

## CYCLING IN ENGLAND.

HOW FOUR SCHOOLMARMs RODE FROM LIVERPOOL TO LONDON.

The Joy of Whirling Over Old World Roads on New World Wheels—An Unchaperoned, Baggageless, but Most Enjoyable Trip.

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Starting from Liverpool's famous art gallery one bright June afternoon four American schoolmarm, bidding defiance to poor Mrs. Grundy's exclamations of horror at such a daring departure without masculine escort, turned their faces and wheels toward London.

Notwithstanding the shock our determination to ride to London had occasioned a good English lady, who marveled at "four bits of girls without even a lad for escort" during to think of anything so radical, we set out fearlessly, with a laughing denial of possessing anything more than the usual American independence and pluck. Having been over the road before by wheel I was constituted chaperon and guide of the party, and my three companions, all



ENTRY AT THE GOVERNOR'S HOUSE.

American schoolmarm when at home, forgetting all discipline and decorum, were as eagerly expectant and as carelessly happy as was little Dick Whittington himself when he tramped over the same old road to London town with his precious cat.

What a joy is just the memory of that first afternoon's spin! Liverpool, with her busy docks and tall spires, lay forgotten behind us, as with hearts free from care and lungs filled with the fresh keen air, as cool and invigorating as early spring, we flew lightly along on our good steeds of metal, charmed with the ever changing beauty of as perfect a road as ever delighted the eye and heart of a cyclist.

Through breaks in the blossoming hawthorn hedge we caught alluring glimpses of the Mersey, beyond the fresh green meadows and well tilled fields, or discovered an ivy covered chapel and its quaint old burying ground at some unexpected turn of the road, whose picturesqueness and sad decay but accentuated the glowing beauty of the sunny hills of Wales, far away on the horizon, or the bustle and life of one of the tiny hamlets basking in the sunshine.

It seemed like a page of romance to see some little highborn maiden come riding out on her snow white pony through the great gates of one of the old manor houses, held open by a gorgeous lackey for the Lady Maude to pass, while another servant, a groom on a prancing black charger, deferentially saluted her small ladyship and waited until the little pony had taken the lead, that he might follow at a respectful distance. Past centuries were written on everything before our delighted eyes; from the grand old trees to the English wild flowers growing in nooks and crannies of the moldering wall of the ruined castle; from the queer little cottages with their thatched roofs of straw to the sights and sounds of the famous cathedral towns, and the song of the happy young milkmaid driving home the cows—all spoke of the old England of poem and story, the same "merrie England" as in the days of good Queen Bess.

What a unique pleasure it was to wander through the old town of Rugby and speak of Tom Brown, while almost expecting to recognize him in one of the many little urchins, who no doubt have made him their hero, as he once was ours! What a joy to poke our curious noses into Anne Hathaway's most secret cupboard and to drink at the very little brook where Shakespeare's own hand had often filled the cup, to wander through the church at Stratford and to look upon the famous bed of the immortal bard, and then to sit for hours upon the low wall of the churchyard, under the shade of the old elms, talking of him—and of home—with the waters of the Avon singing softly at our feet!

Who blames us for preferring the charm of a little wayside hostelry to the grandest accommodations to be found at the most famous hotels of London? What woman will wonder that we girls found joy in the low ceilings and uneven stone paved floors of the dilapidated old coaching inns? What a delight it was to inspect those old rooms, with their little chintz curtained casement windows and to sleep in century old four posters that recalled grim tales of haunted chambers with their musty hangings!

We gave little care to the time worn sights, which every traveler sees from a sense of duty, but took delight in every turn of the old hoary highways over which our good wheels carries us and felt as if Queen Elizabeth and all her train might at any moment appear before our eyes on the old road to Coventry over which she had so often passed, as we rode in the gloaming under the arching boughs of the hoary monarchs who still guard the way.

Who can hope to describe all the strange sights and sounds of those memorable days on English highways or the blithe dreams and heavenly rest which visited us each night when snug-

ly tucked in the lavender fragrant sheets of the White Hart inn? Any tourist can relate the sights of London or tell of the beauty and age of the great cathedrals, but we love best to recall the old fashioned little gardens, with their rows of gillyflowers and beds of marjoram or to laugh over the fright of two strong minded cyclists who suffered an agony of fear one midnight, unduly alarmed by the weird activity of an antiquated cuckoo clock or to go over again the attempts to discover the fastening on a completely lockless and boltless chamber door by the uncertain light of a flickering dip.

