

The bicycle is the evangelist of the most progressive era ever known. A new name for it is—"the farmer's friend."

The classical Leander was the aquatic hero of the ancients and the modern Leanders on the Thames seem to be the aquatic heroes of the present day, observes the New York News.

Bismarck once said that it is better for an ambitious man to embark on the career of his life without a feminine cargo.

The Newport (R. I.) Herald remarks: A traveler says that in Russia the girl does all the courting. We believe it. We once saw a woman from that country. If there was any courting done, she'd just have to do it.

Boston intends to practice hygiene instead of, as heretofore, only teaching it. It is proposed to put from fourteen to thirty shower baths in the Paul Revere School House, an experiment which will cost the municipality \$2500.

If the votaries of the wheel continue to increase in number, Puck thinks it will simplify matters if the stray pedestrian will ring a bell as he approaches the crossing.

The story of the fortunes of T. H. Rogers, one of the new Sheriffs of London, reads as if the scene were laid in America. He began to make shirts years ago in a small room in London, where he cut the garments out himself, and now he employs 1800 persons in that business.

The Paris Journal de Medecine estimates that there are in France 2,500 medical men battling with starvation, the reason being that their number constantly increases while their practice is reduced by the advance of hygiene, the competition of hospitals and the diffusion of sanitary information by the newspapers.

The four years proceedings at Kazan, Russia, in the case of seven persons accused of murdering by decapitation a peasant, named Konor Mutimune, has just been brought to a close, by the acquittal of the prisoners. The object of the murder was to provide a victim for a sacrifice to idols, a relic of heathenism which still survives in the province of Viatka.

It is said that British sympathizers with Spain, as against Cuba, have been somewhat startled over the declaration of General Campos that it would require 400,000 men for five years to come, and an outlay of \$1,000,000,000 to conquer Cuba. Great Britain, in the opinion of the New York Mail and Express, does not care to play the role of financial backer to a nation that must inevitably go bankrupt to an enormous extent.

Negotiations have been closed by which the Government becomes owner of the site of the famous "battle above the clouds" on Lookout mountain, and the property will soon be converted into an adjunct of the Chickamauga-Chattauga National Military Park. The tract purchased of the Cravens' heirs is ninety-two acres of valuable residence property situated half way up the side of the mountain and accessible by rail.

At West Point Military Academy the other day a cadet of the third class, who was caught in the act of hazing a "plebe," was ordered into confinement for one year, stripped of all his privileges for the same period, including his three months' furlough for the summer, and commanded to do guard duty every Saturday after the return of the other students in the fall. The sentence is said to be the most severe that was ever inflicted upon any hazer in the United States.

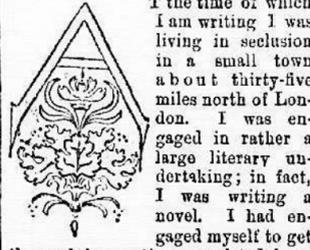
An average life of a mortgage in the United States is 4,660 years; on acres, 4,540 years, and on lots, 4,749 years. Mortgages increased in the average amount of the debt incurred under them in the United States from \$1,105 in 1880 to \$1,429 in 1889, while the average mortgage for the decade was \$1,271. With respect to mortgages on acres, they averaged \$1,032 during the decade, and increased from \$923 in 1880 to \$1,115 in 1889. In the case of mortgages on lots, which averaged \$1,509 during the decade, the increase was from the average of \$1,353 in 1880 to \$1,664 in 1889.

THE DOORWAY OF THE ROSE.

Over the doorway of the rose Wandered a yellow-banded bee. If the lips of noon Were to hum a tune, They would hum that drowsy melody, That same low, resonant chant that he Sang there in the sweetest flower that blows. Fast asleep lay the blushing rose, Lulled by the notes of that monotone, Even the dancing feet, Of the zephyrs fleet Stood still at sound of that murmurous drone. That note next higher than silence, blown Along the tubes where the honey flows. Forth from the doorway of the rose Flashed the wings of the laden bee, Yet, if you will You may hear him still, Never from nature's harmony Is lost one chord that may well agree, She does not forget the song she knows. —Curtis May, in Bachelor of Arts.

