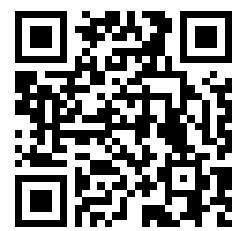
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OUTING AND THE WHEELMAN

An Illustrated Monthly Magazine

OF

RECREATION

VOL. V

October, 1884 — March, 1885

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1885

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OUTING.

VOL. V. OCTOBER, 1884. No. 1.

ON AND OFF THE LANCASTER PIKE.



THE beginner on the wheel, struggling daily with a "donkey" machine in the Philadelphia riding-school, hears a great deal of the Lancaster pike. He is not noisy nor peculiarly exhilarant, but he listens meekly to the tales and anecdotes of the road, as he gazes sadly over the handles of his wheel; for, if there is a possibility of a thoroughly unconceited person, he is one who can just *almost* ride, and can truthfully tell his friends that he has got his average down to so many "headers" an hour, consequently he feels a great deal of pride and soreness after he has taken his first ride to Ardmore, or Bryn Mawr. But beyond learning the names of a few stations on the road, or noticing that the grade is principally up-hill, he neither knows, nor seeks to learn, anything of the interesting and historic country through which he rides. When he struggles with the hill just beyond Haverford he has not the consolation of knowing that the grade was recognized long before him, when the Welsh settlers called it Bryn Mawr, their name for big hill. As he glides through Ardmore, he is oblivious of the fact that it was christened Athens, degenerated into Athensville, when a rich inhabitant renamed it Ardmore, after his birthplace in Ireland. The pike has no pleasant features for wheelmen until it leaves the city limits. As a roughly paved street, filled with car-tracks, it passes through an unattractive part of the town. The experienced wheelman prefers to follow the outskirts of the park, along Girard avenue, passing the Memorial Building, — that monument intended to preserve the last memories of the centennial. But, unfortunately, the centennial must look elsewhere for memorials, for the building constructed so quickly is not occupying much more time in falling to pieces. Even the statue on its dome has been unexpectedly lengthened by an iron shaft sticking through its top, producing a novel and somewhat puzzling appearance. But, however, a few relics still linger. The gaudy booths and museums, where California grape-vines and third-rate minstrel shows once held forth, are now deserted and dilapidated, but as yet untorn down, standing in neighboring streets. There was talk at one time of converting the site of the "main building" into a parade-ground for bicycles; but it is to be feared that this rumor has been stifled or has died away naturally. It is strange how quickly and thoroughly the traces of an American building, even of this size, can be wiped out.

In 1738 a survey was made of the old Lancaster or Conestoga pike, but not until 1792 was a turnpike company incorporated. So great was the desire for stock, that the crowds around the company's

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doors drew lots as to who should invest their money. In 1794 the pike was completed, at a cost of $465,000, or $7,516 per mile, — a great deal of money and an enormous undertaking at the time.

It was the first turnpike road constructed in America, and, although followed by many others, it was excelled by none. The system of turnpikes rapidly grew after the completion of this enterprise, which was subsequently extended to Pittsburgh, into Ohio, and also through New Jersey, forming a continuous road for over four hundred miles. A large number of similar roads radiating from these soon followed, through the State, traversing it in every direction.

Previous to their loss of trade, they presented a noisy and busy scene; for it is said that there was an almost unbroken procession of Conestoga wagons on the roads, each drawn by six horses, and many teams having a row of bells over the collar of each animal. As a matter of course the wagoneers became a prominent feature, for they were a jolly, rollicking set of fellows; even when their occupation began to go, they consoled themselves with a song, a verse of which alone remains: —

"Oh! it's once I made money by driving my team,
But now all is hauled on the railroad by steam;
May the devil catch the man that invented the plan!
For it's ruined us poor wagoners, and every other man."

The "every other man" referred to was probably the innkeeper; and the railroad did, at the outset, entail a serious loss to them, while upsetting this slow but picturesque mode of travel.

"The importance of these old roadside taverns in the days of Conestoga wagons and Troy coaches, cannot be realized by the travellers of the present age. Then they were temporary homes for all kinds and classes of people, and consequently their name, their merits, their proprietors, and their surroundings were discussed far and wide. It was not an uncommon thing to meet, among the keepers of these hotels, individuals who knew, more or less intimately, all the dignitaries of the nation, and could detail by the hour anecdotes of them in connection with their travels and sojourns. But all this is changed by improvements which render travel by night as comfortable as by day, and necessitate no stoppages until destination is reached, whether that be a hundred or a thousand miles away."

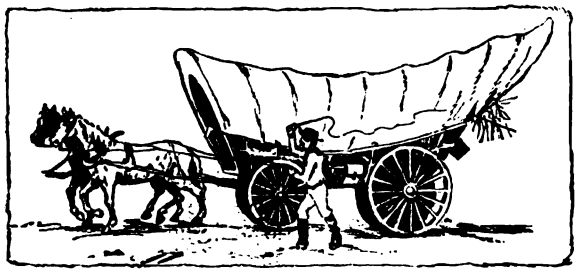
But not only were there inns for chance travellers, but, in certain favored spots, hotels, famous as summer resorts, flourished, now only opened on the occasion of chance fairs from neighboring country churches. One of the best known of these was at Whitehall, just back of Bryn Mawr. For some occult reason it called down upon itself the wrath of an enterprising individual who was "doing" the country, seeking material for a guide-book. His language, supposed to be an off-hand result of an imaginary conversation between a traveller and a guide, runs somewhat as follows: "It is a fine hotel, much resorted to by Philadelphians; why, we cannot tell. Pure air? Fudge! Talk of pure air in a clay-flat like this! As well talk of raising potatoes in a snow-bank! Go to the mountains for pure air, — go to Pottsville, — or go with us to the cloud-capped summits of the Alleghany, and you shall taste pure air, fresh from heaven."

The eastern terminus of the pike is found where the Centennial Bank now stands in West Philadelphia, at the corner of 32d and Market, opposite the old Pennsylvania depot and the building now being erected for the electrical exhibition. The bank replaces a curious shaped, hip-roofed dwelling, the oldest for miles around, commonly called "The Mansion." Originally it was a farm-house; afterwards it became famous as a hostelry until time and improvements wiped it out. The old "Conestoga" wagon, with its curved sides, its enormous wheels and tent-like top then was a familiar sight, rolling to and fro to Philadelphia or Lancaster. At the famous old "Buck Tavern" near Haverford, under the care of Jonathan Miller, whom tradition says was a typical specimen of an old-time innkeeper, many gay parties of young colonials were accustomed to stop. But now the traveller settles back in a palatial car, and is whirled past to Bryn Mawr or Devon, while the stage-coaches and their merry loads are forgotten, and the Conestoga wagon long since disappeared. Indeed I believe the only place they are found in use in the East is in Wilmington, Delaware, where their size and stability of motion make them useful in carrying powder for the Dupont mills. This region was settled by Welsh or Cymric Quakers who had purchased the land from Penn.

The prominent characteristics of this sturdy, religious people are their regard for family history and associations, love for old customs, and persistent and praiseworthy adherence to their beliefs. Their ancestors

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were the people whom Cæsar, in his invasion of Britain, found so brave and so ready to fight for their rude homes, and who, in after years, before the Norman conquerors, unwilling to be subdued, had retreated to the wild mountainous lands of northern Wales.



THE CONESTOGA WAGON.

They rejoiced in such names as Juns Justafs, Oele Coe Roe, Muns Junsen, Lace Mortense, Laers Boen. In the list of tydable or taxable persons occurs the name of "James Sandering & slaue." I puzzled for a long time what a "slaue" was or is, or why it was taxable, until it suddenly flashed over me that it was one way of spelling slave.

The shrewdness and quaintness in their writings, together with the formal style then in vogue, was the cause of much curious and unconscious humor. There is a letter from Edward Jones to his friend John ap Thomas which is especially entertaining, not only for the information it contains, but for its old-fashioned phraseology and its perpetual repetitions.

This is the address: —

"These ffor his much esteemed friend John ap Thomas of Llaithgrom near Bala in Merionethshire, North Wales, to be left with Jo Boulten att the Boult and tun in humber street, London and from thence to William sky Butcher in Oswegtrie, to be sent as directed and via London — with speed."

The letter runs as follows: —

"My endeared fr'd & brother my heart dearly salutes thee, in a measure of y^e^ everlasting truth, dear fr'd hoping that these few lines may find thee in health or no worster yn I left thee. This shall lett thee know that we have been aboard eleaven weeks before we made the land (it was not for want of art but contrary winds) and one we were in coming to Upland, ye town is to be buylded 15 or 16 miles up ye river. And in all this time we wanted neither meate, drink nor water, several hogsheads of water run out. Our ordinary allowance of beer was 3 pints a day for each whole head and a quart of water: 3 biskedd a day & some times more. . . . Butter and cheese eats well upon ye sea. Ye remainder of our cheese & butter is little or no worster: butter & cheese is at 6d per lb. here if not more. We have oatmeale to spare, but it is well yt we have it, fore here is little or no corn till they begin to sow their corn, they have plenty of it. The passengers are all living, save one child, yt died of a surfeit. Let no frds tell that they are either too old or too young, for the Lord is sufficient to preserve both to the uttermost. Here is an old man about 80 years of age: he is rather better yn when he sett out, likewise here are young babes doing very well considering sea diet. . . . Ye master would faine be pd for 13 or 14 hogsheds yt run out by ye way but we did not. and about 3



A BIT NEAR HAVERFORD.

READING ROOM.
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quarters of Tuns of Coales we p'd for: we laid in 3 Tun of Coales and yields no profit here. . . . We had much adoe to get a grant but it cost us 4 or 5 days attendance besides some score of miles we traveled before we brought it to pass. I hope it will please thee and the rest yt are concerned, for it hath most rare timber, I have not seen the like in all these parts, there is water enough besides. The end of each lots will be on a river as large or larger than the Dye at Bala, it is called Skool Kill River. . . . The people generally are Swedes which are not very well acquainted. We are amongst the English which sent us both venison and milk, & the Indians brought venison to our door for six pense ye quarter. As for ye land we look upon it as a good & fat soyl generally producing twenty, thirty & fourty fold. . . . good large shoes are dear; lead in small bars is vendible but guns are cheap enough. . . . They plow, but bungerly & yet they have some good stone. They use both hookes and sickles to reap with. Time will not permit me to write much more for we are not settled. I [send] my dear love & my wife's unto thy selfe and thy dear wife and the rest of my dear friends, H. Ro.; Rich. P. Evan Seese; J. ap E. Elizabeth Williams; E. & J. Edd; Ganior R.; Ro On.; and the rest of fr'ds as if named.

"I remaine thy lo' friend & Bro whl I am Edd Jones.

"My wife desires thee to buy her one Iron Kettle 3s. or 3s. 6d.; 2 paire shoes for Maria, and one paire for Jonathan, let them be strong and large: be sure and put all ye goods in cases, if they be dry they keep well, otherwise they will get damp and mouldy. This is ye 2nd letter, Skool Kill Rive ye 26th of ye 6 mo., 1682."

What an amount there is of strangeness and incongruity in the different subjects grouped together, and what a scene can be brought up in the imagination at the thought of the master who would fain force them to pay for the hogshead that ran out by the way, with the laconic conclusion, "but we did not"! But there is not a word in the letter of the beauty of the country, of his impressions of the settlers, or descriptions of the then unknown Indians. There seems to have been a disproportion between the amount of drink, three pints of beer and a quart of water, and the quantity of food, three biscuits, unless the water was used for cooking purposes, or the "biskedds" were more like modern loaves of bread. A glimpse that tells volumes of their thrift is seen when he speaks of wishing a kettle, 3s., or 3s. 6d. Bala, where this letter was sent, was one of the most beautiful regions in Wales, and perhaps would be interesting to wheelmen, for Lord Lyttleton said he saw there the prettiest girls he ever beheld.

The writer of this letter lived at Wynnewood for many years. He was nephew of Wynne, the first physician in Pennsylvania, or, as he styled himself, "Practitioner in Physick." The rectangular form of the streets of his native town may have had something to do with the form of Philadelphian streets; indeed, Penn named one of the principal thoroughfares after him, but times changed, and Wynne street became Chestnut street. The pike is practically used by Quaker City wheelmen only about as far as Paoli, twenty miles out. To one to whom Paoli is a historic name it is a somewhat disappointing place. The wheelman must be on the alert or he may ride through it and never notice the difference. The announcement at the Broad-street station of "Trains for Paoli and intermediate points," may cause one to expec ta place of some activity or importance; but he will be disappointed, for Paoli is an inn, and not much else. Its curious Italian name is derived from the Corsican commander who rebelled against the rule of the Genoese.

It was not far from here that the notorious butchery, known in history as the "Paoli massacre," took place. In the early part of the Revolution, Lord Howe, with a much superior force, had hemmed in General Wayne at this point, and, by sending the fortieth and fifty-fifth regiments up the Lancaster pike to the Paoli tavern, succeeded in cutting off the east avenue of escape. "The rest of the enemy, under General Grey, guided by Tory spies, drew as near as possible to the camp of Wayne without betraying themselves. From here, Grey crept cautiously through the woods and down the ravine, near the present Malvern station. Through some treachery, the watchword of the Americans for the night, 'Here we are, and there they go,' was communicated to the enemy. The outlying pickets, deceived by the countersign, had been quietly bayonetted, but their absence was noticed by the patrolling officer, whose suspicions were aroused, and he hastened to head-quarters. The troops were aroused by the cry, 'Up men; the British are on you!' It was a dark night,

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ON THE LANCASTER PIKE.

made still blacker by the surrounding woodlands. The troops under Wayne fought with great bravery, but they were outnumbered by the enemy and gradually forced to retreat. General Grey had received from Tories accurate accounts of the strength and position of the Americans, which enabled him to secure victory; he knew exactly where to begin the attack, while Wayne was forced to move from conjecture. In emulation of an incident in the German war, Grey ordered his men to remove the flint from their guns that not a single shot should be fired, and thus gained the sobriquet of 'No-flint General.' The attack was made in a most merciless and ferocious spirit, ending in a wholesale butchery. One officer, writing afterwards to a to a friend, said: 'Without saying a word, the whole battalion dashed into the woods, and, guided by the straggling fire of the picket that followed close up, we entered the camp and gave a cheer that made the woods echo. The enemy were completely surprised; some with arms, others without, running in all directions in the greatest confusion. The light infantry bayonetted every man they met. The camp was set on fire, and this, with the cries of the wounded, formed altogether one of the most dreadful scenes I ever beheld.' Even the wounded and sick were not spared, and many were killed after resistance on their part had ceased. A Hessian sergeant, boasting of the exploits of the night, exclaimed: 'I stuck them myself like so many pigs, one after another, until the blood ran out of the touch-hole of my musket.' The country people next day visited the place, and alleviated, as far as possible, the sufferings of the wounded. It rained; and, to assuage their thirst, the water was caught in leaves and hats and given to the men. Fifty-three mangled bodies were decently interred in one grave, adjacent to the scene, now marked by a monument."

The stations on the Pennsylvania Railroad, which is the son, one might say, of the Lancaster pike, are all pretty edifices, showing by their flower-beds and brightly colored buildings that sooty surroundings and disagreeable odors are not necessarily a part of the experience of railroad travel.

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But certain belated travellers learn to their dismay that the architects of some of them probably did not entertain the possibility of a person ever being in a hurry.

Meiriawn, Meyreon, or Merion, now a station, was an old Welsh king, filling somewhat the same position to the Welsh that King Arthur held to the English, existing about the same period of romance and chivalry. His possessions constituted what now is Merionethshire, a northern county of Wales, — "eth" being added to a man's name, in those days, to denote his possessions.

Berwyn is the name of a Welsh mountain range, as Radnor is of a Welsh town. Haverford, meaning the "ford at the confluence," and taken from Haverford West, also in Wales, perpetuates another Cymric name in America.

Three colleges are situated on or near the pike, each one entirely different in its aims and beliefs. One is Catholic, another Quaker, and the third a woman's college, as yet unopened. The college of St. Thomas, at Villa Nova, was established forty years ago, for the education of young men for the priesthood. In its buildings there are strong traces of that style of architecture so peculiar to Catholic institutions. A most laughable incident occurred on the road just in front of this place a short time ago. A party of wheelmen, rolling along the pike, were singing, and one silent member, violently waving his arm, was supposed to be beating time. In the distance they noticed, with surprise, two young ladies dismounting from their carriage and standing by the road-side. Riding up alongside of the sleepy horse, all unconscious of their presence, one, more gallant than the rest, dismounted, and, after asking them if he could be of any assistance, the spokeswoman said: "Well, we didn't know, but we thought you wanted us to get out." On being assured to the contrary, to end a somewhat painful pause, she said, with feminine ingenuity, glancing at her sleepy horse, "I guess it was just as well, for our horse *is* afraid of bicycles."

Taylor College for women at Bryn Mawr is the result of a gift of $800,000 from a Quaker gentleman for whom it was named. It is composed of a group of imposing buildings, charmingly situated and with elaborately finished interiors, and it bids fair to do a noble work. The Dean of the college is Miss Mary Thomas, who was graduated at Cornell, and afterwards at Zurich, being the first lady who received the title of Ph.D. from a European university. Her career, so far, has been an example of the yet unknown capability of women, and is another convincing proof of the intellectual equality at least of the two sexes.

Haverford College, established in 1833, stands very high as an educational institution. It possesses beautiful buildings, and among its faculty are men famous in the branches of literature and study. It has the option either of sending its graduates to the graduating class at Harvard without examination, or to the post-graduate course. Its grounds, composed of green lawns, winding avenues, and beautiful surroundings, have the reputation of being the handsomest in this region, where wealth and nature have made everything lovely.

The American society for the advancement of science meets on its grounds in the fall, bringing scientists from all over the United States and Great Britain. Its president, Thomas Chase, the editor of many of the classic writers, was one of the American committee for the revision of the New Testament, while his brother, Prof. Pliny E. Chase, is known through his works to every scholar in the civilized world. The astronomical observations taken here are the authority for those of the New York *Tribune*, and the Philadelphia *Ledger*.

A mile and a half back of the Wayne toll-gate is one of the most interesting and historic places in this region. It is a little stone church, charmingly situated, and built, as a rude, white stone in the wall informs us, in 1715. "Old St. David's, at Radnor," dates back to the earliest struggles of the colonists, and bears many signs of colonial Pennsylvanian architecture and solidity. Situated on a hill-side, in the midst of trees, and surrounded by defaced weather-beaten graves, it slumbers in a refreshing repose, unmindful of the bustle of the busy world around it.

We obtained the keys of the church from the pastor's house across the road, from a laborer who said he had never been inside the church but once. We unlocked the large iron gate, almost the only break in a mossy, massive stone wall, and passing through an archway of branching limbs, we entered the church.

Tradition reports that William Miller, the name on the gravestone serving for an entrance, was a famous Tory, and that in having his grave thus weekly trampled

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upon, received but a just and righteous retribution. Other accounts, conflicting with this, say this was considered a post of honor in olden times, and was given to him at his own request. The interior has been much changed, but not improved, by modern iconoclasts; the old pulpit, with its scarlet trimmings, has given way to a smart-looking piece of furniture fresh from the upholsterer's. As we groped around the church in the dark, for the windows were tightly shuttered, it seemed as though we were moving among the relics of the past, and that the old church, with its reminiscences and memories, had been shut in for a century from the world, and we were the first to enter its time-honored walls. Filled by some such feeling as this, entering a pew, reverently we lifted a prayer-book from the rack, perhaps expecting to read a long-forgotten name on the title-page, — a name perchance that had mildewed and become obliterated on some stone in the yard without; but our wandering fancies were suddenly put to flight, for in bright gold letters on the fresh-looking cover, we saw the name of one of Philadelphia's foremost men, — a man who knew and entertained the celebrities of to-day, and whose handsome villa was but a short distance off, — Mr. George W. Childs.

Still the general appearance smacks much of oldness, and bears a resemblance to the picture of a church in an old edition of "David Copperfield;" and the old staircase, leading to the gallery on the outside, is certainly most unique. There is a tradition that Queen Anne gave a service to the church, which is still there; but a further report says it was carried off by British soldiers during the Revolution. This seems to be nearer the truth, for the old service that was handed down is of pewter and without inscriptions, while those given by Queen Anne were of silver, and bore on their sides the Latin "*Annæ reginæ.*" Apropos of our desire for information on this subject, we inquired of the servant-girl at the pastor's house if anything used in the pastor's church was presented by Queen Anne. She looked puzzled for the moment, and said she'd see. Drawing a leather box out from under a stand, she showed us the service, looking suspiciously new, with "1860, A.D.," marked prominently on the side of the silver goblets. We told her that wouldn't do; when, pausing for a moment, she said, "Let's see, Queen Anne wasn't after Queen Victoria, was she?" We assured her to the contrary, and said she lived about the time the church was founded. Struck dumb for a few seconds, the girl proceeded in her search. But finally we gave up in despair, and while one wheelman solemnly rolled a baby coach up and



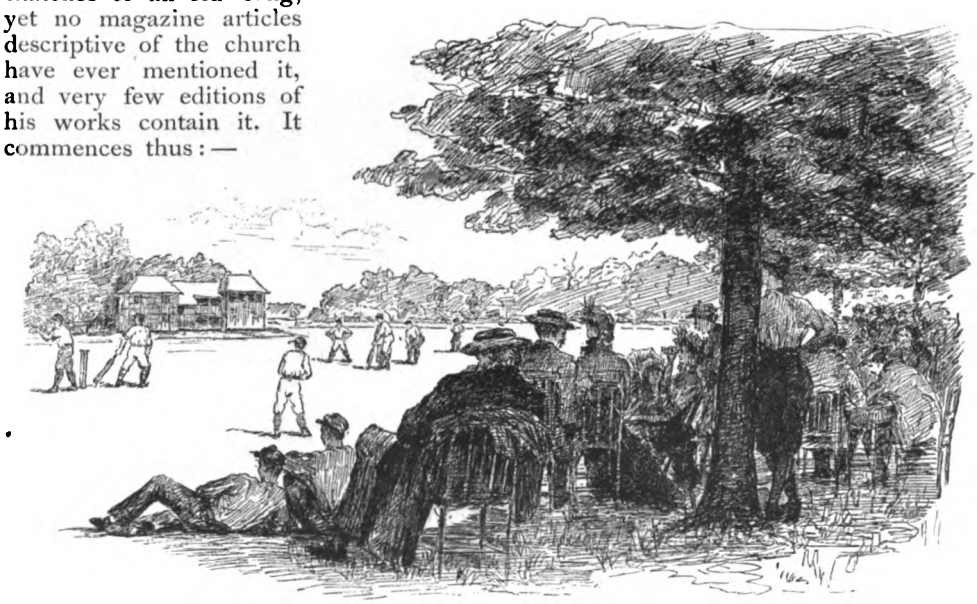
DOVE'S MILLS.

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down the porch, to keep its occupant quiet, the girl, its mother, hunted up for us a glass to drink from. Among the old graves in the yard, General Wayne's monument stands. He died at a military post on Lake Erie, and was buried there, and a gravestone placed in this yard to his memory. Finally his remains were transferred here, and a monument was erected by the Society of the Cincinnati, — that bugbear of our republican ancestors. The following poetical effusion, with a reckless disregard for colons, is found on the prostrate gravestone of William Evans: —

My: pilgrim: race: I: ran: a: pace: my: resting: place:
Is: Here: This: Stone: is: got: to: Keep: ye: Spot:
That: Men: Dig: Not: Too: Near:

There is a very musical poem in existence, portraying the church, written by Henry W. Longfellow, while he was living at Rosemont during the Centennial. Although it is singularly beautiful, and describes the old spot in incomparably appropriate and poetical language that clings to the reader's memory like the snatches of an old song, yet no magazine articles descriptive of the church have ever mentioned it, and very few editions of his works contain it. It commences thus: —



MERION CRICKET GROUNDS.

What an image of peace and rest
Is this little church among its graves!
All is so quiet, — the troubled breast,
The wounded spirit, the heart oppressed,
Here may find the repose it craves.

See how the ivy climbs and expands
O'er this humble hermitage,
And seems to caress, with little hands,
The rough, gray stones, as a child that stands
Caressing the wrinkled cheeks of age.

You cross the threshold, and dim and small
Is the space that serves for the Shepherd's Fold.
The narrow aisle, the bare, white wall;
The pews, the pulpit, quaint and tall,
Whisper and say: "Alas! we are old."

Herbert's chapel at Bemerton,
Hardly more spacious is than this;
But poet and pastor, blent in one,
Clothed with a splendor, as of the sun,
That lowly and holy edifice.

It is not the wall of stone without
That makes the building, small or great,
But the soul's light shining round about,
And the faith that overcometh doubt,
And the love that stronger is than hate.

Were I a pilgrim in search of peace,
Were I a pastor of holy church,
More than a bishop's diocese
Should I prize this place of rest and release,
From further longing and further search.

Here would I stay and let the world,
With its distant thunder, roar and roll,
Storms do not rend the sail that is furled,
Nor like a dead leaf, tossed and whirled,
In an eddy of wind, is the anchored soul.

It must be remembered that this was written not by a youthful poet, to whom everything was rosy-tinted, but by a man of sixty, who had seen the romantic spots of two continents, who had had his judg-

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ment ripened by experience, and perhaps his enthusiasm dimmed by age, and yet, he writes, he would wish no pleasanter surroundings.

The Merion Cricket club of twenty years' standing, is to the westward of Ardmore. The grounds are typical specimens of a well-kept Philadelphia cricket-field with its little club-houses, and its broad level carpet of green grass. The club stands well in cricket circles, sending three of the eleven selected to play against British cricketers in England this summer. It is also devoted to lawn-tennis, that picturesque and fashionable game having many votaries among its members.



HAVERFORD COLLEGE.

To replace the old inns, with their huge barns and great water-troughs, two enormous and palatial summer hotels, with perfect equipments, have been built in late years, in easy riding distance of the city. One is at Devon, having been rebuilt after the disastrous fire of last summer, and the other is at Bryn Mawr. During the summer, but especially in the latter part of spring and early fall, they are crowded by families representing the wealth, beauty, and fashion of Penn's Quaker settlement.

A band of gypsies, a hard-looking lot, have been wintering near Overbrook. They might be mistaken for ordinary tramps, were it not for their wagons and horses, and especially for their children,—that distinguishing mark between gypsies and tramps; for when the latter starts on his travels, he leaves his children, if he has any, behind him.

For a small amount of money you can have the future pried open, and the mysteries of fate made plain by a toothless gypsy queen, apparently selected for this position from her extraordinary, almost fascinating ugliness. What is the reason that some discerning student of human nature has not solved the problem of gypsy queens,—why they are not young and pretty, as they should be, but as satanic in appearance and diabolically thin as Macbeth's witches?

But there are also many tramps to and from the city, "doing" the route for broken victuals. Their favorite resting-place at night is at the foot of the embankment of the old railroad bed, near Haverford, where, sheltered from the wind and storms, and with a running stream hard by, they sit around their crackling fires, late into the night, enjoying life.

If a wheelman should leave the pike at Haverford and turn eastward, along the road by which Lord Howe advanced towards Paoli, he would enter, in a short time, a very pretty ravine. But, unfortunately, picturesque scenery means bad roads and steep and stony hills. About a

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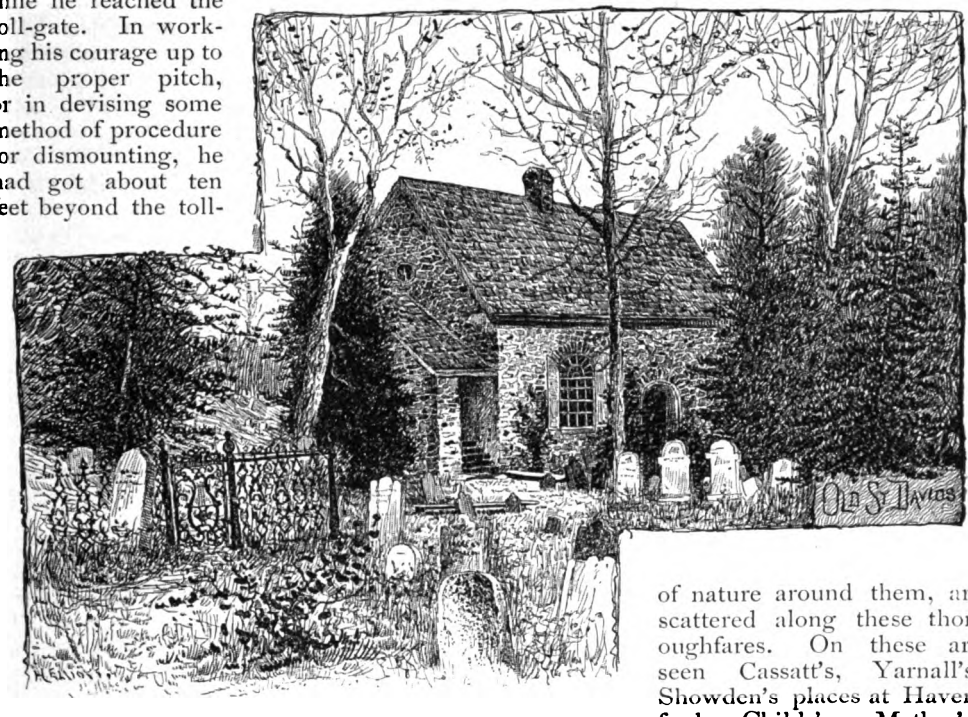
mile in this ravine stands a deserted house; and, as usual with deserted houses, there is a story connected with it. The report runs that a Tory lived here during the Revolution, rich and owning many of the mills and much of the land around him. The details of his doings are immaterial; but suddenly one night a band of Americans, exasperated by his conduct, visited him. What they did is unknown; but he was found afterwards dead and deserted. This much is known, but it was a tale too good to be neglected, and gossips tell that he lay and rotted on the floor where he was left, and that now on clear moonlight nights, his blood can be heard trickling drop by drop to the floor beneath. However false this may be, nevertheless no family has had the hardihood to remain there any length of time. I remember a visit which a party of young fellows made to this place not far from midnight. Laughing and singing we turned from the pike and descended along a gloomy road down into the dark ravine. The moonlight threw a ghostly glimmer in the branches overhead and made the darkness beneath more intense. As we plodded along, gradually the merriment died away, and when we reached the "haunted house," standing in a cleared space, glistening ghostly white in the moonlight, every black shadow painfully distinct, it had entirely subsided. The windows stared like enormous black eyes from the wall, and the doors stood half open or were rotted off, and the silence of death seemed over it. But sturdily we kept on, and crossing a rickety bridge, we stopped in the damp shadow of the building. On the other side of the road was a deserted stable; alongside, a ruined mill, sticking its chimneys and irregular walls like black goblins into the air. By the light of our candles we saw that the rotten beams of the house could not stand the weight of our whole party, so we divided and the first half entered. We crept slowly along a narrow passage-way, filled with a chilling, penetrating dampness, and stumbled up a winding staircase to the second floor. Carefully we moved around the holes eaten in the decayed wood, and gazed into a fireplace that seemed like a huge cave of stone; then we hastened to the garret. At the head of the narrow flight of stairs leading to it is said to be the room where the murdered man had lain. As we reached the entrance to this room, the door was tightly closed,—the only one so in the whole building. We paused a moment, looked at each other, and entered. As we all gathered instinctively in the centre of the room not one of us will forget the picture we formed: the moonlight, struggling through the windows, lay in silver patches on the floor, the yellow candle-light flickered tremulously among the cobwebs into the darkness. This, together with the intense silence and the superstitious dread caused by the spirit of the dead Tory, or by our own imaginations, cannot be forgotten.

There is scarcely a wilder and yet pleasanter ride imaginable than up this ravine on a summer's afternoon, for nature revels then in all her lavishness, and the road — that prosaic but important item to wheelmen — is macadamized, and nearly level when the ravine is fairly entered. A party taking a run through here could leave their wheels at the "haunted house," and, by crossing a ford at the pretty stream alongside the place, wander up a winding path to Dove's mills. The striking contrasts of color and form, the effects of the sunlight and shade, the innumerable combinations of the winding sheet of water with the ruined buildings, the quiet patter and glistening spray of the waterfalls, the overhanging trees and mossy boulders are all worthy of an artist's pencil. An amateur photographer would be bewildered by the succession of pretty views, and would be puzzled where to begin, or when to leave off. As the wheelman rides the broad, smooth, rolling road, he becomes familiar with that institution, the toll-gate man. Man he is called, but he varies in age and sex from the gray-haired old fellow near Overbrook, who is apt to give you wrong change, to the little matted-haired girl at Wynnewood, equally unreliable, but more limited in her resources, because generally only intrusted with tickets. A low frame-house, sometimes painted, often whitewashed, is his abode and watch-tower. It is annoying to be obliged to pay toll, but it is done at the request of Philadelphian wheelmen, for it gives them a right to the road which they would not otherwise possess.

The toll-gate man at Ardmore has become almost insane on the subject of bicycles. He is either constantly on the outlook for them, or instinct tells him when one approaches. This is more noticeable to the wheelmen of his own vicinity, for they are his greatest dread. Many a time, not intending to pass his gate, in a moment of false confidence, I have riden too close and

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fallen into his clutches. It matters not where you come from or where you are going, he must and will have toll. What's more, if the first wheelmen get through unnoticed, he calls upon the straggler in the rear to settle the whole account, and he is so energetic in his expostulation, and it's so indefinite what he intends to do, that the belated wheelman generally comes to terms. One bicycler at least will have cause to remember him for some time to come. He was taking one of his first rides on the road, and by many twitches and turns and hair-breadth escapes he had succeeded in slowing his pace, by the time he reached the toll-gate. In working his courage up to the proper pitch, or in devising some method of procedure for dismounting, he had got about ten feet beyond the toll-house. The man somewhat dazed at first by the apparent audacity, soon rose to the emergency, and with a rush seized the trembling backbone of the machine. Like Bret Harte's "Jim," the wheelman collapsed in a flash over the head of the astonished and angry toll-man. Appearances are sometimes deceptive, and the wheelman afterwards endeavored to spoil the whole story, even offering a solution for the man's anger, for he said that the man, on being asked to hold the bicycle as an aid for dismounting, should naturally object to being suddenly and ungratefully fallen upon.



There are many branching roads that would well pay a wheelman to visit, making a pleasant change to the even but, perhaps on this account, monotonous riding of the pike. Montgomery avenue, parallel to it, but lying on the other side of the Pennsylvania railroad, is good in pleasant weather, as is the Gulf road leading to Valley Forge, although sometimes steep. There are also many branching roads, shady and pleasant, winding out from Rosemont through Whitehall, running out of Bryn Mawr, and others, which are fair specimens of country roads. Homes of wealth and refinement, with the abundance of nature around them, are scattered along these thoroughfares. On these are seen Cassatt's, Yarnall's, Showden's places at Haverford, Childs's, Mather's, and Wheeler's, at Bryn Mawr. Although many names of residents in these regions would be familiar only to Philadelphians, yet a number of men well known in America are living here. Mr. Childs, famed as the friend and host of Dickens, Longfellow, General Grant, the Emperor of Brazil, and scores of others equally celebrated, and the owner of the Philadelphia *Ledger*, has a place at Bryn Mawr. Two men, associated with Garfield during his short and eventful presidency, also have country resorts here, — Mr. Wayne McVeagh, his attorney general, and Dr. Agnew, the Philadelphia physician summoned to his bedside just before his death. Mr. Robert

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J. Burdette, of Ardmore, whose wit and humor in the Burlington *Hawkeye* are paragraphed all over the Union, is also well known as a popular lecturer. At the other end of the pike, near Lancaster, James Buchanan, when a rusty, bachelor country lawyer, lived in a homestead that teemed with associations long before his birth. Here Miss Harriet Lane first kept house for him, before he began that career which, at its close, hastened a national calamity, and made her famous in White House annals as a typical hostess and a renowned beauty.

It is surprising how many wheelmen ride upon the pike, sometimes twenty or thirty unattached, passing almost all in sight of one another: wheelmen in uniform and in plain clothes, big bicyclers on little wheels, and little bicyclers perched on enormous machines; some gliding along smoothly and quietly, others struggling on the slightest grade, — all sorts roll along together. Visiting wheelmen can attest to the quality of the road, for after many meets in Philadelphia, parties have ridden out to Bryn Mawr, in the moonlight, to take supper there.

Any wheelman of an inquiring mind can pick up entertaining history along the road, for full of legend and story are the venerable homesteads of this country, and the subject is by no means exhausted. Besides, it will add a charm to the road and the riding which is not otherwise attainable. For many items of information and accounts of bygone days, I am indebted myself to Dr. James J. Levick, of Philadelphia. In summing up this pleasant subject let it be said that, notwithstanding its imperfections, may all the roads of our glorious republic some day equal the riding now found on the LANCASTER PIKE!

Jay Howe Adams.

TO A DANDELION.

LITTLE mimic of the sun,
  Hiding in the fragrant grass,
Have you any kisses won
  From the pretty maids who pass?
When the sun slips down the west
Some fair girl shall come in quest
  Of the secret which you lock
In your tiny golden breast:
  You shall hear an airy knock,
  And a question: What o'clock?

At the very verge of night,
  When the summer twilight's breath
Makes you dizzy with delight,
  Dance in happiness to death:
When the peaceful moon shall peep
Down from star-lit skies that weep
  Tears of sweet, delicious dew,
Tender, gracious eyes shall keep
  Quiet company with you
  'Neath the heaven's cover blue.

Ah, you dainty, snowy ghost,
  See what bliss your wisdom brings!
Tell me, pray, what angels boast
  Such a zephyr for their wings?
Just because the hour you tell,
She repays your magic well, —
  Wafts you off to paradise;
Sounds for you a gentle knell;
  Lights your journey with her eyes:
  Would that I were half so wise!

Frank Dempster Sherman.

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A QUAINT LITTLE MAID.[1]

By CHARLES RICHARDS DODGE, author of "A Shadow Love," "Louise and I," etc.

CHAPTER I.

"She was all gentleness, all gayety,
Her pranks the favorite theme of every tongue."

A PAIR of big, full, brown eyes opened at their widest; a frightened, excited face thrust through the half-open door-way, and a startled exclamation: —

"*Clara!* I've caught a *burglar* and locked him in the garret!"

Cousin Clara was upon her feet in a second. "A burglar, Dorothy! what *do* you mean?"

Then the door was pushed wider ajar, and a slight, girlish, almost childish, form entered.

"I was in my room," she continued, out of breath and speaking rapidly, "and all at once there came a sound of heavy boots on the garret-floor. Thinking it was Uncle John, I paid no attention to it; but hearing it again, after a long time, I called at the foot of the stairs. As nobody answered, I tip-toed half-way up to the landing, and there stood a strange man over by the dormer-window as still as a mouse. I was dreadfully frightened, and ran down again, without waiting to take another look, with my heart in my mouth. But I locked him in" —

Clara had stood in amazement during the recital, but she now broke in abruptly.

"What *is* to be done? We must find father immediately. But go get your slippers, girl, for you are in your stocking-feet."

"Oh, I can do without them, Clara," she exclaimed, with a half-glance toward the stair-way. "I wouldn't go up there now for a million."

But Clara had fled precipitately, leaving her cousin standing alone in the middle of the room.

In form and features Dorothy Drew was a very pretty girl; in thoughts and actions, a perfect little oddity and bundle of contradictions. Nobody ever knew what "Dot" was going to do next, for no matter how wild a freak entered her shapely little head, the means for its execution was speedily devised with little regard for the consequences. Not that she ever did anything so terribly amiss, for, besides having a due regard for propriety, she was blessed with excellent judgment, and could be called neither headstrong nor impulsive; but she was brimming over with the quintessence of fun, never allowing an opportunity for its enjoyment to pass without in some way taking advantage of it.

And to-day, standing in her dainty stocking-feet, in this quaint low-ceiled room, her rich, dark hair rolled in an immense puff upon the top of her head, and her *petite* body ensconced in a buff-and-figured tea-gown, she was a picture for a painter.

But she only stood a moment after Clara's abrupt departure, for it suddenly occurred to her that the burglar might climb through the dormer-window, and out upon the roof, and so make his escape. In another moment she had darted through the hall, out upon the piazza; nor paused until she had reached a rustic bench in the garden, with a commanding view of the garret-roof, when she curled up upon the seat and considered herself on guard.

All was quiet for some minutes, and then Clara appeared upon the piazza with an indescribable expression upon her usually placid countenance, as she beckoned mysteriously to her cousin.

Dorothy approached hastily. "Did he get away?" she half-whispered, her face hardly recovered from its fright.

Clara affected great seriousness as she replied: —

"Miss Dorothy, I think you had better go to your room, put on your slippers, and stay there for the remainder of the day. Why, it's dreadful!"

A mingled look of curiosity and fresh alarm overspread the pretty features as the girl simply stared at her companion.

"Do you know what you've done?" Clara continued, and then burst into an irresistible laugh, but checked herself immediately.

"Locked a — burglar — in the garret," Dorothy replied hesitatingly; "at least I thought I did."

Again Clara smiled. "You locked Mr.

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Brown in the garret, and your uncle might have killed him with the pitchfork."

"Oh, my good gracious!"

"How *could* you have been so mistaken, Dorothy? You should have seen who it was, and that he was only using the spy-glass."

The ridiculous side of the affair now presented itself to the girl, and she laughed heartily. "I admit I only saw the back of his head and his hat," she replied; "but Mr. Brown looks so much like a tramp, anyway, I"—

"Sh-h-h!" Clara checked the remainder of the sentence by placing her hand suddenly upon the girl's mouth. "You had better find your slippers, now," she went on, "or the burglar will catch *you* in the hall in your stocking-feet, and then there *will* be a sensation."

This "Mr. Brown," or Duncan Brown, as he called himself, was a young artist from New York,— in poor health, and with a very slender purse,— whom "Aunt Harriet" had taken to board for a few weeks out of pure pity and goodness of heart. He wished to remain in the neighborhood, he explained, on account of the rare sketching, but unable to find a place to board within his means, and learning that Mrs. Harper had once or twice taken a summer boarder or two, he had ventured to call, etc., etc. As the end proved, the kindly woman's heart was too tender to say no, and, in spite of the remonstrances both of Clara and Dorothy, the young man was allowed to come, bag and baggage, — or rather bag and sketch-box,—and occupy a little vacant room in the ell.

He had a fine face, a scholarly face,—even Clara was willing to admit,—and his voice, accent, good command of language, and polished manners, in spite of his shabby-genteel attire, proved him an inbred gentleman, or at least a man of good family. But he was evidently very poor,— Aunt Harriet said poorer than he wished them to know, — and, at the same time, seemed to feel so keenly his position, as was evinced by his extreme shyness and disinclination to mingle with the family, save at meal times, or upon chance occasions, that he soon became the object of a deal of quiet sympathy.

Even Dorothy declared she was sorry for him from the very bottom of her heart, he always looked so unhappy, as though he had buried his last friend and his last hope in the same grave; still she made him the subject of a deal of good-natured ridicule, behind his back, of course, and sometimes said things to his face that in any one else would have sounded rather startling. He appeared to understand the girl, however, from the very outset of his coming to the farm-house, — she was only sixteen, — and sometimes his blue eyes lighted momentarily with quiet drollery as he replied to some side remark or provoking sally with a bit of repartee so polite, yet so pointed, guileless, and unexpected, that ere long the girl began to look upon him as rather a dangerous knight with whom to cross lances.

He seldom intruded himself upon the family, however, in any manner, frequently remaining away from his meals in the pursuit of his loved art long after the regular hour, always begging Aunt Harriet not to put away anything for him, and ever declining to trouble her, even with the preparation of a lunch. But the good woman was always equal to the emergency on these occasions, and often, upon his return home at dusk, after a weary day of labor, he found upon his table some dainty that was very appetizing.

From being seen so little about the house at any time, it is not strange, then, that Dorothy should have forgotten his existence entirely, when he strayed into the garret in the middle of the day, and that she should have thrown the house into such a state of alarm by her hasty conclusion that he was there for no good purpose.

"Uncle John Harper" was a plain, though well-to-do farmer, and the house in which he lived had served to shelter the Harper family for four generations. Dorothy was the only child of a deceased sister; and now, having made her home at the hospitable mansion for nearly four years, it had grown to be *home* in all that the word may imply.

Returning to the events of the morning, after quiet had been restored, and the "burglar" allowed to wander off across the fields with sketch-book, stool, and umbrella, Dorothy ventured upstairs to recover her slippers. Then there came a sudden knock upon the door, and Clara peeped into the pretty room.

"Mr. King is in the parlor, Dot!"

"Again this morning?" she questioned, giving a half-glance into the mirror. "Am I presentable? for I can't change my dress now for him."

"You look very well, Miss Puss," Clara observed demurely; "always behave as well as you look, and no one can ever find any fault."

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"Thank you, Miss 'Potatoes, prunes, and prisms'!" She gave another glance into the mirror. If I always look as well as I behave, what a beauty I must be!" Then she threw an arm around her cousin's waist, and waltzed her out into the hall.

Entering the parlor a moment later she greeted her visitor kindly, and paused admiringly before him, for his bicycling suit of blue quite overcame her. And he, in turn enraptured at the vision of a quaint little maid in yellow tea-gown which had burst so suddenly upon him, as the bright face appeared in the door-way, showed his admiration most unequivocally.

"What a cute little cap!" she said, taking his braid-embroidered polo, and laying it on the table, "and how nice and 'early American' you look in that pretty suit!"

"You flatter, Miss Drew," the young man replied with animation. "I was about to remark that you look as though you had just stepped out of some dainty picture of old Revolutionary days. I would give half the world — if it were mine — to be able to sketch the picture which appeared to me as you entered the room."

"Would you?" she responded, artlessly; "perhaps some day you will be able, when you have studied *longer*, — that is, if you work real hard now."

Mr. King smiled, though he did not explain.

"And will you pose for me then?" he asked.

"Oh, yes, if I'm alive, and the dress isn't worn out before that time." Then King laughed while the girl went on: "But I can't help looking at you, you look so much like a little boy; don't you feel cold sometimes when the wind blows?"

King assured her that he did not.

"Don't you wish everybody dressed that way? I do, — everybody but Uncle John; for he is so thin he would look just like a pair of tongs, and he wouldn't be able to cast a respectable shadow."

"I must apologize for my call this morning," the gentleman explained, while he bit his lip to restrain from appearing rude by laughing again. "I received a letter from Mr. Anandale, last night, with a question in it which you, perhaps, can assist me in answering. Is there an artist here by the name of Brown? — Duncan Brown, I think Horace says he calls himself."

Dorothy did not answer for a moment; then, looking up with an arch smile, she asked, "And why is your friend so interested to know if there is an artist here by the name of Brown?"

"Oh, for no particular reason, I take it," he replied nonchalantly; "though, to speak plainly, my friend has made no *confidante* of me, and I cannot tell you just why he wishes this information."

"Do you mean that you cannot tell from lack of knowledge, or only from disinclination?" the girl asked, with startling directness.

King colored slightly under the gaze of the dark eyes, which seemed looking him through and through; but he made reply at once: "I certainly have no wish to deceive you, Miss Drew. And Mr. Anandale has not stated anything positively; but — well — a picture was recently received for sale at one of the New York art stores, evidently painted in this locality, and from nature. It is signed 'Dun. Brown,' and the date just under the signature shows that it was painted this year, while the subject indicates that the sketch must have been made very recently. My friend merely wishes to know if the man Duncan Brown is in the neighborhood."

"Does your friend know this Mr. Brown personally?"

"That I cannot say," King replied.

Dorothy was silent a moment, while she looked to the floor in thought. She felt that Mr. King could say more if he wished, for evidently there was something to tell, and, further, she was very desirous of knowing it.

"And he has written nothing about the man?"

"Nothing further than — suspicions."

"Suspicions! Mr. King, of what is Mr. Brown suspected? for he has seemed to me a very worthy young man in every way, save that he has had the serious misfortune to be poor, and I am surprised to hear you speak of suspicions."

"Then he *is* staying here? Thank you kindly! I will write Horace Anandale to-night, and give him this much-desired information."

"Yes, he is staying here," the girl repeated, with evident annoyance, for she had spoken unguardedly. "And now that you have learned all you wished to know, will you kindly state the nature of these suspicions, that I may judge if it is right for the man longer to receive our hospitality."

"You have spoken of his being poor, and of receiving your hospitality," King pursued, ignoring her question. "Miss

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Drew, do I understand that he" — The gentleman wished to ask if Brown was a charity boarder, so to speak, but he could hardly summon courage for so leading a question, and turned it off very nicely. "Well, — that is — has *he* informed you of his poverty?"

"Not at all," the girl replied, looking her visitor squarely in the face. "On the contrary he tries in every way to conceal it, and bears himself so bravely, when he must feel keenly the disparity between his circumstances and ours, that I know he is very poor; and, as poverty is a misfortune, and not a crime, for the present I shall rely upon womanly intuition and judge him guilty of no greater sin than being most unfortunate."

"I trust you will not be deceived in him," King replied, as he arose to go. "Knowing really nothing about the fellow, perhaps I should say nothing until I hear again from Horace Anandale."

"You will write to-night?"

"That is my intention."

"Very well; and though I had not the pleasure of Mr. Anandale's acquaintance when he was here, and doubt if he even remembers me from our chance meeting, you may say to him, from me, that, under the circumstances, it is his duty to tell what he knows concerning Mr. Brown, without alarming us further with covert suspicions. You will write him this?"

"I will, certainly."

"And give me his whole answer?"

"Miss Drew, as your friend, — and I trust you regard me as such, even though our acquaintance is slight, — I promise most faithfully to comply with your wishes in this matter, and will confer with you again upon the earliest opportunity."

For four years Dorothy Drew's existence had been as tranquil as the surface of a sleeping lake. Too young to know much of sentiment, at times her bosom had been stirred by those intuitive intimations of the world of sentiment which sooner or later surrounds every young life. She had even dreamed of romance, and wondered if her coming hero was as handsome, as valiant and true as the chivalric heroes of by-gone ages. She had sighed at times for something to break the even tenor — the monotony — of her life, and now it had come, and she found her thoughts occupied, not only with a handsome acquaintance, — a chance one at that, — but with a mystery as well. She had known De Witte King but a few weeks, and the manner of their meeting had been a little romantic, to say the least. And it happened in this wise: —

She had wandered off over the neighboring fields one morning, with tin cup and pail, to pick some blueberries, taking along "old Nep," the house-dog, for protection and company. She had filled her pail, and was loitering along the roadside, gathering wild flowers, and enjoying the bright sunshine, when, all at once, the flash and glint of the sunlight on a pair of polished bicycles burst upon her, and she saw two young men gliding down the smooth path at the edge of the road. She had never been so near a bicycle before, and, with her aunt's white sun-bonnet thrown back upon her shoulders, and the sunlight shining full into her sweet face, she gazed in almost childish admiration as they approached.

In a moment the wheelmen had alighted, and, begging pardon for the intrusion, — which the dog plainly resented, — asked a few trivial questions regarding the roads, and the direction to a certain cascade, and, with a few pleasant remarks, said good-morning and rode away. It was a piece of sheer audacity, as Dorothy very well knew at the time, and she certainly would have resented it but that it gave her the long-wished-for opportunity to study the mechanism of that modern wonder, the bicycle. But she learned they were staying in the village, and surmised that they were artists.

This, then, was her meeting with De Witte King and Horace Anandale, a pair of New York illustrators, away on a sketching tour and summer vacation, who had been lured to this picturesque spot amid the Berkshire hills on account of its superb sketching. Both men had been completely carried away by the childish beauty, and rustic simplicity of the little maiden in white sun-bonnet and gown, who paused at the roadside so prettily, to let them pass. Was it *love* that so completely turned their heads? Alas, no! it was only that each had an eye to business, and before riding a mile King had declared his intention to put her sweet face and dainty figure into his illustration of De Gushville's holiday poem, somehow, and in spite of fate; and his companion, with equal positiveness, had averred a like intention to make "a pretty Puritan" of her, for his picture in black and white, for the forthcoming Salmagundi Exhibition, — a picture which only awaited just such a face and form for its completion.

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For three days they schemed over it, and then Horace Anandale was suddenly called to New York by his employers, to make some illustrations in the city, and, reluctantly bidding adieu to the pretty town, he took his departure, leaving his comrade a clear field.

It is not necessary here to enter into long detail regarding the manner in which Mr. King finally made Dorothy's acquaintance. It was brought about fairly, fortune favoring the young artist, as she is always said to do the brave. But here fortune bade him adieu and strayed down another pathway, and three weeks of idleness found the De Gushville poem no nearer illustrated than the day Anandale returned to New York. But he made progress in another direction, unhappily for himself; for, after becoming acquainted with the little maid, he was tenfold more charmed by qualities of heart and brain than he had ever been with beauty of face and form. He was ashamed to write Anandale the kind of progress he was making, though he felt that before many days the time must come when he could ask the favor of a sitting. Then, as a sequel to his endeavors in this line of illustrative art, he found himself foolishly and hopelessly in love with the girl. After that he followed the usual course of young gentlemen similarly afflicted, calling at the house upon every possible pretext, real or invented, that could reasonably be offered as an excuse. He slighted his work, save when he was actually obliged to complete something needed by the magazine publishers, and devoted so much time to drawing a very familiar form and face, from imagination, that he used up his whole stock of drawing-paper within the first three weeks.

The advent of Horace Anandale's letter regarding the man Brown, was, therefore, a perfect bonanza. His friend's suspicions might be true or false; in any event the man was probably not a dangerous character, and he resolved to enter into this detective business fortune had thrown in his way, and pursue it, as many a more expert detective has done before him, for all that could be made out of it.

That the poor artist had won the girl's sympathy was plainly evident, and he felt he had unwittingly strengthened that sympathy by the very opposition brought to bear against it during the interview when Anandale's inquiries were made known. He was shrewd enough, therefore, at the very outset to carefully measure his ground, for whatever course was pursued, he knew he should find himself running counter to the feelings of either Anandale or Miss Drew, and that the matter needed to be handled with the utmost delicacy and tact. As a result of his cogitations over the matter, he resolved to keep away from Brown for the present, and allow things to take their course without let or hindrance. The fact that a whole week passed before he received the reply to his letter to Horace, did not in the least annoy him, — a longer delay would have occasioned but slight inconvenience, — for, in the present instance, no news was very bad news to Dorothy, and the nonappearance of the missive was good for at least two extra visits to the farm-house.

But, when the letter finally came, instead of rushing off with it to the waiting maiden, as swiftly as wheel could carry him, he quietly retired to his room, and deliberated.

CHAPTER II.

"There's ne'er a villain dwelling in all Denmark,
But he's an arrant knave."

"I knew him, Horatio."

For a few days after the garret adventure, Duncan Brown kept out of sight more than ever. He had appeared amused at the ridiculous episode when the matter was brought up the same evening at the supper table, and fully explained, suggesting facetiously that when it had come to taking him for a housebreaker, it was time to end his stay with them. Then his face returned to its usual look of seriousness; he soon finished eating and in a few minutes quietly folded his napkin and begged to be excused. For several days he appeared even more sober than usual, as though something was preying upon his mind. He left the house earlier, evidently wandering farther, for he seemed quite fatigued upon his return, late in the evening, retiring to his room immediately. All this occurred shortly after the mysterious inquiry from Horace Anandale had been received; and Dorothy, who had become suddenly quite observant of the man's movements, could not help noting the coincidence. She wisely kept her thoughts to herself, however, and, in the chance moments of their meetings, exerted herself to appear as usual, though, if anything, her manner towards the young man was more cordial than previously.

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The girl was sitting upon the steps of the piazza, in the shadow of an immense rose-tree, one evening, humming to herself, and studying astronomy quite superficially, — or, at least, looking at the stars and the young crescent moon, low down the western heavens, — when suddenly she heard footsteps near. She knew it was Mr. Brown who was approaching, for his step was unlike that of any other inmate of the house.

"Pardon me for interrupting your revery, Miss Drew," he began with diffidence. "I am feeling lonely and somewhat blue to-night, and have been wishing for something to read." He paused at the doorway, and stood as though deliberating whether to advance or not.

"Oh, certainly," she replied, rising, "though I never supposed an artist could be blue. Won't you sit down on the steps? or, there is a chair in the hall."

"Yes, it is a common experience with some artists; he answered sadly, advancing as far as one of the pillars supporting the roof, while he remained standing. "In fact, I may say a normal condition, and the utter ruin of a promising sketch does not portend to help matters greatly."

"What do you mean by a promising sketch?" she pursued, with *naiveté*, looking him directly in the face.

The man hesitated a moment, glancing first at the floor, and then into the face before him. "A sketch giving promise of a picture that some one might wish to buy," he answered at length.

"Then you don't paint for fun, as the girls do in the village, and as my cousin Maud does in New York."

Duncan Brown smiled faintly, as he seemed to glance down at his well-worn coat, which, Dorothy had noticed upon former occasions, gave evidence of much brushing and some careful darning in places. "No, I can't afford to paint for fun," he replied, "although the fun, as you call it, is perhaps all that I get out of a great deal of it."

"Do you mean you can't sell your pictures, or" —

A hurt expression stole over the white, clear features of the face before him. A second later the girl was sorry for the idle remark; but not knowing just what to say under the circumstances, she remained silent, though evidently quite confused.

"Of course you do not understand these things," he responded, kindly, endeavoring not to notice the slight embarrassment; "and God grant that you never may be brought to an understanding of them through the bitter experiences which" — He paused a moment before finishing the sentence, lowering his voice as he said, "which have crushed stouter hearts than mine."

Dorothy was a sympathetic little body; the strange words touched her deeply, and for a moment both were silent. "I wish I could see some of your pictures," she ventured after a long pause; "perhaps I would buy one or two of them, if — they didn't cost too much, — and I liked them."

"Why, you queer child!" the artist replied warmly, a faint smile now playing over his features; "what would *you* do with pictures?"

She caught the brighter expression of the man's face, and, smiling in turn, said, "Do with them? Why, what any one would do with them, I suppose. Enjoy possessing them, and looking at them when it was rainy and I couldn't get out-doors."

"Do you like pictures, Miss Drew?"

"Very much," she replied with enthusiasm.

"Then I will give you one, some day, if you will accept it, and I have anything that pleases you.

The girl's face grew thoughtful again. "No, you can't afford to paint pictures for fun; besides, things given away are not half so nice as things that cost a lot of money."

"Then you won't accept a picture from me?"

"No," she replied quietly, feeling that she must decline, but wishing to do so in as pleasant a manner as possible; "for the obligation would be so great I shouldn't be able to sleep a wink until I had devised the means for paying it off."

Duncan Brown really allowed himself to laugh, the first whole-souled, genuine attempt at such a thing that Dorothy had heard since the man had become an inmate of the farm-house.

"I don't see anything to laugh at," she observed, seriously.

"Perhaps not," the artist replied, growing grave again; "but I was thinking how you reverse the practice of the world, at least in my humble experience."

"I don't understand you."

"I mean that the majority of mankind are willing to accept very graciously, as an offering, what they would not be induced to purchase at half its value."

"But circumstances alter cases, Mr. Brown. You should remember that I don't

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know you very well, — at least not well enough to accept such a gift from you, and, under the circumstances, I think it would be best to — pay you " —

" You mean that you desire to do me a kindness." The artist looked away with a sigh, and Dorothy, giving him a shy side-glance, thought his face seemed even graver than before. " I think, if you did know me, you would be a friend," he continued ; " and no one better appreciates true friendship than friendless Duncan Brown. You are right. Even though you have seen only the brighter side of life, in the brief years of girlhood, a man's truest friend, after all, is money."

Dorothy felt her companion was looking into her face now, and there was another awkward pause in the conversation.

" Pardon me for saying such things," he went on. " I admit it is taking a mean advantage of you under the circumstances ; but it is a very dear experience in my loneliness to know that some one feels a slight kindly interest in me, even though a stranger. I did not mean to keep you standing so long, and should have attended to my errand at once. May I trouble you now for something to read to-night, — anything that will occupy my mind and time for an hour or two ? "

Entering the house, and lighting a lamp, she led him to a small bookcase in the best room, holding the light while he glanced at the titles. In a moment he had selected a volume, and, thanking the girl, as he took the lamp from her hand and replaced it on the table, turned to leave the room.

" I believe you told Aunt Harriet you lived in New York, Mr. Brown," she ventured as a last remark, for she was thinking of that mysterious letter.

" Only during the winter," he replied, pausing in the door-way.

" Then perhaps you know Mr. Anandale," she pursued.

" Mr. Anandale ? " he repeated, with a startled glance into her face. " What do you know of Mr. Anandale ? "

" Why, nothing at all ! " she responded, frightened at the boldness of her question, " I saw him once, here, and I thought perhaps you knew him."

" Yes, I once knew him," he replied, looking at her very earnestly, with an expression she did not understand. Then he said " good-night," and hastened upstairs.

The following afternoon the two cousins were enjoying the breeze upon this same piazza, Clara swinging gently in the hammock, while Dorothy sat upon the railing with her arm around a huge post, and her feet depending in mid-air.

" Clara, do you know what Mr. King does for a living ? " she asked, after a little drag in the conversation ; " because I know."

" I am glad to know that he earns his living," Clara replied, with slight sarcasm. " I supposed he was a gentleman of leisure, spending his time jaunting about the country on a bicycle."

" He's a New York illustrator, and he makes pictures for the magazine engravers. He's going to paint my picture in the tea-gown some day " —

The hammock suddenly came to a stand-still, " Dorothy Drew, what do you mean ? "

" He's going to illustrate me in a tea-gown."

" And send you to some of the magazines, no doubt, as ' a Berkshire maid,' for the whole world to look at, and to laugh at."

" You mean to admire."

" Dorothy Drew, you are beside yourself."

" No, I'm not ; I'm beside this big post. But you needn't get so excited, Clara, for I intend to throw a handkerchief over my lovely features, so that I can see everything that is going on, and make faces at him to my heart's content. It's too late to interpose objec tions now, because I'm engaged."

" You are *what?* "

" I've promised him a sitting, and besides " — As she talked she rocked to and fro, totally regardless of the possible consequences of losing her balance.

" Well ! besides ? " — Clara repeated impatiently, for the girl had suddenly paused.

" Besides we're both engaged in unravelling a *d-a-r-k* mystery," the girl went on in a solemn whisper, as she bent farther forward.

Clara looked at her cousin curiously.

" What on earth are you talking about ? "

" Hush ! — Mr. Brown," she returned, vaguely.

" What about Mr. Brown ? "

" You won't breathe it to a living soul ? "

" Of course not," Clara replied, with impatient interest.

" Please don't look at a person so hard ; you frighten it all out of my head," the girl exclaimed, tormentingly. " Well, Mr. Anandale, who lives in New York, has discovered that — he " — The sentence was interrupted by a merry laugh.

" Well, well ! don't be so long in telling it, Dorothy ! go on ! "

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"You are sure you won't tell aunty?"

"No."

"Or uncle?"

"Of course not!"

"Or — or anybody?"

"No, no, no!"

"Well, Mr. Anandale says that Mr. Brown — I don't think I ought to tell you, Clara, after all, for Mr. King might not like it."

Clara's patience had almost reached the limit of forbearance, while Dorothy's eyes snapped wickedly, as she continued.

"Well! — Mr. Anandale has discovered that Mr. Brown — is an editor on a summer vacation."

"Dorothy! how absurd!" Clara exclaimed disappointedly.

Dorothy was intensely amused at her cousin's chagrin, and throwing her head back, to give expression to a merry peal of laughter, she suddenly lost her balance, and the next instant found herself clinging to the post with arms extended upward to their utmost. Then the gate slammed heavily, they heard footsteps approaching rapidly, and before even Clara could come to the rescue, De Witte King had gently lifted her from her ridiculous position, and stood smiling beside her.

Clara was shocked: she turned toward the girl with a look in which was expressed a whole chapter on impropriety; but Dorothy was gazing demurely at the shining wheel left so hurriedly at the gate, as she remarked, gravely: —

"That is once when the bicycle saved a girl's life."

"I hope you haven't hurt yourself," De Witte ventured, controlling his features admirably, "or bruised your poor hands?"

"Oh, no," the girl answered, looking at the deep creases in the red palms, where they had come in contact with the sharp angles of the post. "I'm all right; but it's fearfully lacerating to one's feelings to be hung up in that way before company, I assure you."

Again Clara gave the girl a withering look of disapprobation,— behind King's back of course,— though the girl wholly ignored the quiet reprimand, as she asked very innocently: —

"What's the matter, Clara?"

"I said nothing," Clara replied, sweetly, her face at once assuming its usual placid smile.

"I know you didn't speak; but you were drawing down your eyebrows, and shaking your head so funny, I thought" —

"Dorothy Drew, what *are* you saying?"

De Witte gave his mustache a twist, and turned abruptly towards the gate to hide a smile which seemed to be working all over his face at once. Dorothy noted the direction of his gaze, and supposing he was thinking of the wheel which had been left almost in the highway, made the suggestion that it would be safer within the enclosure. De Witte accepted the implied invitation at once, and, while attending to his waiting steed, Clara gave her cousin some rather pointed advice concerning behavior in company, and ran into the house. As soon as the young man returned, Dorothy broached the subject of the letter at once.

"Yes, I have heard from Mr. Anandale," putting a rather dubious emphasis upon the words; "but he has written anything but a satisfactory reply to my inquiries."

"Then he hasn't noticed my message."

"Oh, yes! he alluded to it, but" — Then the man hesitated.

"What did he say?" she demanded coolly.

"Well! — he says that — that is — no, he don't say anything, — but he is intending to write again in a few days, and then" —

"After you have answered some more questions, I suppose?"

"No — yes — perhaps it amounts to that."

"Won't you let me see the letter?" she requested.

De Witte was hardly prepared for so direct an appeal, and while trying to devise a way out of the awkward dilemma, Dorothy continued.

"Of course you cannot refuse so simple a request after your suspicious intimations concerning Mr. Brown, and more especially after keeping me in a state of anxiety and suspense for nearly a week. It is not friendly, Mr. King! Won't you please show me the letter, or at least read that portion relating to my message?"

De Witte hesitated, but only for a moment, for, whether he had previously desired to please the girl in this particular or not, the tone of her voice, and the beseeching look in her brown eyes were too much for his susceptible nature, and he yielded without a demurrer.

"I may as well read you the entire letter as the portion in answer to your message," he replied taking the document from his pocket, "and then you may be as angry at Anandale as you please."

"Perhaps that *would* be best," she re-

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plied nonchalantly, after which the reading began: —

Your kind note of the 21st inst. duly received. So I am on the right track after all, and the man Brown is actually an inmate of the same house that holds our little Puritan of the white hood and berry-pail. I can see her sweet face now, as she stepped to the roadside so prettily to let us pass, and its look of surprise as we dismounted —

"That's perfectly horrid!" Dorothy exclaimed, with a frown.

De Witte continued: —

I can see her sweet face now —

"Oh, pardon me, I have read that once" —

"No, you are mistaken; you have read it *twice*. Go on!"

But never mind the Puritan. Do you know positively.

"Never mind the Puritan, indeed! Will you please skip the remainder of that nonsense, Mr. King, and go on to the portion concerning Mr. Brown, and my message!"

Do you know positively that this man's name *is* Duncan Brown? That is the point I wish definitely settled before proceeding further. As to my suspicions, it will be soon enough to enter into details when I am perfectly satisfied of the identity of my man. Keep mum, therefore; *see* the fellow if you can possibly get an interview, — the little Puritan will, perhaps, help you, — and write me at once a full description of his personal appearance. In regard to Miss Dot's message —

Again De Witt hesitated. "Really, Miss Drew, I ought not to read this" —

"Please proceed!" the girl insisted quietly, but firmly, and he continued: —

In regard to Miss Dot's message, put her off as well as you can until you hear from me again; but if she won't be put off, — and she struck me as a very determined little piece, on the occasion of our roadside meeting, — then tell her anything you please, — that's your lookout, not mine. But of one thing you may be morally certain: the man will make himself very scarce if pressed too hard, so for heaven's sake say nothing to Dot, as you call her, and if you have mentioned my name in this connection, by all means caution her against lisping a syllable to Brown.

"Well!" Dorothy exclaimed with emphasis, when the reading was finished, "I don't wonder you hesitated to read me such a letter. 'Pretty Puritan;' 'determined little piece,' indeed! Mr. King, is this the way that gentlemen write to each other concerning young ladies whom they hardly know?"

"Don't be angry, Miss Drew," De Witte implored, beseechingly, "I am sure Horace wished to be complimentary, for he's too good, and too noble a fellow to speak slightingly of any one. Then, besides, he is doubtless trying to tease me because he thinks" —

De Witte had spoken unguardedly, and he came to an abrupt pause. Dorothy knew what he was about to say, for she read it in his eyes, but she turned the subject so suddenly he never dreamed she had even heard the words.

"I am beginning to distrust your friend Anandale," she remarked; "for I think he has a deeper motive in this business than appears upon the face of it. I have *my* suspicions, too, but will not breathe them now, as I prefer to wait further developments; but you may rest assured, when the truth is known, that this will prove a wholly personal matter, in which your friend has a greater interest than anybody else. I pity Mr. Brown because he is friendless and poor; and, in spite of anything Mr. Anandale may hint to the contrary, I think him a noble-minded man, and a true gentleman. I believe in fair play, too, and as three upon one is not fair play, you need not expect me to give you any further assistance in establishing Mr. Brown's identity, or in trying to prove anything against him."

[To be continued.]



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THE ORCHARD.

THE orchard stretches from the door
To right and left, and far along
To where the gray fence winds before
The slope where meadow-grasses throng.

The trunks, like graven columns old,
Rise from the light turf all arow,
And, breaking into arms, uphold
A roof of emerald and snow.

Its breezy floor with gold is strown,
As thick as skies on cloudless night,
Where flower-enamored spring has sown
Her dandelions for delight.

Adown the long aisles careless pass
The wavering butterflies of May,
And on the spreading net of grass
In troops the fitful shadows play.

Midway adown the deep arcade
The monarch of the orchard stands, —
For fifty years through light and shade
The glory of the homestead lands.

His massive trunk is straight and free;
His great arms of heroic brown
Are spread abroad in majesty
O'er many a rood of level lawn.

'Tis here at noon's celestial hour,
When not with spirit weighed and worn,
But fresh and open as a flower,
O'er which all wandering airs are borne,

I come. Beneath the rustling tide
Of leaves I lie upon the grass,
Where winds of heaven from far and wide
Blow me a greeting as they pass.

My sweet, wild friend, the bumblebee,
The butterfly, my wandering flower,
Swift birds that leap with ecstasy
In air, troop round my noon-day bower.

And, thronging round me, lo! I hear
Seraphic voices, tongue on tongue,
In airy syllables as clear
As e'er through brain of poet rung!

Swift fade the fields, the birds grow mute,
The winds fall faint, and die away;
Soft sounds, as of a lyre or lute,
With voices o'er my spirit stray.

They speak to me sublimer things
Than seer or master ever taught,
Or mind has gleaned in wanderings
Through all the universe of thought.

O. C. Auringer.

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TENTS FOR CANOEISTS.

A CANOEIST, thoroughly prepared for a cruise, is the most absolutely independent traveller in existence, carrying with him in his almost fairy craft all the necessities, and many of the luxuries, of life. My first canoe cruise was in an Improved Rob Roy, with a cockpit but forty-two inches long. The second night out it was pouring rain when we went into camp. A canoeist of some experience had devised for me what he called a canoe-tent, it being pitched over the cockpit. The tent was put up, supper eaten, and tired, as only a canoeist can be, we turned in. The memory of that cold, drizzly, windy night, on the banks of Mad river, makes me shiver even now. How I did try to sleep! but the tent would blow open, first at one point and then at another. Repeated efforts failed to secure comfortable rest, and so, shortly after midnight, I arose, made a huge camp-fire, wrapped me in my blankets, with a poncho outside, and lay down on the ground where I slept satisfactorily until daybreak. From that cruise I came home with a fixed determination to work out some more stanch and trustworthy, and, withal, more comfortable, substitute for a house.

My first procedure was a diligent inquiry of all canoeists known or heard of by me regarding their tents. This inquiry developed nothing better than the tent I had, except a sketch and description of a tent used by the Mohican Club, Albany, N.Y.

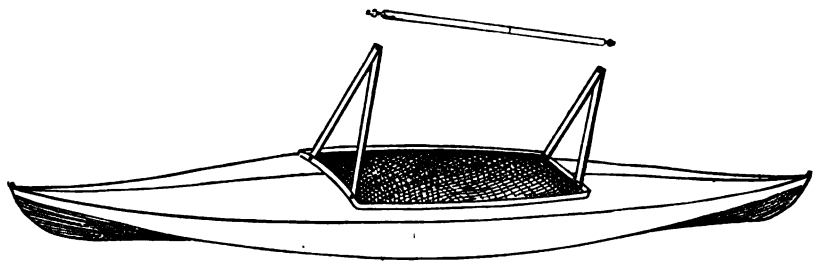


FIG. 1.—FRAMEWORK FOR "A" CANOE-TENT.

That was not quite satisfactory, however, for it had an almost flat roof, and was suspended between the masts by ropes, giving a tendency to spring the masts, and allowing a sidewise swinging of the tent in a wind. An extended experience in camping was decidedly against any flat canvas covering, and against any sort of a tent that swayed in the wind. Getting no satisfactory help from other canoeists, I set to work devising and experimenting on tents for cruising canoeists. As a result, the various tents shown and described herewith were devised, made, used, and found practical and reliable.

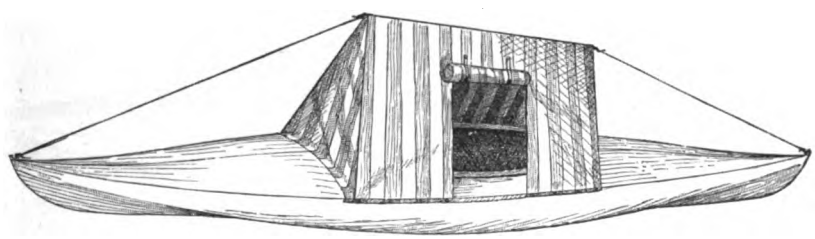


FIG. 2.—"A" CANOE-TENT

An "A" tent is probably the simplest form of tent. Figure 1 shows the framework of such a tent, which is found to be the simplest, lightest, and most compact

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for canoe purposes. Of course, the height of any canoe-tent above the decks will be governed by the height of the canoeist. The uprights or supports are made from ash, or other hard lumber, 1 × ¼, and of requisite length. They should be planed smooth, oiled, and given a coat of shellac. These supports are secured to the coaming, as shown, by a small bolt through each. Brass ones are best, and, if made small, seen that we have a frame that is very rigid, and one that is all secured together. The joint in the middle of the ridge should be secured in some way so that it may not pull apart. Fig. 2 shows the frame with the tent upon it. A curtain may be arranged on one or both sides, as shown. Care should be taken to have this curtain lap over the edges of the tent, opening about two inches on each side. The frame

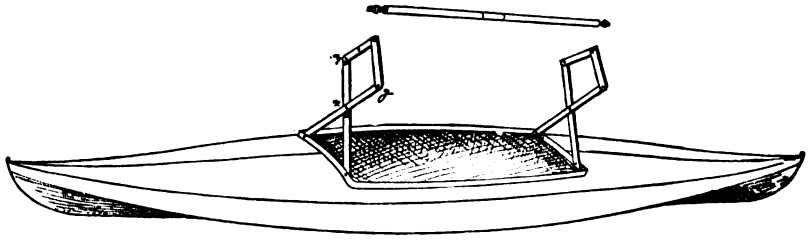


FIG. 3. — FRAMEWORK, PERFECT CANOE-TENT.

are quite strong enough. Figure 6 is a drawing of the upper end of these supports, they being slotted, as shown. A plate of moderately heavy sheet-iron is placed on the outside of the outer support, at each end, to prevent wear. These plates should be fastened with tacks, as shown.

The ridge is round, not over seven-eighths of an inch in diameter, and jointed in the centre. Into each end is fastened a fitting, which any blacksmith can make, and which is clearly shown in Fig. 5. A light ferrule is first driven on each end of the ridge-rod. These fittings, provided with a coach or lag screw thread, are then screwed into the ridge until there is just room enough between the annular shoulder on the fitting and the end of the ridge to let in the slotted ends of the supports when the ridge is dropped to its place.

The ridge-rod being in place, it will be being together, — and you will find it but a moment's work, — the tent is slipped over it and buttoned down, small round-headed screws being placed on the under side of the fender for the purpose. Now run guy-lines from the holes in the heads of the ridge-pole fittings, fore and aft, to rings suitably placed in the bow and stern-posts, and you have a tent that will stand any rain or wind, which in no way strains your canoe or your masts, which does not sway, which can be packed into very small compass, and which will weigh but a few pounds.

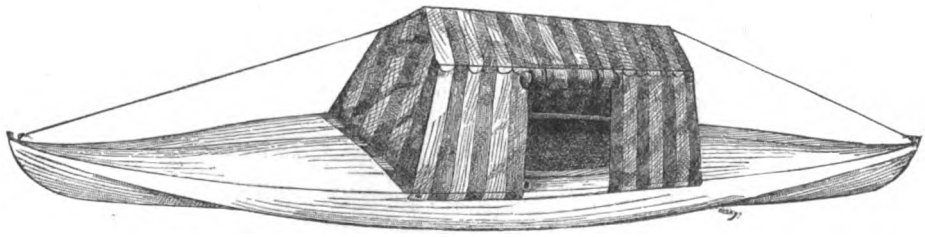


FIG. 4. — THE PERFECT CANOE-TENT.

The only objection to the "A" canoe-tent is, that unless run up quite high, it lacks head-room, and all campers know how annoying it is to be compelled to always be on the lookout lest the roof be touched during a rain, and a leak be the result. To combine all the good qualities of this tent, and remove this objection, I devised the tent shown in Figs. 3 and 4, — a tent to

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which I have found no objection, and which is pronounced by my canoeing friends to be the "Perfect canoe-tent."

Fig. 3 shows the framework. The ridge-rod and fittings, together with the method of locking to the supports, are the same as used on the "A" tent. The supports are 1 × ¼ ash, or other hard lumber, planed, oiled, and shellacked, and are riveted together at points X, Y, and Z. This fastens together all the parts of each end support, allowing them to be folded into small space, and preventing any pieces from getting lost. In this tent the sloping roof sheds the rain perfectly, while the "hip" gives far more head-room than in the "A" tent, and makes the coseyest little room imaginable. In this tent the canoeist may cook, eat, smoke, read, or sleep, as suits his pleasure, with no fear of rain or wind. In cool weather, the curtains being closely buttoned down, you can sleep as warm and comfortable as at home. Its lightness, compactness, simplicity, the ease and rapidity with which it can be put up or taken down, and its remarkable rigidity when up, make it all that any reasonable canoeist can desire.

But there are two classes of canoeists. The one sleeps in his canoe; the other declares a canoe was never made to sleep in, and so goes ashore and improvises some sort of a shelter, usually a gum blanket or two made into a shelter-tent. To my notion no canoe should be slept in when out of the water. The weight inside, with no resistance outside, must, sooner or later, open the joints. Now, the writer belongs to both these classes. If going on a river cruise, I carry a shore-tent, and go prepared to sleep as restfully as when at home. If the intended cruise is over lakes, through marshes, or into unexplored bodies of water, I carry the canoe-tent and sleep aboard; for then I am sure that if night overtakes me in the midst of a marsh or on a lake or river, where no suitable shore camp can be made, I can rear my canvas house over the cockpit, and be "at home" in a few minutes with supper on the table.

The tents already described are for the last-named purpose. There are also shown herewith a couple for shore-camping, which, for solid comfort in all kinds of weather, day in and day out, is decidedly the best. Fig. 8 shows a tent that has been extensively used in fishing-trips with the greatest satisfaction, and which is admirably adapted to the canoeist's use. To obviate the necessity of hunting up tent poles, unjoint your eight-foot paddle, and use the two halves for that purpose, having previously provided fittings for each like Fig. 7. These are simply ferrules of proper size, with a pin welded on, as shown. For a ridge-pole, use a small rope of proper length, with a loop or eye turned on each end, to drop over the pins in the paddle fitting. There should also be holes in the canvas for these pins, the whole being put up and stayed with guys, as shown.

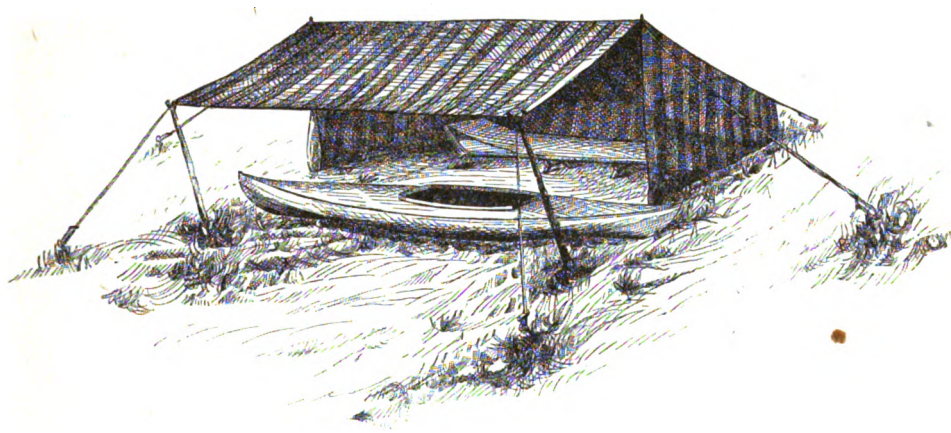


FIG. 8.—THE PERFECTION SHORE-TENT.

When sleeping ashore the writer is decidedly averse to sleeping on the ground. It is neither smooth nor soft; and to carry enough bedding to make a comfortable bed imposes too much bulk and weight.

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For several weeks, last season, he used the cot shown in Fig 12, and found it the only really comfortable cot yet made. It

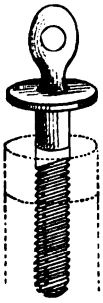


FIG 5

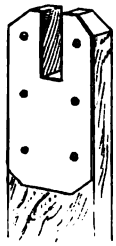


FIG. 6.



FIG. 7.

folds up into a small bundle, as shown, and weighs scant ten pounds. With this cot, a pair of heavy wool blankets, and a gum pouch or blanket, you have a perfect camp-bed. Being up off the ground it will be necessary to put the same amount of bedding beneath you that you put over you. This fact of being above ground has its advantages in protecting you from such crawling creatures of a centipedal nature as annoyed the canoeists at Stony Lake last year. The price of this cot is $3 75. The ten pounds of weight may tempt the canoeist to omit the cot when outfitting; but, my word for it, a single night's trial will cause you to carry the cot, if something else must be left at home.

This shore-tent has numerous advantages. Fig. 8 shows the arrangement, in fair, warm weather. Suppose, now, you are compelled to make camp in the rain. Going ashore, a few minutes' work puts up your tent, as shown. Now draw your canoe, with all its duffel, ashore and into the tent. You and all your stuff are now



FIG. 10.—PHILADOME SPIRIT-STOVE.

in the dry, where you can take your time in unpacking, making your bed, and getting your supper. A small camp-fire, built near the tent, will give a pleasant cheeriness, while you take a quiet after-supper smoke. At bedtime you draw your canoe up sidewise close to the tent-poles, and let down the awning, at the same time moving the end guys to the stakes recently used for the awning-guys, so as to stay the tent. Additional guys may be put on each end. It may now rain and blow, but you are comfortable, contented, and happy, — or ought to be, — with all your belongings under shelter, and at your fingers' ends.

Perchance you are cruising early in the spring, or late in the fall, when, although the days are warm, the nights are cold. The back corners of the wall of this tent should not be sewed up, but provided with eyelets. Now unlace these corners and put your canoe at the backside of the tent, letting the ends project beyond the tent, the sides of the tent falling down over the canoe. Put your cot in front of the canoe, allow the awning to remain up even higher than shown in the drawing, and build a good camp-fire. To get the best results,

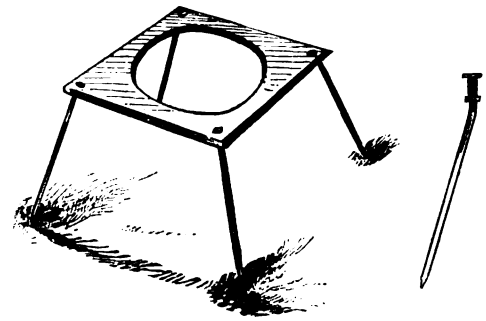


FIG. 11.—CAMP-STOVE FOR WOOD.

the roof of the tent should be set to the windward, for, if its position were reversed, the smoke and sparks would be blown directly into the tent.

As to the size of this tent, using the halves of an eight-foot paddle as poles, the height at the ridge would be four feet. The length of the tent should be seven feet. The other dimensions are a matter of taste.

Fig. 9 shows a modification of this same tent, which we saw last summer up in the woods of Northern Michigan. It will be seen that in this tent the awning is fixed, and cannot be dropped. To close up the tent, a curtain is provided, which slides upon a rope stretched from pole to pole. The little ring shown on the paddle-fitting, Fig. 7, is intended to be used to secure this curtain rope in case this form of tent is used. We think some of the tent-makers are now supplying this form of tent.

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As to the material used in these tents, the handsomest thing is the striped awning canvas. However, we have found good heavy muslin or double-width cotton drill-

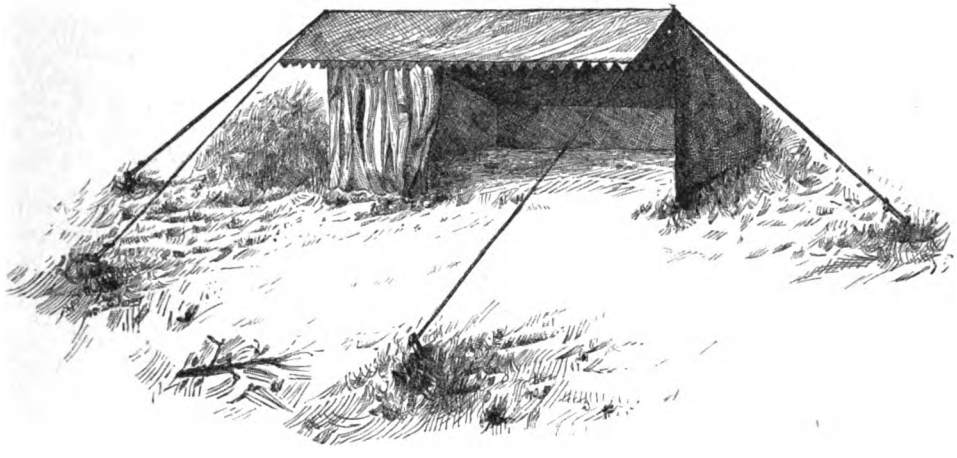


FIG 9.— SHORE-TENT.

ing answers every purpose when water-proofed. Such material is cheap, light, and can be obtained anywhere. To water-proof your tent, having it all finished, proceed as follows: To ten quarts of water add ten ounces of lime and four ounces of alum, and let it stand until clear. Fold the cloth and put in another vessel. Pour the solution over it, let it soak for ten or twelve hours, after which rinse in lukewarm rain-water, and stretch and dry in the sun. We have seen a similar recipe, having the same ingredients in the same proportion, with the addition of coloring matter, used several years ago. But omitting the coloring improves the appearance, and does not effect the water-proof qualities.

Another equally good method of water-proofing is: Into a bucket of soft-water put half a pound of sugar of lead and half a pound of powdered alum. Stir at intervals during a day or two, until a clear, saturated solution is obtained. Pour this off into another vessel; soak the cloth therein for twenty-four hours, and then hang it to dry in the shade without wring-

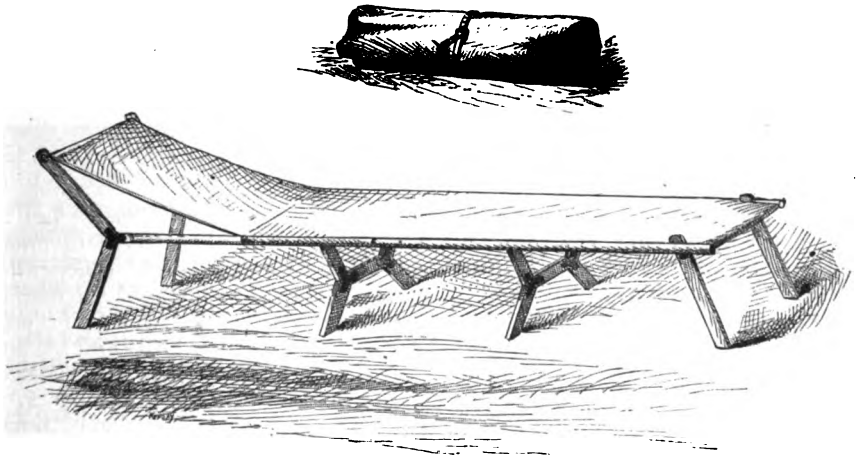


FIG. 12.— SQUIRES'S FOLDING COT.

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ing. With either of these preparations the cloth will not retain its water-proof qualities longer than a year; but it is easily repeated at the commencement of each season.

Regarding stoves and fires, every canoeist should carry an alcohol stove. No better one has come to our notice than the Philadome, shown in Fig. 10. It is so arranged that it is next to impossible for any wind to blow it out, and the flame it gives is very powerful. The handle of the pan comes off, the three legs pull out, and the whole arrangement packs into the pan, which is provided with a cover, and which is only four inches in diameter and two and a half inches deep.

The canoeist who relies solely on the canoe-tent can have nothing but the spirit-stove, if he cook aboard, as he should. But the shore-tent canoeist can use a wood fire when desirable. A great deal of time and money has been wasted on camp-stoves, but year before last I devised and carried a stove, shown in Fig. 11. It is simply a piece of boiler iron, with a hole cut in it the size of your frying-pan. In each corner is a hole to receive a leg, shown in detail on the right of Fig. 11. The first one was made by cutting a thread in the holes and screwing the legs in, but it was found that, knocking about, the threads, both in the hole and on the leg, became battered, causing trouble. The last one we made with smooth holes in the plate and shoulders and nuts on the legs. When knocked down, the nut protects the thread on the leg. The legs should be pointed, about six inches in length, and bent as shown. This stove is light, always ready, compact, and will not melt, fall over, or smoke, since the fuel can be put in on any side.

In building a camp-fire for the shore-tent in cold weather, pile two or three good-sized logs on top of each other, for "back-logs," and build your fire in front of them. The heat will thus be reflected into the tent. On going to bed do not put on too much dry wood, or you may be roasted out. A little green or wet wood mixed with the dry will keep a moderately hot and steady fire.

If these lines shall render the cruises of my fellow-canoeists more enjoyable; if by them their pleasures are increased, and their trifling annoyances diminished, the purpose of this article will have been accomplished.

Thomas J. Kirkpatrick.

BROWSING AND NIBBLING.

[SEE FRONTISPIECE.]

I WAS once following a tireless guide through a wild mountain region of the South, when, in answer to a direct question, he delivered himself as follows: —

"What makes me allus a-nibblin' an' a-browsin' of the bushes an' things as I goes along? Well, I dunno, 'less hit's kase I've sorter tuck a notion to. A feller needs a heap o' nerve ef he 'spects to be much account for a deer-hunter in these here hills, an' I kinder b'lieve hit keeps a feller's heart stiddy an' his blood pure for to nibble an' browse kinder like a deer does. You know a deer is allus strong an 'active, an' hit is everlastin'ly a-nibblin' an' a-browsin'. Ef hit's good for the annymel hit orter be good for the feller."

This philosophy immediately gained a lodgment in my mind. I delightedly took up the seeds of suggestion let fall by the strong-limbed, steady-nerved mountaineer, and forced them to rapid quickening and utmost growth. The old alchemists in their search for the elixir of life ought to have known that the birds and the animals of the wild woods had long ago discovered it. How many sick deer, or bears, or partridges, have ever been found by hunters or woodsmen? For twenty years, as boy and man, I have been an untiring and persistent roamer in the wildest nooks and corners of our American forests; and, during this period, I have never found a deer, a bear, a squirrel, a turkey, a grouse, a quail, or any wild bird, suffering from any fatal ailment other than wounds. When their food is plentiful all kinds of wild things thrive. Of course, when unusually hard

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winters come, and food cannot be found, the non-migratory birds and animals suffer, often to death, from hunger and cold. But this is accident rather than anything else. Take a healthy child into the woods, and see how naturally and surely it will fall to nibbling at the buds, and bark, and roots of things. There seems to be an innate hunger for this sort of food, lying dormant in every human being until called into activity by some association, accident, or exigency. Now, I am not going into the dear old theory of the botanical doctors touching nature's remedies for man's ailments. I am not a physician and I favor no special school of medicine. But I do maintain that it is good for man — and woman, too — to nibble and browse. Go bite the bud of the spice-wood, or the bark of the sassafras, and tell me whether you feel a new element slip into your nature. No sooner do you taste for the first time this wild, racy flavor, than you recognize its perfect adaptation to a need of your life. Nor is this need a mere physical one. Somehow the fragrance and flavor that satisfy it reach the thought-generating part of one, and tinge one's imagination and fancy with new colors. I remember, with a steady delight, some days spent with the ginseng-diggers of North Carolina. It was there that I first tasted this celebrated American root, and discovered a liking for its charming, aromatic bitter-sweetness. No wonder the Chinese prized it above gold! These ginseng-diggers — or "sang-diggers," as they are called — are queer folk; very interesting in a way, ignorant, superstitious, strong, stingy, and honest,— a sort of mountain tribe to themselves. I followed a company of them around the jutting cliffs and fertile "benches" of the Carolina mountain region, until I really had grown to like their careless, nomadic life, with its flavor of chestnuts and ginseng. In the spring is the time for browsing; in the autumn comes the nibbling season. The squirrels begin eating the buds of the hickory trees so soon as the sap has risen into them sufficiently to make them swell. Your knowing squirrel-hunter cleans up his rifle about this time, and visits every hickory tree in his neighborhood. Somewhat later the grand tulip trees begin blooming, and then the squirrels transfer their attention to them. A few weeks of browsing in the spring woods will make one acquainted with the characteristic taste and fragrance of almost every tree, shrub, and plant of the region. True, there are a few — very few indeed — poisonous things, and these must be avoided. Nature has her evil streaks, running at wide intervals through her opulence of good; but they are easily discoverable. Who would ever be so obtuse to danger as to nibble at the buds of the poison ivy? This browsing-time is also the season of our sweetest and most charming flowers. While one is biting through pungent barks and aromatic buds, one also gets the benefit of perfumes as wild and witching as are the blooms from which they exhale. I do not know how to explain the influence of the bitters and sweets, the acids and sub-acids, the aromas and perfumes, of wild things; nor am I sure that explanation would be profitable, if possible. To taste the perfectly distilled honey that lurks in the red-clover bloom is a sufficient demonstration of this influence. A subtle thrill, elusive as it is fascinating, follows the touch of the tongue to this infinitesimal philter. It was made for the bumblebee; but your pastoral man may profit by the insect's example. If Rossetti, while bending over a woodspurge, had been less an artist and more a poet and philosopher, he might have discovered more than he expresses in: —

> "One thing then learnt remains to me,—
> The woodspurge has a cup of three."

Compare the flowers of Tennyson and Keats with those of Baudelaire, —

> "Des fleurs se pâment dans un coin,"—

and the whole fearful difference between the sweets of nature and the filth and rottenness where those sweets are wanting, will rush upon your consciousness. There is something more than the mere shimmer of rhetoric in Virgil's

> "Tum silvis scena coruscis
> Desuper, horrentique atrum nemus imminet umbrâ."

There is in the words a suggestion of what woodsy freshness and fragrance, of what spices and resins, that grove may hold. Howells brings to mind the same possibilities when, in his poem called "Vagary," he sings —

> "Deep in my heart the vision is,
> Of meadow grass and meadow trees
> Blown silver in the summer breeze."

There is a smack of browsing in such a verse as, —

> "But in my heart I feel the life of the wood and the meadow."

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And when Keats forgets the Greek myths and turns to pastoral memories, how true and fresh and fine his note: —

"I cannot see what flowers are at my feet,
Nor what soft incense hangs upon the boughs;
But, in embalmed darkness, guess each sweet
Wherewith the seasonable month endows
The grass, the thicket, the fruit-tree wild."

But we poor clay mortals, who have never been able to get within the charmed life of the poets, can have our sip of honey-dew, and our morsel of wild balsamic resin, our mouthful of pungent buds, and our taste of aromatic roots, notwithstanding our coarse natures, just as well as these successors of the gods. Still, I fancy that it is the literary man and the artist who get the most out of out-door browsing and nibbling. Wild plums and haws and berries, papaws, nuts, grapes, and all the fruits of ungardened nature, have something in them to feed originality. One cannot chew a bit of slippery-elm bark without acknowledging the racy charm of nature at first hand. Children like all these things, because their tastes are pure and natural. Poets like them, because poets are grown-up children. Painters like them, because painters affect to interpret poetry and nature. Clods, like you and me, reader, like them, because they are racy and good; because they take out of our mouths the taste of artificial food, and because they seem to strengthen our connection with untrimmed and uncultured nature. They are, in their way of laying hold on our taste, like the poetic myths of the Greeks. They cloy for a time, but when their season comes round again the zest comes too.

Was it not Adonis, as Shakespeare has it, to whom the birds —

"Would bring mulberries, and ripe red cherries"?

To me the flavor of our American wild cherries has always been especially alluring. So, too, the service-berries, with their wild red wine, have tempted me to many a dangerous feat of climbing. Often in the dense huckleberry swamps of the South I have refused to be frightened from my purple feast even by the keen whir of the rattlesnake's tail, though the deadly sound would make my faithful dog desert me in cowardly haste.

Along the banks of the streams of Georgia and South Carolina grows a grape, known by the musical name of muscadine, which I esteem as altogether the wildest and raciest of all wild fruit. Its juice has the musty taste of old wine along with a strange aromatic quality peculiarly its own. On splendid moonlight nights I have swung in the muscadine vines, slowly feasting on the great purple globes, while the raccoons fought savagely in the trees hard by, and a clear river gently murmured below. Next to the muscadine among wild fruits I rate the papaw as best. It is genuinely wild, rich, racy, and, to me, palatable and digestible. I once sent a box of papaws to a great Boston author, whose friendship I chanced to possess, and was much disappointed to learn that the musty odor of the fruit was very distasteful to him. He fancied that the papaws were rotten! I dare say he never tasted them; and, if he had, their flavor would have been too rank and savage for his endurance.

The gums and resins of our woods are few. The sweet-gum, or liquid amber, is the only genuinely fine morsel of the sort to be found within the boundaries of the United States. It is a clear amber fluid (flowing from any cut or wound in the tree), which soon hardens into a stiff, translucent yellow wax, possessing a pleasing aromatic taste and odor, strangely fascinating. One does not care to eat it; but, once a lump of it goes into one's mouth, one chews it until one's jaws are tired. I remember, when I was a very little child, going to a backwoods school in Missouri, where all the pupils, both great and small, would chew liquid amber from morning till night; the teacher chewed tobacco.

Browsing and nibbling has led me to taste the inner bark of nearly every kind of tree growing in American woods. The hickory tree has a sap almost as sweet as that of the maple, but it mingles with the sweet a pungency and a slightly acrid element of taste at once pleasing and repellent to the pampered tongue. The oaks have much tannin in their bark, the astringency of which draws one's lips like green persimmons; but the very innermost part, next the wood, is slightly mucilaginous and faintly sweet. Speaking of persimmons, — after a few sharp frosts this wild fruit becomes mellow and rich, but to the last retains a certain drawing quality, a trace of that astringency already mentioned, which keeps it from being a favorite, save with the opossums.

There is no other woodland influence, however, so strong and fine as the perfumes, odors, and aromas. Of these each

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season has its own, — the perfume of spring flowers, the odors of summer mosses and sweet punk, the aroma of buds and barks and gums. Even in midwinter, when a warm time comes, and the snow melts, and the ground is thoroughly thawed, there are woodsy odors borne about by the drowsy winds. In fact, the fragrance of January is sweeter and more subtly elusive than that of May. Go nibble the brown, pointed buds of the beech tree in midwinter, and you will find how well the individuality of the tree is condensed in those laminated little spikes. You taste the perfume of tassels and the fragrance of young leaves, — there is an aromatic hint of coming nuts. You may almost taste the songs of the spring birds! What words these buds are! How prophetic! We bite them, and, lo! the spring rises in a vision! Its poem is read in advance.

I recollect a clear fountain of cold water around which grew festoons of cress and mint. I had been chasing the wild things all the morning, as a true huntsman will, and now I was tired and thirsty. At such a time what could be more welcome than mint and water? How soothing the fragrant flavor and the cooling draught! Then came the biting spiciness of the cress, to reinvigorate my nerve withal. Out of my pouch I drew a cake of maple sugar, and feasted like a god.

When winter begins to come on, the nuts come too. I cannot understand the taste of those who do not like the rich, oily kernels of the butternut, the hickory nut, and the sweet acorns of the pin oak. Squirrels know which side of a nut is buttered. They have long ago learned that it is the inside. From Florida to Michigan one may run the gamut of nuts, beginning with the lily-nuts, or water chinquepins, and running up to the great black-walnut, including every shade of flavor and fatness. They are all good. They were made to eat in the open air; and he who takes them, as the squirrels do, after vigorous exercise in the woods, will find great comfort in them. I cannot rank the artist or poet very high whose stomach is too aristocratic for wild berries, nuts, and aromatic bark. I fear that such an one has long since allowed that trace of savage vigor, which made him of kin to Pan and Apollo, to slip away and be lost. Shall we doubt that Burns got his sweet strength and freshness, in a great measure, out of the cool, fragrant loam his ploughshare turned? The gracious ways of nature are so simple and so manifold. She gives up to us by such subtle vehicles of conveyance the precious essences of suggestion. She draws us back from overculture to renew our virility with her simples. She gives us dew instead of philosophy, perfumes instead of science, flowers in place of art, fruit in lieu of lectures, and nuts instead of sermons.

In the manifest life of an individual no element is so pleasing as that trace of force which suggests his kinship to wild nature. Out of this springs a sweet stream of originality and freshness, a sincerity and outrightness of thought and action, of great value *per se*. I have met men whose talk was spicy and aromatic; from whose lips simple words fell with a new, racy meaning. Their thoughts were redolent of the odors and essences of buds and flowers, and sweet, mossy solitudes. Theirs had been the oil of nuts instead of the oil of the lamp.

There is no safety in culture if it leads to artificiality. There must be a safety-valve to any high-pressure system, social, moral, or intellectual. The connection with the sources of nature must be kept perfect. Poetry, painting, sculpture, and all the cognate elements of high education and sweet intellectual attainment, must become mere manifestations of a diseased fancy and imagination whenever this connection shall be permanently severed. It matters little by what slender streams nature feeds us, so that we get the food at first hand. History seems to teach us that utter artificiality is the forerunner of decadence. On the other hand, in the flowering time of a people's youth come their geniuses. England can have no Shakespeare now, Germany no Goëthe, Italy no Dante. Culture has gone too far. The wires are down between nature and the leaders of fashion in fine art. True, we have the microscope in the hands of hundreds of analysts and fact-gatherers; but this serves only the turn of the men who despise every element of nature that cannot be controlled for the furtherance of the demands of artificial life.

Reader, let us go out occasionally to browse and nibble, and gather the savage sweets of primeval things; to revel in the crude materials of creation; to get the essential oils, the spices, the fragrance, the pungent elements of originality.

Maurice Thompson.

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A SEARCH FOR THE BORDER RUFFIAN.

THE time has arrived when the American public should be informed that there is supposed to exist, somewhere, in a section of our country until quite recently vague and indeterminate, an animal extinct in other and more civilized regions.

In truth, it has not been decided whether he may not be classed with the dodo, the great auk, and other defunct species of the animal kingdom. It will hardly do to rank him with the ichthyosaurus and other prehistoric and antediluvian creatures, since, I hold, we have had evidence, more or less indirect to be sure, of his existence in times relatively recent; at all events, *post-diluvian*.

I refer to the Border Ruffian.

It will be in vain for the reader to seek for him in any statistical, geographical, or etymological work, as I myself have done this, and without reward. Even the Imperial Dictionary, that latest effort of the lexicographers, knows no "Border," save that insignificant handful of Gaelic hills, and is entirely ignorant of a trans-Atlantic Ruffian. But, nevertheless, from the time the "Border" became a term applied to the country of the far West, the Ruffian played an important, though modest, part in the settlement of the region. He was never known, indeed, to possess any well-determined place of abode, although it has been conclusively proven that he ever preferred the haunts of man. He may have, to some extent, associated with his fellows, but he was not what we may designate as a gregarious animal; he was, so far as our imperfect knowledge of him will permit us to judge, solitary by nature, like the dodo.

Although I am not aware that any remains have recently been exhumed that would attest his presence there, yet tradition points to Missouri as the first territory in which his career became so noteworthy as to attract attention. Were we to call in evidence his mode of life, as testimony tending to assign him a place among the multitudinous species of the genus homo, it might lead us to form the opinion that he was the last representative of primitive man in America; for he ever hung on the skirts of barbarism; ever skirmished savagely with the van of civilization; ever steadily, though sullenly, retreated into the unknown — out of which he came, and part of which he evidently was. The man of the cave period; the human contemporary of the mastodon, was not, apparently, more *ferous*, nor less inclined to kinship, than he.

From Missouri the Border Ruffian flitted on to Kansas, where, indeed, he seemed to have acquired a flavor of the soil that smacked of originality; he became dissociated from his former habitat, and the terms Ruffian and Kansas Jayhawker were recognized as synonymous. But just as it seemed possible that those interested in the movements of this predatory biped should soon behold a specimen, he escaped from the toils then being drawn around him, and dove deep into the alkaline deserts of New Mexico and Texas. His next appearance was on the Border. We have had what I regard as trustworthy reports of his presence there, and if rumor be true, he has not failed to benefit by his previous contact with civilization, rivalling the red man, even, in his capacity for outrage, in his love for fire-water, and in his lust for the possessions of others.

Perhaps it may be begging the question, however, to assume that he himself is not a red man, who combines with his instincts of savagery qualities acquired by education; he may be an improved nomad, a degenerate Mound builder, an Americanized Celt, or a deteriorated sachem of Tammany. Be he what he may, what question of such import has arisen since the war as, what and where is the Border Ruffian?

And the Border itself?

Well, the Borderland of the present day may be fairly defined as that stretch of territory conterminous with the boundary line between Mexico and the United States, though it has been travelling westward and southward for many, many years. In fact, there are those among our politicians who halt not at this imaginary line, but who would, if it were a material substance, root it up from its present location and set it out many degrees nearer the equator. Time was, however, when Ohio and Kentucky were *ultima thule* to the seekers after the Great West, and Missouri

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lay over the border-line; later, Kansas and Arkansaw represented that misty country; then Texas became the stamping-ground of the Borderer; but the limits were undefined until the Mexican treaty of 1848 definitely fixed them.

Early in 1883 word came up from the South that the first of those adventurous railroads aiming at Mexico had crossed the Rio Grande, and had even penetrated as far as Monterey, an attractive and historic city. Taking in New York a car of the Pennsylvania Central, I scampered, in a day and a half, to St. Louis, across half-a-dozen States, and over the "Missouri Pacific," through Kansas, Indian Territory, and Texas, to Laredo, on the Rio Grande, whence the "Mexican National" took me to Monterey. Thus in one hundred hours I arrived at the seat of contention. Were this a journey other than ethnographical I might mention a thousand things of interest; but we have higher quarry than things inanimate. Let us not be guilty of the omissions of average man, who, in his eagerness to apologize for his environment, nearly always loses sight of himself.

Of the genus to which we belong, perhaps no country in the world offers a greater variety of species than America; perhaps no species presents such a combination of attractive ethnic peculiarities as the Mexican, degenerate descendant of the noble Don. Neither form nor feature betrays his proud, primal ancestry, so completely changed is the one through intervening generations of Indian co-progenitors, and so carefully disguised is the other behind a mask of mother earth. It is at San Antonio — delightful spot! — that you first encounter the "Greaser," so called, not from his exceeding unctuosity — for I have never yet met one with "shining morning face," — but through some vagary of the American soldier of '47. The "Greaser" has dwelt so long on the Border that he may almost be regarded as indigenous; and we must not accept the appellation as a generic term applicable to all Mexicans, — only to those of the lowest classes. At Laredo he is on his native heath, by which I would imply that his sandalled feet press ancestral soil. Literally speaking, there is no heath on the Border, only cactus, prickly pear, mezquit, and chaparral;

> "The holl on't's mud and prickly pears,
> With here an' there a chaparral;"

in the classic speech of Birdofredom Sawin.

The most impressive thing about the "Greaser" — aside from an odor *sui generis* — is his costume; he seems always to have outgrown his garments. Until I myself saw him I always regarded as an exaggeration that statement by a really honest writer, that the "way-down" Mexican, the *lepero*, puts on his leather breeches at twenty, before he has attained his growth, and never voluntarily removes them until he reaches threescore and ten. United in life, death itself does not divide these inseparable companions, who are often buried together. In the north, cotton usually replaces the more durable leather, but the same affectionate attachment is exhibited so long as the material holds together. A pair of sandals, kept on by leather thongs, a straw or felt *sombrero*, and a grimy blanket complete his attire. Simplicity of arrangement and a noble disregard of dirt are also characteristic of the "Greaser's" female partner, who generally wears a sort of skirt, fastened at the waist over a cotton sack, or chemise, short in the sleeves and low in the neck, and over which she draws a *rebozo*, or long and narrow shawl or scarf, constantly falling away and disclosing brown and brawny shoulders. She sometimes wears a folded cloth on her head, Contadina-like, though luxuriant black hair is oftener her only protection from the sun. Slippers, or old shoes — no matter of what style, so they be loose and convenient — encase her little feet, while the legs above, being stockingless, are supposed to be unfettered by garters.

In feature the "Greaser" is decidedly Semitic; his skin is brown; his eyes black and beautiful; his hair black and coarse; his brow black and low; his manners are delightful; his nature indolent, but revengeful.

The color of his integument, I have said, is brown; but more properly it is that of his native soil. He has not passed through the past century of revolutions without taking heed to make himself as inconspicuous an object in the landscape as possible; hence he lives in a mud (*adobe*) house; he wears mud-colored garments, and exhibits a decidedly muddy countenance. A student of the adaptability of animals to their surroundings would view him with intense interest. We well know that Nature, "always in the right," provides suitable coverings for the lower animals and the varying climatic changes of the seasons; the rabbit, for example, which in summer has a coat of soft gray or brown, admirably

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harmonizing with the colors of the vegetation in which it hides, in winter is dressed in white. In the colder regions alone, especially in the arctics, we have cognizance of these changes; but in the warmer south, where there is no radical change in floral surroundings, we find no direct *faunal* transformation. Hence it is, perhaps, that the "Greaser" sees not the necessity for change; a cleansing process, in fact, would expose him to too violent a contrast with his surroundings. It is far from my purpose to slander the "Greaser;" on the contrary, I am striving hard to explain his terrene predilections. Besides an unconscious recognition of the fitness of his mode of life in its essential features, the "Greaser" has tradition to support him in his constitutional aversion to water and his yearning for dirt, it being the first lesson inculcated in his youth that whoso wastes the precious *aqua* in personal ablution will surely catch cold and die.

The "Gringo," or Yankee, whose presence he tacitly endures perforce, is to him a standing reproach; but *un Frances*, a Frenchman, or *un Italiano*, an Italian, or even *un Chino*, John Chinaman, he welcomes with open arms; notwithstanding the fact that all Italian immigrants, brought into the country by government, either went to the bad and turned bandits at once, or did worse than that, — inflicting upon the inoffensive inhabitants a hand-organ horror, to which they had hitherto been strangers; and that the Gauls, less than a dozen years ago, whipped his countrymen out of their sandals. It matters not, they are *Latinos*, of the Latin race, and, consequently, affiliated at once. Of one thing the Border Mexican is tolerably sure: that the Gringo is going to take entire possession of *La Republica del Sur*, —of the Southern Republic, — and so he gladly hails *los Chinos*, *Franceses*, and *Italianos*, as counter-irritants. Individually he occasionally protests, whenever he can catch the hated Gringo in some remote ravine or secluded district, and present his remonstrance from behind an effectual shelter.

