

A FAMILY STORY

A LADY OF THE ROAD

BY CLINTON ROSS.

ANY times we discussed it after the weary day was over, and the morrow promised but another as weary. We saw before us vacation, and Arcadia. Tommie said you could find it on a wheel; and finally he persuaded me. My persuasion was complete the third day out. To be sure, we had not yet found Arcadia, but we had the flavor of some good health already, and were hopeful that when we least expected it we should cross the boundary. The road had gained our spirits. And so feeling fit, and our hearts attuned to simple, natural things, we rode into that bosky wood which was to be the scene of our first misadventure. The road was smooth and promising, through the branches at our right was the glimmer of a lake, where Tommie said we might loaf comfortably for an hour with our pipes. So we left our steeds by the roadside and went down by that shore, stretching ourselves out for comfortable contemplation. An hour must have passed when Tommie gripped my arm.

"Look, Fletcher, there in the road." I followed his eyes, and saw by our wheels, a bit of sunlight on her face, a most charming young woman, wearing one of those walking costumes that are now the most admirable achievement of the modiste. She was young, liss, and blond; and she was smiling to herself and looking our wheels over. One she raised, and before we even fancied it, vaulted in the saddle as easily as any boy, tearing around a curve and out of our ken.

"Well, I'll be hanged," said Tommie.

"I hope she'll bring it back," said I.

"Particularly as it's my wheel," said Tommie. But in the road we could see no trace of her; she had vanished.

"Get on yours and catch her," said Tommie.

"Oh, she'll bring it back. She wasn't—"

"Yes, she was—"

"A gentleman of the road?"

"No, a lady—times have changed," said Tommie, ruefully. "Well, I'm after her, Fletcher."

And he, too, was around the curve on my wheel, leaving me laughing and mourning. But in five minutes he was back, hot and irritable.

"There are three forks of the road just beyond. How in thunder am I to know which she took?"

"Try your luck."

"It's bad enough," said he. "I can't afford another wheel this year."

"I think," said I, "that she's just playing a trick."

"It's rather near a theft," said Tommie. "Confound you, it wasn't your machine."

"No," said I, lighting a cigarette. "We'd better walk on. She's gone; the wheel is well, perhaps it's pawned by this time."

"You think you're funny," quoth Tommie. "Ride on, and I'll walk."

"No," said I, "we'll both walk. But she was a mighty pretty—"

"Thief."

"Now, Tommie, you don't know that," said I.

"Well," said he, "haven't I the evidences of my senses?"

"They sometimes lie," said I, for I saw he was not pleased; it wasn't my wheel, and, of course, I could philosophize more easily than he. We took the most hopeful turn at the three roads, since our map refused to be explicit; and presently we came upon a rustic in boots.

"Did you see a woman riding a man's wheel?"

"I swan," said the rustic.

"I should remark," said Tommie; "she stole my wheel."

"You don't say," said the rustic.

"Where does this road lead?"

"Nowhere," said the rustic.

"Don't you live here?" asked Tommie.

"Since I was born," said the rustic.

"Then where the deuce will this road bring us to?" I asked impatiently.

"That depends on where ye go in," remarked the rustic practically.

"Oh, dear," said Tommie. "I've a notion to pound this fool."

The rustic looked frightened and retreated.

"We want to go anywhere—to find the stolen wheel," said I.

"This 'ere road goes to Arcadia," said he.

A female Dick Turpin! Arcadia! We opened our eyes.

"It's a queer name that Merivale calls this place," said the rustic. "It's round that thar turn."

We left him, despairing of getting anything more lucid from him, but it appeared that at least we had reached Arcadia. I began to laugh, when Tommie said irritably, "Shut up."

About the turn we came on a road leading from ours between high gate posts; and there on a grassy bank was our lady of the road. I stepped back embarrassed. She was laughing to herself. Yes, she was undeniable pretty. And as we paused she began

"Yes, she is," I agreed. "But— you see you've offended her."

"And you haven't?"

"Oh, I don't know. I said from the first you would get your wheel back."