STOPPING AN EXECUTION.

BY VICTOR L. WHITECHURCH.



The time of which I am writing I was living in seclusion in a small town about thirty-five miles north of London. I was engaged in rather a large literary undertaking; in fact, I was writing a novel. I had engaged myself to get the work in question completed by a certain date, and in order to do so I found myself compelled to throw over all other occupation for the time being. I knew very few people in the town where I was living, and for five or six weeks had scarcely seen anyone to speak to.

So engrossed was I with my task that I had no time to read the newspaper, and was quite ignorant of what was going on in the world. The only relaxation I allowed myself was a good brisk walk into the country every afternoon. With this exception I had hardly stirred from my house, except to run up to London once or twice for the purpose of visiting the docks, and making certain technical investigations concerning them. This I did, as a good portion of the novel I was working at was about the life of dock-surroundings in the vicinity of Rotherhithe.

It was a little after eight o'clock one evening in April, that I finished the second volume of my work. It was with great satisfaction that I wrote, and with a considerable flourish, too, the words: "End of Volume the Second." I generally worked up till ten or eleven, but it was useless doing any more that night; so I put on my hat and coat and started off for an evening stroll. I had no sooner stepped into the street than a boy accosted me with a bundle of papers under his arm, and the request: "Buy an evening paper, sir?" I bought one, put it in my pocket, and resumed my walk.

It was a fine night, and I went some little distance, reaching home a little after half-past nine. My landlady had brought in my supper, and as my walk had given me an appetite, it was with no small pleasure that I viewed a goodly joint of cold beef waiting my attack. I took off my boots and put on my slippers. Then I sat down and did ample justice to my cold repast.

I had laid down the newspaper on the table when entering the room, intending to read it during supper, but my appetite had got the better of any craving for intelligence, so it was not till I had lit a pipe and subsided into a cosy arm-chair by the fire that I unfolded the sheet of printed matter. I looked at the "Leader." Something about a new "Greek Loan." That didn't interest me. I skipped through the little items of news and hurried jottings, and summaries peculiar to our evening papers. Presently my eye was caught with the following paragraph heading: "IMPENDING EXECUTION OF THE CLINFOLD MURDERER."

There is a morbid fascination for most people in an execution, and so, yielding to this feeling, I proceeded to read the paragraph. "The murderer of the unfortunate James Renfrew will be hanged to-morrow morning at 8 o'clock. The wretched man, whose name—Charles Fenthurst—is now in everybody's mouth, still persists in his plea of innocence."

Here I became deeply interested. The name of Fenthurst was most familiar to me. I had formed a deep friendship with a man of that name. He was a good fifteen years my senior and had died about two years previously. I knew he had a son named Charles, a young fellow, who had emigrated to South Africa early in life, and who was generally supposed to be working at the diamond mines. Could this be the same man? I read on. "It will be remembered that at the trial the strongest circumstantial evidence was brought to bear upon Fenthurst. The murder took place in a house on the outskirts of the small town of Clinfold. It was proved that Fenthurst was in the habit of frequenting Renfrew's premises, and that apparently he was expected there on the evening in question. He was seen near the place soon after the crime was committed, and several other proofs of a strongly condemnatory character were also laid against him. He has persisted from the first, however, in maintaining that he was absent from Clinfold at the very time the murder took place. This was about 7 o'clock in the evening. At that hour, he says, he was returning from London, where he had been spending part of the day; only one witness, he says, could prove this, and