But these personal efforts against *el Invasion Norte Americano*, albeit praiseworthy, are quite in vain; it is a case of the Pope's bull against the comet over again. Diversity of opinion prevails, among writers on Mexico, as to whether the Mexican is worthy of all praise, or deserving of all censure. That it is no new thing to indiscriminately objurgate, let the following testimony, written in 1625, by a devout friar, appear in evidence: —

"It seemed to me so strange (that he could not so easily satisfy his stomach as in Spain) that I had recourse to a Doctor of Physick, who cleared my doubts with this answer: 'That though the Meat we fed on was as fair to look on as in Spain, yet the substance and nourishment thereof came far short of it, by reason of the Pasture. But, secondly, he told me, that the Climate of these Parts had this effect, to produce a fair shew, but little substance. As in the Flesh we fed on, so likewise in the Fruits which were most fair and beautiful to behold, most luscious to the taste, but little inward nourishment or virtue in them. And as in Meat and Fruit there is this hidden Deceit, so likewise the same is to be found in the People, that are born and bred there, who make fair outward shew, but are inwardly false and hollow-hearted."

The "Greasers" have yet to learn the common courtesy, the unwritten law, of the road, which they most persistently disregard. They cannot understand why a satchel or valise should temporarily hold a vacant seat, and remove one's property and enter into possession with an assurance that is perfectly exasperating. And every car of a train is to them a "smoker," the floor of which they garnish with cigar-stumps, and calmly expectorate upon, even if an open window be close at hand. It is an axiom with them that one should never spit out of a window so long as he has a floor beneath his feet, and as their salivary glands are operated by a never-failing force, pools innumerable are formed, and everything is made disagreeable. It is their utter disregard for the ordinary decencies of life, and their neglect of sanitary laws, that bring down upon them those periodical pestilences which frequently decimate the fairest of their cities.

The North American invasion, so much feared by the more sagacious of the Border Mexicans, had already begun previous to my arrival on the Rio Grande; the week before three hundred Arkansas editors had availed themselves of the opening of the "National Railway" to Monterey, to inspect the varied and various attractions of that "Invalid's Paradise." I waited over several days in Laredo, in order not to come in contact with these Arkansaw travellers, having in mind the traditional editor of the "Border," who had always a quill over each ear, a revolver on each hip, a bowie-knife in each hand, and the fire of

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an untamed (though chivalric) nature flashing from each eye. But lo! They came, and they departed, as quiet a company (yet, perhaps, bibulous, withal) as ever crossed the Mexican frontier. I gained nothing at all by my delay, for no sooner was I at rest in the hotel at Monterey than there came swooping down upon the devoted city a band of Baptists, — the entire Southern Conference, — two hundred strong. They possessed themselves of the "Invalid's Paradise" for the space of two days and a night, well-nigh creating a panic amongst the inhabitants, who were more apprehensive for their provisions than concerned for their religious convictions. I, myself, was a martyr to the "cause," having quartered upon me a "brother" from Georgia, who was corpulent and restless, and possessed of the most strident snore that ever deprived one of nocturnal slumbers. I visited with them the Bishop's palace, a ruined structure on a hill commanding the plain of Monterey, once the residence of the spiritual superintendent of Nuevo Leon, but now used as barracks for soldiers. It was so occupied in 1847, when General Taylor swept by and through it with his army, and cleared it in the twinkling of an eye. There, my new friends delighted themselves by writing their names on the walls, and offended the soldiers by critically inspecting their tattered garments, and commenting upon their shoeless feet and brimless hats. With customary politeness the officer in charge gave us an excellent exhibition drill, which was admirably performed; but I was grieved to remark, as our procession filed down the hill, that some of these graceless wretches — the soldiers — placed their fingers on their noses, and observed one to another, "*Los Gringos*," then wagged their heads significantly, adding, "*son locos!*" which, being literally translated, means, "Ah! those crazy-headed Yankees!" This was a double-distilled epithet of contempt to the "Southron," who, doubtless, would much prefer being called a lunatic to being ranked as a Yankee. Yet, to the Mexican, *el Gringo* and *el Americano* are synonymous, and no power on earth can convince him to the contrary.

So numerous was this invading army of Americans that they were able to obtain little more than shelter and scant supply of food, some occupying the stone floor of the hotel, in the *patio* and corridor, and all those favored with a bed sleeping double. They departed in the morning, after holding a protracted meeting at the mission-house with the good missionary who has labored here twenty years; but who may probably labor twenty more to remove from the minds of the natives the prejudices excited by this ill-advised invasion of the *clerigos*.

Hardly had they shaken the dust of the country from their garments ere the van of another army, this time of Texas editors, marched over the boundary and upon the "Invalid's Paradise," notwithstanding the angel that guarded the portal, in the shape of the customs official, and the flaming sword of heat, that hung over the arid, intervening plains. What their impressions were I did not linger long enough to learn; but can easily surmise what were the reports they gave, as none but a recreant son of the Lone Star State would ever neglect an opportunity to extol the attractions of the great South-west, even had he to sleep shelterless in a *patio*, with a stone for his pillow; sooner would his right hand forget its pristine cunning.

I used to say to myself, as I wandered about the picturesque city, that perhaps the trains of mules were as interesting as anything else in Monterey, except the *burros*, those worn and patient donkeys, with flopping ears and bleeding, blistered hides, blindly following the lead of an old bell mare, with no other guide than a small boy mounted astride the hips of one of them, and driving it with a stick, without bit or bridle. Perhaps the man who promised me a horse to ride out to the Hot Springs, in half an hour, sent it around; but somehow I lost the day in waiting. Perhaps the saloon-keeper who charged me four *reales* (fifty cents) for a glass of milk, had reasons of his own for insisting that he had met and known me intimately at the Capital, two years before. Perhaps the man who became famous in the States by ordering one ice-cream with two spoons is a myth; but it is as gospel truth that these Mexicans frequently enter a saloon and demand a single cream *for four*, with a spoon for each! Perhaps the people in the market-place, who buy and sell, eat and drink, crouched on the pavement, where they display their wares spread out on mats of bulrush, are not more picturesque of aspect than attractive on close inspection. And, perhaps, one reason why the Parian, or public market, which towers above primitive stalls and groups of tula mats, is so poorly supplied with the neces-

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saries of life is, that its occupants would rather sit in the sun and seek out the lair of the common enemy in their neighbor's hair, than toil in the gardens and *milpas* of the valley.

"Perhaps," I asked of the man at my elbow, "it is against the law here, to carry arms?" For my faithful old six-shooter, with its five-inch octagonal barrel, and my Mexican *cuchillo* in its tiger-skin sheath, had become very dear to me, and I was loath to lose them at the hands of inquisitive officials, after months of companionship.

"Perhaps," he made reply, "any jackass in this country knows that it is against the law *not* to;" as it was.

Perhaps the following lines (clipped from a Mexican paper) will aid in explaining why it is that a feeling of uncertainty, not to say of mistrust, pervades the frontier, and a new-comer is not always received into the bosoms of the best families: —

"We have a queer way in the West,
When a fellow his story relates,
Of making this simple request:
Say, what was your name in the States?

CHORUS.

"Oh, what was your name in the States?
Was it Thomson, or Johnson, or Bates?
Did you murder your wife,
And then flee for your life?
Oh, what was your name in the States?

"Of course, sir, we all understand,
You say you are William G. Yates;
From New Hampshire you came, overland,
But — what was your name in the States?

CHORUS.

"Your features are handsome, 'tis true,
With luck you are blessed by the fates;
Your clothing is costly and new,
But — what was your name in the States?

CHORUS.

"You may be an angel, that's so,
Just slipped through the heavenly gates;
But still, we are anxious to know,
Just what was your name in the States?

CHORUS."

Still I had not obtained even a glimpse of the countenance of the Ruffian. In this region he seemed to be lingering about the end of the railroad, which was at that time thirty miles beyond Monterey; but a visit there failed to reveal him. Assisted by two others he had murdered a contractor only the day before, had been captured, but, in trying to escape, — so read the report of the officer in charge of the rural guards, — was shot, and buried on the spot. In the interest of justice I rejoiced that a murderer should so swiftly be brought to justice; but anthropology suffered. The five other conjectural culprits had either "skipped the Border," or were hiding in the mountains. One of them rode up to the hotel door one evening, but learning that it was full of Mexican police, galloped off again. I hastened down on receipt of the whispered intelligence of his arrival, but only in time to see a dusky figure disappearing in the gloom. Upon inquiring what manner of being he was, the man at my elbow, who happened to be a Texan, replied, "He was the —— man you ever see, stranger." This was the only description I could get, though I protested that, as I had not seen him at all, he could not be the — superlative.

The end of the track of the Mexican spur of the railroad was here also said to be the haunt of the Ruffian, sixty miles from the Border only, and I hied me thither with all speed. My attention was arrested while on the way, before I had again recrossed the Rio Grande, by an item in the local paper which intimated that I might find the object of my search without farther journeying. Thus it read: "Are there any feather-weight fighters in this section of the country? If so, we call their attention to *a ring-tailed tooter* in our town. His name is Bluff, *alias* the Game Cock, and he banters all creation."

This, I remarked to myself in delight, must be my animal; and I immediately made note of the description, for use in case my usual fortune should attend and he should, after all, escape me. He was a "tooter," that is, loud of mouth; in fact, blew his own trumpet; and his caudal appendage, — it seemed, then, that he possessed a tail, even though anthropomorphous — was annulated. As to his personal prowess, I had not the slightest doubt. Calling at the office of the local paper, I found affairs in a state of confusion. The editor, the office-boy informed me, was absent — urgent business in Austin. I inquired if he could give me any further information regarding the movements of the Tooter; and, after inspecting me suspiciously, the office sprig invited me into the sanctum, and there imparted, in a mysterious manner, such tidings as I had expected. It may be summed up in the final sentence of this important statement: "The Tooter,

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sir, he jest *fanned* the old man outen the office, an' outen the chaparral yander, an' now he's examinin' his outfit."

"And where did the assailant flee to?"

"Flee to! He didn't flee wuth a cent; he jest lit out fur th' land er God an' Liberty."

This appellation is a facetious allusion to the motto on the Mexican coat of arms, — *Dios y Libertad* — "God and Liberty."

At all events I inferred that he was at that moment on Mexican soil. A favorite pastime with such as the Tooter, as I have now ascertained, is that of skipping the Border, *i.e.*, to commit an outrage on one side the boundary line and then hasten across the river to the other, there to dwell in serenity until the tumult evoked has subsided. The time of this expatriation varies, according to the enormity of the offence committed; if a hog has been killed, and the community consequently greatly exercised, a month is hardly long enough; whipping a woman will necessitate an enforced residence across the line of two or three weeks; stealing a chicken, about the same length of time; the murder of a Texan, — if in self-defence, — will cause an absence from the domestic hearth of ten days or so; the killing of a Northern man, — *always* in self-defence, and under aggravating provocation — is forgotten as soon as the victim is properly planted. The thrashing of an editor is a recreation so often indulged in that no one could possibly think of skipping on that account solely. There must have been some other reason; possibly the haunt of fellow-ruffians was over there, and the Tooter had fled to it for sympathy, not through fear.

The new railroad was in process of construction; but a pass was secured, permitting me to ride on the engine, and I reached the end of the grade in the afternoon. Although every facility was granted me for examination, not the slightest trace was found of the Tooter. Dejected as well as disgusted, I retraced my trail the next night, leaving the contractor's camp at dusk. Nearly a score of "Greasers" claimed passage on the engine and tender, and clustered like flies to the machine, though repeatedly warned away. As it was, the cow-catcher was covered with them, and we slid out into the gloaming with all our passengers in front of instead of behind the engine. The fireman's seat, above and to the left of the furnace door, was given me, — a warm location. The sun went down, and into the darkness the head-light threw a saffron gleam over the rails, followed by a ruddy glow, and then a broad shaft of light projected far in advance. The red faded out of the sky, and we sped into the dismal depths with a rattle and roar that silenced us all, and with a jolting and crashing that necessitated a firm grip on some support. At intervals of three or four minutes the active fireman swung open the furnace-door with a bang, and shovelled into its fiery throat fresh fuel for its insatiate maw. Not a word was spoken; but at a nod from the engineer the assistant attended to his duties like an automaton, — first, to turn a cock and let the hissing steam full into our faces; then to pull the bell-rope; next to run out to trim the head-light, and ever and again to jerk open the clanging door and rake up the almost molten mass of living coals within. With one hand on the lever the engineer peered out into the illuminated space ahead, — to him familiar ground, but to me mysterious and unknown.

Suddenly, a black object loomed up; then another, and another, and the unhappy Mexicans on the cow-catcher sent up a wail of regret, for we were in the midst of a herd of cattle and horses, the striking of a single one of which meant death to those below, and disaster — perhaps broken bones and misery — to those above. The whistle shrieked a prolonged warning, that rang in our ears like a tempest-blast tearing the shrouds of a storm-driven vessel. But it seemed unheeded; one after another, the frightened animals leaped across the track, like demons out of nether darkness, and then disappeared, their places instantly filled by crowding beasts from behind. The engine had been reversed at the first intimation of danger, when the hoarse whistle had been answered by the bellow of panic-stricken cattle, and slower, by degrees, the ponderous machine rolled along the track. But an age of uncertainty seemed to have passed before we came to a halt; and, as it was, we caught the hind leg of a lusty steer and sent him flying down the embankment, bellowing with fear and pain. Then the iron monster, gathering its energies for another run, snorted, and trembled with increasing force, as the steam rushed again through accustomed channels.

"That's the talk!" chuckled the engineer, as headway was regained, and we were once more dashing down the track at speed. "Just hear her now! Did you ever notice, young man, that an ingine can *talk?* Well, she can. Didn't you hear her puff, and grunt, like a human, as we

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started off? 'Oh pshaw!' she begins, 'what d'you want? what d'you want? choo, choo, choose! ah, here goes! here you go! now you have it! now you have it! How is that? how is that? Give it to her! give it to her! Break her heart! break her back! break her' —

"Jerusalum! Jim, look ahead! See that infernal old bull on the track, right between the rails, and head on! Jim, *I can't stop her!* Blamed if the old woman don't mean fight! She means to knock the stuffin' out of that bull! The Lord help them Greasers on the cow-catcher! Hold on to something, boys! She *will* fight! Dog-gone her old heart, but she's a bantam!"

The lever swung over the entire arc of the gauge, and the steam hissed in a volume through the open throttle, but the contrary old engine, though trembling and sobbing with the strain, shook her mailed sides, and, "taking the bits in her teeth," made a most spiteful burst, leaving our driver aghast.

"*Santa Maria! Somos perdidos!* We're lost!" wailed the despairing Mexicans.

"Guess they be," muttered the fireman; "and I wouldn't want to insure our own" —

Crash!

The foes had met. The bull, oh, where was he? Ask the remains that now bestrewed the track. Ask the sturdy old engine, now come to a halt, her gory front intact, and who was now snorting defiance and victory.

And the Mexicans?

"Jim! look down ahead and see'f she's hurt. Hokey! aint it dark!"

Jim jumped through the cab window and ran ahead. As he did so he stumbled over a body, and another, and three white forms came out of the gloom to meet him.

"Guess it's all right," he shouted back.

"What! aint she damaged a bit?"

"Kinder bloody an' battered, but fresh as a daisy, she aint lost even a tooth."

"Darn her old liver! but aint she a tearer?"

"You bet!"

"Well, come up. Any Greasers killed?"

"Guess not; seem to be all here."

"Any damaged?"

"Don't seem to be"— after a hurried questioning. "You see, three of 'em jumped, and t'other two crawled up just in time to save their shins."

"Is that so? Didn't know a Greaser could be so spry. I did kind of hope — but no matter; I 'spose it would a-gone wuss with us if we'd laid out any stiffs. There'll be a row about that old bull, as 'tis; they'll bring in a bill of sixty dollars for his carcass; and I'm ready to swear that them Greasers are drivin' 'em up on to the track as fast as I can run 'em off! But she just dispersed old *toro*, didn't she, Jim?"

"You bet! She'll do that every time!"

As we ran into the station at Piedras Negras, opposite to Eagle Pass on the Rio Grande, a Mexican *alcalde* came out with a posse to take into custody our road-master, as hostage for an engineer who had run over a cow the day before, and had wisely "skipped." His advice to us was to leave at once, before the authorities got wind of the latest disaster. So our engineer took time by the forelock, and sought the American bank of the river ere a charge could be preferred against him, followed half an hour or so later, by the fireman, who merely delayed long enough to wipe off the engine and switch her over on to a siding.

"Good-by, old woman!" said the engineer, regretfully. "I'm sorry to leave you in such bad company; but I've no relish for the calaboose, this week. But she scattered old *toro*, didn't she, Jim?"

"She did that! Wish I could head her on to that alcalde, before we leave. Hanged if I aint a good mind to run her into the river!"

And with a hearty concurrence in Jim's sentiments of hostility towards the zealous justice of the peace, and a real feeling of regret at leaving our quondam courser in such unappreciative hands, we a second time bade *adios* to Mexican soil, without finding the Border Ruffian.

Frederick A. Ober.

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READING ROOM.

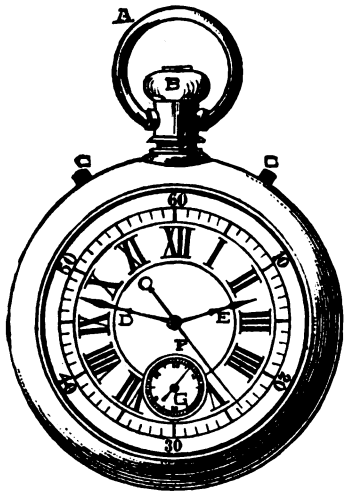
ON TIMING RACES.

Of all the features of bicycle-racing timing is least understood and most generally bungled. The number of timers required by the rules is three. Their business on the track is nothing but to *time*. They have no "say" as to who was first, second, or third; as to who fouled, or made a false start, or did not run the right number of laps. Their business is to be ready when the judges notify them, and to start their watches with the pistol, and stop them when the winner touches the worsted at the finish. They then compare their times, add them together if they vary, and divide by three, taking the average as the time of the race. In cases of record-breaking, or attempts to do so, no average is made, but the slowest time goes on record.

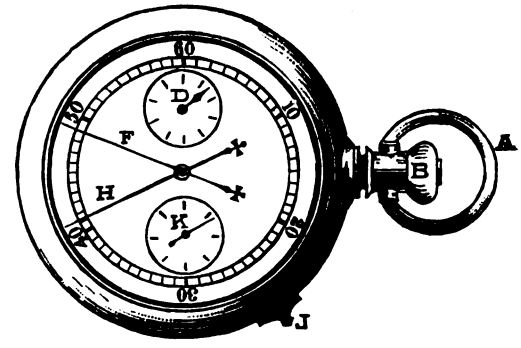
It has been remarked that the most difficult position to play in base-ball is the umpire's. Certainly the most important position on the athletic field is the timer's. In cases of attempts to break records, the time-keepers are appointed ten days beforehand, and their names sent to the racing-board for approval. It is very important that timers so appointed should keep their engagements, as their substitutes' ability or correctness might be disputed. In case of a record being unexpectedly broken, the racing-board must be satisfied as to the correctness of the time taken, just as much as the correctness of the track measurement and style of start.

Now, we will suppose that Tom Browne is a good fellow, well liked by his club, and he wants to see his name in print; so he gets himself appointed "Timer" at the club-races. Tom tells every one to be sure and come out to see the races, and enlarges on the programme, and winds up with the remark: "You know I'm one of the officials; I'm timer." When the programmes are printed Tom spends some of his valuable time gloating over his name, if it is not misspelt, and finally, the day before the race, he begins to inquire who will lend him a timing-watch, and probably Bill Smith promises him one, or his friend the jeweller lends him one out of the show-case. In either case he gets only a few hurried and careless instructions as how to stop, start, and set it back, and he appears on the track with his badge on, and the watch snug in his

FIG. I.



A Longine, Jerome, or Waltham.



The Auburndale.

A — The Bow.
B — The Crown.
C — Stop-Knobs.
D — Minute-Hand.
E — Hour Hand.
F — Sweep-Hand.
G — Second-Hand.
H — Split Second-Hand.
J — Split Second-Stop.
K — Fifth-Seconds-Hand.

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pocket. When the race starts he starts his watch. If it doesn't start he will shake it, and then watch it anxiously till the time comes for his nervous fingers to stop it. As the last grand spurt takes place, and the crowd surge and yell, he, perhaps, forgets all about stopping his watch until too late, or presses the wrong spring, and sets it back to zero. In any case, on comparing with the others, he finds he is, perhaps, twenty seconds out of the way in as many minutes, or less. He may be very loud in his protestations that he was very careful, and started and stopped it just as the pistol flashed, and the worsted broke away; but he has spoiled a record, and thrown a doubt on a man's actual time.

The causes for this may be threefold. He was inattentive, or did not understand his business. His watch was not regulated, or his watch-hands "interfered" (a very common thing in cheap watches), or the movement was otherwise out of repair.

His fellow-timer, Joe Jones, was appointed at the same time, and also had to borrow a timing-watch. Ned Thompson had a three-hundred-dollar watch of his own, and never borrowed any one's. Well, Joe Jones took his borrowed watch home with him a week before the race, and immediately set about regulating it. He laid his ordinary watch, face open, on the table, held his timer in his hand, set at zero, all ready, and watched the second-hand on his watch beat up to 60. Just as it throbbed past 60, Joe started his timer, and noted the time on a slip of paper, thus: "Started at 8.13." The two watches are allowed to run side by side for an hour, during which Joe notes that the thermometer is eighty degrees Fahr., and puts that down, and then reads his magazine, occasionally glancing at the watch. As 9.13 approaches, he takes up his timer, and watches for the second-hand on the watch to beat past 60. As it does, he stops his timer, and puts down: "$12^2/_5$ seconds fast."

He sets it to zero again, opens the back, and notes that the regulator has ten divisions on it. He moves it over one, two, or three, towards S., noting how many, say three. He then lets the timer run another hour with the watch, and notes results. If it loses too much, he calculates the proportion, so as to set the regulator with better judgment. This operation may have to be repeated for several days to secure perfect accuracy. Shorter times than an hour may be checked, though we do not recommend less than twenty minutes. The watch should be regulated in the same temperature that it will be used in. A watch regulated in the back part of a jeweller's store, with thermometer at eighty degrees, won't do to time a ten-mile race on the 4th of July, in the sun, at one hundred and forty-seven degrees, or one hundred and fifty degrees.

Then Jones gets his sister to hold a pencil or a piece of paper behind a book or any shelter, and practises stopping and starting his watch, as she flashes it out and back. Each time he reads instantly the time on its face, and pronounces it aloud and hands it to her for verification. After a while she can stop the watch face down and suddenly turn it face up, while she counts three, and then face down again, until Joe can read the seconds and quarters or fifths, as you read the numbers on this page. *Very few men can read a watch.* Take twenty men as they come, suddenly show them a watch, and then ask them the *exact* time in minutes and seconds, and none of them can tell you.

They will attempt it.

"It's — let me see." The watch is turned sideways. "It's twenty-eight minutes past, — no, I mean twenty-eight minutes *to* four; twenty-eight minutes and twenty seconds to four. No! It's more; it's twenty seconds *less* than twenty-eight min— Let's begin over; now it's twenty-nine— Say, how do you count the seconds? Do you add 'em or deduct?"

After a long and careful practice Joe stands near the finishing tape. Beside him Ned, an old hand, with his own watch, and opposite, Tom Browne. Down the finish comes a man who has been up at five every morning for weeks or months, and has worked every spare moment, spent money on a trainer, stinted himself in his diet and his pleasures, to try and beat Jim Speedy's record. Here he comes, almost dead with the exertion, Ned and Joe smiling encouragingly, to show that they know he will do it. Past the worsted; carry him off into the dressing-room, and let him revive. Ned and Joe agree that he beat the record one and three-fifths seconds, but Tom Browne's watch says he failed by two and one-fifth seconds; and that goes on record. Next day's papers announce: "Dick Flyer attempted to beat Speedy's record for five miles yesterday and failed by two and one-fifth seconds." It should be: "An incompetent timer, with an unregulated

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watch, deprived Flyer of a well-earned record."

One of the first things to do in timing is to get a watch. There are several makes in common use. I am indebted to Messrs. Justis & Arminger, of Baltimore, for the loan of specimens of all the popular timers to experiment on, the results being given hereafter. I will not discuss the five-hundred and thousand-dollar watches sometimes seen, but confine myself to those in common use on athletic tracks.

The best known chronographs in America are the Longine and the Jerome. The new Waltham is gaining favor also. Of the timers only, — having no horological parts at all for keeping ordinary time, — the Auburndale is the best known and most used of any.

That our readers may better understand the terms hereafter used we must refer them to Figure I. for the names of the parts of a watch-dial. It will be only necessary to notice that a "fly-back" is a timer that can be made to fly back to zero by pressing a spring or turning the crown. A "split-second" is a double-sweep hand, which can be operated so as to stop the underneath hand and let the upper one keep on, and when the time is noted the under-hand can be made to jump after the other and travel round with it again as before. In timing quarter miles or "laps" this is more convenient than two watches, because the total time is preserved, and the "split-second" serves merely as a movable index. It is not absolutely necessary, though convenient, for a watch to be "split-second," and it adds to the complication and cost; but a watch that will not "fly back" is a humbug, and totally impracticable.

Watches are started, stopped, and set back in various ways. The best imported watches have two small knobs on each side of the crown, which the case protects when shut, so that you can start your timing, put your watch in your pocket, and be sure nothing will interfere with it. No other watches have this advantage. The Auburndale is particularly faulty in this respect, the crown turns to operate it, and being very loose and easily turned in the pocket or even from vibration. The Waltham, Jerome, and Longine stop, start, and fly back by pressing in the crown. Having stopped your watch you cannot start it again without setting it first to zero. To read minutes you must note them or make an ink-dot on the glass, on all but the Auburndale, or similar makes, which set *minute* hands and all back to zero. The Waltham, Jerome, and Longine keep time like an ordinary watch, and have simply a stop and fly-back sweep-hand, marking fifth-seconds, and going round the dial once a minute, added to the ordinary minute, hour, and second-hands.

Suppose you have bought or borrowed a watch; you must regulate it carefully, letting it run with some very accurate watch or regulator clock. If the race is to be timed out in the sun on a hot day, you must regulate your watch in the sun. If in the winter, out-of-doors, a watch regulated in a warm room will not do. I took five watches carefully regulated to run together exactly for one hour in a temperature of eighty degrees Fahr., and put them in an ice-cream freezer, packed in salt and ice, at a temperature of fifteen degrees Fahr., or seventeen below freezing; and then set them in a July sun at a temperature of one hundred and fifty degrees Fahr., each for one hour, with this result: —

Watch.	15 Degrees.	150 Degrees.
Jerguson,	no variation.	no variation.
Waltham,	gained $2\frac{1}{5}$ sec.	lost $1\frac{4}{5}$ sec.
Longine,	" $3\frac{3}{5}$ "	" 2 "
Jerome,	" 4 "	" $2\frac{2}{5}$ "
Auburndale,	" $12\frac{3}{4}$ "	" $7\frac{3}{4}$ "

This will demonstrate the necessity of attending to the temperature. In using Auburndales, or other cheap watches that only run a few hours, be sure and regulate them *when fully wound up*, and time your races with them wound up, as they lose time after running two or three hours. I would not recommend an Auburndale to time anything over ten minutes accurately, and the manufacturers claim no more.

For long races a timer that runs in connection with an ordinary watch movement must be used, such as the Waltham, Longine, or Jerome; but these must be regulated *with the timing attachment running*, for you may take the finest imported watches, which have cost perhaps two hundred dollars to regulate, so that they will not vary a minute a year, and if you run them with the timing gear on, that is, start the split-second hands, and let them run, they will sometimes lose several minutes in a day. These fine watches are regulated to tell you the time of day, and when they have to carry an extra train of wheels they are no longer accurate over a few minutes.

We will now come to the timer's duties on the course.

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First, be sure you have a pencil in your pocket, to mark your times down. Be sure that you know how many laps the track is, and where you must be to take your times. Be sure you don't stop your watch a lap before or after the race is over, and don't pay any attention to the busybodies who infest race-meetings and offer you endless information as to how many laps this is, and who is ahead. You must depend for information entirely on the scorers, and the clerk of the course. If your duty is to time laps or quarter miles, you must keep yourself posted as to when to time, and who; for, if one man gets nearly a lap behind, you might take him for the leader. You cannot get confused on the finish, for the judges put up the worsted, and you must be in a position *in front of it*, and keep your eye on it, and on nothing else, and the moment it is touched stop your watch. If you allow your attention to wander to the grand final struggle between your club-mate and that fellow from Jersey, and begin to halloo, "Come on! come on!" ten to one he *will* come on, and when he is about ready to dismount you will remember you forgot to stop your watch. If so, don't stop it then and guess at the time, and lie about it, or wait till you hear another timer announce his result, and say you made it within an eighth of a second or so; but own up, and say, "I *did* get excited and miss that time." Any old sport will give you credit for an *accurate* return.

In timing the ordinary race on a lap-track, your duties are very simple. The start and the finish line are the same. You start your watch *with the pistol*, not when any judge or busybody says "Go!" or when a man makes a false start; but only and always with the pistol. If every man in the heat falls down the first ten yards, don't stop your watch under the impression that they will "start over." They won't. The pistol makes the race, and if their wheels are all unridable, the man with sense enough to pick his up and push it to the nish, or get another quickly, will win, and the time will be official, even if it is twenty minutes to the mile.

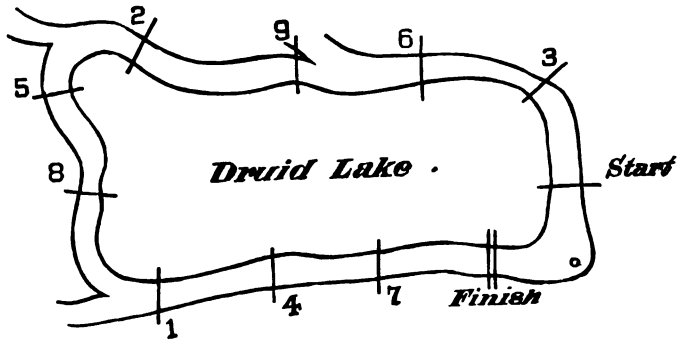
In a race where the start and finish are apart, trouble begins. In a hundred-yard sprint race, the timers keep their eye on the pistol while standing by the worsted. When professionals go out into the fields, or on a path at night, to give their backers a quiet trial, one or more timers stand at each end of the course. In "mutual-consent" races, where fifteen or twenty feet scratch is allowed, and the men jog a few yards together and mutually start with each other, the same practice is followed. One or more timers stand on scratch, and, as the runners pass the line, start their watches. When the winner breaks the worsted at the finish the timers *start* their watches. Then the scratch-timers come up, each man takes two watches, one in each hand, and stops them together, — if possible catching one on the even minute, to avoid mistakes. If not, they put it down this way, all the watches being stopped in pairs, at scratch and finish, together: —

	1st Timer.	2d Timer.	3d Timer.
Scratch,	$4.26\frac{3}{5}$	$4.29\frac{4}{5}$	5.31
Finish,	$4.16\frac{2}{5}$	$4.19\frac{2}{5}$	$5.10\frac{3}{5}$
	$.10\frac{1}{5}$	$.10\frac{2}{5}$	$.10\frac{2}{5}$

The 2d and 3d timers agree on $10\frac{2}{5}$ sec., and, that being the slowest, is both official and the record.

When your duty is to time first and second man, you must be careful not to get confused and stop the watch on first man and set it back on the second, as I have often seen done; but stop the split-second on first and the watch on second. Where split-seconds are not used, a whole watch must be devoted to second man's time, if necessary.

FIG. II.



On odd-lap tracks, where only total time is needed, your duties are simply to be at the start, and then go to the finish. But if you are wanted to time the miles on a long

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race, on an odd-lap track, you must have your wits about you. The best example, and about as difficult as any likely to occur, is the Druid Hill Lake course, at Baltimore. (See Fig. 2.) It is 7,595 ft. 6 in. in circuit. Supposing a ten-mile race is on the tapis, and you want the mile-times. The start is 368 ft. 6 in. from the finish, and the competitors must go twice round, or 2 laps, and 649 feet to make 3 miles. Therefore, 649 feet on from the start the 3-mile mark comes; 649 feet further the 6-mile; and still further, the 9 mile. While the same distances *back* from the *finish* are the 7, 4, and 1; the 2, 5, and 8 being away off, on the other end of the course. Diagram 2 will show the positions. Now, to time this properly, the three timers must be at the start with their duties assigned to them as follows: —

No. 1 Timer will time 1, 4, 7, and 10.
No. 2 " " 2, 5, 8, and 10.
No. 3 " " 3, 6, 9, and 10.

No. 1 must be held on his wheel, or in a buggy, ready, and must get to the 1-mile mark as fast as possible. Nos. 2 and 3 have more time; but at the 9th mile No. 3 must be on his wheel ready to get back to the finish in time. On trotting-tracks the ¼, ½, and ¾ poles can be timed from the judges' stand, and by all three timers, if necessary.

We come now to the bugaboo of athletics, a time handicap. Suppose this is the programme: —

3-MILE HANDICAP, OPEN.

Charles Lightning,	Scratch.
Will Flyer,	15 sec.
Tom Speedy,	20 sec.
Ed. Gowell,	25 sec.
James Fast,	25 sec.
Julius Mediocre,	30 sec.
Harry Slowcoach,	35 sec.

The starter must here call upon one of the timers to do the starting, and put up his pistol. The timers should, but never do, select, before the races begin, the man to start time handicaps; and he should mark his watch-crystal with a dot of ink from a Mackinnon pen, or something of the sort, so as to make no mistakes. Usually he does not do his figuring till the men are ready to go, and then he is probably nervous, and cannot deduct properly. The general custom is to deduct each man's time from the man behind him, putting it down this way on the programme: —

Chas. Lightning,	Scratch.	35 sec.
Will. Flyer,	15 sec.	20 sec.
Tom Speedy,	20 sec.	15 sec.
Ed. Gowell,	25 sec.	10 sec.
James Fast,	25 sec.	10 sec.
Julius Mediocre,	30 sec.	5 sec.
Harry Slowcoach,	35 sec.	0 sec.

The men are then arranged on the track with Slowcoach next the pole, and when the starter or the timer acting as such, says "Go!" he goes; the timer keeping his eye on the watch, and, in the instance we are giving, calling "*Go!*" at every five seconds; Gowell and Fast starting together at the third call. When it is even five seconds this way it is easy to call "*Go!*" at the right time, but on odd seconds, or in a large field of starters, mistakes are lamentably common, as witness the reports of our best-managed meetings. This is owing to errors in the deductions made from the handicaps, and from the very bad system of having to depend on the competitors to know when it is their turn to respond to the command "*Go!*" In the few races which I have had under my control, I have always had the programmes printed in this way: —

Harry Slowcoach,	handicapped,	0 sec.
Julius Mediocre,	"	5 "
James Fast,	"	10 "
Ed. Gowell,	"	10 "
Tom Speedy,	"	15 "
Will Flyer,	"	20 "
Chas. Lightning,	"	35 "

The public can understand this better, and the timers can hardly go astray. But I advise every starter of time handicaps to dot his watch-crystal before the race is called, and hand it to his brother timers to see if it is correctly done. Always do this.

There is another branch of timing, — timing practice spins. The athlete often wants to do this himself, preferring to satisfy himself that he is not fooled on his actual time by those who want to encourage him, or conceal his real strength, or who are careless or unreliable. Some attach the watch to the handle-bar in bicycling, but this ruins the watch, although the vibration does not prevent its keeping accurate time, as some would suppose. As long as the watch runs, and is in good order, it will keep good time, as any one may prove by carrying one on the handle-bar and one in the pocket for an hour. But the vibration will do two things: it will shake the socket of the balance-wheel

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loose, and in an Auburndale it will revolve the crown and *stop* the watch. The best way to time one's self is to carry a Longine, Jerome, or Waltham that stops and starts by *pressing in* the crown, and hold it upright in the right pocket of the shirt by a safety-pin, or by a single stitch round the neck of the crown. You can then start and stop it by pressing on the crown through the shirt. If you are afraid "touts" are watching you, don't start at the usual mark, but mentally select some odd spot on the track, and run your lap or laps from and to it, and they will hardly ever catch your time.

In conclusion, remember to regulate your watch; practise starting, stopping, setting back, and *reading* it; keep your eye on the pistol and the worsted, and do *nothing but time*. If you are asked if you don't think Bully fouled Gilly, say at once, "I don't know," and stick to it. It's none of your business. If you are called upon to settle a dispute as to whether the man you timed as finishing second was Bill Zwei or Ed Trey, who was within three inches of him, say "*Ich weiss nicht*." That is the business of the judges of the finish; you only know that you stopped your watch when the second man —whoever he was —crossed the finish line. No matter what disputes arise, or who appeals to you, reply always, "*Je ne sais*." Your business is only to *time*, and if you do it well, it will fully occupy you.

R. F. Foster.

THE WIND OVER THE PRAIRIE.

THE wind came over the prairie
In the summer's fervid glow:
It told of the northern mountains,
With crests of drifted snow;
Of cool, secluded valleys,
Where laughing brooks entwine,
And the heart of the haunted woodland
Enbalmed in fragrant pine.

The wind came over the prairie
In the autumn bleak and bare,
When the wrack of field and forest
Was borne on the frosty air:
It told of the happy islands
Lulled by the songful spring,
Where never the blossoms wither,
And never the birds take wing.

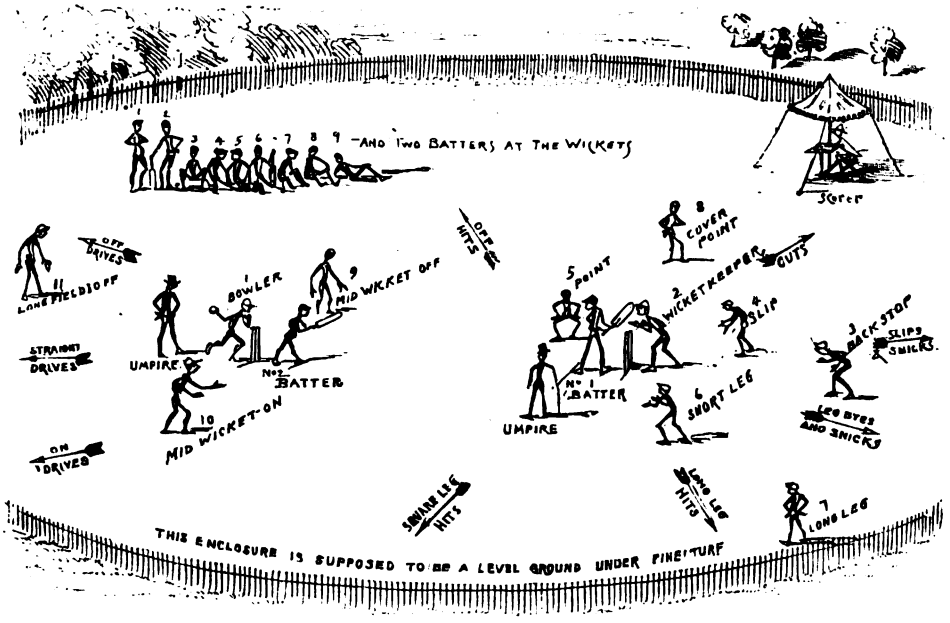
The wind came over the prairie
In the winter's failing light,
When down by the buried rivers
The snow lay still and white:
It told of the tropic valleys
Lit by a warm, red moon,
Of light-boats outward floating
On the breast of the blue lagoon.

O wind o'er the lonesome prairie,
Your tale is all untrue!
The best is never hidden
In the lands beyond our view;
The good the gods have given
Our thankless hearts despise;
Within our own horizon
Our highest heaven lies.

Sarah D. Hobart.

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CRICKET IN AMERICA.



THE above illustration represents America, and a lot of natives enjoying themselves at cricket. We are unable to picture the Mississippi River, Niagara Falls, the National Park, and the Hub of the Country in the landscape, and we must also omit any particular expression of joy upon the countenances of the natives owing to the small scale of the drawing, which, however, depicts vividly enough such features as we particularly desire to illustrate.

Now that some of our sturdy countrymen have ventured abroad to match themselves against the cricketers of Great Britain, where they have done themselves much credit, we may justly claim that "Cricket in America" is a fact. It is not played generally; in fact, it is only appreciated by men, women, and children in one locality, namely, Philadelphia.

Cricket is a field game of ball, which has not secured the general support of the American people, although it is peculiarly well adapted to the characteristics and temperament of Anglo-Saxons, and conducive to the development of a sound mind and body; it is a sport freed, from its very nature, from vices, and one which demands the exercise of the virtues; its scope is such that young and old, weak and strong, may play equally well together, and the memories it leaves are among the most delightful and most cherished of that model set of men, our English cousins. It is the English national game.

It may be asked, "Can we not get along without aping the English? What is the matter with our own national game?" Believe us, friend, we do not ape the English. In truth, there is not a "dude" cricketer in Philadelphia. We desire to cultivate an out-door exercise which answers so well to the needs of all who regard their physical and mental soundness. Cricket is styled "the noble game," and this is owing entirely to its merits, proven through many years in the physical culture of the English people, the inventors and patrons of the most beneficial field-sports of modern times. The short reason for the supremacy of cricket lies in the fact of its suitableness to the temperament and activity of the Anglo-Saxon. It is a game of attack and defence, in which skill, brute force, cunning, dexterity, pluck, endurance, patience, obedience, discipline, and *chance*, all play important parts.

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"A fine up-hill game," "The glorious uncertainty of cricket," "A plucky defence," "Terrific hitting," "Right on the spot," — all these expressions, so often heard, imply that an Englishman is enjoying the sport.

So might we, if we could but know more of the attack and the defence, for Americans appreciate a fair stand-up fight as well as the British, and we are just as capable of playing their game as they themselves. Those Americans who have made a study of cricket comprehend its difficulties and overcome its obstacles with as much ease as their English cousins who play the game almost instinctively. We have an advantage, in one respect, over our natural rivals, in this: almost every Englishman thinks he knows all about the game, whereas Americans are in no way conceited about it, but recognize their weaknesses in comparing their standards with the best English models. The result of this is that the American team can beat the ordinary English team with ease. The doubting may consult the records.

Then there is nothing in the game unattractive to an American, for he relishes the fine points and endures the disappointments and bruises as stoically as the Briton. If the truth must be told, an Englishman makes more fuss over an accidental blow than is thought to be tasteful or called for on this side of the Atlantic. This is characteristic, though not universal. It is hardly blameworthy, as it is a natural expression to howl a bit when one gets a smarting thwack from a spinning cricket-ball. It is what might have been expected from a magnificent natural Athenian; our heroes take more after the unnatural Spartans. We do not claim any particular virtue; we simply state a little fact observed a thousand times. A jolly Englishman, without care, revelling in the beauties and joys of his pet sport, floundering about now like a dolphin, and now darting off like a deer, giving expression to every pain and delight as they come along, — that magnificent fellow is in his element and equals a Greek. Brother Jonathan may enjoy this sport as heartily, but he makes more of a study of it than his rival, and loses himself in its mysteries and problems, ever looking beyond the present haps and mishaps. He seldom speaks, and seldomer howls. He, too, feels that cricket is a glorious, "noble" game, but it is no joke; it is a preparation for a higher game of some sort. Possibly he aspires, like "the noble red man," whom he resembles somewhat in these traits, to get into some contests upon the Elysian fields of the happy hunting-ground, and there he will "shout for joy."

This serious consideration of the game gives the American a material advantage, at times, over his more frank, more natural opponent. Want of diplomacy and tact in handling his team often injures the cause of the English side. Their teams are not always made to work together as well as they could be made to, the feeling seeming to be that the result must be left to individual effort.

The influence of the individual, consequently, is more conspicuous with an English than with an American team, as it often happens that "dry rot," as the British style it, "sets in," and the whole side becomes demoralized, owing to an individual misfortune or two. This seldom occurs with American teams, much less is it excused or considered inevitable, as it is, occasionally, on the other side. When superior English players lose their pluck, and go to pieces, one seldom hears any condemnation of the performance; on the contrary, the unfortunates spread the alarm by most ill-advised remarks and actions. Is this not strange? Can we picture Englishmen stampeded? The writer has great respect for them, but he must record that the best of them stampede badly.

(N.B. — Woe to him who counts on it, however!)

We are not sure that our English brethren are pleased that Americans should have taken a fancy to their national game, as we already have shown a certain fretfulness and impatience under the restrictions and customs which prevail, and have made efforts to modify some of the non-essential points of the game to suit our social and climatic conditions.

We have also, as above stated, shown unusual traits in playing, and any innovations upon the sacred domain are resented, on the bull-dog principle of rushing at all new-comers.

The game has been passed down from generation to generation, and the white-haired octogenarian would become intensely irritated if he were to perceive any changes from the ways of his youth, when he stood up for his school and university. It being a recognized fact that cricket is precious in the eyes of all Englishmen, one might naturally assume that it would satisfy Americans as completely. There is one

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main reason why it does not, and that is the expensiveness of the game. It is a great consumer of time and money, with little return beyond a physical benefit, and increased enjoyment of life, something not much considered in this country.

A ground for cricket should be five or six acres in extent and quite level, and that is not easily found. The soil and turf should afford such a surface for a cricket-ball as the green cloth of the billiard-table does for the billiard-ball. Without a perfect ground the players cannot perfect themselves in the science of batting, the greatest difficulty in cricket.

And to keep a first-class club running along, an income of $2,500 is none too much. So much for the expense. As to time, all prominent players must expect to devote two or three afternoons of each week to practising, and two or three times monthly to play upon matches, which will consume the better part of a couple of days each.

These points are not given to discourage our people. The game is worth what it costs. Of course we need a leisure class, not tramps, in this country, before we can hope to see the English game flourishing here like a green-bay tree; but it has taken root, and will grow if those interested in field-sports will take the trouble to instruct themselves in its beauties and benefits.

Although the old English residenters of New York city were the most conspicuous cricketers in this land of the free, some fifty years since, and though they held the supremacy, and showed the best cricket in America up to the time of the breaking out of the civil war in 1860-61, yet the credit of having raised the "noble game" into general notice — newspaper notice — must be conceded to Philadelphia, at present the head-quarters of cricket on this side of the Atlantic.

The cause of this was natural enough. Many English operatives are, and have been for many years, engaged in the thousands of workshops, mills, and factories of Philadelphia. Finding level fields and commons lying invitingly about the town, these "bloody Britons" resorted to them and set up their wickets. The natives viewed them from afar, feeling rather superior to anything of that sort.

There was a particularly strong English element in Germantown, and there, better than anywhere else in the whole United States, the school-boys of the Americans, fresh from their history class and the story of our humiliation at the Revolutionary battle of Germantown, had inducements to take up the English sport and try to avenge our forefathers by beating the foreigners at their own game.

It is hardly far-fetched to ascribe to the education of our youth in Germantown such an antagonism towards the English, largely owing to the battle of Germantown, as to have influenced them in entering the lists against them. It is certain that the boys were the prime movers in this direction, and that their parents, knowing little or nothing of cricket, took very little interest in it until they found their offspring in such dead earnest in their campaigns against the British. The old time seemed to have revived and the whole town was carried by storm.

In 1860 the community had voted cricket truly the "noble game."

The "Quaker City" had wisely opened its eyes, as it periodically does, and since then, although the storms of war nearly wiped out cricket along with English antagonisms, the game has been kept alive, and so encouraged by everybody that ambitious athletes have made such a study of it as to merit the term of "thorough cricketers." The English residents have been left far behind in the race, and our representatives have now been playing for the first time upon the English turf.

To pick up the philosophy of this cricket development again let us follow the "Germantown" club in its little history. As this was the first properly organized American club, the writer accords it its due, and will abstain purposely from mentioning rival clubs, all of which contributed to this development, in order that the history may be short and sweet.

The school-boys of Germantown, actually dying for something to do more praiseworthy and remunerative than stoning birds, stealing fruit, fighting after school, "licking the rowdies," etc., were attracted, in 1854, by the mysterious actions of the English cricket-players, and essayed to bowl and bat. Bowling in those days was not so difficult as now, underhand bowling being in vogue. Batting, however, was too much for the boys. That was a science far beyond them. The natural movements of wrists and elbows were unsuited to this curious art of batting. The stronger youth, with all his force, found muscle alone unavailing. It was evident that there was something at the bottom of

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it all; and, having nothing better to do, they determined to form a club and find out all about it. The "Germantown Club" then started upon its eventful career. Within a year's time they challenged the local English club, for whom they had been training, and the war began. From that time the English looked to their laurels, recognizing the natural antagonism between themselves, men averaging thirty years, and our champions, who could scarcely boast of over thirteen years apiece.

The natives improved from year to year, and the foreigners scarcely advanced beyond their original standard. The games of the years '55, '56, '57, '58, '59, and '60 were a great treat to participants and friends.

The boys were evidently "after the English," and national pride was raised and lowered from match to match. These were, verily, "the good old times." The English enjoyed the game *per se*, and the bowling, batting, and fielding of the ball caused these devoted exiles to forget all their cares. They sat about the fences watching every ball bowled, and commenting upon its course and treatment by the batters and fielders, keeping the "notches," or runs, upon the edges of a three-sided stick, notching out the runs as they were made. If there was an Elysium for them it was that.

A ceaseless running comment, a sort of chatter, was very characteristic of the "English corner." Each one must have his say; and, though one or two principal talkers were always on hand, recounting their cricket accomplishments and observations to ever-appreciative listeners, it seldom occurred that the people were noisy. They were forever calling out this, that, and the other, never senselessly noisy. Unmeaning shouting and yelling, "whooping-her-up" and "booming," is foreign to English methods, and these men of the middle class, "honest artisans" and such, were pleased to see good cricket wherever and by whomever played. They never expected to be surpassed by the Yankees, whose sinister motives they scarcely divined, and they cheerfully accorded the victory to the winner, always seeming to believe that the "best man wins." Their characteristic observation of all the details of play may be illustrated by the following old tale of the village: —

A wicket falls. "Send in a better man," is called out from the field. (This request was generally made, but never resented.) The last victim marches out back to his friends. Asks one: —

"'Ow was it, 'Arry?"

Harry. — "It 'opped 'igh an 'ad me on the 'and, then on the 'ip, and then 'ad me."

Sympathetic critic. — "It was a good un."

Another party. — "But you played well for your seven notches."

Harry (*promptly*). — "Ay, mon!"

These men loved the game in all its features. The hits, misses, delays, its peculiar requirements, were almost sacred in their estimation; and doubtless their devotion to the cause excited the admiration and emulation of the youth of the Quaker city. But these subjects of the queen had neither mean snor time to develop the sport, and this gave the more fortunately situated Americans a fine opening to get a little glory out of the English national game. The local players were soon left in the race, and in 1859 the ambitious cricketers succeeded in attracting the champion English players of their day — George Parr's famous eleven — to Philadelphia. This was the first occasion upon which first-class cricket was seen in America, and the possibilities of batting (batting being the great mystery of cricket) left half the natives in despair, while the other half bravely set to work to "get the hang of it." The positive necessity of superior cricket-grounds became apparent to all, for without them the science of cricket could not be developed beyond mediocrity.

The war changed the current of thought, and claimed the services of the rising generation. Time and money were scarce for field sports until 1864, when there was a revival among the young cricketers, who had come forward to take the places of their older fellows. From this time the interest in the game has steadily advanced, and the firm footing it has secured in Philadelphia would seem to indicate a determination to remain among us, — as much a necessity as a capital pastime for our youth. There are a half-dozen cricket-grounds in Philadelphia, upon which nearly $100,000 have been expended; the annual expenses of all these clubs being about $20,000. Other field sports are enjoyed upon these grounds, but tennis, base-ball, lacrosse, etc., are all of secondary interest. The standing of each club is gauged by the skill of its representatives at cricket.

This state of things could hardly be

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possible were it not for the fact that Philadelphia is a large place, and provincial, of one healthy idea at a time, neither as cold as Boston nor as hot as Charleston, possessed of many Englishmen, and patriotic. The people have set their hearts upon having cricket well played in their county, and there is so much local pride that no other county will be permitted to excel the descendants of Penn unchallenged.

The reason for this is plain. Exercise for young men in the open air is voted a necessity the country over, and a cricket-field offers every opportunity for this exercise. Then again, contests of endurance and pluck are commendable, especially when skill and discipline play such important parts as they do in cricket. It is generally admitted that the training of a thorough cricketer in his various experiences is of invaluable benefit to him in his walk through life. There is not a single bad feature about cricket, and those who play it well, and do not enjoy life the more for it are, in reality, poor cricketers, and probably not fair-minded men.

The question naturally arises, "Have Americans shown as much talent for the game, considering their opportunities, as their English cousins?" They have, decidedly. They are imbued with the proper spirit of cricket, when they once conceive it, and the law-givers of the famous "Marylebone Club" find no more punctilious subjects than the American cricketers. "The love of the game" is in their hearts, which is sufficient evidence of their loyalty. But have they the knack of playing it? Certainly they have. Our representatives in England have played against, and beaten, English players who have had ten times the practice and the instruction of the Americans. Our boys have been compelled to study out the science of cricket, while the English boys are taught it.

The Philadelphia cricketers believe in the game, and respect its traditions. They play it more fairly than their English brethren, as a rule. Practices against them by Britons in this country, and in one or two places in Great Britain, would never be countenanced by captains of Philadelphia teams. This is not a mean little insinuation, slipped in to be noticed only by the mean-spirited. It is a fact.

The more the Americans have been in a position to assert themselves as cricketers, the fairer has been the conduct of cricket games in America. The less is thought of the "record," and the more of the ideal cricketer. The Americans have invented nothing, they have simply taken the English inventors of the game at their word, and have entered upon the field to play the "noble game." The fathers, mothers, brothers, and sisters of Philadelphia believe it is a noble game, and so it flourisheth.

The game flourishes to this extent: When the English teams cross the ocean to do battle with our boys, ten thousand persons, men, women, and children, assemble to see the game, and this multitude would not gather to witness a better match between English elevens. They pour out to Germantown to encourage our "home talent." Our people believe that pluck, endurance, skill, and fair-mindedness are developed in cricket, and that accounts for the patient crowd which follows so intently the course of international matches in Philadelphia. It may be the crowd itself attracts many who know nothing of the game or its exponents. These strangers, however, soon become interested, and attach themselves to either the English or the American side in sympathy; and, as the fortune turns this way and that, the applause and expressions of sympathy are aroused, first in the American quarter, and then in the English, for it must be understood that these partisans locate themselves in masses around the ground to encourage their countrymen.

Experience has shown that the nerves of the players are unduly taxed when pluck and skill are demanded in the presence of thousands of friends who look on, breathless with excitement, "so anxious, you know, that our boys should do well to-day." Our representatives now in England are certainly doing better than they would at home surrounded by their wives, and their respective mothers, or by fond sisters, or other fellows' fonder sisters, all trembling at critical stages of the game, and screaming in unison at every sensational play, while male friends by the hundred, and townsfolk by the thousand, "count on you, old fellow." No wonder that in the quiet repose of the British Isle, our men should "beat their records."

What is the result of all this? Our cricketers form a fraternity of sportsmen, who enjoy much better health than they otherwise would; who live in past and present most agreeable associations, and who have learned, and are learning, to set and maintain a high ideal standard for

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American sportsmen. He who attains to this standard ought to be, and will be, a useful member of society and a good American citizen. A thorough cricketer must needs be endowed with virtues, and blessed with acquirements which should aid him materially in securing a lovely wife, winning a fortune, and living out a happy old age.

There are interesting differences in the playing of English and American teams, some of which should be pointed out.

There is only one way of batting properly, and the English players are the models. In this art they are our superiors, and all English cricketers of any prominence bat rather better than American prominent players; but we are improving, and one of the oldest and best English critics says that "at least two of the American team now in England are worthy of positions with the best English elevens." This is high praise; as a rule, instead of holding strictly to the scientific rules of batting, for want of proficiency, the inventive Yankee indulges in risky and faulty plays in order to increase his score, "and get there somehow."

In bowling, however, we enjoy a high reputation. The reason for this is that the English amateur looks upon bowling as drudgery, for which he employs a professional. As professional cricketers in this country are scarce we must needs do our own bowling. As a result, when pitted against an amateur English eleven, our team, by virtue of skilful bowling, has won several matches in England where the English batters have been superior to ours. The American fielders are superior to the English, as a rule, at long distances, but inferior near to the play.

Without doubt the Yankees will improve in the "in-field," while it is not likely the English will improve much in the "out-field" until they see more of base-ball. An Englishman makes a poor fist at catching a ball sailing over his head.

As above remarked, the fact that every Briton thinks you cannot tell him anything about cricket, gives promising Yankee players many an opportunity to gain a point on his too contented and self-satisfied cousins.

Compared with the very best cricketers of the world our players are certainly weak, as a team. The experience and skill of England's champions would be discouraging to us, and overpowering. But it is not too much to claim, to encourage Americans to persevere in "the noble game," that our American team, now in England, selected from not over fifty possible candidates, has shown itself the equal, if not the superior, of several English teams selected from thousands of players.

One word more. The writer does not intend to slight the cricket of the North, South, and West, in making so much of Philadelphia cricket. It is well played in many quarters; but, as its popularity is greatest in the Quaker city, it was thought well to settle upon the city of Penn to show that the game ought to be everywhere in America.

It will never come to much until the schools and colleges take to it, as no man can learn the science after his school-days. It must be worked into a growing system.

George M. Newhall.

RAMBLING NOTES OF A BICYCLE TOUR ON THE CONTINENT.

It was a warm evening of June the 30th, when, with knapsack on back, I left my little hotel, in the Rue St. Augustin, in the heart of Paris, for the Eastern railway station.

Every bicycler has his own notions as to the desirable amount of *impedimenta* for long journeys. I myself found that a large knapsack added very much to the enjoyment of travelling day after day. It gave me the luxury of an entire change of under-clothing when wet with a hot day's ride, dry stockings when drenched by the rain, and a light pair of trousers, which increased greatly my enjoyment of the sights of a town or city which I happened to reach before my hand-bag, sent forward by mail.

My immediate destination was Rheims,—name unpronounceable by English tongues.

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so a Frenchman once told me, as I learned by experience on this occasion very nearly at the expense of being whirled off in one direction, while my bicycle went in another. "Where did you say you were going?" said the baggage-master for the third time, as he prepared to label the bicycle. "Rans," I retorted, twisting up my mouth and snorting like a steam-whistle through my nose. "Your train does not go yet." And for the third time he was about to put me off. Knowing that my train *ought* to be going in a few seconds, I convinced him by sight of my ticket that my objective point was really Rheims, the famous cathedral town, and not an obscure place of entirely different name, fifty miles in an opposite direction. A small charge of only two cents, the usual cost of transporting a bicycle on continental railways, mollified my possibly unjustifiable indignation at his slowness in understanding his own language.

At Rheims I stayed over night at the hotel Maison Rouge. A tablet in the wall over the entrance to the court-yard records that in this inn lodged the parents of Joan of Arc when they came to Rheims to witness the coronation of Charles VII. It is a queer old building, built in the form of a hollow square, which square forms the court-yard. The chambers look out on this court-yard, and open upon covered verandas running around it.

I spent the next morning in strolling about Rheims. The chief object of interest is, of course, the cathedral with its glorious west front and beautiful stained glass. At five in the afternoon, after an excellent *table d'hôte* dinner, such as is cooked only in a French kitchen, putting me in good humor, I set out for Chalons-sur-Marne, which, a guidepost at the outskirts of the city told me, was twenty-five miles distant. The guideposts in France are most convenient for bicyclers. They mark all the main routes, and give accurate distances. The roads have been all carefully surveyed, and on many of them stone-posts mark the kilometres, so that a cyclometer is needless.

I enjoy that ride in retrospect at the present moment. It was through the champagne-producing district. The sunshine of the long summer evening lay on the vine-clad slopes. The air was fragrant with the odor of the grapes. In the vineyards groups of laborers were at work, the men in their blue blouses, the women in their picturesque peasant dress. My course led me through a country gently undulating, very frequently found in France, with just enough of a hill occasionally to break the monotony of the treadmill work on the pedals and give a sharp spurt followed by a short coast, winding now through a clump of woods or over the paved street of a little town, and now gliding by the side of a canal lined with poplars. After about three hours' ride I found myself on the summit of a high hill, down which a winding road brought me, in the rays of the setting sun, to Chalons and a pleasant, well-kept hotel, the Golden Clock. The proprietor, a stout, hospitable gentleman, came out to welcome me. He had been a bicycler, — in days when not so fat, I suspect. He took a kindly interest in me, and had a fellow-feeling in my anxiety concerning the quarters of my steed, which he saw safely stabled, — in my own room, a large chamber on the ground floor, opening into the court-yard. The closely-packed recesses of my canvas knapsack furnished entertainment for me till the late hours, in the shape of a "Tauchnitz," one of the many comforts my pack afforded me. When I arose, I found a young Frenchman waiting for me, a bicycler, whom the landlord had sent for out of the kindness of his heart, to introduce to me. He was a very pleasant fellow, told me the various routes to Vitry le François, and offered himself to pilot me by a short cut, in the afternoon, when he would be at leisure. Setting out earlier, however, I made the journey alone, spent the rest of the day in looking at the town of Vitry, an old walled town, and next day took rail for Strasburg, which place I intended to make my point of departure for the Black Forest.

I had found the heat excessive. It was an unusually hot summer on the continent. This led me to change my plan of wheeling to Strasburg. The heat of northern France, however, need not deter an American used to our own heat from making a summer tour there. It is rarely so great as our extreme heat. The late setting suns of the high latitude give long days. The mornings and evenings are cool, so that several hours' running daily may comfortably be done. And over the level roads of France, which have a uniform excellence not to be surpassed, if equalled, by any European country, seventy-five miles, I should think, can be made with the ease that fifty can be covered, on an average, in this country. Strasburg, with its quaint old houses, gave me two days or

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more of sight-seeing. I went, as in duty bound, to the cathedral, and looked down from its spire on the high roofs of many stories and chimneys wherein the storks have built their nests from time immemorial. I looked with interest, too, as one of the curious sights, at a bill of fare in a restaurant opposite, whose proprietor had doubtless learned that English and American pockets were deep, though he had not learned equally well the English language, judging by this specimen of his attainments. It reminded one of "English as She is Spoke." Soups headed the bill under the inviting title of "Watery Aliments." Other dishes followed in various queer disguises, so that it afforded much the same labor to decipher as an illustrated rebus.

Whether Strasburg is now more a French or a German city is hard to say. Its inhabitants speak either the French or the German language with equal facility. It is a common thing to hear a conversation carried on in both languages, one speaker using French, the other German. And the readiness with which either will change, all unconscious, from one tongue to the other, is very amusing.

I left here at 7 P.M., on the fifth of July. I was followed through the narrow, ill-paved streets over which I walked, outside the walls, by a rabble of curious men, women, children, and dogs. A bicycle was at that time, and still is, I fancy, a rarity in Germany. At that time there had been formed two clubs, one in Berlin, the other in Frankfort. It will be surprising, however, if the German ever takes kindly to the exercise. He is not fond of athletic sports. The nearest approach to any manly (?) pastime I recall is found in the fighting corps of the German students. They have their gymnastic clubs, to be sure. The most honored feat accomplished in these unions seems to be the consumption of the greatest possible quantity of beer in the least time.

The novel sight of a bicycler, with knapsack and knee-breeches, whose picturesqueness was increased by a large helmet hat, with a spot of grease, the bicycler's knightly badge, on its white covering, made my journey through a small village an exciting event for the inhabitants. "Gook da!" a little tow-headed urchin would exclaim. Then darting into the house, he would in a second reappear with five or six other tow-headed children, as well as the mother and father. Soon every door-way on the street — and these villages are usually laid out along one main street, so that one has a long gauntlet to run — would be filled by a like crowd. Generally, the German sense of the ridiculous was so deeply moved that I rattled over their miserably paved streets to the accompaniment of a continuous shout and roar of laughter. This was not flattering to the bicycler's pride. Being laughed at is always vastly more pleasant when a few companions are with one to shed the full force of the ridicule, than when alone. My wounded feelings were like those of Mrs. Cluppins and friend, who, after the cabman had drawn up at the wrong door, had the mortification of being tamely led up, at a crawling pace, to Mrs. Bardell's, all the edge of the dashing advent and profound sensation they had intended making taken off, so that "it was flatter than walking." I created sensation enough, but it was not of a discriminating kind. I consoled myself by thinking that, after all, these German peasants were poor boors, and had not been educated up to the æsthetic point of being capable of appreciating the graceful movement of steel steed and rider.

The crowd at the gates of Strasburg, having seen my coat rightly adjusted on the handle-bar, and looked into my tool-bag to make sure nothing was missing, and finally satisfied themselves by a careful scrutiny that the dust-caps on the bearings were not stupidly left open, as they seemed to fear, from some intuitive knowledge of my carelessness on several former occasions, they might be, took a reluctant leave of me, owing to their inferior powers of locomotion, and I bowled along a fine road to the blue Rhine. "I plunged" over a broken plank, "I crossed" successfully on a floating bridge, and ran on to Achern, a little town on the outskirts of the forest, under the shadow and cool of the mountains.

Here, in the garden of the modest inn at which I put up, I took a glass of beer and a sandwich, in company with an ingenuous young German, who had friends in America, and, longing to strike out thus himself, plied me with questions concerning it. I disabused his mind of the notion that Bostonians feared to wear their hair long from danger of being scalped by the Indians. The Indian deeply impresses the imagination of the ignorant among Europeans. It is difficult to convince them that, from Maine to California, we do not go about with our lives in our

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hands, expecting every moment to be pounced on by the savages.

Late in the afternoon of the sixth, running on to Bühl, I spent the night there. The road I had been travelling skirts the west side of the Black Forest from north to south. The blue ridge of wooded mountains lay upon my right as I journeyed leisurely along. Here and there on some rocky summit towered the ruins of an ancient castle, lending the poetry and romance of the middle ages to the natural beauty of the scenery. On the seventh of July, turning off from this road, I struck into the mountains. In so doing I learned by experience the truth of a warning from a bicycler familiar with the Black Forest, that the by-roads were not to be depended on for wheeling. All the main roads set down in the maps of the government survey are fine. One runs a risk in leaving them, however.

As these are rambling notes for whatever bicycler may chance to pick up any information from them, I may say here that the labor of ascending the passes in the Black Forest is not great. The main roads are such that a bicycle runs very easily along when one has to push it, and to a man in good condition and fond of mountain-climbing the walk is enjoyable.

The road which I now took was sandy and gullied by the rains. The two hours' climb to the top of the ridge was a hard one, therefore, and the day was hot. On reaching the summit, — the Sand, as it is called, — I was repaid for my exertions. Emerging from the woods, I came upon a cleared space, with a hotel — welcome sight! — in the centre of it. The view was fine. Far off, the Rhine wound its glistening way to distant Carlsruhe and Cologne. The air blew fresh and cool, scented with the pine. Best of all, I found hospitality and comfort within. The hotel, a well known pension, was full of guests, mostly Germans. I was placed at table by the side of two ladies, Germans both. They took me at first for an Englishman. Speedily, however, they found from my accent that I was an American. This broke the ice. The travelling Englishman is not popular with continental people. His freezing reserve to all strangers is foreign to their ways. In more than one instance I found that the discovery of my true nationality disposed persons, before taking me to be English, more favorably towards me. It was the case with these ladies. They had friends and relatives in America. They began a conversation in English, which they spoke fluently, and they soon made me feel very much at home.

The Germans are a kind-hearted, simple people. The enjoyment of travelling in their country is greatly added to by the freedom with which persons of good social position will enter into conversation with fellow-travellers, asking and willingly giving information, unrestrained by any fears of letting down their dignity. Snobbishness is unknown among them.

Bidding good-by to my German acquaintances the next morning, I started for Baden-Baden. I had crossed over the Sand partly for the sake of the view, but mainly to get a down run through the valley of the Murg. I found the road on the other side the Sand better than the road of the day before. I was compelled to walk part of the way, owing to the loose stones with which the road had been newly mended, and the steep declivity. After a half hour or so, I struck the main road and the Murg valley. From here the ride was delightful. The scenery was wild and beautiful. I had nothing to do but keep the brake on pretty sharp and back-treadle the first part of the descent. Why not coast? would be the natural inquiry of a bicycler. The reason of my not doing so will appear.

Early on this morning's journey, my first experience in making long descents, I came on the diligence toiling up the road. The horses showed fright. The leaders reared and seemed about to wheel around and make a sudden plunge. A few feet would have carried coach and occupants into the rocks far below, over which the Murg boiled and foamed in its steep course. The outside passengers looked alarmed. One gentleman was evidently preparing for a speedy leap. I dismounted and walked cautiously towards the horses, waiting till they recovered from their fright. This incident, showing me the possibility of a frightful accident, led me to the adoption of a rule, over-cautious as it may seem to many bicyclers, never to make these descents with legs over the handles.

The temptation to do so was sometimes great, but my caution saved me an accident on two occasions. The roads down all the higher mountains are built on embankments like successive terraces. The curves are sharp. The descent is steep, oftentimes. On one side a low fence, separating one from the sheer precipice, on the other, a high wall of rock. And, in

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turning one of these sharp curves, I came suddenly on two-ox teams, completely blocking up the narrow way. In such circumstances, with a machine beyond the control of both feet and brake, an accident would have been inevitable.

At Forbach I stopped for dinner, then continued my run down the valley to Gernsbach, making a continuous down run of about fifteen miles. At Gernsbach I turned to recross the mountain range. After an hour's climb I reached the summit. Then began another steep descent, over a road smooth and hard as a floor, through Lichtersthal, then by a gentler descent down into Baden-Baden.

Baden-Baden detained me a week or more. Nature and art combine to make it the most beautiful of watering-places. It lies in a valley circled by the forest-covered mountains. Its broad avenues and well-kept lawns are shaded by rows of fine old elms.

The gaming-tables are an excitement of the past. The building once occupied by the eager crowd of gamblers is now a casino. In the large garden in front concerts are given every evening. A small fee is charged for entrance. One sits in the open air, listening to the music, and sipping coffee, or chocolate, or beer. A ceaseless stream of promenaders flows up and down the gravelled walks. The tables are thronged with representatives of all nationalities. In every lull of the music confused fragments of conversation in different languages, French, English, German, — a perfect Babel of tongues, — greet the ear. From the heights above the town, darkly outlined against the moonlit sky, look down on this gay scene of modern life the ruins of the castle of the dukes of Baden, grim, solemn, like the shadow of the past. There are many pleasant excursions to be made about Baden-Baden; to this same castle, to the castle of Eberstein-burg, and to the mountains and towns in the vicinity.

C. H. Vinton.

IN THE SADDLE.

Recreation in the saddle fills a want that is not met by other recreations. The wheel encounters many obstacles in a rough, stony, mountainous country; a canoe loses the finest or wildest places, unless in the Adirondacks; carriage-riding is devoid of the desired exercise; walking would hit the mark, if it were not too slow and exhausting; but to the horseman almost every pathway is accessible, the unbridged stream is a pleasure. The exercise is full, though not exhausting, and, taking all the most attractive portions of the country into account, there is open to him the greatest possible variety of pleasant experiences.

Confiding in an easy saddle-horse, callous to the pains of long riding, with imagination on the alert to make the most of the surroundings, yet not to distort them, and with a genuine abandonment to the journey that forbade the intrusion of a care, I set out from the southern part of Berkshire with a companion on a tour to Howe's Cave in Schoharie County, N.Y., and through the whole Catskill country, — a distance of two hundred and thirty miles in the saddle, and about forty miles in mountain-climbing on foot. He who travels for pleasure, and has his mind occupied with the cares of his every-day employment, or is fretted by the little annoyances that come upon him now and then, had better stay at home.

The full enjoyment of continuous horse-back-riding for long distances depends upon so many things that it demands more experience than any other kind of travelling. The horse must be suitable for the saddle, or his rider will have a miserable time. Put the cart-horse before the cart, drive the carriage-horse where he belongs, confine the trotting-horse to the light carriage or sulky, but do not ride any of them, for they are unfit for the saddle. A practised eye tells a good saddle-horse on sight, whether he has ever been ridden or not. Do not get a horse that strikes the earth with his feet as if he meant to bury them in it, nor one that throws himself several

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inches off the ground at every step; a horse that comes the nearest to gliding over the ground is the one we want.

The high vaulting, so unsuitable to a saddle-horse, may be partly, if not wholly, overcome by making him travel barefoot. This involves a heresy, I am aware. The Secretary of the Massachusetts State Board of Agriculture looks with small favor on the unshod horse; the veterinarian scares you with his account of barefoot-travelling; the blacksmith will assure you that your horse will be ruined; and horse-owners, generally, "never heard of such a thing."

There is, however, good ground for the assertion that, in moderate use, a horse with sound feet travels better without shoes than with them. Hoofs have been the product of adaptation, if not of natural selection, while the horse was yet wild and used them in moderation. They may become tender under long-distance travelling where the way is rocky and rough, it is true, for that is a use to which they have never become adapted. But a large part of a horse's use is within the range of the adaptation of his hoof to barefoot-travelling.

The mare I rode on this journey had no shoes. She has travelled fifteen hundred miles in the last fifteen months without them, much of the distance being over the roughest roads and pathways in a mountainous country. Before setting out on this trip I rode her one hundred and fifty miles in fifteen days, and the Catskill journey added two hundred and thirty miles in eight days, making three hundred and eighty miles in twenty-three days. Though no roads can be harder than those in the Catskill mountains, yet the horse's hoofs were in excellent condition all the way to the end. I was stopped a dozen times a day to reply to the question, "Why don't you have shoes on your horse?" — "The horse doesn't need them and travels better without them." — "Well, you won't go another day in *this* country without them." The remark has repeatedly been made elsewhere.

The evidence on which this belief rests is that horses have lost their shoes on rough ground and had their hoofs broken up. This is inevitable, for the shoe causes the hoof to be brittle; the shoe should be taken off in the early mud of the spring, then the hoof will be tough instead of brittle when the ground hardens. A great mass of evidence, all drawn from men's experience, could be cited in favor of letting saddle and driving horses go without shoes, and perhaps some working horses. It has been found that every man who has rationally used unshod horses is opposed to shoeing them.

This is a matter of some concern also to the rider, for the travelling of the unshod horse is much easier for him than that of the same horse wearing shoes, because the animal moves nearer the ground, and does not spring so much into the air.

In long-distance riding, which may be considered an average of thirty miles a day or more, the horse is not ridden much, if any, in a gallop or lope, but more in a shamble, or "single foot" pace. Common saddle-horses in the East are not broken to this, but they may be, in no more than ten miles' riding under proper handling.

For this purpose spurs are requisite to keep the horse from falling back into a walk when the bit restrains him from a trot or gallop. The rowels should not be sharp ones cut out of sheet-iron, but cast-iron ones with blunt points. No good horseman goads his horse with spurs, but uses them rather in cases of emergency when near a railway train, or crossing a stream, or in some situation where it is desirable to have the animal move with celerity.

The selection of a saddle for a journey like this is a matter of no small importance to horse as well as to rider. No one who has ridden in a Texas or California saddle will ever ride in one of another kind if he can help it. The saddle should be narrow, and, in this part of the country, should be light. Its horn and high cantle make the position of rider secure and easy; the bent wood stirrups, covered in front and on sides with leather, are a comfort to the feet as well as being safe. The iron stirrup of the English saddle is a death trap and a nuisance. The Texas saddle being made upon a tree, it never rests upon a horse's backbone or withers, if it is placed upon the back properly. The girth should be made of hair. It is broad, is cool to the horse, and will not scald him.

It is not necessary to have a large saddle-blanket nor a heavy one, so long as it softens the pressure of the saddle and prevents chafing. In case the horse has very high withers, as many of the best thoroughbred saddle-horses have, the forward part of the tree may rest upon them unless the blanket is padded enough to raise up the saddle a little. Burlap cloth is excellent for putting next to the horse on the under side of the felt composing the upper part of the blanket.

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Let me caution the horseman against using a crupper attached to the rear of the saddle for the purpose of keeping it from sliding upon the withers. The crupper will surely make a horse's tail sore under long riding, and is, after all, not needed. Texas saddles are sometimes provided with two girths, the rear one keeping the saddle from moving forward; it is not much in favor, however. The best saddle-horses usually do not have bodies swelling much, if any, larger than the measurement just back of the fore legs, so that a saddle on them is more likely to slip back than forward. The skilled horseman always watches his saddle and keeps it in place.

A horse need not be provided with two bits, which Eastern horsemen often have, —a common bit and a curb. This practice arises from the want of knowing how to use the curb-bit. If the animal is too headstrong put a curb-bit only in his mouth, and use it gently, making the very slightest pressure on the mouth in reining to the right or left. Western horsemen use the curb-bit upon the most irritable and vicious horses without irritating them.

So much for the horse and his appurtenances. The rider, while exercising the tenderest consideration for the beast, is by the same act providing for his own ease and welfare.

While the dress of the tourist on horseback will agree with his own taste, he will certainly not neglect to wear a flannel shirt; and, if he cares to preserve his pantaloons from dust and sand soiling, and from the rapid wearing of holes in them, he will surely have neat riding overalls of thin sheepskin.

Light saddle-bags may be convenient, but without them, all necessary "baggage" can be tied in leather strings attached to the rear of the saddle. Besides the clothing worn upon the body a water-proof coat is needed. It should be long enough to reach to the heels, and should be split up the back far enough to allow each half to be wrapped around a leg. The traveller will encounter showers now and then; but, thus provided, he need not be wet by them.

This coat is tied at the rear of the saddle in company with a little cloth bag holding about six quarts, the use of the latter being to carry four quarts of oats for the horse, and a lunch for his rider on occasions when the mid-day rest may be foretold to occur at some distance from food.

The tourist may carry a field-glass, if convenient, or a sketch-book, if useful, and he should put in his pocket such small articles as he may know that he will need, but he should not encumber himself any further. If he is a green hand he will load himself and his horse to the last limit; but if he has the wisdom that is bought with experience he will rule out all articles except those mentioned. Should he be determined to take a big outfit, notwithstanding, his subsequent punishment will be a guaranty that he will not repeat the experiment on the second trip. Such clothing and other articles as may need to be exchanged on the journey may be bought on the way, and cast off articles had better be thrown away than carried.

So equipped and prepared a horseman may cheerfully set out to travel through any part of the country where he can find a human habitation at night and good food for his horse. In every part of the State of New York — a State rich in natural scenery and in treasures for the tourist's enjoyment — good accommodations may always be found at night, particularly in the Catskills, where almost every house is a hotel or a boarding-house.

The route of this excursion lay through Catskill, up the creek of the same name, through Cairo, Durham, up the gorge through which the creek runs, across a corner of Albany county, through Livingstonville and a pass in the mountains, to Middleburgh in Schoharie county; from thence to Howe's Cave in the Cobleskill valley, thirty-nine miles west of Albany. Returning from the cave to the Schoharie valley at Middleburgh, the journey followed up the valley to Gilboa and across a corner of Delaware county to Greene county again, passing several fine waterfalls on the way and much picturesque scenery. At Lexington, the town above Prattsville, we left the Schoharie valley, followed up the Westkill valley to the village of Westkill, rode through the Bushnellville Clove and down Deep Hollow, where some of the wildest scenery in the Catskills may be seen. From Shandaken, in Ulster county, the route extended up the valley to the Grand Hotel on Summit Mountain, then back again to the Big Indian valley, up which the way led to Slide Mountain, the highest in the Catskills. Returning down the Esopus valley, we turned to the left at Phœnicia, and went up through the Stony Clove to Hunter, in the Schoharie valley again, nine miles from the place where we left it. We proceeded then to Tanners-

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ville, to South and North mountains, the Kaaterskill Clove, and all the wild and romantic region thereabouts, coming back to Berkshire by the way of Catskill.

If one desires to include Cooperstown in a ride through the Catskills, at Gilboa turn toward Stamford to the west, and the journey may be prolonged four or five days, or longer if desired, in a beautiful region.

The comfort of a horseman on a long journey depends largely on the way he rides his horse, and upon this also depends the animal's ability to travel easily and without exhaustion.

Amid the diversity of the styles of riding that one sees in various parts of the country what method shall the tourist adopt? Shall he imitate the Englishman, the Central Park horseman, or the Western ranchman?

The only appeal that can be made is to experience. Every one who rides much on horseback finds that necessity is the test of correctness of riding. Experience is a solemn fowl, to be sure, but in this instance she does not cackle oftener than she lays a real, live egg. The men of the Far West, who all but live in the saddle, ride as they find they must, and hence they ride correctly.

The significance of this *must* no one can realize until he undertakes to ride, say fifty miles a day, for several days. If he is a beginner, at the very best his life will hardly be worth living during the period; but he will learn how to ride a horse, and, what is equally important, how not to ride.

A schooling of this nature forbids a man to rise at all from his saddle; he sits in it as if he were tied to it; whatever the motion of the horse, he is a part of the saddle, yes, of the horse himself. If a man in the remote West should ride a horse and rise and fall in the saddle, as nearly all riders do in the East, the very boys would look upon him as a pitiable creature, and the ridicule would either drive him out of that part of the country, or force him to ride as he ought before necessity had compelled him to do so.

Riding-schools are responsible for the curiosities of some Eastern riding. A man goes to one of these schools to learn to ride, and he is likely to come out prepared to make a ludicrous exhibition of himself. He rides the worst saddle, made after the English pattern; he thrusts his feet forward towards the horse's nose, as if he were warming them before a fire; he often sticks them outward from the horse at an angle of thirty degrees. These peculiarities, and short stirrups, indicate the novice.

The Western ranchman sits close to his horse; his stirrups are long enough to straighten out his legs; he rides with his feet directly under him close to the horse, and nearly behind the animal's shoulders. When the horse gallops, or lopes, or shambles, or steps in a heavy trot, which, however, should be prevented if possible, he does not allow himself to be thrown up from the saddle and to come down like a trip-hammer, as our Eastern horsemen do; he never rises from his saddle unless he is "bucked" out of it.

The most thorough school for teaching a man to ride well is long-distance riding. The man who, after a little preliminary riding to become accustomed to the saddle, will ride thirty to fifty miles a day for a few days, perhaps ten, will be emancipated from the faults of Eastern riding, or he will die under slow torture if he sticks to its practice.

The makeshifts of false riding have no doubt been urged because they were supposed to be graceful. The first question of a beginner, especially a lady, is not "How do I ride?" but "How do I look?" and hence riding-schools have never discovered the secret of good riding, on account of their devices to cover up the awkwardness of the beginner's motions.

The new rider may be certain that if he learns to ride well, his appearance will take care of itself. Let him learn to sit in his saddle, and to stay there, whatever the motion of the horse, and he cannot be anything but graceful. Our idea of gracefulness comes from our perception of ease, and no rider seems so easy as he who appears to be a part of his horse.

The care and management of a saddle-horse on a journey should be the best. At noon and at night, and oftener on a hot day, it is well to bathe his back with cold water to keep it clean and to take out all inflammation, waiting for the back to dry before again putting on the saddle. The hoofs should be examined to discover stones wedged around the frog. Let the horse drink often, though not enough to bloat himself; his freshness depends upon frequent drinking. Lounging in the saddle, so as to pull it to one side, must not be indulged in, for it will make a sore back.

When fording a stream the rider should take his feet out of the stirrups, so that he

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may not be caught under the horse if he falls, and, in this event, it may be necessary to slip out of the saddle into the water, to relieve the animal of incumbrance, if it should be preventing him from readily struggling to his feet.

Alexander Bain denies that Adam and Eve could have had the deep sleep in the Garden of Eden that Milton gives them, because they had done nothing to earn it. The best sleep and the keenest appetite must be earned, and they are both due to the horseback rider. While he is rarely weary, if he is in frequent practice, he keeps a prompt digestion, his hunger needs no stimulant to give it sharpness, and there comes upon him a profound, refreshing sleep that neither title can win nor riches buy.

George K. Holmes.

A SINGLE-HANDED CRUISER.

Too much cannot be said in favor of the yawl-rig for a single-handed cruiser.

It is argued that it is a slow rig because it cuts up the sail plan too much, and this is really the only objection that can be brought against it, but the recent regatta at Nice seems to contradict even this. Every yachtsman knows that reefed sails are never very efficient, as they cannot be made to "set," and the bag of canvas lashed to the boom is a great drawback. With the yawl, reefing is almost done away with. When the sails are well balanced and adjusted, she will work well as a cat-boat or sloop, or with jib and mizzen, really showing to best advantage when it is blowing hard under the latter rig. I have known a yawl to go to windward under her jib alone, which, as that sail is so far forward, is a severe test. Many suppose that, having a number of sails, she is difficult for one man to handle, but this is a mistake. The mizzen takes care of itself, almost, and the boat handles like a small sloop, with the exception that, when getting under way, if the mizzen sheet be properly used, the yacht can be turned on a pivot in the desired direction, — an advantage which only those who have anchored in a crowded harbor can appreciate. The mizzen is also of great advantage in keeping the yacht in the wind when work has to be done forward.

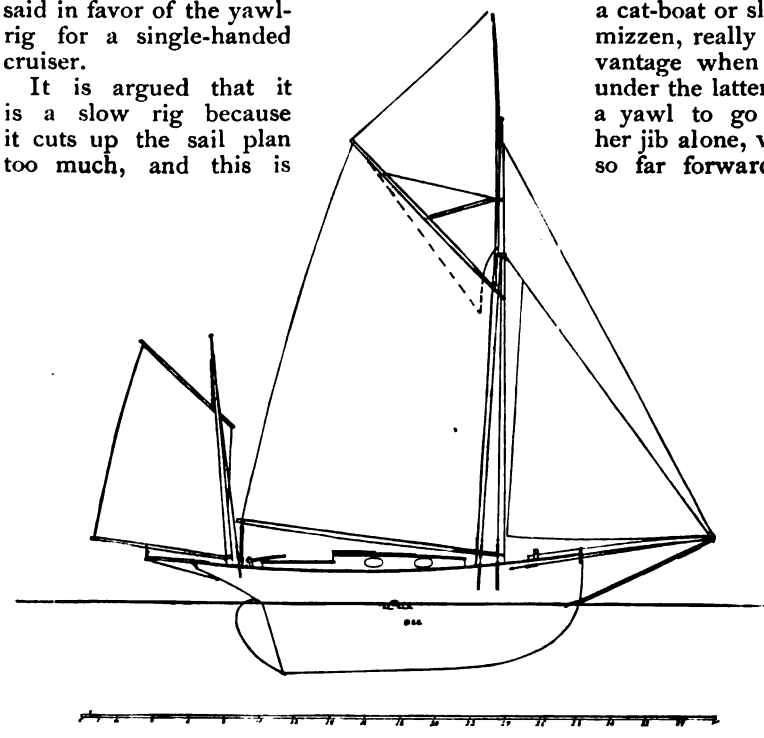


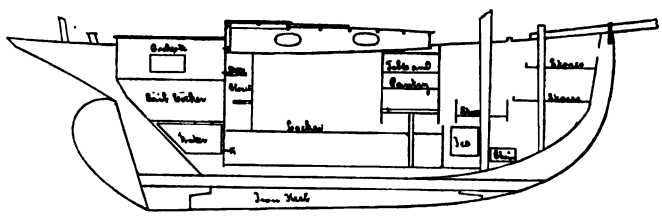
FIG. 1.—SAIL PLAN OF "WINDWARD."

The single-handed cruising yawl "Windward" is a good example of what wonderful comfort, safety, and pleasure can be obtained in a yacht of her dimensions. Although she can be handled entirely by one person, everything is built with a view

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to the comfort of two. No sailor's boarding house here. The first expense for so good a piece of work was small, and her keep is but a trifle, and yet she is as perfect a little picture of naval architecture as ever delighted the eye of a sailor, and she is no toy either, but a comfortable little home, and will go where her distant cousin, the cat-boat, dare not venture.

The "Windward" was built at West New Brighton, by Mr. W. P. Stephens, and launched from his yard in June. Built of cedar, yellow-pine, oak, and mahogany, everything about her is extra strong and durable. Her sails were made by McManus, of Boston, and fit her remarkably well. Her dimensions are: eighteen feet water line, twenty-two feet over all, six feet beam, four feet draft, and five feet standing room in her cabin; seventeen hundred pounds of iron in one piece on her keel, and two thousand inside. The midship section corresponds very closely to that curve in the English yacht "Vanessa." Her entrance is long and easy, and her run aft is of such a character that no dead water is lugged along. Decked fore and aft, with a small cockpit large enough for one to stretch out in in bad weather.



SECTIONAL VIEW OF "WINDWARD."

The height in cabin is obtained by what is known as a "skylight cabin trunk." It is made to look like a skylight on a large yacht, with a companion slide on the after end. This is entirely made of mahogany. It is a capital device, and allows plenty of deck room, as well as giving the cabin height where it is needed, namely, in the centre.

The cabin shuts up by a flap which drops, and is out of the way, but can be immediately closed to in bad weather. The cockpit floor is high, and through it is a pipe, covered with a brass screw-top, which leads to a water-tank holding thirty gallons. Between the top of the tank and cockpit floor, is a space where an extra anchor and cable, as well as extra sails, are stowed. There are two closets on either side of the companion-way for clothes, etc. The three steps which lead below, fit into cleats on the sides of these closets, and being merely narrow mahogany boards, take up no room when removed. The lockers on either side are seven feet long, one foot eight inches wide, with flaps which are turned over when wider berths are required for sleeping, increasing the width by four inches. Under these lockers, there is plenty of room for storing provisions, etc. Forward, low down, is the ice-tank. On the left is the table, which, when not in use, is shut up vertically, closing a narrow closet which contains everything requisite for table use. Forward of this, on the left, is the place for the cooking-stove to stand. Up in the eyes are a series of shelves for cooking utensils, ship-lamps, paints, cordage, etc. The whole arrangement is complete, compact, and comfortable.

We are fast realizing in this country that truest enjoyment and health can be had out of a craft where the hired crew and its attending nuisance can be dispensed with.

Windward.

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THE numerous racing events of the present season in bicycle circles indicate a rapidly growing interest in this branch of the sport. Philadelphia, Boston, Washington, Cleveland, Albany, Springfield, Hartford, and a score of other towns, have witnessed, or will see, race meetings of consequence. Generous prizes have been offered, and the utmost skill and endurance are being matched to win them and to reduce the records of previous seasons. These gatherings are of great value in developing the possibilities of the wheel, keeping alive an active interest on the part of good riders, and so awakening the public sentiment of each locality where the events occur, that the fascinations of the bicycle and tricycle reveal themselves to many new riders. All well-managed meetings of wheelmen serve to promote, decidedly and actively, the general interests of the bicycling fraternity, and each lowering of records gives new evidence of what may be done by skill and muscle a-wheel-back.

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IT is pleasant to note, moreover, that the development of racing has not been accompanied by any diminution in the amount of touring done by wheelmen. Indeed, no previous season has seen so much long-distance riding, and so large a number of extended tours by clubs and individuals. The bicycle is primarily a road-riding vehicle, rather than a racing-machine. On its merits in the former direction depend its practical value and its permanent popularity. There has never been any doubt about the matter since the machine reached its present state of mechanical perfection; but it is a satisfaction, nevertheless, to record the fact that the use of the bicycle and tricycle, for purely recreative touring and road-riding, has developed even more rapidly and substantially than its use and execution on the track. Besides the great and widely heralded tours of the present season, which have for the most part been attended with notable success, there have been innumerable club-runs of one or two days, touring trips of two or three wheelmen in company, and long runs of individuals who have used the machine as the best and pleasantest available vehicle for a vacation journey. Thus is the wheel serving its double purpose as both incentive to and means of the best and most healthful recreation.

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WHAT may be called the touring idea — which involves the getting out of the ruts of every-day business cares into close companionship with nature and the enjoyment of interesting scenery, pure air, and invigorating motion — is at the basis, also, of the canoeist's devotion to his favorite recreation. The cruising canoeist, with paddle in hand, following the convolutions of some romantic river, or skirting the shores of a beautiful lake, is fulfilling the mission of his craft much more truly than when, with every inch of canvas spread, he is struggling eagerly to win a regatta prize. In saying this we do not belittle the zest or value of racing. It has its uses and its legitimate pleasures. But the fullest communion with nature, the broadest opportunity for increasing knowledge, and the most complete recreation of wearied nerves, come to the rapidly increasing number who enjoy the cruise more heartily than the race.

* * *

SURELY it is not presumptuous for the editor, musing upon these things before his Open Window, to recall with pleasure the fact that, during the period covered by the life of this magazine, the development of these ideas pertaining to the true value of recreation has gone forward more rapidly than ever before. We begin the fifth volume of OUTING, this month, with a larger constituency of men and women interested in our design, and practising the doctrines we try to instil, than the country has ever before held. Many of them are already our readers. We

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have the best of evidence that many more will speedily join the growing company. But the influence that OUTING may exert, if it is true to its name and purpose, is not to be measured by the length of its subscription-list alone. It is already seen in the daily and weekly press, in the increased attention to recreative matters, in the ready and cordial readoption of the good old English word "outing," which had been almost forgotten in this country, but may now be seen in almost any copy of a daily paper one may chance to pick up, and in other significant indications. The true idea of "outing"— a change from business or professional routine to the recreations of out-of-doors — is being taught by press and pulpit, as well as by the instinct of humanity the world over. And we congratulate ourselves and our readers that OUTING finds a welcoming and rapidly growing audience for its pleasant philosophy.

* * *

THE delights of camping-out have not often been more pleasantly or practically sketched than by Rev. S. J. Barrows, in the two papers lately published in "OUTING," under the title "The Shaybacks in Camp." The literary charm of the narrative will not be lost or lessened by the knowledge on the part of our readers that it is a record of actual experience, and that every incident related is realistically accurate, — the nomenclature of the party being the only fiction in the story. Mr. and Mrs. Barrows, with their children and a few friends, have spent their summer vacation for eight consecutive seasons in camp on the beautiful shores of Lake Memphremagog, and have thoroughly learned the practical and prosaic details of camp life, as well as its poetry and romance. They are fully persuaded of the advantages of their plan, which they find thoroughly restful and delightful. Among our readers there are many who would find a similar experience equally charming; and we take this liberty of revealing an editorial secret purely in their interest, that they may know that the pleasant record is fact, rather than fiction, and that with equal attention to the details, and corresponding care in adjusting means to the party's needs, the desired result is attainable.

* * *

A CARRIAGE-DRIVE of a week or more, by way of a vacation trip, has many charms if the party and the route are well chosen, and its popularity is increasing among leisurely, quiet people, who seek for a closer communion with nature than the great highways of steam-travel afford. A party of four or six congenial persons, with a pair of good horses and a comfortable carriage, will find, in almost any region where the roads are fairly made, enough of natural beauty, or historic interest, or modern architectural development, or all three, to fill with constant interest a drive of two hundred miles, to say nothing of the opportunity for free, unconventional, social enjoyment along the route.

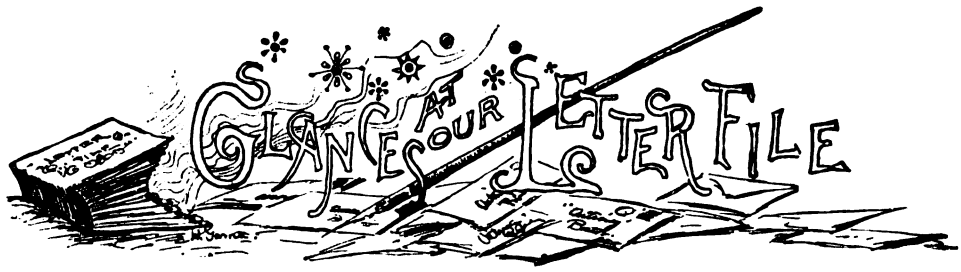
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THE efforts to save the Adirondack forests from the devastation of commercial greed are making some progress, and there is hope that this matchless sanitarium may be allowed to retain its covering of trees, and to afford for long years to come a resort for those who desire to enjoy the life-giving air of the wilderness. Fortunately, enlightened selfishness joins with sentiment in demanding the protection of the forests; for, without their influence in conserving the water supply of northern New York, it seems evident that the majestic Hudson itself would gradually lose its volume and ultimately become unnavigable. The New York Legislature has taken preliminary action for saving the Adirondacks, and the press of the State is showing great and intelligent interest in the matter.

* * *

IF the bicycle and tricycle do not make good roads they at least afford one of the best possible tests by which good roads may be distinguished, and call the attention of their riders, constantly and emphatically, to the condition of the highways over which they pass. Wheelmen are already numerous enough, in many localities, to make their influence strongly felt in securing better country roads, and as they increase in number, and the subject becomes more important, it is hardly too much to hope that in those States where the system of road-making is most radically wrong a thorough reformation may be set in motion as the result of the use of the wheel. The C.T.C. in England has been instrumental in making considerable improvements in the highways of some localities, and, what is the next best thing, preparing a record of the condition of roads throughout the country, and posting warning-signals at the top of many hills which it would be dangerous for wheelmen to ride down. The subject is one of the first importance for those who ride, and we look to see it absorb constantly increasing attention.

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Wheeling in Australia.

MR. EDITOR: — First permit me to offer you my congratulations upon the very pronounced success that has attended your efforts to make OUTING AND THE WHEELMAN the leading magazine of its kind in the world. It is an advocate that hygiene may well be proud of. Although not envying you your felicitous project, I must admit to entertaining a feeling of regret that OUTING is not an Australian instead of an American publication.

I have an alteration to make with regard to the article entitled "Under the Southern Cross," which appeared in your issue of February last. It was stated therein that Mr. Burston, of the Melbourne Bicycle Club, was the proud possessor of the hundred miles' record. At the time that article was penned he did hold that honor; but, since then, it has been lowered several times, and now it is credited to Mr. Marsh, of Ballarat, (a large mining city, one hundred miles from Melbourne), who succeeded in covering the distance in 8 hrs. 15 m. This is not only the record for Victoria, but for the whole of the Australian colonies.

The wheel, instead of diminishing in popularity, as was prophesied by many who consider themselves endowed with the power to pierce into the far future, appears to be progressing with a steadiness that augurs for it the hope that it will, ere many years, become a recognized national sport in this continent. Until recently the pleasure of our common pastime was shared, almost exclusively, by the more youthful portion of our community, and age and experience, who are so necessary to guide the wheel successfully through the quicksands and dangers with which it is surrounded, regarded the "steely steed" warily and with caution. They considered it too dangerous to be trifled with by those who had crossed the Rubicon of youth and by those who had a gouty tendency, or who had discovered what it is to have a liver. They will live to learn the fallacy of their views. We require older heads at the council-table of our governing body and to regulate the routine of our clubs. The tricycle, fortunately, is fast becoming the medium of supplying this exigency, and by its instrumentality this all-important element is rapidly being imported into our sport. The result must necessarily prove beneficial from many points. Tricycling, I may add, is on the increase, and sociables are becoming very popular; so much so, indeed, that at sports meetings contests are held exclusively on this admirable vehicle. This to my mind, however, is an egregious error; for the sociable was never intended as a racing-machine. It is an abuse I should like to see prohibited.

Our Union has recently altered its title from that of the Australian Cyclists' Union to that of the Victorian Cyclists' Union, and has lately held two race-meetings, which were largely attended by the general public. I do not send you the results of each of the events, as I fear they would not prove of sufficient interest to your readers. The five miles' amateur championship of the colony, however, was secured by Fred. Stokes of the Melbourne Bicycle Club, and one of our most promising racing men.

In order not to occupy too much of your space I might state that, all things taken into consideration, the prospects of the wheel are as favourable in this colony as can be desired.

Antipodeanally yours,

OLLAPOD.

A Man of One "Header."

MR. EDITOR: — The interesting article in OUTING for September, by Mr. Wilson, entitled "My Croppers," prompts me to say a word about my experience in that phase of cycling. To be sure, I am a rider of only a few months' standing, if I may use that expression; but for that very reason, perhaps, beginners and prospective riders may be glad to know how I have fared. At the outset, I confess I am a coward; I dread physical pain, and when I finally determined to "learn the pesky thing" the conflict between my hopes and fears was a fierce one. Very wisely, I think, I put myself under instruction at a rink, and I would advise most strongly every rider who can to begin in this way. By using at first a small machine, from

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which he can fall with perfect safety and comfort, and gradually increasing the size until he reaches his own measure, he escapes the dread which the inevitable fall always gives the rider who tries to jump into his saddle on the road the first day he gets his bicycle.

By reason of my rink-practice, when I took my first road-ride, I was able to mount and dismount with ease, and to steer comparatively steadily, without those fearful jerks and wobbles which make the beginner a terror to himself and an amusing spectacle for all on-lookers. To my surprise and delight I found that the gyrations and clutchings and careenings which I had passed through at the rink had left me a comparative master of my wheel. What I needed chiefly was muscular practice and perfection in the elements I had mastered.

During the past spring and summer I have ridden a good deal, although I have kept no record. I have made some long trips, and I have ridden occasionally at night. I have taken, in this time, *only one header*, and that was owing to careless riding on a sidewalk where I had no business to be. I do not ascribe my freedom from falls to good luck, nor yet to skill,— for I am not a skilful rider, — but I do ascribe it to the fact that I am a careful rider. This is nothing to my special credit, for any one can be a careful rider, and every one *ought* to be. I write this letter simply to assure those who are deterred from riding by fear of falls that, in the opinion of a rider who has not forgotten the difficulties of beginning, falls are entirely unnecessary. I have had many narrow escapes, I have ridden sometimes for a moment on the big wheel when I fully expected the little wheel was about to follow me over the handles, and I am fully persuaded that I should have had many falls but for two reasons, which I name here, hoping that the suggestions may be of help to some new rider.

First. I ride with the saddle well back, allowing a space of at least four or five inches between the head of the machine and the pommel of the saddle. I am aware that this detracts from the propelling power of the rider, but I find no difficulty in club-riding to keep well up with the pace-maker. For road-riding a little leaning forward gives me speed where I want it, and a firm seat back in the saddle gives me confidence in rough spots and riding downhill.

Second. I make it a rule to ride down no hill that I do not feel perfectly free to coast down. Although I frequently back-pedal, I early learned to coast; in case of slipping a pedal, or any other mishap through which the rider loses pedal-control of the machine, he is at ease at once by throwing his legs over the handles. Many new riders make the mistake of neglecting — usually through lack of courage — to learn to coast. I fell in the other day on the road with a young rider who was making a long trip from Boston to Western Massachusetts who could not bring himself to throw even one leg over the handle. If such a rider as this loses control of his machine on a hill it surely means a bad fall. A friend of mine was thrown recently in this way in the Hudson Highlands, and badly broke his arm.

I dislike the idea of a header extremely, particularly as I ride a 56-inch wheel, from which a fall is no slight matter. But it is my firm intention never to have but the one header already taken recorded against me.

L. F. A.

BOSTON, Aug. 18.

On a Country Road.

MR. EDITOR: — Some years ago there lived, somewhere in France, two men who were as devoted in their love for nature as they were in their friendship for each other. One of them luckily found an opportunity to make an exploring tour of the world, in which the other, for some reason, was prevented from joining. Although it was a vexatious disappointment, with French equanimity he who was left behind made the best of it, saying to himself: "If I cannot make explorations with my friend, I will find a world to explore at home." And forthwith he wrote a most charming book, whose title, "A Tour Round my Garden," tells us, in five words, how happily he solved his problem. This gives us a suggestion of what every one of us can do, very likely in a far less skilful way, but in a way full of interest and value. It is only a few who are able to make the great tours, but every one may walk on a country road, and a little observation will make such a journey, even on a hot and dusty day, a source of pleasure, incident and adventure such as even the favored European traveller fails of getting in his more labored and pretentious sight-seeing. There are wonders in the life and habits of the birds over our heads, of the insects under our feet, of the plants on either hand, to be amazed and fascinated by which one needs to be neither a botanist, an entomologist, nor an ornithologist.

To a man who will use his eyes a walk on a country road will disclose just such glimpses of nature as this, adding a zest and delight to the out-door life which nothing else brings.

Observer.

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Wheel Songs.[1]

THERE is no one of our poets who has caught the humors of the wheel more cleverly, or portrayed them more pleasantly, than Mr. S. Conant Foster. The readers of this magazine have found in him an always welcome contributor, bright, sparkling, and full of good cheer. Mr. Foster has gathered into a handsome volume the bicycle poems, humorous and otherwise, which he had contributed to these pages, together with considerable additional matter. The book is richly and effectively illustrated, and, printed on heavy plate paper, with broad margins, and bound in blue cloth, with side stamp in gold and silver, affords the most sumptuous volume devoted wholly to the wheel that has yet been published. The contents of the book include "Benedicite," with illustrations by Charles Howard; "An Epistle," illustrated by Henry Stull; "A Midnight Ride;" "A Midwinter Reverie," illustrated by F. Childe Hassam; "On Wings of Love," illustrated by George B. Bowland; "Wheel Bliss," illustrated by Howard and Bowlend; "Si Plunkitt," illustrated by Stull; and a variety of sonnets and shorter poems, many of them illustrated. The contents of "Wheel Songs" are not all of the humorous sort, though the prevailing tone is that of jollity. The "Benedicite," some of the sonnets, and the delicately written "In Memoriam," are good examples of more serious work. Mr. Foster and his publishers have given the wheeling fraternity a most attractive volume, the sale of which can hardly fail to be large.

Recent Fiction.

As as pecimen of coöperative literary work "The King's Men"[2] is of special interest, though it is not on that account alone, by any means, that the reader will enjoy its perusal. The novel is the joint production of four well-known writers, — Robert Grant, John Boyle O'Reilly, J. S. of Dale, and John T. Wheelwright. It is a story of more than half a century hence, "when the French Republic was seventy years old, and the Commonwealths of Germany thirty-three years old." King George the Fifth has been for seventeen years an exile in America, holding a mimic court at a Boston hotel, and the royalists of England have lost, almost universally, their wealth and influence. A plot to restore the king, assassinate the president, and trust to the popular loyalty to ancient traditions for a new lease of royal power, is brought to naught by a beautiful but unscrupulous woman, in revenge for slighted love, and affords the tragical element of the story. The humor is furnished chiefly by Jarley Jawkins, a sort of universal caterer, who provides his wealthy customers everything, from a baronial castle with a select assortment of titled or talented guests, to the finger-bowls for their dinner. He is original, amusing, and "immense." The pretty heroine is the daughter of an enormously rich American, who obeys her orders implicitly, and is a rather interesting and useful fellow on his own account. There is an undercurrent of satire in the story, which reminds the reader, occasionally, of certain rather unpleasant tendencies of modern life. The work of the several authors is so cleverly dovetailed that the joints are invisible.

IN the "Fainalls of Tipton"[1] Miss Johnson makes us acquainted with a large number of people, who pass through some curious experiences, and emerge at the end of the book in a generally prosperous and comfortable condition. The opening chapters are cleverly managed to awaken the reader's interest, and pique his curiosity; and the one is not abated, nor the other gratified, until the concluding pages are reached. The author's talent lies in the portrayal of her characters, a few touches bringing each personality before us almost as vividly as though we had known them in life. The *bon vivant* Duke Fainall, the luckless inventor, his brother, the vain and handsome young artist, the cultured

[1] Wheel Songs. By S. Conant Foster. New York: White, Stokes, & Allen. $1.75.

[2] The King's Men. A Tale of To-morrow. By Robert Grant, John Boyle O'Reilly, J. S. of Dale, and John T. Wheelwright. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

[1] The Fainalls of Tipton. By Virginia W. Johnson. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

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but impecunious clergyman, the pretty bundle of contradictions, his daughter, eccentric Mr. Marlow, the manly but unsophisticated young doctor, — we know them all, and watch their career with real interest. The story is longer than it should be, but it is bright, and full of incident and action.

"MISS LUDINGTON'S SISTER"[1] is a clever story, and a curious one; but one is tempted to be vexed that the author's cleverness should not be turned to more worthy account. The story seems hardly worth the telling. And yet it is artistically done, and, if we should admire "art for art's sake," there are grounds for admiration of this novel. The author has one idea that he apparently wishes to get into his readers' minds, namely, the theory that each person has a number of different souls, one inhabiting the body during infancy, another in childhood, and so on to old age, when the last soul goes to meet the earlier denizens of its now worn-out body.

THREE of Bret Harte's stories, just published in "Little Classics" form, under the title "On the Frontier,"[2] make up a volume of fresh and vivid interest. They are: "At the Mission of San Carmel," "A Blue Grass Penelope," and "Left out on Lone Star Mountain." All show the author's peculiarities, but the last named is peculiarly happy in presenting his best qualities of grim humor, and rude but real pathos. The concluding paragraphs of this short but powerful story are as genuine and touching in their Christmas spirit as anything that Dickens ever wrote.

IN "The Amazon"[3] of Carl Vosmaer we have an art-novel which attracted great attention in the author's fatherland, Holland, and has already been translated into French, German, and English. Vosmaer is the leader and founder of the esthetic movement in Holland, and stands opposed to the school of French realism, which is savagely criticised by George Ebers in a preface to the German edition, translated for the English. The novel is of interest in itself, and still more because of its author, and his other literary work as a poet, essayist, and art-historian.

[1] Miss Ludington's Sister. A Romance of Immortality. By Edward Bellamy. Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co.

[2] On the Frontier. By Bret Harte. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin, & Co.

[3] The Amazon. By Carl Vosmaer. Translated by E. J. Irving. New York: William S. Gottsberger.

THE latest novel from the pen of that voluminous story-writer, Mrs. Emma D. E. N. Southworth, bears the title "Self-Raised,"[1] and is the narrative of a life rising from poverty and misery to affluence and prosperity. A view of Mrs. Southworth's home on the Potomac forms the frontispiece of the volume.

Miscellaneous.

MR. KENNEDY has brought together in a compact volume[2] a great mass of interesting facts concerning the inception, growth, and development of the railway, and tells in a connected way the wonderful story which in its bald outlines is so familiar that we do not stop to consider the marvel of it. These "Stories of the Locomotive in Every Land" include the leading facts in the history of steam as a motor, and are so spiced with incident and personal sketch that one is reluctant to lay aside the book without finishing it. There are a large number of illustrations, many of them not readily accessible in any other form.

THE three villages which give title to Mr. Howells's latest volume[3] are Lexington, Shirley, and Guadenhütten. Lexington has its revolutionary interest; Shirley is one of the homes of the Shakers, and Guadenhütten is the almost forgotten name of a little Indian Moravian village beyond the Ohio, whose pathetic history is here related.

MR. S. R. STODDARD'S "Adirondacks Illustrated," of which a new edition has just been published, is the work of one who has a life-long familiarity with what he describes, and knows how to tell the result of his observations. It is profusely illustrated. (Glens Falls, N.Y.: S. R. Stoddard.)

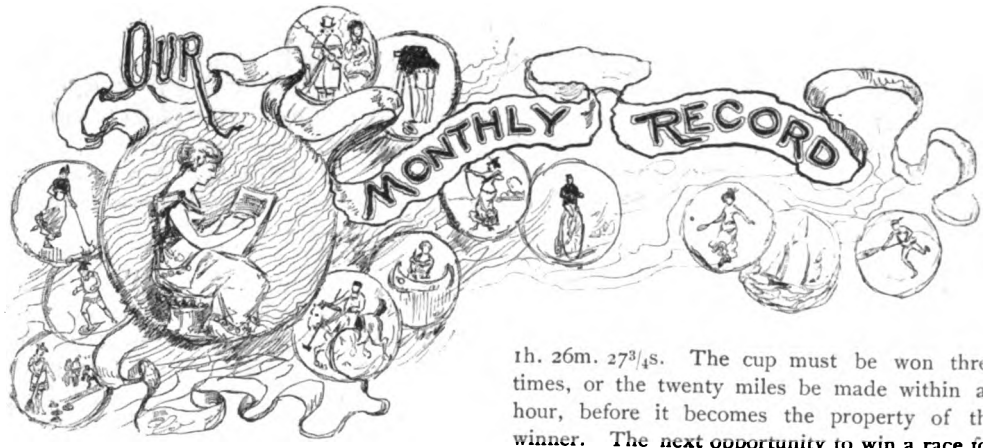
"THE ALBANY HANDBOOK," by H. P. Phelps, is a handsome volume of nearly two hundred pages, describing the capital of New York in detail, and giving a mass of information that is of interest to every visitor. The book is from the press of Brandow & Barton.

[1] Self-Raised; or From the Depths. By Mrs. E. D. E. N. Southworth. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers. 75 cents.

[2] Wonders and Curiosities of the Railway; or, Stories of the Locomotive in Every Land. By William Sloane Kennedy. Chicago: S. C. Griggs & Co.

[3] Three Villages. By W. D. Howells. Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co.

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Bicycling and Tricycling.