What a merry time we all had in Manchester, mingling with a Sunday school crowd and studying the dress and coiffures of our English cousins! Even the sentry pacing up and down in front of the governor's house had an interest for us, and no matter where our wheels carried us, down shady lanes or through noisy manufacturing towns, we were everywhere treated as kindly and shown as much courtesy and deference as if our metal steeds had been veritable steeds of mettle, and we grand dames riding in our coach instead of mounted on a bicycle saddle.

With the inborn American pride of all good citizens and with the prejudice against other lands the ignorant always feel we had determined "not to go into ecstasies over anything," but without a regret at our inconsistency we forgot all about the chips we had contemplated carrying on our shoulders, and all coldness and want of enthusiasm were conquered by just the smiling welcome of the rosy cheeked English matron, with her young brood hanging to her skirts and by the homelike shouts of the little street gamins who stopped their play to rush after us with cries of "Let me h'up be'nd!" or to wake the echoes in the village street by exclaiming at the top of their lungs, "Ere's er lot of Hamerican bi-sickles!" to some one within the house. That we wore tiny flags upon our coats is true, but it was entirely unnecessary, so far as we were able to judge, for wherever we went that we four lone wheelwomen were daughters of Uncle Sam seemed to be known intuitively at the first glance by even the most dull witted of the queen's subjects.

What it was that so clearly gave away our nationality I know not, but possibly one of the little schoolmarm's guessed it when she declared the secret lay in our "Hamerican wooden rims," to which another sagely added, "and our 'Hamerican independence and clatter'."

Not a single incident occurred to mar the pleasure of our trip. English skies were clear, and with the exception of a couple of windy days while cycling among the Cheshire hills the pedaling was of the easiest, and from first to last, although "without even a lad for escort" the wheelwomen were as safe from any attempts at rudeness as if riding protected by the queen's army.

Nothing is easier than to take the trip we did and see dear old England in her most charming mood. As a matter of fact, there is absolutely no more delightful or more inexpensive way to see the wonders of the old country. All that is necessary is to have warm clothing, a good wheel and a little English gold to pay for meals and lodging, a sum which will be but a fraction of the expense incurred for what is often inferior accommodations in the cities.

No one can hope to realize the real joy of cycling abroad until she has personally experienced the unique charm of old English highroads and the never ending pleasure of speeding on new world wheels over old world roads.

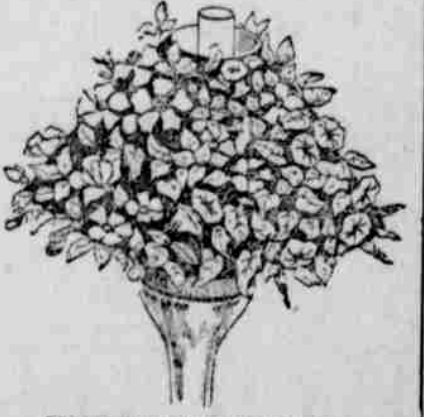
ALICE LEE MOQUE.

## HOME RENOVATION.

How to Make a Perfumed Flower Lamp Shade.

It is a great convenience to the housekeeper to have a number of pretty things ready to hand after the spring or summer brightening of the home. One of these is the perfumed flower lamp shade, which need not be expensive and is very easily made.

The foundation is a wire shape of the size required, covered by coarse fish net



PERFUMED FLOWER LAMP SHADE.

stretched over and sewed to the shape round the upper and lower edges; also at intervals to the side wires. This netting may be gilded with gold paint or left the natural color.

The shade is formed by twining leaves and flowers in and out of the coarse meshes, and the secret of success is to arrange the flowers as to give a delicate screen without being too heavy.