that is an individual who traveled with him as far as P— and entered into conversation with him. Advertisements have been inserted in all the papers by Fenthurst's legal advisers, for the purpose of discovering the individual in question, but as no answer has been forthcoming, it is generally believed that the whole story is a myth. At any rate, there seems but small chance of an alibi being proved at the last moment. The murder was committed on February 6. Since his condemnation the murderer has been confined in Silkminster jail, where his execution will take place." Astonishment and dismay confronted me as I laid the paper down. I was the missing witness they had so vainly sought. I distinctly remembered, early in February, running up to town rather late in the afternoon, spending just half an hour there, and returning by the first train I could catch. My landlady didn't even know but that I had been for rather a longer walk than usual. I had entered into conversation on the return journey with the only other occupant of my compartment, a young man with a small black bag, on which were painted the letters "C. F." I remembered all this distinctly. In order to make sure I snatched up my diary, and quickly turned to the date of the murder, February 6. There was the entry: "Ran up to town in afternoon. Inquired concerning material for Chap. vii. Saw B— for half an hour. Returned by 6.24 train."

The horror of the situation now flashed upon me. A man's life—the life of my old friend's son—depended upon me. I looked at my watch. It was just eleven o'clock. Hurriedly I dragged on my boots, thinking the while what I should do. My first impulse was to rush to the telegraph office. Then, with dismay, I remembered that it was shut for the night after 8 o'clock, and that the postmaster took the 8.30 train to the large town of P—, about five miles off, where he lived, leaving the office for the night in charge of a caretaker, and returning by an early train the next morning. It was impossible to telegraph. Then I thought of going to the police (there were just two constables and a sergeant in our little town), but what could they do more than P—? Country police are proverbial for the leisurely "routine" manner in which they set about an inquiry, and it would not do to trust them. I was in despair.

Madly I threw on my hat and rushed out. I ran in a mechanical way to the postoffice. Of course, it was shut—and if I had aroused the caretaker he couldn't have wired; besides, all our wires went first to F—, and, as I have said, all communication was shut off after 8 o'clock. Then I started for the railway station. This was about half a mile from the postoffice and well outside the town. As I hurried along, I thought, with fresh dismay, that this would also prove a fruitless errand, for the last train to Silkminster was the 8.30 p. m., by which I have mentioned the postmaster always traveled. Silkminster, I must mention, was nearly 150 miles down the line.

Should I wait till the morning and telegraph? I remembered that the office did not open till eight o'clock! I had, by this time, reached the station. Of course, it was all shut up and all the lights were out, except those in the signal lamps for the night express. It was now half past eleven. Was there no hope? Yes.

At this moment my eye caught a light in the signal box, about a quarter of a mile up the line. I could see the signalman in his box, the outline of his figure standing out against the light within. I looked at my watch; the down express from London was almost due. I would make a rush for that signal box, and compel the occupant to put the signal against it and stop it. It was a desperate game, but only get that train to stop for an instant, and all would be right. By getting into it I could reach Silkminster in the early morning, and what cared I for any action the company might take if I saved my friend's son? If the signalman refused to put back the levers, the strength born of desperation would enable me to master him, and relax them myself. All this flashed across me in an instant, and I clambered over the railings on the side of the station, and found myself on the line.

Even as I reached the rails a semaphore signal that was near me let fall its arm, and the red light changed into a brilliant green. The express was signaled! Would there be time? I dashed along over the rough sleepers toward the signal box. It was very dark and I stumbled over and over again. I had cleared about half the distance when I heard the ominous roar ahead, and in a few seconds could distinguish the distant glitter of the engine's head lamp bearing toward me. The train was just over a mile from me, rushing on at express speed. With a groan I ejaculated, "Too late!"

At that instant my eye fell upon a ghastly looking structure by the side of the track, looking grimly through the darkness. It resembled a one armed gallows with a man hanging from it! For a moment I thought it must have been a fearful fancy conjured up by the thought of Fenthurst's dreadful fate, but immediately I remembered that this strange looking apparition was none other than a mail bag suspended from a post—in fact, part of the apparatus by which a train going at full speed picks up the mails. The express train that was coming had a postal car attached to it. From the side of the car a strong rope net would be laid out, catching the bag I saw suspended before me.