AUGUST and September are this year notable months for wheelmen. A series of important race-meetings, beginning with the tournament at Pittsfield on August 14th, and ending with the races of the New Haven Club, September 23d and 24th, are absorbing continuous attention on the part of all who care to know what the fast riders are doing. Our record, closing August 22d, includes only the earliest of the series, namely, the Pittsfield and St. Louis tournaments, and the annual meet of the Ohio division, L.A.W., at Cleveland, August 18th and 19th.

The last-named event was held under the auspices of the Cleveland Club, and attracted a large attendance and great interest among the wheelmen of Ohio and adjoining States. At the parade on the first day three hundred wheels were in line, and three thousand spectators witnessed the races at the park. An evening entertainment was given, at the Euclid Avenue Opera House, with excellent exhibitions of club-drill and fancy riding. The races resulted as follows: Half-mile L.A.W. State championship, Charles Frazier, 1m. 30s.; quarter-mile open race, Charles Frazier, 45 1/2s.; one-mile novice race, I. Grove, Youngstown, 3m. 30s.; five-mile State championship, Asa Dolph, New London, O., 17m. 55 3/4s.; one-mile handicap, George Collister, Cleveland, 25s.; three-mile open race, Charles Frazier, 10m. 17 1/2s.; one-mile tricycle, State championship, Clarence E. Howland, Akron, 4m. 23 1/4s.; two-mile handicap, C. M. Brown, Greenville, Pa., 7m. 12 1/5s.; twenty-mile race for the Columbia Bicycle Prize-Cup, described in THE WHEELMAN of November, 1883, and valued at $1,500. The starters were: A. C. Bates, A. E. Sprackling, G. H. Potter, B. F. Wade, J. H. Collister, F. S. Borton, all of Cleveland. Bates and Sprackling finished the twenty miles, the former winning the race in 1h. 26m. 27 3/4s. The cup must be won three times, or the twenty miles be made within an hour, before it becomes the property of the winner. The next opportunity to win a race for the cup is at Philadelphia. Half-mile tricycle, C. E. Howland, 2m. 3 3/4s.; one-mile, State championship, C. W. Ashinger, 3m. 21 1/4s.; ten-mile open race, Charles Frazier, 37m. 24s.; two-mile State championship, C. W. Ashinger, 6m. 51s.; one-mile, consolation, G. E. Thackray, Youngstown, 3m. 27s. The meet closed with a delightful banquet at Weisgerber's.

AT Pittsfield, on August 14th, the second annual tournament of the Berkshire County Wheelmen was held successfully, in the presence of about 2,000 spectators. The winners are as follows: Half-mile dash, Charles Frasier, of Smithville, N.J., 1m., 27s.; one-mile tricycle race, L. L. Atwood, of Pittsfield, 4m. 23 1/5s.; two-mile bicycle race, Louis Hamilton, of Waterbury, 6m. 27 3/4s.; five-mile race, for a cup valued at $150, for Berkshire wheelmen, H. S. Wollison, of Pittsfield, 18m. 32s.; one-mile race, without hands, H. S. Wollison, 4m. 42 3/5s.; two-mile relay race, Springfield Club, 6m. 13 1/2s.; two-mile county championship race, L. A. Weston, of Adams, 6m. 54s.; five-mile race, Charles Frasier, 17m. 13s.; one-mile race for boys under 17, E. L. Wheaton, of Springfield, 3m. 27s. There were 45 entries for the nine races.

THERE was a large attendance at the tournament in Louisville, Ky., on August 14th and 15th. The races resulted as follows: Three-quarter-mile novices' race, Bettison, 2m. 25 1/4s.; ten-mile inter-State, Asa Dolph; half-mile, Asa Dolph, 1m. 26 3/4s.; ten-mile professional, W. M. Woodside, 34m. 8s.; quarter-mile, Charles Jenkins; one-mile, against time, Asa Dolph, 2m. 50 1/4s.; five-mile handicap, Forman; twenty-mile professional, John S. Prince; one-mile, Wells, 3m. 20s. Dolph proposes to join the professional ranks after the Springfield tournament.

ON August 11th occurred the second annual tricycle road race of the Boston Club, the course being from South Natick to Boston, seventeen

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miles of excellent road. The four starters were: F. Morris and J. S. Dean, of the Boston Club; Abbot Bassett, of the Chelsea Club, and Edward P. Burnham, of the Newton Club. Burnham won the race and gold medal, reaching the finish at the Boston Club house in 1h. 14m. 40s. Morris was second, receiving a silver medal. Burnham also received the gold medal for beating the record of last year.

THE first annual races of the Nashville Club, July 11th, resulted as follows: Half-mile, hands off, J. B. Burdett, 2m. 23s; slow race, E. L. Morris; half-mile tricycle, J. B. Burdett, 2m. 43s; Spence medal contest, half-mile, Alex. Dyas (1), Frank Fields (2); half-mile, Jo. Gibson; two-mile handicap, Frank Fields, 7m. 30s.; consolation, Alex. Dyas (1), John G. Lurch (2).

THE race-meeting of the Providence, R.I., Club on August 2d, was well attended. Winners: Half-mile, G. S. Walker, 1m. 33 1/4s.; one-mile, U. W. Mason, 3m. 21 3/4s.; three-mile, Fred Binford, 10m. 48s.; five-mile championship, J. W. Watson, 18m. 58 3/4s.; one-mile consolation, J. W. McAuslan, 3m. 37 3/5s.

THE longest bicycle journey thus far on record has been made by Mr. Thomas Stevens, — an extract from whose diary *en route* was published last month in this magazine. He started from San Francisco on April 22d, and reached Boston August 4th. He left the Pacific coast with the intention of making a tour of the globe on his bicycle. He is a vigorous young man, English by birth, but having spent the past few years in active life on the Western plains. He met with some interesting adventures on his journey, and was compelled to walk a good many miles through the Union Pacific snow-sheds and over the "bad lands." After his arrival in Boston Col. A. A. Pope presented him with a new and finely finished bicycle, as a testimonial to his pluck and endurance.

THE feat of riding down Mount Washington on bicycles was accomplished, July 29th, by C. F. A. Beckers, John S. Rogers, and Arthur Young, three St. Louis wheelmen. The descent to the Glen House was made by all three riders without broken bones, Beckers covering the distance in fifty-one minutes. A total of thirty-one headers was scored on the trip, Beckers taking seven, Young ten, and Rogers fourteen.

WHEELMEN all over the country will be interested in the following description of Corey Hill, which is the longest and steepest declivity in the vicinity of Boston, and is famous as a test of skill in hill-climbing with the bicycle. We transfer the description from "Lewee's" letter to *The Wheel:* "The grade of the hill is: Total length, 2,300 feet; height, 199 feet; average, 1 foot in 11.41. Horizontal length from beginning of steeper part, 1,464 feet; height, 129.3 feet; average rise, 1 foot in 11.32. On the last 150 feet the average is 1 in 7.85 feet, and for the next 470 feet lower down the rise is 1 in 7.87 feet. The surface is at all times in a very soft condition; and, in addition to the power required to ride up the hill, it requires a great deal of skill to prevent the wheel from 'skidding around.' As far as known, the only wheelmen who have ridden up the hill are H. D. Corey, Burt Pressy, Thomas Murphy, Arthur Young, and W. W. Stall, — the latter on a tricycle."

ONE hundred and twenty New Jersey wheelmen, including representatives from most of the clubs in the State, participated in the novelty of a Chinese lantern parade at Newark, August 7th, and attracted the admiration of a large crowd of spectators. A dozen ladies on tricycles joined the procession at Orange.

MESSRS. Roland G. and Arthur A. Gamwell, of Providence, have lately returned from a nine-months' tour abroad, during which they journeyed on their bicycles through the Azores and Madeira islands, Portugal, Spain, Southern France, Italy, Switzerland, and England. They met with a great variety of adventures, pleasant, curious, and provoking, and enjoyed the trip on the whole very heartily.

THE land for the new club-house of the Massachusetts Club has been bought, and work on the building is going rapidly forward. In the matters of architectural beauty and adaptation to the needs of the club it will be unsurpassed in the country.

THE Genesee Bicycle Club, of Rochester, N.Y., held a three-days' camp at their grounds at West Brighton, July 16th, 17th, and 18th, with races each afternoon, and, although no prizes were offered, the different contests created a great deal of interest. Many visiting wheelmen were present from all over Western and Central New York, and all expressed themselves as highly pleased.

THE Albany Club has leased and fitted up a spacious and handsome residence on Lark street, near the park, and now has one of the finest club-houses in America. It is a three-story and basement house, with ample yard, and stable for the storage of wheels. It is fitted up with par-

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lors, reading-room, café, lockers, bath, and dressing-rooms. The club is growing rapidly in membership, under the efficient and energetic leadership of Capt. Scattergood, and evidently has a bright future before it.

WILLIAM DINWIDDIE and Howard Seeley, of Washington, two lads of sixteen, are riding almost daily upon the large wheels of their bicycles, and insist that they prefer this to the two-wheeled machine. They are said to sustain a pace of eight miles an hour, and have both ridden up and down Capitol Hill, — a grade of one foot in thirteen. One of them has ridden three and a-half miles without a dismount.

A RUN of 282 miles in 40h. 45m., actual riding time, was recently made by three members of the Genesee Club, of Rochester, N.Y.

MRS. JOSHUA REYNOLDS, of Stockport, N.Y., who has recently begun tricycle-riding, made an average of 45 miles per day for three days, recently, over ordinary country roads, with the mercury showing an average of 90° in the shade. The ride was made without serious fatigue.

ON the occasion of Gen. Phil. Sheridan's visit to the grand Veterans' Encampment at Weirs, N.H., on August 27th, Col. Albert A. Pope and Col. Hapgood, of Boston, acted as his escort from Fall River to the camp. It need not be assumed that the introduction of bicycles into the United States army will inevitably follow, but there are, certainly, possibilities in the military use of this vehicle that may well be considered.

MR. JO. PENNELL, well known as an artist and a wheelman, recently sailed from England with his bride, and anticipates becoming a permanent resident of London. His paper in the September issue of the *Century*, entitled "From Coventry to Chester, on Wheels," is illustrated with fourteen spirited engravings, and is full of interest.

THE racing rules of the L.A.W. have been carefully revised. The new rules do not require a race-meeting to be sanctioned in advance by the racing-board, they limit the amount of any single cash prize for amateur races to $50, render a record made on Sunday invalid, and make various other changes.

NEW bicycle clubs have recently been organized as follows: The Crescent, at Great Falls, N.H., with L. E. Hanson, president and captain; George F. Hill, secretary and treasurer. —— The Ramblers, at Hamilton, Ont., with J. Moodis as the promoter. —— The North Adams (Mass.) Club, with William Richmond, president; William Archer, captain; William Hodge, secretary and treasurer. ——A club at New Orleans, with twenty-six members. —— The Brattleboro' (Vt.) Cycle Club, with twelve members. —— The Burlington (Vt.) Club. —— The Middleboro' (Vt.) Cycle Club. —— The Rock City Club, of Nashville, Tenn., with fifteen members. —— The New Bedford (Mass.) Club, with a membership of nineteen: William M. Butler, president; A. L. Blackmer, secretary and treasurer; William H. Dewhurst, captain; Charles E. Fisher, bugler. —— The Medina (Ohio) County Wheelmen, organized July 4, C. F. Hobart, president; A. J. Blackford, captain; C. L. Griesinger, treasurer and secretary. —— The Trenton (N.J.) Club, S. S. Staples, president; D. Scott Quinton, vice-president; S. P. Camp, secretary; C. T. Sutphin, treasurer. —— The Lock Haven (Pa.) Club, J. F. Donahue, president; L. F. Wright, secretary; J. W. C. Floyd, treasurer. —— The Janesville (Wis.) Club, John Livingston, president; Fred. Burpee, secretary and treasurer. —— Rush County (Ind.) Wheelmen, Arthur Irvin, president; L. J. Keck, secretary; George Davis, captain. —— Riverside Wheelmen, New York, T. C. Stratton, president; J. B. Fischer, vice-president; J. Nightingale, captain; W. A. Potter, secretary and treasurer. —— Golden City Club, at San Francisco, Cal., organized July 31st, W. C. Hull, president and captain; Charles A Biederman, secretary, treasurer, and first-lieutenant; W. K. Gambitz, bugler.

CENTURY runs have recently been made as follows: By L. H. Johnson, of the Orange (N. J.) Wanderers, on a tricycle, 127 miles in 17 h. 5m. —— By Charles W. Howard and John W. Vivian, of the Charlestown (Mass.) Club, 116 miles in 16 hours; actual riding-time 10h. 50m. The longest spin without a dismount was 24 miles. —— By H. J. Metcalf, of the Boston Ramblers, 107¼ miles in 11 hours, including stops. —— By Mr. James, of the Buffalo Club, 120 miles. —— By Gilbert E. Chandler, of the Massachusetts Club, 112 miles in the day. —— By John A. Landers, of Lynn, Mass., 100 miles in 9h. 40m. actual riding-time. —— By William Collins, of the Meriden (Conn.) Club, a straightaway run of 155 miles to Nashua, N.H., July 8th, 153 miles within the 24 hours; this is the best straightaway 24-hour run on record for America. —— By Capt. A. H. Scattergood, C. H. Ross, J. K. Emmett, Jr., and N. L. Rush, of the Albany Club, a run of 109 miles for the party. —— By

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Lieut. C. L. Wiggin, of the Maverick Club, East Boston, 101½ miles in 11h. 25m., actual riding-time. —— By H. S. Wood, of the Germantown (Pa.) Club, 106 miles in 12¼h. actual riding-time.

FOREIGN.

THE professional ten-mile record was broken on the Belgrave Road grounds, at Leicester, England, on August, in a contest between F. J. Lees, of Sheffield, and Albert Hawker, of Leicester. The records for three, four, and from six to ten miles, inclusive, were broken, Lees winning the race by only half a yard. The miles were made in 2.50, 2.53, 2.56, 3.00, 2.56, 2.59, 2.56, 2.59, 2.59, 2.52, respectively. The new records are: Three miles, 8.39; four, 11.39; six, 17.34; seven, 20.30; eight, 23.29; nine, 26.28; ten, 29.20. The contest was a magnificent one throughout. The best previous record for ten miles was 29.22, made by the same rider August 18, 1883.

OVER 20,000 people paid admission to the first bicycle race meeting held in Russia.

THE Dutch Cyclists' Union has recently been formed, with 400 members, to promote the interests of the wheel in Holland.

THE *London Times* estimates that there are more than 300,000 cyclists in England, and that 6,000 men and $15,000,000 in capital are employed in the manufacture of bicycles and tricycles.

THE *Canadian Wheelman* has been purchased by a company made up chiefly of the officers of the C.W.A., and will be published as the official organ of the association. H. S. Tibbs is president, J. S. Brierly, secretary and treasurer, and W. K. Evans, editor.

THE five races for the ten-mile professional championship of the world were completed at Aylestone Park grounds, August 5th. The winner of the first race was R. Howell; second and third, F. Wood; fourth, Howell; fifth, Howell.

THE 25-mile English championship race took place at Leicester, August 2d, and was won by T. Battensby, in 1h. 17m. 20⅘s.

THE English 24-hour tandem and tricycle record was broken July 25th, by Messrs. T. R. Marriott and Bird, who started from Bath at midnight, and accomplished 231 miles on a straight-away road within the ensuing 24 hours. The last six hours were ridden in continuous rain.

THE C.T.C. *Gazette* for August reports the membership of that body at 15,681.

F. DE CIVRY and H. O. Duncan have established a tricycle record for France by covering five miles in 16m. 32s.

GERMAN WHEELS.

ON Whitsuntide the second annual general meeting of the "Norddeutsche Velocipedisten Bund" took place in Erfurt, where a resolution was passed that the name of the Bund should be the "Deutsche Velocipedisten Bund." So we had for a short time two "Bunde" of the same title, one in Munich, the other in Hanover. This, fortunately, did not last long, as, on June 29th, a meeting of delegates of the two bodies was called in Meiningen, and the two rivals shook hands together, and were braced to each other to form a new general association, the name of which, however, has yet to be decided. The races in Erfurt took place under extremely wet conditions, the rain coming down in torrents, and the track resembling more a muddy torrent than a bicycle race-path. The one and five miles championships of North Germany fell to A. Witzel (München B.C.) in 3m. 55⅖s., and 22m. 9s. On the same day the Leipzig Club held their spring meeting on their new track. The novice race was won in good style by Holtbuer (Leipzig) in 4m. 21¾s, (distance, 2,000 meters), and the international bicycle race of 10,000 meters was taken by Kuhlmann (Magdeburg V.C.) in 23m. 37s. The same rider brought home the 4,000 meters handicap from scratch, with Holtbuer (scratch) second, in 9m. 17⅞s.

The "Velociped Club München" solemnized their fifteenth birthday by a jubilee race on June 1st, the results of which are: —

Three thousand meter bicycle opening race. — M. Otturstein (Nurnberg V.C.), 6m. 4s.; Fr. Eyfried, 6m. 6s.

Jubilee bicycle race, 3,000 meters. — Handicap, Stuhlberger (Munich V.C.), scratch, 6m. 5s.; Schwaiger (Munich V.C.) 10 meters start, 6m. 8s.

Two thousand meters tricycle race. — W. Beissbarth (Nürnberg V.C.), 4m. 48⅖s.; T. Stickers (Munich T.C.), 5m.

Novice race, 2,000 meters. — L. Weidmann (Karlsruhe B.C.), 4m. 11s.; J. Rusself (Nurnberg V.C.), 4m. 14s.

Ten thousand meters bicycle scratch race. — Fr. Stuhlberger (Munich V.C.), 21m. 16⅕s.; H. Meng, 21m. 32s.; W. Schwaiger, 21m. 33s.

Long-distance race, 100 kilometers. — Fr. Stuhlberger (Munich V.C.), 4h. 11m. 26s.:

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W. Schwaiger (Munich V.C.), 4h. 13m. 7s.; Eyfried (Nurnberg), 4h. 13m. 40s.

On June 2d the Graz (Austria) B.C. opened their racing career by seven items, the chief results of which were: —

One-mile championship. — J. Kohout (Prag), 3m. 8s.; E. Bromer (Graz), 3m. 11s.

Ten-kilometer bicycle race. — J. Kohout (Prag), 21m. 37s.; E. Bromer (Graz), 21m. 47s.

One-mile tricycle championship. — E. Bromer (Graz), 3m. 38s.; Vermes (Pesth), 4m. 12s.

There came off some races at Vienna, on June 8th, the track being on the trotting-grounds: —

One-mile championship of Austria (bicycle). — J. Kohout (Prag), 3m. 20 1/5s.; E. Bromer (Vienna), 3m. 20 3/5s.

One-mile championship of Austria (tricycle). — Bromer (Vienna), 4m. 39s.

Ladies' prize, 2 miles. — J. Kohout (Prag), 8m. 9 1/5s.; Brauner, 8m. 10s.

Ten-mile bicycle race. — J. Kohout (Prag), 40m. 52s.; S. Stuhlberger (München), 40m. 54s.

The spring meeting of the Bicycle Club Munich, and the Vel. C. Bavaria, took place on June 12th, the chief event (10 kilom.) falling to Stanley Wyndham after a good race. Results: —

Two-thousand meters, novice race. — Heizmann, 3m. 57s.; Hollender, 3m. 58s.

Visitors' race, 3,000 meters. — S. Wyndham (Frieburg V.C.), 5m. 53s.; Weidmann, 5m. 54s.

Obstacle race, 2,000 meters. — Egger, Munich; H. Witzel, Munich.

Ten-kilometers race. — S. Wyndham (Freiburg V.C.), 19m. 40s.; Schwarz (München), 19m. 41s.; Geyer (München), 19m. 42s.; H. Witzel (Munich), 19m. 44s.

Since my last letter to you the 24-hour road record was beaten twice. On April 27th P. Nagel (Hamburg B.C.) rode 300 kilometers within the 24 hours, the actual riding time being 16h. 20m. He, however, did not hold his reputation for long. Dr. G. F. Fiske (of America), Göttinger Vel. C., accomplished 330 kilometers (205 miles) on July 3d, the weather at the end being unfavorable enough. The tour was: —

Leipzig-Dresden, 111 km.; Dresden-Leipzig, 111 km.; Leipzig-Oschatz, 54 km.; Oschaty-Leipzig, 54 km. Hitherto the 24-hours record was 266 km., ridden by Messrs. H. and D. Beissbarth, Nurnburg V C., on August 19, 1883.

$C_2 H_5 OH.$

FRANKFURT, a. M.

Canoeing.

THE all-absorbing event of the month, not only, but of the entire year, in canoeing circles, is the annual meet of the American Canoe Association, which was held among the Thousand Islands of the St. Lawrence river, during the first two weeks of August. The tents and canoes of the members were spread along the northern and eastern shores of Delaney's point, on Grindstone island, midway between Gananoque and Clayton. The locality gave universal satisfaction, and the association will come to the Thousand Islands next year. A wharf had been built at the point, and landing-stages were subsequently erected for the canoes. A large, open mess-room, a store, and an ample supply of ice, had also been provided. Further south a camp-site had been set apart for ladies, who occupied it to the number of about a score. The husbands of several of the married ladies camped with them at Squaw Point. Every day of the first week brought more canoeists, until, at the beginning of the second week, the population of the camp was 202, with 93 shore-tents. Many of the canoeists slept in their canoes. There were 161 canoes at camp at that time. These figures are the result of an actual tent-to-tent canvass by your correspondent, — no pun intended! There was a great display of bunting in camp, which was duly hauled down every evening on the sound of the sunset bugle, and hoisted again in the morning. The association were entertained and visited by the Gananoque Yacht Club, the Gananoque Brass Band, Mr. F. H. Taylor, of Round Island, and many others. Many steam and sailing yachts called, and a large number of people witnessed the regattas. On several evenings huge camp-fires were built on the summit of the large hill which bounded the camp, and around them gathered the campers, with song, story, and jollity. One evening was set apart for an illuminated canoe procession on the water, with fireworks and Chinese lanterns, — producing a most charming effect. The day of this evening was the gala day, when the camp put on its best appearance to receive visitors. The camp was under the charge of Commodore F. A. Nickerson (Springfield, Mass.), assisted by Vice-Commodore C. K. Munroe (New York), Rear-Commodore H. C. Rogers (Peterboro', Canada), Secretary C. A. Neide (Schuylerville, N.Y.), and the Executive Committee. Everything passed off well, and the canoeists and ladies had a jolly time.

Following are the particulars of the races. They were under the direction of the Regatta Committee, Messrs. Wm. Whitlock (New York),

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E. B. Edwards (Peterboro', Canada), and L. Q. Jones (Hartford, Conn.), who appointed the following: E. B. Edwards, starter; F. D. Foote, Springfield, judge at finish; W. M. Carter, Trenton, N.J., clerk of the course; and Mr. Warring, time-keeper. These gentlemen performed their duties admirably. The Ontario Canoe Company, of Peterboro', had put up a couple of paddles to be raced for; but, as there was not time for the races, the paddles were presented to Mr. Carter and one of the other officials, in recognition of the time and labor they had bestowed.

THE RACES.

First Day. Tuesday, August 12, 1884.

Paddling. Class 2, one mile. For canoes not over sixteen feet long, and not under twenty-six inches beam. First, M. F. Johnston, Toronto; open canoe "Hillcrest," with double-bladed paddle; time, 10 minutes 34 seconds. Second, J. L. Weller, Peterboro'; in open canoe "Zulu," with single-bladed paddle; time, 10.44. Third, Frank Adams, of Peterboro', with single-bladed paddle, in open canoe "Ada M. S.;" time, 11.24. Eight starters. Johnston took the lead at the start, and kept it. Weller kept second place throughout.

Sailing. Any class. For novices, — that is, canoeists who have never sailed a canoe before 1884. Mile and a half, triangular course. First, G. H. Thatcher, Mohican Club, Albany; in canoe "Lasca," fourteen feet six, by thirty inches, carrying the new Mohican sail and a jib; Atwood centre-board. Second, E. G. Rand, of Albany; in canoe "Tarantula," fourteen feet six by thirty inches; Mohican sail and Atwood centre-board. Third, Arthur H. Mason, Toronto; in canoe "Evora," fourteen feet eight by thirty inches and a half, modified pearl model; balance lug sail, and Atwood centre-board. Ten starters. J. L. Weller, in a large open Peterboro' canoe, came in second, but was disqualified in consequence of having the wrong canoe. There was not half a length between Rand and Mason at the finish. Time, Thatcher, 32.20; Weller, 34.55; Rand and Mason, 35.55. Wind moderate.

Paddling. One mile. For canoes not over seventeen feet long and not under twenty-eight inches beam. First, M. F. Johnston, open canoe "Hillcrest," sixteen feet by twenty-eight inches. Second, J. C. Wilson, Watertown; canoe "Idyl," fifteen feet by thirty-two inches. Third, E. C. Griffin, Knickerbocker Canoe Club, New York, canoe "Marguerite," fourteen feet six by thirty inches. Six starters. Time, 11.20, 12.00, and 12.15 for the first three.

Tandem Paddling Race. Two men in a canoe; any size canoe. One mile. First, M. F. Johnston of Toronto, and Willie Williams of Brockville, in decked canoe "Maggie," eighteen feet long by twenty-four inches beam; with double-bladed paddles; time, 9.36. Second, J. L. Weller and Frank Adams, of Peterboro', in open canoe "Ada M. S." sixteen feet by twenty-seven inches; single-bladed paddles; time, 9.42. There were only two entries, but the race was remarkably interesting. The single paddles went off with a jump at the word "Go," and took the lead. The double paddles, keeping steady time together, caught the singles on the first half-mile, but fell behind again in rounding the buoy. They succeeded, however, in getting the lead again, and maintained it to the end. Both pairs did some splendid paddling.

Upset Race. Any canoe. Quarter mile. Contestants to capsize their canoes at a signal, get in again, and paddle to finish. First, M. F. Johnston, decked canoe "Maggie." Second, J. L. Weller, open canoe "Zulu." Third, C. Bowyer Vaux, New York Canoe Club, in his little canoe "Lark." Nine starters. This was a very pretty race, and the quickness with which the men got into their canoes after turning them right side up showed astonishing amphibious agility. There was comparatively little water in their canoes; but some of the last men came paddling in with canoes so full of water that the gunwales were level with the surface of the river. This concluded the first day's racing. There was so little wind towards afternoon that the full ballast sailing race had to be postponed.

Second Day. Wednesday, August 13, 1884.

Long-Distance Paddling. Three miles. For canoes not under twenty-seven inches beam and not over sixteen feet long. First, M. F. Johnston, open canoe "Hillcrest," double paddle; time, 31.38. Second, J. L. Weller, open canoe "Zulu," single paddle, with double-blade used occasionally; time, 32.42. Third, Frank Adams, open canoe "Ada M. S.," and single paddle; time, 32.58. Four starters. This was the toughest race on the programme, and the time was good. The fourth man was E. Gould of New York, who used the double-bladed paddle and a short, decked canoe. The positions of the contestants were unchanged throughout. Johnston and Weller steadily increased their respective lead from the first. Gould lost considerable time by laying a bad course. All paddled pluckily, and manifested considerable endurance.

Paddling Race. For a paddle presented by Mr. Rushton; large canoes. One mile. First, Arthur H. Mason, Toronto; canoe "Evora," fourteen feet eight inches by thirty and a half; time 12 minutes. Second, J. C. Wilson, Watertown; canoe "Idyl," fifteen feet by thirty-two inches; time, 12.10. Third, E. L. French, Buffalo; canoe "Elf," fourteen feet by thirty inches; time, 12.20. Eight entries. Canoe "Nellie," W. F. Kipp, St. Lawrence Canoe Club, was first in, but was ruled out for accidental fouling.

Paddling Race. For paddle presented by Mr. Rushton; small canoes. One mile. First, C. B. Vaux, New York; canoe "Lark," fourteen feet by twenty-six inches.; time, 11.17. Second, G. O. Totten, Jr., Newark, N. J., canoe "Aquila," fourteen feet six by twenty-eight inches; time, 11.25. Third, E. Gould, Knickerbocker Canoe Club, New York, canoe "Fanita, fourteen feet by twenty-seven inches; time, 11.44. Five entries, and the last two men well up. In this race and in the preceding one, all the contestants used decked canoes and double-bladed paddles.

Third Day. Thursday, August 14, 1884.

Paddling. Class 1. For canoes not over eighteen feet long, and not under twenty-four inches beam. One mile and a half. First, M. F. Johnston, Toronto; canoe "Maggie," eighteen feet by twenty-five inches; time, 14.48. Second, J. L. Weller, Peterboro', Canada; canoe "Zulu," sixteen feet by twenty-six inches; time, 14.55. Third, Frank Adams; canoe "Ada M. S.," sixteen feet by twenty-seven inches; time, 17.00. Three entries, and a well-contested race.

Paddling. Class 4. Length not over sixteen feet, beam not under thirty inches. Half a mile. First, M. F. Johnston; canoe "Mamie," sixteen feet by thirty-one inches. Second, W. F. Kipp, St. Lawrence Canoe Club; canoe "Nellie," fifteen feet by thirty-one and a half inches. Third, J. C. Wilson; canoe "Idyl." Eight starters.

Sailing. Class B. No restriction as to ballast, trim, or rig. Length not over seventeen feet, with a limit of twenty-eight and a half inches beam for that length. Beam may increase three-quarter inches for each six inches in

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length decreased. Three miles — twice around the triangular course, including a beat to windward. First, L. Q. Jones, Hartford Canoe Club; canoe "Venture," about fifteen feet by thirty inches; carries Mr. Stoddard's new style of sail, and a Childs centre-board; time, 63.47. Second, C. B. Vaux; canoe "Dot," fourteen feet four by thirty inches; shadow model, no centre-board; balance lug sails; time, 65.31. Third, W. B. Wackerhagen, Mohican Canoe Club, Albany; canoe "Henrietta," fourteen feet six by thirty inches, with Mohican sail and Atwood centre-board; time, 67.45. There were twenty-two starters, and the next dozen canoes arrived in the following order:— "Annie O.," H. L. Thomas, Albany; "Snake," R. W. Gibson, Albany; "Lasca," G. H. Thatcher, Albany; "Sophronia," F. F. Andrews, Rochester; "Isabel," Robert Tyson, Toronto; "Sadie N.," Frank Nicholspn, Toronto; "Boreas," H. Neilson, Toronto; "Evora," A. Mason, Toronto; "Girofla," Commodore Nickerson, Springfield; "Aurora," Secretary Neide, Lake George; "Freak," C. V. R. Schuyler, New York; "Kate," Colin Fraser, Peterboro'.

Sailing. Class A. No limits as to trim, rig, or ballast; length not over sixteen feet, beam not over twenty-eight inches. Three miles. First, J. N. Weller, canoe "Zulu," time, 83.44. Second, Grant Van Dusen, Rondout Canoe Club, N.Y.; canoe "Helena," Childs centre-board; time, 83.49. Third, G. A. Edgar, Jr., Newburg, N.Y.; canoe "Dido;" time, 91.13. The canoes "Syren," "Diamond," "Psyche," "Nettie," "Lady Jane," and three others, started. The five named came in the order noted.

Sailing. Class B, in cruising rig. Any ballast, but with sail area limited to seventy-five square feet. Three miles. First, W. S. Bowles, Springfield; canoe "Gluck," fourteen feet by thirty inches, of the new Springfield model; Mohican sail; time, 57.11. Second, R. W. Gibson, Mohican Canoe Club, Albany; canoe "Snake," fourteen feet six by thirty inches, Atwood centre-board and Mohican sail; time, 57.24. Third, L. Q. Jones, Hartford; canoe "Venture;" time, 58.00. The next ten canoes came in the following order: "Girofla," "Jap," E. W. West; "Katrina," R. W. Bailey, Pittsburg; "Dot," C. B. Vaux, New York; "Sophronia," "Henrietta," "Isabel," "Whimbrel," Fred Mason, Toronto; "Corinne," "Kate." There also started the "Lasca," "Boreas," "Evora," "Sadie N.," "Sappire," "Tarantula," "Minx," "Freak," "Elf," "Aurora," "Argo," "Edna," — twenty-six in all. The large number of starters made this an exceedingly pretty race. Several times canoes would approach the winning-point in couples, so close that it was impossible to predict which would lead; and often a little clever sailing in the last quarter of a minute would gain an apparently lost place.

Sailing. Class A. As above; any ballast, but not more than fifty square feet of sail. Three miles. First, Grant Van Dusen, canoe "Helena;" time, 65.50. Second, J. L. Weller; canoe "Zulu;" time, 70.52. Third, C. K. Munroe, New York Canoe Club; canoe "Psyche;" time, 78.39. Nine starters.

Sailing Race. Class B. Canoes without ballast. One and a half miles. First, E. W. West, Glens Falls; canoe "Jap," fifteen feet three by thirty-one and three-eighths inches; special centre-board and Stoddard sail; time, 29.30. Second, R. W. Gibson; canoe "Snake;" time, 33.15. Third, C. B. Vaux; canoe "Dot;" time, 33.17. The next seven came in in the following order: "Gluck," "Girofla," "Henrietta," "Katrina," "Sophronia," "Sadie N.," "Kate." There were fourteen starters.

Sailing. Class A. Without ballast. Mile and a half. First, J. L. Weller; canoe "Zulu;" time, 36.41. Second, G. E. Edgar, Jr.; canoe "Dido;" time, 45.43. Third, Frank Adams, Peterboro'; canoe "Ada M. S.;" time, 45.46. Canoes "Helena," "Pysche," "Muriel," R. W. Baldwin, Ottawa, and three more, also started.

Sailing. Any class for canoes with heavy centre-board and no other ballast. One mile and a half. First, Robert Tyson, Toronto; canoe "Isabel," fourteen feet by thirty-three inches; time, 54.55. Second, Hugh Neilson, Toronto; canoe "Boreas," fourteen feet by thirty-two inches.

Hurry-scurry race. This was the shortest and most amusing race on the programme. The seven canoes which entered were drawn up in a line on shore, and their owners retired one hundred yards. At a signal they started to run for their canoes, each man having the privilege of using the first canoe that he touched. The amount of splash and scramble and rocking and general uproar on their arrival at the beach was tremendous, and the on-lookers roared with laughter. The men then paddled around a buoy about a hundred yards from shore, and back again, arriving in the following order: First, J. L. Weller; second, D. A. Burgess, Norwood, Canada; third, R. T. Gibson, Toronto; fourth, G. O. Totten; fifth, J. N. Kendrick; sixth, E. Gould; seventh, E. C. Delavan.

An admirable exhibition of canoe gymnastics by Messrs. Vaux and Weller followed the hurry-scurry race.

The comparative lightness of the wind during the regatta was good for the paddling-races, and bad for the sailing-races. It was in remarkable contrast to the brisk breezes which had been blowing during preceding days; and prevented the combined paddling and sailing race coming off at all. The races were contested in the most friendly and gentlemanly manner, and contestants who made accidental fouls at once came forward and stated the fact.

Two "average prizes" were given by Mr. C. B. Vaux, New York, for the canoes making the best all-round record in the whole regatta. The result was arrived at by allowing so many points, according to a canoe's place in each race, then adding the total number of points. The first of these prizes was taken by J. L. Weller, Peterboro', and the second by M. F. Johnston, Toronto.

On Friday morning the annual business meeting of the association was held under the trees, and the flags won by the successful competitors in the races were presented by the regatta committee. The following officers for 1885 were elected: Commodore, R. S. Oliver, Albany; vice-commodore, F. S. Rathbun, Deseronto, Canada; rear-commodore, F. F. Andrews, Rochester; secretary-treasurer, Dr. Neide, Schuylerville, N.Y.; members of the executive committee, Messrs. Rand, Wood, and Vaux.

The breaking-up of camp commenced immediately on the close of the annual meeting, and the greater part of the canoeists were away by Friday evening. Each year the meeting of the A.C.A. has been larger and more successful than the last; and the meet of 1884 is the largest and most successful yet held. *R. T.*

Pleasure Resorts and Travel.

THE season for 1884 is at its zenith, as we close our record for the month. The largest crowds of the year now fill the hotels, and the tide of gayety and pleasure is at the flood. The belated heat, arriving only in the early days of August, has done something to redeem the business of the summer resorts from utter failure; but it must be admitted that the season has been

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one of the least prosperous for many years. The depression in business and the unusual coolness of the weather have united to keep many people at home, and the former cause has sent many others to quiet country homes who have formerly been prominent at the more expensive resorts.

SARATOGA maintains its supremacy as the "summer capital" of the country, and, notwithstanding the depressing barrenness of July, has been filled to overflowing for two weeks, and will close the season in a blaze of glory. Politics, the races, and the festivities at the big hotels, make up the staple topics of conversation and interest at Saratoga, always including, however, the springs, which never fail in their attractions. Of the presidental candidates, Mr. Hendricks is the only one who has made any stay there; but he has served a fairly good purpose as a social attraction, and has won his share of political and other attentions.

IN the Catskills, the larger hotels have felt the general unfavorable influence, but the hundreds of smaller hotels and homelike boarding-houses have been prosperously filled. The new railway facilities afford an additional inducement for the families of business men to spend their summer among the mountains, which has the effect to still further increase the crowd of those who remain there for the season. The only large hotel that has been crowded is the Grand, which, under the management of Col. Gillette, has developed a notable popularity. President Arthur has been spending some time at the great Hotel Kaaterskill, and has enjoyed rest and the exhilarating atmosphere to the utmost.

BAR HARBOR, at Mount Desert, has enjoyed the presence of Mr. Blaine, with whatever of advantage may accrue from his presidential candidacy. The later season there has been very prosperous, and the hotel-keepers are correspondingly complaisant.

NEWPORT, with its palatial "cottages," its casino, and its company of established summer residents, is not dependent on the weather for a very exclusive and aristocratic season. There have been the usual attractions this year, including an unexpectedly long stay of the New York Yacht Club in the harbor, one or two particularly impressive weddings, and the presence of enough titled nobility from Europe to give zest to dinner parties.

A COSTUME like this is the correct thing for young men of athletic tendencies at Richfield Springs, and is worn on the piazzas as well as on the tennis-lawn: White flannel breeches reaching to the knee, long stockings, alligator-skin shoes, zebra-striped "blouse" waist with a belt, crocheted red cap, flat in shape, and with a round button on top. It is only a question of time for knee-breeches to appear in the drawing-room, and be good form for any occasion. The wheel has introduced one article of dress that will not be frowned down.

A STOCK company, recently formed, proposes to build a summer hotel costing $150,000 on the summit of Lookout Mountain.

NOTWITHSTANDING the lateness of the season and the unfavorable weather travel over the Housatonic railroad, into the Berkshire region, for the month of July, showed an increase of 16 per cent. over the corresponding month in 1883. The passenger service this year includes a "solid" express train from New York to Pittsfield, which is popular and profitable.

THE fastest time ever made between St. Louis and Boston is credited to the Wabash, Lake Shore, West Shore, and Hoosac Tunnel lines. Leaving St. Louis at 8 A.M., one arrives in Boston at 12.10 the second night, the running time being 39 hours and 10 minutes, including a stop of 1½ hours at Buffalo, or an average of 32 miles an hour for the whole 1,200 miles.

A COMPANY has been chartered to construct a narrow-gauge railroad connecting North Conway with the summit of Mount Kearsarge.

THE Eastern railroad has been doing a very large business in tourist travel for the White Mountains and the coast and lakes of Maine during the past month.

Shooting and Fishing.

THE Southern Sportsman's Association was organized in New Orleans on August 4th, with the following-named officers: president, N. D. Wallace; secretary, J. K. Renaud; governing committee, F. H. Watson, James Buckley, A. M. Bickham, A. M. Ancoin, and Richard Fotscher. The purpose of the association is the "protection of game and fish by proper laws in this and adjoining States, the encouragement of breeding sporting dogs, and the holding of an annual field trial for that end," etc.

NEW YORK has not a single live gun-club, but it is urged that, with the many excellent shots among the citizens of the metropolis, there is

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available material for a large and prosperous organization devoted to this branch of recreation.

AT the recent fly-casting tournament in England P. D. Malloch made the extraordinary cast of 92 feet with a single-handed rod.

H. W. ROSS, of Jacksonville, Florida, reports the capture of a black bass weighing $23\frac{1}{8}$ pounds, and measuring $37\frac{1}{2}$ inches in length by $29\frac{1}{2}$ in circumference. Mr. Ross was fishing with an eight-ounce pole, and it took forty minutes of hard and exciting work to land the monster. This is the largest black bass on record.

THE Anglers' Association of the St. Lawrence river recently appointed a committee to call a meeting of the anglers in New York for the purpose of codifying the fishing laws and urging upon the Legislature the necessity for amendments. John J. Flanagan, of Utica, was elected president.

THE champion bass at Greenwood Lake, N.Y., was caught recently by H. Folsom, of Llewellyn Park, and weighed $7\frac{1}{4}$ pounds.

Tennis.

MESSRS. WRIGHT & DITSON'S annual tournament was held in July at the Hotel Wentworth, Newcastle, N.H., and was a very successful affair, though the courts were by no means perfect. There were thirty single entries and ten pairs. The average of the play was much better than last year, and much interest was manifested by the spectators, many of whom came a long distance to see the sport. Mr. Howard Taylor took the first prize in singles, and Mr. Knapp, of Yale, the second. In the doubles, Thorne and Knapp, of Yale, were first, and Hooper and Gillett, of Longwood C.C., second. In the consolation prizes, Mr. Paton, of the Far and Near L.T.C., won the single, and Taylor and Warren, of Harvard, the double. The prizes were very handsome, and great credit is due to Mr. Ditson for having established what has now become one of the best meetings of the year.

A SILLY paragraph has been going the rounds of the newspapers to the effect that lawn-tennis was losing ground in England. A single glance at the list of fixtures is sufficient proof of the absurdity of the statement.

TOURNAMENTS of more or less degree of merit were held in August at Narragansett Pier, Bar Harbor, and the Crawford House, in the White Mountains.

THE lawn-tennis championship of the Staten Island C. C. is held this year by Mr. W. E. Glyn.

AT the club competition of the Longwood C.C., in June, Mr. F. Mansfield was first in singles, and F. and L. Mansfield first in pairs.

MESSRS. Dwight and Sears are showing greatly improved form since their return from abroad, as the result of their continued practice with the best English players.

IT is to be regretted that the plan of having club-matches, as proposed by the Longwood C. C., this year, received no greater encouragement. The objections to the present tournament system are well known, and it is to be hoped that the experiment of matches between clubs will be tried next season.

THERE has been a lively interest in court-tennis at Newport this season, and several very exciting events have taken place. A handicap was held in August, the winner being Mr. George Brinquant, the celebrated French amateur.

Yachting.

THE month has been so crowded with events of interest and importance that their simple record will absorb all the space at our command, with very slight opportunity for comment. The leading event of the entire year is the annual cruise of the New York Yacht Club, both from the number and importance of the yachts engaged in it and the value of the racing-prizes involved. The fleet, which included some of the best-known yachts from New York and Boston, met on Saturday, August 2d, at New London, and, being detained by fog, sailed into Newport harbor on Monday afternoon. Commodore James Gordon Bennett, on the steam-yacht "Namouna," which had just arrived from a trans-Atlantic voyage, was in command, and his assiduous efforts for the general interest and advantage maintained cheerfulness and discipline in spite of the melancholy weather. From Monday until Friday the fog and rain continued steadily, forbidding any thought of the anticipated race for the Goelet cup, and affording only an opportunity for an interchange of hospitalities among the yachts, and occasional social enjoyments ashore. On Friday, the 8th, the fog had cleared away, and, with a fair breeze, the order was signalled for the Goelet cup race. The prizes were cups valued at $1,000 for schooners, and $500 for sloops, presented by W. Ogden Goelet. Fourteen schooners and nine sloops started. The course was about

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forty-five miles, and the race was won by the "Grayling" in the schooner class, and the "Bedouin" in the sloop class. The corrected time of the "Grayling" was 11h. 48m. 44s., and of the "Bedouin," 10h. 16m. 40s. This is regarded as a complete victory for the cutters. On Saturday and Monday races were sailed to and from Oak Bluffs, for cups offered by Commodore Bennett. Saturday's race was won by the "Montauk" and "Bedouin" in the two classes, and on Monday the "Clio" and "Athlon" were the winners. The concluding race of the cruise was over a triangular course of sixty miles, starting from Brenton's Reefs. The winners were the "Montauk," "Varuna," "Bedouin," and "Oriva."

THE first race for steam-yachts in American waters was held on August 7th, on Long Island Sound. There were ten entries, John Roach's "Yosemite" and Jay Gould's "Atalanta" in the first class, and the "Vidette," "Sophia," "Natalie," "Sphinx," "Camilla," "Promise," "Magenta," and "Rival," in the second class. The weather was a dismal rain, lasting all day. After a great deal of preliminary discussion and calculation, a formula for classification had been agreed upon, which was certainly not especially simple for the amateur to comprehend; but its complication was no greater than the difficulty of the problem to be solved. Steam-engineering is an intricate topic, and it will be a long time yet before a perfectly satisfactory plan is formulated for the "handicapping" of steam-yachts. The finish of the race was at New London, and the "Atalanta" crossed the line 29 minutes in advance of the "Yosemite." The "Vidette" won in the second class, though in what time has not been accurately settled.

THE open matches of the Hull Yacht Club, sailed on August 16th, brought out a notable fleet, of which fifty-seven crossed the finishing line, the entire race being with a foul. The following is the list of prize-winners: Second class, centre-boards, first, "Magic;" second, "Shadow." Keels, first, "Hera;" second, "Ella May." Schooners, first, "Bessie." Third class, centre-boards; first, "Sea Bird;" second, "Frolic;" third, "Folly." Keels, first, "Transit;" second, "Raven." Fourth class, centre-boards, first, "Black Cloud;" second, "Cruiser;" third, "Queen Mab." Keels, first, "Banneret;" second, "Kitty;" third, "Saracen." Fifth class, first, "Mabel;" second, "Viva;" third, "Flora Lee." The new rule that each yacht must have its number conspicuously displayed on both sides of the mainsail was found to be very satisfactory.

THE races of the Hull Club on the 16th were followed by a sad accident, resulting in the death of Mr. George H. Tyler, of the cutter "Ella May," and fleet-captain of the club. After the ball he walked down to the wharf to go aboard his yacht, whistling for the boat. His body was found some hours later, and it is supposed that he missed his footing in the dark, and fell, striking an iron rail on a tug-boat lying below. Mr. Tyler was widely and favorably known among yachtsmen. He was the manager of the Bijou Theatre, in Boston.

THE first championship race of the Hull Yacht Club was sailed on August 13th. The winners were the "Banneret," in the second class; the "Queen Mab," in the fourth; the "Spray," in the fifth; the "Mirage," in the sixth.

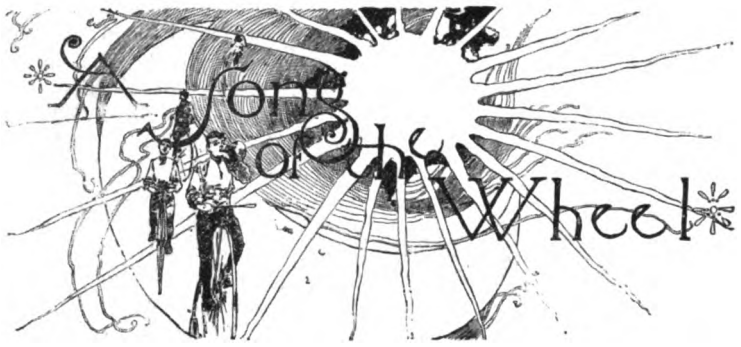
THE Seawanhaka Corinthian Yacht Club held their annual races for open boats, canoes, and fourth-class yachts on August 3d. The number of entries was very small, only the "Cruiser" and "Meteor" in the sloop classes, and the "Fairy" in the cat-boat class appearing. The "Meteor" won the race. There were five canoe starters, the "Dot," owned by C. B. Vaux, crossing the line first. The "Psyche," owned by C. K. Munroe, took second place.

THE race of the Eastern Yacht Club, at New Bedford, on July 28th, was very interesting. Fourteen well-known vessels started, and the "Bedouin" and "Halcyon" were the winners in their respective classes.

THE 82d matches of the Dorchester Club, sailed on the 28th July, resulted in a victory for George Coffin's "Joker," with F. Gray's "Scamp" second.

THE "Linda," one of the largest sloops of the Jersey City Club, owned by H. C. Roome, was lost on the outside of Sandy Hook, August 10th.

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Words by CHARLES E. PRATT. Music by GEORGE J. HUSS.

I and II TENOR.

WITH SPIRIT.

1. Come with me out in - to the road my wheel, Out
2. With feet on thy quick moving ped - als impress'd, The

I and II BASS.

in - to the road, ere the sun goes down! Thy hoofs of round rub-ber and
ped - als that speed from the hur - rying street—I'll seek the calm hills and the
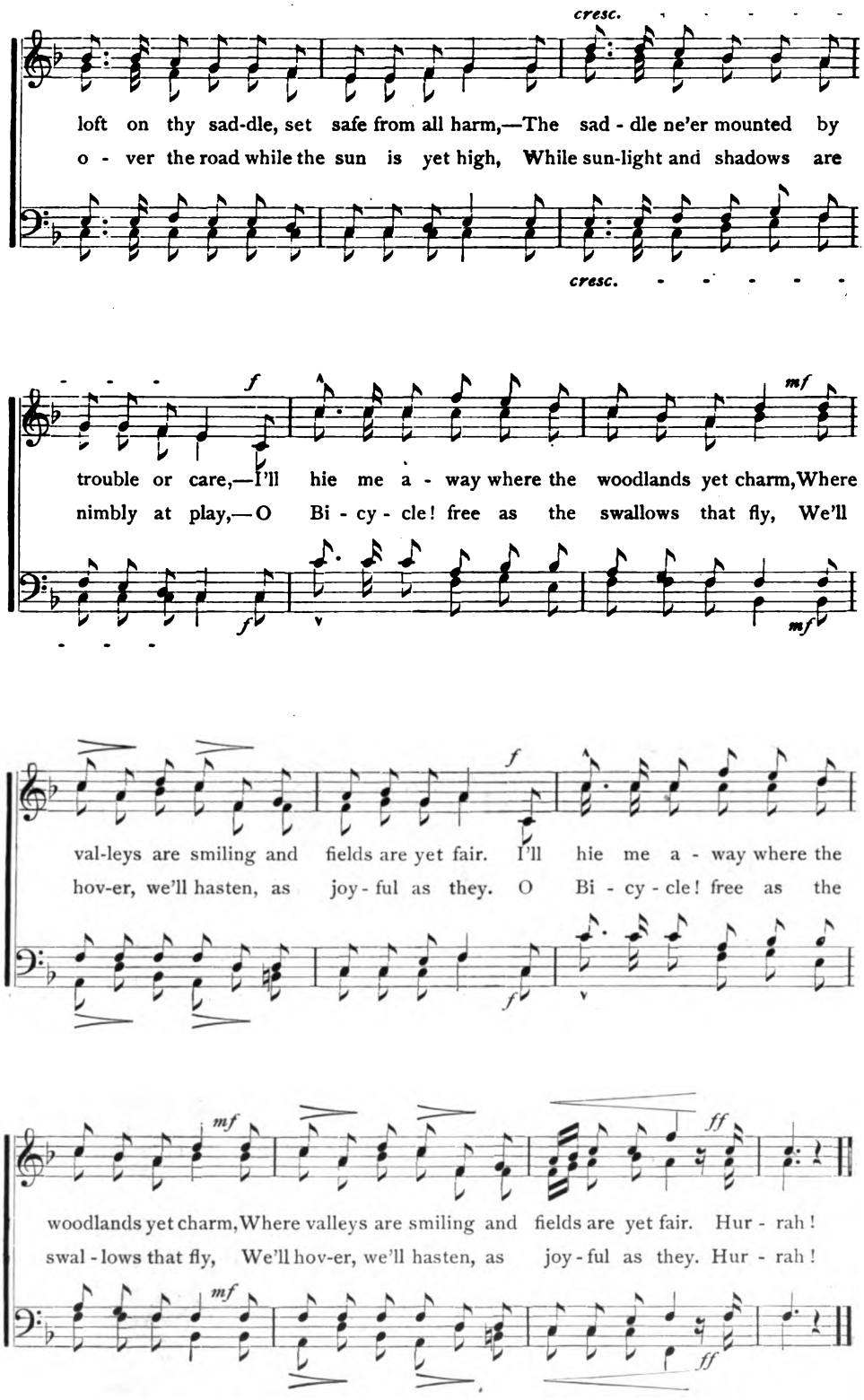
p *mf*

ribs of true steel Shall bear me a - way from this tire - some town. A -
landscape at rest, Where green leaves are fresh and the breezes are sweet. Out

p *mf*

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Aphorisms from the Wheelroom.

— ALL is not nickel-plate that glitters.

— A rolling stone gathers the bi'kler.

— It's a long hill that has no summit.

— A loose tire goeth before a fall.

— It's the early wheel that catches the sunrise.

— The race is always won in the last lap.

— A tin-can in the gutter is worth two on a rim.

— A live dog is better than a dead lion — to stop a wheel suddenly.

— It is but a step from the sublime (saddle) to the ridiculous (road-bed).

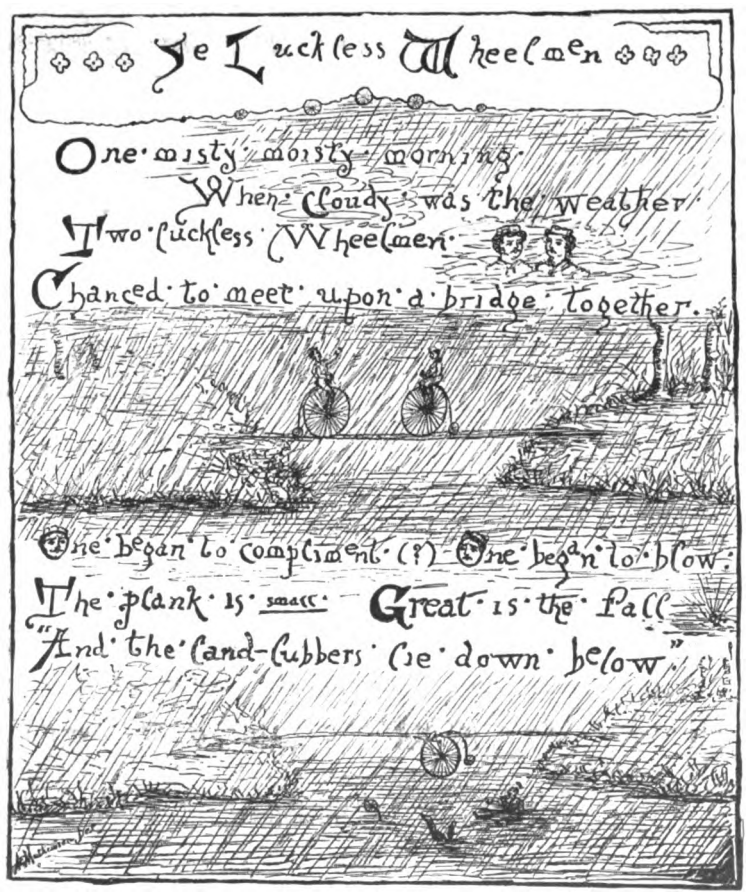
— The wheel comes to a standstill when the pool-balls are rolling.

— It's a wise child who knows his father — will buy him a bicycle, — and a wiser father.

— One swallow never made a summer, but one swallow — too many — may make a wheelman *fall*.

— A dry bearing considereth not the empty oil-can, but a wise wheelman considereth Matthew, chapter xxv, ninth verse.

Arthur Penfield.



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Points to be Remembered.

THE SUBSCRIPTION PRICE of OUTING AND THE WHEELMAN is Two Dollars a year, in advance, postage prepaid to any part of the United States or Canada. Subscribers in any other country embraced in the Postal Union will receive the magazine for $2.50 a year, postage prepaid.

REMITTANCES may be made by mail with perfect safety, if in the form of Bank Drafts on Boston or New York, or Postal Money Orders. Bills or Postal Notes may be sent with equal safety in a registered letter. All postmasters are required to register letters whenever requested to do so. In directing the change of an address be particular to give the *present* address as well as the new one. Otherwise it is impossible for us to comply with your desire.

BACK NUMBERS of either OUTING or THE WHEELMAN will be sent, post-paid, on receipt of price. Booksellers, postmasters, and bicycle agents will receive subscriptions at regular rates. The trade is supplied by the American News Company, New York, our sole agents for the United States and Canada.

THE ADVERTISING RATES of OUTING AND THE WHEELMAN will be forwarded on application, together with sample copies of the magazine, and testimonials from those who have used its pages to their own profit and satisfaction. The special character of OUTING AND THE WHEELMAN makes it of great value to all who seek for the patronage of the best people. Orders for advertising forwarded by mail will receive careful attention, and proofs will be submitted if desired. Special care will be given to the printing of good cuts.

* * *

WE take pleasure in renewing the invitation, which has more than once appeared in these pages, to all out-door people to regard the office of OUTING as their head-quarters when in Boston. We have greatly enjoyed the calls which this invitation has already brought us. Have your mail sent here; use our visitors' desk for your correspondence; ask us questions about the city, or anything else you please: if we can't answer them, we'll try and find somebody who can; come here to look up records: we have files of leading out-door papers, both domestic and foreign, which we shall be glad to place at your disposal; in short, take us at our word, and you will find a welcoming hand and a pleasant word at 175 Tremont street, whenever you may drop in upon us.

VOLUME IV. of OUTING AND THE WHEELMAN, bound in brown cloth, uniformly with preceding volumes, is now ready. It is a book of 480 pages, containing a large number of interesting and valuable articles and 111 illustrations, the handsomest and most attractive collection of out-door literature and illustration ever offered for so small a price. We send the volume, postpaid, for $1.50. The four volumes of this series and the two volumes of OUTING in its former shape — six volumes in all — will be sent by express or freight, at the expense of the purchaser, on receipt of $7.00. This is a collection that should be in the library of every out-door club in the country.

* * *

THE new departure made in this first number of Volume V., in the publication of a song with original music, is a feature which we propose to continue from time to time, during the coming year. In OUTING for November will appear a ringing "Yachtsman's Song," both words and music composed by Mr. L. F. Abbott, of the Hull Yacht Club. Other songs are in preparation for later numbers.

* * *

"A SONG of the Wheel" has also been printed in sheet form, with a handsome illustrated title-page. Copies will be mailed to any address on receipt of 15 cents each, or $1.50 per dozen copies.

* * *

TO any one who will send us, with his own yearly subscription to OUTING, one new name, with four dollars for the two, we will forward, postpaid, as a premium, a copy of Volume IV., bound, the price of which is $1.50.

* * *

"THROUGH the Housatonic Valley to the Hills and Homes of Berkshire," is a dainty little pamphlet issued by the passenger department of

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the Housatonic Railroad, and mailed free on application to Mr. H. D. Averill, the general ticket-agent, at Bridgeport, Conn. It is pleasantly descriptive of the beautiful valley of the Housatonic and the Berkshire hills, and has many attractive illustrations.

* * *

SPEAKING of the annual summer migration of at least two millions of our fellow-citizens from their homes to some place of popular resort, Mr. Henry James Ten Eyck, in the *Century*, calls attention to the educational value of the movement. "The tourist stepping out of his home environment," he says, "into this cosmopolitan summer life, comes in contact with new customs and manners, new standards of business and social etiquette, new modes of living and thinking, new subjects of conversation. On the most stupid, ignorant, and thoughtless this change of life must have some effect which will appear on their return to their homes. . . . It will serve to dissipate prejudices, overthrow foolish local traditions, lead to innovations in commercial habits and modes of living, and arouse a larger consciousness of the greatness of the United States and the immense possibilities of its future."

* * *

ANY bicycle club secretary who will send us two new subscriptions from among the membership of his club will receive, in return for his courtesy, either any bound volume of OUTING AND THE WHEELMAN which he may select, a copy of Foster's "Wheel Songs," bound in blue cloth, or one dozen copies of "A Song of the Wheel" in handsome sheet-music form.

* * *

OUR leading article next month will be "A Scamper through the Nor'-west," by J. A. Fraser, handsomely and fully illustrated by the author. "Wheeling among the Aztecs," by Sylvester Baxter, is another attractive illustrated article for the same number.

* * *

WORDS like the following, which we take the liberty of reproducing from recent letters, are of a sort which give us special pleasure, and we present these few samples in the hope that they will also give our readers pleasure, as a suggestion of the regard in which OUTING is held by the public: "I enjoy OUTING thoroughly, — its splendid illustrations and its breezy, out-door flavor, — and hope it may live to teach our people common-sense recreation for many years to come." — "I enjoy the breezy flavor of OUTING. It has in it so much of the murmur of the mountain stream, the smell of the hemlock boughs, the pungency of the sea air, the woodsy flavor of tamarack swamps, that every new number is an additional mouthful of fresh air in the stifling atmosphere of work-a-day life. I wish you all manner of success in your endeavor to build up a magazine which shall lead the tired worker — whether muscle or brain — to try the healing nepenthe that is found 'under the greenwood tree.'" — "In remitting my third annual subscription to your excellent magazine, I cannot refrain from adding my testimony to the list of those enthusiastic lovers of recreation who have preceded me. OUTING, typographically and complete, is simply superb, and each succeeding number excels the preceding one, both in the variety of its literature and illustrations." — "I confess that I read, with regret, of the consolidation of the two magazines, and it was very selfish for me to do so. Yet I am now more pleased than ever, and look forward for my monthly visitor as for an old friend. I take pleasure in sounding its merits, and have spoken to many about subscribing for and enjoying such a high-class periodical. I enclose money-order for a year's subscription."

* * *

IF you enjoy OUTING, and believe it is doing a good work and doing it well, you will do a good deed by saying so to your neighbor, and sending in his subscription with your own renewal. We appreciate such courtesies.

* * *

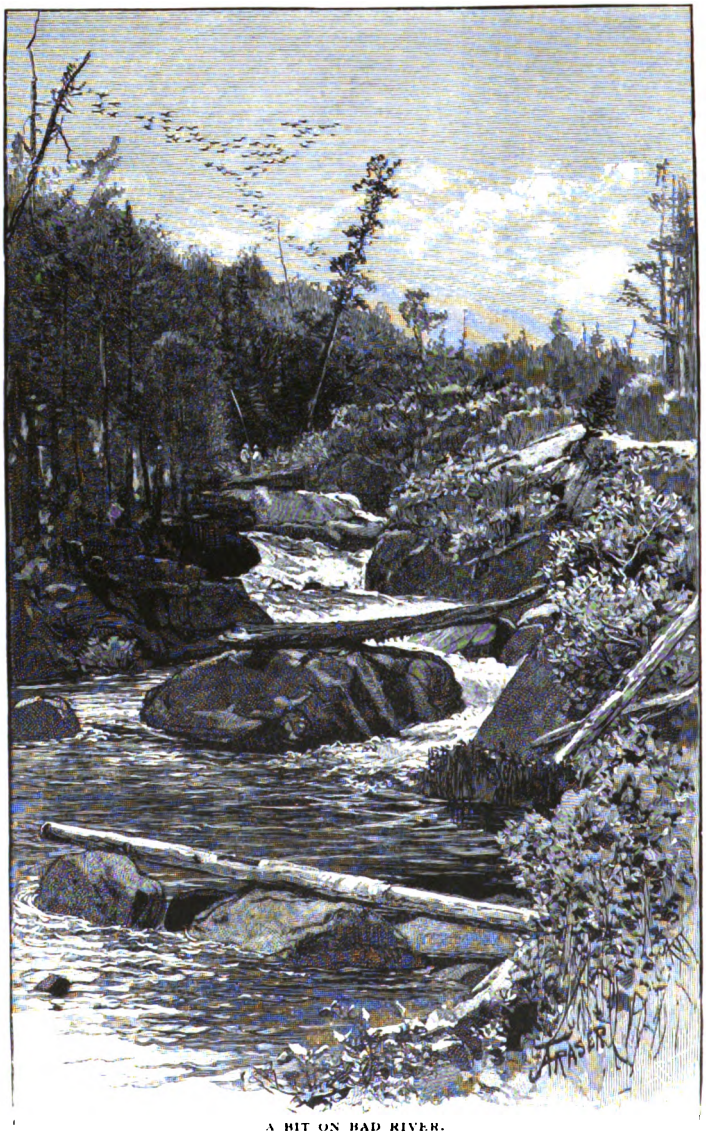
"FOSTER'S Wheel Songs" will be forwarded, securely packed, postage prepaid, on receipt of $1.75 at this office.

* * *

VOLUME V. of OUTING, which opens with this issue, will be, unless all signs fail, the handsomest six numbers ever published of any out-door magazine. The articles in hand and contracted for, and the arrangements already made for illustrations, make it safe for us to make this statement. It is a good time to introduce the magazine to your friends, and to convert your good opinion of it into additional subscribers for the extension of our list. We are ready to pay a liberal commission or premium for all new names sent us.

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A BIT ON BAD RIVER.

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OUTING.

VOL. V. NOVEMBER, 1884. No. 2.

A SCAMPER IN THE NOR'-WEST.

AT the close of a warm July day (having left my fellow-citizens at Chicago shivering in their winter garments, I feel justified in mentioning this not otherwise phenomenal fact), after several hours' travel through parts of Illinois and Wisconsin, passing little of interest between the pretty meadow stretches around lovely Milwaukee and the noisy, brawling Bad river which the Wisconsin Central Railway crosses several times within a few miles of Ashland, the cars stopped at Chequamegon Bay on the south shore of Lake Superior.

The sun had just dipped behind the hills on the opposite shore, and the view of the bay in the after-glow was sufficiently grand and impressive to exact tribute of admiration from some fifty, mostly prosaic, and all hungry, travellers, although on the tables of the splendid hotel were temptingly displayed dainties, dear to city folk, such as brook trout and wild strawberries with real cream.

The few days subsequently spent in the immediate vicinity of the hotel were full of pleasure. Boating, fishing, and sketching were the chief occupations, and, however wearied one might be with the toils of the day, it was pleasant to know that one could count upon the most complete rest and comfort at the Hotel Chequamegon, which is certainly, as far as the writer's experience goes (and it is not inconsiderable), away beyond most of the large summer hotels in the West and Nor'-west.

Having procured an intelligent guide, a good sailor and fisherman combined, in "Frank," who was the justifiably proud possessor of a stiff little Mackinaw boat (than which there is nothing better adapted to sail the treacherous waters of our inland seas), our life was passed mostly on the water, coasting lazily and sketching the many pretty bits that occur along the western shore.

There is much that is beautiful as well as interesting, marking the destruction that the angry sea, lashed by the wild nor'-easter, is constantly working amongst the old red sandstone of Lake Superior, cutting out of the soft rock many a cavern in whose dark sounding depths lurk goodly-sized speckled trout, with which a cool-headed angler who can throw a fly deftly, and at the same time preserve his equilibrium in a tossing skiff, may soon fill his basket.

It is very interesting to note where parts of the shore, being made of better metal than the rest, have withstood the assaults of wind and wave which long ago have cut out the softer stone leaving these masses isolated. They stand here and there like lonely sentinels, but their old friends, the lordly pine and the lady birch, still cling to them through good and ill, vagabonds often in the fullest sense, for they have no visible means of support.

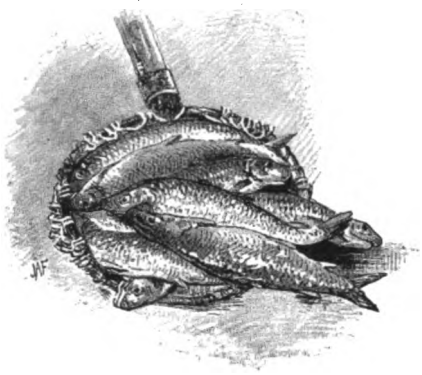
In some places the striking and fantastic forms, startlingly suggestive of cathedrals, towers, altars, grottos, bells, and other strange forms, carved by water in the bright red rock, seem irresistibly and, indeed, painfully to suggest in the twilight that one is trespassing on Nature's terra-cotta works.

At the entrance to the bay from the mighty lake, between the South Channel and Madeline Island, the largest of the Apostle group, and at the extreme easterly point of a spit of sand called "Long Island," landed, in 1640, one whose name will forever live in the history of our country, as evangelist, explorer, and martyr. Here, full of Christian zeal and enthusiasm, Père Marquette raised the cross in the wilderness. On a spur of Madeline Island, known as La Pointe, he founded a mission which so flourished that, twenty years later, he built, on a cliff which he called "Pointe de Froid," the first Chris-

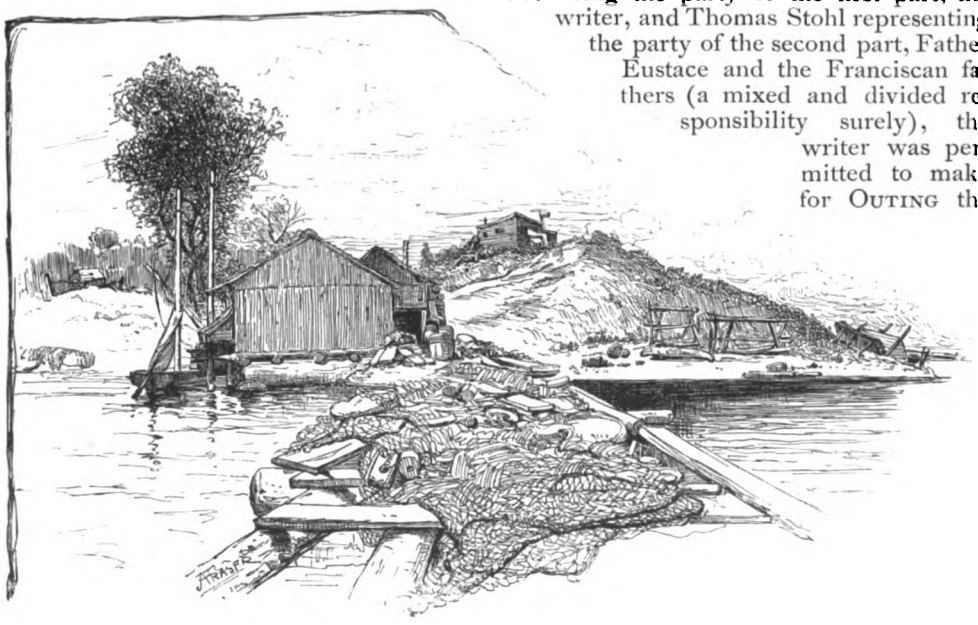
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tian church on the American continent, north and west of Hochelaga (now Montreal), in Canada, at that time a colony of France; and it is recorded that in one year he made five hundred converts amongst the Indian tribes. The church stands to this day, and is regularly used by the Franciscan friars. Its interior is particularly picturesque and quaint, though the exterior is neither. The church is full of interest, being much the same as when built, notwithstanding the wear and tear of the centuries.

It was constructed of rough logs, put as closely together as possible, tied or braced with cedar strips latticed one over another, and fastened to the logs with wooden pegs, the interstices being filled with clay. In 1835 its foundation and many parts of the building were so much decayed that it was necessary to repair and rebuild portions, and put an exterior casing over the whole, hence its comparatively modern appearance. Whether glass windows were originally used or not is unknown; but it was found necessary to remove the little 4 × 5 panes of "bull's-eye," because, from constant rattling in their decayed sashes, they were worn as thin as writing paper, and were no longer weather-proof. The church contains a veritable "old master," brought from France by Marquette; but as far as could be judged in the bad position it occupies, high up between two windows, this "Taking down from the Cross" does not possess any particular merit. Its chief charm to us consisted in the curious manner in which the old canvas was nailed on the frame by rude iron nails, evidently fashioned in the wilderness by the saintly fingers of the old fathers. Then we were shown some very fine old-time altar vessels and vestments. And after a good deal of diplomatic manœuvring, which occupied the whole of a long summer day, and entailed two trips across the bay to Bayfield, where a solemn contract was entered into in the presence of a notary, the contracting parties being the party of the first part, the writer, and Thomas Stohl representing the party of the second part, Father Eustace and the Franciscan fathers (a mixed and divided responsibility surely), the writer was permitted to make for OUTING the



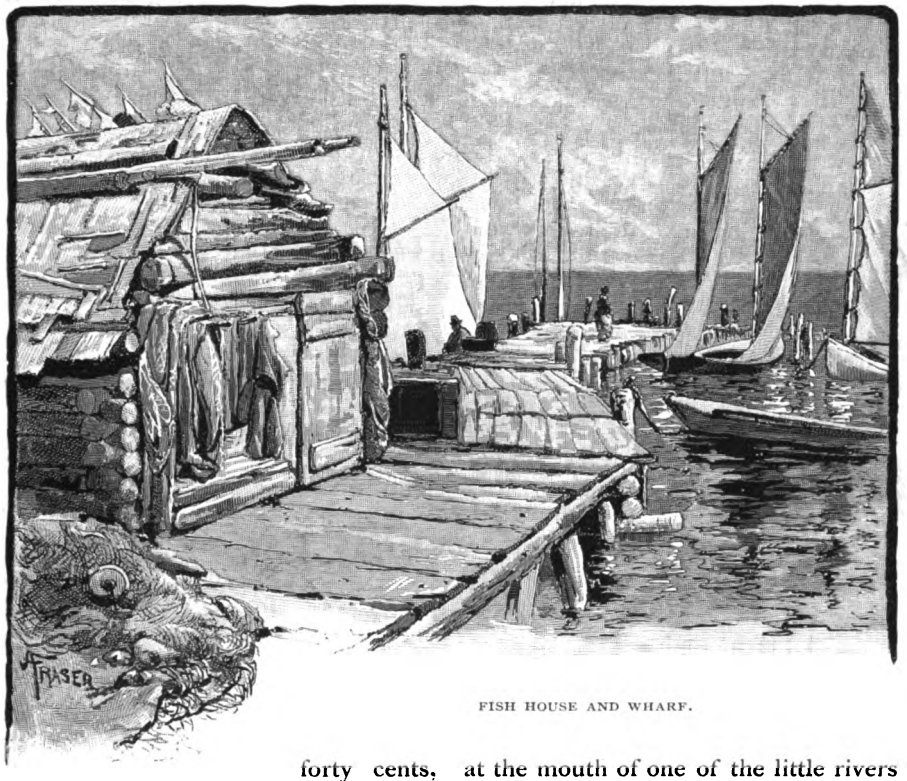
WHITE FISH.



FISHING STATION, SAND ISLAND.

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only sketch ever made of the interior. The mission should be blessed, for it is certainly "poor and needy." Help is never solicited, though at the entrance there is the usual contribution-box; but it is so *very* usual that strangers overlook it as a matter of course, and the local worshippers are really too poor to help it much. The accumulation of four months, when we visited it (at which time it was materially swelled by a recent contribution), amounted to three dollars and forty cents, — rather too slim an income even for a priesthood sworn to own no worldly wealth.



FISH HOUSE AND WHARF.

At La Pointe the North American Fur Trading Company, whose fortunes were directed by John Jacob Astor, had a principal trading-post, which has long been abandoned; indeed, all the greatness of the place has gone, or, rather, been transferred to Bayfield, on the railway route to Duluth. Its once busy streets that resounded with the "*chanson*" of the French voyageurs, mixed with the noises of traffic, are silent and choked with a prodigal growth of the sweet dog-rose and other Western wild-flowers, — a few modest buildings, the winter homes of the fishermen, the old church, the modern schoolhouse for the Bayfield children, and a few bits of decayed sidewalk, are all that remain of what was once the most important town on Lake Superior.

While cruising about we frequently ran over a "pound net," and occasionally were the thankful recipients of a "few fish" on overhauling a party returning from "the lift." Moreover, we once enjoyed the hospitality of a family of Chippewa Indians at the mouth of one of the little rivers that empty into the lake, who were "pound fishing" in the intermittent manner peculiar to the aboriginals. The man had just finished a neat little bark tepee, which he lent me for the night, and I found it much more comfortable and fly-proof than my usual sleeping-places on board the open boat, or on the pebbly beach with a sail for mattress and coverlet.

At the important station of Shaw and Nevieux's, at Sand Island, we had every opportunity to get initiated into the *modus operandi* of the Lake Superior fisheries.

We bore away in a stout craft, broad of beam, amply sparred, and with deep centre-board, close-hauled in a stiff nor'-

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easter. She lay over nearly to the gunwale, as, with bending masts, she flew over the hissing seas, till we brought up into the wind at the first net.

After making a line fast to "the stake" two men took hold of one of the sides of the square of the net and commenced to haul. Gradually, with muscles swelling and sinews cracking, they brought the struggling, leaping mass to the surface. The third man now proceeded rapidly to take out the fish with a large dip-net, and throw them helter-skelter into the rocking boat. What a sight! White-fish, shining and iridescent; lake-trout of enormous size; suckers, mullet, sturgeon, cat-fish, "lawyers" (the contemptuous title bestowed by the simple fishermen upon the hated net-breaker, the dog-fish); and last, but by no means least, many a splendid brook-trout of dimensions not often seen in those taken with rod and line. Taking the leaping and splashing of the fish, the difficulty of keeping footing on the slippery planks of the boat, the confusion caused by the novel sights and sounds, and the fruitless attempts to keep clear of the flying water and fish-slime, the gymnastics I performed must have been wonderful! At any rate, they were profoundly appreciated and enjoyed by the fishermen.

After readjusting the nets we visited others, and the same operations were repeated there several times, till, with a boat literally full, we bore away to the fish-house, where the fish were thrown into a drainer fixed alongside, the lid was shut down, and we went into the house, where five men with wonderful rapidity dressed them. The largest and finest were simply opened and cleaned, being intended for the "fresh" market; those of inferior size were beheaded as well, salted and packed in barrels.

By and by, as the afternoon wore away, all of the morning's catch was ready, in one shape or another, for market; in good season a tug hove in sight and dropped anchor a few hundred yards away; the boxes of fish for the "fresh" market were hauled out of the house and their contents dumped into a large boat, and we rowed away to the tug, on board of which they were soon thrown, by dip-net and "fork," and as the East began to glow in the golden light she steamed away for Duluth, laden with her "caller" harvest of the lakes, which, perhaps, before another set of sun would satisfy the wants of thousands; or, packed in ice, would be on its way to the Eastern markets, where even down by the sounding sea the white-fish of Lake Superior has its enthusiastic admirers. But to appreciate properly, to realize thoroughly, the dietetic qualities of a white-fish, you must treat it as the fishermen do. Put it into a pan with a very little water, some slices of liver and bacon placed alternately between and amongst finely chopped onions, the whole mass baked till it is done (when the fish readily lifts from the bones), the result realized will be, — well, more than gastronomic imagination can compass.

After supper one evening the men went out to draw the seine. It was a very pretty and picturesque sight, but unprofitable in its results. Three men stationed themselves at a point designated on shore and three others rowed to them from the wharf with the seine, a line from which was thrown to one man, who caught and retained it, while those in the boat rowed off the length of the line. They then commenced to "pay out" the seine, the floats flashing golden in the green and purple water. They moved in a half-circle, rowing inshore, and paying out gradually as they did so. When all was out they brought the hauling-line to shore and landed two of the men, who took charge of it, while the single man rowed out to the centre of the seine marked by the line of shining and glittering floats and carefully watched "the bag" while all on shore commenced to "draw" the seine.

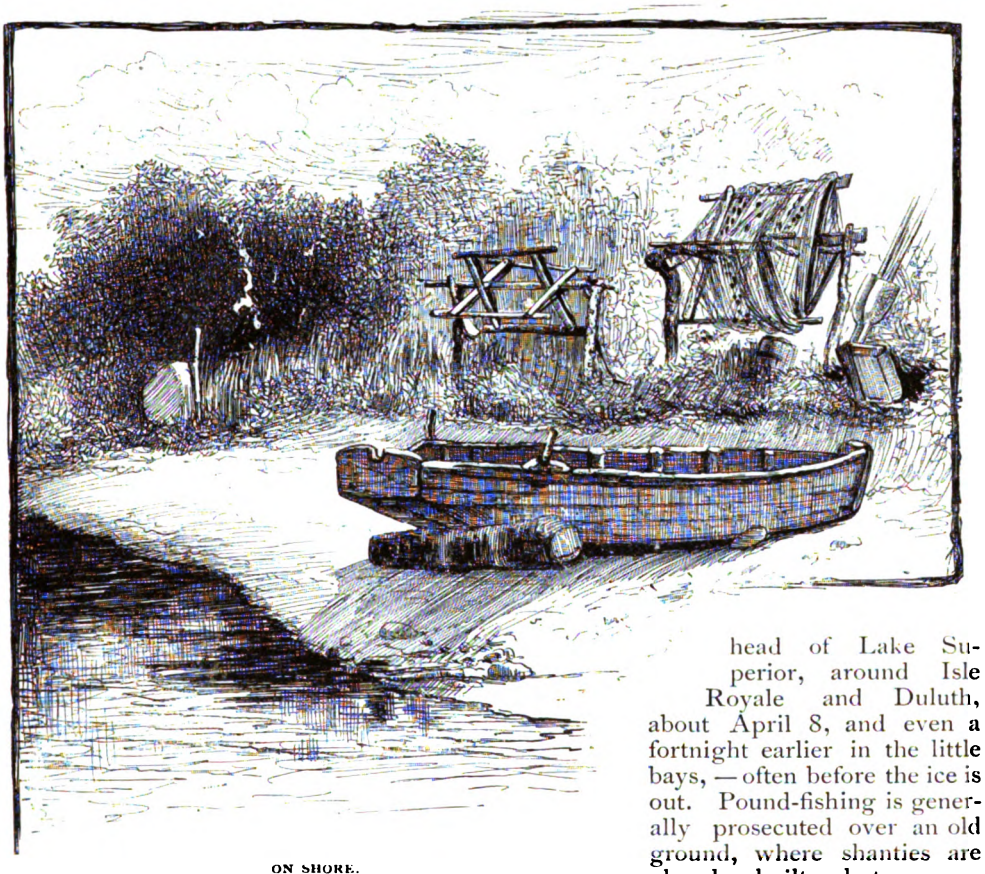
The two parties gradually came together; and as they hauled in the net they piled it carefully and orderly on the shore, the outer part with the corks or floats at top, the under part with sinkers underneath, the man in the boat the while following "the bag," to relieve it if by accident it should get caught in a snag. The fish taken were suckers, and being few and worthless, were thrown back into the lake. The net was carefully examined as it was piled in the boat, taken out, and laid out to dry on reaching the dock. The white-fish spawn in the spring and early summer months; the lake trout in the fall, — from 15th October to 15th November, — and the harvest is best in both cases during the spawning season. After depositing their eggs, the fish scatter away.

During the summer many siskiwits are taken along with the lake-trout, which they closely resemble; but the fishermen can easily detect the difference by the fact that the eyes are much closer together; they run heavier and fatter, averaging

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fifteen pounds, and frequently weighing twenty-five pounds; and their meat is superior to the true trout, but exceedingly rich. Though they run in company with the lake trout, they seem to have no regular spawning season. When the ice leaves the bays they run in shoals near the shore; they are then full of eggs; but often when taken, during the summer months, are in the same condition. The catch of white-fish is greatest during the summer from the 15th of June to the 15th of August, and the latter month is the best for pound-fishing. Gill-netting is carried on at all times, including, to some extent, the winter months. At the end of July the fish leave the bays for the deep water, and return to the shallows in the late fall after the last "run" of trout to devour the eggs of the latter fish; they then go back to the deep lake, revisiting the bays and shallows in spring to spawn in their turn. The white-fish of Lake Superior is a "sucking" fish. It neither bites at a bait nor does it rise to a fly; but, unlike most "suckers," its skeleton consists of vertebræ and ribs, with a bunch of small bones at each side.

The fishing business begins at the



ON SHORE.

head of Lake Superior, around Isle Royale and Duluth, about April 8, and even a fortnight earlier in the little bays, — often before the ice is out. Pound-fishing is generally prosecuted over an old ground, where shanties are already built; but a new ground is chosen for gill-netting, in about one hundred fathoms. The first thing is to put up a shanty, "reels" upon which to dry the nets, and a capstan to haul the boats on shore. The men go out every day, unless tempests prevent them, to lift both kinds of nets. Each boat is managed by three men, who run thirty nets, three gangs of ten each. It is a pleasant, though rough and laborious life in the summer, but its hardships are sometimes terribly severe in the fall and winter months, and it is no mere figure of speech to say that those who engage in it must be bold and reckless, for they literally take their lives in their hands. Moreover, the profits are very uncertain, as with all fishing. Frank, our skipper, had made a

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handsome little sum during the previous summer, with which he intended to purchase a home, and start with a companion on the grand journey of life; but at the end of October a three days' "blow" from the nor'-east "cleaned him out," to use his own words. Hence, "sick of the whole business," he had purchased the "Sally" to take pleasure and "sportin'" parties round the bay.

Of course we did not venture far out over the "big sea water" in such a craft, though on one lovely day, when we could plainly see the line of coast on the north shore fully sixty miles off, the temptation to make the run was very strong; but prudence conquered inclination. A fortnight, passed day and night on board our little "ship," where all accommodations were necessarily limited to next to nothing, was getting tiresome, and we turned our prow towards Ashland, on the return trip; but Frank induced us to take a run up the Kakagon to the Indian village of Odanah, of which he had told us a good deal. It was some years since he had been there, but he said he knew every foot of the way, and, consequently, he lost us in one of the many bends of the river, but ultimately got on the right course, under the direction of an old Indian whom we fortunately ran across in the shadow of the trees on the banks, where, in his canoe, he and two children were fishing for bass. He could not speak English or French, but, finally, by signs and the mediation of a little "pain-killer," he put us on the right track, and, putting out a troll, we took many a fine wall-eyed pike, as we rounded the long, sedgy reaches. We reached Odanah at sundown, very tired and sleepy, and with skin much inflamed and irritated by the fierce assaults of the mosquitoes, who came literally in clouds as we neared the village. But, troublesome and numerous as they were, worse was to come. We soon found that we had only struck the skirmishers, the advance guard, who had no doubt heard of, or felt, the approach of the writer, who is just the kind of a subject that they love. We secured quarters at a pretty spot, the home of a government official, being literally afraid to camp on the shore or sleep on board the "Sally," lest we should be eaten up alive. After supper we were shown to our sleeping-room. Sleep? Mockery! It was utterly impossible. The enemy was in possession in force, though the windows were protected by wire screens and the doors by mosquito netting, which also enveloped our beds. Bear it we could not. We got up five several times and killed hundreds! Still there they were, intrenched and apparently reinforced. So, in the gray dawn, we arose softly, donned our raiment, left a sum of money to pay for our "refreshment," and, stealing noiselessly out into the darkness and the dew, got on board. But whether we had struck a new colony, or whether the same mosquitoes had followed us from the house, we found ourselves in as bad a fix as ever. So we gathered all the sticks we could find, made a big fire on the shore, and, choked by the smoke, we performed our toilet, our breakfast cooking the while.



AN OLD WINDOW.

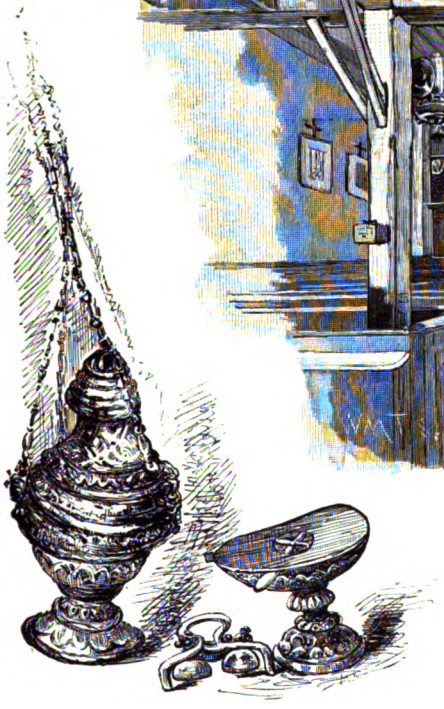
As the day wore on, our persecutors left us, and we made an excursion to the village, which we found to be a sylvan spot, charming with all the serene beauty of age and cultivation. It is the oldest settlement on Lake Superior. Under the fostering care of the Catholic missionaries its natural advantages are made the most of in the midst of so richly productive and well-watered a country. Consequently it flourishes, and its Indian inhabitants are thrifty and well-conducted. True, the wild nature will break out now and then, and a circumstance that we all remarked as peculiar, viz., the entire absence of dogs, a most unusual thing on the landing of strangers, was subsequently accounted for by the fact

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that, during a recent pow-wow of the surrounding tribes, everything, big or little, young or old, that could run on four legs, wag its tail and bark, had been killed, cooked, and eaten by pagan and Christian Indians alike. Odanah's lovely meadows, its graceful elms, and long stretches of wild rice glowing golden and green in the afternoon sun, the picturesque groups of Chippewa "tepees," its birch-bark canoes gliding silently and shadow-like over the placid



INTERIOR OF ST. JOSEPH'S CHURCH.



ANCIENT COMMUNION SERVICE.

waters of the Kakagon, its interesting pictured or sculptured rocks, where the red people have from remote ages recorded their history by rude but graphic pictures scratched on the soft rock; its wild-fowl, which even at that early season were wonderfully numerous; its trails worn in the red clay and travelled for centuries by moccasined feet, — all are remembered as vividly as if seen but yesterday; but the pleasure of the remembrance is sadly marred by — the flies. I have been intimate with mosquitoes in New Jersey, where they are large and fierce. I have lived with them on the Canadian salmon rivers, where they are so bold and strong that they are said to have carried away the cooking utensils, and in many other parts of our continent I have known them, or, rather, they have known me; but the mosquitoes of the Indian village of Odanah excel them all for voracity, pertinacity, audacity, and every other vile attribute common to flies. Another winged fiend, common in the woods upon these Western shores, is the "deer-fly," of which I had heard wonderful accounts from hunters, trappers, and lumbermen who had made its acquaintance. It is in appearance not unlike a honey bee, but rather larger. It has the wide, laterally spread wings peculiar to all "flies of prey," and is a strictly business insect, all its movements being characterized by energy and decision.

It does not hover, or hesitate, or lovingly linger over its victim, singing the while its plaintive lay, but goes direct for a particular piece that it has decided to have, takes it, and is off. My first introduction to the pest was rather singular. I was sketching, one drowsy, murky, hot morning. the still air and gray sky promising a drenching presently. Behind me

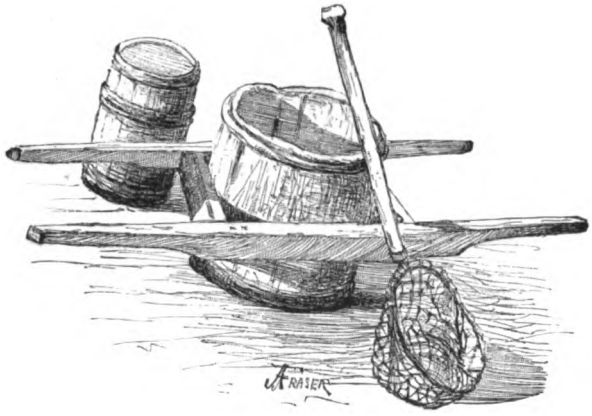
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my guide was brushing away the flies with a hazel wand cut from a near bush. Suddenly he burst forth with an exclamation of surprise. I inquired, "What's the matter, Frank?"

"Well, I never see the like of that before. I've often heard that there's some folks that the deer-flies won't bite, and I somehow mistrusted, as the 'skeeters was so mighty fond o' you, that, perhaps, you was one o' those. There's three of the varmints been a roamin' over yer neck for the last five minutes, and they've flew off without leavin' a mark."

The sketching was resumed, though the impression that the artist was regarded by the guide as an interesting subject for experiment in the likes and dislikes of the "diptera" was not very flattering. Still, it was comfortable to be convinced on such good authority of one's immunity from the attacks of the most dreaded enemy likely to be met. But alack and alas! Pencil and sketch-book were suddenly dropped, and my hands were hastily clasped behind my neck, simultaneously with a sensation as if a ten-pound red-hot shot had been dropped on the unprotected part of my spine, and my finger crushed one of these recently pronounced innocent insects. Another delusion dissipated! And it may be remarked that subsequent experience thoroughly proved the falsity of the statement that "I was one of those."

J. A. Fraser.



A MEMORABLE VOYAGE.

TERRIBLE westerly gales — *gales*, please to remember, not strong breezes, make the winter passage for ships from the eastward that are bound round Cape Horn, one of the most exhausting and danger-fraught passages in the scope of the sailor's experience. Think of buffeting the adverse winds and tempests of the stormy cape for sixty-one days, and then with shattered spars and half our available sails blown away, being forced to put back to Rio for repairs, short of provisions and minus three of the crew, washed from deck by a heavy sea — that was an episode of my earlier sea-going days in the ship "Doris Lee."

But on the home-bound passage, the fierce gales are welcomed rather than feared, as they hurry the good ship onward — very rapidly sometimes — towards her destined port. Yet, even a fair wind may blow too hard, as I shall try to illustrate to you in the present sketch.

Turning the leaves of an old, leather-covered note-book, containing the brief record of more than one long sea voyage, I find the two following entries, of different dates:

"March 3, 186–. Westerly gales and sleet. Passed through considerable drift ice. Andrew Larsen, ordinary seaman, fell from topsail yard, overboard. Ship logging *eighteen knots*, running dead before it, under lower topsails and staysails. Should like to be home to-night and" — "have baked beans for supper," I think I was on the point of adding, but did not. In

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fact, the entry came to an abrupt termination, and immediately following is this: —

"April 2. First chance of writing for almost a month. Ship just come to anchor in Port Stanley harbor, Falkland Islands, leaking badly; crew used up; in here to repair damages, etc."

The cause of this "hiatus" forms the subject of my sketch; and as I sit by this open fireplace with its glowing embers, while the thunder of the surf on the shore a pistol-shot distant, blends with the roar of the equinoctial gale, I can hardly realize that twenty years have passed since the events of which I shall speak took place, so plainly do they come before me at the present time.

It was while I was an ordinary seaman on board the four-masted ship "Great Commonwealth" of twenty-five hundred tons' burden, old measurement, guano loaded, bound from Callao to New York. The night the first entry I have quoted verbatim from my note-book was made, the great ship, under three lower topsails, reefed foresail, and fore staysail, was scudding off Cape Horn before one of those terrific gales but briefly hinted at in the beginning of this narration. Wet, cold, and oh, *so* sleepy, I had but just come below, and, having thrown off my oil-skins, was sitting half upright in my bunk, making the brief record under the date of March 3, as above quoted, when, as I scrawled the word "and," a prolonged pounding at the forecastle-door and the unwelcome summons: "Turn out here an' short'n sail!" — caused me to drop note-book and pencil with, I fear, some very uncomplimentary remarks upon the pleasures of a seafaring life.

Three minutes later, I, in company with some eighteen composing the watch, were, with the other watch, clewing up the sleet-stiffened reefed foresail, which, with every wallow and plunge of the ship, bellied out with the dull report of a distant cannon-shot, while above the howling of the gale rose the hoarse cries of the sailors.

"Jump up there lively now and stow that fores'l before it slats out of the bolt-ropes;" and up the slippery rigging we swarm, little Mr. Kendall, our second officer, scrambling over the heads and shoulders of the laggards, the sooner to reach his own station in the slings of the yard.

And then came the battling with the board-like canvas, while with every tremendous roll and plunge of the reeling ship the yard-arm pointed alternately to the black arch overhead, or seemed almost to touch the boiling surge beneath, and with hands and feet alike benumbed by the bitter cold, we tugged at reef-point and gasket, while the pelting of hailstones the size of buckshot, added to the discomfort — far too mild a word — of the situation.

Almost an hour were we aloft, and long before even the yard-arms had been secured, Mr. Hayes, the first officer, was roaring from deck to know what we were doing up there so long; did we intend to stay aloft all night? If so, *he'd* come up and stow the sail himself!

"Ay, growl away; much of good may it do you!" I heard Larsen the Swede, who was knotting a quarter-gasket like a piece of wire-rope, mutter at my side. But hardly had the words passed his lips than, as the ship gave a fearful roll to leeward, poor Andrew's feet slipped on the icy foot-rope, and, clutching madly at the yard with a cry which rang in my ears for many a day, the Swede plunged downward into the boiling, seething sea beneath our very feet.

"Man overboard!" rang hoarsely above the shriek of the gale, and was repeated from a dozen throats, but to what avail? When a long, narrow-beamed sharp-nosed ship like the "Great Commonwealth" is doing her eighteen knots through and over a Cape Horn sea, amid the pitchy darkness of a winter's night, the help of man avails nothing. And so in silence we descended the rigging, while the great ship went plunging onward, crowding the tremendous seas into a smother of phosphorescent foam about her wedge-like bows, and only the gale in the tautened weather rigging sang the requiem of the sailor's passing soul.

"Go below the watch, but stand ready for a call!" was the significantly unpleasant command. So, wet to the skin, and chilled to the very marrow in our bones by the intense cold, we groped our way for'ard.

As we were about to enter the forecastle door, old Sam Allen, who had made more than one whaling voyage to the Northern seas, paused a moment and sniffed the spray-laden air suspiciously.

"I've be'n smellin' ice this last hour," remarked the ancient mariner to myself, who was following close at his heels, "an' it's my private 'pinion that — " A frenzied yell — I cannot better express it — from

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English Ned, who was on the lookout, prevented old Sam's expression of opinion.

"*H'iceberg — h'iceberg!* clos't on the starboard bow!"—and, looming through the surrounding murk and gloom, my terrified eyes caught sight of a ghastly, ghostly wall of ice, whose towering summit was lost in the darkness above us.

Well was it for the "Great Commonwealth" with her complement of more than sixty souls, that cool-headed Jim Dunn, once quartermaster of the ill-fated "Chesapeake," with strong-armed Bob Dunn as his fellow-helmsman, was steering. Scarcely had the warning cry reached the quarter-deck when, anticipating, as it were, the quick command that a second later was given by Captain Rhodes, who stood clinging to the mizzen rigging, the wheel flew over like lightning and the ship's head fell off, just in time to clear an immense icy promontory projecting from the main body of the berg, which itself must have been fully three hundred feet high.

"Close shave that," coolly observed one of my shipmates, as, having entered the dingy forecastle, he groped under his pillow for a short black pipe, which he at once proceeded to fill.

Rather tremulously I responded in the affirmative to this very obvious statement, and as, a few minutes later, eight bells was struck from the binnacle and echoed by the big bell forward, Evans Roberts, a Welshman, with myself, made our way aft to relieve the wheel.

In an ordinary gale, and under the usual amount of canvas, the "Great Commonwealth" steered like a pilot-boat—generally requiring but one hand at the wheel. Yet under the ship's short canvas, and at her tremendous rate of speed, the two sturdy sailors at the helm had all they could do to keep the "Great Commonwealth" within a point of her course either way. Bitterly cold as was the night, their bronzed faces were streaming with perspiration as Roberts and myself relieved them — my shipmate, who was one of the best helmsmen on board, taking the weather side of the wheel, — I, as an ordinary seaman, standing to leeward, with eye and hand not only responsive to my shipmate's movement of the spokes, but to swinging bow and restless compass as well, while the great ship went reeling on before the blast at race-horse speed over the tremendous Cape Horn rollers through an intensity of blackness whose obscurity was made more realistic by the towering lines of phosphorescent foam which seemed to cut the invisible horizon, on either hand, in irregular lines.

Now, though Evans Roberts, in his thirty-two years of seafaring life, had faced danger, hardship and exposure in almost every form, he was a man of singularly nervous temperament. And as his sinewy hands — on the back of which were tattooed respectively a ship under full sail and the Goddess of Liberty — moved spoke after spoke with a rapidity and skill which really excited my envy — so near the true point did he keep the ship on her flying course, I could but notice that he seemed to be continually listening to the peculiar *hiss* of the following seas, as the "Great Commonwealth" plunged downward into the deep chasms — seeming for the moment to almost stand on end — while in another instant the valley of black water had changed as though by magic, into a mountainous steep whose liquid side the ship, impelled by the fierce gale, climbed with an almost incredible swiftness.

Suddenly, as though yielding to an uncontrollable impulse, Evans turned his head and looked astern — a movement that I involuntarily imitated, forgetting the many cautions on this point, so often given by older seafaring men. And only at that moment did I realize why such caution is given. The sight which met my terrified gaze was enough to make a far more experienced seaman than myself lose his head for the moment. A terrible wall of black sea, whose cockling, curling, hissing crest seemed rearing itself in readiness to break in mountainous torrents upon the quarter-deck, was towering half as high as the mizzen-mast over our heads, and Evans, with an inarticulate cry, letting go the wheel, ran forward — as he afterward said — "for dear life."

Released from his strong clutch, the spokes flew round like lightning, throwing me fairly over the barrel of the wheel against the lee quarter rail — fortunately without further injury than a bruised arm, though I have known a sailor maimed for life from a similar cause.

Scrambling to my feet as quickly as possible I regained the wheel, which Captain Rhodes himself had seized and was throwing hard over with all his strength, but it was too late.

As the ship's head swung rapidly off, the great mountain of water meeting her opposing side, broke and fell just under the main yard with a terrible crash, filling

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the waist with tons of water, washing four of the watch from deck, of whom one only was swept back by the reflex sea, and saved.

For one brief moment it seemed as though the "Great Commonwealth" would never rise to her bearings again, as she settled in the trough of the black seas under the enormous pressure of water. But unlike most ships, instead of high bulwarks her decks were enclosed by a strongly stanchioned rail, and as the liquid mass began to pour in vast torrents over her glistening sides, the good ship lifted herself slowly with a sort of convulsive shudder and plunged madly on.

"Send another man aft to the weather wheel!" Captain Rhodes sung out sternly, and as Sam Allen came staggering along the quarter and took the spokes from the hands of Captain Rhodes, the latter, answering a somewhat imperative summons from the chief mate, hurried to the break of the quarter.

"Nice mess we're in, 'count of that there thick headed Welshman!" — growled the old sea-dog at my side, changing the wheel rapidly as the ship's head began to swing," — an' if I aint mistook he's giv' us a job that won't be easy patched up."

Sam Allen was quite right. The weight of that one terrible crashing sea had broken in the deck plank for full twenty feet on the port side of the main hatch, and the water thus admitted, mixing with the guano, had filtered through it, forming a pasty compound of almost doubly increased weight, while at the same time the straining of the ship had opened a seam, so that she began to leak in an alarming manner.

There was no time for note-book entries during the next twenty odd days, I can assure my readers. We were worn out with hard work and constant exposure. After the subsidence of the gale the breeze hauled to the eastward and we beat our waterlogged ship slowly to windward, in a cold so intense that it cut the exposed flesh like a knife. The effects of the ammonia in the guano, made our hands bleed whenever the running-gear or braces were handled. We were put on short allowance of food and water, and when, drenched to the skin, we were sent below, our four hours (if we were lucky enough to get them) were entirely given up to fitful and uneasy slumbers too often broken by the hateful summons, "Turn out here'n short'n sail!"

And thus it was that nearly a month intervened between the two entries that have brought back these old-time recollections— the second of them having been made on our reaching the nearest port, where, as I have recorded, we purposed to repair damages. And this was no easy task in that remote part of the world. A small schooner had to be chartered and sent to Montevideo after sails, rigging, provisions and numberless necessaries not obtainable at Port Stanley. So that when some months later the "Great Commonwealth" was again ready for sea, the bills of expense on the ship were nearly forty thousand dollars. And all because Evans Roberts looked over his left shoulder!

Frank H. Converse.



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RIDE!

I.

To the men at work in the field
  Ruth came running and crying,
With steps that staggered and reeled,
  Dress, ribbons, and hair all flying,
One hand pressed to her side: —
  "Little Mary is dying!
  Ride for the doctor! Ride!
  She hath eaten the poison paste
  Mixed for the vermin! Haste!
  Saddle the horses! Away!
  Death will not linger nor stay!
    Ride!"

II.

While they saddle the black,
  While they bridle the gray,
    "Hurry!"
Girth knotted, buckle a-lack,
Black rearing, gray pulling back,
    (Hurry is often delay,)
Richard ran straight to the hall
Where, leaning against the wall,
  A horse that is always ready,
He caught as he ran his wheel, —
  Steed of rubber and steel,
  Silent, and fleet, and steady,
Set door-way and gate-way a-flying,
  Leaped to his seat at a stride,
And was off like a bird on the wing!
    (Ride!)

III.

Seven miles off is the town,
    (Ride!)
The roadway, winding and brown,
  Smooth and hard as a stone,
Runs the long valley down.
  The rider is riding alone,
And his feet, like pistons plying,
  Drive the pedals around,
And, like an engine flying,
  He skims along the ground.
    (Ride!)
So rapidly, so silently
  The slender wheel did glide,
That the gray line of the road
Backward under him flowed,
  Like a freshet-swollen stream,

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And the trees on either side
Seemed floating in a tide.
His pulses throb and bound;
Like engine puffs of steam
Is the panting of his breath;
But he rides a race with Death,
And his single thought is—
Ride!

IV.

Now he is rising the hill;
Heavily go his feet,
Driven by desperate will;
(Ride!)
His breath is a sob, and his heart
A hammer that strives to beat
His rocking ribs apart;
He reels and sways in his seat;
His teeth gleam white and bare
Where his lips are parted wide;
The sweat drips under his hair;
He cannot see aright
For the black specks in his sight;
But he will not pause nor bide
A moment's breathing space;
Sweet Ruth is his hoped-for bride;
There's a double stake in this race!
(Ride!)

V.

At last he is over the brow;
The village below him is lying;
Legs over the handles, now
Down the long slope he is flying,
Like skimming swallows that glide
Down the long slant of the wind.
(Ride!)
The swiftness of his pace
Dashes the wind in his face;
His sight is no longer blind;
His ears have ceased their humming;
His heart beats easy again;
He draws his breath without pain;
His second wind is coming;
And when he reaches the plain,
(Ride!)
Lightly he sits in his seat,
And the strokes of his rapid feet
Are fast as the ceaseless beat
Of the ripples of a tide.
And the wheel beneath him springs
Like a bird to the strokes of its wings,
Like a lover's thoughts to his bride.
(Ride!)

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VI.

The doctor's fast-trotting mare
Is fleet, and her load is light;
But the village people stare
As he lashes her to flight.
With a rush, a scramble, a scurry,
The dust spurns under her feet —
"Hurry!"
But, ere she has covered a third
Of her race, like a low-flying bird
Comes stealing beside her wheel
The steed of rubber and steel,
Forcing the mare to her stride;
Its rider sits lightly and straightly,
Well over his handle-bar,
Spinning the pedals greatly,
As, leaning forward far,
He shouts to the doctor:
"Ride!"

VII.

Half way on the road they meet
The galloping horsemen: —
"Hurry!"
Pell-mell, worry, and flurry,
They follow with scampering feet!
Now the house is in sight; at the gate
Ruth waiting: "Thank God! not too late!
O Richard!" As panting he stands,
She clasps him with both her dear hands:
And he knows as he catches his breath
And looks in her tear-streaming face,
Not in vain has he ridden his race,
And beaten the champion, Death.

VIII.

It is done!
The race is over and won!
The wheel still stands in the hall,
And gleams and glistens with pride
As, leaning against the wall,
Silent, tireless, and steady,
A horse that is always ready,
It seems to invite you to ride it;
And it hears the bridegroom and bride,
In the twilight, standing beside it,
The murmur of vows they repeat,
The parting of soft lips that meet,
The hearts of the lovers, that beat
Like the patter of baby feet;
But never again may it feel,
While rubber and metal abide,
Such a thrill as ran through its steel
When Ruth to the startled men cried:
"Ride!"

President Bates.

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WHEELING AMONG THE AZTECS.

I STOOD on the custom-house pier at Vera Cruz, after a monotonous, but not unpleasant voyage by steamer from New York. It was a warm day towards the end of May, and the soft breeze came gratefully in across the dark-blue waters of the bay, dancing in sunshine and crowded with shipping from many a port of the Old World and the New. My sense of the picturesque was feasting on the novel sights about me — the richly hued, massive structures of the old town, with its glittering domes and beautiful towers; the comfortable life which everybody seemed to be leading with the question of clothing reduced to the slightest consideration, from the nearly naked boatmen in the harbor to the leisurely-looking clerks in the stores, their costume diminished to a snowy, collarless shirt and the lightest of pantaloons. "After all," I thought, "if one dresses for it, there is no terror in the heat, and there is such a sense of freedom when relieved of the restrictions and the weight of heavy clothing!"

My friend interrupted my meditations with the word that I was wanted at the custom-house, where my bicycle, which I had been permitted to bring with me as baggage on the steamer, was awaiting inspection. I looked forward to the question of duties with some trepidation, and was prepared for the worst, even an announcement that I was doomed to pay anything from fifty dollars to five hundred dollars as duty. Knowing that machinery was admitted duty free I had tried the expedient of describing the bicycle as "una maquina para ejercicio" (a machine for exercise); but it did not work. The great packing-case was pried open and there lay the full-nickelled machine sparkling like a mammoth jewel in the sunlight that was streaming down from almost directly overhead. "Que bonito!" (what a beauty!) was the exclamation. "Es un velocipedo" (it is a velocipede), remarked the courteous officer of customs, and he said that under the rules it must pay a duty of nineteen cents a kilogram, or about ten cents a pound, gross weight, case and all. I breathed more freely, and the amount figured up to only fourteen dollars and fifty cents, or about half the duty which I should have had to pay on a similar machine imported into the United States from England. If I had only taken it out of the case before bringing it ashore how cheaply I should have come off!

I had been in the capital over a week before the slow freight-service of the railway from Vera Cruz brought my bicycle after me, and friends told me that I was lucky to get it within a month. Meanwhile I had been anxiously waiting to try the spin out to Chapultepec. My intention of wheeling in Mexico was rather shocking to some of my friends, whose sense of propriety would not permit them to do anything out of the ordinary course. "But somebody must be the first," I urged. "How would bicycling ever have got the start anywhere if everybody had held back for fear of being stared at?" But the idea of wearing the regular wheelman's costume was what horrified them most. "You will have a thousand Indians following you in the street!" they exclaimed. But I thought that the Mexicans were used enough to strangely varied costumes not to be excited to unseemly remark by anything so unostentatious as the long stockings and knee-breeches of a bicycler.

As soon as I had got the machine put together with the help of a bicycling friend who had not mounted a wheel since he left the Connecticut Valley two years before, we walked down to the Alameda to try it. The Alameda is the principal pleasure-garden of Mexico, holding to the city the same relation that the Common does to Boston. In size it is about half as large as the Boston Public Garden. It is filled with a splendid company of trees, growing thickly as in a forest, but their shade does not prevent the ground from being mantled with grass, the penetrating rays of the fervid tropic sun giving it the necessary light, while the daily rains of summer and artificial irrigation through the dry season keep the verdure perpetual. The trees are principally the ash and the cotton-wood, or *fresno* and *alamo*, which in midwinter lose all their leaves for a week or two, only to start directly out again, giving us early spring in February. Then there is the eucalyptus, whose tall trunk, clothed with evergreen, has shot up a hundred feet or more in a few years. These three are the principal trees in the

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Alameda, although there are a few examples of other kinds.

The plan of the park is a combination of the formal and the natural, the formal predominating, as suitable in an urban pleasure-ground, crossed by thousands daily. Broad, straight paths run both obliquely and at right angles, forming lofty tunnels of bosky shade beneath the thick foliage. The oblique paths join the centres of the sides and ends of the long parallelogram, and also run from corner to corner. The rectangular paths run from centre to centre of the sides and ends, with two others across the Alameda from side to side half-way between the centres. At all points of intersection there are circles, or rondels, giving two circles from which four paths depart, and four circles with six, while from the great central circle eight avenues radiate.

I have been thus particular in describing the plan of the Alameda of Mexico because I regard it as a model for pleasure-grounds in the heart of a city, combining ample strolling-space with convenience as thoroughfares to those having occasion to cross in all directions, while the numerous rondels afford pleasant seats and resting-places. In the centre of each of these rondels there is a fountain, sometimes with a piece of statuary, and generally with a beautiful clump of perpetually blooming callas springing from the centre of the basin. Stone benches backed by carved balustrades, with high ornamental posts at the corners of the paths, surround the circles, which are vaulted over by bowery domes, through which the sunshine filters down upon the children sporting beneath; upon the lovers sitting there blissfully oblivious of all the world except their own happy selves; upon the students absorbed in their books, and upon the hundreds of other people who pause to rest there. The Alameda is a favorite resort for the students of the city, who number several thousand, thanks to the beneficent national institutions of education in all the branches of science and art, which are among the most creditable features of the Mexican government. However hard it may have been pinched, in the many trying times through which it has passed, the government has never neglected its schools. The young men have a habit of strolling up and down the avenues with their books before them, and studying as they walk, invariably muttering the text aloud. At the time of the two-hundred-and-fiftieth anniversary of the founding of the City of Boston, I had occasion to look up, in the Public Library, all the poems which I could find relating to the city. Among them I came across a volume containing a so-called poem entitled "Boston," written in the stilted style of those addicted to verse in the first years of this century. There was one line in a passage referring to looking across the Charles River to Old Cambridge, —

"Where the mild student seeks the musing shade,"

— a characterization which recurs to me as being more appropriate to the Mexican student in the Alameda than to the Harvard boy of to-day.