"And you told her that, and that I insisted she was a thief."

"Well, yes," I admitted. "I believe I did."

"And you think she will like you any better for running me down?" he asked as sarcastically as he could.

"Who said I wanted her to like me?"

"Your manner—you conceited ass."

"You are the conceited ass, Tommie; for you think you have made an impression."

"Well, now that you mention it, I hope I may have."

"And that I hadn't?"

"Well, yes," Tommie wavered honestly.

"You think you can by being disagreeable."

"Look here, Fletcher, let's solve for ourselves that moot question, which way will make the more impression on a girl like that—flattery or brutal frankness."

"We may break her heart," said I, resolved that I, not he, should do the breakage.

"She'll look out for that," Tommie said.

"Or she may break ours," I commented.

"We'll risk that," said Tommie.

"We may end by disliking each other," I went on.

"Oh, if I lose, I'll not hold it against you," said Tommie.

"But I may against you," I said.

"Such a Tom-boy sort of a girl, too!" said Tommie.

"I think you wrong her. I have found some fine qualities—"

"Oh, you have. Well, you're a quick one," he retorted.

Those dear people who formerly lived in Arcadia successfully eliminated pain and jealousy and rivalry—at least judging from their own accounts; they doubtless lied a bit about it. For in my own experience I am bound to say that there may be drawbacks, even to Arcadia. My consciousness of a flaw in the place began when I saw that Tommie was absorbing rather too much of her attention. I felt at first that she was but leading him on, and then I began to have some grave suspicions, which, in the light of subsequent experience, may indeed have been founded on mere jealousy. Yes, I will say I was jealous. I thought in beginning this veracious account that I might well leave the solution ungiven—like the famous riddle of the lady and the tiger. Of our two systems of tactics, which was the more likely to win with a girl like Rose Burton? If Tommie at times had the better, there were other days when I seemed to be more in her favor. Once I accused him of using my flatteries, of not playing fair, when he retorted that I had known him long enough to trust him.

"You never can trust even your own best friend when there's a woman in the case."

"Fletcher," said Tommie gravely at this, "that ancient saying is gospel truth."

From that moment I felt that it was not a fair test case; but, indeed, I had ended by not caring a fig about the test. I wanted to win.

Now, one day the climax of the situation was reached in this wise: I heard she had gone wheeling by herself. That, of course, was a chance. I prepared to follow, when who should appear but Tommie.

"Which way?" he asked.

"I was thinking of following, hem—"

"So was I," he said.

"It's ridiculous for us both to follow her," I observed.

"Yes, it is; but I'm not inclined to turn back, for—"

"Nor I," said Tommie, quietly.

"It's fair to leave it to the wheels. The one who overtakes her first—"

"All right," said I.

And then began that contest which a certain Tartar tribe conduct more regularly—a chase for a woman. Up and down hill we scoured; now I before—now Tommie. But it was oftener Tommy before than I. He drew away from me, until in sheer spite at my luck and him, I gave it up, dismounted and wandered drearily enough into the woods and threw myself down; and then fell to laughing, when I heard voices—her's and Tommie's. I declare I couldn't avoid hearing them.

"Ah, I have been chasing a thief," he was saying.

"Will you never stop teasing me?" she cried. That remark seemed to show that he had been playing fair after all.

"Will you keep my heart which you stole—"

"That's a very silly speech," she said. I thought, so, too. "Besides, it was a wheel," she added.

"No, it was the other essential to a man's comfort."

"Well, if you'll have it so," she said.

As for me, I turned away. They didn't notice me. In the evening I ventured to say to her:

"Ah, I've been congratulating Tommie."

"He told you?" she said, turning very red.

"Ah, yes," I fibbed. "You know I thought you thought him—well, rather disagreeable?"

"I did—at first. But, you know I believe that was the reason I thought so much about him that—"

She paused in confusion.

"Then it's true that you can make more of an impression on a girl by being disagreeable to her than by flattering her?"