As a bag would be deposited from the train in a somewhat similar manner, there ought to have been a man on guard. I afterward found he had left his post and gone to have a chat

with his friend in the cheery signal box. A mad and desperate idea took possession of me. The train that was bearing down, and which would reach me in one minute, should pick me up with the mails! I grasped the idea of the thing in a second. If I could hang on to that bag so that it came between me and the net, it would break the force of the shock, and the net would receive me as well as the bag. Fortunately I am a small man. The bag hung just over my head. I jumped at it, seized it, drew myself up parallel with it, held it firmly at the top, where it swung by a hook, and drew my legs up so as to present as small a compass as possible. It did not take me half a minute to do all this. Then I waited. It was but a few seconds, but it seemed hours. I heard the roar of the approaching train. Then the engine dashed past me. I shall never forget the row of lighted carriages passing about a foot away from me—closer even than that, I suppose—and I hanging and waiting for the crash to come.

And it came. There was a dull thud—a whirl and a rush, and all was dark. When I came to my senses I was lying on the floor of the postal van. Two men in their shirt-sleeves were busily engaged in sorting letters at a rack. I felt bruised and stiff all over, and I found that my left arm was bound in a sling made out of a handkerchief. "Where are we?" I asked. They turned round. "Oh, you've come to, have you?" said one of them. "Now, perhaps, you'll give an account of yourself. It's precious lucky you're here at all, let me tell you that, for if you had been a taller man we should only have got part of you in the net. As it is, you've got your collar-bone broken. We've tied it up a bit. Now, perhaps, you'll speak out; and look here, if we find you've been dodging the police, don't you go thinking you'll give 'em the slip any further. The mail van ain't a refuge of that sort."

I told them the motive that had prompted me to take the desperate step I had done. They wouldn't believe it at first. Luckily, though, I had put the evening paper and my diary in my pocket, so I showed them the paragraph and the entry. They were civil enough then. "Well, sir, we shall be in Silkminster about three, or a little after. I hope you'll be able to save the poor beggar. You must excuse our turning to work again, and the best thing for you will be to rest yourself."

They piled a quantity of empty mail-bags on the floor and made me a rough shakedown. Before he went to his work again, the other one said: "What a pity you never thought of a better way out of the difficulty than coming in here so sudden-like." "There was no other way." "Yes, there was, sir." "What was that?" "Why, you should have got the signalman to telegraph to Silkminster, he could have done it all right."

What an idiot I had been after all! However, I should be in time to stop the execution. A little after three we drew up at Silkminster station. There was a policeman on the platform, and I at once told my story to him, the result being that we drove round to the jail and insisted upon seeing the Governor. Of course, he was deeply interested in what I had to tell him, and at once made arrangements to stop the execution. The Home Secretary was communicated with by means of special wire. Fortunately, he happened to be in town, and after a couple of hours of anxious suspense, a reprieve was received for him.

"Well," said the Governor, "I don't know which I ought to congratulate most, Mr. Fenthurst or yourself, for you have both had a narrow escape." Little remains to be told. I soon identified the condemned man as the person whom I had met in a train. He also turned out to be the son of my old friend, as I had fully expected. After the due formalities he was discharged. Suspicion having strongly attached itself to his name, however, he was very miserable until about a fortnight afterward the real murderer was discovered and captured. Charles Fenthurst and myself became firm friends, and although I was fearfully shaken and upset for some weeks after this adventure, I never regretted the night on which I was picked up with the mails.—Strand Magazine.

American Paper Abroad.

Several journals of London, England, are now printed on white paper made in the United States; a New Hampshire paper mill is supplying white paper to a Scottish publishing house, while the Freeman's Journal, Dublin, Ireland, has contracted with an Ottawa (Canada) paper manufacturer for its regular supply of newspaper. The American continent must ever be the leading factor in the world's supply of white paper. The paper mills of the future must be located within easy reach of the great spruce forests. A single paper pulp mill in the State of New York uses seventy carloads of logs and short-wood daily. Its annual consumption is 30,000,000 feet of waste lumber.