But I started to tell about my first bicycle-ride in Mexico. It was only a short one, for the afternoon rain-clouds soon gathered and the daily shower was threatening. But for half an hour we sped by turns along the smooth paths, gliding as lightly and noiselessly as a swallow's flight. None of the fears of our friends were realized. The Indians, indeed, scarcely turned to look, and even the small boys contented themselves with standing in silent admiration, now and then exclaiming "*Mira!*" The Mexicans are preëminently a courteous race, and never yet, although I have been riding here for several months, have I heard a rude remark. No small boy has yet volunteered the information that something was the matter with the hind wheel, and the demand, "Say, mister, ring yer bell!" is as yet unknown in the land of the Aztecs.

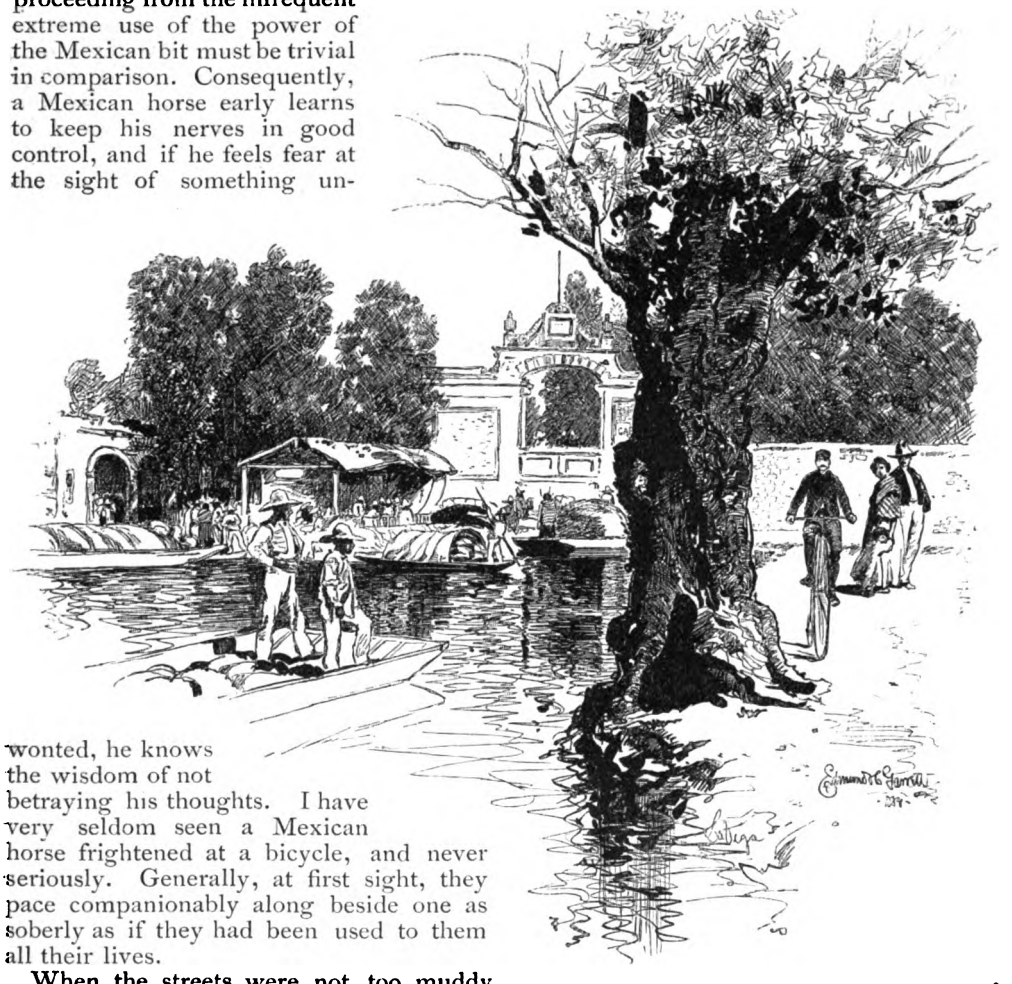
I naturally felt, at first, various misgivings, chief among which was the fear of frightening horses, and, in consequence, being shot by an irate rider, or summarily cast into a Mexican dungeon. I had somehow acquired the belief that the Mexican steed was of a particularly fiery, untamed nature. But I soon found that he was one of the gentlest beasts which ever wore a bridle, having learned by bitter experience the cost of fractious disobedience to his master's wishes. The Mexican bit is often denounced by humanitarians as a horrible instrument of torture, which should be discountenanced by all kind friends of animals. This view, however, I must regard as a false one. The powerful leverage which the Mexican bit brings to bear upon a horse's jaws subjects the animal to wholesome fear of its application, so that the slightest touch is all that is necessary to inspire obedience. Therefore the very power of the instrument makes its use un-

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necessary, so that the Mexican horse is one of the most tractable of animals. It also saves many lives by giving such control over a horse that runaways are almost impossible. The English bit, however, induces habits of constant jerking and yanking at the bridle, extremely irritating, especially to a spirited horse, and inflicting pain with the aggregate of which that proceeding from the infrequent extreme use of the power of the Mexican bit must be trivial in comparison. Consequently, a Mexican horse early learns to keep his nerves in good control, and if he feels fear at the sight of something unwonted, he knows the wisdom of not betraying his thoughts. I have very seldom seen a Mexican horse frightened at a bicycle, and never seriously. Generally, at first sight, they pace companionably along beside one as soberly as if they had been used to them all their lives.

When the streets were not too muddy from the rains of the previous afternoon or evening, I mounted at the house-door and rode directly to the Alameda over the pavements, which, though rough, are not so bad as the cobble-stones in many of our cities, the stones having generally a flattish surface. Riding in the Alameda was very good as an episode of the morning's outing, but gliding over smooth paths and dodging nursery-maids and children is rather tame, and your true wheelman longs for the greater freedom of the road.

So one keeps on to the grand Paseo de la Reforma, which is but a short distance beyond, over the pavements of the broad avenue leading to its beginning at the splendid equestrian statue of King Carlos IV. of Spain. This statue ranks with the famous equestrian statues of the world, and is a noble monument of Mexican art. The bold, free modelling, broad and massive, with no delicate touches, recalls the statue of the great Prince-Elector, Frederic, on the Kur-Fürsten Bridge in Berlin. The history of the work is given on a tablet, together with the remark that it has been "preserved as a work of art," a phrase which implies a tacit scorn for the monarch in whose honor the statue was raised.



ON THE VIGA CANAL. AFTER A PHOTOGRAPH BY GOVE & NORTH, MEXICO.

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Carlos IV. was undeserving of such recognition, for history makes him out to have been one of the most contemptible imbeciles who was ever called a king. The preservation of this work is most creditable to Mexico. The Red Republicans of France would have destroyed it as a hated token of monarchy.

The Paseo de la Reforma is one of the grandest pleasure-drives in the world, and for situation is probably unequalled. It runs straight out to the historic castle of Chapultepec, and has a length of something like two miles. It is very wide, and on each side there is a broad walk bordered by a double row of trees. It is a most stately avenue, with richly carved stone benches along the walks every few yards, and rows of pedestals, designed to support ornamental urns, along the curbstones. At frequent and regular intervals the avenue broadens out into great circles, the centres of which will all ultimately be occupied by monuments to men eminent in Mexican history. In the first of these circles beyond the Carlos IV. statue stands the celebrated Columbus monument, a munificent gift to the Mexican public by a wealthy citizen, Mr. Escandon, who intended it for the plaza in front of the station of the Vera Cruz railway, in which he was an extensive owner. But President Lerdo, under whose administration it was erected, insisted on having it placed in the Paseo. It is an elaborate monument of much beauty, although, as an example of art, far inferior to the Carlos IV. statue. It is the work of an English sculptor, and the face of the great discoverer is so English in type that one sometimes almost feels the lack of whiskers. Some people fancy they see the pose of an orator in the attitude of the figure, with right hand stretched out to the land which he has just seen. It is, however, a fine and dignified work, and most appropriate to the place. The surroundings of the Columbus monument show the general plan for all the circles: an enclosed grass-plot, with flowers and shrubbery at the base of the structure, while the circle is bounded by stone parapets with seats.

In the circle beyond, a monument to Guautemoctzin, the successor to Montezuma and the last of the Aztec emperors, is nearly finished. The artist is Noreña, a celebrated Mexican sculptor. Upon a base, designed in the peculiar Aztec style of architecture, with four reliefs, to be in bronze I believe, will stand the statue of the hero, which, it is said, will be a work of striking manly beauty. The artist has made most careful studies among the Indians in order to be true to the aboriginal type. It is understood that the next circle will he occupied by a monument to the conqueror Hernando Cortés, whose memory has been, as yet, little honored in Mexico.

The avenue is macadamized for about half its length, and the work is progressing slowly, after the manner of the Mexicans, unless they take a notion to have something completed by either of their two great national holidays, the sixteenth of September, or the fifth of May, in which case they are pretty sure to accomplish it in time. Like most macadamized roads, the Paseo is a little nubbly for the wheel, but it is kept in good repair, and, though not to be compared to a drive like Chestnut-hill Reservoir, or many of the Boston suburban roads, it is equal to the average street on the Back Bay. The other half of the avenue has a roadway of the ordinary soil, and is generally fair wheeling, particularly in the dry season. The run out to Chapultepec may be said to be good wheeling in the morning throughout the year, be the season dry or wet.

A spin over the Paseo in the morning air is pure delight at all seasons. It is never oppressively hot. It is almost invariably pleasant, for there are few days without sunshine in all the year; hardly more than fifteen, at the utmost. But still there is no monotonous uniformity. There are slight changes in the air from day to day, and the subtle differences make in the noble landscape, in which grandeur and loveliness combine, an infinite variety of pictures. All through the wet season, from early in May to the first part of October, the whole valley is as green as England. Coming out of the tainted air of the town how gratefully the pure breeze from the meadows bordering the Paseo fans the cheeks! Cattle are standing deep in the rich grass; from the tall eucalyptus trees there is wafted a spicy odor that seems the essence of health itself; great mountains rim the near horizon, some days faintly blue and dreamily delicate in the soft haze; again startlingly near in their clear distinctness, with every detail seemingly magnified in the crystalline lens of the transparent air. Sometimes, according to the wind, the mountains on one side of the valley are lost in the haze drifted against them, while the opposite ranges are sharply defined against a cloudless

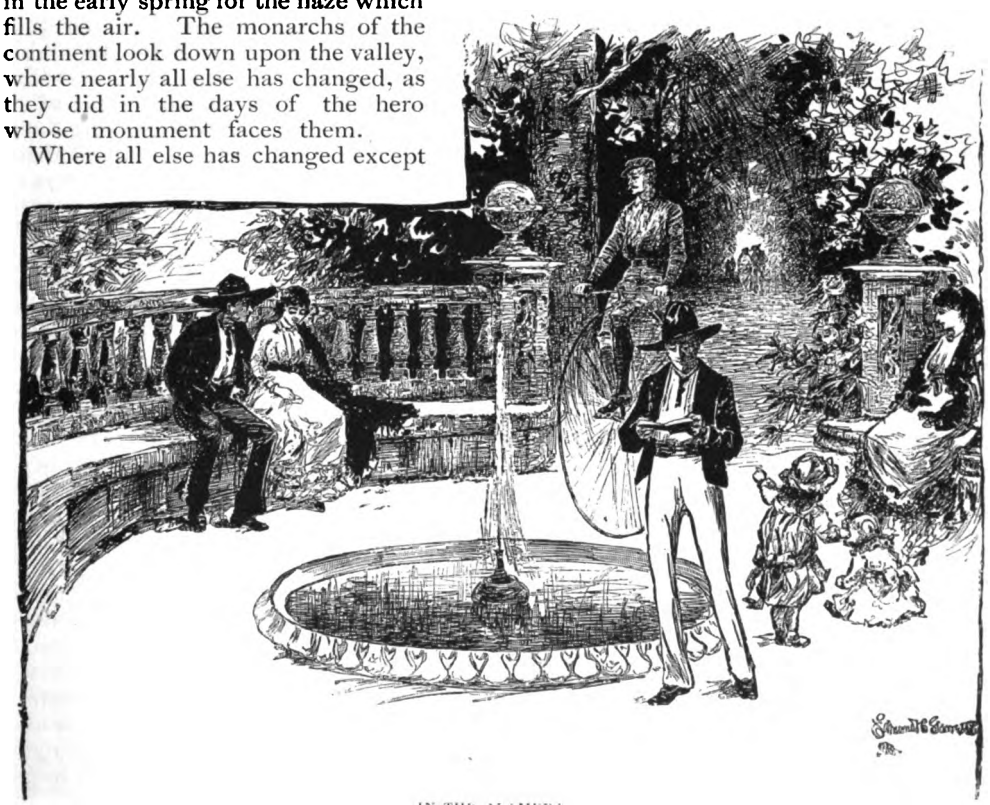
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sky. In the winter the bordering meadows are brown, and there comes from them a sweet scent like the fragrance of new hay. The morning air is fresh and cool, and joyously exhilarating, while the warm sun browns the cheeks as in midsummer.

At the Aztec circle, or Guautemoctzin monument, I generally dismount to gaze upon the majesty of the two great snow-clad volcanoes, there being a glorious view of them from this point. From this side, Popocatapetl, the highest mountain in North America, does not look so high as Ixtaccihuatl, the White Woman, which is a thousand feet lower, for the latter is considerably nearer. Their aspect is ever changing, morning, noon, and night, and from day to day, according to the atmosphere. Clouds come and go about their summits, and in the morning are gathered thickly about their feet, while above them the mountains, dark about their bases with their garments of pines, stand high in the heavens, their tall summits so dazzling in their whiteness as to make the fleeciest of clouds look gray beside them. Sometimes in the summer one does not see the mountains for days together for the clouds, and in the early spring for the haze which fills the air. The monarchs of the continent look down upon the valley, where nearly all else has changed, as they did in the days of the hero whose monument faces them.

Where all else has changed except the ancient cedars of Chapultepec. Lakes and forests have disappeared, a civilization and a creed have vanished, but the grand old trees are still there, their venerable heads, bearded with gray moss, clustering around the hill crowned with its castle, like ancient priests performing some sacred, silent rite. Some of these trees, which are not cedars, but taxus, or ahuehuetes, as the Mexicans call them, have enormous trunks, the largest trees I have ever seen, for I have never been in California. How much they have witnessed! The rapidly developing Aztec civilization violently arrested by the Conquistadores; the land wrested from Spain and made a free country again; the American invaders storming the heights above them; the last emperor, the unfortunate Maximilian, looking down upon one of the fairest lands on earth, which he vainly tried to make his own; and now the work of the second and peaceful American invasion, the railway train, rushing across the plain a mile away.

A road winds gradually up around the hill to the castle on top where there is also the military academy of the republic,



IN THE ALAMEDA

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the Mexican West Point, with handsome, courteous cadets schooling themselves for their country's service. This road would make a fine coast, but as carriages are frequently passing up, and the way is a constant curve, I have never tried it, for fear of accident. The castle is undergoing reconstruction, and is to be devoted to a presidential residence. A charming feature is the garden, which occupies the roof of a part of the structure; a hanging-garden, like those of Babylon, I suppose.

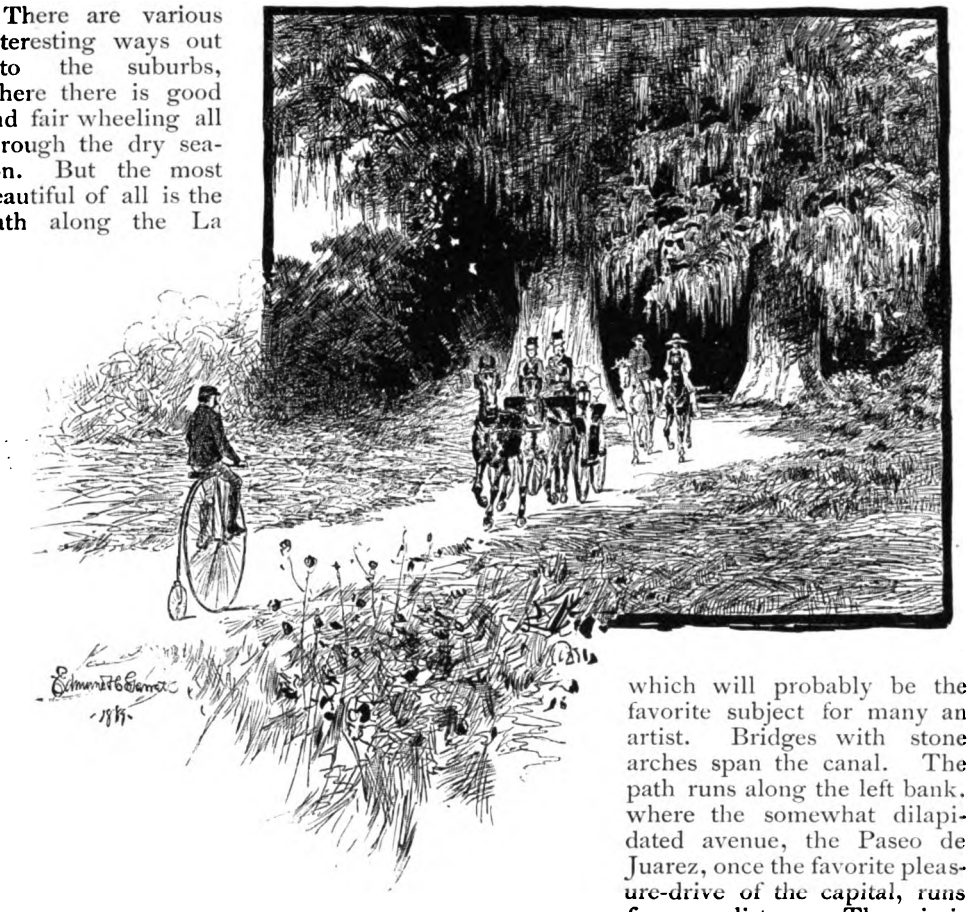
The main road winds around through the park, at the base of the hill, which is precipitous on all sides but one, where there is a steep slope. That is where the Americans stormed it. There are other avenues beneath the great trees, one running straight out towards the Molino del Rey, where one of the battles with the Americans was fought. There is such a sacred air in this ancient grove that it seems almost like desecration to have merry-making here, and most visitors seem to stroll or drive through with an awed hush, as if in a place of worship, the paths with their towering spaces between the giant trees resembling the solemn aisles of a great temple, hung with tattered banners gray with time.

Probably few other rides in the world possess such a combination of interesting features as that over the Paseo and through the park at Chapultepec. It is a sudden transition from the life of the Paseo into the silent, sylvan solitudes of the park. On the Paseo there is always something going on, and the life of the avenue, with the grand landscape on either side, never leaves the attention unoccupied. I glide slowly and musingly along, happy in the serene beauty of the scene. There are artesian wells near by in the meadows, their thin film of overflowing water glinting in the sun; processions of trees bordering the ways that cross the broad level expanse that was once covered by the waters of the great lake; long aqueducts, gray with time, delicate ferns fringing their arches and perpetually green from the water which trickles down through the crevices, and which lingers among the dainty sprays in diamond-like drops. A pedestrian friend, sauntering by, greets me from the footway; horse-fanciers dash past testing the mettle of their steeds; carriages roll along; horsemen are out by the score, young men sitting straight as if born in the saddle, with splendid trappings of silver in rows of thickly set buttons along the seams of their skin-tight trousers, in rich lace-work and cord on their sombreros, and studding their elaborate saddles and bridles. There are other riders, in the English style, mostly French, Germans and English, with some young Mexican swells, who, like those of our own country, fancy that it is the correct thing to ape the English, no matter how ugly it may make them look. There are also a few Americans mounted in the *silla inglesa*, but the greater number of our countrymen prefer to do in Rome as the Romans do, and so choose the more comfortable and decidedly more becoming Mexican style. For a rider in plain street costume, a stick with a crook in the end grasped in his hand, because the English use them to open gates with as they cross country; his horse's tail docked short and cut square, because the English do so for the sake of not catching them in the hedges when they leap them; his horse trotting, which is the most unnatural gait and causes him to bob up and down in his saddle in an uncomfortable-looking way; a rider in this fashion makes an unfavorable contrast beside his companions in the Mexican style.

Near the Aztec monument a large bathing establishment borders the Paseo, and we see numerous horses standing there while their riders are enjoying their ablutions within. Now and then a "silent steed" may be seen standing against the wall; for what is more invigorating than a nice bath after a morning spin, and then a leisurely gait homewards? One enters the baths through a pleasant garden, and within there is a choice of all kinds of baths. But the favorite is the swimming-bath, a large, deep tank of substantial masonry, and stone steps leading down into the crystal-clear water which comes from an artesian well. The sun shines down warm, the water is of a delicious temperature, and summer or winter a plunge and a swim here is a rare delight. There are two other large bathing establishments near by in the neighborhood of the Paseo, and one, the Alberca Pane, is on a particularly large scale, with several tanks, and a large swimming-bath for horses. The proprietor also owns the street-car line running thither, called the Circuito de Baños, or Circuit of Baths. All of these baths are extensively patronized. The Mexicans, as a race, are fond of bathing, and there is hardly a city of any size in the republic which does not have bathing establishments of a completeness such as few of our largest American cities possess.

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There are various interesting ways out into the suburbs, where there is good and fair wheeling all through the dry season. But the most beautiful of all is the path along the La Viga Canal. One may ride directly through the city out to the quarter called La Viga, dismounting for a roughly paved street of about a quarter-of-a-mile, or he may send his wheel out to the canal by a *cargador*, at the cost of a few cents. Along the canal bank there runs a smooth path, which leads the wheelman along through a succession of novel and most picturesque scenes. At first the surroundings are urban in character, and present a decidedly Venetian aspect, with the canal flowing past ancient houses that might once have been palaces, with doors opening upon the water, and steps leading down into it, while under massive walls narrow water-ways lead back into the courts, where family boats instead of carriages were probably kept. There is one ancient house, dropping into decay, with the air of better days lingering around it, half embowered by the great trees of a neglected garden,



EL BOSQUE DE CHAPULTEPEC.

which will probably be the favorite subject for many an artist. Bridges with stone arches span the canal. The path runs along the left bank, where the somewhat dilapidated avenue, the Paseo de Juarez, once the favorite pleasure-drive of the capital, runs for some distance. The primitive craft of the native boatmen cover the water, and on a holiday afternoon the canal presents a spectacle as animated as a crowded city street. Little dug-outs, sharp and light, dart over the surface, propelled by paddles. Very rarely one sees a row-boat. All the large craft are poled along, — a slow and laborious process. Large flat-boats, with seats and curtained canopies, carry merry excursion-parties; great scows come down loaded with country produce and return with goods from the city, and large packet-boats bring in passengers from towns off on the shores of the lakes of which the canal forms the outlet. The canal would make a fine field for canoing or for the water-bicycle.

At the city custom-house, where all goods brought in from the country have to pay a duty as they pass beneath a handsome old monumental bridge, the path crosses to the right bank, and the scene takes on a rural character. Rows of

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thickly set poplars border the canal, which more resembles a river than an artificial water-way, and also form a charming shady alley for the pathway, which takes the rider out through quaint Indian villages, past the *chinampas*, or vegetable gardens, which supply the city markets, and are said to have once been floating islands, then through scenes of striking beauty, with the changing water-view on one side and on the other, beyond a foreground of verdant fields, the snowy mountains towering into the heavens.

I was by no means the pioneer wheelman in Mexico, although, I believe, the first regular American rider. It was many weeks, however, before I encountered another bicycle. But one morning, on the Paseo, I saw the familiar wheel-prints on the road, and the next morning I met the machine which made them, with its rider. I recalled the remark of our friend Parsons to the effect that when, in the pioneer days of American bicycling, he met the first wheelman he felt very much as Adam must have felt when he awoke and found Eve by his side, for a bicycler always longs for a companion to share the delights of the road with him. It was a young Mexican whom I met, and he was riding an American machine. We became acquainted at once, and had a pleasant spin through the groves of Chapultepec. There are many riders here now, and towards evening the Alameda is animated with them. Tricycles have also appeared, and among them I have seen one "sociable," but no lady riders as yet. Trick-riding is unknown, and some of our expert amateurs might win laurels and be the heroes of the day should they visit us.

The first Mexican bicycle club, "El Club National Velocipedista," was organized on February 5, 1884, by a number of youths and lads belonging to some of the first families in Mexico. Consequently their first races, which came off at the Hippodrome grounds of Peralvillo, just outside the city gates, on the afternoon of a Sunday in March, were a brilliant success. The grand stand was crowded by the best society of Mexico; ten lovely senoritas were the queens of the races, and rewarded the victors with handsome prizes, not to speak of the approval of admiring smiles and sparkling eyes; and among the racers were sons of members of the cabinet and of other eminent men, including the son of the past and future President, General Porfirio Diaz. The Boston Ramblers may claim the honor of having one of their old members win the first bicycle race in Mexico gained by an American, Warren S. Locke, who was the victor in a well-contested race of 500 meters, twice running, an informality in the start causing a repetition. His competitor, Mário Garfias, a plucky youth, was compensated for his defeat by his brilliant success in gaining the great race of 2,000 meters against three rivals. The course was not a good one, being soft in spots, but the club has now converted it into an excellent cinder track. Everybody was enthusiastic over the spectacle, combining picturesqueness, grace, and excitement, and with these races bicycling has become an accepted sport in Mexico.

Sylvester Baxter.

ABOUT TENNIS.

THE game of lawn-tennis, which, as every one knows, has attained such wide popularity in England since its revival there, in 1873, as to fairly divide honors with cricket, may be truly said to be still in its infancy in this country. It is, however, a vigorous infant, requiring only a certain degree of care and attention during its period of growth to become, like other offspring of English parentage, the equal, or superior, of its progenitor.

Its inherited constitution is certainly a strong one, and should count for much in forecasting its future; for do we not all believe in the doctrine of inherited tendencies, particularly English ones? But, apart from the prestige attaching to its English origin, there are many reasons for believing that the game is destined to occupy a foremost place among athletic sports of the higher class. As a social amusement it already has universal recognition in the Eastern and Middle States,

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and is rapidly working its way westward. This is doubtless largely owing to the fact that its fascinations are shared alike by both sexes and all ages, thereby rendering its field of usefulness practically unlimited.

To every one not absolutely crippled, tennis has something to offer, and to those who are unable to take an active part in the game its attractions from the æsthetic point of view are undeniable. To one who loves the beautiful no sight can be more satisfying than the picture afforded by the carpet of green turf, with the lights and shades from the overhanging trees playing upon its velvet surface, and forming a background against which the white nets and flying balls stand out in marked relief. The graceful attitudes of the players add the charm of action. Their bright-colored caps and jerseys furnish just the touch of brilliancy needed to complete the effect; and if to all this one is fortunate enough to be able to add an ardent appreciation of the beauties of the game itself, then will his æsthetic soul find peace, and "inward satisfaction reign supreme."

But the advantages of the game in its æsthetic and social aspects we will leave to be presented by others, and confine ourselves to discussing its present and future prospects as an athletic sport. The basis of its continued growth in this direction is the fact that it so perfectly fulfils the conditions required by that large class of young men who fail to find, either in base-ball, cricket, boating, or bicycling, the most congenial field in which to combine both exercise and recreation; and this is a class of players which is rapidly increasing.

But it is a disappointing fact that the development of our skill has not kept pace with our enthusiasm. Although it is now ten years since Dr. Dwight imported the first set of tennis no player has yet appeared who could stand a ghost of a chance for winning a match against the best exponents of the game among our transatlantic cousins. Outsiders naturally fail to understand why this is so, and are often heard to inquire why tennis should form almost the only exception to our demonstrated superiority in nearly all the other departments of athletics. At first thought it does seem singular that we should be unable to cope with Englishmen in a game to which Americans would seem to be peculiarly adapted. The explanation, however, is simple enough, and the reasons are easier to find than the remedy. To begin with, every English school-boy is familiar with rackets, fives, and cricket. All of these games are excellent preliminary training for lawn-tennis. Our base-ball is of slight value in comparison. We have also a little cricket, but not enough to be worth mentioning. The number of tennis-players in England far exceeds, at present, those in America, and especially among the young men of leisure, — a class comparatively unknown in America. Finally, the smaller area and denser population of England naturally render progress more rapid; the climate favors prolonged exertion, and allows play to continue nearly all the year round. For these and other reasons we are, as yet, behind in the race; but, as we have scarcely begun to develop our raw material, there is great hope for the future.

Meanwhile the prospect of our producing a player worthy to contend with Mr. Renshaw for the world's championship is anything but promising.

Messrs. Dwight and Sears, during their recent trip abroad, though making an excellent record as a pair, found themselves greatly overmatched in singles, and the Clark brothers had a similar experience last year. As these four may be said to form our first rank it is a fair inference that the comparative average strength of English and American players is fully fifteen in favor of the former, and it is evident that some time must elapse before we can raise our standard to their level. Miss Demie-Volée, who has just returned from a trip abroad, and is full of admiration of the English style of play, tells me that we "can never, never play as they do." I mildly, but firmly, venture to differ with her. "All that we want," said I, "is time to raise a class of young players who have been properly grounded in the principles of the game." Tennis, above all games, is slow of acquirement, and no amount of hard work later on can counterbalance lack of early familiarity and practice. That fine player, Mr. Netman Smasher, said to me a short time since, "Every year we hear it prophesied that Mr. Sears's laurels are to be wrested from his grasp; but at Newport these local champions, from whom so much is expected, rarely outlived the second round, and Mr. Sears bids fair to retain his proud position until he chooses to abdicate." To this I replied that the history of all such affairs, if faithfully consulted, would go far to support my opinion.

In all athletic games the position of champion cannot be otherwise than a tem-

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porary reign for its possessor. The coming man, though he may be a long time on the way, is sure to arrive at last. To all that my friend Smasher had to say in praise of Mr. Sears's playing I cordially agreed. His "winning ways" both on and off the tennis-ground are well known to a large circle of friends and admirers. His style of play is beyond criticism, and his American record is similar to that of Mr. W. Renshaw in England; that is, he has rarely been defeated in a public single-handed match. There are very few men who are able to extend him, and as my young friend Mr. Ardent Loveset says: "It is a liberal education to watch him in a match. Rarely, however pressed, does he make an ungraceful motion. He never is seen chasing the ball; it always seems to be coming to him; and so easy are his movements that his hardest play is apparently without exertion." "But, my dear Loveset," I replied, "in your admiration of his brilliant work, I fear that you are apt to forget the causes which brought about this result. Shall I tell you what they are? Careful study, great patience, and long practice. *Palma non sine pulvere.*"

Mr. Sears owes his supremacy not so much to his natural powers, which, though great, are undoubtedly capable of further development, as to the careful training he has received from his friend and mentor, Dr. Dwight. To the genial doctor all tennis-players are heavily indebted, not only for his unwearied exertions in behalf of the game, but also for having formed a pupil whose success has been so marked. The question of superiority between the two has never been definitely settled, and a match between them would create the greatest interest. Such an event was planned last year, but did not take place. Mr. Sears's chances were fancied by the majority, but since his foreign tour the doctor has literally renewed his youth, and is now playing better than ever. He is a shining example of what can be done by intelligent study and persistent application. It was a matter of great regret that he should have scratched at Newport, as his playing previous to the tournament had been highly praised by those who witnessed it. His service was wonderfully accurate, and his volleying strong and sure.

The principal reason for our lack of prowess — I am speaking now from a national stand-point — is to be found I think in the general ignorance which prevails in regard to the principles of the game and the best method of applying them. The development of the game itself has been so rapid that sufficient time has not elapsed to bring out a set of players who have had the advantage of good models in their early youth. Our youngsters have been working in the dark, so to speak. It was in reply to a similar remark of mine, the other day, that young Loveset said to me, "No doubt you are right in what you say, but what can we do? There are lots of us eager and willing to learn, but there is no one to learn from except the older fellows, and they all seem to have different ideas." Mr. Rank Duffer, a gentleman well known in tennis circles, was present and said that in his opinion, "good tennis-players are the most conceited set of men in existence." "They never seem to want to play with a fellow, don't you know," he added in a pathetic voice. I was reminded by this of a bit of conversation which I overheard at Cambridge some time ago between Mr. Languid Poser and his undergraduate friend, Freshward Harman. "By Jove!" said Poser, "fancy old Smasher's telling me, when I asked him how much odds I should take from him, that he would let me name the odds, and then beat me a love set. Confound his impudence!"

From these and similar experiences it has occurred to me that some one ought to give our youngsters a few hints on these matters. At some future time I may be tempted to hold forth on this subject for their benefit.

Meanwhile I will bring these rambling remarks to a close, only adding that in my opinion we are making fair progress, all things considered, and that it is only a question of a few years before we can send a representative American player to Wimbledon, with a fair chance at least of bringing home the coveted trophy.

R. B. Metcalf.

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READING ROOM.

A QUAINT LITTLE MAID.[1]

By CHARLES RICHARDS DODGE, author of "A Shadow Love," "Louise and I," etc.

III.

"I cross the bridge, I mount the hill
All black with hemlock shade;
I pass the ancient, ruined mill,
The green and silent glade —
Yet haste or linger where I will,
Her girlish figure draws me still,
And mutely waits reply. . . ."

Two weeks had passed, and still De Witte had learned nothing definite from Anandale regarding the poor artist. Upon several occasions he had tried to intercept the man on his return home from sketching-tours, but the fellow evidently understood such manœuvres, and gave the would-be-detective the slip completely. Then Brown questioned Dorothy very adroitly as to her bicycling friend, and managed to elude him ever afterward.

At length it began to dawn upon the girl's mind that perhaps De Witte was a humbug; that he had brought about his correspondence with his friend Anandale, simply to have an excuse for more frequent calls at the farm-house, for she suddenly realized that Mr. King's visits were growing decidedly frequent. Still she did not discourage them, for it had been very pleasant to meet some one from the great outside world of which she knew so little and concerning which he was willing to tell her so much. In short, she found in him a restful change from the monotony of her life, and simply accepted his visits as those of a companionable friend. But now the man was in love; she felt it must be so without being able to tell how; she knew it intuitively, and yet, having had no experience whatever in such matters, she gave him the benefit of the doubt which ever arose in her mind, and tried to reason to herself that it was not so.

But the visits continued. The shining wheel appeared at the gate-way nearly every pleasant day, and, at length, the tender passion showed itself most unmistakably though she knew, beyond doubt, that her own heart was unmoved. She was very sorry for the poor fellow, and confided as much to Clara a few days after the final discovery; and Clara, with a knowing look, as she glanced up from a stocking she was footing, said something about pity being akin to love, and advised her to discard him at once: a piece of advice the girl had not the heart to follow, particularly as the man had himself never alluded to the delicate subject.

De Witte King had been fully aware of the state of his own feelings for some weeks. It was his first affair of the sort really worthy the name, and he suffered intensely, — more so, perhaps, than would have been the case were the girl of mature years, for Dorothy was such a mixture of childish innocence and womanly dignity, and treated him with such friendly respect, that he had no means of judging what was the true nature of her regard for him.

Then he wrote Anandale for advice, — after passing a sleepless night upon it, — and this was the letter: —

MY DEAR "ANA.," — Long as we have knocked about the world together — *par nobile fratrum*, as it were — I never dreamed of feeling obliged to come to you as my "father confessor." I still hesitate, but needing the advice of a good friend, and knowing that yours, at the present time, will be everything to me, I have decided to state my case plainly.

Seriously, Anandale, the biter is bitten. As you know, I remained in this picturesque old town mainly to secure a sketch of the "pretty Puritan," as you call her, for my illustration, — as was your intention, likewise, before you were called away. Fortune favored me with an introduction, as you also know. You have helped the matter along with this confoundedly mysterious Brown affair, and now — *and now* — shall I confess it? — I love the very ground the sweet girl walks upon. Of course the illustration business is done for, — though I know I could almost paint the girl in the dark.

She seems more than friendly, yet so very girlish that I have been afraid to speak of love to her, though she must have seen, long ago, how strong were my feelings. She is only sixteen, you know, which adds to the complication, for a girl of that age can do many very charming things that the world will call only pure artlessness. In case she does not reciprocate my foolish passion, what would be the result of an early proposal? Write soon and give me the benefit of your experience. Sorry to hear you are getting on so slowly in your work, and that the weather is so warm in the city. Wish you were here, though "business before pleasure" always.

As ever, your sincere friend,
DE WITTE K.

P.S. You needn't warn me against lending Brown money, for I haven't been able to get even a look at

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the fellow since Miss Drew mentioned your name to him. You need have no fears of his going away, for the present, for the vagabond is in better quarters, I imagine, than he has enjoyed before for many a day. After all, I pity him, but will keep whist until you come.

About the time this letter was sent, Dorothy began to see more of Duncan Brown; the brief conversation held upon the piazza, upon the evening when the book was borrowed, had served in a measure to break the ice, and the man lost a little of his shyness and reserve, though he still appeared to feel that every moment spent in Dorothy's society was so much intrusion. The girl had now a better opportunity to study him; and while she could not help distrusting him somewhat, — after all the dark hints thrown out in Mr. Anandale's letters, — he appeared so frank and open-hearted, and so much of a gentleman, despite his poverty, that at times she seriously doubted that he could be guilty of any very alarming misdemeanor.

He appeared to have a thorough acquaintance with general literature, and was otherwise well-informed; he had seen much of the world for a man so young, — Dorothy and Clara had fixed his age at twenty-eight, — and he was broad in his views; besides, his tastes were cultured and refined, he was an excellent conversationalist, and held strong, individual opinions upon the topics of the day. Then he had an attractive, intelligent face; and how so much of a gentleman, with education and refinement, could have so little tact in getting along in the world, and be so very poor, was a more mysterious thing to Dorothy Drew than that other mystery concerning him which as yet even De Witte King had been unable to fathom. She puzzled over it long, but at last gave up the solution in despair, and concluded to accept his representations with child-like faith and confidence.

From bits of personal history, gleaned here and there, during their conversations, she learned that his family was wealthy, and that he had been brought up with all the indulgent care that fond parents could bestow upon a son. He had received a collegiate education, and his father had expected to make a lawyer of him; but, fond of art, and dazzled by the stories of studio life in New York, he one day made up his mind to throw the law business to the winds, and devote his time and talents to something more alluring.

The father was implacable, the son proud and obdurate; both were in the right from their own stand-points, and each wrong in the other's view. Then he had walked out of his father's house, vowing to become independent from that day forward; and, as both were proud, there the matter ended. He had come out of his struggle for independence alive, and, since, had managed to keep the wolf from the door pretty comfortably; he had even made a little fame, — oh! so little for a struggling young artist, with all the world against him, while fully realizing how long, indeed, was art, and how fleeting time. He intimated that the winter was his most successful season, but, sometimes, as during the present summer, — and here his face grew more serious, — he had really nothing to do, and then —

There had been no need of further explanations, for the girl was convinced that his story was true, and found in it a sufficient reason for all his misfortune and poverty. She felt sorry for the poor fellow, and lost no opportunity to do him many little acts of kindness, trifling in themselves, which he accepted in so gracious a spirit that a friendliness soon sprang up between the two, — very agreeable and pleasant upon both sides, from its utter disinterestedness.

So the bright hours winged away, as the silent flight of golden butterflies over a summer landscape, or the rush of swift wheels down some sunny glade, and the days were filled with joy. Sometimes it was lawn-tennis, and Dorothy laughed till she cried at the poor fellow's awkwardness as he struck wildly at the balls, sending them into the wrong court, — or twenty feet beyond it, — serving sky-scrapers innumerable, or missing the balls altogether.

Then it was an excursion for wild-flowers down to the swamp lying at the edge of the dark old forest. And what lovely mosses and ferns he discovered! And what exquisite specimens of Indian pipe, — frail, and white, and beautiful as maidenhood, — were transferred to the basket uninjured for the window-garden at home.

Or together they rambled over the old berry-field, as free from care as the flowers which blossomed at their feet; as happy as the bright birds which filled the air around them with sweet songs.

"Here are some great, big, luscious blueb'ries, Mr. Brown; — let me pick you some! Aren't they splendid?"

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"Let me pick for both," Duncan replied; "and you shall sit upon this ledge and rest."

"Oh, no! that won't be fair; you will have all the fun, and I only a share in the berries."

"Very well, then, we will share the fun equally."

So they sat down upon the grass beside the bush, and chatted, and picked, and ate like merry children, all unmindful of fleeting time. But suddenly Duncan made a very wry face, and was observed wiping his mouth vigorously with his handkerchief.

"That's the disagreeable part of eating berries in this primitive fashion," said he, when he could speak. "One no sooner gets a particularly nice handful into his mouth than he detects the presence of one of those nauseous *hemiptera*, as the books call them, and the bug has the best of the experience. It is very like the realization of earthly happiness: — with every rose a thorn; with hopes attained, regrets; with sunbeams, shadows" —

"And with blueb'ries, bugs," the girl interjected, carefully looking over a handful she had just gathered, and passing it to Duncan. "People who eat berries in the field with their eyes shut, or go through life blindly, may expect to be taken in occasionally. I am more careful."

There are bright memories for all of us associated with these rugged, picturesque old New England pastures, — memories into which steal, like dream-music, the soft coo of the turtle-dove, the bleating of sheep, or the tinkling of cow-bells, — faint echoes of by-gone happy hours.

But sometimes it was sketching, with Dorothy for company; and, while she sat in the shade and pretended to read, he transferred the fairy figure and bright eyes to a page of his sketch-book, and studied the landscape in quite another direction. It was a new experience to the maid, and she forgot all about Mr. Anandale's dark hints, and for a time lived in a little age of romance as real as the chivalric age of long ago.

Poor Duncan Brown was a wandering minstrel, — or, rather, a wandering artist; and they had taken pity on his misfortunes and befriended him, and he had turned out to be a prince in disguise. Then he had asked her hand in — no, the prince had asked the lady's hand in marriage, and there was a great wedding; and poor Dorothy discovered, when too late, that she loved this "wandering minstrel" dearer than she dared to own.

But Duncan Brown saw it not; for to him it was no age of romance, but only a little dream of pleasure shining in upon his life like faint sunshine through broken cloud, — a passing friendship, pleasant while it lasted, but too frail to survive the first chilling breath of autumn — and absence. Dorothy had been kind to him, — she had interested him; and he had but tried to interest her and give her pleasure in return.

But, after all, the girl had not entered sufficiently far into her romance to lose sleep for thinking of it; and had some kind chance suddenly summoned Duncan Brown to the shades of oblivion, or New York, at this stage of affairs, doubtless she would soon have recovered. But —

> "'Twas fate, they say, a cruel fate,
> This web of discord wove;"

or, rather, —

> "There's a divinity that shapes our ends,
> Rough-hew them as we will;"

for the poor artist remained at the farm-house, and the friendship was permitted to continue. A circumstance which seemed to help along the inevitable was that Mr. Brown's quiet ways and charming manners had won completely the hearts of Uncle John and Aunt Harriet; and, looking at it in the light of charity, — which often begins at home and oftener ends there, — they seemed in no hurry for his departure. Could it have been the paltry three dollars a week the man paid for his board that influenced them?

De Witte King was a very persistent lover. He came often now, though not always to find Dorothy at home, at which times Clara thought he appeared very much annoyed. He had not even the excuse of a letter from Anandale to urge now; for, since hearing of his attachment for the "pretty Puritan," Horace had seemed loath to intrust him with any more detective work, explaining that he was coming on, before many days, and would then "work up the case" quietly himself, and confront Mr. Brown in his own person. De Witte's letter asking advice, matrimonially, had amused Horace greatly; and after a time he returned an answer which certainly did no harm to the cause of the love-smitten King, if it did no good.

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One morning De Witte called, as usual, but learning that Dorothy had gone down into the village on an errand, he placed his bicycle in the barn and sauntered across the fields to meet her. Better for him had he taken the beaten path at the roadside, and better for Dorothy had he taken his wheel with him, as the sequel will show. He missed her altogether, and had a long walk for nothing, for she returned by the highway long before he could possibly have reached the village.

Learning that the wheel was in the barn, she went out to look at it, and, while admiring its graceful proportions, a crazy freak entered her head, which came very near spoiling this narrative completely. It looked so innocent and guileless, as it leaned up against a beam near the big bay, that she made up her mind to satisfy a long-felt wish to sit *once* upon a bicycle saddle.

But the step was so high. The machine was a "52-inch," and Dorothy's reach — as the dealers put it, in considering the distance from saddle to crank-pedal — was only "48." However, she found a milking-stool near, and in a very brief space of time stood triumphantly upon the tiny step. But how to reach the saddle was a puzzler, it seemed so very far away; — but "nothing venture, nothing have;" and grasping the handles determinately, as she had seen De Witte do a dozen times, she essayed to finish the mount. But the dress-skirt was terribly in the way, and, besides, she could not begin to reach the saddle standing upon tiptoe. Then the wheel kept wiggling about so unceremoniously, with its single point of contact of handle-bar and beam, that it made her dreadfully nervous. However, Dorothy Drew had a persistent nature, and usually succeeded in all her undertakings. And to-day she was successful, after much perseverance, though how she made the final mount, only the old horse, who peeped at her through the open slide in the stall, or the hens, who eyed the performance, very demurely, from a near distance, with their heads cocked sideways, will ever tell. She didn't know herself *how* it was done, nor did she care, as long as it had been accomplished so successfully.

What a delightful experience to be perched up so high, upon such a great spider-web! And how glorious must be the sensation of skimming the air upon it, like a bird!

"Oh, if I only dared!"

"Dorothy, Dorothy!" the old horse seemed to whinny from his stall, while the chickens about the door-way clucked most disapprovingly.

"But the barn floor is smooth and level," the tempter whispered, "and such a chance may never come again."

"Cluck, cluck!" said a motherly old hen, over by the grain-room door, with a warning shake of the head.

The pedals were very nearly upon the dead-centre, the left one down so low that the girl could barely touch it with the toe of her dainty boot.

"But the right one is all right," she meditated, "and when that goes down of course the other will come up, so" —

She pressed the pedal harder than she intended, and the machine began swinging round upon its pivotal point, where handle-bar and beam came in contact, and, to keep from falling, she intuitively pushed with her hand against the piece of timber with rather startling results. The other pedal "came up" with a positiveness conducive to cold chills, and the right one "went down" with equal certainty, and before the girl actually knew what she had done the graceful thing started unceremoniously for the open door-way.

The horse ceased munching, and thrust his head far through the slide-door as she passed; the chickens fled affrighted, and the angry "cut-cut-cut-ca-da-cut" of the old hen sounded ominously in her ears.

"The brake" —

No, for De Witte once took a frightful "header" that way; the wheel must be kept moving to retain the perpendicular, and so the right pedal went down and the left pedal came up, and down and up, and down and up, until she had passed through the door, and reached the decline leading to the road.

"Is the thing alive?"

Well might the frightened girl have asked the question, for, reaching the gentle slope, the wheel took a new impetus, making a shoot for the roadway, without any hesitation whatever. And now things were growing decidedly confused; each particular tree in the immediate neighborhood appeared to have changed position and come to a stand-still directly in the course of the machine. The broad, smooth highway had suddenly dwindled to a very narrow lane filled with obstructions and ruts, and the fence upon the other side seemed coming to meet her. But she made the turn into the highway very

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nicely, and, with a cold chill streaming down her backbone, started off at a good five-mile-an-hour pace for the village.

Where would it end? Where might it not end, with the village but a mile away? She was more than willing to stop, but the vision of the inevitable catastrophe, awaiting irrevocably the end of this crazy spin, was sufficient to urge her on. It was no laughing matter, but text after text, apropos to the situation, or otherwise, flashed upon her brain, as she pushed reluctantly forward.

"The wages of sin is death."

The picture of her own pretty form stretched upon the grass at the road-side was not pleasant to contemplate. "Oh, had I the wings of a dove!" was not quite so appalling, while "Roll on, Jordan" seemed very appropriate.

"Men may come and men may go,
But I go on forever,"

flashed into her mind as the figure of a man loomed up in the distance, coming towards her. In a few moments he had approached nearer, and, to her horror, she discovered it was Duncan Brown. She looked about helplessly for a soft spot upon which she might —

"End the heartache, and the thousand" (un)"natural shocks
That" (bicycling)"flesh is heir to . . a consummation
Devoutly to be wished," —

but only that (*Mac-*) adamantine road-bed greeted her vision. Her brain was in a whirl; she felt the end was coming, nearer and nearer, as the figure of Duncan Brown approached more rapidly, for he saw in a moment it was Dorothy, and started into a run. But he was too late. The wheel swayed helplessly from side to side, there was a vision of white, outstretched arms, a despairing little cry, and a confused heap upon the hard roadway.

"Curse King and his bicycle!" the man muttered half audibly, as he gathered the insensible form in his arms, and, leaving the wheel at the road-side where it fell, strode rapidly on toward the farm-house.

Dorothy was taken to her own room immediately, and the household summoned, after which Duncan started at once for the doctor. That is, he started, but De Witte King making his appearance upon the piazza at this juncture, the artist suddenly drew back upon reaching the door-way and retreated in the direction of the back hall. Here he met "Uncle John," who had happened in from the field most opportunely.

"Have him go for the doctor!" he ejaculated, excitedly, — "with the bicycle — King — on the front piazza — Dorothy is hurt."

John Harper was a man quick to catch an idea, and he started to find King at once. Then the artist hastened upstairs.

IV.

"O bond divine! O, sweet, sweet chain!
O mingling of ecstatic pain!
I am a simple girl no more.
I would not have it as before.
One day of love, one brief, sweet day,
And all my past is swept away."

DOROTHY DREW'S first experience with the bicycle was a memorable one, and although no bones were broken by the cruel fall which she sustained, her injuries were sufficiently serious to keep her in bed several days.

After the fright and the pain were forgotten, and the recollection of that last awful moment had grown fainter, she laughed heartily at her experience, as many a wheelman tyro has done before her; and more, — she gave expression to a little wish, 'way down in her heart, that she might try the experiment again, with some good friend near, — like Clara or Aunt Harriet, — to catch the wheel at the proper moment, and she promised a more successful termination of the affair.

Oh, the memory of a first fall! How many a veteran, as he glides down some pretty woodland path, — with hands clasped behind him, and feet apparently scarce touching the pedals — can realize that the wheel was once his master! Yet how vividly comes to him the picture of the riding-school with its smooth floor and battered walls; its windows barricaded, handle-bar high, with well-worn boards, and the plastering, several *hands* higher, dark and discolored! How he remembers the tremulous, uncertain round of the hall, the posts, the railing, the idle wheels about the corners of the room! — all goes smoothly for a time (decidedly under protest) and then a little, contemptible blue-bottle fly darts stupidly against one of the handle-bars, and, echoing Ophelia —

"You must sing 'down a-down, and you call him a-down-a, oh, how the wheel becomes it!'"

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And when the tyro is assisted to his feet again there is a sprained ankle, followed by several weeks of enforced novel-reading and *ennui*. But where, after all, is the riding-school *alumnus*, who thinks the experience dearly bought, considering the endless enjoyment which comes with the after-knowledge and skill! There was a bad fall at the very beginning of man's career on earth, and though the entire human race carries the scar to this day, man has since continued uninterruptedly on in his course through the cycling centuries.

The first few days of Dorothy's enforced confinement in-doors were dreary indeed; but as soon as she was able to be helped downstairs by Clara she found a relief from her *ennui* in the kindly companionship of Duncan Brown. He certainly had not planned it so; for his offer to read to her, one sultry afternoon, had been made most disinterestedly. Indeed, he told the girl he esteemed it only a privilege to do so, after all the kindness shown him by the entire household, and he was glad of an opportunity to make some slight return. He was so sincere, withal, and, at the same time, it was such a luxury, that Dorothy accepted his companionship without a thought of hesitation.

But the hours were not wholly spent in reading, for there were enjoyable conversations and friendly discussions, in which Duncan expressed himself so wisely, so modestly, and so convincingly, that the girl's admiration increased day by day, as she realized more and more how weak an opponent of his logic she proved herself. A trait, which won her admiration and respect in those days of sweet idleness, was the kindliness and gentleness of his nature. His very presence in the room seemed to soothe her; yet, in manliness, he was bold and strong, and before the first week had passed she found herself in a perfect maze of perplexity concerning him, while she felt herself drawn towards him more irresistibly than ever. What a key is kindness with manliness to open a woman's heart!

"You are very kind, Mr. Brown," she said to him one afternoon when he had read to her for some time. Then in a moment added, "You must be tired. I have no right to ask so much of you."

"I am very comfortable, I assure you, Miss Drew," he replied, with a pleasant smile; "and I hope you are sufficiently so to desire no change in the situation for the present."

"I was thinking of you and not myself," she responded, graciously. "I am having a very nice time; for it is delightfully cool here by the window, and it is perfect contentment to recline and look into the blue sky, with so pleasant a companion to talk and read to me, and with no thought of care."

"It is charming to hear you say so," Duncan replied, laying down his book. "You must be wearied of so much in-doors."

"Yes; but I shall have my freedom soon, perhaps to-morrow; and the outings will seem all the more pleasant for my having been a prisoner so long."

"Then you will again be able to enjoy Mr. King's company — and the bicycle," the artist remarked carelessly, as he studied the girl's face attentively. There was no change of feature, no sudden, downward glance of the eyes, or faint, telltale blush, and Duncan Brown marvelled at the result of the experiment.

"Mr. King is a splendid fellow," she answered, warmly, "and very entertaining" —

The speech ended so abruptly it implied a "but," and the artist looked up inquiringly. "Yes?" he queried, as much as to say, "go on."

"And his bicycle is very entertaining too,"

"I should think so," Duncan responded, dryly.

"Why don't *you* get a bicycle, Mr. Brown?"

The expression of the artist's face changed, growing more serious. "Oh, no! I don't need one," he said, quietly.

"But you could use it so nicely when you went out sketching. You could put your things in a bag, as Mr. King does his water-colors, and throw it over your shoulder, and ride away for miles."

"It would be very nice, no doubt," the artist replied, with a faint smile, for he was thinking of the heavy box of colors, canvases, sketching-stool, umbrella, etc., that made up his artist paraphernalia.

"Yes, it would be nice," she reiterated, for she felt that her companion did not altogether share her enthusiasm. "Why don't you get one?"

"Perhaps I may, when I am famous," he replied, looking directly into her face.

At a glance Dorothy read the expression written so plainly upon his features, and turned away without reply. In her enjoyment of his society she had forgotten

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that the kindly fellow was poor, — how poor she did not know, — and that bicycles cost a great deal of money. She read all this in his eyes, as a silent confession, and in her heart was sorry for having been so thoughtless.

"There are other things I need far more," he said, in a moment, with a half-drawn sigh; "but, after all, one can do without a great many things one needs, with a little rigid self-denial. It used to be a favorite theory with me that human wants, beyond food and raiment, were all artificial, — and even in the matter of food and raiment there is a vast difference between actual needs and simple desires. If we could only get along without eating, Miss Drew, what a deal of trouble it would save in the world, and how many a bad cook might have been a good something-else from sheer force of necessity."

"That's a philosophical way to look at the matter," Dorothy replied; "but for my part I desire to be rich, some day, or at least to have riches at my command; for, it seems to me, one-half the pleasure of life is in ministering to these little artificial wants, as you call them. Think what would become of all the artists if everybody supported your theory; who would buy your pictures, for they are not even food or clothing."

"Yes," Duncan replied, looking thoughtfully out of the window, "for the greatest good of the greatest, number, I suppose things are planned very wisely as they are."

"Do you paint portraits, Mr. Brown?"

The sudden change in the conversation caused the artist to turn quickly. "Paint portraits? Oh, certainly! — why?"

"Do you paint them well?"

Duncan smiled, as he replied, hesitatingly: "Well, that's a leading question which I hardly know how to answer. I think I generally secure a good likeness — if the subject is at all interesting — and" —

"Will you paint mine?"

"Will I paint yours? Miss Drew, I would only be too glad to paint yours, if you would give me the sittings."

"Oh, I mean I should like to *order* a picture, if your terms are not too high; and" —

Duncan Brown gave a quick glance into the girl's face, as though to read the true import of her questioning. "It would be a privilege to paint you for nothing," he replied, "and I know I should secure a good likeness, because I am so familiar with your features. When shall the sittings commence?"

"Not until you have given me your terms," she responded, half in jest, half in earnest. "Mr. King says New York artists charge from fifty to five hundred dollars."

"Or less," Duncan added.

"What are *your* terms, Mr. Artist?"

"Four hundred and ninety-nine dollars," said Brown, very seriously.

"Oh, you are entirely beyond my means." She tried to look deeply disappointed, but the merry expression in her eyes betrayed her. "I shall be obliged to employ Mr. King, after all," she said with a sigh; "*he* will work for the ninety-nine."

"And I will paint you for the nine" —

"That is *too* cheap. Uncle John says a man gains nothing in this world by underrating his work when he knows its value."

"Very true," Duncan made answer; "but circumstances sometimes alter cases."

"Now, I will make a proposition," Dorothy continued. "I was expecting to provide myself with a new silk dress, this fall, which piece of personal vanity would take fifty dollars of my allowance. But I don't really need the dress; in fact, I fear it is one of those little artificial wants of which we were speaking, and I do need a portrait. Your time is money, or ought to be; and now I propose to have you paint my picture, — if you will do it, and will make a good likeness, — for the sum of fifty dollars, for that is all I can afford at present."

"But, really, Miss Drew, if you are in earnest, I" —

"This is a business transaction, Mr. Brown, and I wish a decided answer."

"But, Miss Drew, you must remem" —

"Yes or no; shall it be Mr. Brown or Mr. King? for the portrait must be painted."

"Yes — if you insist, though I — feel that" —

"Is it a bargain?"

"Yes, you queer child, it is a bargain," he said, noting the earnest expression of her face as she awaited his answer; "and I will make it a *chef d'œuvre*, and sign my name clear across the back-ground, as the thousand-dollar portrait-artists do in New York."

He smiled as he began the speech, but the smile faded almost before he had finished, and he looked thoughtfully out of

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the window. Then he took up his book again and turned the leaves to find the place.

"You must be tired of reading, Mr. Brown," Dorothy interposed, as she saw the movement.

"Not at all; it is a pleasure, always, to read to attentive listeners."

"And a fine reader makes an attentive listener, — do you know that?"

Duncan appreciated the delicate compliment, but did not answer. There was a momentary silence, and, Clara coming into the room at this juncture, the artist excused himself and withdrew.

The portrait matter weighed heavily upon his mind for several days; he was anxious to paint the girl's picture, if she really desired it, but the idea of receiving money from her was most repulsive. Then the feeling that perhaps she was making a noble sacrifice out of pure pity for his misfortunes, and taking this means to assist him, when she really needed the money herself, caused him, even more, to shrink from the undertaking.

"But that jackanapes, King, will paint it, if I do not," he reflected, "and King is over ears in love with her, as any one can see with half an eye. But she does not love King."

It was no satisfaction to Duncan Brown to think so, recalling all the circumstances; for in the last few days he had begun to entertain a vague suspicion that her feelings toward himself had changed more than was well for her peace of mind. He could not explain the mental process by which he had arrived at this conclusion, though fully convinced of its truth. It had come to him, too, as a great surprise, and now he was actually considering the expediency of breaking off the friendly relation at once, and quitting the place without delay. Then the sittings for the portrait commenced, and time went on twisting the thread of destiny and ensnaring them in its toils.

And Dorothy, when she came to think the matter over calmly, was frightened at what she had done; if ever there was a poor child who needed a new silk gown that child was herself, and now she had put it beyond her power to obtain the dress before spring. She had been careful to say nothing to Clara concerning the matter until the portrait was nearly finished; but when she did mention it, one morning just after a sitting, her cousin's indignation was beyond measure. It was a subject of general remark in the household for several days, until, at length, kind-hearted Aunt Harriet came over to Dot's side, and defended her generous action in no uncertain language.

"Generosity has always been a Drew failing, Dorothy," she began, apologetically, "and you come by it naturally, for more than once I have seen your grandma take the clothes right off her back to give to some poor soul needier than herself. It was a good deed, child, and no doubt the young man will have plenty of uses for the money, for I see his shirts are given out in places, and his socks won't stand much more darning. Then the money isn't thrown away, *altogether*, for the picture will last as long as you live, and be prized by your children's children when you are dead and gone."

Nor did the good woman champion her niece's cause with words alone, as the sequel proved, for, unknown to Clara, she helped Dorothy to sponge and iron and make over the old silk, so that it looked very well.

During the days of the girl's enforced imprisonment within doors she saw little of De Witte King. Considering the circumstances, he thought it best to follow a modest and sensible course, and not intrude, even by calling to inquire after her health. But he had no idea of being forgotten by the girl during their separation. The day after the accident he sent her a very pretty note, expressing his deep regret at the occurrence, and every day sent her some kindly remembrance, — a book, a basket of wild-flowers, or some rare fruit.

It happened strangely, however, that upon the very day and hour when Dorothy ventured into the garden, for the first time, De Witte rode by upon his wheel. Of course he dismounted as soon as he saw her, and, entering hurriedly, expressed in actions as well as words his delight at meeting her again. Dorothy had not forgotten the flowers and fruit, or the books, and it may be possible that her kindly welcome was more outspoken and friendly than her feelings warranted. However, he took courage from that moment, paying her such marked attention that she no longer entertained a doubt as to the purpose of his visits. And he was no half-way lover, either, but entered into his wooing with such heart and soul that the maiden found herself swept upon the tide of its impetuosity before she could offer even a mild protest, or hint that his hopes were vain.

How would it end? for she knew, as far as De Witte was concerned, there must

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be an awaking from the dream, and speedily too; yet he took so much for granted, and, withal, wooed so royally, that she had no heart to break the illusion. Meanwhile, the sittings ended, the portrait was finished and paid for, — oh, how hard Duncan Brown strove against accepting the money! — and the summer was two-thirds gone.

De Witte had heard of the portrait; and though he endeavored to appear quite at ease when the subject was mentioned, he, nevertheless, showed strongly his jealous feelings. He was well aware of it, and was angry with himself for not keeping his feelings under better control; for, after all, he reasoned, Duncan Brown was only a poor tramp of an artist, without money or position, and the last man in the world of whom he ought to be jealous.

And now Dorothy's mind was filled with perplexing thoughts, and her days with unhappiness. She had confided to Clara that she didn't care a snap of her finger for Mr. King as a lover, though she liked him very much as a friend; remarking, further, that she was quite too young to think of lovers anyway, and seriously doubted if she should ever care to be married; but, in the event of such a remarkable occurrence, decidedly not to De Witte King. Clara listened to the girl quietly, and when the recital was finished told her plainly it was her duty to show Mr. King, by deed and word, that his lover-like attentions were distasteful to her; and that, for the young man's sake, she should break the illusion as soon as possible.

Then Clara went farther, and hinted, as strongly as she could, that a similar unpleasant necessity might be avoided in the near future by having less to do with this Mr. Brown, of whom no one seemed to know anything, and in whose society, of late, she seemed to find such pleasure. Clara even suggested as a possibility — she really knew it beyond any doubt — that there was danger of Dorothy herself becoming interested; and she reminded the girl, in a sisterly way, that she was not only too young for lovers, but too unsophisticated in the ways of the world to risk her affections in such intimate and indiscriminate friendship.

Dorothy protested strongly against the danger of such a contingency, though, in her secret heart, she could but feel how much of a necessity to her happiness Duncan Brown's companionship had grown. Convinced that open opposition would only precipitate matters, Clara wisely refrained from saying anything more upon the subject for the present, though resolved to keep her eyes open. The stranger-artist treated the girl very much as a child, to whom his companionship was offered for the pleasure she derived from it; and this point alone served, in a measure, to reconcile Clara to the situation, and she hoped his feelings would remain unchanged.

One morning, a few days after this conversation, Dorothy started across the fields to go to the village, when she suddenly became aware that some one was following her. Coming to a bend in the narrow pathway she turned abruptly and beheld Duncan Brown. He was yet at a distance, but she felt her cheeks reddening as she unconsciously slackened her pace, and loitered to gather a handful of buttercups growing in the tall grass near her. In a few moments he had overtaken her, and they walked slowly on together.

"You are going to the village?" he questioned.

"Only on an errand," she replied. "I shall be glad of company if you are going that way too."

"Thank you," he said, his face lighting with a pleasant smile. "I have an important letter to mail, which" —

They had almost crossed the meadow, and were nearing the road when he paused abruptly. "If you are going as far as the post-office may I ask you to mail this for me?" he resumed, "and then I will leave you to more enjoyable company."

Dorothy looked up with a mingled expression of surprise and disappointment, and, taking the letter, was about to reply, when the artist added: "I think your friend Mr. King is waiting for you in the highway, so I will detain you no longer. Please don't let him see the letter."

Then he touched his hat and hastened back across the fields toward the farmhouse, without once looking behind him.

The movement was so sudden it quite took the girl's breath away; and while she stood gazing in wonderment, first at the retreating figure and then at the letter which lay in her hand, De Witte King dismounted and stood leaning upon his wheel by the roadside. In another moment she turned and recognized him.

"Good-morning," he said.

Replying pleasantly to his cheery salutation, she thrust the letter into her pocket and passed rapidly on. Reaching the

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opening in the moss-grown wall, she was assisted over the flat stone which formed a sort of style at the end of the path, and stepped into the highway.

"That man Brown is always dogging your footsteps," DeWitte observed, pettishly, as they started down the roadway together.

"Is he?" the girl returned, naïvely, looking back across the meadows again. The figure of the artist was still in view, though a considerable distance away. "He seems just now to be going pretty rapidly in an opposite direction," she continued, "though he might have mailed his letter himself."

"Oh, then he writes letters, does he, and asks his lady acquaintances to post them? But I half suspect he would have saved you the trouble of attending to the commission had he not seen me. Do you know why it is he always avoids me?"

"Why — yes!" the girl answered, half hesitatingly.

"Do you?"

Dorothy's eyes snapped wickedly as she glanced furtively toward her companion.

"Because he does not wish your company, I suppose," she replied, nonchalantly.

"Rather, because I am a friend of Horace Anandale," he suggested, with a wise look. "Miss Drew, I wish you would show me that letter. Do you know to whom it is addressed?"

"I do," the girl replied, quietly.

"And will you let me see it?"

"By no means."

Her answer was given with firmness and decision, as she grasped the letter more tightly in the depths of her pocket.

"I have no right to do such a thing in any event," she went on; "and, under the present circumstances, would not for any consideration."

Baffled in his attempt to see the letter, and chagrined at the mood in which he found the girl this morning, he walked on in silence, pushing the wheel mechanically before him. Dorothy, too, was silent; for, in her mind, already filled with doubts and perplexities, she was pondering the strange events of the morning, while she recalled with wonderment the superscription upon the envelope of the letter in her pocket. It was addressed to *Horace Anandale.*

"My friend is coming on, now, very soon," De Witte observed, reopening the conversation.

"Your friend?" the girl repeated, absently. "Oh, you mean Mr. Anandale?"

"And then, doubtless, we shall know all about this fellow Brown; and there may be some startling disclosures."

The girl looked up quickly, giving her companion a sharp, shrewd glance. "Startling, did you say?" repeating the word with emphasis. "I should be disappointed if the disclosures were not startling," she observed, with irony, "after all the mysterious hints which have been whispered from time to time. Unfortunate Mr. Brown!"

"Then you choose to take the man upon his own representations, without any fears whatever that he may be a" —

"A what?" the girl demanded, imperatively.

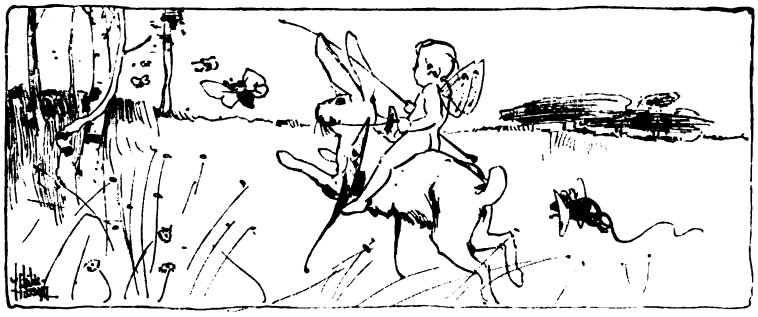
"An impostor."

"Do you know that he is an impostor, and can you prove it?"

"As Horace Anandale says, 'wait and see,'" King replied, laconically, giving the wheel a vicious push, which necessitated a quick forward movement to prevent it from falling.

"Yes, that is what I shall certainly do, — wait and see."

[To be continued.]



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A WINTER'S CRUISE IN A CAT-BOAT.

THE fact that cruising in large boats has become so popular among the yachtsmen of the East may, perhaps, lend additional interest to the following record of a trip from Boston to Florida, made in the winter of 1873–74, by a party of three, in a small cat-rigged yacht. The boat was constructed by a well-known Boston builder expressly for the voyage, and was very strong and high out of the water for a boat of her dimensions. Her length from stem to rudder-post was only 26 feet 5 inches. She measured 11 feet beam with 4 feet draft. Her mast was 8¾ inches in diameter at deck and was 33 feet in length above deck. The main boom overhung the taffrail 2 feet 4 inches, and her centre-board was 8 feet long. Her cabin was 14 feet in length, with head-room of 4 feet 6 inches.

The route taken was entirely an ocean trip, excepting the passage through Albemarle and Pamlico Sounds, to avoid Cape Hatteras. As the yacht was over five tons, it was found necessary to procure a coasting license.

On November 6th, at 6 o'clock P.M., the yacht started from Boston on her voyage. Before leaving the harbor it became necessary to put in two reefs, as the wind had been blowing a gale for several days. There being a very heavy sea running outside, when crossing the shoal between Boston Light and Cape Cod, she shipped considerable water through the centre-casing. This never afterwards occurred during the whole voyage, and may be attributed to the fact that she was then running before the wind, and afterwards, in heavy weather, she was either on the wind or "hove-to." King Neptune about this time came aboard and claimed tribute from all hands. If any spectator had been present he would have enjoyed the spectacle of the skipper, clothed in oil-skins, with a sou'-wester on his head and sea-boots on his feet, sitting on the floor of the cockpit, grasping the helm with both hands, and with a pail between his feet. At one moment his gaze was on the binnacle and the sea ahead, while, at the next moment, his attention was forcibly called to the pail.

This storm continued until the light-ship off Race Point was passed, and, after rounding Cape Cod, the water became much smoother. The watches during the night were divided into three, of four hours each, which were long and tedious enough to satisfy any person. This rule was observed throughout the whole voyage except when there was reefing to be done, when all hands took part.

At daylight next day we were off the Handkerchief Shoals in Vineyard Sound. Here we had to beat against a head-wind and tide, and as the wind lightened, we shook out the reef. Little was accomplished during the morning till the tide turned at noon, when the wind shifted to the north-east and we had to put in two reefs again. This, however, gave us a free wind, and we went skimming along at the rate of eight knots. We now had opportunity to eat the only morsel of food since the previous day.

The islands of Nassau, Nausett, Penikeese, and Cuttyhunk were passed, and the evening found us at Gay Head. During the night we passed Point Judith, Gull Rip, and in the morning we were off New Haven, almost becalmed. Little progress was made all day, and in the evening we put into Sheffield, Conn. At 8 o'clock next morning we started on our way again, with a free wind, and anchored at noon in the Erie Basin, Brooklyn, having accomplished about three hundred and fifty miles of the journey.

We remained several days in New York, departing from there November 11th, with a fair north-west wind, which sent the yacht along eight or nine miles an hour. We took the direct course down New York Bay, thence past Sandy Hook into the broad ocean. The wind held until we arrived off Long Branch, when it turned into a light zephyr, by which, however, we were enabled to progess slowly along the Jersey shore. We had our fears that the calm presaged a storm, with chances of the wind in a contrary direction. These apprehensions were realized. The wind gradually veered to south by south-east, and by this time we were near Shark River, twenty miles below Sandy Hook.

Thinking it policy to make a harbor if possible, we launched our canoe, and took soundings on the bar. As it proved there were but four feet of water, and that, too, at high-tide, which made it rather risky to at-

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tempt the passage, as it was necessary to allow something for the rise and fall of the ocean swell. Accordingly we kept on for the next inlet, at the mouth of the Squam River. Here, again, it appeared to shoal, and the further consideration was entertained that, in the event of a storm, such a sea would be created that it would be impossible for us to get out again for many days, for during and after a storm these bars are white with breakers. The next chance to escape the grip of old Neptune, when he should get fairly enraged, would be to put into Barnegat Inlet. The wind had been gradually increasing, and before we were many miles beyond Squam it had become violent, and being south by south-east was, of course well ahead, so we got in our double reef, and undertook to fight out the gale. By this time it was dark. The sea was one sheet of phosphorescent flame, and the yacht met waves with three feet of crest, which kept continually breaking over her bow. After two hours of tough sailing we got sight of Barnegat Light, which was then nine miles to windward. The wind increased to a gale, but we made out to close-reef our sail, and still persevered. We kept the yacht to her work, and she bravely and handsomely stood the test; but there is a limit to everything, especially to the physical strength and endurance of human kind, when wet, cold, and not wholly free from sea-sickness. This was no summer cruise. It was winter cold, for although it was the month of November, the chilliness of the air made one think it must be midwinter, with the mercury near the freezing-point. About midnight, having a fair offing, we lashed the helm a-lee, and, with a started sheet, hove the yacht to under the close-reefed mainsail; we turned in till morning, and let the boat take care of herself. Think of throwing away the reins on a runaway horse, trusting for safety to his tiring out and coming to a stop, without encountering any obstacle in his mad flight that might put an end to your life and his own! Such was our position, locked up in our cabin, and leaving the yacht to the mercy of wind and wave. Knowing as we did that only some unusual catastrophe could prevent her riding out the storm with comparative safety, and tired out as we were from our hard work, our slumbers were sweet, and we arose in the morning thoroughly rested and fully prepared for another battle. In lying to, our sail and rudder being in opposite directions, prevented us from making any forward progress, and only tended to keep the boat headed to the seas. No danger could attend us, unless we were driven back by the wind and waves on a lee shore. Such a thing was impossible here for we had plenty of sea-room. At daybreak we found that we had made about twelve miles leeway, and had got back upon a part of our old ground. The heavy southerly roll, we were convinced, was too much of an obstacle to overcome with a strong head-wind; so we decided to put the vessel about, and make a run for New York harbor. With this intention we stood to the northward till noon, when the wind got around to the old quarter, north-west. We were now about fifteen miles to leeward of Sandy Hook, and, having had enough of close-hauled sailing, we determined to wear ship and make another attempt to reach our destination.

About 5 P.M., after a run to the southward of between thirty and forty miles, we made Barnegat Inlet, but found the breakers too high to render it at all prudent to venture through them; so we agreed to run for the Delaware Breakwater, ninety miles farther south. For a few hours we had a fair wind, but, about 9 o'clock, we were headed off once more by a fierce south-easter, approaching the dimensions of a gale, and accompanied by a heavy sea. Being in the pathway of coasting vessels, we did not dare to take the chances of lying-to in the darkness, and perceived that we had no other alternative than to make another night of it amid the storm and darkness and surrounded by the heaving billows. The boat was equal to the emergency, and again, under circumstances more trying than those of the night previous, we found ourselves, the next morning, at daylight, within fifteen miles to the eastward of Cape May. We beat through a heavy chop sea, with the wind dead ahead, into Delaware Bay. When well inside we were struck by a snow-squall, which made us think of the Polar Sea rather than the orange-blossoms which we had in mind when starting. However, we kept on, and at about 4 o'clock P.M., we found ourselves on the comfortable side of the Delaware Breakwater, having this time been without rest or food for forty-eight hours, and pretty well used up.

This was the greatest hardship we experienced on the whole cruise. We were beating against a head-wind under close-reef, enlivened every few hours with a snow-squall.

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The sea was drenching every part of the boat, for it seemed impossible to keep it from coming into the cabin, either through the scuttle or through the deck, which had opened above the stove.

The first thing on coming to anchor was to start a fire and put on a pot of soup, and then to spread all the bedding and blankets out on deck to dry. After eating we were all right again, and after setting out the light we all turned in for the night, and a right good night it was, for to say that we slept like tired boys would be only half the truth. We had scarcely got to sleep when a brushing noise awakened and called us to the deck, where we were saluted from a schooner with —I will not say; it was not French, and was not at all complimentary. We found we had a narrow escape: a schooner had come into the breakwater to anchor. When almost upon us a light from the light-house on the wall disclosed our boat just in season for them to put the wheel up; but so close was our escape that the schooner brushed the side of the yacht in passing. It came near being our last sleep, and was occasioned by our lantern going out. Yachtsmen, when at anchor in a strange place and having no watch set, cannot be too particular in regard to their light.

The next day, at about 3 o'clock P.M., we got under way once more and expected to reach Norfolk, Va. The wind was favorable, a little north of west, and held till about 8 P. M., when it subsided into a dead calm. We rolled about in very idle fashion for the next ten hours. About daybreak the wind freshened up, and by 11 o'clock we made Chincoteaque Inlet, Va., about seventy miles south of the breakwater. The clerk of the weather did fairly with us this time, and although we had started out on the sailors' unlucky day, we got timely and unmistakeable hints that what the 'longshoremen call a "regular tantarter," was brewing. Here we had a safe and snug harbor, and we remained until the gale had blown out.

On Wednesday, November 19th, we got away for Norfolk, Va., at about 6.30 A. M., with the wind west-north-west, and beautiful weather. We bowled along down the coast, across the bay and into Hampton Roads, reaching the docks of Fortress Monroe at 9 P. M., having made a run of ninety miles in about fourteen hours.

On Saturday the yacht was towed up Elizabeth River, *en route* for Albemarle Sound. Having got into the salubrious climate of the North Carolina Sounds we felt that it was about time to think of the old motto: "Take a little comfort as you go along;" and, as we were not sailing for a prize mug, nor pursued by a pirate, or anything of that sort, we did not hurry, and were just a month, lacking one day, in going from Norfolk to Charleston. Upon entering the canal, we took a tow, per propeller, and went through Currituck Sound on the same day. On the 25th of November we again entered the canal, and our further progress therein was made by sail.

This part of the voyage was of the quietest description. There was no sea, and it was smooth sailing. A good harbor could be made for the night almost anywhere. It was unnecessary to drop the anchor, as the boat could be fastened to a tree, as the land traveller would hitch a horse. There was plenty of gunning and fishing, and here our larder was well filled, and the greatest epicure could have found no fault with our table.

On Thursday, the 27th, we crossed Albemarle Sound and came to anchor near the Roanoke marshes. On Friday we went before a stiff north wind across Pamlico Sound, all sail, with the peak dropped. Next day we were in Core Sound, where we had smooth sailing and a most enjoyable passage, until nearing the extreme end of the Sound, when we got aground. The best bower was lifted into the skiff, and dropped a cable's length off shore, and the yacht was hauled into clear water without much difficulty. We arrived at Moorhead City on Sunday, the 30th, and on the following day went up to Beaufort, N.C.

Here we remained eight days, and on December 8th left Beaufort, and were soon on the broad Atlantic, bound for Wilmington; the wind was light from the north and the weather cloudy. During the night a dense fog set in, and, fearing lest we might miss the light at the inlet to Cape Fear River, we came to anchor till daylight.

At daylight the fog continued, so we laid our course along shore just outside the breakers, and after a while discovered the light-house on Federal Point. Fortunately the fog began to lift as we approached the light-house, and we decided to make the rather hazardous attempt of running into New Inlet. This is an inlet to Cape Fear River, crossed by a sand bar, and but little used. We ran safely through the breakers, however, without taking any water aboard. As soon as we were fairly clear of the bar we were along side of the famous Fort Fisher. The sun came out uncomfortably

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hot, but otherwise the sail up the river to Wilmington, a distance of about thirty-five miles, was very pleasant.

On December 12th we left Wilmington, and after running down the river, anchored off Fort Fisher again. From this point we sailed for Smithsville, where we stopped on Sunday the 14th, and next made harbor at Tubbs Inlet. Here we remained till Saturday; the weather was warm and lovely all the time. We made an attempt to get out on Thursday, but just as we reached the inlet the wind left us, and the tide being strong caught the yacht, and sent her upon the bar among the breakers. She managed to grind her way over the first bar, but stuck fast on the second. Here she bumped and thumped while the tide was falling, and for a while there seemed to be a good chance of another wreck to adorn the Carolina coast. She was got off at next tide, however, without apparent injury. On Saturday, at 6 A.M., wind north-west and moderate, we again got to sea; calm at noon; fresh from the north at 8 P.M; reached Charleston at 7 A.M., on Sunday, December 21, having made a run of one hundred and twenty miles in twenty-six hours, which was good work, considering the calm.

The next dash was for Savannah or Jacksonville, according as the billows and breezes of the ocean might favor. Whether to go up the St. John's River after reaching Jacksonville, or down the Florida coast, some three hundred miles, to Indian River, was not decided. By taking out our ballast we could run about two hundred miles up the St. John's. Between Jacksonville and Indian River there is no harbor even for a yacht, so that this attempt cannot be made unless the weather is very favorable.

On the trip from Brooklyn to Charleston we experienced no particular difficulty, either in reefing or lying to. In lying to, the third or close-reef was always put in. In reefing in a heavy sea, such as we had experienced in the gale off the Jersey coast, all hands were called. If we were sailing free we brought her up into the wind enough to get the boom aboard, and then, with one man at the helm and two forward, lowered away to the desired reef-band, secured the earings and the points, and hoisted again into position. The business of the man at the helm was only to keep her steady, and partly head to the sea. The work was laborious, but we did not regard it dangerous; though, of course, every man had to take good care to keep his feet, as she lurched off and on, otherwise we might find ourselves standing on our heads, and the water running out of our boots. We never lowered away to the deck, and never let the vessel get broadside to the sea.

The reason we lay to the first night of the gale, and not the second, was because on the first night we were completely tired out and used up, so we lashed the helm a-lee, fastened the hatch on the inside, and turned in to get a little sleep. On the next night we felt fresher, and thought it best to keep on, and thus be gaining a little all the time in the right direction. We had no mast-head lights, but proper lights of different colors were at hand to show when nearing another vessel. We missed it badly in going about and scudding for New York harbor, for the north-west blow met us half-way, and kicked up a terrible rumpus with the lone seas rolling in from the south-east.

In scudding we carried a double reef, and got along tolerably well with an occasional whack of the boom into the cap of the sea. In all this rough usage we lost neither of our canoes. The trysail was not used at any time in lying to, though we do not doubt it might be so used to advantage. It would also serve, being secured forward, in scudding before a gale. All the use made of it was to hold the yacht steady at anchor, keep her from yawing about and letting the cold wind blow down the hatch.

On Saturday, December 26th, we started with a view to reach Savannah by the inland passage, via Ashley, Waupoo, and Stone Rivers, the sea being rough and the weather very unpromising on the outside. We pursued our way during two days up the river, when the shoals became so numerous that we gave it up and returned to Charleston harbor. On the 30th, at 7 o'clock A.M., we catted and fished our anchor, and, with a brisk nor'-nor'-west wind, stood away for the entrance of the harbor. We passed the bars safely, and ran along shore for about two hours, when the piping wind and swelling sea induced us to put in a single reef, and in another hour a double reef. By 2 o'clock the wind had increased to something like a gale, accompanied by an ugly sea, when we put in a third reef. At 5 P.M., when we made Tybee light, at the entrance to Savannah River, the wind had lulled, which encouraged us to take out one reef and keep on, instead of pushing into the river. This

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proved a mistake, for, at 10 o'clock, the wind began to increase, and by 2 A.M. a living gale was blowing. The sea was running high, with long swells, and, at times, combing fiercely. Sailing in this way, at 3 A.M. a sea struck the starboard quarter and knocked the man at the helm across the standing-room into the lee scuppers. No serious damage resulted; but the circumstance was rather discouraging, and all hands began to feel as if they wanted to go home. As this was impracticable, we put in a third reef. With this we kept on for a short distance, when we made up our minds that it was too much for us, and we hove the vessel to. Another consideration had some weight in our minds, and that was the speed at which we had been moving, about seven and one-half knots, might, if we kept on, carry us beyond the mouth of the St. John's River.

The Barnegat Inlet tactics were again put into requisition. All hands went below, barred the hatch on the inside, and left the boat to take care of herself. This she did magnificently. But the gale did not let up for an instant, while the fury of the sea was heightened by the prolongation of the gale. The wind had gradually veered to nearly north-east. The heavy seas rolled and lifted the frail craft in a most unmerciful style. Thus, by lying-to, we drifted for twenty-three hours. Our apprehensions were awakened, not so much by the violence of the storm as in regard to the matter of lee-way. We were at sea and out of sight of Squantum, so much we were sure of; but to explain our geographical position much more definitely than that was out of our power. We regarded the chances as about even that our drift might carry us upon some of the Bahamas or upon Cape Canaveral, on the Florida coast.

About 3 o'clock on New Year's morning we made up our minds that something should be done, both to celebrate the occasion and to dodge the responsibilities of navigation upon a lee shore. Several propositions were entertained; but the one acted upon was to run, close-hauled, nor'-nor'-west, thus gaining on the friendly shore and regaining some of the distance drifted. As usual, the boat came into her work in good style; but the sail, for a holiday excursion, was not all that could be desired.

It was also very different from a picnic, in one respect, that is, we had no provisions except hard crackers and water.

At 11 o'clock we spoke a pilot cutter, and were informed that we were off Dobney Sound, coast of Georgia. This was agreeable news, since it satisfied us that we had not got below the St. John's River. Accordingly, the wind having moderated considerably, we shook out our reefs, and bore up for Fernandina, Fla., where we arrived at 7 P.M., with our bones more or less dislocated, our flesh shaken into jelly, and as hungry as so many buzz-saws, our last cooked meat having been eaten at Charleston, on Monday, December 29th.

J. H. S.

STOLEN — A BICYCLE.

I.

It is probable that every member of our restless brotherhood could select from a season's wheeling some score of runs which, from the perfect conditions under which they were taken, — conditions principally of roads, weather, and mood of the rider, — remain long in his memory as preëminently enjoyable events. Perhaps the most thoroughly delightful morning's excursion in the writer's experience was taken on a faultless day in the latter part of the month of April, several years ago; the temperature was neither too warm nor too cool, the roads were all that could be desired, and the wind, which had blown a gale all night, was now no more than a gentle breeze. Regular attendance at gymnasium during the winter months had kept me in prime physical condition; and the last, but not least, favoring circumstance was that the old machine, much abused and prematurely rickety and decrepit from severe overwork, had at length given place to a steed of more approved style. It must not be supposed, however, that my once firm and ever faithful friend sustained a transference from my service to a newer one, for I had not the heart to

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dispose of it for its trifling value in money; so, along with an ancient quadruped, which has also seen better days, it shall remain in my stable for an indefinite period.

Over a thirty-mile stretch of splendid roadway, through a country famous for its beauty, I enjoyed the initial ride on my new fifty-four. The keen delight of that morning has hardly been equalled in my later riding. From the moment of starting, till within a mile of my house on the return, nothing had transpired to mar the pleasure of it in any way; but there is no such thing as perfect happiness in this world, and that rather melancholy fact was forcibly illustrated for my benefit before the ride was quite concluded. The new wheel ran so beautifully, and I felt so like felicitating myself on the ease with which I rode it, that a spirit of pride was engendered, and, as a result of this, carelessness ensued, and the combination was too much for me. I had neglected to oil the steering centres, and on nearing home a slight stiffness was noticeable in that part of the machine. Instead of dismounting like a sensible man, I concluded to lubricate the bearing while astride the wheel, and reaching back I fumbled with the bag strap until it was loosened and the oil-can secured. The little acorn-shaped cap was unscrewed from the head of the machine, a drop or two of oil descended into the proper hole — and then came the catastrophe!

The character of the obstruction, or whatever it was that overcame the powers of equilibrium, has escaped my recollection; but I arose a blushing and humbled man. The oil-can was discovered some thirty feet away from the "scene of the accident," but the little nickel-plated cap could nowhere be found. The services of a small urchin — whom I caught in the act of enjoying my mishap with a grin upon his ugly countenance — were engaged, and together we searched, but in vain. At length we reluctantly gave it up, and, mounting, I commenced the mile's journey which yet intervened between the place of my fall and home.

It should be understood that this April day was not of the present year of perfect American machines. The lost cap came with the bicycle from England, and while conjecturing upon the length of time which must necessarily pass before another headpiece could be obtained from the factory, the idea occurred to me that there existed no reason why I should not supply a duplicate of the missing article from my own workroom, provided a piece of metal of suitable proportions could be found among the motley pile of "scrap" that I happened to have on hand. For many years much of my leisure had been devoted to amateur mechanics, and the collection of tools and acquirement of skill in their use; the manufacturing of the cap, therefore, was not a work of any great difficulty, and I resolved to undertake it immediately on my return.

In order that the reader may clearly comprehend what follows, it is necessary to acquaint him with a few brief details of locality. Our little village of Riverdale is situated on the banks of a broad river, some ten miles above the great and busy city of X——, which is on the same river, but upon the opposite shore. In order to reach the city we are conveyed by rail to the terminus of the road in the town of B——, on our side of the stream, and directly opposite X——. A ferry-boat completes the journey.

My house at Riverdale is near the river, and about one mile from the railroad station. The building devoted to my mechanical pursuits is at the rear end of the grounds which extend around the dwelling-house, and there are two entrances to it: one from the grounds, and the other from the back lane which constitutes the boundary line of the property. My incomings and outgoings are generally through the gates which open upon the avenue in front, and the lane door of my workshop is rarely used; but on this occasion, as the workshop was the objective point, and as the key was in my pocket, I rode up the lane and entered, leaving the door wide open, for the benefit of the additional light and air.

Leaning the bicycle against the wall, inside the building, I ascended to the floor above, which is the workroom proper, and soon found a little brass casting, which would answer admirably, with a small amount of extra cutting down of surplus metal. I went to work at it, and in the course of an hour or so perfected a little ornament, which had a very pretty and altogether unique appearance. I purposed having it nickelled in the city, plating being beyond the facilities of my "establishment."

Whenever I see a nervous individual laboring under the absence of good health, who is oppressed with a variety of dismal forebodings about his condition, who

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imagines heart, lungs, and liver to be playing him false, and who is in effect as much dead as alive, I feel, from a former depressing experience of my own, that salvation exists for him in a bicycle.

The exhilarating ride of the morning, the keen enjoyment which this noble recreation had given me, filled every vein and muscle with life indeed. My spirits ran high — so high, in fact, that I involuntarily opened my mouth and gave way to song! Ordinarily people have recourse to this method of reducing the pressure of their feelings, but in my case it has been always peculiarly satisfactory, as my voice is rather greater in point of volume than that of the generality of mankind. In fact, kind friends inform me that the only thing extant which bears an adequate resemblance to it is the Fog Horn of Centennial fame. Not being a musician I am fain to acknowledge that the old war-song rendered that morning, with most imperfect recollection of time and tune, must have produced somewhat of a commotion.

Satisfied with the cap, which now ornamented the bicycle head, I once more ascended to the room above to place the tools in order and to clean up the lathe, which, by the way, is also a "wheel" which requires some attention occasionally. The time consumed upstairs was probably twenty minutes; and be it remembered that my vocal organs were in almost incessant active operation until I came down again.

The next thing in order was to wheel the bicycle over to its place in the stable, and I entered the lower room with outstretched hand to grasp the machine. What was my astonishment, on turning around at the foot of the enclosed stair-way, to find no machine there! It was not in the room. That it was a practical joke of some kind, or that I was dreaming, flashed into my mind and out again as quickly, and I recognized the strong probability of theft. I hastily went to the lane door and looked out, but seeing no one, ran first to one corner of the lane and then to the other without better result. Without further loss of valuable time I returned to the workshop, and passing through the building to the other door, called out to Harry, our man-of-all-work, who was over in the stable cleaning a set of harness.

"Harry," I cried, "I believe my bicycle has been stolen within the past twenty minutes. Did you hear any one in here while I was upstairs?"

"No, sir," replied Harry, who was an intelligent darkey, "I thought I heard you singing, but"—

"Yes, I understand. Now, you put the little mare into the light wagon just as quickly as you know how. Put the harness on — I'll run out the wagon!"

Not a second was lost. Aroused from a gentle doze the little mare found herself hitched up and ready to start, almost before she was thoroughly awake. During the process Harry and I had consulted briefly, but to the point, as we supposed. The hypothesis which our first action was based upon was that the thief was a tramp, or stroller of some kind, who had shaped his course into Riverdale, and while walking by my workshop, and finding the door open, had looked in, discovered an opportunity, and, being of the class who never let their "chances like sunbeams pass them by," had stepped in and spirited away my beloved wheel. That the thief, whoever he might be, could not ride a bicycle, seemed most likely; and that the obvious course for him to pursue would be to quit the immediate territory with all possible expedition, was apparently as probable. What point would he make for? The city unquestionably, where he might sacrifice the machine for one-half its value at short notice, and with little danger to himself.

In something less than ten minutes from the time of our starting a down train would be at the station, and, if we could but arrive there before the train, I had most sanguine expectations of capturing thief and bicycle. Our poor little beast never was a fast trotter, and when she "broke" at the commencement of the journey, she continued to the end on a run. We heard the whistle when still a considerable distance from the station, and it soon became evident that we should have no spare seconds.

The last clump of trees was presently cleared; we flew out into the open roadway — and saw the train slowly departing! We waved hats and shouted to attract attention, but the engineer and other officials proved altogether oblivious, and with accelerating speed the train became smaller and smaller in the increasing distance. With chagrin and disappointment I threw the lines to Harry, and sprang from the wagon. Crossing the track, I entered the ticket-office and accosted the ticket-seller, to whom I related the circumstances as concisely as possible,

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and then inquired whether he had noticed a man board the train with a bicycle.

"Yes," was the expected reply, "he got in the baggage-car at the front end of the train."

"Do you know who it was? — would you know him again?"

"Well, I did not notice him particularly, as he did not buy a ticket, and I hardly suppose I should recognize him if I saw him again. If I were in your place I would telegraph down and have him stopped. You can follow in less than an hour on the next train. Squire Lort will make out a warrant for you in the meanwhile."

In pursuance of this advice I wrote out the following despatch, and had it transmitted to the operator at B——, with whom I was personally acquainted: "My bicycle stolen. Thief and bicycle now on down-train. Endeavor to detain him. Will follow with warrant on next train."

I could scarcely repress a smile of triumph as the instrument clicked off the message which was to overcome my enemy in his flight. Of course it was possible — barely possible — that the individual on the train was in perfectly legitimate possession of his own property, and not mine. The reputation of Riverdale riding was widely diffused among wheelmen. Two splendid roads extended over twenty or thirty miles of lovely country; but, as their direction tended still further away from X——, it was a frequent practice of city wheelmen to avoid the wretched riding between X—— and Riverdale, by coming and returning per rail. It was possible, therefore, that the purloiner of my bicycle was travelling afoot, and might yet be captured by Harry and the mare at no very great distance from us. Acting upon this view of the situation, I instructed Harry how to act; and I then proceeded to interview Squire Lort.

The village magistrate, when not occupied as such, worked his forge at the blacksmith shop; and, as he was more frequently called upon to manipulate hammer and tongs than to act in his official capacity, I had little difficulty in finding him. It took quite as long as I had calculated for the Squire to impress me with the dignity and importance of his position, and his exposition of the necessity and importance of warrants-of-arrest may have been correct enough, but was rather prolix for the comfort of his audience. In fact, the Squire's unrelenting verbosity forced me to part with not a little of my own dignity of manner, by running for the train. Puffing and blowing I jumped on board, and was soon whirled down to B—— at a forty-mile rate.

I went directly to my friend the telegraph-operator, and we proceeded together to the large waiting-room of the depot. There, apparently at liberty, but in reality under the vigilant eye of a "gentleman" in one corner of the room, with wrath on his visage and vengeance in his heart, striding up and down the room with energetic strides, was — my own first cousin! He was taking his own wheel to the city for repairs when my unfortunate intervention, in the shape of a telegram, stopped him in this "disagreeable manner," — as he termed it. Joe is not given to profanity, and the present provocation was such that the few extravagant phrases which leaked to the surface can hardly be a matter of great weight in his final account. Being a reasonable youth, his good-humor was quickly restored, and he even proffered his sympathy and assistance.

My hopes frustrated at B——, I crossed the ferry with Joe for the purpose of advertising in the newspapers of the city. After that was accomplished we called at the principal police-station, and through its agency all likely places where the bicycle could be offered for sale were duly notified to be on the lookout. I was determined to recover my wheel if such a thing were practicable; and the final effort towards that end was the engagement of a detective to follow the matter up where my personal efforts ceased.

It was late in the evening when I returned home, tired, hungry, and altogether miserable. Harry had discovered no clue whatever. He had driven, for a considerable distance, over every road in the vicinity of the town; had made inquiry everywhere; but nobody had seen a bicycle since I came home from riding that morning. The condolences of my family served little to bring back the good temper of the morning, and I retired to my own room, and went to bed, in no pleasant frame of mind, and with the conviction that the man, whom I regarded at that moment as my bitterest foe, was either in league with the devil, or must have left Riverdale in an invisible balloon.

Day after day went by, until nearly a week had passed, with no news whatever. I stopped the advertisements and the detective's services as incurring useless ex-

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pense; and, like a true philosopher, concluded to regret my misfortune as little as possible, and take consolation in a practical manner on a new wheel. After that one ride on a perfect bicycle it would be impossible to again derive satisfaction from my old and worn-out machine; so a few weeks later saw me in happy possession of a fifty-four precisely similar to the one which I had lost, and many are the delightful hours it has given me.

II.

At the time of the occurrences already related I was in business partnership with an old schoolmate of mine. After some years of steady work we had met with considerable success, and had, but a short time prior to my story, established an agency in the western city of N——. Mr. Benton, who was intrusted with the charge of this branch concern, was a mutual friend of long standing, and was one of those rare and happy individuals whom every one likes. I have never seen a man with such an unlimited number of friends and social acquaintances. An ardent bicycler and club man, with an overflowing fund of animal spirits, ever ready for active enjoyment, and with resources always at his fingers' ends, his character of itself was an unfailing guarantee of pleasure to any one visiting his city who was fortunate enough to be consigned to his care. Hence it was that, as the fall of the year came around, when it was necessary for either my partner or myself to travel out to N——, for the purpose of adjusting and settling matters with Benton, the question of which should go was of considerable interest to each of us. We were both anxious enough to go, and on this particular occasion, as either could be spared with equal convenience, I recollect we tossed up a coin as the easiest method of deciding. The result was a decision in my favor; and in a week I commenced the three days' journey westward.

Arriving at N——, I found Benton standing on the depot platform, and received his hearty greetings. We were driven to his hotel, and I shortly after left him for my own room, being considerably fatigued from the long and monotonous travelling.

Benton, in spite of his love of a good time, was a man of business when business required his attention; and for the first three days our affairs occupied us exclusively. On the evening of the third day, however, matters were placed upon a satisfactory basis, and Benton, sprawled out in a big office chair, rested his heels on a desk, clasped his hands back of his head, and broke forth into a terrific yawn, and into the following utterance: —

"Frank, my dear boy, I am tired of office life, and almost famished. Let us ride up to the club and dine there. We will be certain to meet Smith and some of the other fellows, and we can organize a dinner-party, and tune ourselves up to concert pitch. Smith is our treasurer. He is the handsomest man in N——, and a clever fellow, — you will be sure to like him."

I was perfectly agreed to such a proposition, and the programme suggested was duly carried out. I was introduced to Smith, but, much to Benton's disappointment, my impression of him was by no means as favorable as had been anticipated. Physically he was, undoubtedly, as Benton had remarked, a splendid specimen of human nature, an unusually good-looking fellow; but to me, his hail-fellow-well-met air had a suspicion of insincerity in it; his frequent and rather loud laugh seemed to me lacking the genuine spontaneity of Benton's ungovernable roars, and the whole bearing of the man, giving full credit to his wit and entertaining conversation, his well related anecdotes, and the general popularity in which he was held, affected me unfavorably, even to an unreasonable extent, from the moment I first saw him. My departure from N——, however, and a consequent interruption — which I trusted would be permanent — of all intercourse with Smith, were so near at hand that I had resolved upon keeping my impressions strictly to myself, and I should not have deviated from this more Christian course had not Benton questioned me so flatly and persistently that I could scarcely avoid giving my unreserved opinion of his friend. Benton laughed at me good-naturedly, and said: —

"Frank, your notions are as singular as unjust. To be sure I have not known him for any great length of time, nor have I had much intimacy with him beyond that immediately derived from bicycling affairs; but at the same time there has been ample opportunity for forming judgment of him, and I can assure you that Smith is a capital fellow."

"You are far too good-natured yourself, Benton, for your words to have the effect

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of eradicating from my mind a very strong impression. I distrust any man who, on one hour's acquaintance, professes a passionate friendship for you, and is unreasonably interested in your affairs. What does he care for Riverdale, and about the location of my house in it? You might suppose he contemplated entering into negotiations for its purchase to have heard his inquiries concerning it. He was also impertinent enough to ask me if I sang, and made the gratuitous remark that I had a singularly effective speaking-voice, and that he would wager any amount on his ability to recognize it twenty years hence. Confound his impudence!"

"My dear old boy, don't get ruffled," Benton replied. "I see that you have conceived a ridiculous and incorrigible dislike for Smith, so let's change the subject. I am sorry you don't like him, though."

The next day was enjoyably spent in "doing" the many interesting features of N——; and in the evening, agreeable to a resolution formed at the dinner of the previous evening, a party of eight — Smith *not* included — attended the theatre. After a sprightly performance of a laughable comedy, we found ourselves in too good humor to part company, so we walked back together to the club-house, it being but a moderate distance from the theatre.

The club was quite an important institution, having a roll of one hundred and seventy members, thirty of whom were bicyclers. For the accommodation of wheels, and for dressing and other rooms, an annex had been erected adjoining the main edifice occupied by the club. The wheel-room was a spacious apartment, built large on account of a prospective increase in the club membership. The bicycling faction, while subject to regulation by the club proper, had rules and officers of its own, and Benton, as a matter of course, was chosen president.

On the arrival of our party we found a number of wheelmen in their head-quarters — Smith included — earnestly discussing the programme for the following day, which was a municipal holiday. Of course there was to be a "run," although an informal one, and at length the route was definitely decided upon. By unanimous invitation I was to accompany the party, and a wheel and costume were furnished me.

The day was just as we would have wished it, — bright, sunshiny, and cool. We rode to a village about fifteen miles from N——, where we rested and partook of a hearty dinner. Then came lounging under trees, cigars, conversation, and laughter. Some one proposed an impromptu contest at fancy riding, offering the magnanimous reward of a cigar to the successful man. The well-known repertory of tricks followed, — some well done, — but truth compels me to state that Smith was by long odds the most graceful and dexterous rider of the party, and received the prize. There happened to be a little trick of my own invention which, at Benton's request, I arose to perform. I grasped the handles of Smith's machine, which one of the party handed to me, mounted it, and came to a stand-still, looking downward in the usual manner. I was about continuing the trick when my eye alighted upon a little brass object on the head of the bicycle that had the effect of unnerving me completely. All thought of the trick vanished; the nicety of balance ceased to be maintained, and I tumbled over and met the ground, with considerable violence, on my side. Many kind expressions of regret and sympathy were tendered at my sudden attack of supposed illness. I looked up at the group standing around me, but did not see Smith, nor did I come in contact with him again that afternoon. On the return ride he occupied a position near the extreme front of the line, while Benton and I brought up the rear. As the first opportunity offered itself I slackened my pace, and he and I were left alone together.

Benton already knew the facts relating to the theft of my bicycle six or eight months back, and was completely incredulous when I told him of the astonishing discovery of the afternoon. I at length prevailed upon him to credit that which I was so well assured of, and we entered into consultation as to subsequent action. It seemed preposterous that a man occupying Smith's social position could possibly be guilty of such petty larceny as this, and neither of us broached such a supposition; but it was my unyielding conviction that he could, at least, supply information of some kind in regard to it, and I cautiously acquainted Benton with my suspicion, giving as a basis for it Smith's conversation with me on the first night of our meeting, when he appeared so curious about matters pertaining to Riverdale and my own personal affairs, and his apparent avoidance of me since my fall from his bicycle. I was determined to have an interview with him, and, with my friend's acquiescence, I called at Smith's house that evening. He was not at home,

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however, and I resolved to call upon him again early the next morning.

The morning came, and I was making preparation to leave my hotel, when there came a knock at my door, and a waiter handed me a letter. The letter was from Smith. I will not anticipate its contents by comment. Here it is just as I received it:—

N——, October 29th, 18—.

FRANCIS VAN W. VOX, Esq.:—

DEAR SIR,—I have always found perfect frankness of speech much more satisfactory than concealment or dissimulation, and I therefore acknowledge without hesitation, and at once, that it was I who *borrowed* your bicycle last spring in Riverdale. Perhaps I might be less ingenuous were it not imperative for me to take French leave of N—— this very night. To-morrow's newspapers will most likely inform you that my employers took unfair advantage of a public holiday, and my absence, to unearth a few little matters, which leaves but this course open to me.

My dear sir, accept my most sincere thanks for the use of your pretty wheel. I regret that you did not purchase one a size larger; it would have suited me much better,—however, we will say no more about that. I am obliged to you, and have no objection to your taking it home with you, as it would hardly be compatible with a graceful departure were I to be encumbered with it.

Perhaps you entertain some natural curiosity as to the circumstances under which your bicycle came into my possession. I have just a half hour to spare, and, as I feel in the humor for writing, I don't object to gratifying you. Know then, dear friend, that last April found me engaged in X——, where the services which I rendered a certain business house in that city were not, according to my ideas of the fitness of things, adequately rewarded. I resigned my position, and applied for one in N——, which I knew to be vacant, and succeeded in obtaining it. Having a few days of idleness on my hands before starting West, I received and accepted an invitation to visit a distant relation of mine, who has a country place situated very nearly opposite your town of Riverdale. My host was extremely fond of sailing, and owned several fast yachts (you may possibly guess to whom I refer). I am not a little proud of my own skill in nautical matters, and while at my cousin's indulged my propensity for boating unrestrained. On the last day of my visit my cousin was obliged to leave early for the city, and bade me farewell soon after breakfast. As he was without family, I was left without companionship of any sort, to amuse myself as best I could. A fine breeze sprang up, and I concluded to navigate over to Riverdale and walk through its pretty streets. In a brief period after crossing the river I found myself wandering up a delightful little lane, when presently my attention was attracted by the most appalling and unearthly howling (pardon, dear sir), it has ever been my misfortune to hear. I advanced to the building whence the noise proceeded, to ascertain whether or not the disturbance was caused by human agency. I looked in at the open door—and saw a bicycle. That very morning my fond thoughts had dwelt on this identical theme, and I had longed for a wheel most heartily. Here was one at hand and nobody by, so my resolution to borrow your property, and to return it shortly, was formed instanter. None but a good-natured fellow could ever, in solemn earnest, raise such a vocal uproar, and if I did not return with the machine by the time it was missed, I confidently trusted to a glib tongue to turn the affair into a joke. I took hold of the handlebar, and was in the act of rolling your wheel to the door, when I tripped and flung it down with considerable violence. Your overwhelming voice saved me from any apprehension on account of it, however, and in a twinkling I was on my way to the river.

Did I actually intend to return it? Well, really I cannot say. I told myself that I would return it; but it may have been only a piece of self-deception; for when I dismounted at the river I could not bear to part with it—and I did not. Every possible advantage against detection was in my favor: I would leave that evening for a city hundreds of miles distant; there need be no communication with anybody at my cousin's, as one old woman was the sole occupant of his house; I could ride the wheel down to X——, take it to my rooms, and who would think of questioning me? My dear Vox, these ideas were carried out to the letter; and again I desire your acceptance of my thanks for the pleasure which your nickelled steed has afforded me. My time is nearly up, and I will but add that the little brass knob, I know, was my betrayer this afternoon. I have always been aware of its difference from others, and, but for the perversity of my fate, should have replaced it by another long ago. May you live a thousand years!

Yours, etc.,

A. SMITH.

What idiotic oversight never to have thought of the river! This idea asserted itself with greater emphasis than any of the dozen others which came to me on reading this letter. My sense of mortification at being so easily circumvented met with some alleviation, however, from the opposing fact of my superiority of discrimination over Benton in correctly judging this man, whom he had pronounced such a capital fellow; and, after all, supposing that I had been duly instructed as to Smith's mode of escape, could I have intercepted his entrance into X——, when he might have effected it through any of the innumerable thoroughfares which led into the great city?

The newspapers appeared that afternoon with columns headed, in prominent type, "Another Defaulter." Smith's position, as that of confidential clerk, had been one of responsibility and trust, and his embezzlements (hinted at in his letter to me) aggregated no less than $25,000. A letter received from him by the firm which he had so egregiously wronged told the common-place story of ruinous speculation and loss of every dollar he had taken. He manifested a feeling of contrition, either real or affected, and begged to be allowed to quit the country without molestation. No very rigorous search for him was ever instituted, owing to the fact of his near relationship to the senior and principal of the firm, who, no doubt, entertained no especial

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desire to again lay eyes on his recusant nephew.

It was mainly through Benton's instrumentality that Smith became a member of the Bicycling Branch of the N—— Club, and when it was discovered that he had appropriated several hundred dollars of the club funds, it made a fresh wound in poor Benton's already lacerated feelings.

Smith has never been heard of since; and it is presumable that if he remained in his native land at all it was nowhere in in the vicinity of N——. I have made several other journeys to that city and to the club's head-quarters, but the name of our quondam associate is to be heard no more. Not feeling a strong affection for the long-lost bicycle, I disposed of it soon after my arrival in X——; but the little brass piece of my own handicraft now forms, in a proud exterior of nickel, the shining crest of my present wheel.

Edward B. Getzé.

THE BROKEN RECORDS AT HARTFORD AND SPRINGFIELD.

THE period between September 9th and 19th is the most remarkable epoch in the history of bicycle and tricycle racing. A new set of records has been fashioned in that brief time, and two new champions have been given to the wheeling world. The tournaments, held at Hartford and Springfield, are full of promise for the future of this fascinating sport, which wins the enthusiasm of thousands, and whose development in the past two years is simply marvellous.

The first race-meeting of the Connecticut Bicycle Club, of Hartford, was held on the 9th of September, at Charter Oak Park, a track on which more kings and queens of the equine world have been made and unmade than any other. It was a sultry day, and the mercury of the thermometer was coquetting among the nineties, without measuring the heat, owing to its stickiness. Nevertheless, an audience of five thousand people graced the spectators' stands. It would have been a notable audience at an opera, so characteristic was it of refinement and social position.

The track, by days of rolling and planing, had been made as hard and smooth as a floor. It was a revelation to the English wheelmen, who had come over to get a share, if not all, of the prizes at the Springfield meet; and, forgetting a British characteristic, they admitted that the race-track of America is better than the cinder paths on which they had been reared.

The Hartford programme had eleven races, two exhibitions of fancy-riding, and a mile against time, by Richard Howell, the professional English champion, whose mile in 2.40⅘ had stood long enough to be considered a fixture. Surprises were numerous as the races advanced. The first came in the mile race for riders who had never made 3.20, when C. H. Parsons, a youthful cyclist from Springfield, vanquished a large field of sturdy riders and came home in 2.49¼, — three-fourths of a second less than the record established by Champion Hendee. It was his first race of any prominence. Another surprise came from the two-mile tricycle race. It was an international contest, participated in by the two men who had set the pace for the tricyclists of America and England, and when E. P. Burnham, of Newton, Mass., showed himself capable of knocking off 33¼ seconds from the American record, — made by himself, — in order to keep the Manchester wonder from taking the honors, it commenced to dawn upon the audience that cycle-racing was an earnest sport.

The mile race will never be forgotten, nor is it likely that its time will be excelled this year. It brought out several phenomenal amateurs and resulted in giving the world's championship to a rider who had landed in New York but three days before, and whose name had never been heard outside the midland counties of England. It was Sanders Sellers, of Preston, who rounded the track in the remarkable time of 2.39. Dolph, the Ohio wonder, finished two seconds behind Sellers, and Eliot Norton, of Springfield, who, like Parsons, was a *débutant*, came in third, while Frazier, the Smithville celebrity, was fourth. The result of the race made the audience almost wild with excitement, and the applause rang long and loud for several minutes.