"Oh, I don't know," she said. "I don't believe she did—New York Sun."

BUDGET OF FUN.

HUMOROUS SKETCHES FROM VARIOUS SOURCES.

Our Boys—Sailed Him Exactly—
Trimetallic—The Only Substitute—
—After Better Sport—Financial Discussion, Etc., Etc.

"Tis a wise child that knows its own father,"
But, in view of the way things are done, The wise one would seem to be rather The father who's "onto" his son.—Truth.

THE ONLY SUBSTITUTE.
Customer—"Where are you sending all those arm chairs?"
Dealer—"To a summer hotel by the seashore. The girls there are bound to have 'em."

TOKENS.
"There has been another big fight," remarked the Spanish officer.
"How do you know?"
"General's got ink on his fingers."
—Washington Star.

IT WOULD COST AT LEAST FIVE.
She—"I have often wished I were a man. Now, you have a good time; I wish I were you!"
He—"I know somebody who will make us one."—Puck.

LEADING A DOUBLE LIFE.
"Did you know Popperton is leading a double life nowadays?"
"No. You don't tell me!"
"Fact. Only yesterday I saw him out walking with his twins."—Truth.

AFTER BETTER SPORT.
He—"Noodles tells me that when walking with him last night you were fishing for compliments."
She—"Poor Noodles; I'm too old a hand to fish in shallow waters."—Detroit Free Press.

SUITED HIM EXACTLY.
Husband—"How do you like the view?"
Wife (with ecstasy)—"Oh, I am speechless!"
Husband—"Well, if that be so I think we had better stay here for a while."—Judge.

TRIMETALLIC.
Watts—"How is politics up your way?"
Potts—"At the house we are on a trimetallic basis. My wife leans toward silver, I favor gold, and the hired girl is dead in love with the copper."—Indianapolis Journal.

FINANCIAL DISCUSSION.
"What do you wear such ill-fitting clothes for?" asked the bright young man in the natty summer suit, of the elderly person in hand-me-downs.
"To carry my money in," was the reply of the elderly person, and the young man began to talk in another direction. —Cincinnati Enquirer.

WHY, OF COURSE.
"How," demanded the advocate of equal suffrage, impassionately, "are women to be induced to stop and reflect?"
"Put up mirrors."
They searched for him who had spoken, but found him not, nor knew they ought of him except that he must be a supporter of the ancient regime and an observer of human nature.—Detroit Tribune.

UNAVAILING.
The mermaid was taken suddenly ill—a case of sea sickness.
"Uncle Neptune," she moaned, "I wish you would dive up amongst that group of bathers over there in the surf and ask them if there is a doctor present."
Uncle Nep. did so, and presently returned with a professional-looking young man, who presented his card.
The mermaid glanced at the card, uttered a wild shriek of hysterical laughter and turned tail and fled.
He was a chiroprapist.—Puck.

CANNOT SHAKE OFF THE HABIT.
Jimsmith—"Why does Bill Brown move about in that stealthy, noiseless fashion? One would imagine that he was a footpad or housebreaker or something of that sort."
Johnjones—"Well, he isn't; the only crime Bill Brown has committed is one against the Malthusian tenet. You see, there is a three-months-old baby in his family, which wakes up easily, and his wife has so thoroughly trained him in that sleuth style of walking that he cannot shake off the habit even when he gets down town."—Buffalo Express.

HE HAS MANY ACQUAINTANCES.
"I cannot but admit my condition, Your Honor," said the dignified old gentleman who had been carried to the police station the night before in a state of collapse, "but the circumstances arose from my meeting an old friend of my younger days—an old friend from Kentucky."
"I have the honor of being a Kentuckian," said His Honor, "and I will let you go. By the way, who was the old friend? He may be a friend of myself."
The dignified old gentleman first got himself near the door and then said, in a soft voice:
"John Barleycorn."—Indianapolis Journal.