Any flowers to harmonize or contrast with the color scheme of the room in which the lamp is to be used can be selected. They can be changed from time to time, may be all of one kind or varied in character, can be purchased at sales or otherwise, or they may be the paper flowers which many ladies make so expertly at home. The perfume should be sprinkled or applied in the evening just before lighting the lamp, not afterward, as if a drop of the cold liquid touches the hot chimney it is apt to crack the glass.

If wished, a mica collar can be added, also a chiffon, lace or ribbon ruching round the upper edge, on which the flowers can rest, but all such variations can be according to the materials at command.

ROSANNE H. TONGE.

## A TRICOLORED CITY.

NO HUES BUT RED, WHITE AND BLUE SEEN IN GOTHAM.

Flag-Waving Everywhere, Flags In Dress Goods, Flag Wall Paper, Flag Napkins, Flag Curtains and Rampant Patriotism All About the Big Town.

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One hears considerable talk these days about teaching children patriotism; also about object lessons.

Any one in search of an object lesson warranted to make any particular set of young ideas shoot in the desired direction—patriotism—could not possibly do better than dump their possessor down in the beleaguered city of New York. If he doesn't take in patriotism by absorption, it will be because he is mentally and morally an armorclad of such impenetrable ponderosity that the whole Spanish fleet couldn't make an impression on him, even if it borrowed American marksmen.

I had set out to make a day of it down town among the New York shops. Having promised the girl I left behind me to bring her back two spring lawns, I stood in my usual condition of shopper's paralysis before a mountain of spring lawns that had grown up between me and the smiling clerk until nothing was visible of him below the little Old Glory pinned to the lapel of his coat.

"I want to make sure of fast colors," I said, lazily handling the prismatic pile between us. Whereupon he smote his patient bosom tragically just where the little flag reposed. "Here, madam, are colors that will never run," which of course resulted in my buying three lawns instead of two. It was inevitable. A white, red and blue.

This bit of patriotic trafficking complete, I found my way into a publisher's office, where I had always felt welcome. He gave me one friendly but none too



THE BELEAGUERED CITY OF NEW YORK.

welcoming glance before eagerly grasping a package that had entered just behind me in the arms of freckled boys. It was a big lithograph of Dewey. I was swept aside with a hurried "One moment, please, this must get in at once," then with an annihilating scowl at Freckles.

"Where's the original, sir? Go back and tell them to send the original. There's something wrong about this nose. Dewey's got to go in shipshape whether it's my paper or Manila harbor." And with a grin of appreciation Freckles sped back for the original with the alert energy of a (signboard) messenger boy.

I availed myself of the interim to offer my little sketch and got snubbed because I hadn't laid my story in the Philippines or Cuba and my lovers did not belong to any regiment nor to the navy.

I carried my rejected offering to the throne of another autocrat of the author's fate. He sat with a rule in his hand, fitting illustrations of warships, regimental colonels, camp scenes and war maps into so much reading matter. He gave me a vague, unseeing glance, and struck the cartoons in his hand a sharp stroke with his scepter—a rule. The cartoonist standing behind his chair jumped. "Do you call that a Spanish flag? It looks more like a Spanish mackerel, sir. And if you can't find out any difference between a man-of-war and a washtub you will have to give place to some one who can."

The cartoonist slunk out. So did I a few minutes later plus the information that with things in the present condition there was no demand for anything at all not bearing very immediately upon the "red, white and blue." An organ in the street below piped in, finishing the sentence for my war ridden editor. To the rhythm of it I marched down stairs and out into the dazzling sunshine, flag stricken skies overhead, flag darkened doorways, flag incumbered sidewalks. A beflagged baby perambulator ran into me, jostling me up against a very fat woman leading a very fat pug, with a big bow of red, white and blue ribbon choking its ridiculous eyes out of its absurd head.

The fat woman caromed against a man with a tray full of metal flags, patriotic buttons, "Remember the Maine!" medals and other toilet accessories of the day. The man became angry because some of his patriotism was spilled and declared vehemently he would make both of us "see stars," as if I had seen anything but stars and stripes since opening my eyes.

I was so heated by this warlike episode that I turned into the first ice cream parlor I came to to refresh myself before attending to other business. Two pretty girls sat at the table next to the one I chose. Their sailor hats were trimmed

with red, white and blue bands stuck in the middle and crossed cannons all mixed up with anchors that showed they belonged to the navy.