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In less than an hour after Sellers was pronounced the world's champion he was shoved off the line for the 5-mile race, which he won with comparative ease, with two of his countrymen finishing second and third.

Another feature of the day was the grand work done by Lewis Hamilton, the Yale College champion, which gave him the five and ten mile races, although contending with such riders as Dolph, Frazier and Chambers in the latter. The renowned Hendee appeared in the tug-of-war race, riding for the Springfield Club, which took the first prize. He was the first to cross the tape, his time being 2.45¼, — the fastest mile ever ridden in a race by him.

The only professional to appear at the Hartford meet was Richard Howell, who wheeled a mile against the 2.39 record of Sellers. He failed to disturb the newly-made record. His time was 2.42. The half-mile boys' race, the mile club race (won by H. E. Bidwell), the consolation race, a ride-and-run race, and the fancy riding by Master Finley, of New Jersey, and Professor D. J. Canary, rounded out a grand day's sport. The prizes in the several contests were very elaborate, and the selections were sensible also. The club's profit was about $1,000.

The throng that gathered at Springfield for the four days' races, beginning on the 16th and ending on the 19th, was a cosmopolitan one. There were wheelmen present from all over the United States, the Canadas, and England. The British contingent included, besides Champions Howell and Sellers, some of the fastest racers of England. The success of two or three of the foreign wheelmen at the Springfield tournament of 1883 caused a larger number to come over this year; and they came to ride, not to disgust people with swaggering remarks, as some of the Britons did last year. The arrangements for the races and for accommodating the crowds at Hampden Park were excellent in every detail. The new half-mile track, specially measured and hardened for bicycling, was used, and was demonstrated to be as fast as a half-mile track can be. The onslaught on the records began on the first day, when Howell made a three-mile professional record of 8.36⅘ for the world, his most formidable opponents being the Englishman, James, and John S. Prince. Burnham met with others in the two-mile tricycle race, his Hartford adversary — Chambers, the Englishman — and the race was between these two. Burnham barely kept the championship at home, by again lowering his own record, this time by five seconds. Young Sellers made his bow to the Springfield audience by vanquishing a brilliant field of amateurs in the 10-mile race. He won in 31.04⅘, which reduced the record about twenty-eight seconds, although Brooks, of Blossburg, Pa., in this race had played sad havoc with the records from three to nine miles. As at Hartford, some remarkable speed characterized the 3.20 class race, which fell to Lewis A. Miller, of Meriden, Conn., in 2.43⅘, a record that a fortnight before would have been called phenomenal. Other features of the first day were the appearance of Springfield's pride, Hendee, in the tug-of-war race, in which he was the first in 9.16⅘; the 3.16 "time" race, which fell to C. H. Miller, of Springfield, who gauged his pace so that he came in only two-fifths of a second wide of the mark, and the 3-mile tandem record established by Brown and Miller, — 10.14⅕.

The second day, Wednesday, was prolific of sensations. Chambers and Burnham again came together, this time in a 5-mile tricycle race. The Englishman was bound to do or die, and he went in and beat Burnham by a second, and established new records for three, four, and five miles. This Yankee defeat was more than compensated for by an American victory in the professional mile open race, in which Prince and Woodside were pitted against Howell and James, the Birmingham invincibles. It was a fighting race from the pistol-shot to the tape. Howell, with several lengths' lead at the last turn, in the last circuit of track, little dreamed of defeat. But Prince was in a racing mood, and let out his power in a spurt that was as unlooked for by Howell as it was successful, and he shot past the champion at a rate of speed never before seen on the bicycle track. Prince continued his spurt to the finish, and when it was announced that he had wrested the world's professional championship from Howell in 2.39, a mighty cheer went up from the 12,000 spectators. So persistent were the audience in their calls for "Prince, — bring him out," that, after a quarter of an hour's cheering, the new champion came down the track under the marshalship of the Springfield Club's dancing-master. The enthusiasm was greater even than when Sellers made his 2.39 at Hartford the week before. Howell had, earlier in the day, defeated Prince, James,

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and Woodside, in the ten-mile professional open race, in which he created a record of 30.07 1/5. The two-mile open race, on Wednesday, had a special significance, as Sellers and Hendee came together for the first time, and it would determine whether the young English racer was invincible or not. Every Springfield man, woman, and child believed he was not, for a household saying in that part of Massachusetts was, "Our George can beat the world." But the race was one that brought pain to Springfield hearts, for Hendee was defeated by a second in slow time. It was the smashing of a local idol, and the worshippers seemed to take the catastrophe more to heart than the idol did. Springfield cheered up a little, however, when Eliot Norton wheeled off three miles ahead of a lively field of 9 50 class amateurs in 8.53 2/5. Industrious Sellers added to his list of trophies by capturing the half-mile dash in 1.18 1/5, thereby destroying the record given by Dolph, — 1.20. The first of the "record" races was run on Wednesday, and Gaskell, of London, secured four of the ten half-miles, over two each by Webber and Hamilton, and one each by Chambers and Brooks, — the latter a powerful young wheelman from Pennsylvania.

Wednesday's fine sport resulted in an attendance of nearly 15,000 people on Thursday. The sky was overcast, and there was at times a high wind, making record-breaking next to impossible. Howell opened the ball by winning a race, as usual, this time the three-mile professional record, followed an hour later by his capturing the five-mile open race over James of England, Woodside of Chicago, and Ashinger, a plucky young professional from Toronto. Sellers and Hendee again met in the mile open race, with six others, The dash was uneventful up to the home stretch, where Sellers made his customary magnificent burst of speed, and came in three lengths ahead of Hendee amid the strains of "God save the Queen" from the band, which fell on unsympathetic ears. Victories to be proud of on Thursday were those of William Wait of New Haven, and H. E. Bidwell of Hartford, who took first and second prizes respectively in the half-mile race for 1.40 class riders, over a large field of starters. Another prize went to English soil in the mile tricycle race. Chambers this time did not have his old adversary Burnham, but Illston from his own city, and L. H. Johnson, the Orange, N.J., rider, kept him company. Chambers was an easy winner, but he had to go so fast to keep the lead, that he broke Burnham's mile record of 3.18¼, knocking off five seconds at a bound. The 10-mile record race went to the slender Connecticut youth, Lewis B. Hamilton. Sellers started in the race but was called off by his trainer early in the second mile. Hamilton then let out for speed, and ten consecutive half-miles were credited to him, — enough to secure the first prize, when he slowed up and rode out the required distance at his leisure. Young Parsons let loose the enthusiasm of his Springfield admirers by outriding the field in the five-mile race for wheelmen of the 16.40 class, and the Stahl boys of Boston established half-mile and mile records in the tandem race.

Friday brought the great tourney to an end, with Hendee's victory in the three-mile race, which Gaskell, one of England's foremost long-distance riders, vainly tried to win. John Brooks, of Pennsylvania, also came in a foot or two ahead of the Britisher. The victory was robbed of some of its lustre by Sellers's refusal to enter the lists, though urged to do so by the officers of the tournament. His reason was that three days of constant racing had left him exhausted. The result of the three-mile race lifted the safety-valve of the grand army of Hendee's admirers, and they spent the enthusiasm that had been kept closely bottled for two days. Sellers's claim of being used up was truthful, no doubt, for he had just opened the day's sport by taking the five-mile race in such slow time that the audience believed jockeying was indulged in among the contestants. But it had been a hard week with all the riders, and the starters in the five-mile race in particular. Howell completed his long list of victories by taking the five-mile professional open-race at his ease, Prince heading the defeated field, and the regular professional race as well. Chambers practically had a walk-over in the five-mile tricycle contest, and another of the English visitors, Gaskell, secured the honors in the five-mile record race. Wait, of New Haven, took the half-mile dash, in 1.20 3/5, and Hendee did a mile for the Springfield team in the tug-of-war race, in 2.48 1/5.

Some of my observations at the Hartford and Springfield tournaments were: That the English Harrogate and all other meets have been eclipsed; that wheelmen, as a rule, object to riding in the street processions, accounting for the insignificance of the parades at Hartford and Springfield;

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that audiences do not care for such novelties as ride-and-run races; that the Springfield Bicycle Club makes about $7,000 out of its races, with an attendance of 40,000 people, over a loss of about $3,500 last year with an attendance of 50,000 people; that the records cannot be disputed as they were last year.

Sanders Sellers's success in this country must have been highly gratifying. He won the first prize in every race he started in, except the ten-mile "record" contest at Springfield, where he fell out after getting a good start and having one half-mile credited to him. He has eclipsed all previous records of the world and fairly defeated Hendee twice. His 2.39 will stand for a long time as the amateur record. Among the prizes he took at Hartford and Springfield were a $100 diamond stud, a $100 Colt shot-gun, the Springfield club cup, a silver tea-service, a $50 marble clock, a pottery umbrella-rack and a $100 cup. On the 10th of September Sellers rode at Albany, winning the half-mile race and a handsome gold badge. In the fortnight prior to his sailing for America, Sellers won prizes aggregating £165 in value. He was twenty-one years old last April. His father is a prosperous manufacturer of Preston, England. Young Sellers rode his first "scratch" race at home on the 2d of last August, and previous to that time he had always been given a handicap. His riding weight is 166 pounds. He is a thorough amateur, and would ride as sharply for a tin cup as for a thousand-dollar prize.

Another amateur who came prominently to the front at Hartford and Springfield was Lewis B. Hamilton, of Waterbury, Conn.,—a tall, slender youth who would be the last to be suspected of having any staying power in a long-distance race. But he came out of the two tournaments with the five-mile Connecticut championship, the ten-mile prize at Hartford, where he defeated Dolph, Frazier, Webber, and Chambers; the second prize in Wednesday's five-mile record race at Springfield, and the ten-mile race on Thursday.

Frederick Courtland Penfield.

MAUD.

We met by chance, of course; and equally, of course, it was a case of love at first sight. We had no formal introduction, no drawing-room acquaintance. On one of the loveliest lakes in the midst of the Adirondack wilderness Maud's brown eyes were first turned upon me.

It was two years since Tom Watkins and I, proud of our four years' experiences and our brand-new sheepskins, had left Amherst with mingled feelings of joy and regret. Tom went immediately into the office of a famous New England morning paper, and made his way steadily up on its editorial corps.

I had gone into partnership with my father, and worked like a slave, lest he should be ashamed of me; for I had an immense respect for him, and knew he despised laziness.

Having then worked two years without interruption, Tom and I both felt that we had earned a vacation, and, by a little planning, we managed to get off together in September of the comparatively uneventful year eighteen hundred and eighty.

We both voted for the mountains instead of the sea, and for New York instead of New Hampshire; so we started out determined to see all that we could of the North woods.

As we had both jogged on thus far through life without meeting any young woman who seemed absolutely essential to our happiness, we could look forward to a complete rest from the use of the pen. There would be no love-letters to write every night when tired and dull; an occasional postal card, whereon were scribbled a few words in pencil, would satisfy our friends at home.

Neither did we set out with any idea of meeting our fate. We went to enjoy the woods and each other; we rather shunned than sought society, especially that of ladies.

After a day on Lake George we took the Eastern route into the woods, spending a night at Elizabethtown. Thence we tramped to Keene,—the clear mountain streams, deep, cool woods, and grand towering peaks, more than making up for

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the hard roads and thick dust, so that, though tired, we were more than satisfied with our first day's experiences.

As we had resolved to "do" the mountains, we climbed the cloud-cleaver, Tahawas; we spent a shivering night on Whiteface, whence we watched Lake Placid brighten under the morning sun; we picked a four-leaved clover from John Brown's grave at North Elba; we started a deer in the Indian pass, and saw our guide kill it; and, to crown all, we came out of the woods by way of the lakes.

Our guide was a wiry little fellow,— too slight to carry a boat, we thought, until we watched him in a wrestling-match, when he showed himself tough as whip-cord and we had no more fears.

Starting from the lower Saranac on a dull afternoon, a gorgeous sunset lit up the clouds and lake as we rowed swiftly along; then, as the rich purple and crimson faded, the crescent moon broke through the clouds, and we had our first experience of "carries" in this uncertain twilight. It was only a short walk, however, and then we glided across the black waters of Round Lake in an utter silence, save for the plash of the oars and the scream of loon or night-hawk.

Next day we wound along the Raquette river, whose waters were low, and whose shores, even thus early, glowed with autumn color.

Our nights were spent at hotels, which we reached late and left early; our days, in rowing and "carrying." Almost lost under the inverted boat, our guide led us through the rich vegetation of the carries, without wandering even when the fire, still raging, had obliterated every trace of a trail to our unaccustomed eyes.

Occasionally we heard the incongruous sound of human voices other than our own, and came upon a similar boating-party. Now and then we heard the baying of dogs, and knew that some poor deer was in distress, or we saw an uncommon bird, and listened to its wild note; but, for the most part, there were few signs of life of any kind, and the silence was complete; the sense of loneliness, intense.

What wonder, then, that Maud seemed almost fairy-like to eyes long unaccustomed to such beauty!

As we came out upon Raquette Lake we felt as if we were approaching civilization; clearings, with back shanties or more pretentious cottages occupied many of the points; and, hark! what sound is that? No heron's scream, or wild duck's screech, but a veritable steam whistle; and, in the distance, we can just distinguish a little tug standing at the dock.

Presently, coming nearer, we had a view of the passengers, among whom, with the September sun gilding her brown hair, we first saw Maud.

I say "we," for Tom's subdued whistle told me that his heart had been smitten by this nut-brown maid as well as mine. She was chatting merrily with her brother and father, who stood close by. We could hear their voices, and distinguish the names, Maud and Jack, by which the brother and sister addressed each other, but nothing more. Apparently, however, they were talking of us; for, the little tug having started just as we came alongside, our plucky little guide determined on a race. The wind was against him, but he held his own; and, though the steamer passed ahead of us into the narrow Marion river, the cheer of the passengers showed that they considered him victorious, while Maud beamed upon him in a way that made us both wish that we held the oars.

She stood in the bow of the little steamer with the venerable woods behind her; but their green branches and shadowy spaces were, for me, only a background to intensify the picture of her youth and beauty. With the sight of her I felt that I had had enough of loneliness, and a longing came over me, such as I had sometimes felt in college, when the soft tone of a woman's voice reminded me of home.

As we sped among the lily-pads, rich with the same autumn colors which the maples wore, we had the good luck to find several belated blossoms. The tug was making its way slowly, for the channel was narrow and winding; and as we were quite near. I fancied Maud looked enviously at my treasures. Lifting my hat, I tossed them at her feet.

She did not blush, she did not scornfully cast them into the water, nor ask her brother to throw them back to me; she simply nodded her thanks with evident delight, and, with the utmost grace, she fastened the lovely lotus flowers in her belt.

Does this strike any one as a bit of flirtation? What man could keep a flower with a lady near on whom he might bestow it? The lilies sought their rightful owner, and I simply helped them on their way, while Tom looked at the three he had gathered as if unwilling to imitate me,

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and equally unwilling to keep them. "It was a shame to pick them," he said, and laid them back upon the water.

The steamer now shot ahead, and our guide told us that its passengers would "carry" across to Eagle Lake, where another steamer would receive them, while our carry was a shorter one farther up.

Tom and I both received the news unwillingly, for we could not bear to have this bright vision vanish so soon. Should we never again see Maud? We looked at each other, but said nothing.

When at length we shot out into Eagle Lake, after the last of our carries, there was no sign of any steamer; and, as we rowed on, the sun set and the moon rose, but we were still alone.

On Blue Mountain Lake we heard the steamer's whistle once more, and in the distance saw its column of smoke and sparks as it puffed off to another part of the shore. We felt like grumbling at our choice of hotels, but it was now too late to change; so, hungry, tired, and disappointed, we climbed the steep hill-side.

Our appetites did not fail us, however (how could they in that air?), and after supper we walked up and down the broad piazza, looking upon the moon-lighted lake and mountains with a tinge of sadness as we thought that our outing was so nearly over, and we mused upon the maiden whose beauty had charmed us.

Next morning we drove a mile in the early twilight in order to take the stage. We found only one unengaged outside seat, and Tom insisted on my taking that. Was he really generous, or did he have an intuition? I asked myself, as suddenly our acquaintances of yesterday came down the steps and entered the stage. Maud wore her lilies and nodded pleasantly as our eyes met; but she took a seat directly opposite to Tom.

It seemed to me a very uninteresting road. I saw little but the blackened trees and the burnt wilderness. I was sadly bored by a talkative seat-mate, but there was no chance of relief until we reached Cedar river where the stage was exchanged for a Concord coach.

I found that Tom had made great advances in the acquaintance of the little party to which Maud belonged, and which I now joined. We all climbed on top of the coach, and, though the sun was hotter than ever, and the dead trees quite as ghastly, I no longer objected to riding outside.

Maud's father proved a good-natured man, whose hay-fever had driven him to the woods; and on the shore of Raquette Lake, he, with Maud and Jack, had been camping in a bark shanty, and without a guide.

They told us of their experiences in a frank, jolly way, that made camping seem the most desirable kind of life imaginable. Maud looked on us with evident pity when she found that we had been less than three weeks in the woods, and our camping experiences had been only with a guide. But we retaliated with a glowing account of our boat trip, which fascinated her, and she immediately implored her father to take her through the lakes next summer. She had learned to fish, row, and swim, though Jack laughed at the idea of her swimming where the water wasn't over her head. She got enthusiastic over her rowing, however; and said she could cook fish as well as catch them, and make splendid pancakes! and we doubted none of her accomplishments.

How swiftly our six horses sped over the rough road! Long before we wished it we rattled into North Creek, where the railway station made us feel that our happy mountain life was at an end.

We found that our paths would diverge at Saratoga, so we made the most of the few hours left. The car seemed close after our out-door life, and we wondered if civilization were worth while, after all.

As we rumbled along, talking merrily, in spite of the noise, a saucy gust of wind caught Maud's hat and whirled it out of the window.

"What shall I do?" she appealed to us; for Jack was laughing, and her father, evidently puzzled.

"That's the only hat I had with me, and I can't go bareheaded."

"I might lend you this," said Jack, offering her his straw, which was very much the worse for its camping experiences.

"I can do better than that," said I, Jack's suggestion having reminded me of something; and I soon pulled out a skull-cap of the same general color as her dress. "Wouldn't this do? I have some pretty wings, if you want to trim it."

She chose a gray one out of my store, with which her deft fingers soon transformed the cap; and when it was on her head she looked prettier than ever. We four admiring masculines congratulated her on her success, and I was in clover. Tom had been distanced again, for he, too,

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had a cap, which he would have been only too happy to see on that graceful head, if he had only thought of it. But there was little time for regrets. Already we were nearing Saratoga, and must part with our friends.

Good-byes are seldom pleasant. Perhaps it is well that they are often hurried. A few words, a touch of the hand, and she was gone.

Did we ever see her again? Which of us won her? Was one made happy, the other heart-broken, and our friendship thus shattered forever?

No, dear reader. It is possible for two men, who have fallen in love with the same girl, to be content to hold equal places in her affection, — if she is only eight years old.

Janet Clark.

INDIAN SUMMER DAYS.

THE autumn fires, so late alight,
Far up the mountain sides,
While shaping from the falling leaves
Adornings meet for brides,
Are changing now to ashen hues,
And dying slowly down,
Shining, purpling, flecking, fading,
To a dusky brown.

The Queen of Morn unbars her doors,
In far-off Eastern skies,
Her presence-chamber seeks anew,
Where richest Persian dyes
Lie thick in forest and on field,
While all around is calm,
And low-voiced wind-harps softly chant
A restful, rhythmic psalm.

Cerulean heavens stretch away
Above a lustrous haze,
Rich autumn fragrance fills the air —
Too brief the hours and days.
And yet, when twilight shadows fall,
There comes, in swelling wave,
Quick grief that all this loveliness
Hangs o'er an open grave, —
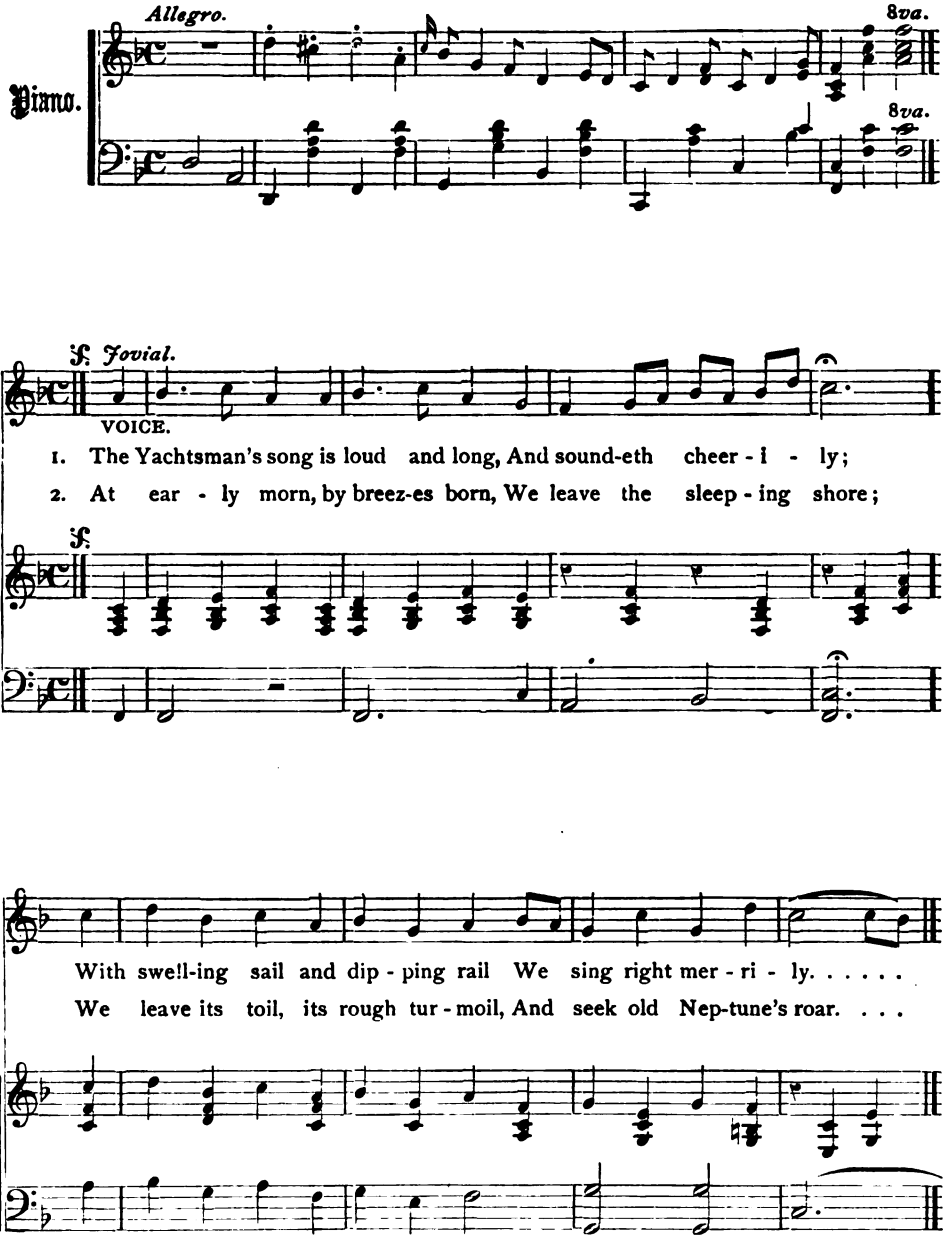
A grave that hath not victory, —
Death without all its sting,
For rolling years have treasures yet
Which they will surely bring
To us when Winter's reign is o'er,
In Spring time's opening day,
When leaf and flower shall come again,
And new life lead the way.

Clark W. Bryan.

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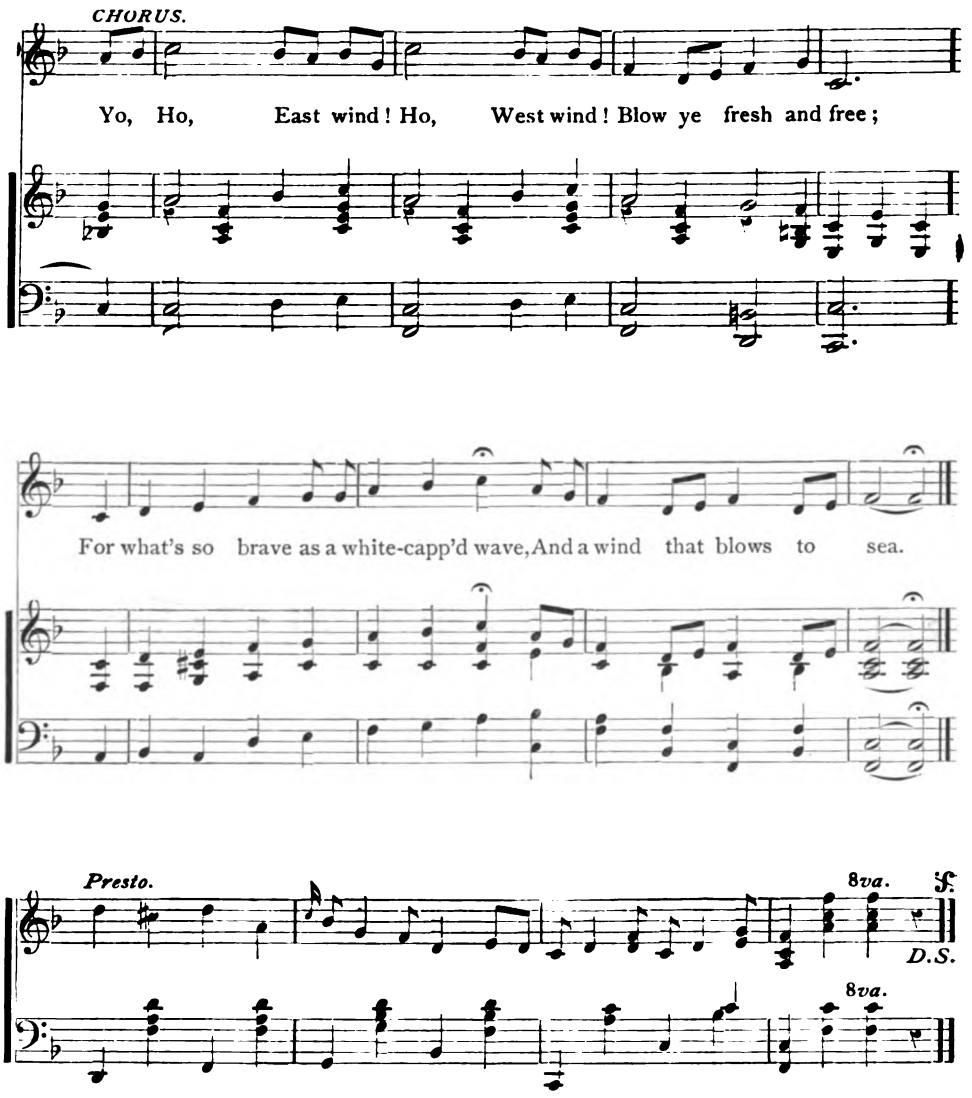
THE YACHTSMAN'S SONG.

Words and Music by L. F. A.



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3 At noon the sun beats angry on
The burning city street;
But what care we, the breeze blows free,
A-tugging at the sheet.

CHORUS.

4 The favoring wind grows strong behind
The wake foams white astern;
We hold the wheel with arms of steel,
And sing with every turn.

CHORUS.

5 At evening cool the breezes lull,
The ripples lap our beam;
Reflected lights, from harbor heights,
Like painted pennants stream.

CHORUS.

6 Across the bay, in laughter gay,
There floats a strain of song:
We catch the strain, and back again
Ring out the chorus strong.

CHORUS.

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Art and The Bicycle.

ONE remarkable feature of the career of the bicycle is the prominent place it has taken in connection with art. Illustrations of this are found in two interesting paintings in the fine exhibition of American art at this year's fair of the Massachusetts Charitable Mechanics Association. One of these paintings is by Mr. Henry Sandham, who is known to our readers as one of the most sterling of our artist contributors, and the other is by Mr. Roger Donaho. Mr. Sandham's picture shows a merry party of cyclers speeding down the slope of a picturesque New England road. It is most effective in grouping, and illustrates a delightful phase of the pleasures of the wheel. Mr. Donaho's picture is called "The Start." It represents a street in what appears to be a small European town, probably French, with two bicyclers setting out on their day's journey. One is just under way and the other is mounting. This, too, is an excellent painting, both in subject and in treatment.

The bicycle was the occasion for the establishment of the first artistic magazine devoted to outdoor recreation, and our own pages testify to endless opportunities which it offers for illustration of the most attractive kind. One is disposed to ask how it is that a mere machine should be honored with such artistic favor. The contrary has hitherto been the case with most mechanical inventions, and the bicycle, in itself, varies so little in form that the fact seems doubly remarkable. No artist would think, for instance, of a threshing-machine or a telephone as a subject for picturesque treatment. But a little reflection will show good reason why the cycle should be an exception. In the first place the bicycle has added a new grace to human movement. The action of a rider of the wheel is so aerial, his flight so bird-like, that, although the bicycle is now as common upon our highways as carriages are, people almost invariably turn to enjoy the sight. The highest form of depictive art consists of the representation of the human figure. And the bicycler, in the exercise of his sport, has largely enriched the field of study in this respect. His costume displays the figure to the best advantage, and affords a welcome relief to the prosaic character of modern every-day male attire. The well-trained wheelman in action cannot fail to please the artist eye. His poise is admirable and his motion brings all the muscles gently into play. While the general effect of his movements varies little, there is, however, a constant change which affords a highly interesting study for those who, like artists, have trained themselves to observe subtle gradations of action. The environment, too, of life on the wheel is rich in variety, taking one at will among strong contrasts of life and scenery, spreading unceasing feasts of picturesque pleasures, food for fancy and thought, before the rider of the silent steed. For these reasons artists themselves have been attracted to the pleasures of the bicycle and tricycle as to no other form of out-door recreation. By no other means are picturesque subjects so readily attainable, and therefore numbers of the best artists are enrolled among the wheelman's fraternity.

Physical Training in College.

"To be well is the first duty of man" quotes Professor Edward Hitchcock in his paper on "Physical Training in College," read before the Social Science Association at Saratoga. Professor Hitchcock is an enthusiastic exponent of systematic athletics as taught in Amherst and other colleges. He says a great many good things which apply not only to collegians, but to all who are interested in physical education through recreative games and pleasures.

To be well is manifestly a duty, now that cynical dyspeptics are no longer fashionable. It is not nowadays considered necessary for a student or a poet, a preacher or a man of business, to prove his devotion to his work by cultivating a

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physique that is "long and lean and lank." Heads need not "ache perforce" that "hold rhythmic thoughts." The best work in any department of thought is done by the worker with whom brain and body, vital forces and their expression, spirit and matter are in the finest and truest equipoise. The attainments sought after in a system of physical culture are those that bring about a normal, symmetrical, equable and harmonious balance of all the powers of man. This is, of course, an ideal state of things, but it is a star worth shooting for. We must now content ourselves with admiring special accomplishments in special men: the crew that can hold out well to the end of the course; the runner or boxer who has the best wind, the graceful agility of the tennis-player, the live sympathetic skill of the wheelman. We do not find a man who is master of all these accomplishments. The boating-man has a gait of his own, and ball-players are often very ungraceful out of the field.

Want of order in any preparatory work insures a corresponding lack of symmetry in accomplishment. The disciple of physical culture who expects to attain a fine degree of skill is faithful and regular in practice, and the physical training becomes of double value, since the player cultivates these qualities of order with his agility and strength. The fact that colleges are yearly adding to their facilities for physical education is a marked sign in modern progress towards temporal redemption. Says Dr. Sargent of Harvard: "The object of muscular exercise is not to develop muscle only, but to increase the functional capacity of the organs of respiration, circulation and nutrition; not to gain in physical endurance merely, but to augment the working power of the brain; not to attain bodily health and beauty alone, but to break up morbid mental tendencies, to dispel the gloomy shadows of despondency, and to insure serenity of spirit."

Physical education in its varied recreative departments brings out the varied physical energies of a man, as wide study tones and broadens his mental forces, as travel gives perspective to his social vision, and as the exercise of his spiritual insight becomes indeed the proving of things unseen. As the individual intellect lacks symmetry and needs careful training towards an ideal of mental acquirement, so do individual men and women need the training and pleasure of cultivated recreations.

The Season's Yachting.

THE yachting season just closed has been one of progression. New York and its vicinity have shown more interest in small boat sailing than in previous years. The West has contributed to the growth of the sport by the organization of the Lake Yachting Association and many new clubs, and the numerous matches sailed. New England has kept her prestige in the number of races, and was the first to propose a National Association, which resulted in the formation of the New England Yacht Racing Association. The New England races, the past season, have been confined mostly to small boats; the larger ones devoting more time to cruising. The cost of putting a large yacht in racing trim is considerable, scarcely compensated by the glory of winning a race. Their owners, being once small boat owners, find themselves surfeited with that excitement, and prefer the novelty of cruising.

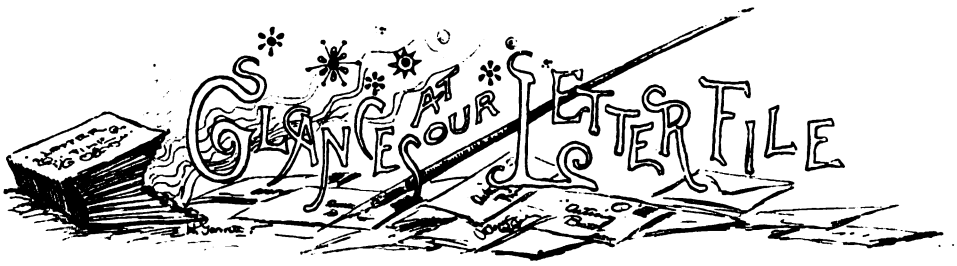
Racing is the school of cruising, as small boat sailing is of seamanship and practical yachting. The owner of a small boat usually sails her himself, and to win has to keep a watchful eye on everything: watching his sail to see if it is trimmed properly, so as to secure the greatest speed; watching the sky that he may take advantage of any change of wind; watching the tides that he may receive help from their currents; and, above all, studying his chart so that he may be able to make a short cut over shoals. Racing makes a man watchful, and will prepare him for cruising.

Steam-yachting, although in its infancy, has received from New York the past season a stimulus by the success of the American Steam-Yacht Club's regatta, open to steamers only. Boston is alive to this new feature in yachting, and, judging from the new steamers built, and the interest shown, a club and a regatta are not far distant.

***

OUR lady tricyclists may take a hint from the English women who substitute knickerbockers for multitudinous skirts in tricycling costumes, wearing only the one skirt of tweed or flannel which forms the dress proper. One cannot exactly call the costume after Lady Harburton's name, but it comes near enough to the "divided skirt" for comfort and health, and yet preserves the more graceful appearance of the ordinary dress.

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Political Picnics.

MR. EDITOR: — The Englishman is, first and always, a creature of the open air. "Political picnics" are an amusing feature of insular existence. Fancy getting a card of invitation: "Conservatives, Saturday afternoons; music and speeches, quoits, cricket and lawn tennis." It is a very appetizing bill of entertainment. A politician might thus be readily tempted to commit himself to some particular measure while waiting his turn at bowling or tossing. The idea may eventually be made to serve its turn in America.

Villa-owners may, in time, send out in their social circles invitations to a meet of political wheelmen, a convention of tariff and anti-tariff tennis-players, or a synod of prohibition and anti-prohibition canoeists and yachtsmen. English fashions acclimate themselves rapidly in our atmosphere. There is no guessing what may come to pass. *Cycline.*

The "Cruiser."

MR. EDITOR: — In the interest of small boat sailing I am very glad to give you any information in my power.

"Cruiser" was built in 1868 by E. A. Willis, of Point Washington, L. I. She is 20 feet 6 inches water-line and over all; 9 feet 10 inches beam; 2 feet 3 inches deep; and 1 foot 8½ inches draft. Sloop-rig; mast 28 feet 6 inches from heel to truck; 5¾ inches diameter; main-sail hoist 19 feet; head, 15 feet; foot, 27 feet; jib-foot, 20 feet: hoist, 23 feet; she carries a booming-out pole of 25 feet, and has an outrigger over the stern 7 feet, which is only necessary when carrying her larger sloop-rig. Cat-rigged, her mast is 31 feet, diameter 7¼ inches, and carries that size all the way up to jaws of gaff. There is a natural crook forward to mast-head, and no head-stay is used. Main-sail, 22 feet hoist, 15 feet 6 inches head, and 28 feet foot. She also carries this main-sail with larger jib for shifting ballast sloop-rig, and carries the small main-sail and mast as a small cat-rig. She was partially rebuilt in 1879, and had new planks and new timbers throughout in 1882. She is copper-riveted throughout, and timbers heavily riveted to keel. She needs a new trunk badly, as the present one leaks in a position where it cannot be reached.

Her record is a remarkable one for a boat of her size. Her first races were in 1870; the following summer her owner, Mr. C. S. Lee, the present owner of the "Oriva," sailed her from New York to New London, returning in an easterly gale. The following season he took the same trip, sloop-rigged, and both years showed remarkable speed. During '73 and '74, her owner being in Europe, she was not in commission; but, in 1875, Mr. Lee took her to Newport, where she repeatedly beat all boats of her class in various conditions of wind and weather. During the following winter many boats were built at Newport to beat her, and many adopted her model, with varying success. In '76 she was again very successful at Newport, and in '77 went to the Great South Bay, where, on many occasions, she was able to beat the fastest boats in the vicinity of Fire Island. In '79 she became the property of her present owner, and was enrolled in the Larchmont Yacht Club, where she has continued with varying success until now.

It has been found that with shifting ballast, and in some conditions of weather, some of the boats in this vicinity are more than a match for her, but with stationary weight (or even without ballast at all), she has yet to meet her equal in speed. "Cruiser's" builder claims that the enormous natural stability, due to extreme beam and flat floor, is a quality of the greatest value in a small boat, as it does away almost entirely with ballast, and allows a spread of canvas which is irresistible in light airs, while in stiff breezes the large amount of propelling power, and light weight of the vessel, more than counterbalance the increased surface friction, and head resistance. *Sailing Master.*

A Reflection on the Cat, "Queen Mab."

MR. EDITOR: — The visit to Boston, and the recent matches of the really famous craft, "Cruiser," caused quite a ripple among the yachtsmen in the lower classes, partially by her style of rig, the manner in which she was handled,

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and, further, by the good sailing which she showed in certain breezes. No one doubts her good sailing-qualities, with which many of our boatmen have been conversant for years, but the writer failed to see anything to cause such an exhibition of apparent "stage-fright" as that manifested on one of the best (if not *the* best) catboats in these waters, and by those whose experience and natural stamina would have been (in the past) backed up enthusiastically in a substantial manner by their many admirers. Can there be any reason vouchsafed for this?

A careful analysis of each race shows, first, with exception of "Sea Bird," that "Cruiser" sailed against no craft which might be expected to compete successfully with our friend; and, further, "Cruiser" sailed to win by as many minutes as possible. What, then, caused this apparent timidity? Why this lack of vertebræ? Why not have invoked his "Alma Mater," whose initials, "B. L.," he flies so proudly at his main-peak, and which have heretofore been considered to indicate that fortune which attends some of our yachtsmen, and sailed in? The show was good; but, alas! at the eleventh hour something was lacking.

What was it? *New Beginner.*

A Work for the L.A.W.

MR. EDITOR: — Apropos of the suggestion for a bicycle thoroughfare across the country to be kept up, after construction, by the tolls of touring wheelmen, it seems to me there is a better plan, and one which would be more likely to supply the thoroughfare in question to the present generation of riders. Everybody's business is nobody's business. The project would need a head and powerful backing to be put through successfully, and the L.A.W. might shoulder the matter with much glory to itself, and the accomplishment of immeasurable good to the bicycling interest.

First, let there be laid out a number of imaginary lines of travel in different parts of the country, most convenient for touring. Then by careful surveys find what existing highways lie nearest to these lines, their condition, the topography of the country through which they pass, and how they are kept in order. These preliminaries settled, the lines are no longer imaginary but real, and the next suggestion is the one involving all the hard work. Naturally many of the roads in this scheme will be found in very poor condition, and the point is to have them all brought to one standard, so that a straightaway of one or two thousand miles continuous riding will be possible.

The League by the influence of its organization, and by the stronger power of a large local membership, in localities where the most work is to be done, might so direct public opinion to the need of at least one good thoroughfare in each locality, that in time the connected system would be put in the best condition. It strikes the writer as a scheme that would readily be entered upon by the authorities of any locality, with proper pushing. The benefit to the farming interest would be a powerful lever. Horse-owners would be interested to a man, as it would offer them superior road advantages for carriage, sulky or saddle horse. The manufacturing interests would benefit in a measure and the entire community might be worked upon, leaving the wheel in the background, at first, until the agitation had amounted to something.

To summarize: The League would lay out the lines and direct the work as a whole, the local wheelmen by their influence and agitation securing the improvement at public expense, in their respective localities.

Result, — several national bicycle thoroughfares, which would be kept up afterwards by the same means.

Charles Richards Dodge.

A Question of Law.

MR. EDITOR: — Is there a law still in force requiring small yachts — say of 20 feet length (cat-rigs) — to carry lights at night, when sailing and when anchored? AMATEUR.

[Yes. The law is still in force; but we do not remember of an instance when any casualty required its enforcement. Nearly all small boats are sailed out of the track of large vessels, and on nights when it is so dark that they cannot be seen a yachtsman would very seldom venture out. When anchored they are so far in-shore that all danger is avoided from vessels which draw any great amount of water. For penalty we would refer you to the U. S. maritime laws. — EDITOR.]

The Place for Colors.

MR. EDITOR: — I have a sloop; and a question has risen between my skipper and myself as to the proper place to carry my private signal, and the club signal to which I belong.

SLOOP.

[In your case, you should carry your club flag at mast-head, and private signal at peak. Some-

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times you will find a yachtsman with both at mast-head, the club over the private signal. In such case it is wrong, and probably is done as they have no peak halyards, or thinking that they might be in the way in jibing. On schooners the club flag is carried at the foremast-head, and private flag on main-mast; while the yachting ensign is carried at peak. — EDITOR.]

Jinks at the A.C.A. Meet.

THE last day of the races on Eel Bay witnessed an upset, a Harvard man being the victim. During his evolutions in the water he managed to drop a hundred-dollar watch in fifty feet of water. Curious, isn't it, that a lost or stolen watch is never valued at less than a hundred dollars. Every one heard of the loss, and felt sorry for the loser.

The H. M. retired early to his tent, and was sound asleep at midnight, dreaming of mermaids and diving-bells, while a party of "Owls" sat over the fire near by, and, in discussing the events of the day, touched on the "lost cause" — of another man's sorrow. Rix looked up, and noticed above his head the great watch, — a jeweller's sign, borrowed from the old man of Clayton, who repaired timepieces at that town, and carefully conveyed to the tent of the New York Club, as a sign to all passers-by that time had come to a halt there. Rix looked again at the watch, then at the other "Owls," and smiled. Then he whispered to the man next him; together they carefully lowered the treasure, and bore it to the flap of the H. M.'s canoe-tent, stood it up on its base, with its face toward the canoe, and roused the poor sleeper with, "I say, old fellow, wake up! wake up! your watch has been recovered." H. M. looked out, took in the situation at a glance, by the aid of the moonlight, and quietly sliding back to his comfortable position, muttered sleepily: "Recovered, did you-say? It-*seems*-to-be-in-a-larger-case. Well,-I-guess! *Let*-h-e-r-go!" And they did.

A TORONTO man tried the experiment of sleeping in his canoe, tent up, while at anchor a little off shore. The "Owls" laid a plan to "fix" him. Eleven o'clock was to be the fatal hour; 10.45 saw all quiet on board the "Evora;" two minutes later the "Owls" saw, to their dismay, an open canoe approach the sleeper without a sound. It came up from "down shore," cut the tent ropes, and before the "Evora's" crew could wake up, collect his senses, and stand from under, the canoe had vanished, and nothing was to be seen but a sleeping camp, the rippling water and the moon. Damages repaired, the tired crew once more dropped off to sleep. An hour later, two "Owls" might have been seen in an open canoe gliding toward their victim. Bow leaned out and caught up the "Evora's" anchor rope, and lifted the moorings into the canoe; stern dipped, paddled noiselessly and proceeded to tow the sleeper toward "Squaw Point," the family camp, half a mile along-shore, where the wives and daughters lived. Here it was proposed to drop the anchor, and give the crew a slight surprise on awaking in the morning. A patch of eel-grass was soon reached that gave a little more resistance to the boat in tow, and caused a greater strain on the line; suddenly, a movement was noticed on board the tented canoe, and the "Owls" dropped the tow-line, and with a stroke of the paddle darted out of sight, while sounds of "shot-gun," "gore," "revenge," were wafted over the water. In the morning the "victim" was heard to remark: "Some fresh fellows thought they could tow me off last night, but they didn't know that after my first accident I slept with my anchor line passed through a ring in the bow, and made fast to my wrist; so they got left." Right!

A YOUTH standing on the deck of his canoe, while sailing, turned to look at a pretty girl on board a passing yacht. The right foot forgot its function, and slipped overboard to cool off; the left one refused to remain left, and slid off on its side, while the noble captain suddenly found himself *seated* on deck, with both feet in the water, when he sufficiently "came to," to remove his eyes from the P. G.

DURING a light breeze one morning a canoe sailed down past the camp from the direction of "Squaw Point," and then returned. A butterfly was the emblem on its sail, and it claimed but fourteen feet in length, and twenty-eight inches beam; yet it carried a jib, main-sail, dandy and club top-sail. The want of a spinaker was all that troubled the watchers.

"I DON'T see why I can't sail to windward with my centre-board, as well as you with only an inch keel."

"You can if you put your board *down*."

"Oh! I forgot that." *V.*

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Recent English Books.

THE constantly growing attention which out-door life is attracting could not be better shown than by the increase of books bearing upon its different phases; and these are not merely slight volumes by unimportant writers, but works of permanent interest and value by authors of influence and standing. With the books of this class which have appeared in this country during the past few months, readers of OUTING may be supposed to be tolerably familiar, at least by name, and they will therefore be the more likely to be interested in a brief glance at a few of the more important English publications of similar character which have appeared during the summer.

The English love of the chase naturally makes books upon hunting prominent in the list, one of the most exhaustive of these being, from its subject, somewhat remote from American interests, since it deals with "Indian Game — from Quail to Tiger." It is written by Major-General Rice, of whom the *Spectator* says, "He is one of the few survivors of a lost art in India, that of shooting quail with a steady old spaniel." It is written in English which is not always of the best, but it is sound and thorough, and full of those anecdotes and details which are so dear to sportsmen the world over.

"Sports in the Highlands and Lowlands of Scotland," by T. Speedy, takes the reader into a very different region, and in the most delightful and chatty fashion imaginable. The author has evidently had a wide experience, and his volume is full of curious facts, as well as of information valuable to the hunter. He relates, for instance, that the severe snow-storms of 1882 drove the partridges from the woods, and into the cities. The birds were picked up in the streets of Edinburgh, and by fishermen at sea. He relates, too, as a most curious instance of the way in which a bird of prey can adapt itself to circumstances, that the merlin hawk takes advantage of the fright of the deer at railway trains passing through woodland districts, and strikes its prey while the latter is confused by the smoke and roar of the engine.

In the line of works dealing directly with the sportsman's equipment, the two important books are "Sporting Fire-Arms for Bush and Jungle," by Captain F. F. R. Burgess, with illustrations by the author; and "The Modern Sportsman's Gun and Rifle," by "Stonehenge." The latter is a most exhaustive and reliable catalogue of all the styles of sporting-guns now in use, with eminently practical remarks upon the advantages and disadvantages of each. This is, of course, equally readable in America, though the author shows a slight leaning towards English arms in preference to others.

For the disciple of dear old Walton the summer has brought a number of books from the London press. "Angling Days on Scotch Lochs," by "Yellow Body," is a delightful but eminently tantalizing record of fly-fishing on nine or ten of the Scotch lochs of best reputation for trout, including the far-famed Loch Leven, whose speckled beauties are in so high repute the world over. "The Art of Trout-fishing on Rapid Streams," by H. C. Cotcliffe, may be studied with equal profit on this side of the water, if the reader will remember that in the case of all English writings on fly-fishing, allowances must be made for the differences between American and British insects. It is generally useless to tempt a wise trout with a fly the like whereof never flew over his head alive, no matter how fond his cousin in a brook across the sea may be of that particular species of winged breakfast.

For the knights of the wheel there have been no especial works of marked importance during the last few months; "The Tricycler's Vade-Mecum," and books of that class deserving no extended comment. And the same is equally true of the slight contributions to the literature of tennis, cricket, croquet, and the like.

Under the head of books in which the lover of nature and out-door life cannot fail to be interested, are the two volumes compiled by Dr. John Croumlie Brown: "Introduction to the Study of

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Modern Forest Economy," and "Forestry in Norway." The former we wish were in the hands of every intelligent reader in the country; for too much can hardly be done to increase the general knowledge of the importance of an intelligent treatment of our forests. The latter book is rather a description of the physical features of Norway, with, of course, particular stress upon the forests; but both works are admirable in their spirit and execution.

But, in many respects, the daintiest and most attractive of recent English books dealing with life in the open air, is "Days and Hours in a Garden," by E. V. B., under which initials, we believe, is hidden the identity of Mrs. Richard Cavendish Boyle. The book is a little less recent than those we have mentioned, but is to be republished next month by a Boston house. It is the record, most thoroughly sympathetic and winsome, of the experiences, during a twelvemonth, in a garden in the south of England. The place is mentioned in "Evelyn's Diary" as "a very pretty seate in the forest, on a flat, with gardens exquisitely kept, tho' large;" and, if Mrs. Boyle's description is to be relied upon, the gardens cannot be inferior now to what they were in Evelyn's day. The author so evidently loves her flowers, — every plant, shrub, and tree has for her so well-defined a personality, that her chat about them has almost a human interest. There are bits of wisdom and of quaintness, moreover, scattered like gold-dust down the pages: "One chief charm of a garden, I think, depends on surprise;" "There is so little time in these days;" "Does any plant exist that loves not a corner or an edge?" "The dislike of it seems, perhaps, unreasonable, yet, through some far-off association, I can never disconnect the double Dahlia from a sort of mixture of earwigs and pen-wipers." These are only fragments; the best things cannot be disconnected from the text, but the volume is certainly most thoroughly charming.

Naturally this brief notice makes no pretence of being exhaustive, and, indeed, as books upon out-door topics are constantly appearing, about all that one can hope to do is to dip hastily into the best of them, deluding himself with the belief that the future will some time and somehow give him abundant and blessed leisure wherein carefully to examine them all.

A Little Tour in France.[1]

WE are not sure that Henry James, though best known as a novelist, does not appear to even better advantage in his souvenirs of travel, where his peculiar power of graceful and graphic description finds freest scope. He has furnished an excellent example of these in this latest of his books. It is a delightful series of sketches of French life and scenes in which the varying characteristics of the provinces, in distinction from Paris, are portrayed with artistic appreciation and skill.

The sketches under the title "En Province," have already been published in the *Atlantic Monthly*, but even those who have read them there will be glad to possess them in this more permanent form. The volume furnishes an appropriate hand-book for those who wish a guide to points of interest in western and southern France.

There are racy and graphic characterizations of the people, and intelligent reference to history and literature, but the chief excellence of the sketches lies in their pre-Raphaelite faithfulness in the portraiture of places and scenes.

The reader can in imagination make the tour, and feel that if ever he should visit in person the localities described he could not fail to recognize them.

Artistic skill and finish characterize all of Mr. James's writings. In the present volume the picturesque landscapes, the provincial people and costumes, the pictorial and architectural features of château, church, cathedral, mart and museum, tempt his appreciative pen to most delicate and delightful descriptions. The "Little Tour" would make a capital hand-book for cyclists in France, and will doubtless lead many sight-seers to go outside the Paris fortifications and to realize that the capital is not all of France.

Ice Stories.

Two capital books in what may be called the department of frozen literature come to our table this month. Happy the boy with a taste for books of adventure, — and what boy is without it? — who gets hold of Mr. Thomas Knox's "Voyage of the Vivian."[1] But unhappy will the boy's mother be if he falls upon this fascinating book when he ought to be at his lessons or in his bed. For this writer has that happy faculty which makes the juvenile request, "Please let me finish this chapter," expand into the assertion "I *must* read one more chapter!" But the charm of the book does not lie alone in its interest as a tale of advent-

[1] A Little Tour in France. By Henry James. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co.

[1] The Voyage of the Vivian to the North Pole and Beyond. By Thomas W. Knox; author of The Boy Travellers in the Far East. New York: Harper and Brothers.

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ure. The "Vivian's" voyage was to the Arctic seas, and much valuable scientific and geographical knowledge is sandwiched in, in most appetizing manner. The "Vivian" and her crew are hypothetical craft and folk, but as the old story-writers used to assure us, the story is "founded on fact," and no important data are given which have not reasonable ground of conjecture at least. The book has double interest in connection with the return of Lieutenant Greely and the new enthusiasm of Arctic-minded people over the discoveries of that exploring party. In a postscript to his preface Mr. Knox says that his book was in type when the news of the Greely rescue came. But he affirms, in the light of the Greely records, that some of the rather anticipatory discoveries of the mythical Vivian seem more than likely to come true. The stars and stripes are on their way to the North Pole.

"THE Ice Queen"[1] is an entertaining account of four young voyagers on skates and in an ice-boat on Lake Erie. This story is very much shorter than the "Voyage of the Vivian," and has not the advantage of so good nor so numerous illustrations as the larger book. But it is a book that both boys and girls will like, for one of the four venturesome travellers is a young girl.

Two First Novels.

Two maiden efforts in novel-writing are Dr. Hammond's "Lal," and "The Story of a Country Town,"[2] by Mr. E. W. Howe, of Atchison, Kansas. One who believes in the body more than in the raiment cannot fail to commend this "Story of a Country Town." A reader who cares for a distinctively American novel would be almost ready to assert that this is the strongest and most artistic novel this continent has produced since Hawthorne wrote the "Scarlet Letter." Its art is less delicate than that of the master, more like the impressionist's painting, but its impression is sure. This man has given us something more than an ephemeral picture of a phase of our civilization, more than a scalpel dexterity in handling passions and purposes. This is a real book. It is a human expression. Its people have come for no short stay in our literature. The West comes more into the federation of thought with its appearance. It is a novel that is by no means without faults; but its grasp is firm and sustained, and it will be better appreciated later on than it can be at present, no matter how many copies go from the booksellers' tables.

"LAL"[1] is the first novel of a doctor who has theories about novel-writing as well as about various scientific subjects. He has made a good story, with plenty of unconventional character-drawing, living feeling, wild scenery, and interesting incident. "Lal" is Lalla Rookh, the heroine of the story, and Tyscovus is the hero, who comes to Colorado from Poland under an occult guidance. Theodora and her doctor-father are characters of great interest. They are much less objective than the people whose lives make the thread of the story. However, there is by no means enough subjectivity to hurt the book. "Lal" takes its place among the best novels of the year.

A Physiological Allegory.

"THE Man Wonderful in the House Beautiful,"[2] is a book with a temperance purpose. It is, withal, very much more than a temperance text-book. It is not simply didactic; it is artistic. The authors are Dr. Chilion B. Allen, and his wife, Dr. Mary A. Allen. The work shows an ideal combination of science and insight. The value of a sound body as the only possible sheath for a sound mind, is better recognized every day. Such a book as this helps vastly in the spread of right physical teaching. Its allegorical form makes it doubly interesting, for the "House Beautiful" is the human body; and the "Man Wonderful," the inhabitant. It is a unique book, full of interest and instruction, both for elder and younger readers.

HENRY HOLT & Co., New York, are bringing out a series of tales of war and adventure for boys, worth commending for their interest and instruction. The volumes that have been issued are: "Ralph the Drummer Boy," — a story of a boy of the French Auxiliary army in the American Revolution. By Louis Rousselet. Translated by W. J. Gordon; and "Captain Phil," which is a boy's experience in the Western Army during the war of the Rebellion. By M. M. Thomas. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

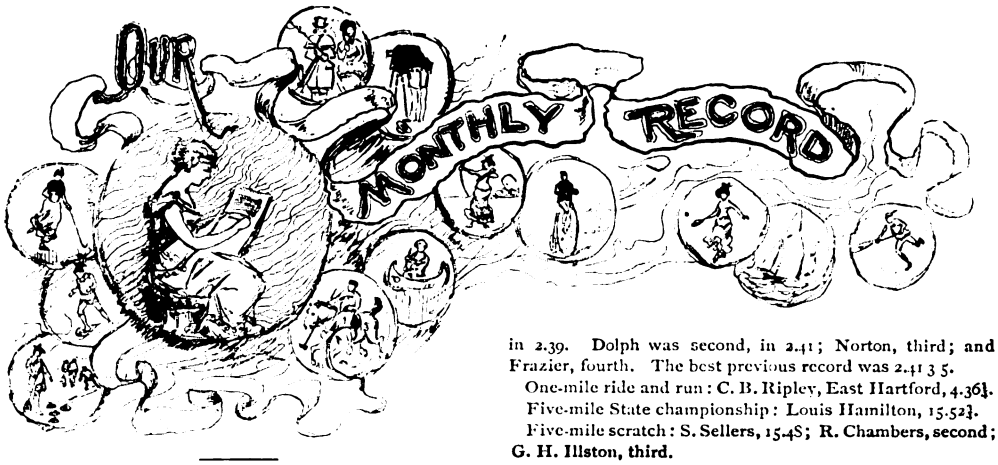
[1] The Ice Queen. By Ernest Ingersoll. New York: Harper and Brothers.

[2] The Story of a Country Town. By E. W. Howe. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co.

[1] "Lal." By William A. Hammond. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

[2] "The Man Wonderful in the House Beautiful." An Allegory. By Chilion B. Allen, M.D., and Mary A. Allen, M.D. 370 pp. 12mo. $1.50. New York: Fowler & Wells Co.

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FOR THE MONTH ENDING SEPTEMBER 20.

Bicycling and Tricycling.

THE race meetings of the month have been of the greatest interest and importance. Nothing equal to them has hitherto been recorded in the history of bicycling and tricycling. The two meetings at which the world's records were broken so generally, receive special attention in a paper by Mr. Penfield, which appears in OUTING this month. It remains for us to set in order in this department a compact summary of the two meetings, with the records thus revised. The Springfield meet was undoubtedly, in all its features, the most notable occasion of the sort yet held in the world. The number, fame, and skill of the contestants, the excellence of the track, the completeness of the arrangements, the magnitude and character of the crowds witnessing the sport, and the results of the races, combine to make the occasion unique and memorable. The enthusiasm at Hartford over the brilliant performance of S. Sellers, in bringing the world's amateur record down to 2.39, with Asa Dolph only two seconds behind him, was intensified at Springfield by the larger crowd to a perfect ovation, as John S. Prince crossed the tape in the same marvellous time, and brought to America the world's professional record for that distance.

The summary of the races at Hartford, which took place at Charter Oak Park, on September 9, is as follows: —

One-mile, 3.20 class: C. H. Parsons, Springfield, 2.49½; W. C. Tracy, second, F. W. Westervelt, third.

Two-mile tricycle: E. P. Burnham, Newton, Mass., 6.32; R. Chambers, of England, was only half a second behind.

Boys' half-mile race: F. R. Brown, 1.24½.

One-mile club race: H. E. Bidwell, 2.55¾.

One-mile amateur: The starters were C. F. Frazier, Asa Dolph, T. Roberts, S. Sellers, Eliot Norton. Dolph took the lead, and maintained it to the three-quarter pole, when, with a tremendous spurt, Sellers forced his machine to the front and won the race and the championship of the world, in 2.39. Dolph was second, in 2.41; Norton, third; and Frazier, fourth. The best previous record was 2.41 3 5.

One-mile ride and run: C. B. Ripley, East Hartford, 4.36½.

Five-mile State championship: Louis Hamilton, 15.52¾.

Five-mile scratch: S. Sellers, 15.48; R. Chambers, second; G. H. Illston, third.

Tug-of-war: G. M. Hendee, of the Springfield Club, 2.45½.

Ten-mile: Lewis Hamilton, 33.14; Asa Dolph, second; C. A. Frazier, third.

One-mile against time: Richard Howell, professional champion, tried to beat the time made by Sellers. He made the mile in 2.42.

Consolation: G. H. Illston, 2.55½.

The summary of the second annual international tournament, held at Hampden Park, Springfield, Mass., September 16, 17, 18, 19, is as follows: —

First Day.

One mile professional handicap: C. W. Ashinger, of Easton, O., 2.53; C. J. Young, of Boston, second; Richard Howell, of Manchester, Eng., third.

Ten-mile amateur: S. Sellers, of Preston, Eng., 31.4 2-5; Lewis Hamilton, second; John Brooks, third.

One-mile amateur 3.20 class: Lewis A. Miller, of Meriden, Conn., 2.43 2-5; Joseph Powell, second; William Wait, third.

Two-mile amateur tricycle: E. P. Burnham, Newton, Mass., 6.27; R. Chambers, second.

Three-mile tandem: C. H. Miller and F. Brown, of Springfield, 10.14 1-5; R. F. and W. C. Stahl, second.

One-mile, time, 3-16 class: C. H. Miller, of Springfield, 3.16 2-5.

Three-mile professional open: R. Howell, S.36½; Robert James, second; John S. Prince, third.

Three-mile tug-of-war: Springfield club, led by George M. Hendee.

Two-mile, 6.25 class: Lewis A. Miller, 5.55½; H. S. Wollison, second; Edgar Hunter, third.

Second Day.

Ten-mile professional: R. Howell, 30.7 1-5; W. M. Woodside, of Chicago, second; Robert James, third.

Two-mile open: S. Sellers, 6.3; George M. Hendee, second; Charles Frazier, third.

One-mile, without hands: H. S. Wollison, of Pittsfield, 3.2½; C. H. Chickering, second; G. Webber, third.

Three-mile, 9.50 class: Eliot Norton, of Springfield, 8.53 2-5; H. E. Bidwell, second; H. S. Wollison, third.

Five-mile, tricycle: R. Chambers, of Birmingham, 17.14 2-5; E. P. Burnham, second; G. H. Illston, third.

Half-mile dash: S. Sellers, 1.18 1-5; H. W. Gaskell, second; Charles Frazier, third.

One-mile, professional open: J. S. Prince, of Washington, D.C., 2.39; Robert James, second; R. Howell, third.

Five-mile record: H. W. Gaskell, of London, Eng., 2.46; Lewis Hamilton, second, George Webber, third.

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Two-mile, tandem: Eliot Norton and C. H. Parsons, 6.56 2-5; R. F. and W. C. Stahl, second; C. A. Joslyn and W. A. Chase, third.

Third Day.

Three-mile professional record: R. Howell, 8.55; W. M. Woodside, second; Robert James, third.

Half-mile; 1.40 class: W. Wait, of New Haven, 1.23 3-5; H. E. Bidwell, second; Edgar Hunter, third.

One-mile open: S. Sellers, 2.45 2-5; G. M. Hendee, second; John Brooks, third.

One-mile ride-and-run: C. B. Ripley, of Hartford, 4.31 2-5; T. R. Finley, second.

Five-mile; 16.40 class; C. H. Parsons, Springfield, Mass., 15.46 2-5; Lewis A. Miller, second; Leroy Weston, third.

Five-mile professional: R. Howell, 15.42 3-5; Robert James, second; W. M. Woodside, third.

One-mile tandem: R. F. and W. C. Stahl, 3.13 3-5; C. A. Joslyn and W. H. Chase, second.

Ten-mile record: L. B. Hamilton, Waterbury, Conn., 31.54; H. W. Gaskell, second; John Brooks, third.

One-mile tricycle: R. Chambers, 3.13 1-5; G. H. Illston, second; L. H. Johnson, third.

Fourth Day.

Five-mile professional: R. Howell, 15.32 2-5; J. S. Prince, second; W. M. Woodside, third.

Half-mile dash: W. Wait, 1.20 3-5; Edgar Hunter, second; L. A. Miller, third.

One-mile tug-of-war: Springfield, B. C., best time; G. M. Hendee, 2.48 4-5.

Five-mile open: S. Sellers, 16.6 2-5; Charles Frazier, second; John Brooks, third.

Five-mile record: R. Howell, 15.2 3-5; W. M. Woodside, second; C. W. Ashinger, third.

Three-mile open: G. M. Hendee, of Springfield, 9.25 4-5; John Brooks, second; H. W. Gaskell, third.

Three-mile record: H. W. Gaskell, 9.2 4-5; Charles Frazier, second; John Brooks, third.

Three-mile tricycle: R. Chambers, 10.7; G. H. Illston, second; L. H. Johnson, third.

One-mile consolation: A. L. Jenness, 2.52; Lord, second; Rich, third.

The following are the records as they stand after passing through the reconstruction process at Hartford and Springfield: —

AMERICAN AMATEUR BICYCLE RECORDS.

½-mile	— Sanders Sellers,	September 17,	1.18 1-5
2 miles	— H. W. Gaskell,	" 17,	5.42 3-5
3 miles	— George Webber,	" 17,	8.50 2-5
4 miles	— Lewis B. Hamilton,	" 17,	11.55 2-5
5 miles	— H. W. Gaskell,	" 17,	14.51
6 miles	— Lewis B. Hamilton,	" 18,	18.50
7 miles	— Lewis B. Hamilton,	" 18	21.57
8 miles	— John Brooks,	" 16,	24.45
9 miles	— John Brooks,	" 16,	28.6 2-5
10 miles	— Sanders Sellers,	" 16,	31.4 2-5

TRICYCLE.

½-mile	— R. Chambers,	September 18,	1.35
1 mile	— R. Chambers,	" 18,	3.13 1-5
2 miles	— E. P. Burnham,	" 16,	6.27
3 miles	— R. Chambers,	" 19,	10.07
4 miles	— R. Chambers,	" 17,	14.08
5 miles	— R. Chambers,	" 17,	17.14 2-5

TANDEM BICYCLE.

½-mile — R. F. and C. W. Stahl, September 18, 1.32 3-5.
1 mile — R. F. and C. W. Stahl, 18th, 3.13 3-5.
2 miles — C. H. Miller and F. R. Brown, 17th, 6.55 2-5.
3 miles — C. H. Miller and F. R. Brown, 16th, 10.14 1-5.

PROFESSIONAL BICYCLE.

½-mile	— R. Howell,	September 17,	1.21
1 mile	— J. S. Prince,	" 17,	2.39
2 miles	— W. M. Woodside,	" 17,	5.45 3-5
3 miles	— R. Howell,	" 16,	8.36 2-5
4 miles	— R. Howell,	" 19,	12.11 3-5
5 miles	— R. Howell,	" 19,	15.2 2-5
6 miles	— W. M. Woodside,	" 17,	18.24 4-5
7 miles	— W. M. Woodside,	" 17,	21.17 2-5
8 miles	— W. M. Woodside,	" 17,	24.21 3-5
9 miles	— W. M. Woodside,	" 17,	27.21 3-5
10 miles	— R. Howell,	" 17,	30.7 1-5

THE second annual meet of the Pennsylvania division of the L.A.W., occurred in Philadelphia, September 13, and brought out a large attendance of wheelmen and their friends. There were two hundred and fifty men in the parade, under the charge of Chief Consul Eugene M. Aaron. The races were given by the Philadelphia, Germantown, and Pennsylvania clubs, at the Gentlemen's Driving Park. The first event was the twenty-mile race for the Pope bicycle cup, now held by A. C. Bates, as the result of the race at Cleveland. The starters were: Edward Kohler, and T. A. Schaefer, of Philadelphia, and H. Milton Ebert, of Norristown. All three finished the race, Kohler being the winner in 1. 23. 29, nearly three minutes better than the time made in Cleveland. The other races resulted as follows: One-mile novice, S. Gideon, of Philadelphia, 3.16. One-mile tricycle for championship of the State, A. G. Powell, of Philadelphia, 3.53. Three-mile open, Asa Dolph, 10.4. Half-mile for boys, F. R. Finley. Pennsylvania club-race, one mile, Frank Kohler, 3.14½. Half-mile State championship, George D. Gideon, 1,31. One-mile open, Asa Dolph, 3.8⅕. Five-mile State championship, F. Dampman, 18.50½. One-mile State championship, George D. Gideon, 3.20. One-mile tandem tricycle, won by representatatives of the Germantown Club, 3.44½.

THE annual races of the Toronto Bicycle Club were held Saturday, September 6. It was one of the warmest days of the season, and the number of spectators was less than at previous contests; but the riding was uncommonly brilliant, and F. W. Clarke, of Woodstock, a hitherto unknown rider, fairly ran away from all Canadian records. The one-mile race was the race of the day, and was a clipping one from the start, as is evident from the fact that the first two quarter-miles were done in 45 seconds. The start brought out several good men, but the contest soon narrowed itself to Clarke and H. P. Davies, of the Wanderers' Club, of Toronto. Clarke made the mile at first in 3.2⅜, when it was seen that the Canadian champion-

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ship record of 3.9½ was broken and the interest became intense. Davies claimed that Clarke crowded. There was, therefore, a second ride, and Clarke made the good record, 2.59½, coming in with hands off the bar, ten yards ahead of Davies. The other races were as follows: One-mile green, W. M. Hurst, Wanderers, first, 3.24, by ten yards; three mile handicap, P. Doolittle, Toronto B. C., first by twenty yards; quarter-mile, velocipede, boys under ten, P. Barr, first; one mile, city championship, H. P. Davies; half-mile, boys under sixteen, P. Boustead, first; two miles, club championship, P. Doolittle, first, time 7.20; time-race, one mile, J. Stuart, first time 3.59; five-mile handicap, F. W. Clark, scratch, first, by twenty yards, time, 16.6⅜. The fancy riding by W. Hurst, the only entry, was very fine.

MR. R. N. ROBBINS and Mr. E. W. Farwell, of Sherbrooke, Canada, made a good record in September, coming from their home on bicycles to Boston, covering 285 miles in 47h. 50m. of actual travel. They were nine days on the road, were often obliged to walk, and were detained once or twice by heavy rains, and by a slight lameness of Mr. Robbins. But they reached Boston in good condition, and with cordial reminiscence of courtesy from wheelmen whom they met *en route*. They came by way of Lake Willoughby, Franconia, and Concord, enjoying the company for several miles once of Mr. Putnam of the Concord Club, and once of Messrs. Sherriff and Temple of the Manchesters.

THE Chicago Bicycle Club races at Woodstock, Ill., resulted as follows: One-fourth-mile dash, N. H. Van Sicklen, first, W. E. Wise, second; one-half-mile dash, W. E. Wise, first, W. G. E. Pierce, second; one-mile dash, N. H. Van Sicklen, first, H. J. Ruhling, second; one-mile handicap, N. H. Van Sicklen, scratch, first, H. J. Ruhling, second; two-mile handicap, N. H. Van Sicklen, scratch, first, W. E. Wise, second; one hundred yards, slow, W. R. Crawford, first.

AN incident of the Springfield meet was an invitation extended by Col. Albert A. Pope, to a number of bicycle agents and dealers, and some representatives of the cycling press, to visit the Columbia Bicycle factory at Hartford, Conn., on the Saturday forenoon following the races. Some twenty gentlemen accepted the invitation. Taking an early train from Springfield to Hartford, they were met by a coach-and-four, with Mr. George H. Day, the genial manager of the factory, and Mr. Stephen Terry, the treasurer of the Weed Company. The company included Mr. William Hillman, of the Coventry firm of Hillman, Herbert, & Cooper; Mr. A. T. Lane, of Montreal; Mr. E. G. Latta, who is, perhaps, the most "numerous" bicycle inventor of America; Mr. F. B. Richards, of the *Mirror of American Sports*; Mr. J. S. Dean, of the *Bicycling World*; and several others prominent in cycling affairs. After an hour's drive through some of the charming streets of Hartford, they were taken through the Columbia Bicycle Works, and given an opportunity of seeing much of the machinery, and many of the processes and stages of bicycle and tricycle manufacture. After about two hours passed in this way they were taken through the wonderful screw machine works on adjoining premises, which have been separated from the bicycle factory; then, after another drive, they were brought, by invitation of the Colt Firearms Works, to their factory, through which they made a flying visit, and were entertained by Dr. Gatling, the inventor of the Gatling Gun. The operation of this instrument was explained and shown by the discharge of several rounds at a target. The coach was then driven through other parts of the city to the State-House, which the visitors examined with much interest. The occasion terminated with a pleasant dinner at the Allen House.

A PARADE of the Massachusetts division L.A.W. was held in Boston on September 5, under the direction of M. D. Currier, State consul, who acted as chief marshal. His staff was made up of H. W. Williams, Col. A. A. Pope, Rev. S. L. Gracey, Prof. Williams, Frank J. Philbrick, H. O. Wollison, W. U. Lawson, Abbott Bassett. Three hundred and twenty-five wheelmen participated, the Massachusetts club having the right of line. The route was through Commonwealth avenue, Chester park, Beacon street, Brighton avenue, St. Mary's street, Mountfort and Essex streets, Brighton avenue, Pleasant, Beacon, and Harvard streets, to the grove near the Hawthorne. Here a pleasant picnic dinner was enjoyed, and the wheelmen returned to the city in season for the Ramblers' races in the afternoon.

THE Ramblers' Club, which has an enviable record as a road-riding club, has voted to disband, and to consolidate with the Massachusetts Club. The two older clubs have made such notable advance in the matter of buildings and conveniences that it was deemed better to join

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with one of them rather than attempt to raise the funds needed for securing a club-house of corresponding elegance.

THE third cycling and coaching party of the Boston club occurred September 13. A run was made to Lake Massapoag, Sharon, accompanied by two coaches, where races and games took place. It was a pleasant occasion.

THE annual meet of the Albany Club took place Sept. 10, at Island Park. The first race was a one-mile novice, for members of the Albany Club, and was won by Mr. Charles Gove, whose time was 3.22 1/2. The one-hundred yards slow was won by the veteran, W. R. Pitman, in 7.48 3/5. The amateur fancy riding was done by T. R. Finley and Neil Campbell, Finley winning the prize. The five-mile championship of the Albany Club was won by C. H. Ross, 18.22; the mile without hands was won by H. S. Wollison in 3.17 1/2. S. Sellers, the Englishman who lowered the mile time at Hartford, attempted to break the half-mile record, but made only 1.23, taking the first prize. In the one mile 3.20 class race, A. B. Rich, of Staten Island, won in 3 1/2. Mr. Rich also won the five-mile L.A.W., N. Y., State championship medal. Time, 17.44 3/5. The weather on the second day was extremely unfavorable, and the track was wet and in bad condition for fast riding. The following are the results: One-mile, L.A.W., State championship, C. E. Titchener, 3.30 1/2. One-mile (A. Bi. Club), C. H. Ross, 3.39 1/2. One-mile Tricycle, L.A.W., State championship, Will R. Pitman, 4.58. Three-mile, handicap, C. H. Rogers, 11.22 1/2. One-mile, ride-and-run, Wm. H. Stone, 5.20. Ten-mile, handicap, C. H. Ross, 38.23 1/2. The consolation race was won by Wm. Wait in 1.40 1/2.

THE fourth annual tournament of the Buffalo Club, held Aug. 27, was a great success. W. M. Hurst, W. E. Kaufman, and Neil Campbell rode for prizes in fancy riding. Mr. Hurst took the first prize, a $20 gold medal, and Mr. Kaufman the $15 medal. The races resulted as follows: One mile, club championship, J. H. Hedge, 3.8 1/5; C. A. Smith, second. One-mile green, H. L. Drullard, $20 gold medal. One-mile club championship, second heat: J. H. Hedge, 3.20 3/5; C. A. Smith, second. Slow race, one hundred yards, Neil Campbell, 4.7 1/2. Two-mile dash, open, D. N. Milley. A collision in this race gave C. F. Lavender a badly broken arm. One-mile tricycle, open, Neil Campbell, 4.7; George Dakin, second. Three-mile, club championship, D. N. Milley, 10.16; C. F. Hotchkiss, second; H. D. Drullard, third. An exhibition drill, by the Buffalo Drill Corps, followed, winning much admiration. One-mile dash, open, John V. Barross, 3.1 1/5; D. N. Milley, second. Time race, prize $3,000 accident insurance policy, R. H. James. Five-mile dash, J. V. Barross, 16.39; Robert Barker, second. The races were followed by a dinner and speeches.

THE races at New London, Ohio, Sept. 3 and 4, resulted as follows: Half-mile, open, W. F. Knapp, 1.29 1/2; R. G. Knight, second; G. E. Eyster, third. Five-mile, open, W. F. Knapp, 18.14; C. W. Ashinger, second; G. E. Eyster, third. One mile, open, George Collister, 3.4; C. W. Ashinger, second; C. T. King, third. One-mile tricycle, Charles Howland, 4.6; George Collister, second. An exhibition mile, by Asa Dolph, was done in 2.40 1/4, beating all time then made, though for various reasons it was not recorded. Ten-mile open, George Collister, 36.29; W. F. Knapp, second; G. E. Eyster, third. Three-mile, open, C. E. Howland, 10.20; C. T. King, second; T. Kitchen, third. Half-mile, open, C. E. Howland, 1.50 1/4; W. F. Knapp, second.

A SOCIABLE journey of 53 miles was made August 24, by Mr. F. W. Weston, chief consul of the C.T.C. for the United States, and a lady member of the Nemo Club. This is the best road record of the sociable. The trip was made through the suburbs of Boston, from Savin Hill to Newburyport. The actual riding time was 8 hours, showing an average of 6 3/8 miles per hour. For some distance, from Salem to Wenham Centre, the roads were bad, and the last half of the journey was made against a strong wind. But Newburyport was reached with very little fatigue, by 3 o'clock in the afternoon.

AT the close of the Springfield meet, eight gentlemen, under the leadership of Mr. Charles Richards Dodge, made a two days' tour from Boston to Cape Ann, which was thoroughly enjoyable in every respect. A roundabout route to Magnolia was chosen for the first day; the actual distance and riding time being 38 miles in 4 1/4 hours. The programme for the second day consisted in a tour of the Cape. The party was a representative one, and included clubmen from Washington, Baltimore, Philadelphia, New Haven, Hudson, N.Y., and Simcoe, Canada, all of whom express themselves as more than

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delighted with the trip and anxious to repeat it another year.

MESSRS. J. S. Dean and Abbot Bassett have purchased the *Bicycling World*. These gentlemen have been its active conductors for a considerable time, and are thoroughly qualified to maintain the high position which the *World* occupies among the cycling press.

FOREIGN.

Two new tricycling records are reported on English soil. One is by Mr. C. Gossett, who made a run of 100 miles in 9h. 5m., eclipsing by 3m. Mr. W. Bourdon's record of 9h. 8m. The other record is by Mr. W. F. Sutton, who is quite famous as a long-distance bicyclist. He made 230¾ miles in 24 hours with 14 hours of rain and head wind.

THE president of the Turin Bicycle Club is the Count di Viarigi. This club is one of the largest, and certainly the most enterprising wheel clubs in Italy. A bicycle fête has been a feature of the summer in Turin.

HOWELL, the Briton who made such a good showing at Springfield, was beaten at Wolverhampton, Eng., in the one-mile championship professional, August 4.

Two tricycles have made the journey from Land's End to John o' Groat's with Alfred Nixon and H. J. Webb as riders. Mr. Nixon left Land's End at 4.15 A.M., August 16, and Webb left next morning at 1 A.M., and reached John o' Groat's 7 d., 18 h. and 50 min. later, covering 898¼ m. in that time, an average of nearly 114 miles a day, in spite of two accidents which caused him nine hours' delay. Mr. Webb beat Mr. Nixon's time by 17 hours.

A 10-MILE professional race, on the English Belgrave road, was run August 11. F. J. Lees beat Albert Hawker, doing the distance in 29m. 20s.

ALFRED Nixon has recently ridden on his tricycle from London to Edinburgh, 395 miles, in three days.

E. T. MCKAY won the annual fifty-mile road race for the championship of Ireland, at Phœnix Park, Dublin, on August 16.

THE 20-mile professional championship of England was won on August 23, at the Belgrave road grounds, by F. Wood, of Leicester, in 59m. 18½s. The records from 3 to 15 miles were lowered.

Canoeing.

AUGUST 28, the Mohican Canoe Club held their second race for the "Oliver Cup." The conditions of the race limited sail to 60 feet, but admitted any class boat without allowance. The course was about two miles, the wind strong and squally, from the south-west. Entries with sail area: "Thetis," P. M. Wackerhagen, 56 feet; "Annie O.," L. Thomas, 60 feet; "Henrietta," W. B. Wackerhagen, 56 feet; "Marion," R. S. Oliver, 47 feet; "Lasca," G. Thacher, 52 feet. All were class B but the "Marion," and with the exception of the "Annie O." all carried the Mohican settee. She substituted a leg o'mutton. The finish was in the order named: "Thetis" leading from the start, and gradually increasing her lead to the end. The "Marion" made a good fight, but the wind was more favorable for the heavier boats with reduced sail, and she had only the satisfaction of making a close race, and proving the powers of a "class A" boat. "Lasca" was driven out of the course and race by a tow. The "Thetis" also won the race for the championship badge of the club, held early in September. This was first won by the "Lasca," and then by the "Annie O.," who in this contest had the misfortune to break down at the start, leaving the finishing order: "Thetis," "Snake," "Henrietta," "Marion." This probably closing the record of the "Thetis" for the season, we are sure that canoeists will feel interest in learning that of nine entries for the year in club and open races she has seven times finished first, and twice second. The Mohicans groan in spirit that she was prevented from being at the meet.

THE canoeists of Buffalo organized, July 1, a club with eight active members. All types of canoe are represented, from a tandem, Joyner "Diamond" (length 15 feet; beam, 36 inches), to a diminutive Racine St. Paul. The officers elected were: Captain, W. Lansing; Mate, E. P. Hussey; Purser, A. H. Allen. The club thus prosperously started has since met with a great blow in the death of its purser, Mr. A. H. Allen. August 30, he attempted to cross the end of Lake Erie during a gale from the south-west. A high sea was running, but the canoeist seemed to be nearly through the worst of it, when he was seen standing in his boat apparently trying to unship the rudder. A moment later he was vainly endeavoring to reach his boat by swimming; but as she was unballasted the wind drove her rapidly, and the swimmer soon sank from exhaustion. The closing words of a touch-

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ing letter from his father are a fitting tribute to his memory, and a warning to his former fellows: "As one whose familiar knowledge had been greatest and longest, it is my right and privilege to say of him that in soberest verity he was the sweetest and sunniest soul that I have known born into time. Let me close this brief sad note with a word of caution to ardent young canoeists that they should not incur needless danger, and when strongly tempted to do so, they should call up in mind the consequences of error to those they love, and thus be led in the way of prudence."

THE first of a series of races for the "Andrews Cup" was held by the Rochester Canoe Club, Sept. 11. The average of the series to determine the winner. Sail limited to 50 and 75 feet for the respective classes. "Rowena" and "Eleanor" of class B, and "Bertha Mellen" of class A, started; but the succession of squalls and calms that constituted the breeze, permitted "Rowena" alone to finish, the others succumbing to accidents.

THE first regatta of the Bayonne Canoe Club was held Sept. 13, at the club-house on Newark Bay. A high north-west wind necessitated the giving up of some of the events. A paddling race (3/4 mile), was won by the "Mist," F. B. Collins, B.C.C., and a sailing race (3 miles) by "Pirate," C. V. R. Schuyler, N.Y.C.C.

TWO canoeists report a pleasant trip of a week's duration, from Elmira, N. Y. to Northumberland, Pa., down the Chemung and Susquehanna rivers. The cruise was made in 26-pound boats. Some bad rifts were found, but the only carry necessary was from Nanticoke to Berwick, about twenty miles.

IT is reported that Mr. R. B. Burchard of the New York Canoe Club has recently passed all the rapids of the St. Lawrence. The report awaits confirmation from Mr. Burchard.

Tennis.

THE annual meeting of the National Association at Newport, beginning August 27, proved to be more brilliant and successful than any of its predecessors. There were thirty-six single entries and sixteen pairs. Nearly all of the prominent players in the country were entered. The average of the play showed a marked improvement over last year, and each round produced matches of more than ordinary interest.

More interest was taken by outsiders than formerly, and several hundred spectators witnessed each day's play. A large proportion of these were ladies, and all seemed to follow the play keenly, judging from the instant applause that invariably followed a brilliant stroke or fine piece of strategy.

The courts were in splendid condition, except that the rain of the previous day had left them rather soft. The drawings were conducted for the first time, on the new Bagnall-Wild system (named from its inventor, a well known English player), and proved the most satisfactory method yet tried. By it, when there is an odd number of entries, all the byes are played off in a preliminary round, obviating several of the objectionable features of the old method.

In the preliminary round Thorn was drawn against Warren, Brinley against Merriman and Post against Beekman. To the surprise of many, Warren could make no stand against Thorn, and Merriman lost to Brinley, while Post beat Beekman after some good play by the loser. In the first round Beekman beat Hooper, and Taylor easily disposed of Brinley. Gillett fell a victim to Knapp, as did Metcalf to J. S. Clark. Galt beat Denniston, Willis beat Rives, Van Rensselaer beat Barnes, Lyman beat Hallowell, who scratched. C. M. Clark beat Curtis, Fielding beat Gammell, and Dwight did not appear against Eaton, much to the disappointment of many, who could not understand his reasons for withdrawing. Butler as usual played a strong uphill game and beat Berry after losing the first set. Slocum beat Hynes after a hard fight. The interest in this round seemed to centre in the match between Conover and Keene, the former winning without difficulty; Mr. Keene did not do himself justice. The best contest, however, was between Paton and Thorn, the latter winning after losing the first set to love, and being forced to do all he knew all through the other two sets by his plucky and persistent adversary. In the second round Slocum scratched to Thorn and Fielding to Galt. C. M. Clark was not extended by Lyman, nor was Knapp by Eaton. Beekman outstayed Willis and Conover was obliged to succumb to Van Rensselaer after one of the prettiest matches of the week, though neither player seemed quite at his best. Butler was defeated by Richards after a stubborn contest. The finest playing in this round, and perhaps in the whole tournament, was seen when Taylor faced J. S. Clark. With the score set and set and games all, it was indeed a toss-up to choose the winner. By winning the next two games Taylor scored the match, — a result to which an erroneous decision largely contributed in the

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opinion of those who sat nearest the line. Without detracting in the least from Taylor's really fine play it is only just to remark that Mr. Clark was not in his best form.

The third round brought together C. M. Clark and Galt, Taylor and Van Rensselaer, Richards and Thorn, Knapp and Beekman. Galt did not push Clark, Richards scratched to Thorn, and Beekman was completely out-played by Knapp. This was somewhat unexpected. Much speculation had been indulged in as to the result of the final match in this round, viz.: Taylor *vs.* Van Rensselaer. The latter was the more general favorite, but some of the older heads preferred the youngster's chances, his steadiness thus far having won him golden opinions from the more experienced players. A beautiful game was expected; nor were the spectators disappointed, the first set being well played and very close. Good strokes were frequent on both sides of the net, Mr. Van Rensselaer serving splendidly, and volleying freely, though not as hard as usual, and when the scorer called "Four, all!" the odds seemed slightly in his favor; but Taylor's sturdy defence and repeated return of the most difficult services, seemed to have some effect on the Philadelphian, and, by continued steadiness and accurate placing, Taylor won the set, six to four. This virtually decided matters, as, after changing sides, Mr. Van Rensselaer seemed broken up, serving seven successive faults, and only placing one game to his credit during the set.

In the fourth round, Taylor defeated Knapp with comparative ease, though three sets were required to decide the issue, Knapp winning the second set by six to two. Thorn and C. M. Clark each won a set, and Thorn's volleying finally won him the third, though the softness of the ground was unfavorable to his style of play. This left Taylor and Thorn to play the final round, and it was by no means considered a sure thing for Taylor, though his performances in the previous rounds made him a warm favorite. He justified the expectations of his friends by handily scoring three sets out of four, losing the second, four to six. Thorn was not up to his usually high mark, and did not push his opponent as hard as was anticipated. Taylor having thus won first place from all comers, was obliged to encounter Mr. Sears for the championship and its accompanying trophies. His brilliant record caused many to believe that he had a fair chance of victory, but when they met on Saturday, August 30, the superiority of the champion was soon evident. His long experience in public play, and his wonderful resource, were powerful advantages against the younger player. It must have gratified Mr. Taylor's friends that he was fortunate enough to score one set by six to one, as this was all that redeemed what otherwise would have been a crushing defeat, the score of the other three sets being six-one, six-love, and six-two. Taylor is a native of New York, and is an undergraduate at Harvard. Last year he won the first singles at the intercollegiate tournament at Hartford. This year, at the Orange spring tournament, he was defeated by Mr. Post. In June, at a club match between the Harvard and Longwood clubs, he was first, not losing a set. At the Hotel Wentworth, in August, he took first prize, defeating Knapp in the final round. Since the Newport tournament he has won the Orange fall tournament, defeating Thorn in the final round by three sets to love. This is a record of which the young man, who is not yet out of his teens, may well be proud, though we do not coincide in the opinion we have seen expressed, that "he is the coming champion of 1885." Mr. Sears has a long start, and if he continues playing, will probably hold the championship for several years to come, unless he has reached the limit of his powers, which we do not believe.

Yachting.

AUGUST 18, a race was sailed off Brewster, Cape Cod, to decide the merits of the numerous small yachts (twenty to twenty-five feet), located on the Cape. The course was laid from Brewster to Orleans, Eastham and return, 15 miles. The cat-rig "Percy Allen" of Brewster, won.

AUGUST 20, the St. Croix Yacht Club held a regatta at Calais, Me. The yacht "Bloodstone" won first prize; "Louis" second, and "Mischief" third.

AUGUST 21, the Toledo Yacht Club held its second annual match. There were two classes. The distance sailed was 21 miles. Prizes offered were $75, $50, $40, $25 and $10 for second class, and $25, $15 and $10 for third, in addition to the "Machen" cup. Seventeen boats started in the second class, and five in the third. The prize-takers were the "Scud," "Kate Graham," "Lulu," "Oberon" and "Sharon" in the second class; and "L Her B," "No Name" and "Petrel" in the third class. Several accidents happened. The "Lulu" parted her balloon-jib-halyards; but notwithstanding, the race was a great success. At the close of the regatta nearly all the yachts put into Guard Island, followed by the steamer "Cyclone," which had the invited

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guests. Here, in two large tents, were tables loaded with viands, after enjoying which the company marched to another tent, where the prizes were delivered to the winning boats by Judge Crane. Dancing, singing, and music by a fine band, followed. In the history of yachting on the lakes there has never been such a gala time and so magnificent a success as this regatta, and the members may well feel proud, not only of this, but of the stimulus it has given to yachting in that vicinity.

AUGUST 22, the Yonkers Yacht Club started on a cruise up Hudson river. At Albany they were regally entertained by the yacht club of that city. August 26, the yachts left for home.

AUGUST 23, the Toronto Yacht Club held the third race for the "Cosgrove Telescope," in Toronto Bay. The wind was strong from the north-west; a reefing breeze. The "Iris" won, and, having won twice before, now becomes the owner of the telescope.

AUGUST 23, the Hull Yacht Club gave its second championship race. Twenty-five yachts started, and were favored with a good south-west breeze. The "Queen Mab" takes the championship prize of the fourth class, having won in the former match. The "Shadow," "Rambler," "Kismet," and "Charlotte G." win a leg in their respective classes. In the third class, — there being a dispute between the "Banneret" and "Transit," — it was mutually agreed that their class should be re-sailed.

AUGUST 23, the Jeffries Yacht Club of East Boston held their fifth championship regatta. Only two yachts put in an appearance, the "Judith" and "Una." The former won.

AUGUST 23, the Beverly Yacht Club sailed their third championship regatta off Nahant, with nine starters. The sloop "Cricket," and cats "Cruiser" and "Mirage" won first prizes, and the sloop "Countess," and cat "Spider," won second prize of their respective classes. "Mirage," having won two races, takes the pennant of the third class.

AUGUST 23, in the match at Mattapoisett, Mass., twenty-four yachts (under thirty feet, and over fifteen feet) took part. There were three classes, and the prizes were $12 and $6 in each class. The "Surprise," "Arvilda," "Dolly," "Zillan," "Inez," and "Gem," were prize-takers.

AUGUST 23, a yacht race took place at Galveston, Texas, which awakened considerable interest in that vicinity. Six yachts started. The course was along the bay front. It proved a very close contest, and fast time was made. The "White Wing" came in first, making the run of 40 miles in 4h. 55s., followed by "Silver Cloud" and "May" only five seconds behind. The prize was a handsome silver cup, presented by Mr. T. E. Thompson.

AUGUST 23, a challenge race for "the Register Cup" of the New Haven Yacht Club, was sailed. The result was an easy victory for the "Stranger."

AUGUST 24, the Quaker City Yacht Club of Philadelphia, held a match for fourth-class yachts. The winner was the "M. S. Thomas," thereby becoming the permanent owner of the Bancroft Silver Challenge Cup, having won three matches.

AUGUST 25, one of the finest races of the season was sailed at Oak Point, New York. It was open to all boats measuring 37 feet and under. The real managers of the race were the proprietors of Oak Point, although the majority of the yachts belonged to the Knickerbocker and Harlem yacht clubs. Thirty-two yachts started, and liberal cash prizes were offered. The prize-takers were "Vixen" and "Emma C.," in the first class; "Gracie" and "Nettie Thorp," second class; "Just Woke Up" and "Daisy" in the third; "Gold Dust" and "Adele" in fourth; "Bon Ton" and "Maggie" in fifth; "Little Dean" and "Jean" in sixth class; while the "Jennie Willis" took the prize in the special class.

AUGUST 26, the Knickerbocker Yacht Club held the second of their annual pennant races. The wind was fresh from the south-east. The course was 12 miles. Twelve boats started. The "Undine" in the first class, and "Maggie" in the seventh class had no competitors. The "Gracie" won in the third class, while the "Nellie R." won in the fifth, "Truant" in the sixth, and "Vaddie" in the eighth class.

AUGUST 26, the cabin sloops "Ceres" and "Stranger," of New Haven Yacht Club, sailed a match for the "Register" cup. The course was 20 miles. The "Ceres" won easily, with half an hour to spare.

AUGUST 27, the Salem Bay Yacht Club sailed champion match for third and fourth class centre-boards. Only one boat appeared in the fourth class — the "Tulip." The third-class championship was won by "Comus." A splendid sailing breeze from south-east prevailed.

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AUGUST 28, the Michigan Yacht Club held its first regatta. The course was 25 miles for first and second classes, and 6 miles for third. Twelve yachts started. The "Ires," "Annie S.," and "Madeline" were the winners; the prizes were pennants.

AUGUST 28, the Quincy Yacht Club sailed their third championship regatta. The wind was fresh from the south-west. Six boats started in the second class, and three in the third class. The winners were the "Joker," in the second class, and "Flora Lee," in the third. The "Queen Mab" and "Joker" take the championship for 1884 in their respective classes, while the "Flora Lee," "Zip," and "Elsie," having each won a race, will have to sail off the tie.

AUGUST 29, the Dorchester Yacht Club started on a short cruise to Marblehead, the yachts intending to take part in the race of the Beverly Yacht Club the next day. Owing to the bad weather but few yachts participated.

AUGUST 30, the San Francisco Yacht Club held club regatta. Nine yachts started. Sailing length was sum of over-all measurement and water line divided by 2. The weather was clear, with a fresh breeze. Class A, the "Nellie" takes the club flag, silver fruit-dish, and silver set; "Chipsa," second. Class B, "Rambler," first; "Frolic," second. Class C, "Restless," first; "Eva," second. Class D, "Lively," first; "Fleetwing," second.

AUGUST 30, the Beverly Yacht Club held their open sweepstake regatta off Marblehead. Eighty-five yachts entered; seventy-seven started. The boats were divided into ten classes. The wind was a spanking good breeze from the south-west. Owing to the strong wind there were many casualties. The "Banneret" and "Agnes" had their masts broken. The "Eva," "Sea Bird," and "Aegir" had their top-masts carried away. The "Raven" lost her bowsprit, and the "Kismet" broke her tiller. The prizes were $400 in gold, and entrance fees, divided proportionately among the winners. The prize-takers were: first class centre-boards, first, "Shadow;" first class keels, first, "Lillie;" second, "Viking," third, "Aegir;" schooner class, first, "Bessie;" second class keels, first, "Thialfi," second, "Transit," third, "Gem," fourth, "Countess;" second class centre-boards, first, "Erin," second, "Folly;" third class centre-boards, first, "Queen Mab," second, "Sea Bird," third, "Black Cloud," fourth, "J. S. Poyen, Jr.;" third class keels, first, "Kitty," second, "Witch," third, "Saracen," fourth, "Ruth;" fourth class centre-boards, first, "Thisbe," second, "Joker," third, "Pet," fourth, "Comus," fifth, "Cruiser;" fourth class keels, first, "Vesper," second, "Vera," third, "Carmita," fourth, "Fearless," fifth, "Caprice;" fifth class, first, "Sassacus," second, "Flora Lee," third, "Mirage," fourth, "Elsie," fifth, "Pert." This was by far the best race that has occurred around Boston, not only this year, but for many years. There was a strong breeze — all that any one wanted. The centre of attraction was the fourth-class centre-boards; in this class was the celebrated Larchmont "Cruiser" pitted with nearly all the fast boats of this vicinity. The result showed that in a good breeze, the boats here would beat her. On the home stretch, beating to windward, there was a most exciting race between the leading boats. Only two minutes elapsed from the time the winner crossed the line to the time the third boat, "Cruiser," crossed. The "Thisbe" lost considerable in making a mistake in rounding one of the buoys.

AUGUST 30, the third championship match of Burlington Bay, Hamilton, Canada, was won by the "Brunette" beating "Coquette" and "Cacique" by fifteen minutes. The breeze was very fresh.

AUGUST 30, there was an interesting race at Lake Geneva, Wis. Twelve starters, divided into two classes. The "Whisper" won the Sheridan prize in first class; "Nettie" second, $40; "Blossom" $30; while in second class "Bonita" first, $40; "White Wing" second, $30, and "Pirate" $20.

SEPTEMBER 2, a race took place on Lake George between the cat-rig "Coquette" and the cutter "Leila," both of New York. The distance was seven miles and return, and was won by "Coquette."

SEPTEMBER 3, in the Salem Bay Yacht Club last championship regatta, eight boats started; the wind dying out and none returning within the limited time, the race was declared off.

SEPTEMBER 3, Capt. Jack Schmidt's race for open boats, postponed from August 20, was sailed off Tompkinsville, Staten Island. The course was about fourteen miles. Wind was fresh south-west. Besides open boats a prize was offered for cabin boats with fixed ballast. Sixteen boats started, divided in five classes. In addition to the regular prizes offered, Mr. Betchel presented a $50 cup for the yacht making the

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best corrected time. The "Teaser" takes the cup, and the other prizes were won by the "Vixen," "Parole," "Emma W.," "Shadow," and "Teaser."

SEPTEMBER 4, a regatta for cat-rigs and open sloops took place off Shelter Island, Long Island Sound, and was won by "Seta" and "Margaretti."

SEPTEMBER 5, ninety-third regatta of the Beverly Yacht Club was sailed off Buzzard's Bay, it being a sail off for the second-class Buzzard Bay pennants between the "Atalanta," "Mattie," and "Violet," and was won by the "Atalanta."

SEPTEMBER 6, the Hull Yacht Club sailed their third champion race. Twenty-three yachts crossed the line, divided into five classes. The wind at the start was fair from south-west, but before the courses were completed died out almost to a calm. The time of the first three classes was taken outside the Gut. The winners were "Shadow," first class; "Transit," second class keels; "Rambler," second class centre-boards; "Sea Bird," third class; "Viva," fifth class; "Mirage," sixth class. The "Shadow," "Sea Bird," "Queen Mab," and "Mirage," having each won two races, take the championship, while the "Transit" and "Banneret," "Viva," "Spray," and "Kismet" tie each other in their respective classes.

SEPTEMBER 6, the Royal Canadian Yacht Club, of Toronto, Ont., annual fall regatta was to be sailed to-day. The yachts, after waiting from 10 o'clock to 2 P.M. for a breeze, started. Soon the wind again died out, and none of the yachts could make the course within the limited time and it was declared off, and the ownership of the prize to be decided by the result of the Toronto Yacht Club race, in which all the yachts were entered. Although the sailing feature of the day was a failure, the festivities given by the club at its house were a success. A large attendance of club-members and their ladies enjoyed dancing till a late hour.

SEPTEMBER 6, the ninety-fourth regatta of the Beverly Yacht Club was sailed at Monument Beach, Mass. The race was open to all yachts not over thirty-two feet sailing length, and divided into three classes. The courses were 11 miles and 7½ miles. The wind was a reefing south-west. Prizes were awarded as follows: First-class sloops, "Curlew;" first-class cats, "Surprise," "Almira," and "Myrtle;" second-class cat, "Good Luck," "Faunus;" third-class, "Annie." Twenty-nine boats competed.

SEPTEMBER 6, the Beverly Yacht Club's 95th regatta for the second-class championship was sailed off Marblehead. The "Cruiser," having returned to New York, not appearing. The other contestants were "Witch" and "Rita." The "Witch" won, crossing the line some five minutes ahead.

SEPTEMBER 6, the Montreal Yacht Club held a regatta at Longueuil, Can., for first and second class champion flags. The first class, over a course of 6 miles, was won by "Violet," and "Iris" second. In second class, course 3 miles, won by "Swiftsure," and "Hattie" second. In the evening there was an entertainment at the club-house.

SEPTEMBER 6, the annual fall regatta of the Larchmont Yacht Club, owing to the absence of wind, was a failure. Twenty-five yachts were entered and only five put in appearance, and of these only three completed the course. The "Cruiser" won her class-pennant and a $50 cup, presented by Commodore Munroe.

SEPTEMBER 6, the Jeffries Yacht Club, East Boston, held their sixth championship race between cat-boats of the second-class, the cat-rig "Phallas" winning.

SEPTEMBER 8, the sloop and cutter race of the Eastern Yacht Club, for prizes offered by Commodore Hovey, was sailed off Marblehead Rock. There were two classes. Course 25 miles. Wind was light from the south-west, improving towards the finish. The "Huron" carried away her jib-top-sail club. The "Shadow" stood in for a land breeze which did not come, and lost the race. In the first class were the "Ileen," "Oriva," "Valkye," and "Isis," all from New York, and the "Huron." In the second class were the "Maggie" and "Shadow." First prize of $300 was won by the "Ileen," and second prize, $200, by "Maggie."

SEPTEMBER 8, the Salem Bay Yacht Club attempted a regatta; only four boats made their appearance. Cat-rigs "Comus" and "Coquet" sailed in one class, and the sloop "Mona" and cutter "Mamie" in the other. The race was declared off, yachts not returning within the limit.

SEPTEMBER 8, the Lynn Yacht Club held the first of a series of champion races between second and third class yachts. In a light easterly breeze, the "Pearl" was the winner in the second class and "Daisy D" in the third class.

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SEPTEMBER 10, the fall regatta of the Cleveland Yacht Club proved a failure, owing to lack of wind. The boats did not make the course within the allotted time.

SEPTEMBER 10, at the second regatta of the St. Croix Yacht Club, sailed at Calais, Me., the sloop "Freddie Eaton" took first money and the sloop "Bloodstone" was second. The weather was fine with a good breeze. The regatta was one of great interest and was witnessed by a large crowd.

SEPTEMBER 10, the Royal Canadian and Toronto Yacht Clubs held a regatta for second-class boats. Wind light, freshening into a heavy squall and rain. "Iolanthe" took first prize and "Emma" second.

SEPTEMBER 11, the steam-yacht race between the "Sphinx," Captain Cyrus W. Field, Jr., and the "Petrel," Captain H. A. Taylor, for a $250 cup, was declared off. As this race has been the topic in New York circles for some time it is a great disappointment.

SEPTEMBER 11, the Quincy Yacht Club sailed its last regatta. The wind was light with occasional squalls. The winners were "Queen Mab," first class; "Wildfire" and "Pet," second class; "Mirage," "Elsie" and "Zip," third class.

SEPTEMBER 11, the regatta of the Toronto Yacht Club, twice postponed, was sailed. The wind was squally from the north-west, causing many mishaps to the yachts. Yachts competing were: centre-board schooner "Oriole," centre-board sloop "Atalanta," centre-board sloop "Cygnet," keel sloop "Conda," and cutters "Aileen" and "Verve." The "Aileen" took first prize and "Atalanta" second, "Verve" third and "Oriole" fourth. The "Aileen" won the champion flag of the Royal Canadian Yacht Club, together with Prince of Wales's challenge cup, the Anderson challenge cup, $150 cash and the Murray challenge cup. The "Atalanta," second prize of Royal Canadian Yacht Club, $75, and $50 of Toronto Yacht Club. "Verve" two-thirds of $40 and $25. The results of this race decided the prize-takers of the Royal Canadian Yacht Club in their race of September 6, which was not finished within the limited time.

SEPTEMBER 11, the ocean race for the Brenton Reef challenge cup, fixed for this date, failed for lack of entries.

SEPTEMBER 12, the eighty-fourth race of the Dorchester Yacht Club; the breeze was fresh from the north-west. Seventeen boats started, none in the first class. The prize-takers were "Queen Mab," in second class centre-boards; "Banneret," Gem," and "Saracen," in second class keels; "Amy," "Elf," and "Scamp," in third class; "Mirage," "Nonpareil," "Charlotte G," in fourth class.

SEPTEMBER 12, the Vesper Yachting Association of Yonkers held its postponed regatta, and was won by the "Ray Howland," "Montana Jack," "Vesper," and "Waring Elsworth."

SEPTEMBER 12, the Collingwood Club, Ontario, Can., held its thirteenth regatta. Owing to protests to the winning yachts of the two classes, the race is to be re-sailed.

SEPTEMBER 13, the Lynn Yacht Club sailed its second champion race for second and third class boats. The wind was puffy and squally from the north-west. "Jennie L" and "Pearl" won in second class, and "Georgie" and "Crest" in third class.

SEPTEMBER 13, the Burlington Bay Yachting fleet, Hamilton, Can., sailed its fifth race. The interest shown in its races the past year foretells a lively time and large additions for next year.

SEPTEMBER 13, the West Lynn Yacht Club first champion pennant race. The winners were "Blanche R" in first class; "Raven" in second class; "Crescent" in third class.

SEPTEMBER 13, the sail off of second and fifth classes for the championship of the Hull Yacht Club, being the wind-up of the club's races for the year. The winners were "Transit" in second class, and "Viva" in fifth class, taking championship.

SEPTEMBER 13, a private match between "Hornet" and "Spider" of the Hull Yacht Club was sailed at Hull over a seven mile course, and was won by the "Hornet," beating the "Spider" 2m. 22s.

SEPTEMBER 13, the third race of the Boston Yacht Club for the Connor and Pfaff cups was sailed off City Point, South Boston. The wind was fresh from the north-west. There were seven starters for the Connor cup and eight for the Pfaff cup. The "Adrienne" won leg for Connor cup; "Shadow" took $30 and "Undine" $20. The "Undine" carried away top-mast. The cutter "Edna" took a leg for the Pfaff cup, and "Eva" $30 and "Kitty" $20. The first race of the series was sailed last summer, and the first leg was then won by "Shadow" for Connor cup

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and "Frolic" for Pfaff cup. The second race was sailed early this season and was won by "Adrienne" for Connor cup and "Sea-Bird" for Pfaff cup. According to the terms of the gift the permanent holder of the cups must win three races.

SEPTEMBER 16, a private match for a purse of $25 was sailed in Buzzard's Bay, Mass., between the catrigs "Atalanta," 29 ft. 7 in., Isaac R. Thomas, and "Surprise" 27 ft. 7 in., James M. Codman. The wind was a strong four-reef south-west breeze, and the course was a triangular 8-mile course, mostly windward work. The "Surprise" won. Afterwards another match was made, the "Surprise" with the "Mattie" 28 ft. 1 in., Vice Commodore Stockton of the Beverly Club; the same course; the "Surprise" victorious.

SEPTEMBER 18, a sweepstake match, for catamarans of from 30 to 40 ft., was sailed off Communipaw Dock, New York. The "Jessie," Fred Hughes; "Duplex," Longstreet & Ogden; "Hermes," Curtis A. Fearon, and "Columbia," M. Everson. The course was 34 miles. The "Columbia," being the smallest, received allowance from all. The wind was W.N.W., light and puffy at start and freshening. "Hermes" won, beating "Columbia" 3m. 12s.; "Duplex" and "Jessie" were towed, having met with accidents.

SEPTEMBER 19, the Knickerbocker Yacht Club had its fall regatta off Port Morris; the wind was light, and, the boats not completing the course within the limited time, it was postponed until next season.

SEPTEMBER 20, the first of the challenge matches of Capt. H. H. Tift of Mystic, Conn., was sailed in New London harbor. Capt. Tift had offered a purse of $100 and $50, to be sailed between his boat "Annie" and any two 27-foot yachts in New York. The challenge was accepted by Capt. Ira Smith's "Susie S." The "Susie" capsized and the race was won by the "Annie."

SEPTEMBER 20, the last regatta of the Beverly Yacht Club was sailed off Nahant, Mass.; a brisk north-west wind and heavy chop-sea prevailed. The tie for champion pennant of first class was also sailed off and was won by the "Countess." Prize-takers in the race were "Queen Mab," "Thisbe," and "Mirage." "Mirage" broke her gaff.

ONE of the most interesting events in yachting circles around Boston, the past season, was the brief visit of the well known Larchmont "Cruiser," owned by Mr. A. B. Alley. Early in July matches were made through Mr. W. L. Jeffries of the Beverly Yacht Club with many of the fast boats around Boston. The yacht was shipped to Boston on the outside line of steamers, arriving about August 12. Her first appearance was made at the Hull Open Regatta, August 16. Here she took second prize in a light wind, the cat-rig "Black Cloud" beating her by one minute corrected time; fourteen boats in the class. The second race, August 18, was the first of the challenge matches. In the morning her competitor was the cat-rig "Viva," 20 ft. 6 in. The course was 5½ miles off City Point, the wind was light south-west. The "Cruiser" took the lead and kept it, crossing the line 5m. 47s. ahead. In the afternoon the match was with the cat-rig "Thisbe," 20 ft. 5 inches. The course was 8¼ miles, off City Point, the wind a little better than in the morning. The "Thisbe" being a heavy weather boat, the "Cruiser" took the lead and kept it, but at the last part of the race the breeze freshening, the "Thisbe" picked up on her antagonist, but not enough to prevent her crossing the line 3m. 28s. ahead. The third match was fixed for August 19 with the "Hornet," but was postponed on account of fog till next day, when the wind was hard south-west. The "Hornet" is 18 ft. 11 in. The course was 6¼ miles around Half-Way Rock from Marblehead. The "Hornet" was beaten by 12m. 11s. The fourth match was with the "Hoiden," 19 ft. 9 in., August 19. The course 8 miles, off Marblehead, wind light south-east. The "Hoiden" got into a calm streak and the "Cruiser" won the race by drifting across the line, the "Hoiden" giving up entirely. The fifth match was to have been with the cat-rig "Queen Mab" on the morning of August 21 off Marblehead. A great deal of time was lost in trying to agree on a course. The "Queen Mab" forfeited, refusing to start. This was a great disappointment to every one, as the "Queen Mab" is considered one of the fastest, if not the fastest cat-rig around Boston. The sixth and last of the matches was sailed August 22 off Marblehead, the contestants being the centre-board sloop "Sea-Bird," 22 ft. 1½ in. water line. The course was twice around Bowditch Ledge, 10 miles. A good breeze was blowing from the south-west. The "Sea-Bird" starting with "Cruiser" 16 seconds behind, gained a trifle, 30 seconds, on first hitch; next was windward work, with water a little lumpy; "Sea-Bird" increased her lead by 3m. 20s. The

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"Cruiser" on next hitch, before the wind, gained a trifle; on the next and last hitch the "Cruiser" followed in same tracks as "Sea-Bird" and gained steadily, not enough to win the race on actual time, but enough with allowance to be declared the winner by 1m. 23s. The next appearance of the "Cruiser" was in the Beverly Club regatta off Nahant, August 23. The wind was light W.S.W., shifting to S.W. The course was 3¾ miles to windward and return. "Cruiser" won, beating the cat-rigs "Spider" and "Hornet" by 2m. 30s. Her final appearance was at Beverly open sweepstake regatta off Marblehead, August 30. Here she had twenty competitors. The wind was good and strong from south-west. The course was 7½ miles inside Beverly harbor. "Cruiser" taking fifth prize, being beaten by "Thisbe" 1m. 39s.; "Joker" 1m. 33s., and "Pet" 1m. 28s.; "Comus" 23s. Mr. Alley's business engagements compelling him to return to New York he had to bring his visit to a close, not without many regrets. In an interview he expressed himself as being highly pleased with the courteous treatment he had received from Boston yachtsmen, and of the desire he had of repeating it another year.