Had to Keep Cool.

A Massachusetts Congressman who was on board the train which was wrecked at Hyde Park, Mass., last fall, says that when the shock came, one of the passengers was pitched over several seats just in time to receive the contents of the water-cooler, which tipped over and soaked his clothing with ice water. A highly excited passenger rushed up to him and told him to keep cool. "Go away," said the wet man, "I am the coolest man in the car. I have just had two buckets of ice water emptied down my back."

THE FIELD OF ADVENTURE

THRILLING INCIDENTS AND DARING DEEDS ON LAND AND SEA.

The Heroine of a Shipwreck—Nearly Drowned by His Pets—A Wife Saves Her Husband.

MRS. M. T. McARTHUR, who is visiting Oakland as the guest of Mrs. Ambrose, lives to tell a tale of hardship at sea which few women could have survived. She is one of the survivors of the good ship Milton, which burned to the water's edge in mid-Pacific in 1882. Despite her rough experience which has been her lot, she is a bonny little woman with a charming manner. The Milton was a wooden ship, built in Nova Scotia to ply to and from Newcastle as a collier. The day that she was launched Captain H. T. McArthur was made her master, and together with his family took up quarters on the craft. Thenceforth until the ill-fated ship sank aflame upon the high seas Mrs. McArthur did not leave her except on one occasion when she was absent for a month. On August 9, 1881, the Milton weighed anchor at Newcastle and put out to sea. Soon afterward sultry, disagreeable weather sent the captain to his bunk, a sick man. Weeks went by, and he was still confined to his cabin. Finally one day, when those on board were occupied with thoughts of Christmas, and were making preparations for its observance, the first mate, Charles E. Carroll, came to the bedside of the sick captain and reported a fire in the cargo with which he could not cope. The captain got up. Mrs. McArthur had to walk beside him to support him, and she literally carried him about the ship as he gave his orders for the fighting of the fire. But the fire had gone too far. Captain McArthur climbed up on a coil of rope, and with his wife at his side and his little children clinging to his knees, he told the crew the ship was lost, and ordered the long boats out away. The Milton then stood 1280 miles from Cape St. Lucas. There was enough food on board to scantily supply each of the three long boats for forty days. The captain doled out the provisions, the boats were hastily equipped with blankets and extra oars, and as darkness came on that Christmas eve, the three boats pushed off. The wretched group of shipwrecked mariners sat as if in a trance all that night, watching the Milton's destruction. Long before the morning of January 1 dawned the Nova Scotian craft was no more; only a few charred timbers remained afloat, and they were soon carried from sight by the currents.

The three overloaded long boats started out in the direction of land. Although no one suffered from the inclemencies of the weather, it was not many days before all felt the pangs of hunger and were moved to desperation when they realized that the supplies were becoming exhausted. In ten days the boat manned by the first mate disappeared in the night and was never again heard of. Soon after the second mate's boat began to lag and fall behind, and finally they admitted that they had no one in the boat able to pull an oar. It was then agreed that each boat should shift for itself, and they separated. There were two hams in the captain's boat, besides a jug of water and some lighter provisions. Eight people lay all day and watched their little pitance dealt out to them by the only cool head in the group, Mrs. Captain McArthur.

Three rations a day for the first two weeks were served, and then it dwindled down to two. One meal a day was soon a necessary limit, and before the month was out it was one every two days. The seaman began to suffer from the cravings of thirst, and two went stark mad, then died, and were rolled overboard by the plucky woman who was in charge. Captain McArthur, notwithstanding his weakness, manufactured a crude condenser and condensed a supply of water to drink. Finally death overtook Mrs. McArthur's little baby boy. She sewed his remains up in a sack, stowed them carefully away in the bottom of the boat, and then took to the rudder, which the men had given up. For forty-six days this supreme misery was endured before the English ship Newbern hove in sight and picked them up.