They were eating ice cream and talking war, of course.

"Papa says if they had been Cubans they would have been shot!"—Hobson inferred—"but, oh, my dear, to think of Harry eating crackers three times a day with 'Remember the Maine!' stamped on them, with me sitting here eating ice cream in the most heartless fashion."

From the way her saucer was being emptied I should have called it the most "heartly fashion."

Then my own ice cream was brought, striped red, white and blue, and the napkin I took out of my tumbler was a paper affair bordered with red, white and blue and a flag in the middle. Somewhere among the palms and mirrors in the rear of the parlors a band discoursed the "Star Spangled Banner," "Dixie" and the "Red, White and Blue" while I gulped down my dose of patriotism with a growing sense of the inexorableness of destiny.

I had the purchasing of some wall paper for an aunt in Arkansas still on my conscience and from the ice cream parlor hastened to a big dealer's in that line.

New designs? Indeed he had. The very newest. All the rage, and with a proud air of invincibility he unrolled scroll after scroll for my inspection—flags crossed, flags solitaire, guns, cannons, little fleets of ships chasing themselves over paper oceans and everywhere patriotic designs, nowhere the dear old fashioned posies I knew my aunt doted on.

Might I write to my friend about the new styles? Certainly. He seated me at a desk with stationery all capped with flags or Maines or Indians, gave me a pen fashioned like a cannon and a blotter with crossed flags all over it.

Sighing over the futility of hoping to get away from Old Glory, I used his patriotic stationery and wrote my letter while he softly thrummed on the window and whistled the "Red, White and Blue."

After having bought a box of candy put up in a flag box and a few other mementos of the stars and stripes I really felt as if I had done my duty by Old Glory for one day—not even forgetting to pay tribute to the fleet of warships tossing on a green calico sea under a glass case for the financial betterment of an old man on Fourteenth street—and I went home.

When I got there, I found my girls had taken down the white lace curtains from the parlor windows and hung Old Glories in their places. It made the room frightfully dark, but I was too far spent to protest.

I flung myself on a lounge to rest before dinner, only to find that my favorite sofa cushion had a new cover of harsh denims on it, bound about with a cord of red, white and blue and all knobby in the middle with a big embroidered flag and eagle.

I closed my eyes with a sense of sufficiency and exhaustion and fell asleep to the tune of "Yankee Doodle Dewey," sung by a nasal voice in the flat above, to dream that I had died, but was refused entrance by St. Peter because I didn't have an American flag pinned on me somewhere or a "Remember the Maine!" medal visible, so I turned mournfully away from the gates of paradise, beyond which I could hear the invisible choir singing—the "Red, White and Blue!"

JEANNETTE H. WALWORTH.

## THE SOLDIER'S LOCKET.

In It He Carries Her Picture When He Goes to War.

A popular photographer recently said that nearly every man who had posed in his studio for some time past wore a uniform. Usually they order two sizes of prints, one giving the full figure on a boudoir or cabinet card, the other showing only the head and bust, for



SOLDIER'S WAR LOCKET.

framing in lockets, bangles, etc. The women seemingly all prefer to have their likenesses taken in a size suitable for placing in lockets, which are as a consequence more popular and more generally worn now than they have been for the past few decades.

Men's pictures are now almost invariably framed in lockets, which are often in the form of merged double hearts made of gun metal. These are not intended to be worn exteriorly. The sentiment of the thing demands that it be hung about the neck by a fine gold chain. Some of them are very beautiful and costly. One national guardsman before being mustered in presented his sweetheart with a gun metal heart shaped locket, including his miniature and with a Cupid in brilliant on the outside. The majority usually order, engraved or outlined in jewels on the locket's cover, special dates or French, Latin or German mottoes, with some such sentiment as "Dieu vous Garde," "Fide et Amore," etc.

JESSIE WILLIAMS BEDLOR.

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## Florida Lots For Sale.

I have a few more lots for sale in the Florida addition. Will be at the State Savings Bank, Laurium, every evening between 7 and 8 o'clock to accommodate parties desirous of buying or selling lots in Florida and Laurium.

M. L. EFFINGER, Agent.

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