THE iron steam-yacht "Douschka," formerly named the "William H. Vanderbilt," built at Buffalo in 1879, has been sold to go to Baranquilla, Central America. She is 60 feet long, 9 feet 4 inches beam, and has a trunk cabin very handsomely fitted up. She left New York August 26th, in tow of one of the Atlas line of steamers.

AT a meeting of the Royal Canadian Yacht Club, August 22d, it was voted to fund the debt of the club at a rate not exceeding 6½ per cent.

THE dory "H. T. Bibber," Capt. Traynor, which left Bath, Me., and New York, June 26th, to cross the Atlantic Ocean, was run into during a thick fog and capsized by a steamer. The accident occurred at night in latitude forty-five deg. thirty min., longitude fifty-one deg. twelve min., nearly a third of the way across. She was badly stove, and her stern was knocked off. The French schooner "Bergere" picked her up and carried her into St. Pierre, Miq., August 25. Capt. Traynor was in good health and intends to make another trial next season.

THE yacht "Oi-zaze," of the Royal Nova Scotia Yacht Club, was wrecked off Nova Scotia, August 22d. The yacht was a total loss.

THE American Yacht Club (steam) has just adopted a new classification for yachts. First class, all over two hundred and fifty gross tons; second class, from one hundred to two hundred and fifty tons; third class, all under one hundred tons.

THE new steamer built for William F. Weld, by Wood Bros., East Boston, launched in August, is named the "Satan," and is 50 feet 9 inches in water line. Her owner is to use her to enter harbors and rivers where the "Gitana" cannot be used.

GEORGE DURYEA, of Glen Cove, N. Y., has bought the C. B. schooner-yacht "Southern Cross." She was built in 1880 by E. Decker, Brooklyn, for the late Commodore Monsell, after purchased by Richard Dudgeon; is 65 feet water line, 18 feet 6 inches beam.

THE sloop-yacht "Endeavor," of the New Haven Club, owned by H. D. Billard, while sailing in the New Haven harbor, August 31st, struck a sunken wreck and stove a hole in her bows, causing her to sink. She was built in 1881 by George M. Graves.

THE well-known cat-rig "Fancy" has been sold to L. H. Spaulding, Haverhill. The "Fancy" is 22 feet over all, 19 feet 5 inches water line, and 9 feet 6 inches beam. She was built by Pierce Bros., South Boston, in 1877, and is one of the fastest cat-rigs around Boston. She was formerly owned by P. Grant, Jr.

MR. EDWARD G. CHASE has tendered his resignation as secretary of the Dorchester Yacht Club, and at the meeting of the club, September 4th, the same was accepted, and Mr. H. B. Callender was elected to fill the vacancy.

THE steam-yacht "Harry," built by M'Grehan, of Pamrapo, N. J., has been bought by Atkins Lawrence, of New York.

THE old steam-yacht "Mischief," built in 1869 by Jacob Lorrillard, has been rebuilt and renamed "Manatte." She now hails from Philadelphia and is owned by Disston Bros.

THE well-known centre-board sloop "Sea-Bird" was sold, September 12th, to Mr. Charles L. Joy, of East Boston, Mass. The "Sea-Bird," for the past two years, has made a remarkable record, taking prizes in every race she has entered, and the majority of times first prize. She was built in 1872 by Pierce Bros., of South Boston, and is 25 feet 3½ inches over all, 22 feet 1½ inches water line, 9 feet 7¾ inches beam, and draws 2 feet 11 inches.

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BELLEVILLE Yacht Club (Ontario). The first race for the flag presented by Commodore Biggar will probably be sailed next year. The "Atlanta" is to be sold out of the club.

CAPTAIN MOTT, of Newport, R.I., owner of the yacht "Bertie," has had a most critical experience. The yacht left Boothbay, Me., Aug. 31, for Block Island. For three days heavy fogs were encountered, and the harbor of Marblehead was made. Sept. 9 the yacht left Marblehead, and at once encountered a dense fog. During this time the water gave out, and, on Thursday, Sept. 11, the yacht anchoring one and a half miles from Highland Light station, the two occupants started for the beach in a small boat for water. In making the landing the boat was damaged, but, repairs being made, a start was made for the yacht. In the heavy surf one of the oars was broken, and the boat nearly filled with water, and, as there was a strong wind and heavy current running, the boat was carried to sea. Capt. Mott was picked up by a passing vessel, and carried to Portland, Sept. 13. The yacht was towed into Provincetown.

THE Cleveland yachtsmen are now congratulating themselves on the addition to their fleet of the well-known yacht "Cora," formerly of Chicago, which was recently purchased by R. R. Rhodes. The "Cora" is one of the largest and fastest sloops on the lakes.

THE small steamer, brought from England by steamer, is intended for use in Lake Pend d'Oreille, Idaho. After being sent through the lakes she will be carried by men forty miles overland.

THE yacht "Estelle" went ashore on Black Rock, seven miles from New Bedford, in a squall in the evening of Sept. 20. Mr. Elisha H. Fisher, jr., wife and two sons staid on the rock all night before being rescued.

THE steam-yacht "Adelita" was sold Sept. 18, by Mr. F. H. Peabody to N. C. Nash, of the Hull Yacht Club. She is 93 feet over all, 83 feet water-line; built in 1881.

THE cutter "Huron," Wm. Gray, jr., owner, Boston, has had seven feet added to her bow.

THE sloop "Addie," Marshall K. Abbott, owner, Boston, has had two tons of lead added to her keel.

THE cutter "Edith," of Boston, has had her bottom newly coppered.

C. F. ADAMS, jr., has sold the cat "Peggy" to H. L. Waterman, of Bridgewater, length 20 feet, 8 feet beam.

HERRESCHOFF, of Bristol, R.I., has delivered to Mr. Elbridge T. Gerry a new steam launch 27 feet long, 6½ feet beam, for his steam-yacht "Electra."

AT the British Consular Court, at Constantinople, July 31, a seaman, on board the schooner-yacht "Rosalind," was convicted of insubordination, and was sentenced to seven days' imprisonment, and costs amounting to £1 16s. The prisoner's counsel raised a question as to the applicability of the discipline clauses of the Merchants' Shipping Acts to yachts not sailing under articles. The Judge ruled "that sea-going yachts are expressly exempted by the Acts from the necessity of having articles."

THE French "labord" and "fribard" (port and starboard) have been banished from the French navy, as regards steering, according to a circular issued from the Minister of Marine, and "à droite" and "à gauche" (to the right and to the left) substituted. The old terms will still be used for other commands not connected with steering the ship.

THE new centre-board schooner "Speranza," owned by H. W. Collendar, of New York, was launched Sept. 10. She is 87 feet over all, 76 feet water-line, 21 feet 4 inches beam, and will draw 8 feet 10 inches. Sept. 19, she made her trial trip.

THE yacht "Falcon," having her owner, J. G. Hall, and three others aboard, struck a rock off New Brighton, Staten Island, Sept. 10, and sank. The yacht "Siren" rescued the party.

THOMAS LAPHAM, of Roslyn, Long Island, has launched the nonpareil sharpie "Tarpon," built for John Aspinwall. She is 52 feet over all, 12 feet 10 inch beam, and has three courses of planking — one laid fore and aft, middle perpendicular, and inner one, in handsome hardwood, diagonal. Mr. Aspinwall expects to spend the winter in Florida. The "Tarpon" will be Roslyn yawl-rigged, and will be provided with a 16 foot steam-launch hung on davits.

THE sloop-yacht "Wanda," of New York, was wrecked about midnight of Sept. 16, just outside of New Haven light-house. She was bound to New York, having on board her owner, Mr. J. M. Hartshorn. All hands were saved. At the time of the disaster the wind was blowing a gale.

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An Eel.

THE time is a sunny summer afternoon; the place, the shady side of a small and languid river, where a pair of young people have moored their punt under the pretence of fishing, but in reality for purposes of flirtation.

She — "I don't believe there's a fish in all this stupid river."

He — "Who cares, as long as we are here?"

She — "But we came after fish."

He — "Did we?"

She — "Didn't we?"

He — "I didn't."

She — "What did you come for?"

He — "You."

She — (Jerking in her line with sudden vehemence). "Oh, I've got a bite!"

He — (Perfectly well aware that this is merely a pretext). "Yes, I nibbled."

She — "What *do* you mean?"

He — "What I said."

She — "But that was nonsense."

He — "Oh, tagging after a girl is always nonsense, but we do it as the silly fish go after the hook."

She — "They don't."

He — "You said you had a nibble."

She — "But that was no good."

He — "I wish you'd try and land your fish."

She — (Letting her line run out with the sluggish current). "Oh, it was probably only an eel."

He — "It would show the more skill in you to land it, then."

She — "And be no good when it was caught."

He — "Thank you!"

She — (Innocently). "For what?"

He — (Crossly). "You have got a bite. You'd better tend to your line."

She — "Goodness! How it pulls! It must be a whale."

He — (Viciously). "Or an eel."

She pulls in her line until the big head of an eel really does appear above the surface, then with a scream of horror she relaxes the line and lets her prey disappear.

She — "Oh, it *is* an eel! Oh, the nasty, horrid thing, to get on my hook!"

He — "You put the hook down there for him; the poor fool isn't likely to be any better pleased with the result than you are."

She — (Too much excited over the danger that the monster she has snared will come into the boat and devour her, to consider whether his words may or may not contain any hidden meaning). "Oh, what shall I do? How shall I get that dreadful great thing off my line?"

He — "You might land him, you know."

She — "Oh, I never, never could! I'll throw away my line first."

He — "But you wouldn't let him go through life dragging a hook and line after him, would you?"

His tone and manner are so significant that it is impossible for her to mistake his application of the case of the unlucky eel to himself, and for a moment she forgets the awful peril of having a monster attached to her line, in a not unnatural desire to do the coquetries incumbent upon her in a proper manner. She absently gives her line a twist about a thole-pin, and casts her eyes pensively down upon the water.

She — "He'd get rid of it somehow. They always do."

He — (Taking courage from her apparent softening, and moving somewhat nearer to her). "No, he couldn't. The bait is too tempting, and your hook too sharp."

She — "You'll tip the boat over if you sit so far this way."

He — "I'll risk the boat. Won't you take me off the hook, Kathie?"

She — (With a very well-feigned appearance of misunderstanding). "You, Captain Dix?"

He — (Venturing to steal an arm about her waist). "You can't have helped knowing how fond I am of you, and I'm worse off than that unlucky eel if you won't have me."

While he is speaking, a wicked smile of the most heartless mischief brings out every dimple in Mistress Kathie's pretty face, and she occu-

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pies herself in swiftly and unobtrusively gathering up her line, so that as the captain attempts to follow his appeal with an impassioned kiss, by a quick and deft jerk she lands full in his lap a really tremendous eel. He leaps back with a start that nearly overturns the boat, uttering at the same time a term which indicates at least a cursory acquaintance with theology.

She — "You mustn't swear."

He — (With considerable more temper than good-breeding). "Oh, no! Of course not! Women always take refuge in morality after they've outraged all decency!"

She — (Sweetly). "I must say you are amiable. I should think" —

But Miss Kathie, like many another before her, has entered upon an enterprise without sufficiently considering the consequences. With that tremendous eel writhing and wriggling at her feet, her wits entirely desert her and she sets up a series of shrieks which would alarm all the neighbors were there any neighbors to be alarmed.

He — (With a vicious and reprehensible delight in her distress). "You don't seem to like it."

She — "Oh! take it away, take it away! I shall jump overboard!"

He — "What did you pull it in for?"

She — "Oh, I don't know! O Captain Dix! I'll do anything for you if you'll only kill that horrid creature."

He — (Reclining comfortably and easily in the bow of the punt). "I don't think of anything at this minute that I want you to do."

She — (Poised perilously on the stern). "Oh, dear, dear! I hate you! You are too cruel!"

He — (Lighting a cigarette with much coolness). "Don't fall overboard."

She — (Somewhat calmer from the fact that the eel is for the moment still). "Captain Dix, I *did* think you were a gentleman."

He — (Casually giving the eel a touch with his foot). "Strange what mistakes one makes, Miss Blair; I thought you a lady till that eel landed in my lap."

The fish, aroused by the captain's touch, begins a new and particularly lively series of gymnastics which throw Miss Blair almost into convulsions. She endeavors to restrain herself, but fails utterly, and burying her face in her hands she bursts into tears.

He — (Somewhat softened by the sight of her weeping). "I wouldn't cry, Miss Blair; I can throw the beast overboard, if you like."

She replies only by increased sobs, and after enduring it as long as he can, the captain rises to return the captive to its native element. She watches him between her fingers until he reaches the edge of the boat, then suddenly arrests him.

She — "That is my eel you are throwing away."

He — (Dropping it in amazement, and setting his foot on it in a vain endeavor to keep it quiet). "What do you mean? Don't you want it thrown overboard?"

She — (A certain gleam of mischief returning to the face which she condescends to show him). "It's all I've caught, you know."

He — "Well?"

She — "So it's a pity to throw it away, don't you think?"

He — (Standing in a dazed way for a moment, and then rushing astern to clasp her in his arms). "You blessed darling!"

She — (After a moment of inarticulate bliss.) "I hope you are satisfied now."

He — "To be landed? Yes, thank you; anything is better than suspense."

She — "How mean of you to say that!"

He — "But I landed in Paradise, you know."

She — "You could hardly say less under the circumstances."

He — "But you know I feel so much more; I even forgive you the eel."

The eel, which is apparently as lively as ever, executes under foot a series of jocund movements designed, presumably, to celebrate the joyous consummation of affairs, and ends by twining himself, in a cold and slippery ecstacy of emotion, about Miss Kathie's trim ankles.

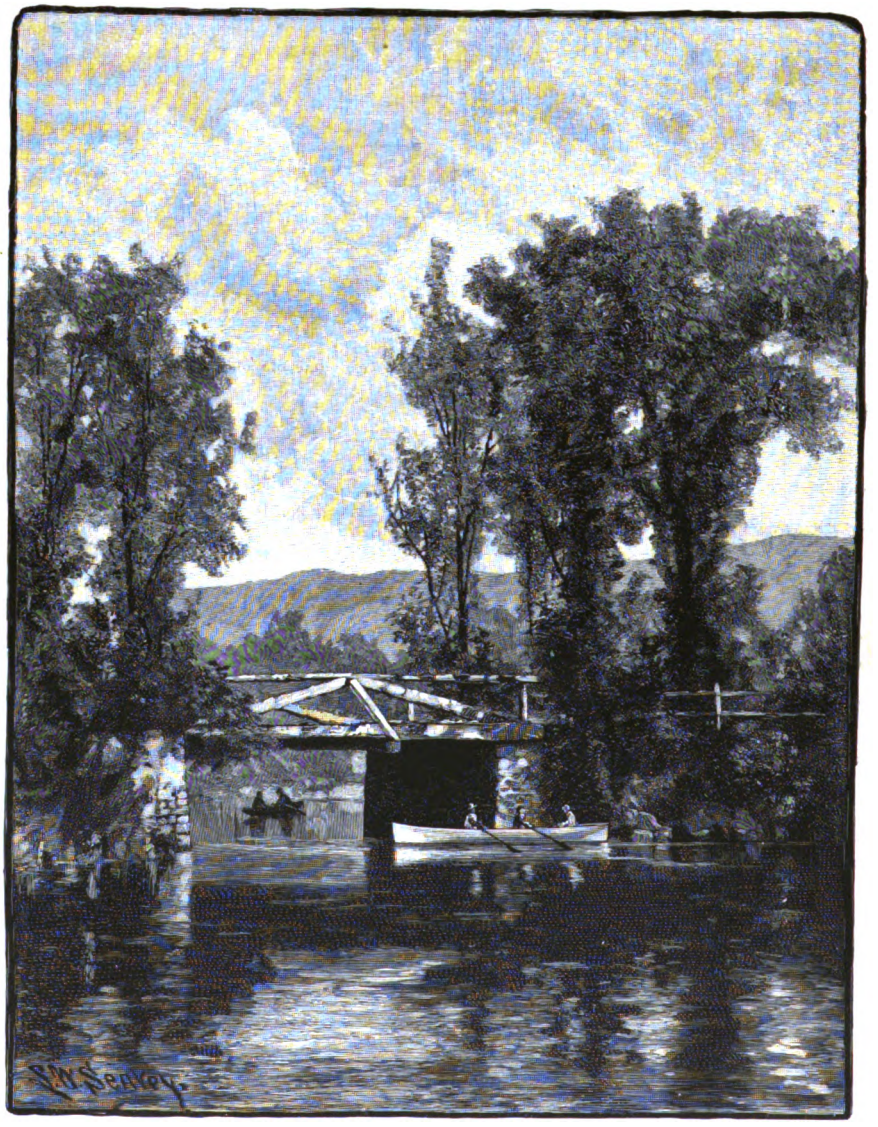
She — (Clinging with renewed screams to the captain). "Oh, take it off! Take it away I'll never speak to you again if you don't kill that dreadful creature!"

Whereupon the eel is offered up, an innocent victim, upon the altar of their joy, and placid but deep peace descends upon the punt and its occupants.

A. B.

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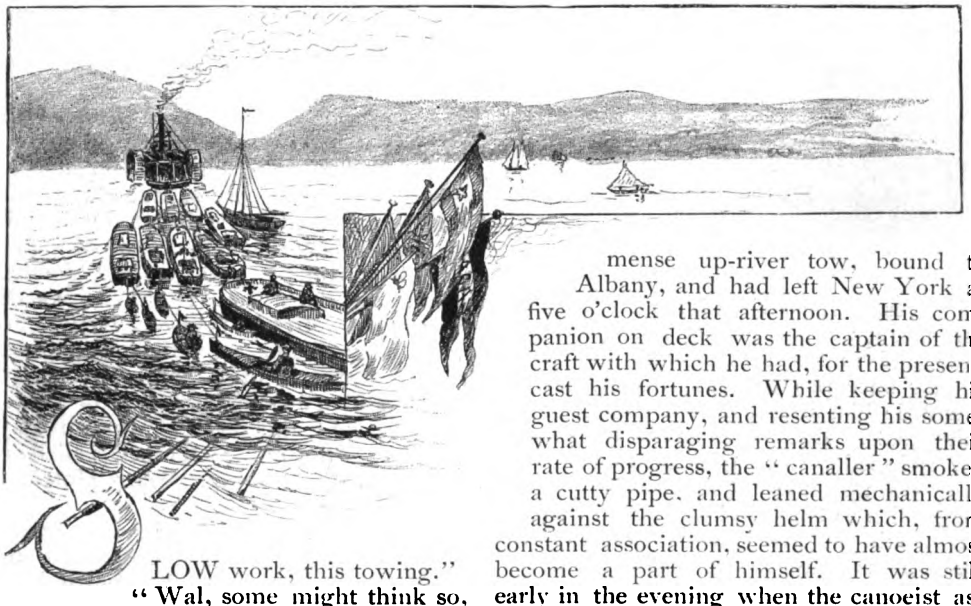
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OUTING.

VOL. V. DECEMBER, 1884. No. 3.

A CANOE CAMP 'MID HUDSON HIGHLANDS.



"SLOW work, this towing."

"Wal, some might think so, an' ag'in others mightn't. It's fast enough for me, and it beats sloopin' all holler. Time was, when I was a boy, that we might be a couple of weeks running up the river. Now we aint never mor'n forty-eight hours at the most. Yaas, it beats sloopin'."

"I suppose it does beat slooping; and it certainly beats the time made by old Hudson himself, for he took thirty days to sail up sixty miles of the river; but it doesn't beat canoeing, and I shall be glad when we reach Newburgh Bay."

The last speaker was a stalwart young canoeist on his way from New York to the annual meet of Hudson River canoeists, which was held this year on the shores of Newburgh Bay. For the sake of adding to his experiences of travel he had engaged deck passage, for himself and his canoe, on a canal-boat that formed one of an immense up-river tow, bound to Albany, and had left New York at five o'clock that afternoon. His companion on deck was the captain of the craft with which he had, for the present, cast his fortunes. While keeping his guest company, and resenting his somewhat disparaging remarks upon their rate of progress, the "canaller" smoked a cutty pipe, and leaned mechanically against the clumsy helm which, from constant association, seemed to have almost become a part of himself. It was still early in the evening when the canoeist assumed his blankets, and laid down on deck beside his canoe to sleep, and the "canaller" turned in to his stuffy little bunk below. While they slept, the long tow of nearly fifty boats steadily ascended the mighty river, now buried in the black shadows of its Palisades or wooded headlands, and then bathed in the moonlight of its broad, open reaches. Its motive power was the huge skeleton of a steamer that had once done service as a palatial passenger packet; but now, stripped to its very bones, was reduced to the slow drudgery of towing. As if conscious of its former station, and realizing the obligations of rank even in its degradation, the powerful tow-boat performed its task with a dignified silence, that offered a strong contrast to the fussy little tugs which occasionally passed her with their lighter burdens, and which had been nothing but tugs all

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their lives. The swift night-boats, laden with throngs of passengers, and gay with lights and music, swept scornfully past her, nor once proffered the friendly salute of whistle blasts with which they greeted their equals. But the poor old tow-boat, now stripped of her gilded saloons and gaudy fittings, knew that she had once been as fine as they, and that they in their turn would in time be reduced to her level. Thus comforted she strained bravely at the great hawsers, and compelled the reluctant fleet of ice-barges, canal-boats, hay-barges, and brick-sloops, to follow her through the long watches of the night; until, in the dim twilight of morning, she led them into the enchanted waters that mirror the Hudson Highlands.

The morning air was chill, and the river flowed gray and sullen between its sombre walls. Night still lingered in the valleys and in the deep ravines that seam the hill-sides; and the bald heads of the Highlands were still enveloped in misty nightcaps when the first signs of life began to appear on the tow. Unkempt men stretched and yawned at the openings that led down into the close little cabins, sickly flames were extinguished in the blackened signal lanterns, and uncertain puffs of smoke from the galley fires gave faint promise of breakfast. As the "canaller" added his to the group of frowsy heads appearing from the several companion-ways, the canoeist, still wrapped in his blankets, sat up, gazed about him and listened. The regular throb of the steamer was nearly drowned by the floods of melody that came bubbling from the throats of hundreds of little feathered highlanders. It was the grand opening chorus, an ecstasy of music over the birth of a day. For a moment the trills and warblings were hushed by the thunder-roll of the sunrise gun at West Point. It was hurled back and forth from one mountain giant to another, until, faint and exhausted, its distant reverberations sank into silence. Then was echoed the cheery music of the bugles, and the noisy *reveillé* of the drums. Then a sunbeam kissed the gloomy brow of Dunderberg, glanced across the river to Anthony's Nose, flashed back among the shadows still lurking about Bear Hill, and at last slipped down into the river to give it a morning kiss, and change its sullen gray into a glory of blue and gold.

As they passed West Point the captain of the canal-boat said to the canoeist, "This here bit of water is what we old sloopers used to call the 'Blow Holl,' and it's the awkwardest stretch between New York and Albany. The wind'll blow a dozen different ways to once here, and many's the sloop that's been dismasted or turned turtle betwixt this and Newburgh Bay. 'Wey Gat' the old Dutchmen called it, and I spose that means 'Blow Holl'; if it don't it ought to."

Slowly the tow wended its way among the iron-ribbed hills, past Cro' Nest and Mt. Taurus, Break-Neck, Storm-King and Beacon Hill, until at last it floated in the open waters of Newburgh Bay. Here off Polipell's Island, the canoeist bade adieu to his friend the "canaller," dropped his light craft into the water, and, impelled by her outspread wings, sped away towards the western shore, to join his fellows who were already gathered there.

Although the Highlands of the Hudson extend along less than twenty miles of its length, they form the most noteworthy, features of the river. To them it owes, in a large measure, its world-wide reputation; and among them, more than along any other portion of its course, linger the romance legend and poetry, that are immediately associated with its name. It is safe to say that no other area of equal extent on the continent is so replete with historic associations, or can so thrill the patriot's heart with tales of his country's

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struggle for freedom, as these hills. Here, in the shadow of these hallowed hills of the "Shattemuc," as the Indians named the Hudson, during the last days of spring and the first of summer, were met the canoeists who dwell on the banks of the great river, from its source to its mouth. To the number of fifty they camped in and around the earthworks of old Fort Meacham, which once defended the western end of the *chevaux-de-frise* that was extended across the river from Plum Point to Polipell's Island, as a barrier to the upward progress of British ships. Several of its iron-tipped, worm-eaten timbers may still be seen amid the stored revolutionary relics of the museum, in the Washington Head-quarters at Newburgh.

The tents of the camping canoeists, of all shapes and sizes, were scattered in the most picturesque confusion, behind the old earthworks, and along the beach. Above them hung the flags of the New York and Knickerbocker clubs of New York city, the Mohicans of Albany, the Newburgh, Rondout, Amsterdam and Middletown clubs, their bright colors making bits of vivid contrast to the green of the surrounding foliage. Among the tiny flags fluttering from the mast-heads of the canoes drawn up along the shore, were also to be seen those of the Lake George and Rochester clubs, and the St. John's Canoe Club of Florida.

At night the ruddy camp-fires threw the gleaming tents into strong relief against the inky background of the trees, and cast strange shadows far out over the placid waters. Around the fires song, story, and merry jest woke echoes that had slumbered for a century; and above their dying midnight embers floated the spirits of those who knew the place long years ago. Among them were dusky canoe-men who encamped here when pale-faced intruders were still unknown, round-bellied Dutchmen, who made this a resting-place after braving the perils of the "Wey Gat," and

> ... "Old Continentals,
> In their ragged regimentals,"

who here spent years of anxious watching for the advance of a dreaded foe, and here, in the glare of beacon fires from the surrounding hill-tops, celebrated the glorious consummation of their struggle.



THE OLD FURNACE.

To the left of the camp-ground, between it and Cornwall, flows the placid Moodna, bordered by sedges and lily-pads, and narrowing as it retreats from the river until it is spanned by a green arch of dense foliage. Here a rustic bridge leads a shaded woodland road from bank to bank, and affords vantage ground for patient angling. The wild duck brings forth her downy brood from hidden Moodna coverts; and in its shallow sedges the great blue heron seeks his prey. To those canoes whose sharp prows unlocked the secrets of its guarded treasures, the Moodna proved a dreamy idyl, full of calm content and quiet beauty. That the gentle stream does

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not still bear the ghastly name of "Murderer's Creek," we owe to N. P. Willis, whose Idlewild rises from its western bank, near its confluence with Hudson waters. Between the house and the river is the rugged gorge that gave the place its name, and in whose depths laughs and brawls a riotous mountain stream, that is only subdued by the quieting influences of the Moodna, into which it plunges. The oft-repeated story of the origin of the name Idlewild is that as Willis was negotiating for the property with its rural owner, he inquired what value was set upon the deep gorge and its brawling brook. "Hoot," said the farmer, "ye'll not want that, 'tis naught but an idle wild." But Willis did want it, and purchased it, and to-day it adds tenfold to the value of the property.

From Idlewild the village of Cornwall lines the semicircle of the bay, which sweeps in a gentle curve from Plum Point on the north, to Storm-King on the south. "Cornwall-on-Hudson," it is called. Ever since Cornwall was brought into prominence by Willis's writings, it has been a favorite resort of literary people, several of whom have made permanent homes there. Among these are Lyman Abbott, editor of the *Christian Union*, and E. P. Roe, the novelist, and successful cultivator of small fruits, who from Cornwall and its vicinity has drawn most of the material for his latest story "Nature's Serial."

Many of Cornwall's summer eyries are perched high above the river among the northern spurs of the Storm-King hills, where the glorious outlook afforded them more than compensates for their difficulty of access. The summit of Storm-King can only be reached by a rough two hours' scramble, up vaguely defined foot-paths encumbered by logs and boulders. Halfway up is a spring of deliciously cool water where the invitation to rest is rarely declined. The summit once attained, exhaustion gives way to exaltation, and fatigue is forgotten, as the glory outspread around and below bursts into view. Lost to all else you gaze and gaze, and drink in the ever-unfolding beauties of the scene as thirstily as a while ago you quaffed long draughts from the spring on the mountain side.

Boter Berg, Butter Hill, or Storm-King, is but sixteen hundred feet high; but, owing to its position and its surroundings, it proves a more satisfactory eminence from which to view the world beneath than many a more pretentious mountain; and, as you become familiar with its varying aspects, you willingly concede its domination and acknowledge it king of the Highlands.

"Stand there alone for a little while;
And, with gentle approaches, it grows sublime.
Dilating slowly, as you win
A sense, from the silence, to take it in.
So wide the loneness, so lucid the air,
The granite beneath you so savagely bare.
You well might think you were looking down
From some sky-silenced mountain's crown:
Whose far-down pines are wont to tear
Locks of wool from the topmost cloud."

Far to the north, in misty outlines, rise the Catskills, haunts of Rip Van Winkle and of Hendrick Hudson's merry men; to them Storm-King is joined by the grand inland-sweeping curve of the Shawangunks, gemmed with many a dimpling lake and flashing stream. On the west reigns the tumult of Ramapo Hills, and the Schunemunks, rich in iron ore and abounding in mines and furnaces. To the south stretch the Western Highlands of the Hudson, which extend from Storm-King to Dunderberg, with Cro' Nest and Bear Hill rising boldly between them. Cro' Nest proper is a depression in the mountain top just beyond Storm-King, which has been immortalized by Joseph Rodman Drake, who here locates the scene of his exquisite poem, "The Culprit Fay," who dwelt where —

"The moon looks down on old Cro' Nest;
She mellows the shades on his shaggy breast;
And seems his huge gray form to throw
In a silver cone, on the wave below."

Midway up the scarred and storm-beaten front of granite, that the Boter Berg advances so defiantly into the river, is a cliff bearing the curious name of "Kidd's Plug." It is so called from the fact that, high up on its face, a huge rock juts forth in so peculiar a fashion as to at once suggest its use in closing some aperture or cave. The ignorant superstition, which attaches to the half-mythical buccaneer, and invests him with supernatural powers, relates a legend of fabulous wealth buried in such a cave by Captain Kidd, who closed, or plugged, the entrance with a great boulder of such weight that no man, save himself, should ever move it. Tradition assigns to the Highlands a goodly share of the innumerable localities in which the bold pirate is supposed to have arranged his safe deposit vaults. Some of these

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tales have borne such impress of truth as to induce active and costly search to be made for treasure at certain points thus named. In this manner small fortunes have been squandered at Caldwell's landing, and on Iona and Polipell's islands. The former of these islands is just inside the southern gate-way of the Highlands, and is a popular picnic resort. On its lower end may still be seen relics of the misdirected labors of the treasure-seekers.



NORTHERN ENTRANCE TO THE HIGHLANDS.

Polipell's Island lies close to the Northern entrance to the "Wey Gat," and directly at the feet of him who looks down on it from Storm-King's summit. It is but a little rocky islet, and was for years only inhabited by a solitary fisherman and his crazy wife, whom he tenderly cared for. She fancied herself to be the Queen of England, in which delusion she was carefully humored by her husband and his few acquaintances, who always addressed her as "Your Majesty." The mate of a river schooner recently told the following story of his experience with treasure-seekers on Polipell's Island: —

"'Twas in the latter part of June, about three years ago, when we dropped anchor one night off Polipell's, waiting for the tide to turn afore we tried to go down through the Highlands. 'Bout eleven o'clock in my watch on deck I seed a light over on the island, where there didn't ought to be no light, and, after watching it awhile, my curiosity got considerably riled. Finally I rousted out the cook, and him an' me took the dinkey and pulled over to the island, to see who it was a'spooking round that time o' night. We could hear men a'talking afore we landed, and when we clim' over the rocks and looked down into a little holler, we seen five of 'em a'diggin' for old Kidd's treasure: one stood up, fast asleep, kind o' mesmerized like, and told the others where to dig. Thinking I might have some fun out of 'em, I slipped back to the dinkey for an old fog-horn, that we kep' in her, an' brought it back to the diggin's. 'Twas a ghostly kind of a night and the moon was tearin' through the clouds, dead afore the wind, with ev'ry rag set and drawin'. I felt kind o' scary myself, when I remembered the stories I'd heard of the speerits that allers guards old Kidd's gold, an' every now and then I gin a look over my shoulder into the bushes, more'n half expecting to see some of them spiritooal gardeens of the treasure put in an appearance an' stop the proceedings. The diggin' fellers seemed to need to keep their courage up, too; for every few minutes they'd stop work to take a swig from a big jug of Jamaicy, that stood on the edge of the hole.

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"Bimeby, after we'd watched 'em 'bout an hour or so, one of 'em struck something hard with his spade, a bit of old iron or a tomato can I reckon, and they all gathered round to examine what it was. Just then I up with the old horn and giv a blast, that must have sounded like Gabriel's trumpet to them fellows; for you oughter have seen 'em scatter. Sich a gittin' I never see afore or sence — Helter-skelter, lickitty split, they went for their boat, leaving their tools and the jug behind 'em. I collared the jug, and me and the cook made tracks for the dinkey. Sence that time I've never heard of anybody's diggin' for Kidd's gold on Polipell's; but it's considered a powerful hanted place, and has got a big reputation for speerits."

From Cornwall a capital road leads over the mountains, back of Storm-King and Cro' Nest, to West Point; and, in the early summer, when one is jubilant over his first outing, and the woods are sweet with the perfumes of the wild grape-vines; or in autumn, when the crisp air sends the blood tingling through every vein, and when the woods are aglow with the gorgeous coloring of a year's accumulation of gold and precious dyes, and heavy with the scent of ripened leaves, it offers a walk that is well worth the taking

West Point, lapped in the very bosom of the Highlands, is their *chef-d'œuvre* as an attraction. Probably more of sentiment and romance centres about it than about any other spot in the country. It is the military stronghold of the Hudson, and, in a certain sense, of the nation; for from here come the trained leaders to whom in times of danger the nation looks for guidance. That sentiment flourishes amid the beautiful scenery and bewitching accessories of West Point can easily be imagined; and that its reputation as a lover's paradise is world-wide may be gained from the following anecdote of an incident of travel, that occurred to a young Bostonian in Paris last summer.

He had just been introduced to a sprightly French girl, who showed a decided partiality towards Americans, and who was very proud of the intimate knowledge of their country that she had acquired in the course of numerous conversations with them.

YOUNG BOSTONIAN. — "Yes, I am from the East, New England we call it."

MADEMOISELLE. — "Ah! ze East, vat you call New England. Mais vere you haf no sentiment, no affaires du cœur."

"No sentiment, mademoiselle? I beg pardon, but really you are mistaken; why, in Boston we abound in sentiment."

"Ah non. Not ze true sentiment, not l'amour. Zat est réservé for ze west, ze extreme point of ze West, ou est la promenade de l'amour."

"The promenade de l'amour! Really, mademoiselle, I am ashamed to say that I never even heard of such a place in my country."

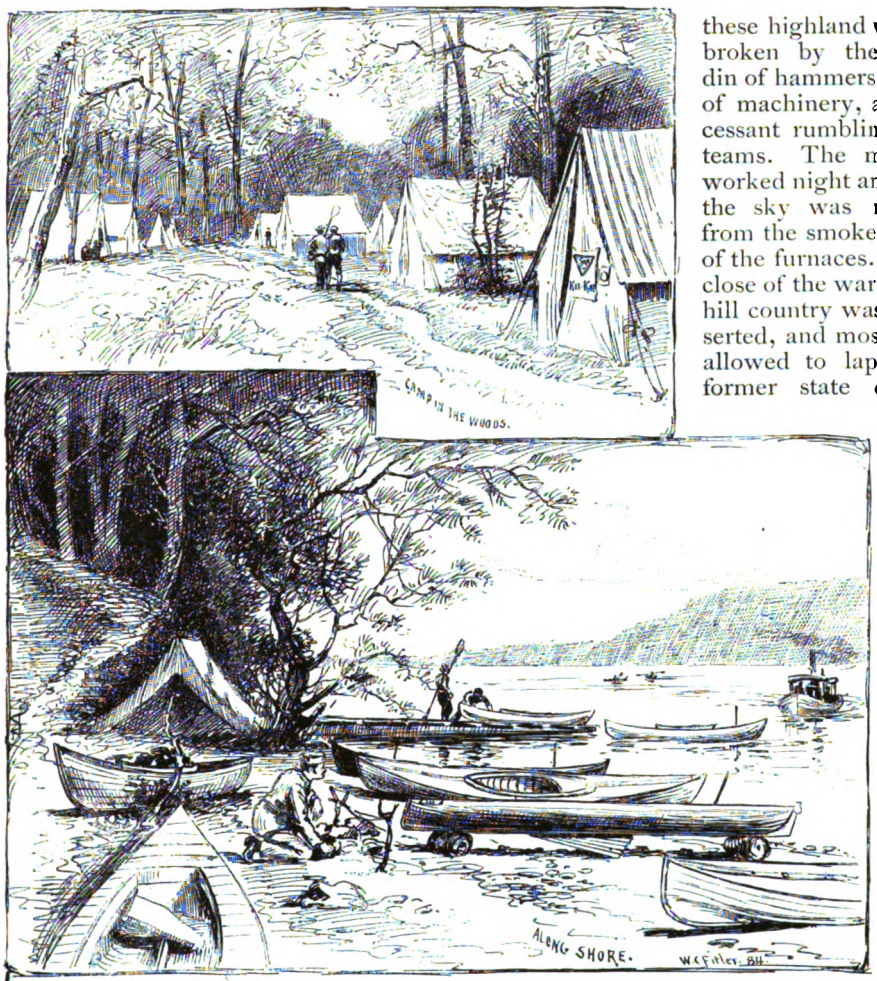
"Oui, oui, so I haf tell you. In ze Boston you haf no such promenade de l'amour, de la coquetterie, as in ze West, in ze point of ze West."

With its Flirtation Walk, its monuments and relics, its battle-flags, its cemetery, in which lie many of the country's bravest and best, its traditions and history, its music, its living heroes, and fledgeling cadets, its exquisite scenery, and with the military glamour that surrounds it like a halo, West Point is certainly a fascinating place to visit, and one of which Americans may feel justly proud.

Leaving the Academy grounds, the road winds through the woods along the high river bank, affording every now and then bits of delicious scenery, glancing waters, white sails, and distant mountains. It passes Cranston's great summer hostelry, perched high above the river on the verge of a stupendous cliff, through the villages of Highland Falls and Fort Montgomery, crosses the restless Popolopen, skirts Bloody Pond, guarded by ghosts of Hessian soldiers, winds around the base of Bear Hill, makes an inland detour to avoid the Doodletown marshes, and finally, upborne on the broad flanks of Dunderberg, passes from the Highlands into the more level country beyond.

Next to West Point the most important and interesting place in the Western Highlands is Fort Montgomery. During the Revolution it and Fort Clinton on the opposite side of Popolopen Creek were erected for the protection of the huge iron chain which, buoyed by rafts of logs, was stretched across the river to Anthony's Nose, and so formed the first of the three barriers thus opposed to British navigation of the Hudson. Now, shorn of its military importance, Fort Montgomery is only notable as being a dumping-point for iron ore, and the river terminus of a road leading far back in the mountains, to the Forest of Dean mine, one of the most famous iron mines in the country. It was worked long before the Revolution, and

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READING ROOM.

from it came much of the material employed in the manufacture of guns for the American army. During the war, government engineers from West Point erected furnaces for the reduction of ore all through the hills, and many new mines were opened. Roads were built to the river, and for eight years the solitude of these highland valleys was broken by the ceaseless din of hammers, the clank of machinery, and the incessant rumbling of heavy teams. The mines were worked night and day, and the sky was never free from the smoke and glare of the furnaces. With the close of the war, the sterile hill country was again deserted, and most of it was allowed to lapse into its former state of wilderness. To this day it forms one of the wildest and least frequented portions of New York State; and were it not for the old mines, ruined furnaces, and a few other traces of the busy industries once carried on within its borders, it would be impossible to realize that it had ever been occupied, save by the few scattered families whose little log-houses may occasionally be found by diligent search among the valleys.

Clustered about the Forest of Dean mine is a thrifty settlement of cottages occupied by those employed about the works, and in this vicinity are several good farms; but farther back in the hills the dwellers are a rude and savage race, whose knowledge of the world is often limited by the mountains that bound their horizon. Here, in primitive structures of logs, poles, and bark, whole families live in a single room. At the approach of a stranger the children, who are often as naked as though born in the interior of Africa, scuttle away

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into the underbrush like so many partridges, while their elders regard the intruder with an air of mixed apprehension and curiosity. They make a scanty living by burning charcoal, cutting hoop-poles, gathering berries, hunting, and, very rarely, working in the mines. Here is presented the curious spectacle of the semi-barbarism of the remotest frontier rampant within forty miles of the metropolis of the country. So easy of access is this remarkable and little known section, that the explorer may run out from New York on an early morning train over the Erie Railway, stop at any of the stations in the Ramapo valley, tramp fifteen or twenty miles through the wilderness to the Hudson, and there, taking a West Shore train, be back in the city in time for a late dinner.



On the direct road from Fort Montgomery to the Ramapo valley, and about four miles back from the Hudson, stands one of the most picturesque ruins to be seen in this country. It is that of the largest and most important of the several furnaces that were erected among these ferruginous hills, and is well worth a visit. It stands in an open field by the road-side, and is about thirty feet high; its gray walls are mantled with ivy, and from its crumbling crest springs a clump of good-sized forest-trees. Its arched entrance and interior dome are as clean-cut and unbroken as when the builders left them, and are beautiful specimens of the stone-mason's art. It is known as the old furnace *par excellence*, and is said to have been erected under the personal supervision of Kosciusko, the gallant Pole, whose love for liberty brought him to the assistance of the struggling colonies. From this furnace came the metal for the links of the most southerly of the Hudson-river chains, for the making of many cannon, and tons of shot and shell. Its present peaceful occupation is to afford shelter to a farmer's cattle.

The visitor will find the greater part of the way from Fort Montgomery to the old furnace deeply rutted and horribly dusty, from the passage of the never-ending procession of ore-laden wagons from the iron mines; but, if he can only discover them, a series of charming by-paths through the woods will lead him to his destination by a route much shorter than the travelled road.

Although the Western Highlands of the Hudson offer, in every direction, more attractions than their neighbors across the river, the latter are by no means devoid of interesting features. To one ascending the river, the Eastern Highlands proper begin with Anthony's Nose, although the very considerable height of Manitou Mountain rises between it and Peekskill on the south. According to the legend related by Washington Irving, Anthony's Nose received its name from no less a person than Governor Peter Stuyvesant himself, while, accompanied by his favorite trumpeter Anthony Van Corlear, he was on his memorable voyage up the Hudson. From the subtle pen that so skilfully blended prosy facts and quaint conceits, we have the following account of how it came to pass: —

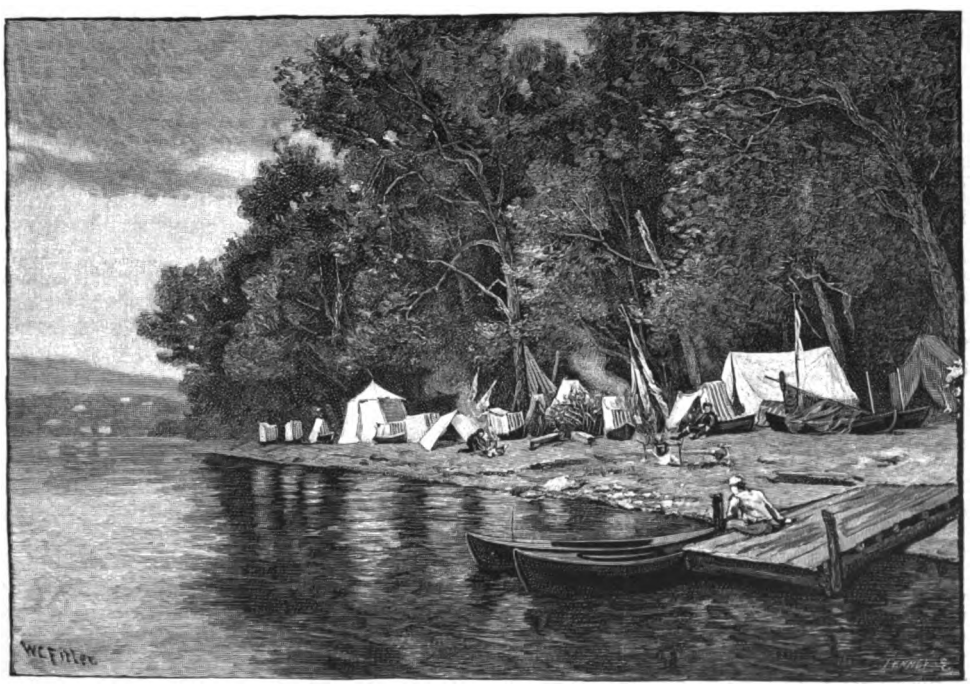
"And now I am going to tell a fact, which I doubt much my readers will hesitate to believe; but if they do they are welcome not to believe a word in this whole history, for nothing which it contains is more true. It must be known then that the nose of Antony the trumpeter was of a very lusty size, strutting boldly forth from his countenance like a mountain of Golconda; being sumptuously bedecked with rubies and other precious stones, the true regalia of a king of good fellows, which jolly Bacchus grants to all who bowse it heartily at the flagon. Now thus it happened that bright and early in the morning the good Antony, having washed his burly visage, was leaning over the quarter railing of the galley, contemplating it in the

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glassy wave below. Just at this moment the illustrious sun, breaking in all its splendor from behind a high bluff of the Highlands, did dart one of his most potent beams full upon the refulgent nose of the sounder of brass — the reflection of which shot straightway down, hissing-hot into the water, and killed a mighty sturgeon that was sporting beside the vessel! This huge monster, being with infinite labor hoisted on board, furnished a luxurious repast to all of the crew, being accounted of excellent flavor, excepting about the wound, where it smacked a little of brimstone; and this, on my veracity, was the first time that ever sturgeon was eaten in these parts by Christian people. When this astonishing miracle came to be made known to Peter Stuyvesant, and that he tasted of the unknown fish, he, as may well be supposed, marvelled exceedingly; and, as a monument thereof, he gave the name of *Antony's Nose* to a stout promontory in the neighborhood; and it has continued to be called Antony's Nose ever since that time."

On the top of this mountain is a copper mine, the only one in operation in the Highlands, and from this same summit may be obtained a view equal in interest, and more extended, than that offered from Storm-King. On the south from the Highlands to the distant blue Palisades it embraces the broad Hudson valley, with its cities and villages, its fertile farms, and many teeming hives of industry. Included in this view on the south-east, lies the village of Dover Plains, the home of Lossing the historian. In the immediate foreground glisten in the sunlight the tents of the State encampment of the National Guard, and close beyond, Peekskill, where Henry Ward Beecher has his summer house, straggles up its hill side. In the dim distance, across Westchester farms, and beyond the hazy hills of Connecticut, may be caught an occasional gleam of the salt waters of Long Island Sound.

To the north of Anthony's Nose the hills retire somewhat from the river, so as to leave an irregular terrace between them and it, which has been utilized as the site of a number of fine residences, among which, at Garrison's, opposite West Point, is that of the Hon. Hamilton Fish. Back of these, clean-cut and sharp as an obelisk, rises Sugar Loaf, the best known of the Highlands; for its peculiar shape betrays its identity, even to him who sees it for the first time. The first summit north of



CAMP AT PLUMB ISLAND.

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Sugar-Loaf is crowned by a peculiar and incongruous architectural pile known as "Osborne's Castle," from which the view is superb; but its extreme isolation must be depressing.

Beyond Garrison's, still to the north, lies Constitution Island, of which the westernmost rocks are but a hand's throw from West Point. Here are the "Narrows" of the Hudson; for here its channel is more contracted than at any other point south of Troy. On Constitution Island, in quiet retirement, dwell the Warner sisters, whose "Wide Wide World" has gained for them an enviable literary reputation. Hidden by the island from the view of the up-river traveller until he is abreast of it, in a peaceful valley at the foot of Mt. Taurus, lies the pretty village of Cold Spring, famous for its foundries from which, during our civil war, came the great Parrot guns that were served with such terrible precision in Union batteries. Nestled at the feet of Taurus is Undercliff, once the home of the poet Morris; and beyond rises sharply the naked wall of Break-Neck, which is flanked on the opposite side by the dome of Beacon Hill, most northerly of the Eastern Highlands, and forming one of the pillars that guard their upper gateway. From here the Fishkill Hills — called by the Indians "Matteawan," or good fur — sweep away to the north-east, and are soon merged in the Berkshires of Massachusetts. The country between them and Newburgh Bay was the scene of many of the exploits of Enoch Crosby, the "Harvey Birch" of Fennimore Cooper's "Spy."

Having hurried down through the Western Highlands, taken a flying trip up the river again among their neighbors on the east, and thus glanced at the most salient features of the scenery amid which the canoeists of the Hudson have pitched their tents, we have arrived once more at the shore of Newburgh Bay opposite the camp on Plum Point. Crossing the bay we shall find the canoeists, whom we left sleeping near the flickering embers of the camp-fires, awakening to the duties and pleasures of another day, and remonstrating against the provoking shortness of the hours allotted to sleep, and the undesirable promptness of the sun's rising. On one side may be seen a hungry Mohican who has coaxed a small fire into a blaze, and is preparing for himself a slight ante-breakfast repast, with which to fortify himself against the morning air. Another of the tribe which sails under the totem of the turtle, sleeps near by and dreams of breakfasts other than those prepared by himself.

Beyond the Mohicans, among their canoes, are camped the New York men, one of whom, still enveloped in his midnight blanket, gazes ruefully at the little pile of damp sticks from which he has vainly endeavored to evolve a cheerful blaze. The pensive silhouette, standing on the end of the landing-float and gazing wistfully out over the waters, is another member from New York, who is wondering if there are any fish in the river, and if he could catch them if there were, and if not, what he shall do for breakfast. Back in the woods, their columns of smoke reveal the camp of the provident Knickerbockers, who have already begun those culinary operations which will be continued during the day for their own entertainment and that of the hungry stragglers who are sure to be attracted to these tents of proverbial hospitality.

The sun has hardly risen when a series of shrill whistle-blasts from the river, announce the arrival of the "bumboat," a diminutive steam launch that acts as tender to that peculiar river institution, a floating grocery. The "bumboat" has hardly come to anchor when she is surrounded by a swarm of canoes of all models, propelled by hungry and dishevelled paddlers, who clamor for bread, butter, eggs, sugar, coffee, and the score of articles that come under the general head of morning supplies.

After breakfast comes dinner, and after dinner comes supper; of course with intervals of much loafing and some racing. At this meet the racing was not particularly good, as the waters of the bay either slumbered in calms, or were lashed to fury by blasts from out the "Wey Gat," during the hours devoted to the sport. Amid one of these periods of turmoil, the "Dot" of New York, and the "Snake" of Albany, attempted to sail their great match race; but, as neither could get over the course within the time limit, they exchanged flags, and agreed to try conclusions another time.

This Hudson River Canoe Meet, which proved an eminently successful affair, was but one of a series of similar local gatherings which, as the natural result of the rapid spread of canoeing, have been held in various sections of the country, during the summer. Thus, in addition to the

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great annual meet of the American Canoe Association held at the Thousand Islands the first two weeks of August, meets have been held on the Merrimac, on the Connecticut, at Lake George, on Esopus Island in the Hudson, at Chicago, and at other places. Another season we shall, doubtless, in addition to others, hear of a Canadian Meet, a Pacific Coast Meet, a Western, and a Southern Meet, and of branch associations growing out of these meets. Such associations are already needed, and will prove of great benefit to canoeists living so remote from the place of holding the A. C. A. Meet, that they are unable to attend it. They will bear the same relations to the parent organization, that State Divisions do to the League of American Wheelmen, and will be similarly governed.

So thoroughly enjoyable and pleasant are these local gatherings of kindred spirits, united by ties of a common interest, that those of us who attended the first Hudson River Meet are already looking forward with bright anticipations to its repetition in 1885. Although we have been compelled to house our canoes for the winter our camp-fires still burn brightly, and around them we revive delightful memories of that summer camp beside Hudson waters, and await impatiently the time when we may again pitch our tents in the shadows of its Highlands.

Kirk Munroe.



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Mr. Matthew Bramble writing from Bath, about a hundred years ago, in answer to a question why he "does not take the air a-horseback this fine weather," asks in return if he "shall commit himself to the high roads of London or Bristol to be stifled with dust, or pressed to death in the midst of post-chaises, *flying-machines*, wagons and coal horses?"

This little extract from "Humphrey Clinker" shows that the idea of increasing one's natural powers of locomotion by the use of the wheel was familiar to those who lived in the last century. Doubtless the flying-machines alluded to were velocipedes, as it is difficult to conceive of an aerial navigator flying so low as to interfere with a gentleman "a-horseback."

At Alnwick Castle, in the north of England, two of the old dandy horses may still be seen in the armory, unless they have been removed within the last three years. It is strange that they have not attracted more attention from English cyclists, as they are probably two of the oldest bicycles in existence. These curious relics of a past age much resemble in appearance the wooden bicycle of 1868 or thereabouts. The two wheels are of equal size, about thirty-two inches in diameter, are placed one behind the other, and are connected by a back-bone, to which a spring bearing the saddle is attached, just as in the old bone-shaker. Here the resemblance ceases. In front of the saddle, a padded cushion supported by an iron bracket is placed, apparently to serve as a rest for the arms and upper part of the body; from this cushion a handle attached to the front wheel can be reached, by which the machine can be steered; no cranks or pedals acting on the front wheel are seen. Bestriding his saddle, the rider shoved with his feet on the road on either side alternately, and so managed to get up a fair pace, though he seldom had his feet off the ground for any distance. I wished to try one of the old machines, but the attendant, though he said he had often ridden around the armory on one of them, was not inclined to allow me to gratify my curiosity. These ancient bicycles are well finished, with brass mountings and carvings on the woodwork, but are most ponderous, each weighing, as far as one could judge, about an hundred weight. The attendant declared that they were about two hundred years old, but this was evidently a laudable desire on his part to do full justice to the antiquity of the machines. They probably date from the end of the last, or the beginning of the present century.

My own experiences on the bicycle date from the "middle ages" in the history of cycling, that is, from the year 1869. I was then in the sunshiny East, at a large station in Central India; there we had read accounts of the wonderful new velocipedes which were going to revolutionize popular modes of progression; how a machine with two wheels, one in front of the other, had been invented, on which a man could ride without falling, and out-rival a horse in speed and endurance; how economical it was, requiring only a little oil for its sustenance; how it stood, like the steeds in the stables of Branksome Hall, "ready saddled by day and night," and would not run away no matter how long it was left to stand — or rather to lean — by itself. One man who had recently come from England had brought out one of the wonderful machines, and there was much curiosity to see it. The owner had just learned to ride before he left home, and we watched him with wonder and admiration. Going around in a circle was his forte; he could go straight ahead, but was not quite certain of himself when he did so. As an exhibition he preferred, therefore, to gyrate round a circle in front of his bungalow.

Stimulated by his example and that of several others, I also got a bicycle. Nowadays, I suppose, it would be looked upon as a wretched old bone-shaker; then it appeared a light and elegant vehicle, resplendent with varnish and polished steel. At first I thought I should never manage it, but after a few trials I was suddenly surprised to find that it was possible to keep one's balance on it on a downward incline, and when this was accomplished the riding came easily enough. In about a week I could wheel over the roads of the station to my satisfaction and the admiration of the children of the regiment, — an admiration which the other inhabitants did not share. At the very outset, my cycling received a check, for a horse started at the unusual

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sight. This would have been a trifling matter but for the fact that there was a lady behind the animal, and she also started at the same time that the horse did. The result was an order that bicycles were not to be ridden on the roads of the cantonment; but as the bicyclists remonstrated, and pointed out how difficult it was to ride anywhere else, a compromise was effected by which the common wheel was to be interfered with as little as possible, and ladies in carriages were to be carefully avoided. One of us was an official of some importance in the station, and as we all resembled each other in riding bicycles, if in nothing else, I sometimes received an amount of attention that was rather embarrassing. When I rode through the crowded bazaar, policemen would officiously clear the road for me, and a fat shopkeeper would occasionally come out in front of his store, salaam low, and present a petition. Such attention it has not been my lot to receive when bicycling in other lands. The policemen I have met elsewhere have not cleared the road for me, though they have occasionally warned me off the footpath, somewhat curtly, and what notice the populace have bestowed on me I would much rather have dispensed with.

My bicycling ardor did not last long in India. With the thermometer ranging from 95° to 105° degrees in the shade, the process of riding a bone-shaker, when one is not used to it, is attended with some fatigue and much moisture; and I was often forcibly reminded of the condition of the lady in the "Vicar of Wakefield" at Squire Thornhill's dance, whose mode of expressing her sentiments the good vicar considered somewhat coarse. One of the chief difficulties I found was to keep the machine in working order. The intense heat caused the wooden felloes and spokes to shrink and crack, and the wheels required constant repair. Of course, this was in the very early days of cycling; elsewhere, as well as in India, the bicycle did not turn out to be all that fancy had painted it.

When I left India a few months after I had learned to ride fairly, I left my bicycle at the same time, and did not resume it till some years afterwards. My next essay was made in quite another part of the world, and under very different conditions. I was in Nova Scotia, and paying a visit to a friend one day, I saw an old-fashioned bicycle standing in a passage, and was seized with a desire to mount it and see if I had lost my cunning. It was difficult to say what the owner of this machine wanted a bicycle for, as he never rode on it. He was popularly supposed to be a very good rider, but though often pressed to give an exhibition of his skill, he always declined, unwilling to pale his reputation by vain display. Though he did not use his machine himself, he had no objection to his friends doing so. He sent it over to me, and would neither take it back nor allow me to purchase it. This old bicycle served me for many a day, and I got to feel the same attachment to it that a man does to a favorite pony. It underwent as many alterations as an old cutter-yacht which has been lengthened and renovated, until there is hardly any of the original structure remaining. A few months riding over the hard, stony roads of Nova Scotia sufficed to knock the wooden wheels to pieces, and they were replaced by the iron tension ones, with india-rubber tires, then coming into fashion. With these, and the long spring, I found it a most comfortable machine to ride over rough roads. One of my duties was a daily visit to a military prison, about three miles and a half from the town; for this I found the bicycle a valuable help, and some of my pleasantest cycling recollections are of the early morning ride to the edge of the harbor, on one of whose islands the old prison, which had been built for French prisoners of war in the last century, stood; of the row across, the bath in the sea, and the ride back to breakfast with a suitable appetite.

When I returned to England a few years later, I took the old bicycle with me, and though I soon adopted one of the modern machines, then (1878) becoming common, and rode a good deal on it over the roads of the north of England, I never abandoned my old favorite, as I found that on the scores of safety, convenience in mounting and dismounting, and comfort on rough roads, the low form of machine has many advantages over the high, though it is not so fast on good roads. I sent it to be done up by a certain manufacturing firm. They looked on it with scorn, and informed me that it was not worth mending; however, I declined their advice, and never regretted the money I spent on my old hobby. For long distances, over good or moderately good roads, the high machine was always used; but I found it very convenient to have the

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low bicycle to go short distances at night, or when frequent dismounts had to be made. The good roads, interesting scenery and places make England a most delightful country for the wheel. I enjoyed many a ride over the roads of Northumberland, Durham, and North Yorkshire, and enjoyed them all the more that I did not attempt to make a record or to get over as many miles as possible within a given time, which is the bane of so many wheelmen, both in England and America.

Once more I had to go to India, and though I had to hurry off on a short notice, I managed to pack up my favorite old machine and take it with me in preference to my 50-inch; and most serviceable I found it. The roads of an Indian cantonment are probably the best for cycling in the world. Usually very level, they are made with a hard clay containing a good deal of iron, and this clay, broken down, mixed with water, well pounded, and baked by a tropical sun, makes a road as smooth as if it were of cement. Bicycles and tricycles are common in the large towns, and both have penetrated to remote stations, the latter being most favored as aids to locomotion. Tricycles are seldom ridden for amusement in India. Now that I had got over the difficulty of learning how to use a bicycle, and the trouble of keeping it in working order had disappeared, owing to the improvements in its design and manufacture, I habitually used the little wheel in preference to walking or riding, even if I had only a few hundred yards to go. Occasionally, I took rather long rides on it, but these were rare.

One of them deserves, perhaps, to be chronicled, as it falls to the lot of few bicyclists to be able to record a run over a spur of the Himalayan mountains. From my bungalow on the plains, I could see the three tiers of the Himalayas rising one above the other. The first, a comparatively low range of mountains, the Sewaliks, some 2,000 feet high; the second, from about 5,000 to 7,000 feet, has, on its peaks, the chief hill sanitaria of Bengal, — Simla, Landour, Massooree, etc. Beyond these the snowy range rises into and above the clouds, forming the roof of the world, according to an Eastern belief, a grand sight, the first view of which is never forgotten. A fairly good carriage road led from the station to the foot of the second range, over a pass in the lower hills called the Mowea; and as I wished to visit Landour, I determined to use the bicycle for a part of the journey, although it was the hot season. In order to get a good start, I drove and rode on horseback the first twelve miles of my journey; then I mounted my iron horse, which I had sent on ahead, and pushed on in the declining day. The road, though not so smooth and even as those of the cantonments, was not bad, and for the first eight miles was monotonously level. It was a close, sweltering afternoon in August, and as I plodded on I remembered with regret my rides in England and Nova Scotia, when the air was frosty, and I had to work hard to keep myself warm. As I neared the hills, the grade began to rise, and the pedalling became harder. The evening advanced, and dark clouds appeared coming up rapidly from the south and east, along the sides of the mountains. The sky changed from blue to a refreshing black; then the clouds opened out and discharged their contents in the fashion of tropical skies. Soon the road was a running stream some inches deep, but the bottom was fortunately hard, and the wheels swished through the water without losing much way, though I began to feel the constant pushing against the upward incline, and dismounted occasionally to relieve the strain. Here I found the advantage of a low machine, which I could mount without using a step. As the evening advanced into night the rain ceased, after thoroughly drenching me. I looked anxiously for the rest-house, the "dâk bungalow," where I had determined to stop until early morning. Herds of cattle passed me going homewards, with solemn, prematurely aged boys in charge; by the roadside were occasional groups of bullock-carts drawn up, the drivers encamped beside them for their evening halt, cooking their meal by a small fire, or squatted round it, enjoying their beloved "hubble bubble," and listening to the prominent man in an Indian social gathering — the story-teller. These I accosted, asking "How far is the bungalow?" There was no answer. The apathy of the Hindoo is too great for his curiosity to be raised even by the unwonted sight of a man riding on two wheels. At last, from a policeman in a road-side guard-house, I elicited that I was close to my destination, and soon I saw the welcome sight of my old servant with a lantern. I had sent him on ahead in one of the vehicles called "eckas," and with a sagacity and energy unusual in a native he

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was on the lookout to pilot me up a steep hill to the rest-house, where I put up for the remainder of the night.

I had now got to the foot of the first range of hills, over which the road crosses by the Mowea Pass, and this I proposed to tackle in the morning. At 5 A.M. I was in the saddle again. It was a misty morning, close and still, after the storm of the previous evening. Hills covered with dense, tropical verdure, rose steep on either side, and round their bases the road curved, ever ascending, following a water-course. Part of the way I was able to ride with an occasional dismount, but soon the ascent became too steep for anything but walking, and, pushing the machine in front, I at last reached the head of the pass, where I found a tunnel cut through the hill. Mounting again, I sped through this, and rushed down the other side of the range, into the valley of the Dhoon, at a tremendous speed for a small machine, with my feet on the leg rest, — an antiquated but comfortable addition to the old bicycle. Through the valley a river runs, or rather rushes. This I apprehended might be troublesome to cross; but when I got to it I found the superfluous water had run off, and I easily pushed through with the water only a little above the bearings. Once over the river the road was nearly level into the station of Dehra Dhoon, a pretty place near the foot of the hills, much frequented by old Anglo-Indians, who often retire to it to spend the evening of their days. In the cold season, when all Indian stations look their best, it is a charming spot. Hedges of roses line the roads, and the white, trim bungalows, with their neat "compounds" and gardens, the fine trees and the park-like look of the surrounding country with the Himalayas in the background, make one think India not a bad country to live in, after all, in spite of the heat, the apathetic, and somewhat irritating natives, the sunstrokes, fevers, cholera, and other drawbacks of a like nature. In the late summer Dehra has a damp, mouldy, deserted look, and most of its inhabitants are away, disporting themselves on the neighboring heights of Landour and Massooree.

Getting out of Dehra I had a gentle though constant ascent of five or six miles, which I found the most fatiguing part of the journey, coming as it did just at the end. Slowly I pushed on, with frequent dismounts, till at last the hotel at Rajpore, at the foot of the higher range of mountains, was reached, and I had to take to other modes of progression. I returned by the way I came the following week, and it was a case of "*facile descensus*," the plains of Bengal at that season resembling the place it is easy to descend to, as far as heat is concerned. Going back I accomplished some thirty-five miles in three hours and twenty minutes, — not bad going for a 36-inch wheel, considering that I had to walk up the hill out of the Dhoon valley. The whole distance traversed on the wheel — about eighty miles — will appear short to a bicycle rider; but the climate and locality make it somewhat out of the common.

My last ride of any importance was during the past summer, — a three days' run down the south shore of the river St. Lawrence from Point Levi, opposite Quebec, to Cacouna. Leaving Quebec in company with two of the Quebec Bicycle Club, one bright July morning, we were ferried across the river, and mounted our wheels on the opposite shore. For the first fifteen miles the road is macadamized, and the going easy. After that the ordinary country road is met with, parts of which are fairly good, parts decidedly bad. As we did not attempt to make a record, our days' journeys were moderate, about forty miles on the average, — a sufficient ride for an ordinary wheelman over indifferent roads. We were the first bicyclists to travel on those roads, and we attracted considerable attention from the French-Canadian *habitants*, who wondered and gossiped about the curious machines by which a man could travel as fast and as far as a horse. Where did we come from? Where were we going? and how much did the machine cost? were the questions asked, but with much complimentary phraseology, for the French-Canadian is nothing if not polite.

The road follows the river all of the way, being seldom more than a mile from the tidal mark, and sometimes running along the beach. Near Rivière du Loup, an excellent gravel road, just by the water's edge, gave us a splendid five-mile run; but this was an exceptional luxury, often a baked, humpy, clay road had obliged us either to get off and walk, or be jolted in a way that made us objurgate the iron horse on which we were mounted. The view of the river with its islands, and of the chain of mountains on the north shore, is very fine.

We intended to have ridden fifty miles farther, but a break-down obliged us to take to the railway, and to return for repairs.

C. M. Douglass.

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A CANOE SONG.

Across the broad breast of the river at rest
Gayly I glide,
For my paddle dips deep in its long, steady sweep
Through the sleeping tide;
And the new risen sun gilds the drops as they run,
Like pearls, from the blades with a tinkling song,
And the ripples dance bright, and they laugh outright
All my wake along;
When I launch my canoe in the sweet, clear morn,
We're the merriest pair by the waters borne.

Lo! now far away, the first breath of day, —
The glassy floods wake,
The wavelets arise, and they glisten like eyes
That smile for love's sake;
My white sail I spread to the zephyr o'erhead,
And graceful it bends to his welcome caress,
Then, like a coy maid, the kiss we evade
Should he too ardent press.
Ah, my pretty canoe, in a wind fair and free,
There is nothing afloat half so blithesome as we!

Now the freshening breeze goads on the great seas
With white caps all crowned,
Their green crests they hurl with foam-fringéd curl
And they break all around;
But I reef down my sail, and I laugh in the gale,
While it speeds us along mid the bright, driving spray,
As to windward I sit, and like dragon-fly flit
O'er the rollers so gay;
And my gallant canoe in the blustering wind
Seems to revel with me in the joy that I find.

Now Dian's white fire stealeth upward and higher,
Amid the still stars,
In fleecy clouds wrapped, like a fairy entrapped
In fairy-wrought bars.
And as homeward we drift through the silver-strewn rift.
Or silently paddle through channel and deep,
All is steeped in the balm of the night's restful calm,
Lulling nature to sleep;
Yet no sweeter repose do these solitudes hide
Than I find in my boat in the still even-tide.

R. W. Gibson.

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A QUAINT LITTLE MAID.[1]

By CHARLES RICHARDS DODGE, author of "A Shadow Love," "Louise and I," etc.

V.

"'Tis so, —
This paper has undone me: 'Tis th' account
Of all that world of wealth I have drawn together
For mine own ends."

"GONE, did you say?"

John Harper had just run in from the field to fill the jug with molasses and water, and stood still in the door-way while recovering from the surprise of an announcement from Clara.

"Yes, he has been gone three hours," the girl replied, "and he left very hurriedly."

"Gone! Well, I vow! and he never said a word about it at breakfast, either."

He crossed to the well-room and began filling the jug very leisurely, muttering to himself, and shaking his head negatively.

"Fine-appearing young man, and all that, in spite of his poverty, but — I haven't been able, quite, to make him out — I haven't been able, quite, to make him out."

The jug was filled with water, rinsed, refilled, and again emptied, when the old gentleman paused and looked out of the well-room window.

"Clara, does Dot know anything about it?" he called, presently.

Clara appeared in the door-way.

"Does Dot know anything?" he repeated, "about the pesky fellow's going so suddenly?"

"No, and she is quite inconsolable. I do believe the girl has lost her senses from the way she has carried on for the last two weeks. It is positively absurd! Why, only yesterday she was embroidering a handkerchief with the initials 'D. B.' in the corner, and was very much offended because I suggested that she might be engaged in better employment."

"Hum!" The jug was slowly filled again, and the old gentleman started for the door.

"You've forgotten the molasses, father."

"Sho! so I have." The requisite sweetening was added, with a moiety of ginger, and again the farmer started for the field. "You'd better look around, Clara, and see what else is gone," he called back from the door-yard; "appearances are mighty deceitful nowadays."

Clara acted upon the suggestion immediately, and, starting upstairs to explore, met Dorothy coming out of her room. She looked a very picture of woe as she returned her cousin's glance, and hurriedly thrust a letter into her pocket.

"He's gone forever," she faltered, bravely trying to hide her feelings.

The temptation to laugh, on Clara's part, was irresistible, but she endeavored to control herself, for now her curiosity was awakened.

"I thought you knew nothing about his going," she began; "you told me so, surely."

"I hadn't found his note then" —

"Then he has deigned to write an explanation of his very sudden departure. How considerate in him!"

Dorothy's eyes flashed angrily, as she answered with vehemence, "No, he has not, for such an explanation would be wholly unnecessary. I am sure, now, that he is a noble-minded gentleman, in spite of all the unkind things you have said of him, and in spite of Mr. Anandale's suspicions. Mr. Anandale, indeed!"

"Oh, well," Clara returned, quietly, "if you know he is a gentleman, of course there is nothing more to say; but he managed to get your fifty dollars very adroitly, notwithstanding."

The girl drew herself up into an attitude of proud scorn, and with lips tightly compressed, and eyes riveted upon her companion's face, she took from her pocket three bank bills, and held them defiantly before her cousin's gaze.

"Has he returned it?" Clara asked, in surprise.

"Every penny!" Dorothy exclaimed, triumphantly, "and now what can you say?"

"I am astonished!"

"I will read you his letter," the girl went on, "though I don't want to, — no, I won't, either, — you may read it yourself."

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Clara took the letter eagerly, and read as follows: —

DEAR LITTLE FRIEND, — By the time you receive this, I shall be far away, and, though you may think my departure sudden, I will say that it has been premeditated for days, circumstances making it a final necessity sooner than was expected. I must write nothing for the present, as my first explanations are due to another; but when the wrong to him has been forgiven, or, at least, when I have frankly told my story, *you* shall know how strange a fate has brought us together during the happy weeks of the summer nearly passed: and I shall then crave your forgiveness for shortcomings of which now you know nothing, and which, in honor, I am bound some day to explain.

I return the price paid for the portrait, — I had expected to do so in any event, — while appreciating fully your goodness of heart in offering it, — for I am too deeply in your debt to think for one moment of such acceptance. The picture was painted as a present, and you are asked now to accept it, as a slight token of the kindly friendship and sincere regard of Duncan Brown, whom you will never see more. I leave the village at once, and though I have thought it best to say good-by by letter, whatever the future may bring forth I trust you will think no less kindly of him who writes these lines, than you have in the brief past. With kindest wishes for your future happiness, I remain,

Your sincere FRIEND OF ONE SUMMER.

As a result of the reading Clara was more mystified than before. That she had modified her sentiments toward the gentleman, however, became very apparent before many days, to Dorothy, who certainly needed all the tender sympathy her cousin could give. For a week or more after Duncan Brown's departure, Dorothy talked freely, betraying, unwittingly, the depth of her affection for the mysterious artist, and then she suddenly ceased to mention him. Clara appreciated that stillest waters betoken the deepest channel, while it needed but a glance into the girl's face to tell of the heartache she was bravely endeavoring to conceal. Then Clara made some startling discoveries.

About a week after Brown's departure she was putting his vacant room in order, when, chancing to open a stove, unused through the summer, she found it half full of waste paper, and, near the top, observed a number of clean fragments with writing upon them. Led by curiosity, these were fitted carefully together, and, to the girl's satisfaction, not a single piece was missing. Upon first glance it appeared to be the rough draft of the letter to Dorothy. Reading it carefully, however, she discovered that the first two or three paragraphs were totally different, and then she concluded the man had made two attempts, sending the second letter, after thinking better of the confessions the first contained. The letter, save a number of erasures, was as follows: —

MY DEAR LITTLE FRIEND, — When you receive this I shall be far away, my sudden departure having been brought about earlier than was first anticipated, through the entanglements of unfortunate circumstance. It was a sweet dream while it lasted, and the waking has filled me with bitter sorrow, nevertheless, for your good, — for the good of others, as well as for my own peace of mind, — it is better that I quit the place at once.

I have always been a believer in the theory that perfect friendship begets a like friendship; but now I feel that the word is but a vague synonyme for that other something which comes into every life, sooner or later, with a force almost irresistible, bringing the poor mortal either joy unspeakable, or, in such a case as mine, sorrow as dark and relentless as the fate which pursues me.

I must write nothing more for the present, as my first explanations are due to another, etc., etc.

The remaining paragraphs appeared to be identical with the closing portion of the letter received by Dorothy, as Clara remembered it, though the ending was more warmly expressed.

"He's dead in love with the girl," she exclaimed, when she had finished the piece of patchwork, and begun a second reading. "Yes, he must be," she reflected, "and he took a sudden leave only because he was fearful of compromising Dorothy by standing in the way of De Witte King."

While admitting that the young fellow exhibited considerable nobility of character in his determination, it was nevertheless a very sensational discovery, and Clara emptied the stove forthwith, this resulting in other discoveries none the less startling, to say the least. Torn fragments of other letters and circulars followed, of no importance, and she threw them aside; but a sheet of writing-paper, wadded into a ball, attracted her, which, upon being opened, disclosed the rough draft of a poem. Omitting the erasures and carefully reading interlineations, she picked out this unqualified declaration: —

TO DOROTHY.

Sweet Dorothy Drew,
With eyes so brown!
Is it you — sweet *you* —
That I love so true,
Or only your quaint tea-gown?

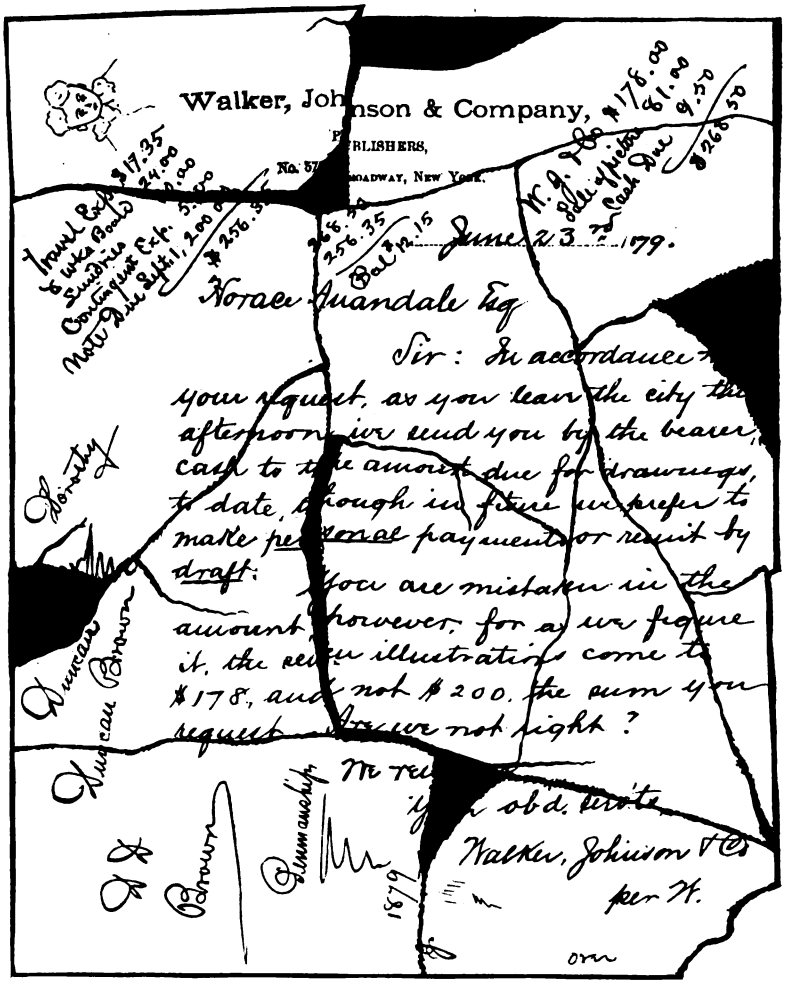
Sweet Dorothy Drew,
You have stolen my heart;
Yet I dare not woo,
And what can I do,
Alas! but sadly depart?

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Sweet Dorothy Drew,
The world is wide,—
But while it holds you,
My love shall hold true,
Whate'er else may betide.

The search was growing decidedly interesting, but before it progressed further, Clara carefully locked the door. Down into the depths of the stove she delved, working industriously, and not without reward, though the next "find" was a regular bomb-shell.

It lay in the shape of fragments, like the first discovery, though sandwiched completely between several layers of wrapping-paper. She felt it was an important document as soon as she had examined the first fragment, and upon putting together the others, and noting carefully the memoranda in the margins, a cold chill ran over her.



It was a communication to Horace Anandale from a publishing firm in New York, concerning the payment of money due for work. From the similarity of certain amounts named in the letter and in the memorandum of receipts and expenses jotted down in the margin, — in the same hand which had written the words "Dorothy," "Duncan," and the signature "Duncan Brown," the girl had no doubts concerning the dark suspicion which arose in her mind.

"He has committed forgery to pay his debts," she whispered, staring vacantly at the fragments before her.

A reduced fac-simile of the letter is appended.[1]

After gazing at the letter for some time, Clara replaced the waste paper in the stove, and gathering up the more valuable results of her search, retired to her room. Procuring some stiff paper and mucilage, her "documents" were speedily fixed for preservation, the love-letter and poem carefully locked in a private drawer in her writing-desk, after which she went in search of her cousin.

"Dorothy, will you let me see Duncan

[1] The reader will note the form of the letter "D" in the scribbling, and also in the word "due," as well as the "B" in "Brown" and "Balance." Attention likewise is called to the amount of the note due September 1st, and to the implied sum requested from Walker, Johnson, & Co., as well as the sum actually due, and accounted for in the list of receipts in the margin.

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Brown's letter again?" she requested upon entering.

Dorothy complied at once, though she regarded her cousin curiously.

"Has he ever written you before?" she demanded, after perusing it intently for some time.

"Why, of course not; what do you mean?"

"Or ever sent you any verses?"

"No-o! But what is the matter, Clara?" the girl asked in alarm. "Have you heard anything about him?" Then the brown eyes opened wider, as a frightened look overspread the pretty features.

"Yes, I have found a letter which explains all, and convicts the fellow of — forgery."

"Forgery! — Oh no! Clara — it cannot be!" Dorothy exclaimed excitedly, seizing the paper from her cousin's hands.

"Yes, he has borrowed money he is unable to repay, and to meet the obligation has evidently forged Mr. Anandale's name to a letter by which he hoped to receive two hundred dollars, just the amount of a note due on the first of September, according to his own handwriting. You have the document before you, judge for yourself."

With trembling fingers the girl held the sheet, studying it attentively for some minutes, before she answered, —

"Still *I* do not believe him guilty of wrong," she said at length, though the paleness of her face showed how grave were her fears.

VI.

"The bud on the bough,
The song of the bird,
The blue river-reaches
By soft breezes stirred;
O, soul, and hast thou found again thy treasure?
O, world, and art thou once more filled with pleasure?"

NEARLY two years have passed since the occurrences of the last chapter, and De Witte King has just returned from a long sojourn abroad, where he has been sketching for an illustrated magazine. Far, far, his roving feet have strayed over heather-clad hills of bonny Scotland, the fertile *champaigns* of fair Normandy or the *campagnas* of sunny Italy, but while his busy fingers have caught and fixed in black and white the tender smiles of soft-skinned Annie Lauries, or the picturesque beauty of the sweet Norman girls or Roman peasant maids, the haunting face and bright eyes of Dorothy Drew, like an attendant spirit, have been present in every place. In the months which elapsed after parting from the girl, at the close of that eventful summer in New England, he was truly miserable, and the more he strove to banish her from his mind the deeper was his misery.

The opportunity to go abroad had been offered early in the spring following, and thinking to forget his dream amid new scenes, and in the excitement of travel, it was readily embraced.

And now he has returned from his wanderings, tired of travel, dissatisfied with himself and with the world, longing for something unattained, while the recollection of the bright face and brighter eyes of the little maid he met amid the Berkshire hills has grown to be a very tender memory. He corresponded with his friend Anandale during the long absence, and since his return has sent him this one letter: —

NO. — BOWDOIN SQ., BOSTON, June 15, 1881.

MY DEAR "ANA," — I was very glad to receive your short note, the first since arrival, and hope to meet you early next week. I long to tell you the story of my wanderings and show you my sketches, and in turn hear of your doings in the months of my absence.

I wonder if you have lost all interest in my friend Dorothy Drew, for you never speak of her, and I conclude that she has passed out of your recollection. I saw her only a little while ago, and spent several days in revisiting scenes of former enjoyments. She has changed greatly in two years, having grown quite womanly for a miss of eighteen. I know her better now, and lately have come to the conclusion that the mysterious Duncan Brown was all that prevented our chance friendship from becoming more than kindly at a time we both remember well, — but I am growing confidential. I shall see you next week; as business calls me to Albany on my way home, I may stop off not many miles from Pittsfield, *en route*, in which event there may be more confidences for a future meeting.

By the way, how did that Brown affair terminate, for you have never told me?

Sincerely yours,

DE WITTE KING.

Horace Anandale read the closing portion a second time, and then, throwing the letter into a drawer, gazed thoughtfully into the street for a few moments, and finally sauntered out for a walk. A week later he received a commission to make some illustrations among the mountains of New Hampshire, and, as King had been unable to get around at the time specified, he set off at once.

Here for a time he found a certain kind

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of enjoyment in agreeable occupation, and in those pleasures ever open to the true lover of nature in any place; and then that strange, fateful force called circumstance, which so often changes the whole current of men's lives, made him its victim.

One idle afternoon, when the shadows had grown long, and the declining sun was flinging his bright beams athwart the swiftly changing landscape, Horace Anandale fixed his camp-stool in a pretty roadside path, and essayed a sunset view. On either side a wild, unbroken reach of hill and dale, plateau, ravine, or timber growth and intervale, stretched out into the distance where towered that grand constellation of mountain peaks clustering about the noble Washington.

He mused and sketched, for a time, until the shadows had crept half way up the hill-sides, and a thin mist began to rise over streamlet and lake. The sun was now sinking behind a black outline of distant forest, illumining mountain-crest and rock-dome with its effulgent splendor, and filling all space with a flood of golden glory. It was too late to work longer, but the magnificent transformation scene of nature, still unfolding its brilliant, tinselled curtains, held him a willing spectator. Lower and lower sank the god of day; paler and paler came the sunset glow, till, shooting one last, long, lingering ray adown the silent vale, its fire went out in twilight gloom.

It was time to return to the hotel; but a familiar sound — a sound he loved to hear amid these echoing glades — greeted him in the distance: the musical rattle of the boxes to the wheels of some swiftly approaching vehicle. Nearer it came, and, at length, the murmur of sweet voices, and a low girlish laugh, told him they were a pair of bright-eyed pleasure-seekers, returning from an evening ride.

It was his first day in this particular locality, so he knew they were strangers, and as they approached he continued packing, leisurely, his artist paraphernalia. The act was not intentional on his part, but it happened, curiously enough, that the pretty cart turned a clump of birch at the bend in the roadway just as the artist arose to his full height, after strapping the bundle.

Then there was a cry of fright, as the girls pulled frantically upon the reins, and the horse began backing into the shallow ditch at the side of the road.

With an assuring word Horace sprang to the bridle; and, checking the horse, turned toward the occupants of the cart. To his surprise he recognized one of the young ladies as Miss Chester, of New York, while the other, if not Dorothy Drew, was the perfect picture of her. In his astonishment he spoke her name, and with accents of glad surprise the girl repeated a name he knew well, though not with the pleasantest of associations.

"Duncan Brown!"

Then Maud Chester came to her senses.

"Why, it's Horace Anandale! How do you do?"

The horse was now quiet, and the artist approached the ladies. "Yes, you are right, Miss Chester; but I would hardly expect Miss Drew to know me, for she never met Horace Anandale but once in her life."

"You must pardon me," Dorothy replied, staring at the gentleman very hard; "I thought I recognized the voice beyond possibility of doubt, but, — I was mistaken!"

"Which goes to prove that it is easy to trace resemblances, even in people of no kith or kin," the artist responded, laughingly, "but I am glad to meet you both, though at first I could hardly believe my senses. Are you summering in the vicinity?"

"We are at the Glendale, mother, Dorothy and I; we came just two weeks ago to-day." Then Maud gathered up the reins, for the horse was growing restive. "And you?" she continued.

"I arrived only this morning," Horace replied, "a very fortunate circumstance for me, as it proves, for I have been fated, thus far, to fall among strangers ever since leaving New York." Then he excused himself for the untimely detention, promised to find his friends after supper, and the cart drove briskly on.

It was a short ride back to the hotel, and though talkative Miss Maud buzzed on delightfully, in a brilliant discourse upon nothing. Dorothy never answered a word, for she was busy with her own thoughts, and — the memory of Duncan Brown.

"How lovely she has grown, and how changed in the brief two years!" There was just a shade of regret to the reflection, as the sound of rattling hubs in the metal boxes died away in the distance, and the artist realized himself alone again, amid the mountain solitudes. Then he shouldered his pack, and trudged hotel-ward in the gathering darkness.

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He considered it fortunate, indeed, that he had met Dorothy again under such pleasant circumstances, for the Chesters were eminently respectable old New-Yorkers, and even a slight acquaintance with them gave him a claim now upon their friendship, and a standing in Miss Drew's estimation.

After supper he found Dorothy alone in the main parlor, for everybody seemed to be upon the piazzas, and Maud had not yet made her appearance. Upon entering the room the young man realized, more fully than in the afternoon, De Witte's written statement that the girl had changed greatly; but it was hard to realize that the sweet, womanly face, with its strong but finely cut features, and thoughtful eyes, — as though she had tasted something of the realities of life, — could be the face of the quaint country maid he had once met amid the Berkshire hills.

"Miss Drew, this is a very great surprise to me," he said, as he pressed her hand upon their greeting. Then meeting the deep, full gaze of a pair of sweet brown eyes, looking into his face with an expression of earnest inquiry, he unconsciously glanced down to the floor.

"Yes, it is a great surprise to me," she said, speaking calmly; "but you cannot deceive me longer, for I know you now beyond any doubt."

"Know me?" Horace repeated, his own face growing serious.

"You are Duncan Brown!"

Still the girl gazed at the man's features, studying every movement of the changing expression. He was conscious of it, and returning her gaze with a mute appeal which seemed to cry a truce, he said in a low voice, "Yes, I am Duncan Brown! Will you forgive me, Miss Drew? — can you ever forgive my wicked deception?"

It was a cruel blow to poor Dorothy; all the romance of her girlish dream was dissipated in a moment, for it seemed far easier to bury her love with the memory of Duncan Brown, than to associate it with this handsome, fine-appearing gentleman, who was like to Duncan in voice, manner, and personality, but yet so different.

And how keenly Horace Anandale felt his own self-condemnation! He feared he had lost the girl's friendship forever, and, as they parted soon after, — Dorothy to seek the solitude of her room, and the young man to cool his flushed face in the damp, dew-laden atmosphere, — for once he experienced such depth of hopeless love, that every whisper of the night-breeze seemed but the echo of a despairing cry of anguish from the innermost recesses of his heart.

Then De Witte King made his appearance, unheralded, the next forenoon, and, pleading urgent business engagements, Anandale took his leave the same evening.

But Horace managed to get his friend away from the hotel in the afternoon, on the pretence of enjoying a stroll, but in reality to make the confession he had been waiting to make for over a year.

"I have something to tell you, De Witte," he began, "unpleasant, alike, for me to relate, and for you to hear; and I want to say, at the very outset, that no wrong was intended to any one, though the ending has proved unfortunate beyond account."

"For Heaven's sake, Horace! what are you saying?" his friend interposed, with alarm.

"That I deceived you shamefully, two years ago, by playing the wretched part of Duncan Brown."

King was astounded at the confession, and, at the close of the brief statement, only stared at his companion helplessly.

"Say what you will, De Witte," Anandale continued, "I deserve the worst you can say of me, for it was a terribly mean advantage to take of you, all for the sake of obtaining a paltry sketch. I saw my mistake before I had worn my wretched assumption and name a week. I made up my mind that I would not secure the girl's picture by such underhanded means, though still remained, most unfortunately, thinking only to play the farce through as a summer frolic; then I made other discoveries, startling as they were unexpected, which led to a sudden change of plans. I had no wish to stand in the way of a friend who was trying to win a girl's love honorably, and I left you a clear field, even as I leave it you now, though Heaven only knows, De Witte, at what cost of pain and anguish."

King was deeply affected by the strange confession. That it very nearly became the means of breaking friendship between the two men was most natural, though Anandale was so sincere in his desire to make all possible amends, and had acted so honorably withal, that De Witte forgave him, in his heart, before the kindly fellow's back had been turned an hour. Further, he resolved to say nothing whatever concerning the matter to Dorothy Drew, and

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as Dorothy was equally reticent, the subject apparently soon passed out of their minds.

It was over a week before the girl regained her usual buoyancy of spirits, — or very nearly regained them, for occasionally De Witte noted a serious mood, or a state of abstraction foreign to her temperament; and, annoyed by it, he at length determined to know the true state of her feelings. Then, for days, he was almost a constant companion in the ceaseless round of excursions, rides, and field rambles; but somehow the time never came when he could speak.

How pretty she looked, one afternoon, upon the piazza, in dress of white flannel, her jaunty pink-lined straw hat, with its broad brim shading her sweet face, and her long chestnut hair floating carelessly over her shoulders! De Witte was contemplating a ramble, when he chanced to catch a glimpse of her. In a moment he had stepped to her side, and had asked the pleasure of her company, which the girl accepted gladly, for she was suffering just a little from *ennui*.

Passing into the road they walked slowly along the grass-grown path beside it, happy with themselves, and, for the time being, unmindful of all that was transpiring around them. The birds sang, but it was only the echo of their thoughts in music; the skies were clear and bright, 'twas that their hearts were filled with gladness; and everything was beautiful, only because the subtle power of love had pervaded all nature with its benignant influence.

"I am so glad you could come," De Witte observed, as they reached the bars of a picturesque old field. "I had no heart for work or play this afternoon, and besides, I promised to find for you some maiden-hair ferns."

"You are kind to think of me," Dorothy replied. naïvely. "I love nothing better than being out-of-doors and in the sunshine; and I love nature, too, though her language is not always plain to me, and it is a pleasure to have an interpreter."

Soon they passed a little reedy pond, bordered upon one side with a thick growth of alders, the other open, save in places where there were clumps of wild, flowering plants, or tangles of low shrubs and vines. As De Witte and Dorothy approached the spot a pretty spectacle presented itself.

The greatest width of clear water — where free from reeds — was not more than thirty feet, and over this space a bevy of swallows were having a gay frolic, uttering their musical note, darting down upon the surface of the water, and striking it with their breasts, while rising and falling in graceful curves as they wheeled and manœuvred, crossed and recrossed, at length invariably seeking the shelter of the alders upon the other side.

"Isn't it pretty?" Dorothy exclaimed with delight, after watching them for some time. "Are they bathing, or only having a frolic?"

"I think they are getting their dinners, Miss Dorothy, and enjoying a frolic, perhaps, at the same time. Had you sharper eyes you would see the hosts of gnats hovering over the surface of the water, which furnish them their food."

"What a nice, agreeable way to get a living!" the girl observed, in reply, "though it is a little unfortunate for the gnats."

"I have frequently thought of that," De Witte answered," and blessed my stars that I belong to the highest type of animal creation. I can do my eating without the possibility of being eaten in turn.

"Are you sure of that?"

"Well, yes, — at this remote distance from the Cannibal Islands, or the land of Du Chaillu."

"Then you have once fairly forgotten your lesson," Dorothy replied reflectively, "though Hamlet's lines to the king regarding dead Polonius may recall it: —

> "'At supper. . . .
> Not where he eats, but where he is eaten.'"

"You are quite right," he answered thoughtfully, "and I thank you for the correction; how fitting an emblem of our equality, even with the meanest insect that crawls the earth!"

"Fitting type of immortality," Dorothy replied reverently, "for out of death cometh life, and even the poor worm, that grovels in our dust, is sure of a bright, winged existence in a future not far remote. Am I not right, Mr. King?"

Then for a few moments they walked in silence.

Dorothy was not a naturalist, in the strict meaning of the word, but her fine sensibilities were quick to appreciate and enjoy the interesting things in nature when unfolded to her, and these woodland and field rambles were very pleasant experiences.

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To-day they found on every side new subjects for conversation while wandering on, or loitering by the way, in almost childish delight. So the bright moments slipped by unheeded, and at length they found themselves upon the confines of a forest, where a clear, dancing trout-brook came singing down over the moss-grown rocks that filled its bed, on its way to seek the quiet, sunlit pools in the meadow below. The spot was inviting, the shade refreshing, and, tired with their long walk, both were glad of an opportunity to sit and rest.

"'The groves were God's first temples,'" De Witte repeated, as he threw himself upon the grass and tossed his hat to the ground beside him, for Dorothy was already seated upon a moss-grown bank near.

"'Tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
Sermons in stones,'" —

responded Dorothy, removing her "seaside" and throwing her hair to the winds. "You know the remainder of the quotation, — but how lovely everything seems!"

"Lovely!"

The young man met her gaze, but he said no more, for it suddenly came to him that he had never before seen such a picture, — a picture to shine in after years brightest of them all hanging upon the dim walls of memory.

"Why are you looking at me so intently?" Dorothy demanded, with a pleasant smile.

"'A cat may look at a king,'" the young man replied, demurely, — adding, "or a queen for that matter."

"But I am neither a king nor a queen, nor you a cat," she retorted, plucking a white clover-blossom, growing in the grass beside her.

"No, but *I* am King, and you are — Dorothy Drew! Does Dorothy Drew know what this King was thinking, as he sat looking at her?"

"How should she?"

"He was thinking that it is almost the end of his little vacation in the mountains."

"Is that all?" she asked, with an expression of mixed curiosity and indifference.

"Miss Dorothy, I was thinking how very much I shall miss you when this play season is over," he continued, in a tone of deeper feeling.

Startled at the words, she gave a quick, searching glance into the face before her, and then answered, calmly, "Yes, that is the unpleasant feature of summer acquaintanceship, — we make friends but to lose them again."

"Does it follow that such friendships must end when the good-by is spoken — or at least remain passive until another year?" he questioned, earnestly.

"It does not follow" — She spoke guardedly, hesitating, while she pulled to pieces the pretty flower with which she had been playing. "Sometimes it is best that it should be so;" then, after a slight pause, she added, "of course we may still think as kindly of our friends, and, as you say, miss them, — for a while, at least."

"You think, then, a summer friendship is like a summer flower, sweet in season; but if it dreams of living beyond its season," he added, with a shade of irony, "to be picked to pieces."

She laughed faintly, throwing the fragments of the clover upon the grass before her.

"Poor little flower! Had it lain at your feet before you crushed it, begging for its life, it might not have suffered so ruthless a fate," the young man continued, with a forced smile.

The girl's face flushed as she answered, "I value friendship too highly for that, Mr. King; you need not beg for the life of yours."

Again there was an awkward pause as Dorothy assiduously smoothed the wrinkles out of her dress, while her companion played with his hat-band.

"Then I am sure of your friendship?" he half questioned; "I had hoped for something more."

"More," the girl echoed, with a rapid movement of the eyes towards his face, — though she knew his meaning beyond any doubt.

"We are but playing tennis with poor words," he responded, a pained look coming over his face. "Perhaps I am to blame for not being more honest and direct at the outset. Yes, I had hoped for something more. Recalling the pleasant beginning of our acquaintance two years ago, I had hoped that, by this time, you had learned to give me your confidence and love."

Again she gave a quick, startled glance into his face, looking immediately to the ground, where lay the fragments of the clover-blossom, and DeWitte continued: —

"In return, I offer you the affection of a true heart, which will be as lasting as life itself." Then he paused for her answer.

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"And I will be honest and direct with you, Mr. King," she replied at length, meeting his gaze with earnest straightforwardness. "The love you offer, any girl might be proud to accept. I have been happy in your companionship, and I hold you in the kindliest regard; but my heart tells me I cannot give you what you ask, however much inclination might prompt me to do so."

"Is there a prior claim?" he ventured, as a forlorn hope.

"None whatever."

"And this is your final answer?"

"I am sorry I can say no more, and it pains me deeply that I have returned you only unhappiness for so much kindness. Believe me, wherever our paths may lead in the future, I shall always regard you as a valued friend."

It was a hard blow to De Witte King, but he bore it like a man, — kindly, genial, unrepining, cherishing his honest love as a bright memory, while he returned with new zest to the pursuit of art, leaving time to sweeten the bitterness of his disappointment.

Almost four years have passed since that bright summer morning when Dorothy Drew "locked a burglar in the garret," and presented herself, breathless, before her cousin Clara, and the reader. Four long years, and yet the burglar is still at liberty, though slow-footed justice has been pursuing him, blindfolded, since the hour he unwittingly stole a little country maiden's heart away. But now the coils are beginning to tighten around him, and he realizes, at last, how useless it is for a man to battle with fate, in matters where the human affections are involved.

There surely had been no purpose in his meeting with Maud Chester and Dorothy on the memorable summer evening in the mountains; and a similar meeting with Maud, on Broadway, in the autumn following, was an occurrence as positively without intention. Concerning Maud's polite invitation at that time, to call upon her mother and herself at an early day, not as much can be said. The girl knew the whole story of Dorothy's love affair with Duncan Brown; Dorothy had never lisped a word, it is true, — in confidence or otherwise, — save by that visible speech of which the human tongue knoweth naught; but Maud divined it, nevertheless, and knew as well, when she gave Mr. Anandale the invitation to call, that her sweet country cousin was waiting for her at that moment in a picture store not three blocks away.

But that was a year and a half ago; the long summer days have come again, and Horace Anandale finds himself at a favorite resort upon the Maine coast. The Chesters are here spending the entire summer, and lately Dorothy Drew has accepted an invitation to visit them, and has joined the merry company at the cottage.

The artist has been sent here by certain publishers, so he says; but, unless he sketches during the frequent boating excursions, rides, and long strolls across the fields with Dorothy, he must work when other people are asleep, for he has been striving very hard, of late, to win her forgiveness for the deception of four years ago.

Four years is not such an age, surely, yet to-day, as they sit in the shadow of a stunted fir tree, high upon the cliffs, and listen to the roar of the breakers rolling and surging far below them, while recounting the joys of that swift, sweet summer that both remember so well, it seems a part of the long, long ago. Dorothy is in one of her brightest moods this morning, and Horace Anandale finds the most commonplace topic an enjoyable theme of conversation.

"And where shall we be four years hence?" he questioned reflectively, for they had been speaking of the flight of time.

"Why not say forty years, as well?" she responded lightly. "Peering into the future is, to me, a very unsatisfactory pastime, — almost as profitless and unenjoyable as looking back upon the past; therefore, after considerable thought, I have reached the conclusion that the greatest amount of solid satisfaction is to be derived from the immediate present. There's double-distilled wisdom for you."

"Do you mean to say under all circumstances?" Horace interrogated.

"Under nearly all circumstances."

"Well, that is open to argument," he replied, twisting a spear of grass around his finger. "Somehow it has been my fancy to find a deal of pleasure in wandering around the old graveyard of memory, gazing at the tombstones of buried hopes."

Dorothy gave expression to a merry peal of laughter.

"Oh, distressing!" she exclaimed. "Do you number them all, Mr. Anandale, as the unfortunate widower did the graves of his six or seven wives? But let me

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advise you; as your hopes appear to be so very sickly, I wouldn't waste affection on any more of them, if I were you. Don't you remember? —

"'I never nursed a dear gazelle
To glad me with its soft black eye,
But when it came to know me well,
And love me, it was sure to die.'"

The quotation closed in a perfect burst of merriment.

"Oh, dear! I shall be crying before night to pay for this. I haven't been so silly in an age."

"Laughing is far better than crying," Horace suggested, "even if we laugh at our best friends."

"I was about to reply: when one has anything sensible to laugh at," said Dorothy wickedly; "but your implied personality makes the remark exceedingly *mal à propos*."

Horace looked at the radiant, smiling face a moment, intently, before he answered, his own expressive of his deep admiration.

"I would give half of my earthly possessions, Dorothy, to be as light-hearted and happy as you. Tell me how it seems to live in the sunlight constantly — yourself the brightest sunbeam of them all!"

"Do not mistake frivolity for light-heartedness," the girl answered, seriously. "There is no perfect happiness for any of us in this world, though it is a part of my philosophy to look upon the fairer side of life, enjoying that which is bright, brightening that which seems cold and drear; for I think it should be our duty to make the most of the blessings heaven sends to us, while striving to find some good in everything."

In the brief pause which followed, Dorothy arose to her feet and started toward the precipice.

"Do you see those pretty flowers growing at the edge of the cliff? I am going to pick them for you."

"Let me get them!" Horace exclaimed, springing to his feet to follow her, but already she had reached the precipice, and was bending down to pluck the flowers.

"They are beauties, Horace." She had stretched out her hand to break a single stem, starting out of a cleft in the rock, almost at the verge of the cliff. "What an awkward position for a fainting turn."

"For heaven's sake, Dorothy!"

"Just this one," she said, leaning farther out, "it is such a" —

With a sharp exclamation he sprang to the spot, and, grasping the slender form in his strong arms, drew her backward from the edge of the precipice.

"There was no danger," she said, with a smile; "I've a cool head, — but you have made me hurt my hand; see, it is bleeding!"

Still he held her slender form, while with the hand that was disengaged he pressed the poor briar-torn fingers to his lips, and kissed them tenderly.

"Better your hand than my heart," he said with feeling, while he looked into her eyes with an expression she had never seen before.

In an instant the smile died out of her face, as she caught the whole import of the words; then she met his gaze, calmly, fully, without flinching, and in that brief glance each read the other's inmost heart.

"Darling, you must never frighten me so again," he said, in a moment, releasing her, and drawing both her hands within his own.

"Do you care so much for me?" she whispered.

"I would give my life for you, Dorothy," he answered in a low voice. "Do you doubt it?"

Again the sweet face grew serious, and the brown eyes filmy with sudden moisture, as she replied, "How shall I ever repay such devotion?"

"By giving me your love."

Then she drew away from him, and, looking to the ground, said calmly, "That I cannot do, for I have already bestowed it upon another."

There was a sudden relaxing of the man's features, as he said, in a voice tremulous with emotion, "I thought I understood you — Dorothy" —

"I thought we understood each other, Horace." Then she smiled, as she added, "It has not been mine to give for four long years."

"And what is his name? You must tell me that!"

She was silent a moment, while she played idly with the loose ravellings at the ends of her hat-strings; then turning her face upward, and looking straight into his blue eyes with her big roguish brown ones, she answered, "*Duncan Brown*."

[THE END.]

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ROMANCE OF A RIDE.

Along the winding road we spin,
  Past woodland, stream, and village,
And from the birds a plaudit win
  While busy at their pillage;
The breezes rustle through the limbs,
  The leaves in sunlight glitter,
Where robins sing their blithest hymns,
  And tremulously twitter.



Down in the clover fields the sheep
  Are huddled close together,
In contemplation calm and deep,
  Deliberating whether
'Twere best to halt, or best to flee,
  Before conjectured dangers,
Quite unaccustomed thus to see
  Such expeditious strangers.

The cattle, pausing at the brink
  Of crystal water flowing,
Lift up their big, meek eyes and wink,
  Then greet us with a lowing;
In mellow music runs the brook,
  The echoes chasing after,
Reflecting every glance and look
  With sunny smile and laughter.

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On, on, we speed, swift as the wind,
  Till distance dulls and deadens
The din of hamlets left behind;
  The sunset softly reddens
The fleecy curtains of the west,
  And slender shadows stealing
Across the roadway hint of rest,
  And of an end to wheeling.

We reach the little garden gate
  Where once I took a header,
And fell — in love, most desperate,
  While up the path I led her.
'Tis she who leaves the three-wheel now;
  I place the ring, a gold one,
Upon her finger, kiss her brow;
  You know, — the tale's an old one.

Frank Dempster Sherman.



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TANGLE-LEAF PAPERS. — I.

In the season of nest-building, which is also the season of song-singing, the by-ways of American rural districts offer many attractions to the student of nature, and especially to the student who hopes to turn his discoveries to account in any field of art. Of mere descriptive matter, so far as it may go in literature, and of mere conventionalization, so far as decorative drawing and painting are concerned, the most that was ever possible has, probably, already been done; but the higher forms of art, which we have agreed to call creative, must get the germs of all new combinations from the suggestions of nature. I often have thought that even criticism in our country would have more virility in it if the critics had more time and more inclination to study nature outside of cities and greenhouses. How can Wordsworth be studied with true critical insight by one who but vaguely remembers the outlines of the woods and fields, the shady lanes, and the fine aerial effects of hilly landscapes? When one with open eyes and ears goes out into the unshorn ways of nature in the creative season — spring — the fine fervor at work in birds, and trees, and plants, in the air, the earth, and the water, is so manifest that one cannot doubt that some subtle element of originality is easily obtainable therefrom by infection. Of course one must be susceptible to the most delicate shades of influence in order to get the values of nature. Even the photograph is to be caught on no plate save the most sensitive.

The other day, when I told a friend that I had discovered that the mocking-bird never tries to imitate the cooing of a dove, he said, "Why, every one knew that long ago." — "Show me the record," I demanded; but he could not. "Well, what good can come of your discovery, even if you are entitled to the credit?" he rather triumphantly asked. I answered that the fact was suggestive; that it had an artistic value. A mournful, desponding voice is never attractive to a vigorous, healthy nature. Cheerfulness and enthusiasm are what win followers for birds as well as men. The mocking-bird is a genius who catches from nature all its available notes, and combines them so as to express the last possibility of bird-song, rejecting the moaning of the dove and the thumping notes of the yellow-billed cuckoo, just as the true poet rejects thoughts and words unworthy of his lay. It is true that, as the times go, the artist is called upon to please a vitiated taste. The poet and the novelist must meet the demands of the schools and coteries. The precious hints and suggestions caught from the provincial lanes and wood-paths are not considered favorably by the metropolitan, as a rule; but out of these must grow, as the plant from the seed, the living, lasting values of all art. City study is book study, through which the truths and beauties of nature are seen at a distance, as if through a very delusive atmosphere. To test this take your books into the woods of spring, beside a brook, and see how many of them will bear reading in the light and presence of nature. How tasteless become the polished bits of conventional art when we attempt to enjoy them in the open air, where the violets grow, and the wild vine hangs its festoons!

There is another test of the force and vitality of nature's suggestions known to every observant artist. For instance, a sketch of some out-door scene, made on the spot, will appear to have scarcely any value so long as it can be readily compared with the original; but no sooner is the portfolio opened in the studio than the sketch discloses, in a marked degree, many of the subtlest beauties or peculiarities of the living scene. How different in the case of a sketch made from the flat! How diluted the power of nature becomes! I was once enjoying a luncheon with a gay sylvan party, when the earth served as table and a sward of blue grass as table-cloth. A lady who gloried in her collection of rare hand-painted china was serving tea to us in cups worth more than their weight in gold; and yet when one of these chanced to be set down in the midst of a tuft of wild violets it was so dulled by contrast with the living blooms that it really appeared coarse and crude. To study nature is the surest way to a knowledge of what art ought to be. Nature is the standard. I have little respect for the judgment of the critic who measures one man's work by that of another. The main question, when any art-work is to be critically considered,

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should be, Has it the symmetry, force, and vital beauty of nature?

It is easy to write about nature; but to write in the spirit of nature, to keep within the limit of her rules, is not so easy. So to copy all the salient features of a landscape is within the power of any painter, but how few can get their brushes to spill upon the canvas even a modicum of what we all may see in the sky, and sea, and shore! Greening hedgerows, and blooming orchards, the songs of the cat-bird and brown thrush, always have something new in them. We never see or hear them twice from the same point of observation. The brook's voice has an infinite variety of tones. The sunlight and the cloud-shadows are continually changing. And so, if one can hoard up the impressions made by the thousand passing moods of spring, they will prove richly suggestive when reviewed in the quiet of the study. The fine mass of such impressions will be found a fresh and fragrant matrix, enclosing the perfect crystals of original thought. If it is true that one grows like what one contemplates nothing but good can come of lonely rambles with nature, and especially in the season of quickening germs and tender impulses. Those who assert that there is nothing especially picturesque or strikingly interesting in our rural scenery seem to me deficient either in judgment or in the power of observing closely. The fact is, it is hard for the professional artist or literary man to cut loose from an hereditary old-country taint. The far-away, the dim, the old in literature and art are shrouded in the blue enchantment that hovers so tantalizingly on all heights. Standing on one mountain-top we look to another longingly; reclining on one bank of a river we dream of the joy awaiting us on the other. It is, in other words, apparently almost impossible for Americans to fully recognize and appreciate the richness of "local color" everywhere offered at home. If we knew our country as well as the English know theirs we should have a stronger vital energy in our literature and art. Of course we lack that long perspective and rich historical atmosphere belonging to old countries, but as a nation we are just at that age when our genius should find its note. Our highways are reasonably good, our lanes and by-ways are inviting, our people are hospitable and communicative. There is no good reason why some tourists, of a more interesting sort than tax-gatherers and lightning-rod peddlers, should not explore the pastoral districts where the richest materials for poetry, romance, and art may be had for the taking.

Rummaging the remote nooks of literature — the pages of Chaucer and Spencer, and Isaac Walton and Roger Ascham, or François Villon and Marot and Ronsard, is very pleasing and profitable; but the living, budding, redolent, and resonant by-ways of our own neighborhoods offer a richer reward. There are moments when there are a fragrance and savor, so to speak, in the song of a plough-boy heard across the fresh-turned fields. One pauses by the fence or hedge-row to enjoy what no book or picture can quite give. A breath of perfume from the blooming top of a wild crab-apple tree, along with the hum of the bees at work there, is a poem much older than any ballade or triolet, and fresher and sweeter than any song of troubadour or any idyl of Greek lyrist. What matters it whether one walks, or rides a tricycle, or spins noiselessly along on a bicycle, so that one keeps one's eyes and ears open? If the body is to be refreshed and strengthened by exercise, why not also take pains to recreate the mind by filling the memory with pungent and healthful data? A cool draught from a country way-side spring, where the calamus grows, and the little platoons of sky-blue butterflies arrange themselves on the damp spots, might well inspire an ode as good as any Anacreon ever drew from the purple grape-juice. The first dragon-fly of the season is always a happy discovery for me.