HE FILLED THE BILL.
There was a long line of applicants for the position of guard on the elevated railroad. As they came out of the superintendent's office, one by one, with disappointed faces, the remaining candidates became more and more cheerful.
The next man who entered the office

was accosted by the superintendent, who, after taking his pedigree, showed him a card and said: "Read that aloud."
"Fourteenth street."
"Now read this."
"City Hall."
"That will do. You needn't come again."
Following this unfortunate was a shrewd-looking young fellow, who, in reply to similar orders, read the first card.
"Fawcett."
"Good," said the superintendent.
"Now read this."
"Stew!"

The superintendent was in the highest glee. He showed the applicant another card, which bore the legend: "Fiftieth street. Change here for Fifty-fifth street. This is a Harlem train!"
The applicant pulled himself together and shouted:
"Ecce. Jeer tay see. Mrane!"
"My boy," said the superintendent, laying his hand on the young man's shoulder, "you have a bright future before you. Your salary will be \$50 a day."—Truth.

Noise of Railroad Trains.
A German engineer has devised a method for preventing the noise made by trains in passing over iron bridges that may come in for consideration. He puts a decking of one and a quarter-inch planks between the cross girders, resting on three-inch timbers laid on the bottom flanges.
On the planks a double layer of felt is laid, which is fixed to the vertical web of the cross girder. At the connection with the girder a timber-covered joint is placed on felt, and the whole is bolted to the bottom flange. Four inches of slack gravel cover the decking, which is sloped toward the center of the bridge for drainage purposes.

A layer of felt is laid between the timbers and the planks they rest on, and the iron work in contact with decking and ballast is asphalt.
The method is found very satisfactory in reducing the noise of passing trains, and it is to be hoped that its principle will soon be largely adopted in this country. Already the fact that some consideration is due to one's neighbors in the matter of piano practice and other domestic noises is becoming recognized, and quite a trade has sprung up in the "deafening" materials.

Of these, probably the most in request is mineral wool, a layer of which is placed under the floor, in the walls, and over the ceiling if need be. In a room thus surrounded the most rabid musician can do his worst without interfering in the least with the peace of mind of the rest of the inmates of the house.

Another easily handled material which forms an effectual dam for the vibration of sound waves, and which is not open to the objection which mineral wool presents, of turning powdery, is a quilt composed of long, flat blades of sea grass, which cross each other at every angle, forming innumerable air spaces, which give almost perfect conditions for outliving both heat and sound.—Baltimore American.

Facts on Fogs.
One would think that if any ship should neglect wind and weather it would be the great mail steamers—those that run across the Atlantic, for instance. But we find that the American liners take weather very much into consideration. The captain of a vessel I went across with, says Rear Admiral Maclear in the Nautical Magazine, made a very great study of the weather he would meet on the coast on both sides, and especially of the fogs. He took care to note from time to time where he met fogs, how long he was running through them and what the size of the fog was, and he came to the conclusion that the general size of a fog in the Atlantic was about thirty miles in diameter and he could run through in a certain time. There were two sorts of fog he had to encounter; one was the thick, low fog, with a fairly bright sky overhead, and the other a dense mist. He could calculate, generally speaking, how long he would be in each, and whether it was better to run through at full speed and get out of it, or go slow and wait for it to lift.

Fish in Wells.
The statement has been frequently made that many of the new artesian wells on the Desert of Sahara occasionally eject small fish. This statement, which has been generally discredited, has been proved to be true by M. Desor, the Swiss naturalist. After his return from a trip of exploration in North Africa, M. Desor wrote as follows: "I found hundreds of fish in the streams leading from the wells out into the sands. It is impossible that they should come from any place else than from out of the wells, for the water is not in communication with any basin, creek or river. The fish I saw at the oasis of Ain-Tala belong to the family of carps. The most curious thing respecting them is that, although coming from a depth of from any place between 200 and 500 feet, they are not sickly or misshapen, and have large and perfectly formed eyes. This is contrary to the general rule, such creatures from subterranean waters usually being totally devoid of the organs of sight."

