, and with only a fraction of the resources of her great adversary. Moreover, the Japanese have been subjected to the terrible disadvantage of having to do their fighting on foreign soil, where their arms and ammunitions of necessity have to be transported from a distant home basis.

"And yet by reason of her superior discipline, her greater progress, and the patriotism of her people, Japan has China at her feet. Surely this war, with its result, carries the lesson that, in order to win, the latest improvements in every direction must be adopted. And more, it teaches that brains and training count. Why, an incredibly small army of Europeans and Americans, properly armed, equipped and trained, could penetrate every part of the Chinese empire despite the most determined opposition on the part of the Mongolians."

GENERAL MILES.

"How is the United States army equipped at this time with respect to modern arms and ammunition? Are its rifles up to date? Is it supplied with smokeless powder, as are the armies of other nations?"

"Well," said the general, "the soldiers of this country are being equipped as fast as Congress makes appropriations for that purpose, but that is not very rapidly. The rifle now being supplied is the Krag-Jorgensen, a very good arm. The bullet," here he took from a box a piece of metal about as large around as a lead pencil, and perhaps an inch and a half long, "is, as you will see from this, somewhat smaller than the old minnie ball, but it will go through 19 inches of oak, and when propelled from this gun by the regulation charge of powder, it would pierce several men."

"Do you think the militia of the states a good source from which to draw recruits for the general army?"

"No," was the reply. "The militia is a very good thing in its way, but except that it is on a smaller scale, it is similar to the police force of our cities and the sheriffs' forces of deputy sheriffs and constables of our counties. These men keep the peace and serve the interest of the country neighborhoods and the cities, but few of them become soldiers in the United States army. In the same way the militia keep the peace and serve the interests of the separate states, but they are not expected to do the fighting of the whole United States. Most members of the militia have local interests of a business nature, many are married men, and are bound to their homes by family ties. When they enter the militia they do not expect protracted or distant service.

"The soldier of the United States must be a different man from the militiaman. He must take the oath to support the government of the United States. Wherever floats the Stars and Stripes, there is the American soldiers' home. Wherever he is sent in its service, there he will gladly go. For it is, and should be willing to lay down his life, whenever it is needed.

"Of the United States army, as at present constituted, I will say that its personnel is excellent. The men are of unusually high physical, mental and moral grade. For every one who is accepted by the examining surgeons ten or a dozen are sure to be rejected, because of some minor physical or mental imperfection. It is not too much, indeed, to say that never before have our soldiers been men of such high standard mentally or physically, or of such good character as now."

General Miles' Narrow Escape.

To turn the conversation into a more personal channel, "General Miles," I said, "allow me to ask you what was the most thrilling experience you ever passed through?"

The general smiled and hesitated.

"I hardly like to speak of my personal experiences or emotions," was the reply, "but, since you ask it, I may say that my most thrilling experiences have always come at times of depression over defeats and of elation over successes. At Chancellorville I was depressed. When we entered Richmond and Petersburg, and I realized the greatness of the success that had attended our efforts I was elated. All these occasions were thrilling to me. Perhaps I was most affected after Appomattox. Then, in common with all the others who had been fighting for the Union, I realized that there was no longer an opposing army; that there was no more work for the Union soldiers to do. That we had a reunited country. I cannot describe to you my feelings at that time.

"My narrowest escape? It was at the time of the capture of the Indian chief, Lame Deer. It was almost in the midst of a charge. I rode up to where he was standing and we shook hands. Suddenly he drew back his hand, and, seizing his rifle, stepped back a little, leveled it directly at my head and fired. Owing to his excitement, doubtless, he missed and I was unhurt. But a brave soldier boy a little to one side and back of me, was instantly killed. I do not think that the Indian chief premeditated this act. He doubtless thought that, having been captured, he was sure to be killed, that he was surely bound for the happy hunting grounds and he might as well take a white chief with him. Yet I, or rather my Indian scout, had told him that he would not be harmed if he surrendered then and there. He did not trust us for he would not have kept his word with me if he had given it in similar circumstances. The man who cannot be trusted never trusts. Lame Deer was afterwards killed."

One Advantage in Fighting Indians.

"Which would you rather fight, Indians or white men?"

"Well when you are fighting Indians, you know exactly what to expect. If you do not whip them they will kill you surely. They give no quarter. You cannot make terms if you surrender. They pay no attention to the rules of war observed by civilized warriors, who will not use poisoned arrows or poisoned or explosive bullets. The Indians torture and mutilate prisoners. They will even violate a flag of truce. General Conley was killed under a flag of truce once when I was holding a conference with Sitting Bull. The plan was discovered in time by some of our folks and frustrated."

Mrs. Miles.

Startling on the top of the general's desk in the headquarters in the Pullman building was a bronze bust of an Indian. When the interview was brought to a close I asked the Indian fighter about this bust.