I know where Longfellow got the suggestions for his "Flower de Luce," the fresher stanzas, at least; for the dew of morning, brushed from brook-side flags and meadow weeds, is in them. The poem is bookish, too, showing the scholar a little too plainly, perhaps; but it serves to urge a current of out-door air over one as one reads, and the sound of the mill-flume is in the measure. It is always a charming junction where ripe scholarship and an accurate and loving knowledge of nature flow together. From that point onward how the imagination is enriched!

The poems of Theocritus and the song of the cardinal bird are blended together, and something new comes of the mixture. I like to follow through a racy poem or essay some elusive, fascinating trace of the author's recipe. It is never quite hidden.

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The impetus given to out-door rambling by the advent of cycling must, it seems to me, bring some fresh elements into American thought. It will, unless we allow the love of mere whirling to shut out everything else. I have found a tricycle the most helpful and enjoyable thing in exploring the by-ways and high-ways of my neighborhood. It has helped me to see things that I might not have discovered had I been on foot, and it has awakened sensations never before experienced by me. The mere joy in self-propulsion seems to sharpen one's vision, and strengthen one's receptive faculties. I like to stop and sit in the saddle, and peep between the rails of a fence, letting my eyes follow the fresh green rows of young Indian corn that reach far across the level field of dark loam. From the same position I can make such notes and sketches as will be of use to me in the future. Charming physical exercise and pleasing study combined make up about the most desirable of all compounds. When I am tired of pedalling I can stop in the shade of a way-side tree and draw forth a book to read, or I can watch the effect of cloud-shadows and wind-flaws on the rank green wheat. Meadow-larks and blue-birds preen themselves on the fence-stakes, field-sparrows sing in the young oats, yonder orchard rings with the medley of the cat-bird. Here is a good place to test the qualities of a book as an out-door companion. One can find out how its pages will accord with certain phases of nature, so to speak. Ten to one what had seemed quite perfect, read in the atmosphere of the library, will fall off to a mere skeleton in the open air. I have found that, strange as it may seem, the poems of Burns lose something by out-door reading, whilst certain passages of Tennyson, Browning, and Emerson reach out and gather an increment of freshness from pastoral surroundings. The humorists, as a rule, require to be read within the limitations of four walls. Nature is always in earnest.

A novel that will bear the sunlight and the winds and the bird-songs may be put down as a thoroughly good one. Short, crisp stories, not too tragic, having strong local color and bright conversations, stand this test very well. Our magazines often fall into the error of printing, during the out-door season, light society stories of city life; these fade into colorless and tasteless films when read on the beach, or in the open country. I sometimes read French novels out-of-doors, merely for the antiseptic effect that the sun and air have on the offensive passages; but at best I often find myself glad that American birds and flowers do not understand French.

We Americans are too fast with whatever we undertake. Our horses must trot "below fifteen," our yachts must go like a hurricane; and when we ride bicycles or tricycles we must run a hundred miles in the shortest possible space of time. Now, a tourist who hopes to see anything or hear anything worth remembering must go slowly over his ground, with many stops and with all sorts of detours. One never can foreknow what odd and interesting things may be discovered tucked away in unfrequented nooks. I have experienced many pleasing surprises in the way of valuable information drawn from most unpromising sources. Such rich dialect phrases, too, and such rare, quaint traits of character, disclose themselves! How marvellously weatherwise some of the country folk are, and what keen observers of nature! On the other hand, they have such queer "notions" about signs and omens. For instance, the well-known guttural croaking of the yellow-billed cuckoo is, in the West and South, generally believed to presage rain; hence the bird is known amongst the rural people by the name of rain-crow.

I remember with what solemn earnestness an old man once heaped maledictions on a cuckoo. It was in the midst of a distressing drought, and the bird was mournfully uttering its notes in an orchard. "There's thet air dad-blasted rain-crow a-bellerin' down ther' ag'in," he cried, savagely wagging his head. "Ef I hed a gun I'd blow it inter thunder 'n' gone. Ever'thin' a-burnin' up an' the crick a-goin' dry an' thet air lyin' rain-crow jest a-yowkin' an' yowkin', es ef a flood wer' a-comin' in less 'an fifteen minutes — blast its pictur'!"

Speaking of the yellow-billed cuckoo, it is one of the most interesting of our American birds, — a late comer to our Northern woods, where about the middle of May it begins a shy, shadowy pilgrimage from tree to tree, peering furtively among the tufts of young leaves, as if bent on some errand of mystery. It is a slender, graceful figure, with a disproportionately long tail, and a slim, slightly curved bill, which is almost black above and yellow below; its back is drab; its under parts a pure silvery-white, and its tail dark, tipped with snow-white. You may know it by its

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peculiar zigzag flight, and by its cry, "*Kaow, Kaow,*" etc., repeated slowly at first, then increasing in rapidity to a rattling or pounding croak, and finally ending laggingly as it began. It has all the most interesting habits of the English cuckoo.

I am aware that naturalists have stoutly claimed that our yellow-bill never lays its eggs in other birds' nests; but I have the evidence of my own eyes to the contrary. I was plying a country lad with questions touching the birds and nests of his neighborhood, when he informed me that a robin and a rain-crow had a nest "in cahoot"[1] in an apple-tree just across a lane from where we stood. Of course I was anxious to see that nest at once. It was built in the usual robin fashion, stacked up in a low crotch of the tree, and contained three robin eggs and one cuckoo egg. This was a number of years ago; but so late as the spring of 1883 I found a cuckoo's egg in the nest of a blue-jay. In the mountain region of North Georgia, where the yellow-bill nests among the haw thickets, I have seen it carrying its egg in its mouth, no doubt with the purpose of depositing it in the care of some other bird. Wherever I have gone I have heard this cuckoo charged with eating the eggs of other birds; but I believe the charge has no better foundation than the mistake of observers, who, seeing it with its own egg in its mouth, naturally suppose that it has been robbing some neighbor-bird's nest. My opinion is, that by the time our country shall have reached the age of the England of to day our cuckoos will have become confirmed in all the habits of the European species. At best the bird is very indifferent to nest-building, and its natural bent is towards entirely evading the responsibility. Its architectural powers are of the poorest. No other of our arboreal birds, not even the common dove, builds so crazy and insecure a home. But I am getting into rather deep ornithological mire. It is so easy to find room for digression when one gets out of doors! Everything is suggestive. To the vision of a careful observer and student each object in nature has an interrogation-point beside it. With pencil and note-book let us catalogue these suggestions and interrogations, and lay them aside for future use. When, some day, we come to look them over we shall be surprised how perfectly — like dried roots and plants — they have kept their out-door fragrance and taste.

Maurice Thompson.

[1] "In cahoot" is a common Western and Southern phrase for in partnership.

GOOD COMMON ROADS AND HOW TO MAKE THEM.

ALL bicycle and tricycle riders are in favor of good roads. No other class are so earnestly and personally interested in having good roads. Bicycles and tricycles cannot be used except where there are good roads. Bicycle and tricycle riders propel their vehicles with their own muscles; hence they know by personal experience what good roads are. Good roads mean easy work and rapid speed for them; poor roads mean hard work and slow speed; bad roads mean no riding at all.

There are probably 50,000 to 60,000 bicycle and tricycle riders in the United States; of whom 25,000 ride habitually, and are owners of costly machines. Their numbers are rapidly increasing. The amount of capital invested in their machines and accessories in the United States is not far from five millions of dollars. The amount thus invested is at present increasing at the rate of about a million dollars a year; and this rate is itself rapidly accelerating. To supply the demand for these vehicles wealthy manufacturing companies have been established, giving employment to many workmen; and the importation of machines from England forms a considerable item of the national customs statistics. The owners and riders of these machines constitute a body of intelligent, active, and thrifty voters, mostly of the middle class — that is, of those who are sufficiently prosperous to be able to purchase these costly machines, but not wealthy enough to keep horses and carriages. Nine-tenths of them are active and pushing business men, many in the employ

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of business houses, many themselves established in business, and others professional men, as doctors, lawyers, editors, clergymen, architects, civil engineers, etc.

A more intelligent body of voters than these does not exist in the country; and their earnest and united influence in favor of good roads will inevitably soon make itself strongly felt in legislation. By uniting with other classes who are also interested in having good roads, a general reform of our several State road systems may be more speedily brought about. Of the need of such reform there is no room for question. The common roads of the United States, as a rule, are worse than those of any country of Europe except Russia, and are far behind those of Canada, notwithstanding the fact that the United States is the richest country in the world, and the best able to make desirable public improvements.

Besides the classes who are actively interested in having good roads, there are many who ought to be, and who would be if they understood their own best interests. Among these are the farmers. It is really astonishing to one who studies this subject that farmers as a class are so indifferent to good roads, and often so opposed to making good roads, on account of their false ideas of the expense, and their ignorance of the benefits to themselves of good roads. Hence, they, as a class, constitute perhaps the main mass of the opponents of a reform in our road systems; or, if not opponents, they take small interest in the matter, and do not elect legislators who will either advocate and vote for a reform or pay much attention to the subject. Yet it is easily demonstrated, and it has been proved by experience, that good roads are of more importance to farmers than to any other class; that good roads pay farmers a larger profit than any other public improvements; that good roads not only raise the value of every acre of land which borders upon them, but raise also the market price of all crops and produce raised upon farms for which they furnish access to market. Experience has also shown that the cost of a first-class road is actually less in a period of thirty to fifty years than the cost of the worst road; that good roads make light road taxes. The first cost of a good road is more than the first cost of a bad road; but so is the first cost of a good plough more than the first cost of a bad one; and the first cost of good seed, of good hogs, of good cattle, of good horses, and of good farming land, is more than the first cost of poor ones. Yet every farmer knows that, in all these things, the best is the cheapest and most profitable in the long run. A good, hard, smooth road, over which a farmer can haul a big load to market at any season, and especially at the worst season — because the prices he can get are always highest in the worst season — is the greatest boon a farmer can have. It is also the greatest boon the market village can have. It pays better than any other one thing for which taxes are levied. After its first cost, it is cheap; it requires little repairs, and it will last forever. On the other hand a bad road, badly improved, constantly uses up money and work for repairs; and, no matter how heavy are the taxes put upon it, it never gets any better. And, besides its cost, a bad road causes the farmers the loss of markets during the wet season, which is the very season when they can do no work at home, and when market prices are highest in all the villages.

All dwellers in villages ought also to be deeply interested in having good roads. Good country roads are of more importance to them than railroads. Villages usually depend for their business, and also for their supplies, upon the country round about them. The country roads are their sole dependence for connection between them and their customers, and also between them and their supplies of provisions and fuel. Bad roads that, twice or thrice each year, are almost impassable, and over which heavy loads cannot be hauled at any time with ease, increase largely the total annual cost to the people of such villages of their butter, eggs, vegetables, fuel, and provisions generally. They also cost them the loss, during the wet seasons, of much profitable trade.

Any person who travels through the country, with his eyes wide open, cannot fail to notice the fact that the region of poor roads is, almost invariably, the region of slipshod and dilapidated farms, of sleepy and unthrifty villages, and of a population which is generally unenterprising and behind the age. On the other hand, the region of hard, well kept, first-class common roads is a region of neat, thrifty, and frequent villages, of fine and finely-cultivated farms, of orchards, gardens, good stock, good fences and barns, and a general air of neatness, thrift, enterprise, and money-making. But it is a mistake to suppose that it is the richness of the

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country which has made the good roads; on the contrary it is the good roads which have made good markets easy of access at all times, and so the good roads have made the farmers and villages prosperous. Good roads directly stimulate and encourage good farming, improved stock, market gardening, fruit-raising, and other industries which pay farmers the best profits. In a region of bad roads there is little use in rearing fine stock; the poor horse or ox can travel as fast as the roads will allow. Gardening does not pay where one cannot go to market with ease and speed. Villages will not thrive and make good home markets where their customers find it difficult to get into and out of them. All commerce, whether it be between nations or between neighborhoods, depends essentially upon easy, cheap, and rapid communication.

Not these only, but everybody, should take a direct personal interest in securing and maintaining the very best road system. For it is impossible to conceive of any class of citizens who would not be directly and largely benefited by a general system of good common roads. It would benefit all farmers and food-producers, by giving them easier, speedier, and cheaper access to markets, and by making the markets more steady and reliable. It would benefit farmers, also, by increasing the value of their lands. Especially near cities and villages would wealth flow out into the country, and create handsome villas and rural resorts. It would benefit all dwellers in cities and villages by making their provision-markets steady, by encouraging market-gardening, by preventing famine prices during the wet season, by making excursions into the country, either for pleasure or business, easy and pleasant, and by making it possible for the city or village business men to own and live in a country-house, some miles out of town. From the humblest laborer or mechanic to the wealthiest capitalist all would be benefited directly and largely. No other investment of money raised by taxation, pays so large a return to the public as first-class common roads. And yet, strangely, no other public improvement is generally so greatly neglected.

In order to obtain good roads it is first necessary to organize a good highway system. And, as the basis of all public improvements is in the law, the first great step is to secure wise legislation. To prepare for this we must first ascertain what are the radical defects in our present highway laws and systems, and find out why our laws and highway taxes have failed to provide us with good roads. One of the best ways to discover the defects in our highway laws, which have given us poor roads, is to compare them with the highway laws of countries which have good roads. For this purpose we may wisely take the Province of Ontario, Canada, where the laws have resulted in a system of admirable roads, which are being improved annually, so that they soon will be generally, as many of them already are, the best, or among the best, roads on this continent, while they are undeniably cheap and easy to construct. In fact they are positively less costly than many of the abominably bad roads which disgrace the civilization of the United States.

A comparison of road laws and systems shows that, wherever there are good roads, they have almost invariably been constructed under a cash and contract system, while the result of the laws which permit road-taxes to be "worked out" is nearly invariably bad roads. No one who takes the trouble to examine into the working of the highway laws can fail to come to the conclusion that the beginning of all reform lies in the adoption of the cash system, — that is, a system under which the law will compel the payment of road-taxes in cash, just like other taxes, and not allow them to be paid in labor. Good roads are constructed under contract, like city pavements, — the county, township, or district employing a contractor to do the work, and paying him in cash raised by taxation. Whenever a farming population is compelled to pay taxes in cash, it is more certain than any other class of people to look sharply after the proper expenditure of its money, and see to it that a good return is obtained for every dollar expended. So marked is this trait that I am satisfied that all that is really needed to reform our whole road system, and give to the country excellent roads, is simply to enact that highway taxes, like other taxes, shall be paid in cash, and in no other way. Do this, and all other reforms will inevitably follow.

It is evident from the nature of the case that good roads cannot be constructed under the system which allows tax-payers to work out their highway taxes. The construction of a good road requires that it shall be begun and completed before the work is stopped. Also that it shall

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be begun at some point, and completed as the work proceeds toward some other point, upon a regular system and plan, based upon a scientific survey, the same as the paving of a city street. Such a work cannot be done by odd jobs scattered along its line, in different years. When the grading is done, if the work stops for a year without putting on the wearing surface, in a short time the carefully graded top of the road becomes spoiled, and the foundation has to be done over again. Above all it needs to be remembered that, every time the surface of a road is disturbed, after it has once been settled, a positive injury is done. When road-workers get together annually, under pretence of working out their taxes, and disturb the settled surface of a road, plough up and shovel over its sides, and pile new dirt on its top, they are simply injuring, rather than benefiting, the highway. When the soil is once thoroughly settled, care should be taken not to disturb it. The longer it remains undisturbed the more solid is the foundation for a good road. Therefore the true and only way is to prepare the grade and make all necessary ditches, embankments, fillings, etc., just once; to make them just right the first time; to carefully fill and trim as they settle just once; and to put on the permanent wearing surface the moment the graded foundation is thoroughly settled. Such a job as this requires continuous work for a whole season, perhaps for a whole year; hence it must be done either by a contractor, or by highway officers who can employ gangs of men the whole season through. Where rollers are used, — and they ought always to be used, — the graded road-bed may be thoroughly settled artificially, and the job be finished at once, before either travel or the weather have had any opportunity to spoil the carefully graded surface of the road.

There are three systems of districting the country for highway purposes. One of these, the one generally practised in the United States, is called the highway district system. Each township is made to contain from one to half a dozen highway districts, each district more or less independent of the rest of the township, and entirely independent of the rest of the county and State outside of its township. Obviously these districts are too small. If one district should have good roads its good roads would be only a mile or two long.

Another division is the township system. This again is too small. If one township has good roads its longest road can only be about six miles long, and the next township may have miserable roads.

The third division is the county system. This allows of good roads running the whole breadth of a county; and it is altogether the best system. Under the county system there is a county board which has control of highways and bridges all over the county. This board consists of one or more members elected from each township. The board has power to vote what roads shall be improved; and it practically operates to select the most important roads running through the county, and making of them first-class highways. After this is done the board, year after year, takes up new routes, until gradually the whole county has its roads so improved that each township is furnished with at least one main highway of the best kind. With a whole county from which to draw revenue, work on one or two main routes may be rapidly prosecuted, and the best results can be insured through large contracts. It pays a contractor in such a county to fit himself with efficient machinery, to purchase the best material in large quantities, and to hire skilled labor; whereas a small contractor, in a small district, on small jobs, cannot afford any of these expenditures. Wherever it has been tried the county system has produced the best results.

In order to expedite the making of good roads, sometimes each township, or the county, is allowed to bond itself for a period not exceeding ten years, and to an amount not exceeding five per cent. of its assessed valuation. Roads constructed through the issue of such bonds are made toll-roads for two years, or during the life of the bonds. The toll collected goes into a sinking-fund to pay the interest and principal of the bonds. Meanwhile the usual highway taxation proceeds annually, without either increase or abatement. Such of this as is not needed for present use, also goes to the sinking-fund. At the end of the ten years the bonds are paid, and the road is made free. Thus the township or county secures a first-class road without increasing taxation, and only at the expense of paying toll for ten years. This plan has resulted in the construction of many fine roads in counties which would otherwise not have been able to construct them for many years, at least not without heavily increased taxation.

What is needed is plainly not a road which is good merely to the boundary of a

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small district, or merely to the township line, and is thereafter bad; but a good road all the way to the market city or large town where the farmers along such road desire to sell their produce and purchase goods. There is at least one such large town or city in each county, where nearly all roads centre; hence the county system is best.

The first step in the line of reform to secure the construction of good roads, is to procure the passage of a State law compelling all highway taxes to be paid in cash. If this cannot be done at first, then labor for the passage of a law which will permit counties, or townships, to adopt the cash system by a vote of their people.

The next step is to adopt the county system, if possible. If this cannot be accomplished, try and secure the passage of a law declaring that no highway district shall be less in size than one township, at least.

A law permitting the bounding of townships or counties for the construction of improved toll-roads within safe limits, and providing that such roads shall be made free after a term of years, will be wise legislation.

But, after the necessary legislation is procured, the great practical question is how to make a good road. The first principle to be observed in making a good road is thorough drainage. Without thorough drainage a good road cannot be maintained, no matter how it is constructed. The soil under the wearing surface of the road must be kept dry at all seasons of the year. In order to keep it dry the surface of the road must be water-proof, and it must have such a slope that water will immediately run off it. This will keep the surface dry. But this is not enough. The foundation under the surface, to the depth of a foot or more, must also be kept dry. Therefore the road must have gutters or ditches on each side, especially where there is not a natural drainage slope, sufficiently deep and with sufficient pitch or grade so that water will be carried rapidly and surely away, and not stand in pools to gradually soak under the foundation of the road.

This, it will be seen, requires an accurate survey and staking of the grades by a competent civil engineer, the same as for a city paved street. Then the road-bed will need to be turnpiked up on all level places, from one foot to two feet above the surrounding level. But, on slopes where water will run rapidly off naturally, very little turnpiking is necessary. Everywhere, however, there should be carefully constructed gutters or ditches. These can be rapidly and cheaply made.

To secure thorough surface drainage, but very little rounding up of the road-bed is needed. Nothing over three or four inches crown is needed for a bed even forty feet wide. The road surface, in fact, should be nearly flat, especially where there are slopes lengthwise, as there will be nearly everywhere. The nearly flat surface is much the most comfortable to ride over, or to haul loads over. Besides it will last longer, not being so subject to what are called "rain gutters;" and fierce storms will not so readily sweep away its top-dressing.

The covering of the road-bed must be water-tight. Clay is nature's cheapest material for a water-tight cover. Puddled clay has long been used by engineers to resist the passage of water. Clean pounded or rolled clay is impervious to water. A layer of clean clay, in which there is no sand or mould, two or three inches thick, on the top of a road-bed, when it has become pounded down by travel, or when it has been artificially rolled down hard, will form a perfectly water-tight cover for the road. Clay is also the cheapest natural cement to bind together the stone, pebbles or gravel used for the top-dressing or surface of the road.

After the road-bed has been turnpiked, graded, and otherwise put in shape for a foundation, the next step is to cover its top with a layer of clean clay from two to four inches deep. This layer of clay must be thoroughly rolled down with a heavy roller. The bed ought to be rolled before the clay is put on, and then the clay should also be rolled.

Where the natural soil is clay, the making of such a road-bed is easy and cheap. The clean clay from the bottom of the side ditches will serve for a top-dressing, care being taken that there is no mixture of mould or sand on the surface, but only the cleanest clay.

Where the natural soil is sandy, the road-bed must be prepared in the same way, and then clay be procured from the nearest source of supply, and used for top-dressing the foundation. If thoroughly clayed, so as not to leak water, a sandy soil will make the most solid and durable road. Dry sand, confined so that it cannot move, is one of the most firm and permanent of all substances, while at the same time it possesses a certain quality of what

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may be described in contradictory terms as immovable elasticity.

It now remains only to cover the road with a wearing surface. This should be of stone in all cases. But the stone may be applied in different forms, as either artificially broken stone, in the form usually called macadam, or in the form of either pure or mixed pebbles or gravel. When there are ledges of rock near at hand, or boulders and cobble-stones scattered about, a macadam road may be cheapest. Any stone except sandstone may be used, as limestone of any variety, granite, trap, conglomerate, boulders, cobble-stone, etc. The stone should be broken with a steam stone-crusher, into pieces not larger than one inch square.

It should be remembered always that the finer the stone the better the road. Hence, whether stone be artificially broken, or be natural pebbles or gravel, no piece larger than one and a half inches square ought to be allowed to go upon the road-bed, if the very best results are aimed at. And a steam stone-crusher will crush stone to any size required so rapidly and cheaply that money is gained by doing the work well, and using none but fine stone. One inch square is better than any larger size, while fine screened roofing gravel or pebbles, clean and free from mould or sand, in which no pebble is larger than a cherry, makes the very best stone road. The surface of the road should be covered two inches or more deep with broken stone or pebbles, and then rolled down. As these stones become pounded down by travel, they are held in place at the bottom by the clay, and their own dust is a natural cement, which, under the influence of rain, forms a hard, water-tight, smooth and durable floor. Such a stone road will last forever, only needing repairs at long intervals. And such repairing consists in merely throwing upon worn spots a little more broken stone or pebbles. The older such a road is, the less repairs it will need, as its stone floor becomes more and more solid and thick. But care must be taken yearly to clear out the gutters or ditches, to make sure that the foundation is always kept dry.

In nearly all parts of the country where the natural soil is clay there may be found beds and great deposits of clay and gravel already mixed by nature. Wherever such a deposit is found, it will be observed that it forms a natural gravel road, if travelled over. Such natural clay gravel may be used, and is extensively used in Canada, to cover road surfaces. This avoids the necessity of claying the road-bed, as the gravel is naturally mixed with clay in about the right proportions. Therefore all that is needed is to spread a layer of this natural clay gravel over the road-bed, prepared as above directed, to a depth of two or three inches. There are hundreds of miles of excellent roads made in this way.

But, in making this kind of a road, a little shiftlessness may spoil the job. In the United States such shiftlessness is too common. Such natural gravel almost always contains stones which are too large to be allowed in a really good road surface, — stones of more than one and a half inches in diameter. Every such stone should be picked out. One of the maxims of MacAdam, the great road-builder, was that every stone larger than one inch in diameter is likely to be knocked loose by the shock of travel, thereby disturbing the road surface, preventing the cementing of the smaller stones near it, admitting water, and producing a bad spot in the road. He laid down as a rule that, "a stone which exceeds one inch in any of its dimensions is mischievous," and is a positive damage to the road, And he was correct. It will pay to screen the gravel, in case there are in it many stones which exceed one inch in diameter. But too many roads in the United States are spoiled by a shiftlessness which guesses that they will do well enough, and so neglects to pick out and reject the large stones, or to screen the gravel.

Finally, it should be remembered that the great enemy of success in making a good road is sand. A little sand in the gravel spoils it. It may be a fairly good road when damp; but it disintegrates into loose gravel in very dry weather. On the other hand, too much clay, and not enough stone, will become muddy on its top in the wet season, and will pound into a troublesome fine clay dust in the dry season. A road which disintegrates in dry weather needs more clay. A road which is muddy and becomes rutty in wet weather needs more stone.

It pays to make the road exactly right to begin with. If it is not exactly right, if it has too much sand, or too large stones, or too much clay, or is imperfect in drainage, not only will it fail to be a first-class road, but the cost of keeping it in repair will, in a few years, be much greater than

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would have sufficed to construct and maintain a first-class road. A second or third class road costs from double to quadruple as much for repairs as a first-class road, besides never being satisfactory. A road which is less than first-class is a perpetual drain on the tax-payers; while a first-class road, once constructed, costs almost nothing for maintenance. In roads, most emphatically, the best is the cheapest.

There are very few sections of country where such a road cannot be constructed. Clay is one of the commonest of materials, and stone and gravel are to be found almost everywhere. Nevertheless it is obvious that such a road cannot be constructed under the system which allows road-taxes to be worked out; and such a road is not likely to be constructed under the system of small road districts. The stone or gravel beds are valuable, and usually such material has to be purchased. Then clay and gravel may have to be hauled considerable distances. This requires not only time, but carefully organized labor, and the use of wagons especially prepared for such service. If stone is to be broken a steam-engine and stone-crusher are necessary. A heavy roller or two must also be purchased. Road-scrapers and other tools are also needed. In short the only practicable way is to have the road constructed under contract, and to pay for it cash or bonds, or both. And the road district needs to be large in order to let a large contract, so that the contractor can afford to purchase machinery and tools, and buy a gravel-bed or quarry, or purchase stone in large quantities. Therefore careful preliminary legislation is necessary. Besides, an ordinary road-master does not possess the requisite skill for constructing such roads, even if he could command the material and tools. A civil engineer is needed to lay out the grades and plan, and such a man should be employed as overseer of the work on behalf of the tax-payers, to see that it is properly done.

To secure the construction of good roads, therefore, a radical reform of our highway laws and system is needed; and to this end every voter who is interested in having good roads should address himself. He should see to it that his vote for members of the legislature is cast for a candidate who is in favor of having good roads, and who has an intelligent idea of the legislation necessary to secure this great public good. By bringing their influence to bear directly upon candidates bicycle riders, and others interested, can very speedily, and with comparative ease, secure pledges from legislative candidates of all parties, to favor reforms in our highway laws, and thus obtain the good they desire, without sacrificing other interests or political preferences. But they should be prepared to sacrifice something for so worthy an object, in case it is necessary; and, therefore, they should make it known that they will cast their votes and use their influence in favor of the candidate who will do the best work for reforming our road system, and against the candidate who will not labor for such reform, irrespective of party predilections, if necessary. In a word, make road reform an issue in the legislative elections, and push it vigorously until success is achieved.

President Bates.

A MISDIRECTED LETTER.

"EUSTACE, here's a note. Don't forget to mail it."

"Where is it?" cried the young man, coming into the handsome library with his hat on and buttoning his last glove energetically, while he sent his eye roving about the room in search of something, he could not remember what, that he had wanted to take down-town with him.

"Here, under my hand. Don't you see I'm writing it?"

"Writing it! and that horse-car of mine coming down the street like the wind! It seems to me I can hear the bell now. Have your note ready to-morrow, won't you?" And he had almost gone when the girl implored: —

"Do, do wait one minute; it must go by this mail. — only one minute."

"Hurry, then!"

"How can I when you're talking to me?" cried Dora. "Do be still, and you shall have it in a twinkling."

"How long is a twinkling?" And the

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young man relapsed into such stillness as was consistent with a tattoo on the table with the tips of his fingers, which drove Dora nearly distracted. But she had not even time to remonstrate, only to frown as her pen rushed on.

"There!" she cried breathlessly as she held out the note to him. "It's to Lottie White. She'll pay you for waiting a moment for her sake. You remember charming Lottie? It's to ask her here next week for that visit we've been planning so long. Now, speed it; and thank you."

At least Eustace Holbrook sped himself; for he ran panting after the car, and, failing to catch it, sauntered along, waiting for the next one. If he had not missed that first car he would have tossed the note into the letter-box without seeing that his sister had forgotten to address it; and several things would not have happened. As it was, however, having nothing to do for the next three minutes, he glanced at the dainty missive in his hand, whistled softly with an amused look, walked slowly up to the letter-box at the corner, and laid the envelope on the top of it. He then took out his stylographic pen with the deliberate air of a man who has found a resource and means to make it bridge over as much as possible of the tedium of waiting, and wrote the name, "Miss Lottie White," and paused a moment. Where did she live? He had been abroad since his sister left school, and had returned only recently, so that, with one exception, he had been from home during Miss White's visits. He had often heard Dora speak of her friend's home. Yes; it was "C——." Down went the name with a decision that would make it the fault of the postmaster if any mistake were made. But again he paused. Was it Massachusetts that he was to add? — for there were two towns of that name. Now that he thought of it there were three or four throughout the country. A remembrance of Lottie's name connected with talks of mountains and moonlight drives decided him. He wrote the name of the State, "N. H.," with the air of a conqueror, tossed the note into the box, pocketed his pen, and stepped into the car that passed a minute later.

At dinner he claimed his dues of praise, and got them. It was not until three days afterward that Dora attacked him with a face of disgust.

"Eustace," she cried, "where did you direct that note of mine so officiously?"

"Officiously?"

"Yes; never mind that. Did you send it to "C——, Massachusetts?"

"Never, my dear sister. I was too well informed. I sent it to C——, New Hampshire."

"And you call that being well-informed! Listen, then, and hear what you've done. There's another Lottie White, — my friend is Lottie T., — and this other one has received the invitation, and accepted it; yes, accepted it. Think of that!"

"When she doesn't know you?"

"That's the worst of it. She does know me a little. We were school-mates, but never intimate in the least. She was not in our set at all. It never entered into my wildest flight of imagination to invite her. Why, she's nobody! And the worst of it is that I dashed off my note in such a hurry, and my head was so full of the other Lottie, that I don't doubt she thinks that I want her with all my heart. Well, she's coming. And my grand party is coming, too. What can we do with her? Wouldn't you write and tell her of the mistake? Read her note of thanks. Little goose! she ought to have known better."

And Dora walked away, leaving the letter with her brother. Half an hour later, when she came back from entertaining visitors, she found him deep in his paper, but holding the epistle still in his hand.

"Well?" she asked.

The young man looked up at his fashionable sister, and saw what her hesitation had led him to suspect, that the tone of the girl's answer had touched her. The unconscious Lottie was so grateful for Dora's kindness, so frankly happy at the prospect of the break in her quiet life that such a visit would be, that Dora did not like to say to her, "All this is a mistake."

"What are you going to do?" he asked.

"Why, won't you write for me and explain?"

"I! No, thank you. I don't meddle with my sister's correspondence."

"I wish you never had," retorted Dora, adding, as she turned away, "Misfortune number one: I'm sure she won't have anything fit to wear; she never used to have."

"Can't you help her out somehow? Or what do we care?"

"Masculine magnanimity! You'd be the very first person I know to be shy of a dowdy woman."

Eustace winced.

"Well," he said at last, "since I got you into the fire, I'll do what I can, Dora."

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And he strolled off with the expression of a possible martyr.

The Holbrooks had not been among the reigning powers long enough to take upon themselves the privilege of the accolade. It is usually blood rather than money, if not a union of the two, that rests securely in its prerogative, believing in its own power of ennobling. Dora looked after her brother, wondering if he were really strong enough for this thing; if he would not cut the dowdy Lottie and play the agreeable to the fascinating one who had been invited since the missent note, and would certainly accept.

"The other one's a meek little thing, anyway," she commented. "We can drop her out somehow, hand her over to mamma, and she'll not find out."

A week afterward Dora Holbrook stood at the drawing-room window watching for her brother to drive up with the unwelcome Miss White. She thought it nonsense that he had insisted upon taking their own carriage to meet her; a hack would have done just as well; Lottie would never have known the difference. But when she had suggested this to Eustace he had silenced her by answering with a flash in his eyes that it was early to begin to flinch.

"This pleasure I shall get out of it," soliloquized Miss Holbrook, "the fun of seeing Eustace's struggles to be magnanimous." And the girl's smile was not agreeable.

At last! The carriage stopped. Yes, it was the very girl Dora had thought.

"She doesn't look a day older," commented her hostess; "it's plain she hasn't been to balls and operas. She's lived on country cream, I suppose, and gone to bed at nine o'clock."

But she was obliged to put aside her speculations for the moment and receive the wrong Lottie, who kissed her with a genuine warmth, and, after a glance of admiration at the city beauty, said:—

"You were very kind to remember me, Dora; we were not much acquainted at school; there were so many girls more like you that I never dreamed I hadn't dropped out completely."

Dora smiled and said, "Oh, no!" perfunctorily, and then invited Lottie upstairs to take off her things. Coming down before her guest, she found Eustace still in the drawing-room.

"Well?"

"Well," he returned, and the two looked at each other with curiosity.

"Did you ever see such a foolish creature?" she asked; "blushing when she talked to me. It's altogether ridiculous."

"I never saw your greatest swells thank you for anything with more grace than she did for this courtesy which was not meant. It made me feel cheap enough."

"I can stand that," retorted Dora, with an uncomfortable shrug. She was not quite sure how much of this Eustace meant, and that he was not trying to put her up to her duty by a show of enthusiasm that he was far from feeling. The young man, possibly ashamed of this same enthusiasm, had walked off to the window, where he stood looking out, and his next remark was about something in the street.

The first day there was only one guest at dinner, Major Lockwood. Dora was glad of no more, though, in the matter of criticism, the major was as bad as any dozen. If he felt inclined he would quiz poor Lottie unmercifully; only, as he would, of course, do it in a gentlemanly way, she would not understand him. Dora thought that he had begun the process already as he looked at the stranger and spoke a few words to her. As Lottie was about to answer there came one of those sudden lulls in conversation, and Dora was amused and annoyed as she saw how the consciousness of uttering her triviality to the ears of the company brought the color to the poor girl's face. "Such a goose!" thought Dora, not mollified because a blush was certainly becoming to her guest, and she was not really making herself ridiculous unless it were so to be a little embarrassed by the sound of her own voice among strangers.

The major must have been amused, for he spoke to her several times and watched her closely as he did so. Lottie might not have perceived this, but Dora, who knew his ways, saw that his attention was held. She was inwardly angry to have any one at the table whom Major Lockwood did not find up to his high standard of elegance.

In the evening that gentleman, as his habit was, strolled up to the piano while Dora was playing. In the pauses of the music he said, in an undertone, as he was placing a sonata for her:—

"Where did you get hold of that young lady? She is very unique. She is charming, you know, but I don't quite understand her *rôle*. It seems to be saying just what she means. Who is she? I promise you I'll not breathe a word of it."

"She is just what she seems," returned

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Dora. She struck her first chord hastily, afraid of yielding to the temptation of justifying her taste before this critic, who, however politely he might speak to her, was, she perceived, full of amusement, and only waiting to mimic the rustic Lottie until he should leave the house where she was a guest. Even after Dora had begun to play, her fingers lingered on the keys while she struggled with her desire to tell how the matter stood. But in another moment she had struck the next chord and drowned the temptation in music.

"She is not handsome," pursued Major Lockwood, when the sonata was finished, glancing cautiously toward the stranger, "yet she looks amiable; but Miss Holbrook must never be cruel enough to sit beside her." Dora laughed and the speaker smiled complacently. He always had the good taste to appreciate his own skill, and he liked to have Miss Holbrook appreciate it too, while he was making up his mind whether he should ask her to consider him all in all as a fine fellow, worthy of her. "Holbrook seems to find her attractive," he added.

This time Dora's white teeth gleamed for a moment between her smiling lips. She was so amused at the idea of poor Eustace making a martyr of himself. It was comparatively easy now, but when her own Lottie should come, — the Lottie whom he had admired, and who exacted all homage, he would be at her feet at once, and her namesake must shift for herself. Meanwhile Dora could be amused.

Lottie was listening now to Mrs. Holbrook, and talking in a way that showed her interest. Eustace was listening to both with surprise. He had never found his mother especially interesting in conversation, but now, although he had heard before the very things she was saying, there seemed a certain freshness about them. Where did it come from? Hardly from Miss White, who spoke with no bright air of wit, and whose subject was not only not deeply treated, but one incapable of depth. She was speaking of every-day things that happened in her own home, not by any means opening her heart to strangers, but only telling of the town she lived in: what varieties of architecture and color were found there side by side; how many of the people vegetated in that quiet place, yet how political affairs stirred the spirit slumbering in them, or how any unusual event to one of their number called out their sympathies or their rejoicings, as the case might be. It was nothing new, yet it had the perennial freshness of truth. But with Lottie there was more than mere statement. Eustace could not tell where the power in her simple words lay, but if she spoke of a view he seemed to see it; if she told of any incident the actors in it were as living to him as he believed they could be to her. There are people that, into whatever posture they put themselves, unconsciously suggest to the beholders a picture that it would be pleasant to have at hand. To pass a day with them is like walking through a gallery of portraits; even the face seems to change, so much does it vary to preserve its harmony with the many moods of the figure. And Lottie was picturesque in language. She was so unconscious of her own gift that, as she claimed nothing, most of her hearers failed to perceive why it was that they listened to her more attentively than to other people. Eustace noticed also that her complexion was very delicate, and that it certainly owed nothing to art. Yet as he listened he wondered why Miss White seemed to be enjoying herself. Did she really like this quiet talk? Was it tact, or did she like to please Mrs. Holbrook, as she evidently was doing? But perhaps what he wondered most about was why he stayed himself, when for the last half hour he had been on the point of forging an engagement to escape. Being of a sufficiently analytic turn to suit the fashion of the day he at last discovered that it was because he was studying a creature of a new species, and was as absorbed in it as a naturalist would be in a new kind of butterfly, — only this was not of the butterfly order, — and that it would cease to interest when it was properly classified.

The next day he met the major at the club.

"Where did your sister pick up her unique little friend, if I may ask?" began the latter.

"They were school-mates, I believe," returned Holbrook, less desirous than Dora to tell the facts about the matter.

"Ah, yes, I see! She has fine eyes, though she does want to look through one."

"They've not found her out yet," he said to Dora that night, when several strangers had been introduced to the guest, and had evidently puzzled over her a little.

"Wait until the other Lottie comes," retorted Dora. "You see," she added, "this girl doesn't know anybody; that's the trouble."

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"She really knows a good many things."

"Oh, that doesn't count among us! And she always comes out with her ignorance so hopelessly. Why doesn't she keep quiet about it, and let people take things for granted?"

"Isn't she quiet enough?"

"Perhaps so, at wrong times."

"You're a fastidious hostess, Dora."

"Any more so than you at heart? But you astonish me, Eustace; you really do better than I had any idea you could, and take her off my hands a good deal. She's not dowdy, however; she hasn't anything to wear worth looking at, to be sure, but what little she has is so very quiet one can't get hold of much to criticise."

"Valuable lesson to us on what one is saved by not pretending," said Eustace, with a smile not all mirthfulness.

"Fiddlesticks!" retorted Dora, "we don't pretend—if you mean that—we *are*."

"We are — what?" muttered Eustace as he walked away, his mind occupied for full five minutes with the girl who wouldn't let people take for granted things that were not true, but were to her advantage. "I don't suppose such silence would be of the kind Carlyle recommends," he mused. Then he met a friend in the horse-car, and, as they began to talk about shares in the Bonanza Railroad, Lottie was forgotten.

It was a week before Lottie number two arrived, and in that time the first one had not fallen into the place that Dora had intended for her, — something that of an inoffensive companion who is thankful for a few words of petting in private, and expects to see others full of engagements and paying visits in which she has no share. Dora had no idea of putting things in this way, only of acting as if they were so. It was her theory that a great deal may be done where nothing is said, and she had been sure that Lottie would never know. She did not know, else in spite of the earnest invitation she had received to stay a month she would have packed her trunk within the hour. The strange part of it was that Dora couldn't do this thing, and she could not see why not. Lottie had a sunny temper and too much faith in her friend to dream that Dora could slight a guest. Twice she had stayed at home from some entertainment to which Dora had gone, but it had been wholly by her own choice. For Lottie was not at all meek, and her hostess, with her superb wardrobe and her elegant manner, did not awe her in the least. She gave Dora's Paris dresses an admiration that would have satisfied the most exacting owner, and wore her own simple ones beside them with an unruffled mind; and, more than this, Dora knew that in them Lottie looked as much like a lady as herself. As to treating her with that easy patronage that Miss Holbrook had counted upon, the thing was impossible. Her Lottie would know what to do, however; she always did. Dora looked forward to her coming. Eustace was still doing bravely, but his sister remembered that his ordeal was in the future.

Suddenly, one day, the house seemed fuller, the sunlight seemed to find its way in less freely; probably because a woman, tall and very graceful, with an inexplicable sense of presence about her, stood often at the windows gazing into the broad street that, situated in the finest part of the city, looked upon a public park as on a beautiful pleasure-ground. Even now it had its attractions in its well-kept paths; its spaces of untrodden snow; its avenues alive with children, whom their nurses made a feint of looking after, but allowed to enjoy themselves as they pleased; its bare trees, showing delicate tracery against the sky; its shrubs marking faint shadows on the snow; its English sparrows flying about, twittering, busy in finding their dinners, and for that purpose keeping watch on the children who scattered the crumbs of their luncheons with generous hands. But it was not these things that the new figure stood at the window to watch. There were always carriages passing and people whom she knew or wanted to hear about. Dora was in a state that she called happiness. Lottie did not disturb herself at all, for she had seized upon a novel of Turgenieff, and was spending her day in the corner, as much out of sight as possible, not to be interrupted; but it seemed to her that her hostess had suddenly lost her security and become full of anxiety. In short, a new atmosphere pervaded the whole house, for the other Lottie had arrived.

She and Dora were upstairs all of the morning, and the new-comer did not fail to instruct her friend as to the best way of behaving to the interloper, as Lottie was instantly called by her.

"I should do thus and so," she said, emphasizing her utterance by a nod which, if it could, would have swayed the affairs of the world with equal confidence and equal decision. "You were foolish not to write to her what a stupid thing she had

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done. She'll not put on airs with me, though, that's certain."

"But she doesn't put on airs," answered Dora. "You could put those down as easily as a toy balloon, by a prick; she only tells exactly the truth, no matter what it may be, — not like the ridiculous things children say, of course, — but you'll see fast enough. It's like being under a perfect glare of daylight all the time. She won't meddle with our dear little illusions, won't be rude; but she sees them all, you're sure, and takes her revenge by refusing to practise any herself." As Dora fell into silence she was aware of a sharp prick of conscience. She had been led away by the presence of her friend into saying more than she meant. The despised Lottie trusted her and liked her, and as for revenge Dora was not sure that the girl was incapable of that, but she was sure that so far she had never dreamed of it. She knew that it was only the reality in Lottie which sometimes made her conscious in an uncomfortable way of the pretence in herself.

The subject of all this determination unexpectedly found that it was growing dark in her corner, and that it was time to dress for dinner. She left the drawing-room as her namesake came down superbly dressed.

Again Major Lockwood was at dinner, and there were two other guests also, whom the new-comer had met before, — a friend of Mrs. Holbrook, who had been persuaded to stay, and a college-mate whom Eustace had picked up, as he phrased it, and brought along with him. Lottie T., whom Dora had nicknamed "Lottine," glanced up from her soup, her eyes by prearranged chance falling upon Lottie.

"How strange it is, Miss White," she began, "that, though we went to school together, I haven't the slightest recollection of you. Dora had to spend half an hour — it must have been — recalling you to me this morning. There were so many girls, you recollect, and I knew only a very few." If ever tone expressed speaker's conviction that the person addressed should go below the salt, these soft, drawling accents did it. Lottie looked away from Eustace Holbrook, to whom she had been listening at the moment, and turned a clear glance upon the speaker. Dora thought that she did not feel the force of the words, for she did not seem to have taken the hint to mentally retire to the inferiority designated for her. Her flush came from being compelled to answer across the table a remark that had arrested everybody's attention.

"There's nothing more natural than that you should not recollect me," she said. "I remember that you had few associates, and they were all rich girls. I was one of the poorest."

Lottine took a hasty swallow of soup, then she rallied.

"Naturally they were of that class," she retorted, unable to keep her anger from eye and cheek, and striving to deny it by a tremulous scorn in her tone.

"Very naturally," returned Lottie, with an absolute calmness inexpressibly exasperating until one reflected that she was too stupid to mean, or even to know, what she had said. It was this thought which helped to restore tranquillity to Lottine's quivering nerves even while she was resolving that in future she would be careful how she provoked a person who carried a blunderbuss. Lottie had already turned back to Eustace, who finished the account he was giving of a hunting-party in the Adirondacks. He talked somewhat more rapidly than usual, to keep the muscles of his face from behaving in an unseemly manner. Major Lockwood ate his dinner more silently than his wont; he was pondering the same question that agitated his fair neighbor, and he did not find it so easy to settle.

Later, when they were in the drawing-room, Lottine found herself beside Holbrook. Whether the finding was one of those easy renderings that come to things looked for was a question no one tried to solve. She perceived that Eustace was not less handsome than before, but that his manners had somewhat deteriorated; he was not so attentive. As to doing his duty by the interloper, which Dora had told her about, it was absurd. As they stood together in the recess of the window Lottine looked up at him. Perhaps he had followed her there; she was a woman that no man who saw could forbear admiring. Now, as she stood beside him, he noticed that her shoulders sloped just enough; that her figure was faultless; that her rich silk, the color of the sea wave just before it breaks into foam, suited her complexion perfectly; that her fair hair in soft rings on her forehead twisted itself at her shapely neck into a stranded rope of beauty that drew many a heart out after it. Her blue eyes had a touch of reproach in them,

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it might have been their long lashes that added the pensiveness.

"You did not seem to care for seeing me insulted," she began; and the pout made her lips look still more brilliant.

"Insulted!" he answered; "you use too strong a word. I am sure no one dreamed of such a thing."

"You've people here, then, who do things without dreaming, and that's the way I believe it really was. The girl is dull, isn't she now? You have a good chance of knowing, for I have heard of your chivalrous effort at atonement." And the speaker shrugged her beautiful shoulders and laughed almost inaudibly.

But although Eustace heard the sound, he did not see the shrug; he was looking to find whether Lottie seemed dull. She was certainly a great contrast to the young lady beside him, for nobody could call her even handsome, and she never gave that sense of presence which her namesake did, only in an indescribable way things fell more into harmony. Just now she was looking up at Major Lockwood, who had sauntered up to her, and Eustace thought that the smile with which she answered his remark was far from dull. But even while he was looking at her face it grew grave again; he saw the major look a little perplexed at the gravity, then smile and go on talking with renewed interest, and while his companion was speaking to him Eustace felt a great curiosity to know what they were talking about. But he resigned himself to his inevitable ignorance, and soon grew interested in Lottine's bright remarks; nobody could accuse her of being dull.

After a time they seated themselves on the sofa at hand. Eustace's classmate sauntered up, and the three grew merry together. Dora and the major fell into conversation, and Lottie was left alone. But not for a long time, for, to her great surprise, Mr. Holbrook, with his evening paper in his hand, came across the room and seated himself beside her. She was more surprised than pleased, for the old gentleman was not a favorite; privately she had nicknamed him "Sir Oracle," because he always seemed to her to be feeling "When I ope my lips let no dog bark," and though Lottie was not a barker, she liked to feel that she was free to use her voice if she wished. However, she greeted Mr. Holbrook with a smile, thinking that he was much kinder than she had given him credit for being, to notice that she was alone, and to come to talk with her. He seated himself in the cushioned chair beside hers, and remained looking across the room for a moment in silence.

"Was it snowing when you came in?" asked Lottie, choosing a safe subject with which to break the pause.

"No, it had cleared," he answered, his eyes still fixed upon the opposite Miss White. "She's a beautiful woman," he added, in an undertone, this time turning to his companion and making sure that her gaze followed the direction of his and saw the devotion with which Eustace was listening to the sallies of the new guest.

"Yes," answered the girl mechanically, ashamed that the face which she was now seeing almost in profile should not please her as much as it did all others, — "yes, she is very handsome, and very bright."

"Beyond question she is. Of all the young ladies I have ever seen she is the one I have selected for a daughter, and, from appearances, my son is of the same opinion."

"Yes," said Lottie. After a moment's pause, she added, "Dora told me about it."

"About what?"

"The engagement, is it? I'm not sure of it."

"Engaged, are they?" queried the father, turning full upon Lottie with an expression of great interest. "Has it really come to that, and he's never told me, the sly dog? I'll let him see what I think of such respect to his father." The laugh that accompanied this speech was one of such satisfaction and purpose that Lottie cried eagerly: —

"Oh, pray, pray don't, from anything I've said, Mr. Holbrook. I don't know anything about it, really."

"Then what did you say it for?"

"I didn't. I only asked you if that was what you meant. Dora didn't say so to me. She only said her brother was very much attracted, and that she believed Miss White was interested, too. I have never asked a question about it until now, and that was only because you spoke so confidently."

"No more so than I feel," returned Mr. Holbrook. "The idea suits me perfectly; I felt like getting sympathy about it, so I came to you. You strike me as rather a sympathetic little person."

"Thank you," returned Lottie, grateful that she need say nothing more at the moment. Mr. Holbrook talked on about his son and Miss White, her beauty, her wealth, position and wit, and Lottie listened

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or dreamed, answering in monosyllables. She was sure that Eustace Holbrook and Miss White were of no special interest to her; but there is something a trifle depressing in the part of mere spectator when anything of importance is going on, and this feeling is not necessarily the result of a desire to take the place of one of the actors; it may be only vague desire for action, and vague horror in anticipation of being shelved from any of the affairs of life.

It was a long time before Lottie went to sleep that night. She was thinking of the scene at dinner, and of other things, and wondering if it would not be better for her to go home at once. But what excuse could she make? Besides, she was not one of the people who put a hand to the plough and look back. As to complaining, was not the furrow an easy one?

The next evening Eustace came up to her as she was sitting in the drawing-room with her book. Mrs. Holbrook was deep in the evening paper. Dora and Miss White had not yet come down.

"Do you forget us all in your novel?" he asked, dropping into a chair beside her.

"Oh, no!" she answered, closing the book upon her finger, as if, should he weary of conversation, she still had her thoughts upon her resource.

"I have never asked you how you like Major Lockwood," he went on. "I saw him talking to you last evening as if he were enjoying himself; and you seemed well entertained, too."

She looked up at him suddenly, with a paleness in her face.

"Did you hear what I was talking to him about?" she asked.

"Not a word of it."

"He came up to me and asked how I could be so cruel at dinner." Lottie was not repeating the whole speech, for the Major had added "and so effective; that was a hit." "And I am very sorry that I answered at all," she went on, looking earnestly at her listener, tears standing in her eyes, though they did not fall. "I did not know then."

"You didn't know what?"

She flushed deeply.

"How she stands in regard to—the family."

"How does she stand?"

Lottie looked down and clasped one hand over the other nervously.

"If I should express it as they would where I came from," she answered, "I should say that it was none of my business."

"I won't say that," he returned. "Tell me."

She glanced up at him with a face in which shyness mingled with mirth.

"Did you ever hear of the curate that mounted his mare?" she began. "He was a jolly old fellow, and from his adventure I should suppose inclined to soliloquy. He was going to the fair; perhaps he went through country lanes; on the way he grew hungry and thirsty, and had the good fortune, as he thought it, to spy a mulberry-tree loaded with delicious fruit. He stopped, stood up in the saddle and began to eat with satisfaction, reflecting that he was as safe as if on the ground, but that when he chose to say 'Hey' the mare would go on again as briskly as ever. But, alas! he shouted out his 'Hey,' on went the mare, and the curate landed in the wild-briar bush at the foot of the tree." Lottie's smile had a little sparkle in it as she sat silent.

"You mean you won't tell me," said Eustace.

"'Too late he remembered, on his thorny green bed,
Much may be thought cannot wisely be said,'"

she quoted.

"I know what you mean," he said. "You mean you think that I am going to marry Miss White."

"So your father told me very decidedly last night," she answered, "and your sister has intimated the possibility more than once. I see nothing to contradict it. But last night I forgot for the moment" —

The rustle of silk was heard on the stairs, for the drawing-room door was open. Eustace had seemed to be pondering deeply. At this sound, however, he raised his head and said to Lottie in a hurried undertone: —

"It's quite possible that I shall marry Miss White if she will have me. Have you read her closely enough to know that?" He glanced at Lottie, and his eyes fell as he sat waiting for her answer, while in spite of his earnest tones a smile hovered about his lips and disappeared only when he set them sternly.

"I can't tell," said Lottie, "and I wouldn't if I could. I'm not the one to ask."

As Lottine came into the room Eustace rose, walked over to meet her, and led her to a chair. She entirely absorbed his attention for the evening, and no victim ever seemed more willing in his bondage.

Frances C. Sparhawk.

[To be continued.]

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A YACHT RACE OFF CITY POINT.

I AM an enthusiastic admirer of yachting, and, having received an invitation to be present at one of our recent regattas, I strolled over to City Point, Boston, one bright day during the past summer, to see a race that promised to be one of the great events of the year in aquatic circles. My purpose was only to witness the race; but meeting a friend who was the owner of one of the finest yachts in the fleet, who urged me strongly to join him as a passenger on his yacht which was entered in the race, I accepted his kind invitation.

A brisk breeze was blowing from the eastward; the day was bright and clear; the course was a good one, starting from off Thompson's Island down the channel, passing Ram's Head on starboard, Faun Bar buoys on port, out through Broad Sound, to Egg Rock, Harding's, Bell buoy, and homeward through the main ship-channel, a distance of twenty-five miles.

As the time of the start was close at hand, I stepped with my friend at once into his gig, and after a sharp row, I soon found myself aboard the good Yacht *L*, one of the fastest in the harbor, a keel sloop, thirty-six feet two inches on the water line, drawing six feet of water, and sailed by the owner himself, with an amateur crew. This is an uncommon thing at the present time, I am sorry to say, of yachts of her size. Owners, as a rule, lose all confidence in their own judgment, when they are intent on winning a race; the thought of sailing against others who have a regular experienced salt for a skipper, frightens them.

At the time of our boarding the yacht her mainsail and gaff-topsail were hoisted and lazily flapping in the wind, as she lay at her moorings. The preparatory gun was soon fired for yachts intending to enter the race to get into line. We dropped our moorings, hoisted our jib, and reached our intended position, when we lowered our jib and dropped our anchor. As the start was to be from anchor, we made fast the road line to our tender, while three men stood ready to give us a good send-off, by running with the line from stem to stern; two others stood ready at the jib-halyards to hoist as soon as the signal was given to get under way.

While we are waiting for the gun that is to summon us on our course, let me give a description of our crew. First of all, our captain, the owner, — a stalwart, genial fellow of about five feet ten inches, ready for all kinds of weather as well as all kinds of sport, with a face bronzed with many salt-water cruises. He was dressed in true modern yachting style, flannel shirt of gray mixture, and knee-breeches of the same stuff, while thick, brown bicycle stockings and yachting shoes decorated his feet and legs, and a light, gray base-ball cap adorned his head. The crew were five in number, all gentlemen, amateurs, and enthusiastic lovers of the sport. Their names were John, Tom, Charles, James, and Dick. John taking the lead in knowledge of sailing and handling a yacht, and in this knowledge the others followed as their names appear.

The four yachts that were to be our competitors were all of about our size, and lay all in a direct line to windward of the fleet; beside us came the *N*, then *E*, and the *S*, and directly in our wake, or perhaps a little to the leeward, were ten or a dozen smaller yachts. There is no more charming sight than this: a whole fleet of yachts lying with their noses pointed up into the wind, their sails angrily flapping, and all straining at their anchor lines. Each seems a thing of life, like a race-horse earnestly pawing the ground impatient to be set free that he may be gone on the course pointed out to him.

Bang! goes the gun, and all is excitement. Too much is going on aboard our own yacht for me to see others. John and Tom are hurriedly hoisting the jib, while Charles, James, and Dick walk the road line from stem to stern, bringing the yacht's nose around, so as to fill the sails. "Haul taut the jib!" and round jump Charles and James to give a hand to the jib-halyards, while Dick jumps into the standing-room to make fast the lee jib sheet. "Haul hard down, — make fast; — hard down, — main sheet, — take a turn," and off we go on the port tack. All hands go down on windward rail; the captain takes his position on the lee stern, his hands fast on the wheel, while the good yacht is ploughing the waters like a live creature.

Now, for the first time, we can give a thought to our competitors. Neither have gained much on the lead, and we all cry

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out in admiration of the handsome start. Our course is for Long Island head, but before reaching the end of Rainsford Island the *S* got a little in advance, closely followed by the *N*, while the *E. M.* was losing ground. Such are our positions, when half-way between Rainsford and Long Island, and finding ourselves taken by the tide, we think it better to lay on the other tack. "Ready about; hard-a-lee!" All hands jump to the windward while John clears the jib, Charles hauls on the jib-sheet, and Dick looks after the main. "All hands hard down on windward rail," and we are off on the other tack, headed towards Ram's Head buoy. The wind is now blowing fresh, and we have all we want.

"What boats are these astern of us?" "What is that boat doing way down to leeward?" "See how the *B* is drawing on to *C*," cry our crew as we go skimming along.

"Give another hitch at the top-sail-halyards," calls our captain, while John, in answer to the command, takes a turn at the capstan, on which he has placed the top-sail-halyard.

"There! that will do," says the captain.

"I think that is a happy idea of mine," says John; "four men could not have pulled on that topsail and budged her an inch."

The other boats have now taken our tack, and although we seem ahead, they being so far to windward, have held their positions as when we left them. Not a sound is heard for half an hour, except the water rushing by our bow, when, "Right about! Hard-a-lee!" sings out our captain. Over jump all the boys, the sheets are trimmed, and we go on the other tack.

"Too much tide; I shall have to get out of this soon," says the captain; then all is quiet once more. We are now closing up with the other boats of the fleet, which have tacked sooner than we. Here are the *S. B.* and *E* of the other class, a closely matched pair. At first the *S. B.* has the advantage, by keeping close in by Governor's Island. She is a centre-board, draws little water, and can skim along close in-shore, but soon she gets into the strong tide, thus losing the advantage she had gained, and letting the *E* gain the lead and cross her bows.

Here at Ram's Head buoy we take another hitch on the starboard tack, and still another to port, before we can pass the buoy. The *S* is the first to pass, closely followed by the *N* and ourselves, but a little later the *E* and *S. B.* of the other class, following. Now our course is straight for Egg Rock, a long pull to the windward, while we leave the other class to go on the other tack on their course. We three boats, *S*, *N*, and ourselves, are not far apart, and the same position is kept that we had in passing Ram's Head. Our boat being keel, we had rather a disadvantage over the other two boats, they being centre-boards; on this windward course it was a long hitch. A heavy sea is running, which makes our good boat plunge her nose under and throw the spray all over us.

A man who never was in a race knows nothing of the excitement attendant thereon. Every nerve is strained to give the good yacht all the push we can; our sheets were trimmed as flat as could be to draw well. Every man kept his position, and not a lisp was heard, as though even the sound of our voices might retard the boat's progress.

After a good sail of more than an hour we reached the Nahant shore. The *S* had made the turn for Egg Rock not more than twenty boat's lengths ahead of us, while the *N* passed our bow as she turned to go on the other tack, and, when we turned, was not more than six lengths in the lead; while the schooner *T*, which had given us no concern, was fifteen minutes in our rear, and the *E. M.* a long distance behind. We rounded Egg Rock in good shape, lustily cheered by the good family at the light-house. Now the long run for Harding's. "Ease off main sheet!" The captain orders "Balloon-jib," and by the aid of John, Tom, Charles, and James, the jib was soon rigged and hoisted, and we were virtually flying through the water. Setting the jib in a sea-way is no light task, and one that would make the land-lubber shudder — to see the man on the end of the bowsprit, buckling the jib on the stay while at every roll of the sea he is plunged up to his waist, and as the boat rises, comes out dripping. Now the boys may sit on the house, and the cabin-doors may be opened, for no longer is it necessary to hug the deck in order not to hinder the progress of the boat by offering their backs as hindrance to the wind; but now the more the obstacles which may be offered to the wind the faster we are pushed on our course. Dick, who has remained very quiet all this time, feeling the vacancy caused by running past his dinner-hour, suggests that we

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have something to eat, and disappears into the cabin. The captain has called James to the wheel to take his place, and well has he earned this respite, for who ever heard of a keel holding her own to the windward with a couple of first-class centre-boards?

"See how we are gaining on the *S* and *N*!" says our captain, and while we are looking he cries, "What has happened to the *N*? What is she luffing up into the wind for? Boys, she has carried away her top-mast! There it hangs in splinters, but held up by her stays. She must give up the race now, surely, and now our only antagonist is the *S*. No — she is coming around in the wind again." "Luff her!" cries our captain.

"Luff her!" cries Charles. "See our top-mast!" Indeed, our balloon-jib was too much strain, our windward stay preventer had parted at the blocks, and our top-mast was bending like a whip. We came around into the wind just in time to save it.

"In with balloon and up with jib!" is the order from the captain. Four men hustle in the balloon as fast as men can work in a seaway; another has repaired the stay. Up goes the jib, and once more we are on our course. All this takes time, and ten minutes are lost. It is hard luck, for the time we lost in our repairs allows the schooner *T*, which was some distance astern, to crawl up with us and pass us soon after to leeward.

"Where is the *N*? Ah! there she is on our starboard bow; she is standing once more on her course, although her top-mast is hanging by a splinter. How can she carry top-sail with that top-mast? Surely, only her stays are holding it now; wait till she comes to tack, then it must certainly go by the boards."

It is a pity we had to take in our balloon; we were actually humming before the accident occurred, and we should have shown our rival our heels, for our keel was a great advantage now, in this heavy sea with wind abeam. The schooner was leaving us fast, for this run was her great lay of all others in the course, — a run with the wind over beam.

Charles now made his appearance from the cabin with his hands full of hard-tack and lambs' tongues, which are quickly snatched from him, and he, poor fellow, is left without a thing to stay his famished soul. Once more into the cabin he goes, and comes not forth again until his lunch is finished.

While we drink to the success of our boat and the good health of her captain, James, at the wheel is heard from. "I'll bet cigars for the crowd that we beat the *S*. We are gaining on her every minute, and when we turn Harding's, our run will be free, and we can beat her sure." Although we all doubt of so great a success as that, we want the cigars, and Charles takes him up. We were about a mile from the *S* when she rounded Harding's, and the *N* was about the same distance astern of us. It was soon our turn to round. To ease off sheets, and boom out jib, was short work and we were soon running before the wind with good speed. Boston Light was soon passed, thence Bug Light on our starboard and Fort Warren on port. Here we eagerly watched the *N* turning Harding's, expecting every minute to see the top-mast give way; but no, some miracle it must be to allow a boat to keep her top-sail drawing with a broken top-mast. Our course was right up main channel to starting-point. When reaching Long Island the *S* was off Fort Independence, and not long after we heard the gun announcing her crossing the line. We were flying now, and it seemed but a very short time before bang! goes the gun, telling us that our race was finished. We go at once to pick up our anchor, our hearts brimming over with joy as the knowledge dawns on us that we have taken a prize. A more delighted party you never saw.

After doing all I could to assist in cleaning the yacht, I bid my friend and his jolly crew good-by, step into the gig, and am soon once more on *terra firma*, the happiest of amateurs.

Peleg Aborn.

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THAT DINNER.

THE Commodore sat before his tent, enjoying his after-breakfast cigar and watching the Snake, who was busily engaged in scouring a frying-pan.

"Snake," he asked at length, "may I inquire what that article is that you are using so effectively in your cleansing operations?"

"That," replied the Reptile, as he regarded with an air of affectionate interest a disk about two inches thick by eighteen in diameter, — "that is one of Tarantula's flapjacks. I did use it for a while a piece of pumice-stone; but this is more durable, you know, and Sob doesn't dare to eat it."

"And what," asked the chief, "is that dark mass that you use for an anchor?"

"That," returned Snake, "is one of Henrietta's omelets."

"Who are your cooks for the dinner to which I am invited this afternoon?"

"Tarantula and Henrietta," replied Snake, regarding with regret a slight abrasion in the flapjack made by the edge of the frying-pan.



A lawyer was summoned from the Knickerbockers' tent and the Commodore's affairs arranged. He then inquired anxiously for an agent of an accident insurance company, who had been prowling about camp; but the agent suspected the terrible nature of the risk, and had fled. Finally, the Commodore hauled down his flag, deputed his subordinate to conduct the nightly "pirate hunts," and placed his limbs under the Mohicans' mahogany. Two hours later a feeble figure in a policeman's helmet and gold lace crept to the Commodore's tent, and with faltering hand raised the official flag. The chief had escaped, but at what a cost! Never again would he be "as young as he used to be."

That is the way the Commodore tells the story, and that is human gratitude.

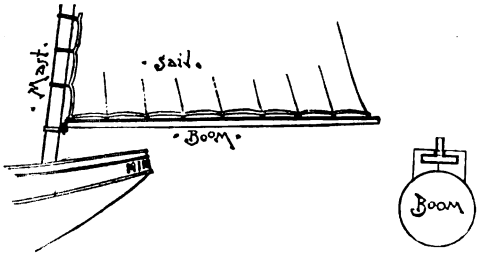
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THE YAWL-RIG.

As a matter of practical interest to yachtsmen, I have been asked to give some information about the yawl-rig, derived from actual experience. In one instance, at least, after trial, this rig has been abandoned for that of a cutter, and I have been informed that it was because it was found impossible to keep the mizzen-sail full by the wind. I have observed that in other cases the same trouble has been experienced, and in sailing in a stiff breeze by the wind, I have observed that the mizzen is frequently furled, and the yacht sailed under the main-sail and head-sails only. The reason of this is, I have no doubt, that the mizzen-sail is improperly fitted with spars suited to keep the sail in trim to do good service when close-hauled. Although we derive this rig from the English, it does not follow that we must necessarily copy all the details of English yachts in fitting it to our class of boats. Quite the contrary. I affirm from actual experiment that the English method of rigging the mizzen-sail is faulty, in that it does not develop the full capacity of the sail by the wind. I am sure that a properly fitted mizzen-sail will enable the yacht to sail almost as close to the wind as a cutter or sloop-rig, and quite a half point nearer than when fitted in the English fashion. I speak, of course, of the arrangement of spars and rigging of the mast, and not of the mere fit of the sail. In the first place it must be understood that the efficiency of this sail depends in a far greater degree than with any other upon the ability to keep and trim it perfectly flat by the wind. The main-sail of a yawl is so much larger and loftier that it will back the wind out of the mizzen when the latter is allowed to bag or sag away only a very few inches from the proper position. For instance, the sagging away of the latter six inches will render it practically valueless, especially in a strong breeze, when, if it were kept up to place, it would be rap full of wind, and doing good work.

As the English rig the mizzen-sail with small yachts, they use very little standing rigging for the mizzen-mast. Again, they use a sail loose on the foot, hauling it out to the end of the boom. And, lastly, they use a yard for the head of the sail, in place of the gaff. In these particulars their arrangment of the rig is practically defective. It allows the sail to sag away so much as to greatly impair its efficiency, and prevents the yacht being sailed as near to the wind as she ought to go. In the first place, the mizzen-mast should be well and solidly stayed, so that it cannot yield or bend to leeward. Next, a loose-footed sail, hauled out to the end of the boom, should never be used. I have a mizzen-sail on my yacht which I attempted to set in that way. Just as soon as it began to breeze up the sail began to shake, and became of no practical value, because the end of the boom sprung up under the strain on its outer end, and the only alternative was to keep the yacht off, to fill the sail, and even then it did not fill rap full.

To remedy this, I provided a slide-way on top of the boom, and attached slides to the foot of the sail, which travel on the



slide-way, say about a foot apart from each other. This cured the evil, and enabled the sail to do its work when by the wind. The slide-way, of course, allows the sail to be hauled in, exactly as if it were loose on the foot, in the English fashion. If the mizzen-sail be a small one it may be made fast directly to the boom, but it can be made to set much better with the slide-way. The sketch shows a cross section of the boom, slide-way, and a slide, as I use them. The slide-way can be well filled with slush, and two men can then haul out a sail thirty feet on the foot with ease. The slide-way is of oak riveted through the boom, and the two halves of the slide-way riveted cross-ways together throughout their entire length. The sketch also shows the foot of the sail as attached to the boom with the slides. In the last place, I can-

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not conceive why a yard should be used for the head of a sail instead of a gaff. The latter has been adopted on all other lower after sails, and why not for the mizzen-sail? The yard can sag away, on one tack at least, enough to allow the sail to shake when close-hauled, while the gaff, having its minor end embracing the mast, cannot sag away at that point at all, as it must not do, if the mizzen is to be kept full. A gaff can also be set up so as to trim the sail flatter than with a yard.

Properly provided with spars, as indicated, the mizzen can be kept full and doing its work with the yacht nearer the wind than an Englishman ever dreamed of sailing a yawl. It can also be reefed as easily as with the English rig. In heavy weather it will perform its work as well as in lighter airs, and when under reefs it will drive the vessel to windward, in a sea, close-hauled, faster than can be done by furling the mizzen and sailing under the mainsail and head sails. The reason of this is obvious. When reefs are taken, the after sail is usually reduced or shortened in at the after end, and the after end of the sail is what drives the yacht to windward. Consequently, the ability of the vessel to go to windward is impaired by taking reefs. Not so with the yawl-rig. Taking reefs in the main and mizzen-sails still leaves the latter away aft, and leaves the ability of the yacht to go to windward quite unaffected. Sailing a yawl-rig in a strong breeze, with the mizzen furled, instead of with a reef in both main and mizzen, is, therefore, equally unscientific and unsailorlike. It should never be attempted where it is desired to work to windward. In a strong breeze and sea there is no better rig to windward, properly handled.

David Hall Rice.

A CLOUDY DAWN.

THE lark, impatient of the morn,
On soaring wing forsakes the earth,
And blithely mounts the welkin heights,
To greet the dawning at its birth.

On slender poise, in scented cells,
The dew-drop sleeps within the rose;
While flowers that ope their bloom at night,
Beguiled, forget their shrines to close.

And star-eyed skies keep vigil still
O'er spell-bound earth enwrapt in night,
Save where an incense seems to stir,
And fills the east with pallid light.

Belated comes the drowsy morn
O'er slumb'rous banks of misty gray;
For eastern torches, amber-tipt,
Burn dim, that beacon up the day.

But when the sun with flaming wand,
Waves back the stars, rolls back the dark,
Then down the shining shafts of light
Shall come again the morning lark.

J. M. Wetherell.

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THE bicycling season of 1884 has been notable in this country not only for the remarkable breaking of the records, but for the increasing favor of long-distance tours both in company and by single riders. The silent steed has penetrated into regions supposed to be impracticable for wheeling, and these tours are fertile in adventurous incident and healthful recreation. The most notable long-distance tour ever made on a bicycle is that of Mr. Thomas Stevens from San Francisco to Boston. An even more adventurous tour, which could be made in the winter or spring by some daring wheelman,— for it might be attended by not a little danger, — would be that from our southern boundary through our neighboring republic to the city of Mexico. There would be much good wheeling over the hard gravel of the Central Table-land, of a character much like that in Colorado, but there would be long stretches of impracticable roads, which would have to be walked over. We look to seeing this feat accomplished in the not-distant future, although it might be hardly advisable or safe to attempt it yet awhile.

* * *

THESE long-distance tours will year by year become more enjoyable with the improvement of the highways throughout this country. It is a young country yet, and the roads have, in most regions, been regarded as of minor importance. It must be recollected that, a century ago, the roads in England were as bad as are the average in this country, and that, too, in an age when all travel was by the highways. The improvement of roads has been a feature of the age of steam; the railway itself has caused a demand for better highways. Innovations in road-vehicles will call general attention to the need of "sand-papered" roads. The advent of the tricycle has given the bicycle a powerful ally to bring about the reform desired. With improved highways will come improved means of locomotion, and attention will be given to the prevention of injury to the road-beds by sharp horseshoes and by the steel tires of wagon-wheels. We believe that the rubber-tire of the 'cycle will ultimately be brought into use for all vehicles, and that horses will be shod with rubber. Wear and tear both of road and vehicles will thus be prevented. Perhaps fifty years hence all the roads throughout the country will be as fine as those of our best of city parks and of the Boston suburbs.

* * *

THE New York *Evening Post* recently called attention to a change in the habits of summer sojourners, as shown in the experience of the past season. The large summer hotels have either lost money, or have had greatly reduced profits, while everywhere smaller hotels, away from fashionable centres, have come into favor. This indicates that the day of the great caravansery, with its herding of multitudes for miscalled enjoyment, is past. While the change may be partly a matter of fashion, it indicates that American habits are undergoing a change in this respect, and that gregariousness has lost its charm for our pleasure-seekers. In place of the vast wooden box, with its desolate corridors and cell-like rooms, which has disfigured our sea-coast and our mountain valleys, a new style of hotel is coming into favor. It is more of the tavern-like character, cosey and comfortable, of pleasing architecture, and with tasteful, homelike appointments. These are found in mountain nooks, on the banks of secluded lakes, and upon romantic islands along the coast. Congenial companies frequent them, and, amid the genuine pleasures which their surroundings afford, the desire for congregating at famous resorts, where the display, the excitement, the elaborate dressing, and the prevalent dissipation afford anything but rest and recuperation, is yearly growing less. People are learning the value of true recreation. The law of natural selection will have its way in the choice of summer pleasures as in everything else.

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PLEASURE-TRAVEL has until recently been supposed to be confined strictly to the summer, the season closing peremptorily with the first of September. And, although on that day we still see our railway stations piled with mountains of baggage brought by the returning ones, the regular summer season is now well prolonged into the autumn. The great popular excursions to the mountains and to Niagara, at astonishingly cheap rates, attract multitudes to delight in the autumnal glories of the landscape. But pleasure-travel itself now knows no season. So great are the facilities provided for going somewhere at all times of the year that a class of perpetual tourists has been developed, who are all the time on the wing. Pleasure-travel in the winter has been primarily developed out of the needs of health-seekers. It is but a few years since it was esteemed necessary for invalids to go to Europe for the mild climate needed for their delicate systems in the winter-time, and the ocean voyage has been a terror to thousands. Then, after the war the South was turned to, and the orange groves of Florida, the pine woods of Georgia, and the mountain slopes of South Carolina, were resorted to, while the Pacific coast disclosed its charms. The invalids were followed by pleasure-seekers. There are multitudes who detest winter, and the thousands who are able flee from its rigors. There are business men in our Northern cities, who, instead of taking their vacation in the summer, leave their counting-rooms in the winter and seek the sunny South. Were it not the busy season this example would be more generally followed. Great preparations are now made for the accommodation of this winter pleasure-travel, by hotels and lines of transportation, and elaborate inducements for tourists are held out by railway and steamship lines. People flee before the northern blasts in every southern direction, and the passage of the birds now has a human accompaniment. To the Bermudas, to Nassau, and other spots in the Bahamas, to Cuba, to Jamaica, the tide is extending that formerly concentrated itself upon Florida. Lovely resorts are opening upon the Gulf shore not far from New Orleans. There are sheltered nooks in the valleys of the Rocky Mountains of New Mexico. Large but select excursions roll across the continent to the Pacific coast, equipped with every provision for comfort, not to return until spring-time returns. And now, for the first time, the winter tourist may penetrate by rail far down into the tropics, with sights as foreign as anything in Europe, until he reaches the Aztec capital. The Mexican table-land will one day contain some of the most attractive pleasure resorts on the continent, for the climate, with its pure, rare, and dry air, is one of the most sane and even in the world.

* * *

THE considerable number of canoeing accidents that have occurred this year, and the manner in which the sport has been attacked by the press on account of them, call for some comment.

The canoeist loves to compare his canoe to a spirited horse, feeling every touch with rein or spur, now in one mood and now in another, ever ready to respond to the will of his master, and after long communion coming to form but a second body with which that master may express his will in motion. The canoe *is* a spirited horse, though not a tricky one. She is no slow pacer for nerveless monk or timid woman, but a steed of mettle, requiring a firm hand and quick eye.

Now, the ways in which a man might abuse horsemanship (to carry our simile a little further) are precisely those in which canoeing has been abused of late with such sad results. Given a horse of the class mentioned, put on his back a man of good physique, and well trained in athletic exercises, but who has never seen a horse before, and what man so foolish as to cry out against riding, if the horse runs and the man is killed? Yet this is a precise analogue of the case of Mr. Conklin, with the fact added that a fall was, in his case, almost certain death, as he was no swimmer.

Again; let a man mount the steed who is subject to some constantly recurring physical infirmity, and if at some critical moment his hand relaxes on the rein and the horse is left to the guidance of his own fancy, bearing on his back a lifeless body, who so mad as to condemn riding as an exercise unsuited for all? Yet this was exactly the case at Springfield.

Finally; let the best horseman in the world mount his steed and attempt to ride him along a narrow plank over a deep ravine, or to scale some steep and rocky mountain-side, and who decries the sensible use of a horse because such abuse results in death? This last was a case analogous to that of Mr. Allen at Buffalo; and it is from the father of this gentleman that the best lesson on the whole matter comes to us.

To the inexperienced canoeist we may say, first, it is neither smart nor brilliant to risk your life for no good cause; second, the older canoeists will laugh at you, not because you cannot do as well as they, but because you attempt and fail; third, be contented to accept their advice and instruction, which they are always ready to give, and you will gain their respect and esteem, while you acquire proficiency in your favorite sport.

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A Canadian Experience.

MR. EDITOR: — My experience with a bicycle in Canada will, I know, be of benefit to the bicycling community. I went to Prince Edward Island last June, my bicycle following me as freight. The whole expense, including crate, as far as Charlottetown, where the Boston steamer lands, cannot, I think, have been more than $3. This is a much less troublesome way than to keep one's machine with one and fee all the baggage-masters on the route, which I should otherwise have been compelled to do, as I went by rail. My machine arrived in good condition at the railway-station nearest the little village where I was staying. I found Prince Edward roads utterly unfit for bicycling, and my bicycle rusted peacefully for the whole length of my stay. It was admitted free of duty by the sub-collector of the little port, upon my certifying that it was soon to return to the United States, only imported for transient use, etc. I sent it back in the same way, that is, as freight. All the tools were stolen from the bag, and the gong rattled loose from the rest of the bell, and would have been lost, if some benevolent soul had not tied it on again.

Shortly after I had left Prince Edward I received a letter from the sub-collector to the effect that the customs authorities at Ottawa had disallowed his entry, and would deduct the duties he had failed to collect from his salary, unless I was gentleman enough to pay them myself. So I sent him a check for the amount. Shortly before my return to Boston, a month later, I learned that the expressman had been utterly unable to extract the bicyle from the clutches of the U. S. custom-house, the officials of which demanded a kind of proof, he was unable to furnish, that the bicycle had been in the United States before. I made three visits to the custom-house, and finally had to appeal to Deputy-Collector Fiske himself, before I could get a permit started to get my bicycle from the public store-house. After the permit was started I had to go to eight or ten clerks' desks before the permit was completed, with its seven different stamps in green and red, and specimens of five different handwritings. I received at last the bicycle, after paying storage and fees; made one more visit to the custom-house for a certificate that it had been admitted free, sent this to Ottawa with some other papers, and have been informed that my duties will be refunded by the Dominion.

Now, brethren, read the moral of this story: —

1. On arriving in the Dominion make a deposit with the custom-house officer, as security that you will remove your bicycle at the end of your stay. He should — so I am informed by a customs officer in a much larger place of the Dominion — make no return to Ottawa of your bicycle, but merely, if inclined, demand such a deposit. Of course I am supposing that your bicycle does not accompany you as baggage In that case it would probably give you no more trouble than a trunk.

2. When sending your bicycle from the United States direct the expressman to go to the custom-house and make a "special clearance" of it. This piece of advice was given me by the steamship company.

3. Detach your tool-bag. *A Sufferer.*

Bicycling in Montana.

MR. EDITOR: — We have some capital cycling here in Montana. Indeed, some of the Eastern riders, who have penetrated our region, seem surprised at the number of our riders. In our city of Helena we have a club numbering eighteen members, all of whom are practical road-riders. We very much like supplying an Eastern visitor with a wheel and taking him out for a spin. Our roads average fairly well, quite as well as any Western roads, and our scenery is famed beyond need of my praise. I have made a run of eighty-five miles through some most picturesque and beautiful mountain country, of which I have pleasure in writing you. Early one September morning I left Helena for Sun River, away to the northward. My first twenty miles were over an easy prairie road, and I made eight miles an hour very comfortably indeed. After a short rest I remounted to ride for thirteen miles through the wondeful cañon of the Little Prickly

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Pear, whose cliffs rose perpendicularly above my head for a thousand feet. At noon some meddlers got hold of my machine while I was lunching, and I came out to find the wheels buckled. This detained me some little time before I began my two hours' run over the long, sloping foothills to Flat Creek Station. Here I stopped to have my tire tightened, and finally decided to pass the night, having made fifty-five miles in the day's run. My genial landlord asked me if I shouldn't like some grouse for supper. To my surprise, when I assented, he went into the house, brought out his double-barrelled shotgun, and, pointing to a hill-side at a little distance, said, "You'll find plenty of grouse over thar, stranger." It was a novel way of hotel-keeping, but I took kindly to the notion, and, shouldering the gun, tramped over the hills and brought back plenty of grouse both for my supper and breakfast.

Bright and early next morning I was off. I was obliged to walk four miles up the rugged Bird Tail divide, but was well repaid for my trouble by a delightful coast of nearly six miles on the farther side. From the end of my coast I had very easy pedalling to Fort Shaw, which was built sixteen years ago, when Indians were plentiful and troublesome here, and is to us quite an "old settlement." The old houses are of "doby," as we call the sun-dried bricks, or adobe. From Fort Shaw I had a short pull of four miles to my destination, — Sun River.

W.

A Woman's Club.

MR. EDITOR: — Can you tell me whether or not there is a woman's tricycling club in Boston similar to the one in New York mentioned in your magazine for April, 1884? *Cycline.*

[No such organization exists as yet, though they are a number of lady riders in Boston and its suburbs, and the club idea is beginning to be discussed among them. — EDITOR.]

Melancholy Wheelmen.

MR. EDITOR: — A non-rider asked me the other day: "Did you ever see a bicyclist who did not look as if he were wrapped in deepest melancholy?" This solemnity of wheelmen is often remarked by outsiders. Many people indeed seem to fancy that gloom and terror are regnant always in the bicyclist's bosom. They appear to hold the opinion that a wheelman takes his life in his hand, so to speak, whenever he grasps his handle-bars, and that a knowledge of his danger inspires him to carry a countenance of becoming gravity. The truth is, your genuine cyclist is one of the happiest of creatures. The balancing effort is purely mechanical with him. Perhaps it is going on as "unconscious cerebration," when the passer-by thinks the rider is in woe, while in reality his active thought may be roaming from Araby to Acadia, or he may even be in a state of receptive enjoyment of the scenes through which he is passing.

Cycline.

A Turtle-Tent.

MR. EDITOR: — Much as I enjoyed the paper of Mr. Kirkpatrick, in your October number, there is at least one point in it on which I must, in a friendly way, join issue with him. This is in his judgment of the "Albany tent." I feel the greater freedom in making this criticism as the writer frankly states that his opinion is formed "from sketches and a description," and not from actual trial of the tent. A glance at the A. C. A. Camp this year, from the boat landing to the Knickerbocker tent, revealed, toward evening, many a row of canoes mounting the snowy top and handsome sides of the "Albany." The verdict was unanimously one of complete satisfaction. The top of the tent is round or rounding, and is as complete a water-shed as a peak. The only flat portion is at the braces, where the top rises to form an angle with the slope of the ends. The tent does not spring the masts, as it is secured too near the deck; it is longer, and contains more cubic feet of space than any other canoe tent in use, making a roomy kitchen for a wet day. Further, it is perfectly water-proof, and the wind will roll the boat over before it will set the tent to swaying, if properly adjusted. I wish that Mr. Kirkpatrick might have been with a couple of us on the Hudson one very rainy day during the past summer. Two boats were drawn close together, the inner flaps raised, and one thrown over the top of the other tent, thus forming a roomy double tent. In this, coffee, flapjacks, and ham and eggs were cooked for breakfast in a short time, over our "Rechaud Moderateurs," and dinner was served in style to correspond. The day passed in perfect content. Pipe, book, and cards whiled away the hours, while without, the river was black from the reflection of heavy clouds, though flecked with foam, and the rains descended and the winds roared, but passed on their way, leaving us as they found us, dry and happy. I was neither a Mohican, nor from Albany, but, from that day I have had no doubts of the excellence of a turtle's judgment as to methods of keeping dry.

Trant.

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Model Yachting.

Is there a model yacht club now in existence in the United States? If not, is there any fair prospect of an interested party forming one with a moderate degree of success? England has quite a number, and a great interest is shown in all their regattas. While yachting has taken such a hold on the American people I think it is a mistake that this part of the sport has not received more attention. Model yachting bears the same relation to yachting that the primary department of our schools bears to the higher studies. To know any business thoroughly we should commence at the bottom round of the ladder, and learn from experience all its inns and outs. Why not in yachting? Some of our most successful yachtsmen owe their success to this idea. To our young men with small means this sport would offer many inducements and thorough knowledge to prepare them for the large yachts when they arrive at the proper age, and the accumulation of a better filled purse. Many books have been written on the subject of building and sailing these small yachts. I hope America will soon rival her parent, England, in this not new sport, then some of the doings of model yachting club will occupy some of the space that daily papers now give entirely to the larger yachts. *Model Yacht Owner.*

Amateur Sailing.

CORINTHIAN SAILING. — Under this subject I take the liberty, through your kindness of offering the use of your "Letter File," a few remarks. I am a young man, with not a great store of earthly goods, but with a great fondness for yacht-racing. I own a small cat-boat, and have had only two years' experience as a practical sailor of small sail-boats. I should like to enter my boat in some of the many club-races that are given every year, but am debarred from this by lack of money to hire a professional skipper. My boat is a fast one, better, perhaps, than a majority of boats of her size, and when I have sailed in a race I have been beaten by professional skill only. Why cannot the clubs around Boston consider my case, as well as that of many others in the same condition, and make up a class in each of their regattas for boats, say sixteen to twenty-one feet water-line, to be sailed only by amateurs? I think it would be well filled every time, and would prove a great success to any club that would undertake it.

During the first two years of its existence the Hull Yacht Club devoted some attention to this subject of Corinthian sailing, and offered two sets of prizes in each class, that is, a regular prize for boats, sailed either by amateurs or professionals, and an extra prize for any boat that was sailed solely by an amateur with an amateur crew. This met with success in the first few races; but soon the amateurs grew scarce and scarcer, and this last season I remember only two boats that dared to undertake it, and they were managed by men who have sailed for the past ten years.

Why was this? Simply for the reason that no amateur, with small experience, such as myself, dared or cared to sail against yachts that could afford to spend five dollars or more for the sake of trying to win three dollars, or, in other words, to pit their experience against that of another who had made sailing a profession all his life.

I once did sail my yacht in one of those races. I came in fifth and took first Corinthian prize. What satisfaction was that? There was no honor in beating the boats I beat, for they were well-known slow boats, and the boats that beat me were only my equals when sailed under similar hands. Now, if there had been a special class for amateurs, and none but amateurs allowed in that class, I know, and in fact, am certain, that at least four of those leading yachts would have entered, and the race would have been much more exciting to the yachtsmen, and truly more interesting to the spectators.

The interest in yacht-sailing is in sailing yourself.

If yacht-racing is conducted on this plan, hiring some one else to sail your yacht for you, it will soon degenerate to the present condition of horse-racing, and will bring contempt on every one that has anything to do with it.

Yachting is the most healthful sport that a man can indulge in, and if the clubs would only encourage young men in sailing their own boats, it would not only strengthen the clubs but tend to the increase of yachting; the entries in all club regattas would be larger, and the incentive that it would give to the knowledge of practical seamanship would not only be a great benefit to the world at large, but would elevate the sport, and not drag it into disgrace, as it would otherwise certainly go. When I speak of sport, I refer to yacht-racing, not pleasure-sailing.

In closing let me put in italics: *All honor to the club who will give us a separate class for amateurs in yachts from sixteen to twenty-one feet water-line.*

Amateur.

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The Snake Dance of the Moquis.[1]

THE literaure of travel in the western wilds of our country has received a genuine addition in Capt. Bourke's volume, "The Snake Dance of the Moquis of Arizona." Capt. Bourke belongs to the Third United States Cavalry, and for several years has been a member of Gen. Crook's staff. During much of the time he has been specially detailed to study Indian customs and character. His field has ranged from the Canadian to the Mexican boundary, and he has filled note-books by the score with carefully written information. As a matter of course he has seen much of strange and remarkable interest in this time, and has been afforded facilities for observation open to hardly any other man. A small part of this experience is given in the present volume, which is the record of a few summer weeks in 1881, when Capt. Bourke made a journey from Santa Fé, in New Mexico, to the villages of the Moqui Indians in Arizona, with the special object of beholding the terrible Snake Dance peculiar to that people. That region, which contains many wild features of impressive grandeur and fascinating interest, was then hardly accessible to the travelling public, but it has since been opened up by the completion of the Atlantic and Pacific Railway.

The story of the trip is told with a frank straightforwardness, and is thoroughly unpretentious. It shows the work of a trained observer, gifted with a fine sense of the beautiful and picturesque, and who has a feeling for the humors of a situation, and the ready acceptance of hardships and discomforts which characterizes the born traveller.

On the way, which was partly by rail and partly by trail, the former portion comprising the Atchison, Topeka, and Santa Fé, and the then unfinished Atlantic and Pacific railways, Capt. Bourke, who had just returned from a journey to see the thrilling Sun Dance of the Sioux, had a preliminary taste of Indian festivities at the pueblo of Santo Domingo, on the Rio Grande.

[1] The Snake Dance of the Moquis of Arizona. By John G. Bourke, Captain Third U. S. Cavalry. Illustrated. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

He tells this pretty incident of his stop here, as he was strolling through the village: "One of the first things attracting my attention was a meeting between a pair of lovers; they had evidently only lately had a quarrel, for which each was heartily sorry. He approached, and was received with a disdain tempered with so much sweetness and affection that he wilted at once, and, instead of boldly asserting himself, dared do nothing but timidly touch her hand. The touch, I imagine, was not disagreeable, because the girl's hand was soon firmly held in his, and he, with earnest warmth, was pouring into her ears words whose purport it was not difficult to conjecture. It was at this stage of the proceedings that I came upon the scene. They detected my presence, and manifested no particular pleasure at my company; as I did not wish to embarrass them I at once took my departure. The young man was unusually good-looking, with a countenance expressive of fine attributes; the maiden was quite pretty, of good figure, and modest, gentle demeanor, and dressed in the full agony of Pueblo fashion. I hope that by this time they are married and happy. So much stuff and nonsense have been written about the entire absence of affection from the Indian character, especially in the relations between the sexes, that it affords me great pleasure to note this little incident, in which the parties acted with perfect freedom from the restraint the known presence of strangers imposes."

Here is a description of a lone desert home in the wilds of Arizona, where Mr. Thomas Keam, an Englishman, has lived for some years and amassed a handsome fortune in wool-trading. "The fact that Keam still clung to the methods and mode of thought of civilized life was shaddowed forth in the interior of his dwelling, which was tastily decorated with fine Navajo blankets, sheepskin rugs, Moqui pottery, and Smithsonian photographs. A set of shelves in one corner of the living-room contained choice specimens of literature, — Shakespeare, Thackeray, Dickens, Taine, and other authors, and also an unusually good representation of standard American and

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English magazines and newspapers. Chemical reagents, test-tubes, and blow-pipes covered a table next the solitary window, and added to the tinge of refinement and education suggested by the books and bric-à-brac. A Liliputian flower-garden claimed much of Keam's attention, and repaid his kindly care with a pleasing tribute of mignonette, candy-tuft, and aster."

Captain Bourke describes the Moqui pueblos as "seven in number, each built upon the crest of a precipice of sandstone, impregnable to any assault to be expected from aboriginal foes. These villages are situated almost as follows: three, very close together, upon what is known as the eastern Mesa. The names of the villages in this cluster are, beginning at the eastern end, Tegua, — also called Hano, — Suchongnewy, and Hualpi. A broad valley of seven miles of sand, interspersed with the corn, bean, and melon patches of these savage agriculturists, separates this Mesa from the abrupt promontory upon which perches, first, the romantic Pueblo of Mushangnewy; above that looking for all the world like the stronghold of a mediæval German robber-baron, appear the masonry walls of Shupowlewy, and three miles away, on the other wall of a wide and deep ravine, the fortress of Sumopowy. Oraybe, whose inhabitants studiously hold aloof from their blood-relatives of the other villages, occupies the summit of a lofty bluff, not quite ten miles, as the crow flies, from Sumopowy."

It was a strange life that Captain Bourke found here, and the weird and terrible Snake Dance, in which every man carried a sinuous, clammy reptile between his teeth, while others carried two, is described with graphic power. Of the dungeon where the snakes were kept before the dance, the author says: —

"Dante's Hell struck me as a weak, wishy-washy, gruelly conception alongside of this horrible, grim reality. I stuck a pin in my leg. Could this be the nineteenth century? Could this be the Christian land of America? 'Lootinint!' interposed Gordon, the intensely practical-minded cook, who 'didn't take no stock in Injuns nohow,' — 'Lootinint, shall we fry some bacon or open that can of mackerel for supper?' Yes, I was in the nineteenth century."

The book is handsomely illustrated by sketches and colored plates, showing figures of the dancers, pottery, idols, weapons, implements, etc., in use among the Moquis, by Sergeant A. F. Harmer, of the regular army, who was a student of the Philadelphia Academy of Fine Arts.

Thomas Bewick and his Pupils.[1]

MR. AUSTIN DOBSON is a singularly sympathetic critic. His book on Thomas Bewick is valuable for something more than its careful survey of the work and life of the master of wood-engraving. Its interest is double, for it shows us the poet Dobson in prose.

He speaks thus of Bewick in his preface: "But as an artist and naturalist, copying nature with that loving aim which fears to do her wrong by the slightest deviation from the truth, — as a humorist and satirist, criticising life with the clear vision of independent common-sense, — his gifts are distinctly non-transferable."

One can easily see from this sentence the spirit with which the author enters upon his work.

Bewick was a country man to his very heart. A restless spirit came over him at one time, and he left his home at Newcastle for a year, spent partly in foot-journeying and partly in London. But he soon tired of the city. "He told a friend that he would rather enlist than be tied to live in London, and years after the feeling was as strong as ever." Writing to one of his friends, in 1803, he said: "For my part, I am still of the same mind that I was when in London, and that is, I would rather be herding sheep on Mickley bank-top than remain in London, although for so doing I was to be made Premier of England." His love of nature lends its simplicity and strength to his artistic work, and is reproduced in the tradition of his teaching.

Engraving on wood was the exception in Bewick's trade when he began his work, which was chiefly, at first, for silversmiths, watchmakers, and hardwaremen. His work on wood shows, through its various stages, a constant progression in spirit and form. Bewick, says our author, was very fond of tail-pieces, and extremely good at them; his designs for these are quaint and interesting. Sketches are given of the life and work of the artist's brother, John Bewick, also of his pupils, Chalton Nesbit, Luke Clennell, William Harvey, and others.

A new race of draughtsmen has sprung up since the death of the last of Bewick's pupils. Wood-engraving is carried to a perfection of which the master never dreamed. Yet we look back with Mr. Dobson in affectionate remembrance and admiration of this man who "had so much reverence for his work, and so much humility in the face of nature, that he became the counterpart of another English master in small, William Hunt, the water-color painter,

[1] Thomas Bewick and His Pupils. By Austin Dobson. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co.

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who, although one of the first men in the world in that peculiar class, was frequently heard to say, 'I almost tremble when I sit down to paint a flower.'"

The Art Year-Book.[1]

THE "Art Year-Book" of the New England Institute is emphatically a book of American art, and must do much to encourage, to stimulate, and to broaden our national art. That the "Year-Book" is now fairly established as an annual is due to the successful effort of Mr. John Mason Little, vice-president of the Institute. The book is of triple value: it gives information with regard to art industries, graphic processes, and the position, purpose, and policy of the Institute; its illustrations are of the best; and it gives examples, interesting to all who care for such things, of the finer processes of book-making, and of the varieties of fine paper. The title-page, by George R. Halm, is unique and strong. It is impossible to do more than give our readers a glance into this charming book where one finds pictures from Kingsley, Low, Beckwith, the Morans, Pearce, and a dozen others, with paragraphs on the progress of the arts and a catalogue of the best pictures of the year.

The main edition is 2,000 copies, at $4 each; there is also an edition *de luxe* of one hundred copies at $20 each, and an edition *de grand luxe* of forty copies at $100 each.

Amateur Photography.

"THE Non-Technical Manual on Photography for Amateurs,"[2] lately published by Cassell & Co., contains in an extremely handy form a good deal of instruction for the beginner in practical photography. The choice of apparatus, the development, the reduction of negatives, are carefully considered, together with the mounting of prints, the making of gelatine emulsion, the coating of glass plates, etc. An American book[3] has also just appeared. The latter is inferior to the former both in matter and in manner. Each is simply a collection of facts from current literature on the subject, and neither notes any new discoveries or processes in the art. A hand-book is a good thing for a new beginner, and he who chooses one of these little volumes will find a serviceable pocket friend. Mr. Wallace says very truly: "The great beauty of the art does not consist in this — that negatives delineating every twig on every tree of the mountain-side with painful sharpness and accuracy may easily be made, or that instantaneous pictures of the race-horse's leg may be taken with absolute truth; it is rather in the fact that the man of artistic taste is furnished with a new resource, whose marvellous power and extended range of applicability can never be fully realized until taken in hand and conscientiously tried. . . . The value of the photographic camera in tempting forth those who lead confined lives into the fresh air of the woods and fields is becoming more and more felt every day, and those who once experience the pleasure of out-door photographic trips with a few congenial spirits will in after years look back with no ordinary fondness upon the perhaps crude beginnings of their career, and, without doubt, seek fresh opportunities of repeating their photographic excursions."

[1] The Art Year-book. Boston: John Mason Little, New England Institute.

[2] Photography for Amateurs. By T. C. Hepworth. London, Paris, and New York: Cassell & Co.

[3] The Amateur Photographer. By Ellerslie Wallace, Jr., M.D. Philadelphia: Porter & Coates.

MR. CRADDOCK'S new novel, "Where the Battle was Fought,"[1] is dramatic in its way, though there is at times a too evident effort at the dramatic effect. The author of "In the Tennessee Mountains" could, however, scarcely write an uninteresting book. The scene is laid on an old battle-field and in a planter's half-ruined home close at hand. This is that good old-fashioned thing, — a novel with a plot. The character of Edward Keevor is, perhaps, the most original one in the book, and shows a certain philosophical discrimination on the part of the author. Keevor's denunciation of himself, in one of the closing chapters, has a touch of the real pathos of sin and suffering. Marcia is a happy, wholesome character, attractive, — almost charming. The other characters are somewhat conventional.

Books Received.

IN PARTNERSHIP. By Brander Matthews and H. C. Bunner. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

STORIES BY AMERICAN AUTHORS. VI. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

OUR OWN SET. By Clara Bell. New York: W. S. Gottsberger.

AMONG THE CHOSEN. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

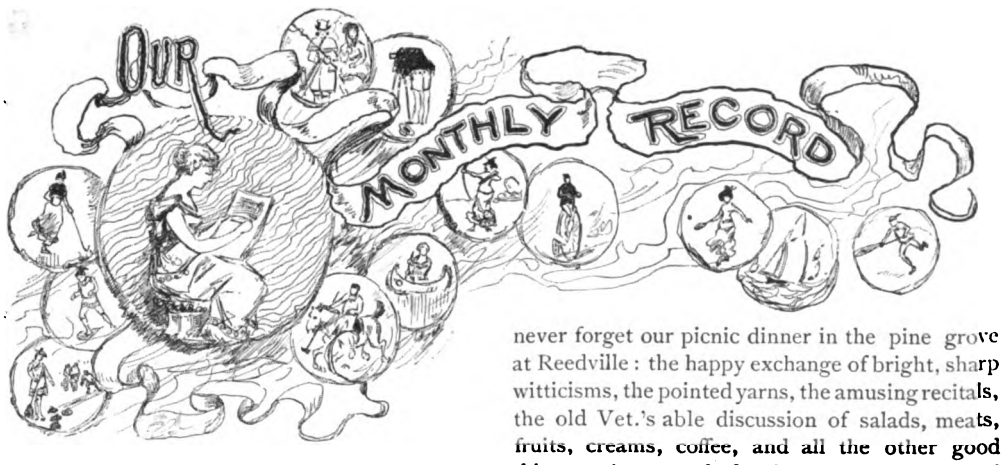
TALES OF THREE CITIES. By Henry James. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co.

HELLERISM: WHAT IS IT? By Harry Hermon. Boston: Lee & Shepard. New York: Charles T. Dillingham.

FIFTY YEARS' OBSERVATION OF MEN AND EVENTS. By E. D. Keyes. Bvt. Brigadier-General U. S. Army. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

[1] Where the Battle was Fought. By Charles Egbert Craddock. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin, & Co.

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FOR MONTH ENDING OCTOBER 20.

Bicycling and Tricycling.

THE C. T. C. "WHEEL AROUND THE HUB."

SEVERAL of the members of the American division of the C.T.C. have lately made a "wheel around the Hub," under the leadership of Chief Consul F. W. Weston, retracing the ground traversed by the "forty immortals," in that original rotation whose description first brought the bicycle into literature. Mr. W. V. Gilman, ex-treasurer of the L.A.W., sends us the following record of the run: —

Monday morning, September 22, opened sunny and bright; a pleasant and agreeable breeze from the north-west promised a cool day, and the clans began to gather at the appointed rendezvous, corner Walnut avenue and Warren street, Boston. We mount and away at exactly 8.25, winning some smiles and handkerchief signals, encouraging us on our way. Soon we pass the New England Hospital, then the old Curtis Mansion, dating back to 1638, coming by and by to Jamaica Pond, a truly charming spot. Here is the scene of the photograph of the early trip and the pleasing and exciting episode of police interference. We made our first stop at the Bussey Farm, at 9.05 A.M., having run thus far at about an eight-mile pace.

At West Roxbury we took lunch and a half hour's rest, then pushed on until we reached the old Powder-House, made famous by its Revolutionary date. In Dedham we saw the oldest canal in the country, said to have been constructed in 1639.

At 12.30 we continued our ride, after having telephoned to the Boston Club House of our arrival. Passing the old Fairbanks homestead we very soon came in sight of the pine grove set apart for our picnic-dinner grounds. We shall never forget our picnic dinner in the pine grove at Reedville: the happy exchange of bright, sharp witticisms, the pointed yarns, the amusing recitals, the old Vet.'s able discussion of salads, meats, fruits, creams, coffee, and all the other good things. A stampede for the ambulance followed this disabling feast; but our worthy chief ordered us away from its inglorious ease, and we wheeled on to Blue Hill. So rugged was the prospect that climbing presented that a portion of the party only made the attempt; but they were most grandly repaid, for upon reaching the summit a panorama unsurpassed met their gaze on all sides. The weather was not perfectly clear, but we were enabled to see a large portion of eastern Massachusetts, including Boston, with her beautiful harbor, dotted here and there with the white wings of commerce. Nahant was hardly distinguishable. At our feet lay Punkapoag Lake, and, not far away, our destination, — Massapoag, in Sharon, lovely Sharon.

Down and onward we went, past the home of the poet Aldrich, and then on through Canton, stopping for a rest, after one of the finest coasts the country affords, at Cobb's Tavern, — a spot familiar to every eastern wheelman.

When we reached Massapoag we were joined by several lady members of the C.T.C., who had come from Boston by rail. Supper and a season of musical refreshment were followed by a business meeting.

A heavy rain fell during the night, and next morning only ten of our bravest riders started back with our worthy chief, the rest of us returning by rail to Boston. But they found good wheeling at the side of the roadways, and our chief tells that at Canton a telegram was wisely sent to mine host of the Cushing House at Hingham. The cross-road to Randolph is in much better condition than it was four years ago; but about midway a stretch of a mile or more was scarcely ridable, and one long and sandy hill brought even the "Scorcher" to *terra firma*.

Punkapoag lay sleeping quietly at the foot of the mist-crowned Blue Hill, which sent its moisture rolling off upon the riders as though in tears

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at their not lingering to enjoy the beauties spread out before them. A halt was made for a lunch at the cross-roads, then the riders sped on.

At Hingham a hastily called council-meeting was held, and it was resolved, on account of the lateness of the hour, to omit Cohasset from the programme, and attend to dinner with all despatch.

The way now lay through the Weymouths, and at Back river bridge a dismount was made while a vessel passed through the draw. The atrocious roads on to Quincy were atoned for by an excellent sidewalk, along which the riders sped in single file. At Quincy the bad roads ended, and the run home through the superb roads of Milton, and the nearly equal roads of Dorchester, was made at a lively rate. At Upham's Corner the ambulance changed horses, for, although nothing heavier than the bags of the riders had been carried, the distance covered proved to be the limit of the faithful quadruped's powers.

Arrived again at the Hub, the wheelmen separated, to meet once more in the evening under the hospitable roof of the Boston Club. The circumference of the wheel was run again in retrospect, Scorcher paid his last bill, and happy in their two days' panorama the members of the C.T.C. went home.

THERE are a number of capital long-distance men in Peoria, Ill., who easily do sixty-five miles a day along river bluffs and over sandy roads, and run away with their own records whenever they get on good wheeling.

MISS CORSON, of Rochester, N.H., came to Boston on a tricycle, in October, accompanied by her father on a bicycle. The distance is about ninety miles.

MR. W. R. WINCHELL and Mr. C. H. Shepard, of Orange, Mass., came from Orange into Boston, one day lately, in 17 hours, making 111 miles in 14 hours' riding. On the day following this Mr. Winchell rode 55 and Mr. Shepard 21 miles.

MR. AND MRS. L. L. HOLLAND, of the Worcester Eolus Club, rode on their sociable from Worcester to Boston and return, in October, — a total distance of 88 miles.

C. A. HAZLETT, of Portsmouth, N.H., has covered four thousand five hundred miles within a twelvemonth on his bicycle.

GEORGE P. BASTIAN, of Brentwood, Cal., proposes to make a bicycle journey from San Francisco to New York, coming through Oregon and Idaho, and returning by way of New Orleans, Texas, and Mexico.

A. SCHIRCK, A. B. Freeman, and A. B. Bennett, of the Rochester Club, made good time, one day during the past season, between Rochester and Ithaca. They left Rochester at 3 A.M. and reached Ithaca by a circuitous route at 9.45 P.M., making 113 miles in 15 hours' actual riding time.

WILLIAM BOND, of Lynn, Mass., made a run, Oct. 5, of 123½ miles, in 11 h. 56 min., actual riding.

SIX members of the Cambridge Bicycle Club started on a long-distance ride lately. Three of them completed it, — F. W. Haarty, J. H. Grimes, and J. T. Mooney, — making 101 miles in 9.55, Haarty coming in 20 minutes in advance of his companions.

THE Boston Bicycle Club inaugurated the one-hundred-mile road races in this country, of which the second was made Saturday, October 4. The rendezvous was Bailey's, in South Natick. The start was made at 6.30 A.M. The bicyclists were Theo. Rothe, J. W. Vivian, Chas. J. Dettling, J. E. Wood, J. J. Murphy, L. A. Peabody, B. T. Harrington, H. E. Lombard, George Weber, and D. T. Fales. The tricyclists were E. P. Burnham, E. B. Dudley, Geo. W. Wood, and Will R. Pitman. Pitman was obliged to jump from his machine by a slight accident, and so lost a little at the start. Peabody took the lead after a little, and set the pace for some distance. At Lynn Common, after 25 15/16 miles, Peabody, Harrington, Dettling, and Weber were checked, at 8.24, four minutes ahead of the record; Burnham (tricycle) ahead at 8.45. Burnham arrived at Salem twenty minutes ahead of the other tricyclists, but seeing that he could not finish in ten hours he decided to drop out of the race and save himself for a future trial. At the turning-point near Rowley Captain L. R. Harrison took the checks. Peabody and Weber were there at 11 A.M., or twelve minutes ahead of the record. Pitman was 12.13½ on his tricycle. Weber did not stop for lunch, and finished the one hundred miles at 3.50, having beaten the record by twenty-seven minutes, arriving in good condition, having made the distance in 9 h. 20 m. J. E. Wood finished second, in 9 h. 41 m.; and Theo. Rothe, third, in 9 h. 55½ m. Pitman made the distance on the tricycle in 11.30.

THE annual dinner and business meeting of the Cleveland Bicycle Club was October 1. The club numbers fifty, nearly all of whom were present. Lieutenant Pugh, for the club, pre-

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sented to W. H. Wetmore a gold chain and charm, to go with the watch won by him at the August meet. The annual election resulted in the choice of the following officers: — President, F. B. Stedman; captain, H. R. Payne; corresponding secretary, C. W. Norman; recording secretary, F. S. Borton; first lieutenant, T. S. Beckwith; second lieutenant, F. P. Root; treasurer, F. W. Douglass; bugler, C. H. Potter; quartermaster, Geo. Collister; executive committee, J. H. Wade, Jr., Fred. T. Sholes, J. D. Pugh, Jr., and the president, captain, and corresponding secretary.

THE Ixion Club, of New York, opened their new club-rooms Oct. 23.

A WHEELMAN'S tour to the Bermuda Islands late in January is on the tapis, under the management of Mr. F. A. Elwell, of Portland.

JOHN BROOKS, of Blossburg, Pa., has entered the professional ranks. He and Wm. Woodside are matched for an eighteen-hour race, three hours nightly for six nights. They intend visiting England together, next spring, to take part in championship races.

MR. E. H. CORSON, of Rochester, N.H., climbed Corey Hill, when visiting Boston.

MISS ANNA BABETTA HUSS, secretary of the Ladies' Tricycling Club of New York, is now in Munich with her tricycle. Her parents, with their sociable, are with their daughter.

THREE lady tricyclists accompany the bicycling members of the Dearborn Cycling Club, Chicago, on their weekly runs.

A GENTLEMAN seventy-two years old, living in Florida, N.Y., has ordered a bicycle. He writes that he expects to use it for ten years, and will then take a tricycle.

A BEAUTIFUL gold trophy has been manufactured, by a firm of Hartford jewellers, for Mr. Sanders Sellers. The design is a small bicycle, with three wings, like Mercury, converging to a tiny diamond. Above is a bar with the badge of the Connecticut Bicycle Club, of Hartford; beneath is a line of laurel. The inscription on a circle of plain gold about the wheel is: "To S. Sellers, Charter Oak Park, September 9, 1884. One mile, 2.39. Lowering Bicycle Record."

AT the first annual races of the Schenectady Bicycle Club, held at Schenectady, N.Y., September 17, three races were won by C. H. Ross. The three-mile club championship race was won by J. W. Clute, in 11.52½.

J. C. WHILLEVIL, of Newark, won the prize for the championship of New Jersey, September 19.

THE races at New Haven on September 23 and 24 were interesting, and very largely attended. The first day's races resulted as follows: novices' race, one mile, William Wait, 3.4½; C. L. Clark, second. Two-mile, club championship, William Wait, 6.52; N. P. Tyler, second. In the one-mile open, Hendee made an effort to beat Sellers's Springfield time, racing against the champion. Hendee made the mile in 3.1¾; S. Sellers, second. Five-mile tricycle, R. Chambers, 21.46; W. H. Illston, second. Boys' race, one-mile, W. G. Redfield, 3.31¾; R. R. Jones, second. Five-mile handicap, R. Chambers first at finish; G. H. Illston, second. H. E. Bidwell made a capital run, coming in after the Englishman. One-mile, 3.20 class, W. Wait, 3.6½; Ives, second. Ten-mile, open for medals to first three, S. Sellers, first; H. W. Gaskell, second, and Hamilton, of Yale, third. All finished nearly together, Hamilton riding finely and with fair prospect of winning till the breaking of his shoe put him back. Sellers's time was 33.22¾. Two-mile handicap, Chambers, scratch, won, 6.3¼; W. Wait, 21 seconds, second. The second day opened rainy. It cleared by noon, but a fresh wind spoiled chances of fast time. The results were: three-mile, State championship, W. Wait, 9.24; H. E. Bidwell, second. In the five-mile open, Hendee, Sellers, Illston, and Hamilton started. It was a close race all through. Sellers finished first, by ten yards, in 16.54; Hendee, second. Hendee claimed foul and took the prize. Three-mile handicap, W. Wait, 9.31½ with 40 s. start over Chambers; Tyler, second. Twenty-mile, open, R. Chambers, 1 h. 12 m. 30½ s.; Maxwell, second, by fifteen yards. Consolation race, J. C. Lewis, 3.14½. R. Howell had been advertised to ride to beat Sellers's 2.39 record, but refused to do so, because Hendee's claim of foul against Sellers was allowed.