Hitching the Bicycle.
A new bicycle kink has developed. A rider stopped in front of a store and, after he had dismounted, he took a heavy weight that was hooked just behind the seat, and attached it to a chain which he took from his pocket. He fastened the chain and weight to the bicycle, and, apparently satisfied that it was now quite safe, he went in to the store.—New York World.

(Continued from third page.)
marking the ballot in order that it not be counted if the whole number of ballots shown by the poll list to have been deposited. No ballot that has not the official endorsement shall be counted, except as are voted in accordance with the provisions of this act relating to special ballots. All such uncounted ballots shall be endorsed and deposited in ballot box when it is finally sealed in accordance with the provisions of this act.

If on any ballot, the voter has made the voting mark, as required by the voting space opposite the name of a candidate for any office to be filled, if he has made such voting mark on site more names than there are persons to be elected to such office, or if he has not made such mark opposite the name of any person, or if he has made such mark opposite both negative and affirmative answers, it is impossible to determine the choice of a voter for any office or his vote upon any question, his vote shall be counted upon such question shall be counted a blank vote.

Any commissioner may declare his belief that any particular ballot has been marked for identification, and may object to any decision to count or to count any vote. When a commissioner shall, during the canvass of the ballot, or immediately after the canvass thereof declare his belief that any particular ballot has been written or marked in any way for the purpose of identification, the commissioner shall write on the back of such ballot the words: "Objected to because marked for identification," and the signature of the commissioner. Each such ballot shall be counted by them as if not so objected to. All such ballots shall be placed forthwith in a separate pile, and all such piles shall be enclosed in one securely sealed package, which shall be endorsed "Objected to because marked for identification," and with the signatures of the commissioner, and such package shall be attached to their written statement of the result of the canvass. Every ballot which a voter has dated or torn or which he has marked in any manner save as provided in section 10 of this act, shall likewise be sealed "objected to because marked for identification," and shall likewise be enclosed in the package so marked.

When any commissioner shall object to any decision of the commissioner to count any vote, the commissioner shall immediately fold the ballot, write in ink upon the back thereon number to identify the ballot, and words "objected to by." They shall then endorse below such words a concise statement of the precise grounds objected to. The commissioner's signature to the decision shall thereupon be written on such statement, and the commissioner shall sign his name and date after the words "objected to by," such ballots shall be placed in a separate pile, and shall be enclosed in a securely sealed package which shall be endorsed "Ballots objected to as incorrectly canvassed," with the signatures of the commissioner, and each of such packages shall be attached to their written statement of the results of the canvass.

REPEALING CLAUSE.
Sec. 80. All laws or parts of laws contrary to or in conflict with the provisions of this act are hereby repealed.

SOME DON'TS.
Don't fail to notice whether your horse sweats as freely as he should on a hot day. A dry skin, dry nostrils, dragging gait and panting breathing, often precede by several days a bad attack of sunstroke. Dr. H. F. James in the St. Louis Public.

Don't get a measly piece of ice to apply to your horse's head, if he does down. Play the hose all over him; he is in a regular pool of water. Get a few hundred pounds of ice, apply large pieces to the pool, and make quantities of ice water with the sponge freely with this over the animal legs, and inject as much as possible once an hour.

Don't attempt to give any medicine by the mouth until the animal has gained consciousness. If you attempt to force medicine down him while furious, most of it will pass down windpipe into the lungs, and even if it reaches the stomach, he will probably die in a few days from chemical bronchitis.

Do not give up a case too quickly. Have seen horses make good recovery that have been on the ground for eight hours, and delirious for eight hours, and drenched with ice water all the time. Abstraction of heat is the main thing in the treatment.

Don't let your horse eat grass more than ten minutes the first time in the season, and then only when he is cool.

PLANTS FORCED BY ELECTRICITY.
It seems to be settled that many vegetables and flowers can be "forced" to early markets, under glass, by the use of electricity, and at a cost which makes the operation profitable to the living near large markets. It has been found that the light keeps the plants growing by night as well as by day. A Boston gardener estimates that he gains five days in the growing of crop of lettuce, and that it pays to