"It is a portrait of Kicking Bear, or in Sioux language, Mis Wanmatarka. He with twenty-three other Indians were brought to Fort Sheridan, Chicago, in 1890. They were hostages for the peaceful conduct of their people. An artist named Karl Rahlf-Smith, who had been commissioned to make a group in commemoration of old Fort Dearborn, asked me for some photographs of Indians from which to work. I told him to come to the fort and model from the real thing, which I thought would be preferable to photographs. He did and the group on the lake front on the site of the old fort and this portrait bust are the result of his work. They were modeled in clay and have since been cast in bronze. This is an excellent portrait of Kicking Bear.

As the general ceased speaking a man came to take the measure of the bust in order to pack it for the journey from the lake to the seaboard. Everywhere about the office were evidences of the approaching transfer. Packing cases stood in the corridor and orderlies and others were making more packing cases ready. During the whole of our interview the general was frequently interrupted by acquaintances who called to pay their respects knowing that his stay in Chicago was soon to be brought to a close. He has evidently been very popular here and the newspapers have been filled with words of regret for his departure every day since his transfer was ordered.

Miss Miles.

Genreal Miles the Man.

The portrait which accompanied this letter is an excellent one. It shows the general as he is when in uniform. It is his favorite picture because the photographer did not retouch the negative and every line in the face shows exactly as it is. When he is about his office General Miles wears a suit of tweed or some similar fabric of a dark shade, the coat being a double-breasted sack. His office here was hung with etchings of scenes in the south during the civil war and there were drapings of flags, a bust of Phil Sheridan and some portraits.

In his manner General Miles is sometimes thought a little brusque. "But," according to one who has known him for several years, intimately, "the genial manner is no indication of the real man. He is the kindest-hearted commander I ever knew. He is kind alike to his men, his animals, and all with whom he comes in contact. He never, when in active service, was known to ask any one else to undergo more fatigue or to face more danger than he was willing to undergo or face himself. He never has been known, at the close of a long and tiresome march to look out for his own comfort until he had first looked out for that of his men and the feeding and housing of his horse. Besides he is as brave a man as ever commanded anywhere. No one who has ever been with him has failed to perceive that. And dozens of incidents might be recalled which would substantiate this statement.

"He is also," this observer adds, "a man of great energy, one who never fails because he is not willing to work and work hard, too. He was never known, when assigned to duty in a region new to him to get his information concerning that region from anyone else. He always got it himself, and to that and his indefatigable energy and his knowledge of men he owes his unusual success. Like so many other men of similar characteristics General Miles is a diffident man, and a sensitive one. It is this very diffidence and sensitiveness that operates sometimes to cause the manner that some persons term brusque.

"There is one quality in his makeup," the general's admirer continued, "that should not be overlooked, and that is his invariable recognition of merit in a soldier of rank or from the ranks, independent of any influence the soldier may possess. In this regard he is not like all commanders, but it is because of this fact, largely, that he is so popular with his officers and men, for they all know that with him merit alone counts."

The General's Family.

Mrs. Miles was Mary Sherman before her marriage. Her father was Judge Sherman, a brother of Senator and General Sherman. She is still a beautiful woman and very youthful in appearance despite the fact that her daughter is now a young lady. Mrs. Miles' hair is dark and abundant, her eyes are a grayish blue, and her manners are very winning. She is always a favorite, socially, wherever the general is stationed, and this is largely because she is as kind and agreeable to the wife of a second lieutenant as to the wife of a second lieutenant-colonel.

Sherman Miles.

Miss Cecilia Miles, the only daughter, is a large and handsome young woman who favors her father more than her mother. She is not especially devoted to society, though a favorite whenever she goes out, but notable chiefly because of her sterling character and her kindness of heart. She has a sweet voice which has been carefully cultivated. Her friends are always of the sort that do not waver in their allegiance to her.

Sherman Miles, the son, is only 12 years of age, but he already has plenty of ideas of his own. He takes naturally to the navy, and knows more today about Uncle Sam's cruisers than most service men.

J. D. M.

THE POPULAR VEHICLE.

The Many Names By Which the Bicycle Is Known.

Here is an amusing linguistic consultation on the subject of the denomination of the velocipede in different languages: In French it was called celerifere and velosifere. Then came the words bicycle, bicyclette, veloce and at last velo. The word became, which has also been given to it, is taken from the Argot. Its etymology is unknown. It signifies simply machine.

In Italian it is called velocifero, velocipede and bicicletta. The same in Spanish.

In Germany it is farrad or simply rad, just as in English they say "wheel." The Chinese call it sometimes "gaugma," which means "foreign horse," and sometimes "fei chai," "flying machine." They also call it "tzu tzun," carriage-that-goes-without-horse." But the palm must be given to the Flemish. In addition to the appellations "sneiwiel," "voetwiel," etc., some of the wags on the banks of the Escault have baptized this winged contraption with the centripede name, "Gewielsnerijvoettrappeudnenusdrekergestel!!!"

The root of all discontent is self-love.—J. F. Clarke.

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