On February 25, 1882, the Newbern sailed into this harbor and landed a quartet of sick, disheartened survivors of the Milton. The captain and his family went at once to the Hotel Devon, and the next day buried their child they had brought with them to place in a grave on land. One by one the remaining sailors have passed away, and barring the possibility that two of the second mate's boat still live, Mrs. McArthur and her family alone survive to recount that fearful experience. A son was born to Mrs. McArthur soon after the party was rescued by the English ship, and she named him Newbern. Newbern McArthur is a great brassy fellow to-day.

The McArthur family reside in Southern California, where they have a little ranch, the captain having given up the sea.—San Francisco Chronicle.

Nearly Drowned by His Pets.

George Bietauset, a New York brewer, has a big white bulldog and a lively little Scotch terrier who are universal pets. Accompanied by his wife and two boys the brewer the other night took his dogs to the river to give them a dip. The dogs were fastened together on the ends of a rope eight feet long. Bietauset held the rope by the middle and kept the bul-

dog on the dock terrier a bath. The tangled around one of the brewer had to let himself. The instant he grip the bulldog sprang and its master, being dragged from his footing water. He fell head first, and it was impossible for his head above water. He struggled vainly for a while and was becoming exhausted. A young man named W. sprang into the water and gripped the bulldog by the head. As he did so, however, the two dogs got on his back and he was going to let them both sprang upon him. He devoted almost his entire strength to beating the dogs off and from dragging them under water. It was a terrible, and in five minutes he came exhausted and faint. His wife, who had been spectator of the struggle, screamed and fell back upon a faint. Finally some men and the brewer, W. dogs were dragged ashore, was unconscious, but a few days. As he lay on two dogs sat beside his face and whined.

A Wife Saves Her

A few years ago my husband was stationed in India, was by fever, and on me depended watching him. Our at some little distance racks, and on the morning on which we expected our I was anxiously awaiting the doctor's visit. When he arrived, the husband's temperature, he said, utterly forbid it was still barely possible violence of the fever might give way to natural every might ensue, provided remained unbroken. My husband continued moan piteously. By into a disturbed sleep self at the foot of the bed to watch till he awoke. An hour passed, when through the veranda, hooded cobra came room. On it came, enormous head and emitting sound. As the cobra passed me the glare of my blood run cold. I and nearer to the body, appeared to be about itself among the pillars dropped down and caught the folds of a shawl which the bed. I advanced, using my right foot, groaning my right slipper down ous head. I felt it tail twist violently and but not until it relaxed remove my foot. The lay the cobra dead. I me lying unconscious, husband made a rapid treasures as his most blue silk slipper.—Gold

She Killed the

A party of Philadelphia hunting deer in the Clearfield County, in the mountains of Pennsylvania, called out one guide, who had discovered a few miles away. The men did not carry of ammunition, and was all used or wasted deer. Starting back, encountered a bear, and not shoot they ran in a different direction. The bear chased the camp log house where preparing a meal. He dashed into the house loft. His wife ran out door, closed it, and gone inside, she hurried the front door and was prisoner.

The intrepid woman to a pole, thrust the through the door and bear out. As brass struck him with an at the first blow. One of the hunters her manner of fishing with a dog worth \$1500, retorted: "We generally but we never run from

Gave His Life for

His faithful watchman saved an Iowa farmer Fritz from death in and as it is the dog Fritz has a broken hurt. Fritz and his through a pasture which was not supposed to be a pasture, was feeding, when he could reach shelter on the sharp horns of broken, and unable to his eyes just as the second time. His dog at the bull's throat was enough for Fritz to was gored and trampled by the bull.

Told to Hang

Franz Csonka, a year-old brigand, was for murder at Essage, smoked his pipe to the hangman on the to him: "Do you make a fool of yourself, the most fearless of the Sandor, with whom many robberies and Bakonyer forest.