THE second annual meet and races of the Minnesota division L.A.W., at Minneapolis, in September, resulted as follows: Two-mile, for State championship. — John Nicholson, Minneapolis, 6.10; C. L. Sawyer, second. Half-mile dash for the League of America Wheelman State championship: D. M. McCord, 1.38; S. A. Miller, second. Five-mile, for championship of the North-west: John Nicholson, 18.4; J. N. Snyder, second. Quarter-mile without hands: Louis Fleckenstein, 50s.; J. H. Hirsh, second. One hundred yards, slow race: J. H. Hirsh, 2.38; Grant Bell, second; D. W.

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McCord, third. Consolation race, one mile: Grant Bell, 3.34; Louis Fleckenstein, second. Nicholson is said to be a coming man when he has a chance on a good track. He was at one time champion of North Ireland, and has been riding for several years. The races were followed by a banquet and social evening.

THE Boston tournament, September 25, 26, 27, and 29, was not as successful as had been anticipated. The track is not good. Howell refused to ride on it at all. Sellers made one half-mile dash the first day, and would not ride afterwards. The summary is as follows: —

Thursday, September 25: Half-mile dash, S. Sellers, 1.32½; D. E. Hunter, second. Three-mile: H. W. Gaskell, 10.37¾; D. E. Hunter, second. One-mile, Boston riders: C. S. Whitney, 3.39½; F. E. Bryant, second.

Friday, September 26: Two-mile: H. W. Gaskell, 6.57¼; R. Chambers, second. Two-mile, 6.50 class: D. E. Hunter, 6.50½; F. A. Bickford, second. One-mile: R. Chambers, 3.17; H. W. Gaskell, second. Three-mile professional record: W. M. Woodside, sixteen firsts; C. J. Young, two firsts. Twenty-mile Columbia cup: D. E. Hunter, 1 h. 20 m. 58 s.; J. C. Lewis, second.

Saturday, September 27: One-mile professional, Boston riders: R. A. Neilson, 3.18¼; C. J. Young, second. Three-mile record: D. E. Hunter, sixty-nine points; H. W. Gaskell, sixty-five points. Gaskell protested that Hunter struck his wheel and caused his fall; this was allowed, and Gaskell was given the first prize. One-mile tandem: Chase and Joslyn, 3.28¾; Stahl brothers, second. Two-mile tricycle: R. Chambers, 8.17¼; E. B. Dudley, second. One-mile without hands: G. E. Cain, 3.48¾; H. W. Gaskell, 4.46½. Gaskell was new to this and Cain lapped him easily. Five-mile record: R. Chambers, one hundred and eleven points; H.W. Gaskell, ninety-six points. Five-mile professional: J. S. Prince, 16.34¼; C. J. Young, second. Woodside finished first, but Prince protested that Woodside rode so wide at finish he could not get by, and the protest was allowed. The winning by points in two of these races was a new feature. The first man to cross the scratch on each lap scored five; the second, four, etc. The man scoring the greatest number of points was declared winner.

Monday, September 29, the races deferred from Thursday, on account of the rain, were run. They were: Two-mile, D. E. Hunter, 6.44½; H. W. Gaskell, second. Five-mile: R. Chambers, 17.54¼; D. E. Hunter, second. One-mile record: H. W. Gaskell, sixteen points; A. Millard, eleven points. One-mile, 3.25 class: F. A. Bickford, 3.15½; George E. Cain, second. One-mile professional: Robert James, 3.09⅜; W. M. Woodside, second.

AT the annual races at Troy, N.Y., September 25, the two-mile county championship was won by T. B. Collins, in 7.43; one-mile in heats was won by T. B. Collins, in 4.4½; J. V. Wilson, second. The half-mile dash for novices was won by J. O. Wood, in 1.48½.

THE second race meeting of the Keystone Bicycle Club, of Pittsburg, Pa., took place in September. Three-fourths of the crowd present were ladies. The races resulted as follows: One-half-mile open, Grundy, 1.33; Thackray, of Youngstown, O., second. Boys' one-half-mile dash was won by Porter, of Alleghany, in 1.46. The one-mile open had twelve contestants, and was won by Frank McKay, of Youngstown, O., in 3.20; Grundy, of K.B.C., second. P. N. French, of the K.B.C., won the prize for fancy riding; Grand McGill, of Irwin, Pa., second. The club race one-half-mile dash, handicap, was won by Paul Johnston, in 1.22¾; Geo. A. Lyon, second. The two-mile had eight entries, was hotly contested, and was won by Frank McKay, in 6.52; Grundy, second. The one hundred yards' slow race was won by John W. Pears, 3.28; Paul Johnston, second. One-half-mile, without hands, was contested by French and Clarke, of the K.B.C., and won by former in 2.3. The final event, and most interesting one of the day, was the five-mile open, the time beating the late race records at Philadelphia and Cleveland. It was won by Frank A. Iddings, of Warren, O., in 17.56; Frank McKay, second.

LOUIS HETZ won the fifty-mile race of the Whirling Wheelmen, at Baltimore, Md., October 9, in 4 h. 6 m. ²/₅ s.

GEORGE M. HENDEE made an attempt to lower Sellers' time of 2.39 at Springfield, October 16. He made the mile in 2.42⅘. His best previous record was 2.45.

THE first annual races of the Scranton Bicycle Club were held at Scranton, Pa., October 16. The road was in poor condition. One hundred and twenty-five wheelmen were present. C. E. Titchener won the one-mile in 3.9. J. R. Schlager took the one-mile club championship in 3.15, and also the three-mile State championship, in 10.9. The one-mile ride-and-run record

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was lowered by C. H. Rogers to 4.26½, riding against Ripley, who made the Springfield record of 4.31⅖.

A CLUB has been organized at Atlanta, Ga., with the following officers: president, Charles H. Smith; secretary and treasurer, W. Thomas; captain, C. H. Freyer.

A BICYCLE club has been formed in Orange, Mass., with the following officers: president, Warren M. King; captain, C. H. Shepard; lieutenant, W. F. Osterhout; secretary and treasurer, O. M. Hapgood; bugler, George Andrews; executive committee, M. O. Simonds, F. E. Dewey, A. G. Thayer, and George M. Pratt.

A CLUB has been formed at Newton, Mass., called the Nonantum Cycling Club. Its officers are: George F. Williams, president; J. W. Fisher, vice-president; W. E. Wentworth, captain; E. P. Tuttle, first lieutenant: Alfred E. Vose, secretary and treasurer.

THE first bicycle club in Delaware was formed at Newark, Oct. 18, with the following officers: John Bowen, president; H. H. Curtis, secretary and treasurer. Four members of the club competed at the Cecil Co. (Del.) fair for the gold badge of the L.A.W., set in jewels, as a prize. It was won by H. H. Curtis.

THE fall races of the Capital Bicycle Club were held at Athletic Park, Washington, D.C., Oct. 17. The result was as follows: Five-mile club race, Howell Stewart, 19.12¼; Rex Smith, second. One-mile novice, W. H. Benton, 3.21¼; A. T. King, second. Three mile handicap, Howell Stewart, 11.18¾; F. A. Berryhill, second. Half-mile open, W. E. Crist, 1.27½; L. N. Kruger, second. Two-mile open handicap, Rex Smith. In the boys' half-mile handicap Hobart Berrin won by fifteen feet over C. C. Clements. One-mile open, W. E. Crist, first; L. N. Kruger, second. The two-mile club-race for "Woodward and Lothrop Cup" was won by Howell Stewart. An exhibition of the monocycle was given by Messrs. Dinwiddie and Seely, and of fancy riding by Mr. E. Taylor.

THE races of the Illinois division L.A.W. at Rockford, Ill., in October, resulted as follows: One-mile championship, Phil. Hammell, first, 3 m. 22⅓ s.; L. W. Conkling, second. Two-mile handicap, W. G. E. Pierre, 7 m. 36½ s. Slow race, one hundred yards, J. S. Gibson, 4 m. 29½ s.; B. B. Ayers, second. Five-mile championship, Phil. Hammell, 18 m. 25⅖ s.; N. H. Van Sicklen, second. One-mile tricycle, handicap, G. S. Hart, one hundred yards, 4 m. 46¾ s.; L. W. Conkling, scratch, second. Three-mile, W. G. E. Pierre, 11 m. 12 s.; C. H. Wilcox, second. One-mile, consolation, N. H. Van Sicklen, 3 m. 23½ s. One-mile, for championship of Rockford Club, C. H. Wilcox.

FOREIGN.

THERE has been a grand breaking of records in Great Britain, during the past month.

SEPTEMBER 10, C. Gossett beat the existing road tricycling record for 100 miles, which was put by Boudon at 9 h. 8 min. Gossett made it in 9 h. 5 min. His times were as follows: five miles, 19 m. 17 s.; ten miles, 39 m. 30 s.; twenty-five miles 1 h. 54 m.; fifty miles, 4 h. 18 m.; finishing as above.

SEPTEMBER 11, S. H. English beat all previous records from two to fifteen miles on the course at Crystal Palace, Sydenham, London. He also beat Cortis's hour record, making twenty miles, five hundred and sixty yards, or two hundred and thirty-five yards more than Cortis made. R. Cripps was second by forty-four seconds. English's record times from two miles up to twenty miles, are as follows: two miles, 5.32⅖; three miles, 8.33; four miles, 11.33; five miles 14.33⅖; six miles, 17.33⅖; seven miles, 20.30; eight miles, 23.28⅘; nine miles, 26.22⅖; ten miles, 29.19⅖; eleven miles, 32.19⅖; twelve miles, 35.15; thirteen miles, 38.16; fourteen miles, 41.26; fifteen miles, 44.29⅗; sixteen miles, 47.26; seventeen miles, 50.22; eighteen miles, 53.20; nineteen miles, 56.15; twenty miles, 59.6⅗.

THE English tricycle road record for 24 hours, has been raised to 230¾ miles by W. F. Sutton.

H. W. CORSELLIS has lowered the one-mile tricycle record to 3.3⅖.

THE hundred-mile tandem record is lowered by Messrs. Gossett and Bird, to 8 h. 11 m. 45 s.

W. F. SUTTON has made a record of 402 miles in 2 days on his tricycle.

A. J. WILSON and George Smith beat the one-mile tandem record at Alexandra Park, September 19. They made the mile in 3.6.

H. A. SPEECHLEY, of the Ranelagh Harriers, won the 10-mile cup race at the fall meeting of the Surrey Bicycle Club at Kennington Oval, London, Eng., Sept. 20, by six yards, from H. F. Wilson, in 34m. 12½. This is the fastest time ever made on a grass course.

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SEPT. 25 there were seven successful record lowerings on the Crystal Palace track. W. Brown and J. S. Smith cut the three mile tandem record, doing one mile in 2.59$^{3}/_{5}$, two miles in 6.12, and three miles in 9.23. H. J. Webb lowered the two-mile tricycle time from 6.27 to 6.26$^{2}/_{5}$, making the first mile in 3.6$^{3}/_{5}$. G. Lacy Hillier then tried to lower English's new fifteen-mile record. He cut his figures for three, four and five miles; the record is now 8.32, 11.24 and 14.18 for these distances. He finished the five miles in splendid form, and was, indeed, a shade inside 14.18.

HILLIER tried to lower the record in a ten hours' race, Sept. 29. He undertook to concede miles for excess of years riding, against Major Knox Holmes, aged seventy-six years. Wind and rain were against him, however, and the veteran won, according to the conditions of the match, coming in the fresher of the two. Hillier broke the record for miles fifty-one, fifty-two, fifty-three and fifty-four, also for miles one hundred and one to one hundred and twenty-one, inclusive, and his succeeding times were the best out-door records.

THE English one-hundred-mile road record of 7 h. 15 m. 18 s., made by F. Appleyard, in 1878, between London and Bath, has been broken by Mr. George Smith of the Merry Rovers Club, who made the distance recently in 7 h. 11 m. 10 s. from the start. It was his first public riding. There was some splendid riding done in this race all along the route. It was made on the day set, though there had been rain the night before. The wind was dead astern for the first forty-two miles, but afterwards it became very choppy, and altogether the circumstances were less favorable than when Appleyard made his famous record. Some of the best wheelmen of England entered for the race. Among them were T. D. Oliver and R. Milthorpe, of Newcastle, S. Golder of Coventry, R. T. Cassall, H. Fraser, T. A. Edge and W. J. Powell. Nineteen men started. At the end of the first fifty miles Smith was sixteen minutes in front of Golder, who led Edge by six minutes. The winner made a good gait of fifteen miles an hour to finish. There were two serious hills and a long, loose grind of a mile's incline besides in the run, but otherwise the roads were fairly good. Golder, Cassall, Fraser, Oliver, Milthrope and Powell finished the one-hundred miles against time, and won silver medals for beating nine hours. Smith, as winner, took a gold medal and a fifty-guinea watch. He rode a machine weighing forty pounds, with a thirty-six-inch wheel geared up to sixty-one inches.

HUGO BARTHOL, a native of Saxony, is said to have lately made 2,800 miles in eleven weeks on the road, with a bicycle.

ITALY and France treat wheeling a good deal on the circus principle, and encourage a sort of professional riding that is not relished by genuine amateurs.

AT HALIFAX, N.S., Sept. 27, F. Hillis won a one-mile race over five competitors, in 3.44.

FALL MEETING OF THE SURREY CLUB.

SEPTEMBER 20, I hunted up the Oval — no very difficult task, as all policemen and shoeblacks know where it is. "H'Oval, sir? Yes, sir; straight to the top, first to the right, then to the left, and there you are," — at the Surrey Bicycle Club autumn meeting for the fifty-guinea cup (jug it should be), at which every one of note has had a tug, but, save Cortis, has been unable to keep.

Ten thousand people is rather a large crowd for a race-meeting, especially when there are two or three others on at the same time, in different parts of the city, but all the Surrey-side mob, the papers said, seems to have turned out. I couldn't say much for the tone of the crowd, any way. But there are a lot of lights inside the small pen for the judges: Shepton, in a black stove-pipe, mustache and imperial, light overcoat, and a black Prince Albert, looking more like a respectable bank clerk than Lacy Hillier, big and black, all in gray C. T. C. uniform, long breeches, striking attitudes with his crutch cane all over the field; Jack Keen, fat, and flourishing a big horse-pistol, as starter; all of them bracing up from a table loaded with bottles kindly provided by the Surrey Bicycle Club. I suppose there were no end of others, but I didn't know them. After the one and two miles had been run by the ninety-four competitors the event came. There were twelve entries and eleven starters, sent off in two lines; and a very pretty field they made. But from the flash it was a tear; away went the big, fine-looking, gallery-god Cripps, trying to shake off his comet-like tail. For two or three miles they held him. Then they began to lag, and before long there were three off, and two very exciting races, of four each, in progress; but the second batch soon were lapped and gradually stopped. Cripps seemed to be the favorite, and, in response to cheers, kissed his hand, grinned, pretended to have cramps, and played

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many other little parts which seemed to give universal pleasure, and showed how sure he was of the race, until the last lap, when the other two men rushed by — the fourth had dropped out — and left the god standing still, to his apparent astonishment, and the despair of the crowd. The time was 34.12½, the best on record for a grass track; but whether Speechley or Wilson won I don't know, as the crowd rushed all over the course; upset the score-board, smashed benches, hooted and yelled and generally amused themselves, and were finally quelled by the police. Before the end, however, I left.

Jo. Pennell.

Canoeing.

AUGUST 22, at Cohoes, N.Y., the Mariposa Club was organized, with the following officers for the ensuing year: Commodore, C. B. Smith; vice-commodore, A. H. Johnson; recording secretary, F. S. Wright; financial secretary, W. H. Chadwick; treasurer, G. E. Cumner.

SEPTEMBER 17, the Washington Club held a regatta, with numerous entries. The sailing races were a failure from lack of wind, the others resulting as follows: Tandem paddling: 1. *Wanderer*, Dodge and Moore. 2. *Analostan*, Wynkoop and Lake. The upset race was won by Moore, in a Rob Roy, without air-tights.

SEPTEMBER 6, the San Francisco Club held a paddling race, with four starters, won by Campbell, Davis second. Also, a sailing race, with the following entries, finishing as named: *Zephyr*, W. W. Blow; *Hattie Bell*, W. H. Byrnes; *Moth*, C. Barrett; *Folly*, W. Brooks.

SEPTEMBER 20, the Knickerbocker Club regatta was held. Paddling race, for members only, classes II. and IV., won by R. J. Wilkin, *Saskatchewan*, in class IV., and Edwin Gould, *Atalanta*, in class II. Sailing races, classes A and B, for club members, and an open race. Start was made in a calm, followed by squalls of wind and rain, driving many of the sailors to cover. Finished in order given: Class B — *Guenn*, Wm. Whitlock; *Zip*, E. W. Brown; *Doubt*, H. D. Brewster. Also started, but did not finish: *Marguerite*, E. C. Griffin; *Kaloola*, R. P. Brock, and *Argo*, B. H. Nadal. In class A: *Nettie*, E. Fowler, and *Osceola*, A. J. Gardner, started, but did not finish. Open race: *Tramp*, C. J. Stevens, N.Y. Club, prize, class B; *Psyche*, C. K. Munroe, N.Y. Club, prize, class A; *Freak*, Schuyler, and *Ripple*, Curtis, did not finish. Upset race, won by R. J. Wilkin in the *Tiptop*.

THE Knickerbockers held their annual dinner at Martinelli's, Oct. 6. Several invited guests were present, including Messrs. Neide, Gibson, Rathbun, Seavey, Bishop, Vaux, Munroe, Bailey, and Stevens.

SEPTEMBER 25, the Pittsburgh Club regatta was held. Sailing race: Class A, *Nirvana*, A. K. Nimick; *Marguerite*, G. H. Singer; class B, *Katrina*, R. W. Bailey; *Lorna*, J. K. Bakewell; *Whiffler*, W. E. Woodwell; *Mary C.*, W. H. Rea. Finish in both classes in the above order. Free for all paddling race, any boat: *Lady Jane*, Woodwell; *Flotsam*, Singer; *Nirvana*, Nimick; *Katrina*, Bailey; *Electa*, Bakewell; *Mary C.*, Rea. Finished in order given.

IN a free-for-all sailing race, held by this club, Oct. 4, the same boats started, with the exception of *Mary C.* *Katrina* won, with *Nirvana* second, and *Lorna* third.

SEPTEMBER 25, the Rochester Club, Andrews cup series, third race: *Prudence*, Wilson; *Margaret*, Stewart; *Huff*, Moody; *Eleanor*, Angle; *Bertha*, Mellen. Finished in order given.

THE same club held fall races, Oct. 9, with the following results: Paddling, open canoes — 1, *No Name*, Storms; 2, *Alice M.*, Seward; 3, *Winema*, Stewart. Sailing, class B: 1, *Sophronia*, F. F. Andrews; 2, *Prudence*, H. J. Wilson; 3, *Margaret*, Stewart; 4, *Huff* (class A), Moody. Paddling, decked canoes, class B: 1, Andrews; 2, Wilson; 3, Stewart. Tandem paddling: 1, Andrews and Wilson; 2, Stewart and Storms; 3, Moody and Gilmore. The final race of the Andrews' cup series gave the cup to *Prudence*, Wilson, 13 points.

OCTOBER 4, the New York Club regatta resulted as follows: Sailing race, class B: *Dot*, C. B. Vaux; *Guenn*, William Whitlock; *Tramp*, C. J. Stevens; *Esmeralda*, B. F. Curtis; *Mosquito*, E. C. Delavan, Jr.; *Kittiwake*, C. L. Norton; *Surge*, A. C. McMurray; *Minx*, M. V. Brokaw. Class A: *Psyche*, C. K. Munroe. Heavy winds and rough water prevented several from finishing, but *Dot*, *Guenn*, and *Tramp* came in as named for class B, while *Psyche* finished in class A. Paddling, class IV.: *Gus*, T. Garrett, Bayonne Club; *Mist*, F. B. Collins, Bayonne Club; *Slipalong*, W. P. Stevens, New York Club; *Minx*, M. V. Brokaw, New York Club. Finished in order named. Tandem paddling; *Ella*, G. Hurd and T. Garrett; *Kelpie*, R. V. Viennot and F. B. Collins. *Ella* won. Paddling, class II.: *Lark*, A. C. McMurray; *Black Maria*, W. P. Stevens;

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Fanita, E. Gould. *Lark* won, with *Fanita* second.

THE executive committee of the A.C.A. met at the Delavan House, at Albany, October 4. All were present except Mr. Wood, who arrived later in the day. The secretary reported a balance of about $650 as available for the coming year. It was deemed by the committee inadvisable to incur the expense involved in a change of camp site, and the annual meet was fixed for July 24, 1885, at Grindstone Island. On the report of the regatta committee many important changes were made in classification and sailing rules. A mass of obsolete matter was cleared away, and the whole body of rules put into an intelligible form. As they will appear in the new A.C.A. book, they can and must be read and understood by every man who enters a race next summer at Grindstone. The rule, "Ignorance of the law excuses none," will be rigidly adhered to. In the afternoon, races open to all visiting canoeists were held for handsome prizes offered by the Mohican Club. In the sailing-race about twenty boats started in the A, B, and C classes, the last being for boats out of limits, and including *Guenn*, *Madeleine*, and *Nan*. The course [illegible]ee times around a mile triangle, but, the wind dying out, the race was called on the second round. On the first round the *Annie O.*, Thomas, led, with *Guenn*, Whitlock, second, and *Tarantula*, Rand, third. On the second round many boats came to grief from lack of knowledge of the course, and paddled home. *Guenn* won in her class, *Marion* and *Helena*, in class A, and *Annie O.*, *Thetis*, and *Ibis*, in B. In the evening a dinner was given by Commodore Oliver to the executive and regatta committees, and at the same time the Mohicans entertained at the "Delavan" all visiting canoeists to the number of thirty-five. Later, the Commodore's party adjourned to the "Delavan" and a most enjoyable reunion was held.

OCTOBER 2, Mr. T. W. Conklin, of Newark, N.J., received a new canoe from Mr. Everson, of Williamsburg, and, against the express advice of the builder, conveyed his boat by truck to the Tenth-street dock, and launched her, starting for home at 5 P.M., on a cold day, with a stiff northeast wind. Mr. Conklin was unacquainted with the management of any kind of boat, and could not swim; he also carried no light. A sad accident was almost inevitable. The unfortunate man was drowned. The boat was found uninjured at Pamrapo the next morning, and the body was recovered the following Tuesday, in the same vicinity.

THE Harvard Canoe Club held a sailing-race on the Charles-river Basin, October 18, with these entries: Class A: *Ted, Jr.*, F. S. Proctor; *No Name*, E. S. Abbott. Class B: *Beatrice*, T. Dunham; *Tarantula*, E. G. Rand. The winners were *Tarantula* and *Ted, Jr.*, in the respective classes.

Pleasure Travel and Resorts.

THE tide of travel in this country will set towards New Orleans this winter. The long time of the continuance of the World's Fair will give ample chance for all intending visitors to choose their own time for the Southern journey. The large amount appropriated by Congress, and the lively exertions already reported on the part of hotel-keepers in New Orleans, ought to entertain and make comfortable the army of visitors to the Crescent City.

THE Florida exodus will soon begin, and the newspapers of all Northern cities and towns will record the names of citizens who have gone to winter among the orange groves. There are several charming villages in the neighborhood of Jacksonville, which showed promise last season of tempting many winter residents out from the larger town.

A NEW resort, which is beginning to attract attention, is Eureka Springs, Ark. It is delightfully situated among the Ozark mountains, on the Eureka Springs Railroad, and boasts forty springs of pure, health-giving waters. The climate is very equable, and the hotels are good.

A PARTY of gentlemen belonging to a fashionable Boston club made up a coaching party in October for a visit to the Country Club. A number of ladies were invited, and one of the gentlemen drove a drag with two horses tandem.

MONTEREY, Cal., will be a pleasant objective point for winter tourists. It is the old capital of the State, now transformed into a fashionable spa, with the pleasures of sea-side life available the year round.

A PARTY of "statesmen and journalists" from Washington are to make a six-months' tour in South America this winter.

GENEVA LAKE, Wisconsin, has attracted thousands of visitors during the past season. This resort is growing in popularity each year. A great many people from Chicago and St. Louis have villas on the shore. The fishing and boating are perfect in their way.

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THE Nice *Times* says that a certain rich American has taken such a fancy to living in France "that he has ordered a real American house brought over from the States." Doubtless the "real American house" is a log-cabin, which the pleasure-seeker means to set up as a summer-house.

TRAVELLERS in Oregon declare that the scenery there surpasses that of the far-famed Austrian Tyrol.

Tennis.

In October the Country Club, of Boston, offered a handsome cup to be played for by Dr. James Dwight and Mr. R. D. Sears, the champion of the United States. As the question of superiority between them had never been definitely decided, great interest was taken in the match among those who received notice of the event. There were but a handful of spectators present when the racket was spun at about two o'clock of October 20. Mr. Sears won the choice of courts and selected the one which gave him the advantage of both sun and wind. The ground was totally unfit for good play, a great pity considering, for this was the best match of the year. It was remarked as a singular exception to the club's usual thoroughly complete arrangements for their events of whatever nature. Mr. Sears was the favorite in spite of his defeat at Hartford early in the month, which was attributed entirely to the miserable courts. The first set was won by Dr. Dwight, contrary to general expectation, by seven games to five, and as he won it from the worst court his stock rapidly rose in value. Mr. Sears was dissatisfied at the state of the court and said repeatedly that he would prefer to forfeit rather than finish the match, but the second set was begun with Sears facing the sun. The doctor played strongly and with confidence, and took the set six to two. In the third set the doctor, having the "wrong end," and two sets in hand, wisely saved himself, and it was easily won by Sears six to one. In the fourth set Mr. Sears seemed discouraged, and for the first time in our recollection failed to do himself credit under adverse circumstances; again and again he failed to bring off his favorite driving stroke, while the doctor, who was in fine form, continually utilized the advantage of his position by tossing high balls, and, as his service was strong and his placing from the volley very accurate, he walked away from the champion and won the set six to two, and the match by three sets to one. That the poor ground was the direct cause of Mr. Sears's defeat will be admitted, for it militated much more against his base-line play than against the doctor's volleying, but the fact remains that it was in his power to employ the same tactics as his opponent. The result of this match will hardly settle the contest for supremacy, and will probably reopen the discussion of the question as to which is "the" game of the future: volleying or base-line play.

THE autumn tournament of the Longwood Cricket Club was begun September 30. Forty-three entries were received for the singles, eight of which arrived too late to be accepted, and twelve pairs entered to compete for the double prizes. The entries were divided into four classes and handicapped — not very successfully — by the committee. It is, of course, a difficult matter to correctly classify so large a number of players, and but few men have the qualifications of a good handicapper. In every other respect the meeting was satisfactory, the weather being all that could be desired, and the courts in fine condition. Several hundred spectators, of whom, perhaps, a third were ladies, were present each day and enjoyed the sport. The playing of Dr. Dwight and Mr. Howard Taylor was [illegible] watched, as it was thought probable th[illegible] would meet in the final round, and a great battle be the result. The best playing of the first day was seen in the matches between F. Mansfield, of Longwood, and Presbrey, of Harvard, and L. Mansfield, of Longwood, and Wheelwright. Each of the brothers made a determined stand, but both were finally defeated in the third set. The second and third rounds were uneventful, but in the fourth three good matches were seen. Quincy Shaw beat S. H. Hooper after losing the first set, 2–6. In the second set Shaw appeared to fine advantage, and after winning it, 6–4, he had the third all his own way, winning it, 6–0. Taylor *v.* P. S. Sears (a younger brother of the champion) was a well-earned victory for Taylor, who lost the first set, 5–6, won the second after apparently losing it, 6–5, and only just won the third, 6–4, by putting in some very careful work just when it was needed. Butler *v.* Wheelwright was also very close, the latter having all he could do to win both sets, 6–5. The games between Dwight and Presbrey and Dwight and Wheelwright were rather tame, neither of his opponents seeming able to give the doctor anything to do. The fifth round brought together Shaw and Taylor, and a very exciting game was the result. Shaw, though only fifteen years old, is a most promising player, and in his previous

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play had shown a steadiness which augured well for his success, and the odds he was receiving, viz.: owe fifteen and fifteen, made it certain that Taylor would have to play remarkably well to win. He did play remarkably well, and it was anybody's game until the last stroke of the first set was played, Shaw winning, 6–5. The second set was a repetition of the first, Shaw winning by the same score. It was thought by some that if Taylor had won the second he would also have won the third set by wearing down his youthful antagonist, while others thought the odds too great to be overcome. In the final round between Dwight and Shaw the doctor was an easy winner, which gave him the first prize. The result of this tournament, and what has been seen of the doctor's form since, confirm our previously expressed opinion that his improvement this year has been greater than is generally believed. In the doubles some fine tennis was anticipated from the champions, the Harvard team and the Messrs. Mansfield, but the third round brought two surprises: the brothers were beaten by Hooper and Dodd, and the Harvard champions caused some disappointment by failing to make any stand against Dwight and Sears, after losing the f[illegible] 6–5, in which their work was very cre[illegible]e. The Nahant pair won the second set to love, and by defeating Hooper and Dodd in the final round took first place. On Saturday, October 4, the playing off for second prizes took place. The final round between Presbrey and Shaw was a very pretty contest, the former winning the third set and second prize. The second prize in doubles was taken by Taylor and Presbrey, who defeated Bacon and Gillett, 6–3, 6–5. The prizes were all silver cups, except the second double prize, which was a pair of fancy handled rackets.

THE Orange ball club tournament was won by Mr. Willis in singles, and Willis and Lyman in doubles.

THE fall open tournament of the Far and Near Lawn-Tennis Club was won by J. S. Clark, of the Young America Cricket Club, of Philadelphia, and Clark and Van Rensselaer were first in pairs.

THE honors in the intercollegiate meeting at Hartford were carried off by Yale, who secured first place both in singles and doubles. The surprise (and it was a great one) was the defeat of Sears, the champion, by Knapp. It was easily accounted for by the wretched ground and poor balls, which made the winning of a set more a matter of luck than skill. On first seeing the ground Mr. Sears wished to scratch, but was finally induced to play against his better judgment. It is to be hoped that better facilities will be provided another year, as the disgust among the players was general and loudly expressed.

THE indications are that in-door tennis will be in greater favor than ever during the coming winter. Three new buildings are to go up in New York this winter to accommodate in-door tennis-players. There is already one such building in Forty-first street, and various armories and meeting halls in upper New York have been chalked out into tennis courts.

Yachting.

AUGUST 26, a sweepstake race, $50 a side, open to all yachts on the west coast of Florida, was sailed on the Manatee river. The course was 30 miles, one-half proving to be windward work. The entries were: *Nellie Pyfrom*, 25 feet, of Cedar Keys; *Tempest*, 26 feet 6 inches, of Tampa; *Maude*, 19 feet 6 inches, of Palmetto; and *Mischief*, 25 feet, of Palmasola. The yacht *Tempest* was the winner.

SEPTEMBER 9, the Pacific Yacht Club, of San Francisco Bay, Cal., held a regatta. Six yachts started: *Lurline*, *Fleur de Lis*, *Nellie*, *Annie*, *Eva*, and *Rambler*. The course was 28 miles, from starting-point between Long Bridge and Mission Rock, to Hunter's Point, Oakland Bar, Fort Point wharf, and return. The yachts were divided into two classes. A special prize was offered for best actual time, and a club flag for best corrected time, in addition to first and second prizes for each class. The *Nellie* won the club flag and first prize; *Fleur de Lis*, second in first class; *Annie* first, and *Eva* second prize in second class; while the *Lurline* won prize for best time.

SEPTEMBER 12, the Hamilton Yacht Club held a regatta in St. George's Harbor, Bermuda. The New York-built yachts, *Wabun* and *Germania*, took the first and second prizes.

SEPTEMBER 13, the closing regatta of the season, at Lake Geneva, Wis., was sailed. There were ten entries. Three cash prizes were offered, $40, $25, $10, in each class. The *Whisper* took first prize in first class, *Nettie* second, and *Ethel* third. In second class, the *Bonita* took first, *White Wing* second, and *Juno* third.

SEPTEMBER 18, the Provincetown Yacht Club, of Provincetown, Mass., had its annual regatta. The course was a 12-miles triangle in the bay. The wind was moderate from north-

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east. The prize-takers were *Eolus* in first-class, and *Minnie* in second class.

SEPTEMBER 19, a yacht-race, at Sandy Bay, Rockport, Mass., was sailed between the yachts *Sesame*, *Black Cloud*, and *Comfort*, and was won by *Sesame*.

SEPTEMBER 20, the race of the Royal Canadian Yacht Club, for third class yachts, was sailed in Toronto Bay. The wind was fresh north-west. Five yachts contested. The *Mischief* won. The *Iris* did not sail, as shifting ballast was allowed.

SEPTEMBER 21, the pier at Oak Point, Staten Island, was crowded with people, while on the Sound scores of yachts witnessed the match between the crack sloop-yachts *Daisy*, of Harlem, and *Hoodoo*, of the New Jersey yacht clubs. The course was 18 miles, from Oak Point to Gangway buoy, off Sand's Point, and return. The wind was light north of west at the start, dying out to a calm, then freshening to south-west. The *Hoodoo* was the first to cross the line at the start. followed by *Daisy*, 10 seconds behind. After a very exciting race the *Hoodoo* won, beating the *Daisy* 13 minutes, actual time.

SEPTEMBER 21, a private match was sailed by the keel sloops *Lillie* and *Aegir*, of the Hull Yacht Club. The course was 28 miles, from off the club-house to Point Allerton buoy, Davis's Ledge, the Graves, Ram's Head buoys, Narrows, Fort Warren, to club-house. The wind at start was light north, lightening to almost a calm; it took nearly three hours to reach a point one mile beyond Harding's, then shifted to a south-west fresh breeze. The start was a flying one, *Lillie* crossing the line first, and steadily increasing the lead to the finish, which she won, beating the *Aegir* 12 m. 20 s., actual time, 10 m. 50 s., corrected time, having to allow the *Aegir*.

SEPTEMBER 22, the Harlem Yacht Club held its annual regatta at Oak Point, Staten Island. The wind was a strong steady breeze from S.S.W. The tide was favorable for the whole course. The course for first four classes was 20 miles, and fifth class 15 miles. Messrs. C. E. Morgan, R. F. Baxter, and Jas. W. Graff acted as judges, and the steamer *Crystal Spring* followed the yachts, with club members and friends on board; a string band was provided for dancing. Sixteen yachts started and made exceptionally fast time on the windward work, the record being beaten by 40 m. The fifth class finished before the larger class, and made the best recorded time ever made over the course. The winners were *H. W. Beecher*, first class; *Gracie*, second class; *Minnie*, third class; *Truant*, fourth class; *Little Dean*, fifth class.

SEPTEMBER 22, the Salem Bay Yacht Club sailed its third and last regatta. Eight boats started. The course was 12 miles for first and second classes, 7 miles for third class. The wind was fresh from the south-west. The winners were *Nautilus*, first class; *Nettie*, second class; *Comus*, third class centre-boards, and *Mona*, third class keels. The *Tulip* won previously the cup for fourth class centre-boards. The prizes for championship are silver cups.

SEPTEMBER 23, the Lynn Yacht Club sailed its third championship match. The courses were 7 and 5 miles. The wind was a good breeze from the north-east. There were six starters in second class and four in third class; no first class. The *Muriel*, lately purchased by Messrs. Armstead & Taylor, won in second class, and the *Georgie* took the championship pennant in third class.

SEPTEMBER 24, the Lynn Yacht Club yachts, *Jennie L.*, *Pearl*, and *Muriel*, sailed the tie for championship pennant of second class yachts. The wind was a good westerly breeze. The course was 7 miles. The *Jennie L.* took the lead, *Muriel* second, and *Pearl* third. The *Jennie L.* lost her throat-halyards. The *Muriel* came in first, but was protested, for fouling a buoy, and the pennant was awarded to the *Pearl*.

SEPTEMBER 25, the New Haven Yacht Club sailed its fall regatta over the regular course to Charles Island, 27 and 30 miles. Nineteen yachts entered, divided into five classes. The day was fine with a fair amount of wind. A sharp squall and rain were encountered when the boats were half way over the course. The *Stranger* fouled with and tore the *Alice's* main-sail; the cutter *Rajah* grounded on the east flats, and the *Happy Thought* grounded on Graves Bar. The winners were *Adriadne*, class B; *Happy Thought*, class C; *Stranger* first, *Vixen* second, *Endeavor* third, class D; *Gracie* first, class E; *Libbie* first, class F; and *Hornet* first, *Hylas* second, class G. The judges were ex-Governor Bigelow, Judge York, and Collector A. J. Beers.

SEPTEMBER 25, the races for yachts of Philip Ellsworth's models that was to take place this day was postponed until next season, on account of many of the yachts being hauled up for the winter.

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SEPTEMBER 25, the yachts *Elwell*, *Adelphia*, *Pat Gallagher*, *Pearson*, *Minerva*, *Richmond*, *Esther* and *T. J. Pratt*, of the Quaker City Yacht Club, sailed a sweepstake race in Delaware River, around Chester buoy and return. The wind was strong westerly. The *Elwell* took the lead and won the race, *Adelphia* second and *Richmond* third.

SEPTEMBER 25, the Milwaukee Yacht Club held its regatta. A number of spectators were present, but only two yachts sailed the course, Col. Bell's *Las Campanas* and F. Boyd's *Adele*. The cruise was 12 miles. The *Adele* took the lead and kept it throughout, winning the race.

SEPTEMBER 27, the Pacific Yacht Club had a short cruise to Martinez, the yachts *Fleur de Lis*, *Annie*, *Aggie*, *Lurline*, *Halcyon*, *Chispa*, and *Ripple*, took part. The next day the fleet started home with a light west wind. The *Nellie* was first home, but the *Annie* won on time allowance.

SEPTEMBER 27, the West Lynn Yacht Club sailed its second championship race. The courses were 7 and 3 miles. There was a heavy breeze west of south, and considerable sea. The second-class boats did not sail. The *Blanche* was the only boat in first-class. The winners of pennants for the year were *Blanche* of first-class and *Crescent* of third-class, they having won in previous race.

SEPTEMBER 27, a race for the Cosgrove Challenge Cup was sailed in Toronto Bay, Ont. As this prize was only open to club yachts, extra prizes of $25, $10, and $5 were offered to outside yachts. The course was the usual 8 miles. The contestants were: *Iris*, T.Y.C.; *Mischief*, T.Y.C.; *Meteor* and *Psyche*. *Iris* broke her gaff, and was compelled to withdraw. *Mischief* came in first, taking the cup and $25; *Meteor* second; *Pschye* third. In 1883 the *Mischief* beat the *Iris* four times, and this year the *Iris* has beaten the *Mischief* three times.

SEPTEMBER 29, a lively race was sailed in Newark Bay for the Challenge pennant, in class B, of the Newark Yacht Club. It has been held by the *Rambler*, Albert F. Adams. The course was the usual 10 miles. There was a fine breeze from the south-west. The yacht *Just Woke Up* won, followed by the other contestants, *Cloud* and *Rambler*.

OCTOBER 2, the Michigan Yacht Club sailed a match for the pennant, in which the yacht *Jennie J.* won, closely followed by the *Annie S.* and *Leila*.

OCTOBER 2, the New Jersey Yacht Club sailed their third open regatta. The steamer *Blackbird* was chartered to take the members and invited guests. The day was chilly and rainy. The wind was blowing strong from the north-east, with occasional puffs. The courses were from Bedloe's Island; 33 miles, for class A, 15 miles for classes B and C, and 10 miles for class D. Thirty-three yachts were entered and thirty started. Class A was composed entirely of catamarans (four). The *Cruiser* was the first to return, beating all in her class (ten yachts). The winners were: Class A, catamaran *Jessie*, prize, $30; class B, *Dare Devil*, $30; class C, *Only Son*, $25; class D, *Cruiser*, $15.

OCTOBER 4, the Yale Yacht Club held its annual fall regatta. The course was down the harbor, around the breakwater and return to Long wharf. The yacht *Stranger*, Merrill, '86, won in first class; *Hylas*, Crane, '85, in second class; *Yale*, J. B. Keogh, '85, in third class.

OCTOBER 7, a race of the Lynn Yacht Club boats, for a silver cup presented by R. B. Benner, was sailed. The course was 5 miles. A heavy wind from the north-west caused the yachts to reef, and the result was the most exciting race of the season's club sport. Only three boats contended: *Crest*, *Georgie*, and *Daisy D.* The *Crest* won the prize.

OCTOBER 8, the race for the club pennant of class F, in the Atlantic Yacht Club, was sailed. The sloop-yacht *Romeyn* holding the pennant, was challenged by the sloop *Ilderan*, September 29. The course was 32 miles, from club-house to Buoy 8, Scotland lightship, and return. The wind was light, but steady, east of south. There were many yachts present, some sailing around with the contestants. It was an interesting and exciting race. The *Romeyn* first crossed the line at the start, and although hard-pressed at times, kept it, and was declared the winner, beating by 12 m. 54 s., actual time, and thus retaining the club pennant.

OCTOBER 9, the fall regatta of the Knickerbocker Yacht Club, that failed for lack of wind, September 19, was sailed off club-house, Port Morris. There was a strong wind from north-north-west, requiring some yachts taking in two reefs, but the water was smooth. The day was fine, but the air was chilly for the guests of the club on steamer *River Belle*. Thirty yachts started, divided into eight classes. The yacht *Lizzie R.* made the fastest time ever made over the course. The winners were: *Surf*, first class;

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Supervisor, second class; *Lizzie R.*, third class; *Daisy*, fourth class; *Nellie R.*, fifth class; *Truant*, sixth class; *Katie B.*, seventh class. The *Jean*, the only boat that started in eighth class, did not finish.

OCTOBER 11, the West Lynn Yacht Club sailed their second championship race, for second class yachts, other class championship having been decided. The course was 5 miles. The wind was strong and squally from the south. The only contestants were: *Mabel H.* and *Vesper*. Both yachts met with mishaps, and the *Mabel* could not finish. *Vesper* won. As the *Raven* has won one race the two yachts will sail off the tie.

OCTOBER 13, the match between the yachts *Thorn*, 24 feet 6 inches, owned by James Gorton, and sailed by Capt. Alonzo Gibson, and *Gracie*, 24 feet 3½ inches, owned by Percy Nagle, and sailed by Capt. John Munson, was sailed at Echo Bay Point, off New Rochelle, Long Island Sound. The course was 10 miles to leeward and return. The wind blew almost a gale from W.N.W., and an ugly sea prevailed. The *Gracie* was leading by a good distance when at the turning-point, Hog Island buoy, she broke her bowsprit, and the *Thorn* won the match. This race attracted very great interest, not only on account of the prize-money, $500, and the numerous private wagers, but for the merits of the yachts and the rivalry existing between them, both being about the same size and spreading the same area of canvas. If anything, the *Gracie* was not so carefully rigged as the *Thorn*.

OCTOBER 13, an interesting match was sailed off Whitestone, Long Island Sound, between the sloop-yachts *Maud S.*, owned by Sergeant McManus, of Willet's Point, and the *O. R. Phenis*, owned by Captain Webster, of Whitestone, for a stake of $200. The *O. R. Phenis* won the race, beating the *Maud S.* 8 minutes.

OCTOBER 14, the Vesper Yachting Association sailed its fall regatta off club-house, at Yonkers, on the Hudson river. The wind was very strong from the north-west, with spiteful puffs. The course was 7½ and 10 miles down the river. The time allowance was based upon the sail area. Sixteen yachts started and three catamarans. The catamaran *Jessie* was the first boat in, followed by the rest in her class, and the *Spray* and *Polly* were the first yachts home that rounded the outer mark. The run home was against a strong tide and wind. The *Tethys* had no competitor in first-class. The winners were: *Polly*, in second-class; *Ray Howland*, in third-class; *Spray*, in fourth-class; *Jessie*, of catamarans.

OCTOBER 15, the Sewanhaka Corinthian Yacht Club sailed a race, open to all, first, second, and third class yachts of any club. The course was an ocean one, 10 and 20 miles to leeward and return off Sandy Hook. The wind was light but steady from the north at start, afterwards freshening. The steam-tug *Luckenbeck* had the members and friends aboard. The cutter *Mona* broke the jaws of her gaff on her way to the place of starting, and did not enter. The race was not finished till after dark, the yachts returning with their lights set. The following will show the names of the contestants and time made, prizes being $150 for first class and $100 for third class: —

First class — 55 feet and over.

	h.	m.	s.	h.	m.	s.
Bedouin	6	27	24	6	27	24
Athion	6	59	57	6	46	12
Oriva	6	44	37	6	27	25

Third class — 35 to 45 feet.

	h.	m.	s.
Surf	5	41	24
Happy Thought	5	38	35

OCTOBER 18, the Seawanhaka Yacht Club sailed its last race of the season, an ocean race, 10 and 20 miles to leeward, off Sandy Hook. Fourteen crack yachts started, divided into four classes. The wind was blowing hard from the west, and the sky lowering in the north. Yachts were entered from as far East as New Haven. The entries were: *Bedouin*, *Athlon*, *Oriva*, *Annie*, *Penguin*, *Mona*, *Wacondah*, *Happy Thought*, *Sara*, *Aria*, *Yolandi*, *Petrel*, *Daisy*, and *Stranger*. The sloop *Annie* was first to cross the line at start. Out by the Hospital islands the wind was screaming, and the bay, as far as the eye could reach, was one mass of white foam. The cutters managed to stand it well, but the centre-boards were in trouble. The *Bedouin* showed some remarkable sailing, and was the first to cross the line on finish. The *Petrel* was towed in. No centre-boards finished. Taken altogether it was a cutter day. The prize-takers were: *Bedouin*, first-class; *Oriva*, second-class; *Mona*, third-class; and *Daisy*, fourth-class.

OCTOBER 20, a sweepstake race, of $100 a side, was sailed between the yachts *Nettie Thorpe*, *Adele*, and *Gracie*. The course was 10 miles to windward and return, from buoy off Matinnicock, south-west, to buoy off Fort Schuyler. The steamer

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Pioneer took a large party of Harlem yachtsmen and ladies. The wind was moderate, W.S.W. at start, after lightening to a calm, then springing up from the southward. The finish was made in the dark. The *Gracie* beat the *Nettie Thorpe* 1 m. 50 s., actual time, and 2 m. 35 s. corrected time. The *Adele* did not finish.

A NEW cat-rig was launched September 25, built by C. Bernard for J. F. Bouye, of Brooklyn, N.Y. Her length is 20 feet, with 8 feet 2 inches beam.

MR. A. B. SPRECKELS, owner of the yacht *Lurline*, of the San Francisco Yacht Club, has withdrawn from the club owing to the protest — made against his yacht in the club race of August 30, — supported by the judges.

THE keel schooner-yacht *Silvie*, of the Hull Yacht Club, formerly owned by Mr. C. V. Whitten, was sold September 20, by C. C. Maubury, to Jerome Carty, of Philadelphia. She was built as a centre-board sloop by George Steers, in 1851. She went to England in 1853, and entered some of the races there; was rebuilt and altered into a schooner in 1868, and last year was again rebuilt by Mr. Maubury. Her length is 82 feet 9 inches, 74 feet 7 inches water-line, 24 feet 3 inches beam.

FROM the *Spirit of the Times* we learn that an improvement upon the present catamaran is proposed. The plan is to add another hull in the centre, which will be longer than the others.

THE clipper yacht *Daisy*, of the Harlem Yacht Club, was sold September 30 to Mr. Mills, of New York.

THE keel sloop-yacht *Veronica*, of the Hull Yacht Club, was sold September 19 by Mr. C. W. Trainer to Mr. Nathaniel D. Silsbee, of Boston. Her length is 23 feet 11 inches, 20 feet 10 inches water-line, beam, 10 feet, draft 4 feet. She was built in 1876 by Stephen Chamberlain, of South Boston.

THE centre-board sloop *Expert*, of the Hull Yacht Club, was sold September 12 to Mr. Lawrence Whitcomb, of Boston. She was built in 1870 by Allen Hay, of Lynn, Mass., is 25 feet 3 inches over all, 22 feet 8 inches water-line, 9 feet 8 inches beam. She has had a good record, and her former owners, Messrs. F. H. Monks and Henry P. Stanwood, in 1882–3, took many of the prizes offered by the Hull Yacht Club.

THE steam-yacht *Rahda*, formerly owned by Mr. P. Lorillard, of New York, has been newly planked outside at Gorringe's yard, Philadelphia. She was built at Newburgh in 1880.

THE iron cutter *Gaviata*, built on the Delaware by Marcus Hook for Mr. Edwards, of New York, has sailed her trial-trip.

THE entire interior of Mr. Henry Bryant's yacht *Thetis* has been taken out, and the cabin is to be fitted up anew.

A QUEER discovery was made in Boston Harbor September last. Divers, in examining the spot where the steamer *Sanford* was run into the past summer, found a wreck of a yacht on the bottom of the channel, near Buoy 6, lower middle, imbedded in mud and covered with barnacles, but otherwise in fair preservation. It is supposed to be the sloop *Adieu*, owned by the late Calvin Macomber, of City Point, Boston, which was capsized near that point ten years ago and the occupants drowned. The yacht was dragged for at the time, but never found.

A NEW yacht club was formed last August at Great Head, Winthrop, Mass. It has been incorporated under the name of "Great Head Yacht Club," has built a fine two-story house, with float stages, has a membership of 80, and started off with a fleet of about 25 yachts. Its officers are: Commodore, W. S. Chamberlin; vice-commodore, C. B. Belcher; secretary and treasurer, Albert E. Prince; fleet captain, H. A. Joslyn; directors, W. S. Chamberlin, Chas. S. Tewksbury, George H. Paine, F. L. Woodward, and Clarence H. Billings.

MR. CHARLES L. HASKELL, of the Hull Yacht Club, has sold his centre-board sloop *Vivienne*, formerly the *Undine*, to Mr. Cornelius Lee, of Baltimore, who will change her into a schooner-rig, preparatory to a cruise South this winter. The yacht has been on a cruise to Labrador the past summer. She is 47 feet over all, 42 feet water-line, 18 feet beam, and was built about 1873 by Napoleon Bros., Greenpoint, L.I.

THE old shop and lockers at Lawley's south wharf, at City Point, South Boston, have been removed across the dock. The Boston Yacht Club will widen its wharf, and use the land for additional lockers for use of club memhers.

THE fast centre-board sloop *Active*, belonging to Mr. C. P. Horton, of the Eastern Yacht Club, was sold October 2 to Mr. Charles Kinney, of Boston. She was built in 1875, at Keyport, N.J., by William Force, and is 56 feet 3 inches over all, 52 feet water-line, 16 feet 2 inches beam.

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MR. CHARLES A. STEVENSON, of the Hull Yacht Club, a well-known actor of New York, has bought of Mr. E. M. Paddleford the cutter-yacht *Mona*. She was built by Lawley & Son, South Boston, last year, from designs by Mr. John Harvey.

THE centre-board cat-rig *Maid*, owned by J. B. Farrell, of the South Boston Yacht Club, was sold September 15 to Mr. J. H. Litchfield. She is 23 feet 8 inches over all, 21 feet 11 inches water-line, 10 feet beam.

MR. GEO. H. HASTINGS, of the Hull Yacht Club, sold his centre-board sloop *Ivy* the last of August.

THE race of the American Steam-Yacht Club, which has been postponed from time to time, was fixed for October 14, but, owing to the foolish provision in the programme, "fifteen yachts must enter," it was again postponed. There will be no race this year. Twelve yachts entered.

THE centre-board schooner-yacht *Republic*, Mr. Wright Duryea, of the Atlantic Yacht Club, will have fifteen feet added to her midship section this winter, and it is thought that she will be made a powerful keel-yacht by the alteration.

THE cutter *Mamie*, built last spring by E. L. Williams, of Lowell, Mass., was sold October 7, to a Mr. Wheelwright, of New York. Her dimensions are 25 feet over all, 21 feet water-line, and 6 feet beam.

CORRECTION. — The cat-rig *Elf*, owned by M. W. P. Barker, of Quincy, has been awarded the first prize in second-class in regatta of Beverly Yacht Club, September 20, instead of the *Thisbie*, as previously reported.

AT a meeting of the Hull Yacht Club held October 25, the date of the annual meeting was changed to the second Saturday in January, instead of last Saturday in March. A committee was appointed to nominate officers and committees of the club for the ensuing year, and to report fourteen days previous to the annual meeting.

THE French yachting journal *Le Yacht* of October 11 gives the programme of two days' regattas to be held at Nice, France, April 7 and 9. Liberal prizes are offered to sailing yachts, steamers, launches, and row-boats. From the reports it promises to be fully up to the former regattas. The honorable president of the Yacht Racing Association is the Prince of Wales.

A SOMEWHAT remarkable but melancholy catastrophe happened on the afternoon of October 14 to the sloop-yacht *Bonito*, commanded by Mr. Ernest Hastings. The yacht left Bath, L.I., in the morning for a three weeks' cruise along the Jersey coast, the party consisting of Messrs. Hastings, Elliott L. Smith and Emlen Franklin. The yacht, getting in too near shore, after leaving Manasquan river, on the way to Barnegat, Mr. Franklin, who was at the helm, in his excitement to keep off, put the helm too far to starboard, causing the boat to gybe, and swept the three off the deck. The yacht soon righted and went off to sea on the port tack. Mr. Hastings and Mr. Smith reached the shore, after being in the water for half an hour. The whole night was spent in fruitless search for the body of Mr. Franklin, but not until Thursday were any tidings heard, when it was learned that he was picked up on the yacht about forty miles off Delaware Breakwater. According to the statement of Mr. Franklin, he says: "After the yacht gybed found myself in the water, with one hand on the rail. After getting aboard fired four or five shots to attract the notice of companions, but hearing and seeing nothing gave them up as lost. Being left alone, without dingy or a tiller, with the main-boom carried away four feet from mast, the only thing to do was to let the yacht drive before the wind, and use the stock of a gun for a rudder. As the yacht was leaking badly, I left that and devoted my whole time to bailing, till the next afternoon. No water was left on board for drinking, and the provisions were gone, with the exception of two eggs. Becoming exhausted, I slept into the night, when I was awakened by water splashing about me, and finding that the boat was filling again, I resumed my bailing and kept it up till Thursday morning, when I was picked up by the steamer *Rio Grande*, bound for Galveston, and afterwards transferred to the *San Marcos*, which arrived at quarantine, New York, Friday morning, October 17. On leaving the yacht there were three inches of water over the cabin-floor, and she must have sunk soon after."

SEPTEMBER 20, a race was sailed on the Thames River, England, between the electrical launches *Australia* and *Electricity*. The former was built during the summer, and is 25 feet long, 5 feet 7 inches beam, and carries 50 electrical storage accumulators. The latter was built in 1882, and caused considerable sensation at the time she was launched; is 25 feet long, 5 feet beam. At the time of the race both boats were supplied with the same amount of energy. The *Australia* won, beating only half a length.

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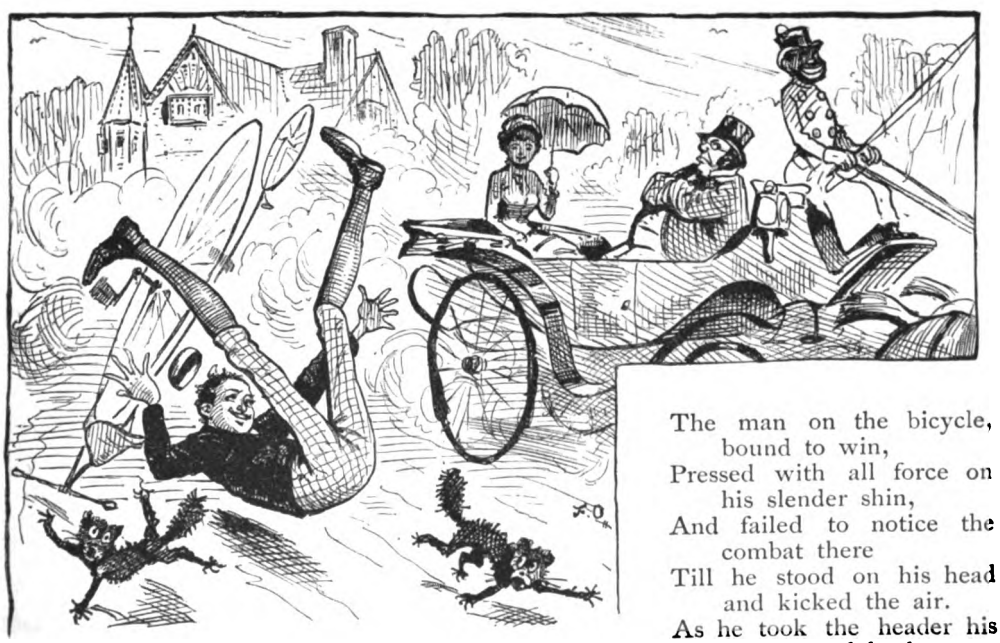


THE BICYCLE MAN.—A ROMANCE.

Chapter I.



OLD Beeswax lived in a swell-front brick
That fronts on a street where swells are thick;
He stored his money in canvas bags,
And kept a stud of several nags;
And on the mill-dam cut a swell
With his darky driver and daughter Bell,
Whose peach-bloom cheeks and eyes of night
Struck sensitive dudes like dynamite.
But she didn't turn her attention to't,
Till a bicycle chap in a cord'roy suit
Humped up beside the Beeswax span,
Intending to lead the caravan.
But well-laid plans oft-times fall through,
And this was a time when the same was true.
Two tomcats brave and battle-scarred
Had argued long in a neighboring yard
In regard to a previous midnight bout,
And had met in the street to have it out.



The man on the bicycle, bound to win,
Pressed with all force on his slender shin,
And failed to notice the combat there
Till he stood on his head and kicked the air.
As he took the header his face turned back,

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And he noticed the girl in the Beeswax hack;
And she blushed at the roguish wink he gave,
As he stood on his head on the asphalt pave;
And each decided ere you'd count three
That this was a case of affinitee.

Chapter II.

'Twere vain for me to tell, I think,
How they met at the roller-skating rink,
And skated and rolled on the slippery floor
Imitating the scene I described before,
And decided that he should be her beau:
If I did you would say "I told you so."
But truth compels me to say t'was planned
He should ask old Beeswax for her hand.
So he looked in his trunk, donned what he could find
And ate a large lunch to encourage his mind,
Marched up the steps like a Broadway swell
And valiantly pulled the Beeswax bell,
And said to the darkey who answered the latter
"Called to see Mr. Beeswax, a business matter."
What occurred at the interview ne'er can be told,
Your scribe stayed outside as he's not very bold,
And sat on the curb-stone with anxious concern
And waited with patience the wheelman's return.
And how it occurred, I am free to confess,
As a true man of honor, I never could guess.
But a sudden and terrible sound smote the air
And out shot a bundle of legs, arms and hair,
And from out of the heap as it lit in the street,
The bicycle man slowly arose to his feet;
Dumfounded, bewildered, knocked out and amazed,
On the great silent mansion's closed portal he gazed;
Then he picked up the somewhat crushed hat at his feet,
And slowly and moodily limped up the street;
But I heard his remark as he passed where I sat,
"Score one for old Beeswax, but I'll pay him yet."

Chapter III.

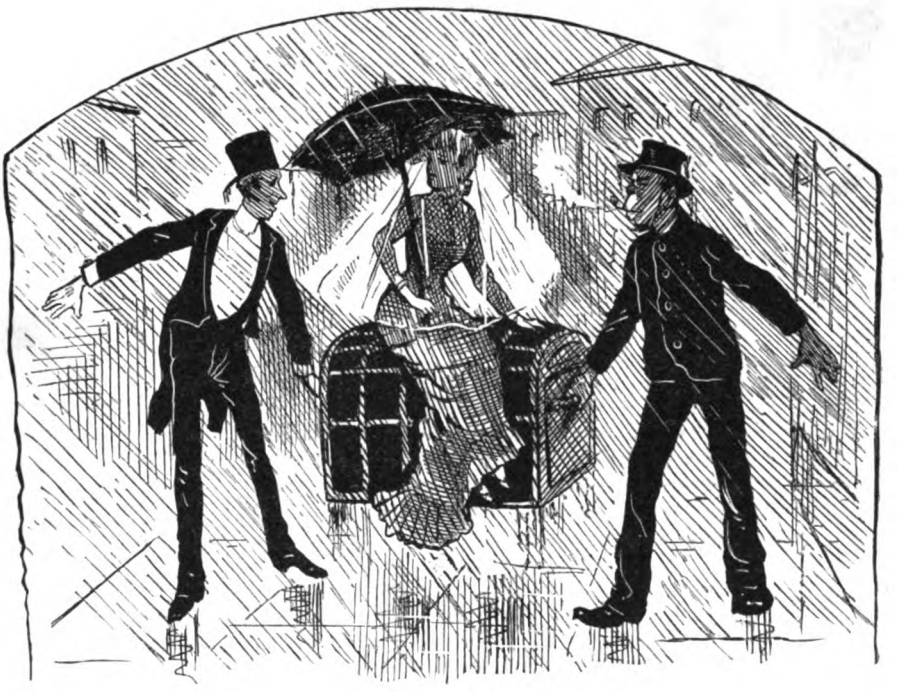
'Tis night! and a sable mantle lies
Over the Athens with Yankee skies;
Yes; silence and darkness reign supreme,
And the rain descends in a steady stream.
The watchful police their vigils keep,
Under their barrels fast asleep.
But ha! through the mist and falling spray
What procession is that which comes this way?
Two men and a trunk and a girl on top,
Who holds an umbrella the rain to stop.
And as they pass under the street-lamp there,
We get a glimpse of the clothes they wear.
One has a coat with a swallow-tail;
From the fair one's bangs drops a snowy veil.
But can it be? it is I van!
The Beeswax girl and the bicycle man.
And see, they stop at the parson's gate;

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They are going to wed as sure as fate;
Yes, 'tis easy to see the well-laid plan,
The girl has run off with the bicycle man.

Chapter IV.

When the Beeswax man awoke next morn
He found to his grief that the girl was gone;
He reached for his head to remove his hair,
It was bald. He could only skip and swear.
Then he sat him grimly down to plan
A terrible death for the bicycle man.
But as time passed on and a week rolled by,



A milder expression beamed from his eye;
For he thought of a plan he was longing to test;
So he put on his hat, his silk one, his best,
And his course toward the distant rink he bent,
Where the silent steed was kept to rent;
For he yearned to know if 'twas really smart
To glide about on a two-wheeled cart.
So he watched the boys for an hour or more,
As they sailed around on the level floor;
Then smiled in scorn, "It is plain," said he,
"Its as easy as tumbling off a tree."
"Bring on a machine," to the man he cried,
"And I'll prove that it takes no brains to ride."
Then he did as the others seemed to do,
And carelessly fired his right-hand shoe

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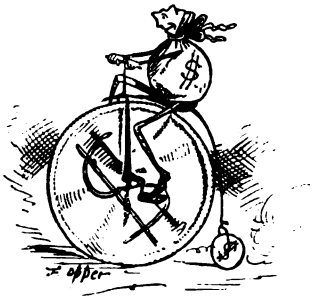
Over the back of the wiry horse;
The thing was sure to go, of course.
But troubles gathered fast and thick,
He failed to get the proper kick;



One leg got tangled in the wheel,
The crank got caught on the other heel;
The wild horse tried six ways to dash,
Then suddenly there came a crash,
And swifter than the lightning's gleam
He lit on the bump of his self-esteem;
And like a fallen china cup,
The Beeswax man was all broke up.
Then they got a shutter and took him home.
Ah! never more from there to roam.
While one for the old man's lawyer went,
To draw his last will and testament.
Then they gave him a stimulant, drug-store brand,
And the lawyer took his pen in hand,
And Beeswax told him to haste and write,
For he had to pass in his chips that night,
And his mind was made beyond recall
To give the bicycle man his all;
For a man who could ride a two-wheeled nag
Could certainly manage a money-bag.

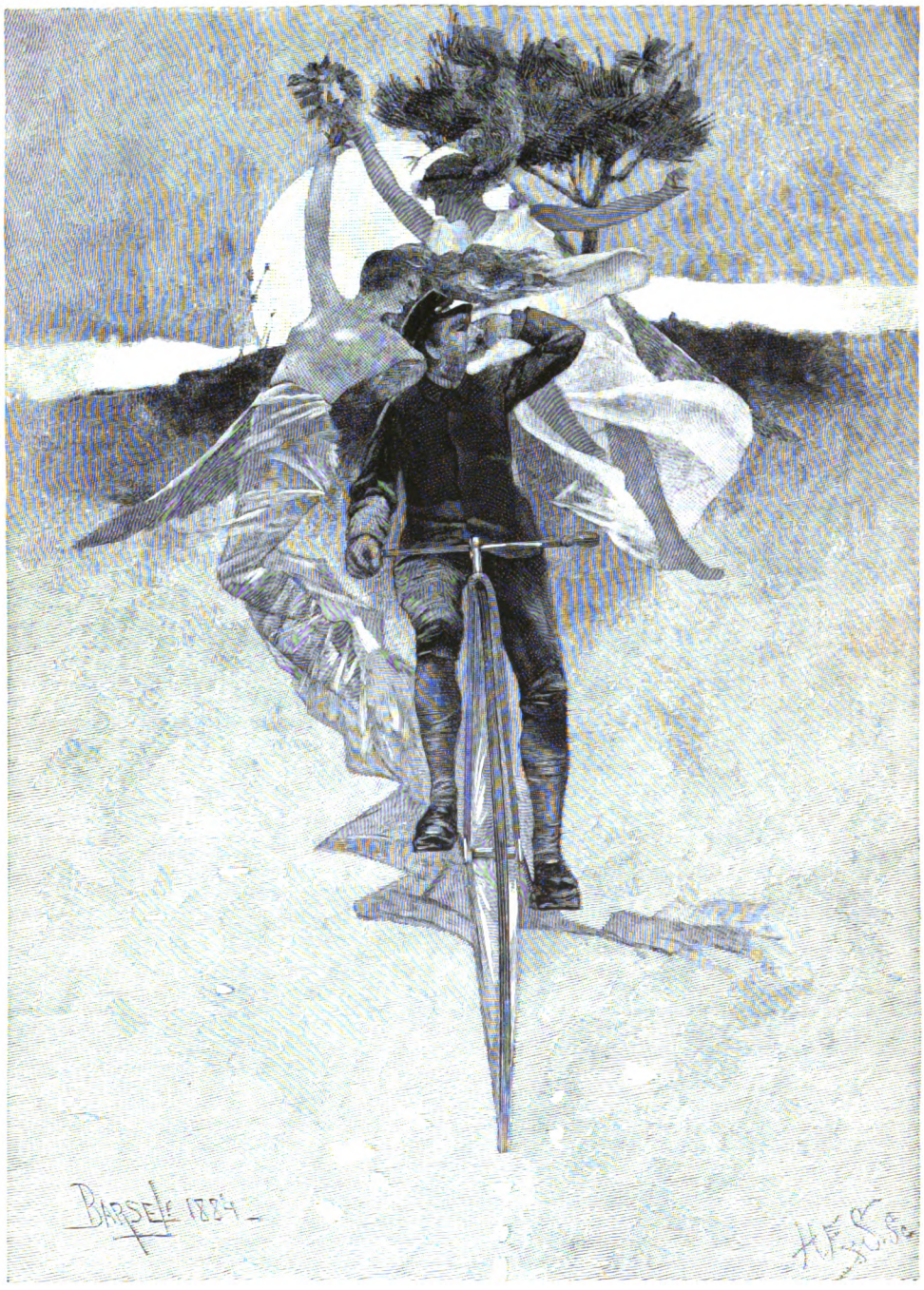
Conclusion.

In the house where Beeswax lived and died
The bicycle man lives with his bride;
He made soft soap of the Beeswax span
And gave the hack to a livery man.
"Take it, and welcome, sir," said he,
"To a bicycle man it is N. G.,
For he rides a machine that eats no hay,
And travels a hundred miles a day."
And then a sociable, rich and nice,
He ordered without regard to price;
And if you should meet when on the road,
A three-wheeled thing with the following load,
A smart young man in cord'roy trim,
And a girl with a boy that looks like him,
Take in the view and their features scan,
'Tis the Beeswax girl and the bicycle man.



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OUTING.

VOL. V. JANUARY, 1885. No. 4.

THE WHEELMAN'S VISION.

WHAT think'st thou, steed of mine, of steel,
Nor curbed by rein, nor urged by stripes,
Shall voices of the night reveal
The history of thy prototypes?
Must thy all-silent evidence
Of deftly made, progressive gain
Be given 'gainst sounds that vex the sense,
As Jehu whirls along the plain?

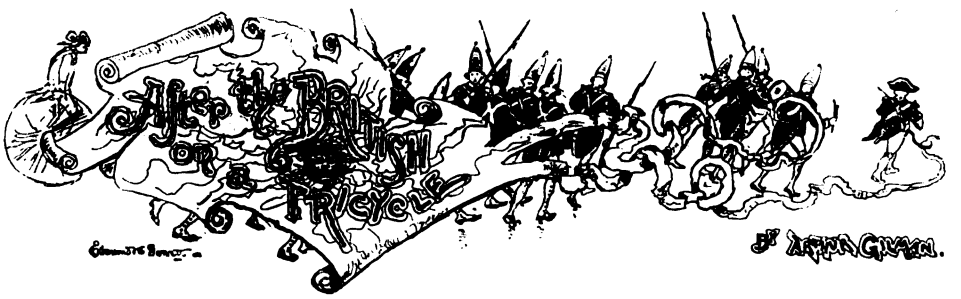
Thou canst not with thy slender rim
That glitters in the glow of stars,
Resemble one ordained for him
Whom Mercury bound with brazen bars;
Who in his spleen devised a lie,
Abused his love, deceived her sire,—
And base Ixion rides for aye,
By Jove's command, the wheel of fire.

Nor art thou of that bulky frame
That rolled before the Roman seer,
Whose triple chargers in the game
Were driven by far famed charioteer.
Not thine the form of globes that turned
On golden shaft in realms afar,
As Phaeton with ardor burned
To guide the course of Phœbus' car.

Far less art thou like myth that grew
In Aristotle's fertile brain,
A problem and solution too
Of what thy simplest feats explain.
More art thou as Dame Fortune's disk
That holds her prizes and awards,
Since whoso takes the offered risk
May sit among her favored lords.

Thus, in my vision as I flew,
The voices spoke of things of old;
Traditions, that I partly knew;
Legends, that to my wheel I told.
And as I rode, so still, so fast,
I read the dream of life aright,—
The charming record of the past:
The loving converse of the night.

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I DETERMINED to go after the British on a tricycle; but, perhaps, I did not carry out my intention as promptly as I should have done. I am deliberative by inheritance. It is several years since, in company with the distinguished member of my family and our daughters, I celebrated the 240th anniversary of the landing of my ancestors at Boston; for they were among the few who did not "come over on the *Mayflower*." They did not take passage on the celebrated vessel because of their deliberation, I suppose. The *Mayflower* sailed for Plymouth so early in the history of such excursions that my ancestors, apparently, doubted there being any adequate hotel accommodations at that point. This is the reason why they waited a few years, and took a ship for Boston, where, undoubtedly, they went directly to the Revere, and it was at that inn that their descendants dined in their honor, after deliberating about it for two hundred and forty years.

There were, however, several other reasons why I did not start after the British promptly, in 1775. In the first place, tricycles had not been invented at that date; secondly, I had not learned to ride them; and, thirdly, I was not in Cambridge at the time. It was necessary that I should go to Cambridge; and this I did as soon as practicable, reaching there in the year 1870. After becoming well settled, and somewhat familiar with the region, by the year 1883, I bethought me of the advantages afforded by the tricycle in going after the British, or in getting over the ground for any purpose whatsoever.

Experience had taught me that the ground had a way of stretching out from Cambridge in every direction that I had wished to travel, and that there were several modes of getting over it, each of which was, however, defective in some point. There was the steam railway, an invention of a period anterior to the date of my coming to Cambridge, though long posterior to the arrival of my honored ancestors at Boston, — but it did not pass my house, nor would its trains stop where I wished. That was evidently not a desirable mode of going after the minions of an effete monarchy. Next, there was the street railway; but that did not carry passengers to the distance that I knew was necessary for any effectual pursuit of the British. One can still travel on the back of a horse too, as was possible in the days of our forefathers; but horses have to be housed (or rather stabled) and fed, and being a man of letters, and not a man of coins, I was fain to give up all consideration of that means of conveyance. If wishes were horses even literary men might ride; but since they are not, horseback-riding is for others than them, — unless, indeed, they can borrow of confiding friends.

I looked upon the bicycle with distrust, though its elegant motion, under direction of a master, fascinates me. I am not a master, and fear that I never could acquire the upper hand of such an airy steed. It is not that I flatter myself that, being a literary man, I carry too much weight at the top. Far from it. I am deliberative, and my weight of character is in my understanding. Reasonable or unreasonable, I am afraid of the airy bicycle. There must be a good basis to the machine that carries me.

Information came to me that there was in Cambridge a man, Albert S. Parsons by name, who owned and rode a new steed that promised to fulfil all my requirements, — the tricycle. I sought his acquaintance, and one favorable afternoon he offered to take me to ride with him. It was in the autumn. There was a breeze.

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We mounted side by side on a sociable, and slowly propelled ourselves through the streets; but the British easily kept out of our sight, — at least, we did not see them or hear of them. We retraced our steps, (is that the word?) and I went to my home a stiffer and a wearier man. Tricycling seemed to me, that night, like hard work, and I felt certain that I should never catch the British or anything else — unless, possibly, rheumatism — in that way.

It happened, soon after, that one of the learned professors of Harvard University came from Europe with another form of the machine. He had searched the British markets for the best, and had brought it with him. I asked him the privilege of trying his machine, and the favor was immediately granted. I made my preliminary essay in the professor's presence, on the smooth floor of a stable, and the first thing I did was to fly off at a tangent, to be caught in the learned man's arms, and saved from a humiliating fall. Could the tricycle, then, give its rider a fall? Certainly it could. However, I was not to be daunted. There were the British to be gone after, and there was no way for me to go but on the new machine. Go I certainly should, and on a tricycle. I did not give up, but took the professor's English machine, and tried it day after day. I found it pretty light, and after a little practise, felt assured that it would not throw me. There seemed to be some light dawning, and I kept up my courage, though I did not yet feel prepared to buy the professor's kind of machine.

A brother obtained an American style, and we tried it on alternate days. It did not even attempt to throw us, and in many ways, but not in all, appeared to be the thing we sought. Still, we did not buy. Then, we were attracted by a wonderful bicycle, with two big wheels on one axle, an instrument which, if one could possibly ride, would be the perfection of motion for those who will not perch themselves at the top of a single wheel, and take the direful risk of headers and other abominations. We balanced on this, and we tipped out. We revolved the pedals, and we pitched out. We sat still, and still we pitched out. Though ever on the *qui vive*, and always uncertain of our seat, we at last seemed to have conquered the beauty, which we came to love; but just as we had reached the point of spinning ahead a few feet, and fondly thought that we could keep up the pleasant motion by the mile, lo, out we pitched! Plainly, this style was for others to conquer, and sadly we resigned our fond anticipations.

I concluded, next, that the tricycle of the future must have direct action; and I sent abroad for descriptions of those that do away with the chain and other means of transmitting the motion of the pedals. True, these had the direct action, but equally truly they each had defects that the future must overcome. I have not yet given up my faith in direct action, but as yet it is not for me, and I must seek some other style of machine to go after the British with.

In the moonlight, and with their headlights streaming before them in brilliant but vain emulation, there came to my door one evening Mr. Parsons and a friend, who showed me other machines. At their invitation I sat on the admirable machine the friend rode, with every bearing rolling on balls. I moved it over the street. I saw its master turn it around on its own base while at rest. I was charmed, and, perversely, as man will sometimes act, I went to my friend, who is agent for another style, and bought one of his machines. It shines in my eyes brighter than enamel or nickel-plate can make any other shine, not because I think it better than they all, but because it is *mine*, and it was sold to me by my friend and neighbor.

Once in possession of my machine, I exercised day after day, trusting that the time would speedily come when I could go after the invaders. It did not hasten. I was often humiliated. I would start up a slight incline, and while I was puffing and perspiring, Captain Cutler, the postman, on his rapid bicycle would fly by me so swiftly that I could scarcely feel sure that he was coming until he was gone and at the summit. The street boys would cry out, "I can beat you, mister!" — "Will you race?" — "That's an old style!" The urchins would run by my side in shoals if I chanced to pass a school at the close of a session. Of course, my dignity would not permit me to pay any attention to such remarks, but I would often "slow up," and make the urchins think that my ordinary rate of speed was not great. They would then begin to walk by my side, generally conversing with one another about my machine or their own little velocipedes, or about others that had come within the range of their limited experience. When I had got them well indoc-

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AN OLD LANDMARK.



AT LUNCH.

trinated with the belief that I was not able to go very rapidly, I would suddenly make a dash, and leave them panting by the roadside. I was careful to choose a smooth place or a slightly declining grade for such exhibitions, however, so as to be certain of victory.

On my first excursions I would run out a mile or so and come home panting. Then I cautiously ventured farther, and found that strength, but more than that, wisdom, in the application of force, came insensibly with exercise. Soon I learned that misapplied power was a great loss, and that speed, ease, and pleasure depended upon the good judgment which seemed to be growing upon me. At first I thought it incumbent upon me to try to mount every hill without getting down from my seat; but at a later period I made up my mind that discretion was better than pride, and I made no effort for the mere effort's sake.

It was owing to my habits of deliberation, probably, that I did not start after the British in April, but waited until the Fourth of July. I made my plans with the solemnity proper for so important an occasion. No partner was to share the pleasures and the perspirations of the day I intended to celebrate, and when night came I retired to my confortable couch to dream of the pleasures in store for me. My visions quite ran away with me. They mixed up the past and the present in inextricable confusion. My belated ancestors came back to ask me questions about the machine that they had seen me careering through the suburbs upon. They always vanished before I could explain myself, and I was happy to have them out of the way when I reflected that they were British themselves, and might have objections to the little scheme upon which I was reflecting. At another moment I was in Charlestown,

> "On the eighteenth of April in seventy-five,"

and there stood Paul Revere! He did not "pat his horse's side," as Mr. Longfellow had taught me to believe, but he was stroking an unmistakable bicycle! "Impatient to mount and ride" he certainly was, and surely he impetuously stamped the earth. Even as I looked he sprang to the saddle; the handles he turned; slowly he started off into the darkness that his bright head-light made visible, and then having seen two lights in the distant steeple, he silently dashed away: —

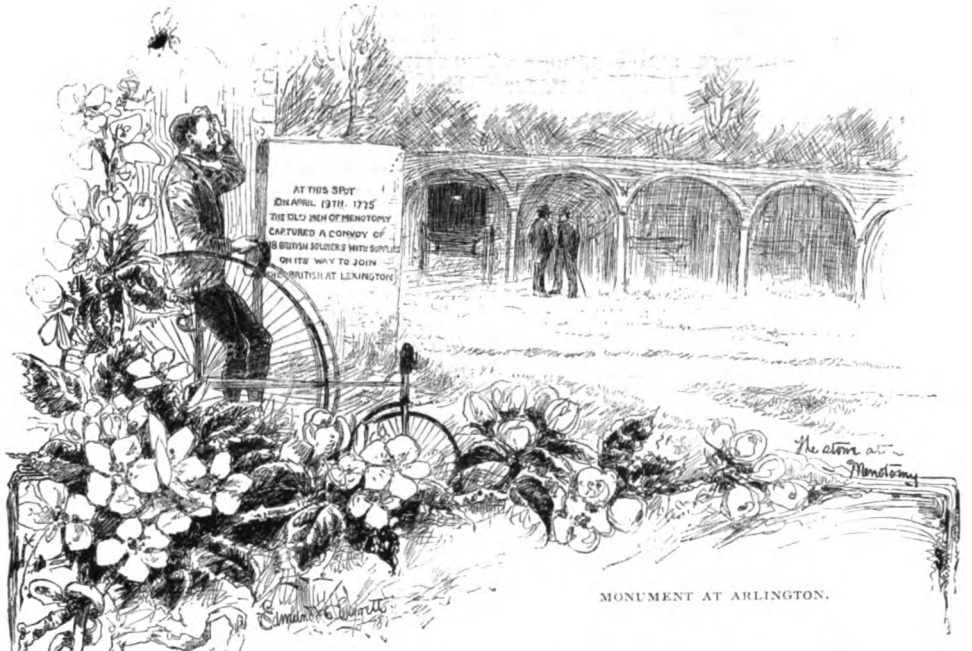
> "A shape in the moonlight, a bulk in the dark;
> That was all! And yet, through the gloom and the light,
> The fate of a nation was riding that night!"

He flew before me as he passed over the bridge into Medford town, — a bridge that I had often crossed myself in my excursions, and was out of sight in the

> "Damp of the river fog,
> That rises after the sun goes down."

Anon a whole regiment of red-coats fly before me on gay bicycles. They are met by independent riders on a variety of machines. There is a collision, and the air is filled with broken pieces of springs, and spokes and flying tires. Quiet follows, and Hancock and Adams appear demurely riding away from Lexington on a tandem tricycle, while their patriotic fellows wave them a sad farewell, and wonder what will

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MONUMENT AT ARLINGTON.

be the next scene in the opening tragedy. Plunged into the fray myself, I spin along on an unwonted bicycle, until, as in a twinkle, I am upset and find my helpless body flying through space. The whiz and whir of the vision has awaked me, and I am in my own room. Again I arrange myself for rest, and do not awake until the morn of the Fourth is announced by the ubiquitous small boy and his cracker.

It was eleven at night when Paul Revere, having discovered that the enemy was to leave Boston on the following morning, threw himself into his historic saddle on the Charlestown shore, and spurred his steed onward towards Lexington. Going by the shortest route he reached that town by midnight. No such early start for me. It was nearly ten o'clock on the bright morning of our country's natal day when I drove my wiry steed from its cool stable, and entered upon my course up the Menotomy road, better known as North avenue. I "spurted" by the old Holmes House, where the Committee on Safety met in the olden time, and where a few years ago (I cannot think it many) our Poet of the Breakfast Table was born. Alas that the site knows the old house no more!

My thoughts ran before, and kept behind me at once. Before, they showed me the doughty rider, stopping in the night at Lexington at the low door of the Rev. Mr. Clarke's house, and asking permission to see those two patriots, John Hancock and Joseph Warren, who had there sought an asylum. I heard some one careful for their safety say, "The gentlemen are in bed. They are fatigued, and I cannot disturb them." This was followed by a movement within, and the voice of Hancock, who had recognized the caller, asked for his admission. I listened to a conference in which Revere gave his information regarding the approach of the British by the route that he had himself travelled. Cautiously and calmly arrangements were perfected for the conflict that was to come off on the morrow, and in an hour or two Revere was again on his steed and dashing forth through the dark night air towards Concord. A companion, Rufus Dawes by name, was with him. Together they seemed to forge on, until a third form overtook them.

My thoughts then carried me to a certain Lexington sitting-room, and at a late hour of that memorable night I saw a man and a maid sitting before the expiring brands of a chimney fire. It was Dr. William Prescott. Love held him by the side of his sweetheart thus late, but patriotism was about to snatch him away. He was one of those to whom the message of Paul Revere came, and he bade his loved one farewell as he took his horse and rushed

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onward to share in the dangers and honors of the night.

Meantime there were active doings at Lexington, for by two o'clock John Parker had called out his company of minute-men to be ready for the fray. British officers were posted along the roads too, and the party riding to Concord was intercepted. It was three o'clock when Revere was thus taken and carried as prisoner back towards Lexington. When they heard that the country had been aroused his captors left him and hurried away towards Boston for dear life.

Behind me, as my thoughts run in the other direction, I hear the rumbling of the British. They are coming up Kirkland street, in Cambridge. I hear them say to each other that the country had been aroused, and that they must have reinforcements. They send to General Gage for more men, and as they march forward they hear the bells of the churches ringing, to warn the people of coming danger. The men who go back to Gage carry exaggerated accounts of the difficulties that are to be encountered. Onward the redcoats march to certain success, as they think. The sun of the 19th of April sends out its earliest streamers as the enemy approach the scene of their first repulse. At half-past four o'clock Captain Parker fires his alarm-gun, the company is formed on Lexington green, facing towards Boston. The command is heard from the other side, "Disperse, ye rebels!" A shot comes among the patriots from that direction, and the firing becomes general.

A few moments pass, and the redcoats are on their way to Concord, and the Americans are picking up their dead and wounded. While the memories of these things pass through my mind I slowly pedal along the wide and elegant street. I pass a wagon loaded with agricultural produce, and find myself near enough to hear the driver say to his companion, in a voice that seems to me to convey a feeling of disgust at the effeminacy of the tricycle, "Pat; oi'll git one o' thim things for my old 'ooman to go around on!" I pity the misguided man from the bottom of my warm heart, just then encompassed by a warmer body, heated by the July sun. I think that it would give me pleasure to see his "old 'ooman" going around on any sort of a tread-wheel.

I draw my hat down over my eyes, adjust my dark glasses to keep out the glare of the sun more effectually, and drop back into the past, as I continue after the British. I see Gage hurrying Lord Percy off from Boston through Roxbury, and Brighton to Cambridge, with reinforcements. He passes through Harvard square, and along the identical Menotomy road that I am upon, working my way towards the same goal. As I pass through Arlington, then Menotomy, I notice at the road-side a granite slab inscribed, "*On this spot, on April* 19, 1775, *the Old Men of Menotomy captured a convoy of eightcen soldiers with supplies, on its way to join the British at Lexington*," and I am reminded that Lord Percy found himself bereft of a most important part of his *impedimenta* before he had reached East Lexington.

It is in Arlington that I meet the man of letters, who makes his home on Pleasant street there, and talk to him about the pleasures of the light horse that I am spinning along upon. Mr. Trowbridge, like many another person in his calling, has been thinking seriously of the tricycle, and is sorely tempted to obtain one for the purpose of locomotion and exercise combined. Occasionally the passing wagons grieve me with their dust, but they do not abate an iota of my determination, and onward I roll. The form of Professor Gould, going from Cambridge, looms up before me in the distance. I pedal and he walks. The result is inevitable, and I am soon at his side. We stop for a few moments, talk about the rare beauty of the way, and discuss the merits of walking and tricycling. The most charming talks cannot last forever, and I roll on, leaving the professor in the distance again.

Twenty minutes more bring me to the delightful greensward that stretches quite down to the roadway from the old house that Lord Percy heard of as "Munroe's Tavern." It is eleven o'clock by my watch. It was two in the afternoon by the timepiece of His Grace when he reached the same point, and was surprised to meet the fugitive British army hastening back from Concord and Lexington. I drew my steed up to the stone-wall to contemplate the situation, as I partook of the coffee and eggs that had been rattling in bottle and box behind the axle of my machine as I pedalled along. On a slight elevation at my back I saw the field-piece of Lord Percy, and before me, a little nearer Lexington, there was another ready to pour shot into any approaching enemy. Fast the disheartened regulars rush, peppered from

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behind every stone-wall and sheltering hedge, by the relentless bullets of the patriots. They have pillaged and burned houses and murdered men at Lexington, and now they are reaping their reward. It does not take the commander long to see what must be the result of the struggle, and at two o'clock he begins his ignominious retreat towards Charlestown.

The present is all about me, but the past thrusts itself irresistibly upon my thoughts, even while I am refreshing my dusty throat with coffee, or gathering strength from sandwiches and eggs. Still more does it become difficult to distinguish the past and the present, when Professor Gould comes up with me, oppressed by the heat, but still enthusiastic as to the scenery. As he passes me he expresses a determination to make his way back to Cambridge by rail, if a train can be conveniently found, even though he should be carried by it miles out of his way, into the heart of the great city over the Charles river.

Luncheon over, I press onward, but am enticed a little out of my route by the hope that I may get a view of the region by



FIREPLACE IN THE CLARKE HOUSE.

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mounting a little hill at one side. It is but a thought and a word. Up the slight rise I mount, only to find myself disappointed. I finish my outward journey at the house of the Rev. Mr. Clarke, which I first look at from the outside, and then, by the courtesy of the inhabitants, enter and examine in all its historic interest. I reflect that it was within these walls that the two patriots were urged by their friends to put themselves beyond the reach of danger, and that these walls heard their expressions of dissent from a policy that might seem to others like too great care for personal safety at a moment of public peril. Posterity is not prejudiced, however, and believes that they followed the right course of action when they retired to Burlington, and it loves to think of Dorothy Quincy as one of the companions of her future husband, John Hancock, in his retirement. It was in the wood, near this house, that Adams exclaimed, as he heard the firing on the Common, "What a glorious morning for America is this!"

The history of the 19th of April is with me as I roll homewards, for I do not stop to rest, but keep onward down the same Menotomy road. I *cannot* lose the past. A monument at the roadside tells me, "*At this place, April* 19, 1775, *four citizens were killed by British soldiers retreating from Lexington.*" Again, I read on the enduring face of a stone erected by the city, "*Site of the house of John Russell, where he and eleven others were captured, disarmed, and killed by the retreating British, on April* 19, 1775." Posterity may not forget that it was the "retreating" British who committed these atrocities, but time has so fully wiped away all the sentiments of resentful feeling that no one in our day looks upon them except as historical events which are interesting as a part of our national life, and mile-stones in the history of civilization.



IMPATIENT TO MOUNT AND RIDE.

As I pedalled down the old Menotomy road, that fine Fourth of July, I imagined that I could see the hurrying remnant of Lord Percy's gallant army and the surviving stragglers of the first contingent that confidently marched up towards Lexington, under cover of the April darkness, in 1775, and I mourned over the sad passions of

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AT CONCORD.

wrong-headed cabinet officers beyond the sea who had precipitated a conflict so sharp, and destined to be so long; but as I looked at the stars and stripes waving from the pole at the end of Cambridge common, I rejoiced at the force of character which stirred our forefathers as they stood for a principle, and gallantly held out to the end against the most powerful government of Europe, when as yet they were but few in the land, and weak in their own estimation as well as in the eyes of the rest of the world.

I hold that the rider of an easy-running tricycle has an advantage over his friend of the bicycle in this, if in nothing else, that he can meditate as he rolls along the smooth roads of Eastern Massachusetts. I have not seldom been in the company of riders on the lighter and more graceful machine, and it has always been my belief that though it cost me more effort to propel my steed, I was not without compensations, and that really at the end of a long ride, I was less tired than the proud bicyclist. There is a concentration of attention necessary in riding the two-wheeler that is not needed in my machine. I have an opportunity to take in the beauties of nature, and to think of what goes on about me, which my brother does not so completely enjoy. I write as one who thinks that he cannot use the bicycle, and, of course, is obliged to make the most of the machine that is within the scope of his power. I know that with the tricycle I can study history as I ride; that I can rest myself on my way without stopping; that every hill and inclined plane that slopes in the right direction relieves me entirely of fatigue and of solicitude; and that health and strength follow in the wake of the enjoyment. It is surprising to me, as I learn the use of the steed, how completely it gives exercise to the different muscles and limbs; how at times when I mount feeling as though it were impossible to do more than take a gentle stroll, I find my

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THE BRIDGE AT CONCORD.

ill feelings fleeing away as I go, and my mind freeing itself from the burdens that oppressed it in the study.

I will not tell now how another day I followed the British to Concord, resting, as they, unfortunately for their comfort, did not have the opportunity of resting, under the waving trees that shadowed Hawthorne's head; how refreshment was spread there for a weary tricyclist by the present hospitable lady of the "Wayside," nor how I took the straightest road homewards, much to my disgust, as I found that, like many other direct roads, it was laid out over the tops of all the hills and through the sandiest of the valleys. It was a long ride for one at my stage of progress, but I accomplished it, and still live in vigor, and am able to tell the tale.

Let no one be beguiled into a belief that he can ride the tricycle without exercise, and a good deal of it. Exercise is what many of us who are confined to the house by the nature of our work need. We may not be able to buy or keep a horse, or to go long distances through the country in search of health; and, besides, the tricycle gives to those of us who think themselves too old to use the lighter machine a means of getting over the ground, and of exercising all the muscles of the body, in a pleasant way. For many years it has been my pleasure to practise horseback riding as much as possible, and I have travelled several hundred miles at a time in that agreeable manner; so that the exercise is probably as little to me as to any one; and yet it is my conviction that one gets over the ground on a tricycle with rather less expenditure of strength than on a horse. I am satisfied, at any rate, that, in going after the British on a tricycle, I did a good thing for myself, and I purpose to keep up the enjoyment, albeit there are no more Lexingtons to visit and no more "Waysides" at which to refresh the inner man.



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TANGLE-LEAF PAPERS. — II.

In studying the birds most usually met with on out-door excursions I have found it very interesting to make notes of certain striking evidences of a special harmonic relation between their movements, colors, and attitudes, and the peculiarities of their natural surroundings.

Ornithologists have over and over again rung the changes on the ease with which the quail, the grouse, and the hare make themselves next to invisible to the human eye, and to the piercing vision of birds of prey as well; but there are many curious details connected with this subject of a natural harmony of motion and color, regarding birds and their environments, which I have never seen in print. Of course, since the quail, the hare, and the grouse have been for so long the objects of desire of sportsmen, pot-hunters, and epicures, as well as of careful study by naturalists, their peculiarities have all been catalogued, and every intelligent person knows that a hare, by crouching flat on a dry gray spot of earth, so blends with its surroundings as to become almost undistinguishable, and that a quail, sitting in a handful of dry brown leaves, is as effectually hidden as if buried. So a grouse among the tangled twigs of a bare winter tree is a very difficult object to discover. A meadow-lark, in a sunny clover-field, melts, so to speak, into the general confusion of brown, green, and gold, so that it becomes indeed a "sightless song." The humming-bird makes its nest of lichen, and places it in a tuft of the same on some wrinkled bough, usually at or near a crotch; and the little bird, while on the nest, is so in harmony with its surroundings that none but the keenest eye would distinguish her from one of the little ruffled knots on the bark beside her. The whippoorwill builds no nest. Its eggs are deposited on the ground at a place where the bird's colors and those of her eggs perfectly harmonize with the general tone of their surroundings. I have known this bird to roll her eggs from spot to spot while incubating, evidently for the purpose of keeping them and herself within a proper *entourage*, this being her only means of protection from hawks, owls, and other enemies. The common dove places its shallow, ill-made nest in what appear to be the most exposed places, but the bluish ash-gray color of the bird's plumage runs so evenly into the tone of its surroundings that one might look in vain for any sign of a living thing in the midst of that apparently flat wash of drab neutral.

That hawks and owls have powerful and far-seeing eyes cannot be doubted; but they either lack a fine power of discrimination in vision, or this adaptation of the colors and markings of birds to their surroundings is very effectual, else these birds of prey exhibit a wonderful forbearance toward their natural victims during the season of incubation. I am inclined to the opinion that hawks are what might be called "far-sighted," and that their vision at very short distances is not very clear. I once saw a goshawk pursuing a downy woodpecker, when the latter darted through a tuft of foliage and flattened itself close upon the body of a thick oak bough, where it remained as motionless as the bark itself. The hawk alighted on the same bough within two feet of its intended victim, and remained sitting there for some minutes, evidently looking in vain for it, with nothing but thin air between monster and morsel. The woodpecker was stretched longitudinally on the bough, its tail and beak close to the bark, its black and white speckled feathers looking like a continuation of the wrinkles and lichen. No doubt those were moments of awful suspense for the little fellow; but its ruse succeeded, and the hawk flew away to try some other tidbit. If the woodpecker had stopped amongst the green leaves, the hawk would have discovered it instantly.

I have noticed that the cardinal grosbeak and the blue-jay are more often killed by hawks than are the other common birds of our woods; and I attribute the fact to their brilliant plumage. The blue-jays are aware of their danger, and resort to mob-law whenever a hawk or owl is discovered. I have seen a hundred blue-jays bonded together and worrying one little screech-owl. The grosbeaks protect themselves as best they can by keeping well within thickets and thorny close-topped trees.

Along our rivers and brooks live a great many aquatic and semi-aquatic birds, whose traits and peculiar characteristics seem not to have been very closely noted

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by our naturalists. I have mentioned the motions and attitudes of birds as partaking of the general tone of their surroundings. This is particularly observable in the herons, sand-pipers, plovers, bitterns, and many shore birds. The motionless, dreamy appearance of the heron as it stands in the edge of a still gray pool of water is in perfect keeping with all the features and accessories of a tarn. So the wavering, tilting motion of the little sand-pipers accords harmoniously with the rippling surface of running water. So accentuated is this light see-saw movement of one of the lesser sand-pipers, that the bird is called teeter-snipe by the country folk. The kill-deer plover, common in our damp meadows and fallow lands, has a way of running in the low grass and stubble that renders it very hard to follow with the eye, and, when it stops, its outlines are so shadowy and so intimately blent with the gray-brown background that one has to look sharply to discover it. The little green heron of our brooks and rivulets has a habit of sitting on old heaps of drift-wood, where he looks for all the world like an upright stick or piece of bark. When standing in the water his colors shade off into the greenish wash of the stream, and you rarely see him, no matter how near him you may be, before he springs into the air, and is away. I once shot a fine specimen as it flew past me, and it fell among some stones at a brook's edge. Something attracted my eyes from the spot where it fell, and when I turned again to look for my bird I could not see it. I walked round and round. I knew it had fallen quite dead; but what had become of it? In fact it lay there in plain view under my eyes; but its colors were so uniform with those of the smooth, water-washed stones, amongst which it had fallen, that I was full five minutes discovering it. Every sportsman has experienced similar difficulty in looking for snipe and woodcock after bringing them down. The kingfisher's colors are, no doubt, of great advantage to him in taking his prey from the water. If he were red, instead of being dashed over with all the blue and purple and silver-gray, and liquid shadows of the brook itself, he would not catch many fish. How hard it must be for the minnows, as they disport in the dancing current, to see, through the trembling medium, the sky-blue and silvery markings of the bird sitting on a swaying branch between them and the sky! And how easy it would be for the kingfisher to get all the food he might desire if those little fish were less of the color of the water in which they swim. If quails were scarlet, instead of mottled brown, how soon the hawks would exterminate them!

But there is another side to this subject of which the poet and artist must take careful note. Nature's tone is rarely loud, rarely over-accentuated. The blue-jay in the orchard, the cat-bird in the hedgerow, the kingfisher by the brook, each is a key to a harmony. Nature, on the whole, suggests understatement and a reserve of color. Her contrasts are not of the Rembrandt type; her expressions do not abound in adjectives. Gay, flaunting flowers and gorgeous birds are rare save in greenhouses and cages. The suppressed power felt in the solemn stillness of great woods is suggestive of that force which some men of few words bear about with them.

I saw a simple picture of Nature's painting once, which has returned to my memory again and again, and if it could be put on a canvas or fastened in a poem it would forever remain a masterpiece of art. And yet it was nothing but a green heron standing in the swift shallow current of a brook with the diamond-bright wavelets breaking around its slender legs and a tuft of water-grass trembling beside it. I was lying, idly enough, at full length on the brook's bank, so that beyond the bird, as I gazed, opened a fairy-like landscape, over which a gentle breeze was blowing with an effect wholly indescribable, shaking tall flags and tossing the dragon-flies about in the sunshine. The whole effect was cooling and tranquillizing, with a subtle hint in it of a land somewhere just out of reach where one might dream the lotos dream forever. Now, a good artist might have easily painted the little scene, so far as painting usually goes; but it would have required such genius as is yet to be born to imprison in the sketch the hint of what seemed to lie just beyond the dreamy horizon. None but the most masterful genius would have been able to keep up to the sweet, quiet key of the coloring, and yet be satisfied with the tender, wavering outlines and the soft, transparent shadows. The liquid tones of sound and color in the brook came so harmoniously to my senses, along with the motion of swaying flags and bubble-beaded waves, that the graceful bird, seen through half-closed eyes, appeared to be a half-fanciful embodiment of

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the spirit of calm delight, knee-deep in some tide of enchantment or romance. (Looking back over this last sentence I recognize its weakness, but must wilfully let it go, for it comes very near expressing one phase of the view.) Nature is rarely either *flamboyant* or *grisâtre*, but keeps well the golden mean.

But, to return to the motions of birds, how perfectly in keeping with the broad expanse of sky and the movements of the clouds is the sailing of the great-winged hawks and vultures! I have watched the swallow-tailed hawks of the South sailing so high that they appeared to be sliding against the sky. No labored movements there; those wings were far above the difficulties that beset our earth, and were spread on heavenly tides. Even the obscene turkey-buzzard, when it has reached a great altitude, and is moving so smoothly and dreamily between us and the empyrean, becomes an object of respect; we forget its vulgarity, as we do that of men who have mounted on the wings of genius, bearing their depravities into the rare atmosphere of exalted art. The albatross, that prince of the sea-winds, seems a part of the fleece-clouds and the sky. The flamingoes, the pelicans, the gulls, — all the wild sea-fowl and shore-birds have something of the ocean-swell and the surf-ripple in their flight. I believe it is Dr. Holmes who speaks of the

"Oriole floating like a flake of fire,"

but, true as the comparison is, the oriole, with its sunshine and shadows, harmonizes perfectly with the fresh greens and yellows of the young spring leaves and tassels. How many of our flycatchers, finches, and warblers have a dash of sap-green and pale leaf-yellow, as if Nature had purposely meant them for a part of her general spring scheme of color! Even the bull-frog has the same marking as the tuft of water-grass in which he sits ready for his headlong plunge into the pool. Need I remind the experienced sportsman of the fact that a wood-duck among the broad leaves and snowy blooms of the water-lily is a thing almost impossible to see although in plain view? The beautiful bird's white and gray and purplish markings blend easily with the water-gleams, and leaf-shimmer, and pure white flower-clusters.

The herons and kingfishers have for ages set an example that anglers have not had the wit to follow. White and pale blue are the water high-lights as seen from *under the surface of the water*. A white coat, with misty, dark-gray wading-boots, would be nearly the snowy heron's fishing outfit for still, murky water. Why? Because the legs must be in the water and the coat above water. So the great blue-heron has dark gray-brown legs, and all its under parts are overlaid with fine narrow feathers of silvery white. But the king-fisher, whose prey is taken from clear, moving water, is peculiarly marked underneath. On his breast, next to his white necklace, is a band of pale blue, touched here and there with light-brown, and below this to his tail he is white. Now, a fish looking up through the water has the kingfisher between him and the sky. Those sky-blue and silver-white feathers correspond exactly with the water-light and sky-light as they are broken up and blended together by the tiny chopping waves. When the kingfisher makes a harpoon of itself, and, beak downward, darts from its perch above the water to fall upon a fish, it presents two parallel curved lines, one of which is mainly bright blue, the other mostly pure white; these seen through moving water blend into a soft mist-gray, perfectly in tone with the prevailing tint of most brook-water.

In connection with observations on the motions of birds it is well to recall the fact that nearly all the night-birds fly on wings that make no sound. An owl slips through the air with the utter silence of a shadow. This accords with the stillness of the night. It also serves the bird a good turn, for the least noise would startle his prey at a time when all nature is hushed and breathless. I have observed, as has every nature-student, I suppose, that nearly, if not quite all, the night insects are comparatively noiseless in their flight. The giant moth does not hum like a bumblebee or a humming-bird. The musquito is the noisiest with his wings of all the night-flyers. But I must not get over the line from birds to insects, while on this subject of harmony, for a study of butterflies alone would fill more space than I have for this paper. In tropical and semi-tropical countries a curious resemblance in color and shape exists between the butterflies and the flowers they haunt, a resemblance quite noticeable as far north as the fortieth degree of latitude.

Maurice Thompson.

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DOWN THE SUSQUEHANNA IN A CANOE.



"THIS river runs palpably down hill!" said my friend in the other boat, as our two canoes rounded a sweeping curve, and ran down an unbroken slope of half a mile.

So it did. Beautiful! That first air-borne sensation of a sheer slide was not beaten on the next hundred miles of river. The water was not three feet deep; clear as air — every pebble seen on the bottom, and none larger than your hand; and the whole wide river slipping and sliding like a great sheet of glass out of its frame! At the foot of the sloping water was a little rapid, our first on the Susquehanna, which is even more truly a river of rapids than a river of bends, though the latter is the meaning of its melodious Indian name.

We had stopped paddling on the "palpable hill," and we let the stream carry our canoes into the noisy rapid at its foot. Zigzag it crossed the river; and as I led into a well-defined rushing Λ, aiming at the angle, I felt the first grumble of a rock along the keel. Next moment we were pitching on the sharp little white-caps below the rush, and scooting down toward the swift, deep water.

We had launched our canoes at Binghamton, Mr. Sigourney Butler and I, because the river above is too low in September. Shame that it should be so! The beautiful hills above Binghamton, that a few years ago were clothed with rich foliage for unbroken leagues, are shorn like a stubble-field. The naked stumps are white and unsightly on the mountains, like the bones of an old battle-field.

A monster has crept up the valley and devoured the strong young trees. Every trunk has been swallowed; and the maw of the dragon is belching for more. On both sides of the river, and through many of the valleys that open back to the farm-lands, the railroads wind like serpents; and every foot-long joint in their vertebræ is the trunk of a twenty-year old tree. The hills stand up in the sun, cropped and debased like convicts; their beauty and mystery and shadowed sacredness torn from them; their silence and loneliness replaced by the selfish chirp of the grasshopper among the dry weeds. Never did the hard utility of civilization appear less disguised and less lovely. An Indian warrior begging on Broadway; a buffalo from the wilds yoked to a market-wagon; any degrading and antagonistic picture of life were more endurable and more hopeful than these majestic ridges cropped and burned into commonplace and repulsive bareness.

But the injured hills, like all old and strong children of nature, curse their destroyer as they die. The railroads have killed the trees, and the death of the trees is as surely killing the river. Year by year its life-blood decreases; it grows narrower, shallower, yet more fitfully dangerous. Scores and hundreds of miles it runs, drinking in the volume of the streams; but in all this distance its own volume does not increase.

Marvellous and shocking! The Susquehanna is no deeper at Harrisburg than at Towanda. Its evaporation equals its growth. The shorn hills can hold no moisture. The rain and dew are dried in the morning sun like a breath on a mirror. But when the heavy clouds roll in, and rain for weeks, there are no thirsty roots to hold the water, no myriad-leafed miles to be drenched before a rill is formed below. Then the dried veins are suddenly and madly filled, tearing down to the low-lands with unchecked violence. The river, swollen with drunken fury, becomes the brute that Civilization is always making, — leaping at the bridges, devouring the fields, deluging farm-houses and streets, until its fury is glutted on the blind selfishness that gave it birth.

Pittsburgh riots and Susquehanna devas-

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tations are children of the same parents, — Greed and Ignorance. Beautiful trees and beautiful souls, steeped in the coal-pits, scorched by the cinders, thundered over by the roaring wheels that carry treasures to the cultured and luxurious, there is a curse in your defilement and mutilation. Yet our moralists and socialists will not listen and understand.

But who shall be didactic in a canoe on a river that laughs into little rapids every few hundred yards? It was worth much to see Sigourney Butler take his first serious rapid. He had only canoed before in still water. A few miles below Binghamton we heard the break of the water, and saw the zigzag line ahead. Not knowing the nature of the thing, whether it was a dam, an "eel-rack," a wood-shoot, or a natural shoal, I paddled ahead, and took a look at it. There was just one place in the line, about three feet wide, where the water rushed down like a sluice-way; and we must go in there. On one side of this passage, a thin spur of black stone rose above the surface, and made a good mark to steer by; but on the other side of the sluice was a great round stone, covered with about four inches of rushing water. I paddled back and asked Butler to observe exactly where my boat entered; and, turning her head, I let her go in "with the swim." It was a delightful little shoot of about fifty yards, and when I had reached the smooth water, I turned to see my friend coming down. He neared the rapids, not letting his boat drift, but paddling with all his force, and moving at tremendous speed down the swift water. He was not heading for the opening, but was coming straight for the big stone at the right side. No use shouting: the din of the water drowned all other sound. I expected to see him strike and swing round, and probably get upset and rolled over; but instead of that, the bow of his plucky little boat rose at the stone like a steeple-chaser, till I saw half her keel in the air — and then over she came, without a scratch, and buried her nose in the deep water below the stone, while the canoeist sat straight, laughing with excitement, and dripping with the shower of spray from the plunge.

"How did it feel?" I asked.

"Glorious!" he shouted. "Better than a hunter's jump, a thousand times."

He thought he had come down *secundum artem*. But before night he knew all about it, for the river was so low that every shallow had an angry brawl. Next day, with a steady hand and cool head, he found the way out for me when I had got into a bad fix in a place that would stand no trifling.

It was in this way: I had gone in first on rather a long and rough descent. There was a bend on the rapid, and in going round I struck heavily and unexpectedly, and swung right athwart the race, amidships fast on a huge old brown fellow. The divided water caught bow and stern, and held her hard against the stone. I got one foot out against the rock and stopped her trembling; and there I was, fast. I could hold her steady, but could do no more. The stone was so shaped that I could not stand on it. The water ran deep and strong, and if I pushed off altogether I should be apt to go down broadside or stern first. So I sat thinking for a second or two; and then I looked back to wave to Sigourney to keep off. I saw his boat, but not him. He was swimming, "accoutred as he was," right across the river above, to give me a hand. His judgment had told him that I was badly placed. In a few minutes he had reached the head of the rapid, stepped from stone to stone till he caught hold of my "painter," and next moment my bow came round to the race, and down I shot like a rocket. In a few minutes he followed in the same course.

Just below that rapid we had an unpleasant experience, — the only one on our whole voyage. We fell in with a sordid lout, and up to this day I am sorry we did not thrash him or duck him in the river. We had gone up to a farm-house on a bluff to buy milk and eggs for dinner. Two old women had very kindly served us, and we were coming away when the lout appeared. He was evidently the master of the place: a big, rawboned, ragged-whiskered, and dirty-skinned brute. He had just caught a snake, about two feet long, and he held it wriggling in his hand, while he laughed a vile chuckle, and opened his filthy mouth in derision as the older woman, his mother, probably, fled, almost screaming with terror. Then he came toward us, and seeing Mr. Butler's bare ankles he deliberately put the snake down to bite them, chuckling all the time, and mumbling: "You haint got the sand! He won't bite. *I* aint afeard. *I've* got the sand. *I* aint afeard o' snakes," and so on.

We stepped away from him, and at last told him, in a tone he minded, to drop the snake. He did so at once. His mother said to him from the door: "If you did that to me, and I was a man, *I'd kill you!*"

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Then the brute insisted on selling us ten cents' worth of honey, which he called "Th' bam'f a thaousand flaours" (balm of a thousand flowers); and, coming to the boat, he begged for a drink, and, at the last moment, wanted us to buy a gallon of "old stock ale, seven year old."

It took us some hours to forget the barbarian. A handsome young trapper, logman, and railroad worker, lower down, who knew him well, told us that the lout was known along the river as a coward, a braggart, and "a man that was no good anyhow."

The Susquehanna is, in one respect, quite unlike any other river on which I have canoed. There is an endless recurrence of half-mile and mile long deep stretches, and then a brawling rapid. The river rarely makes a bend without shoaling to a foot or two of water, and this is invariably ended by a bar, with a swift descent beyond. These shallow places have been utilized as "eel-racks," by driving stakes or piling stones in a zigzag line across the river. From Towanda down to Wilkesbarre, with a bold, wooded hill or "mountain" always on one side, and sometimes on both, the deep stretches become deeper and longer; but in very few places is the "slow water" more than two or three miles in length.

We had brought a small tent with us, and we carried some provisions, — prepared coffee, Liebig's extract of beef, a jar of delicious butter (which we broke and lost on the third day), a can of corned beef, some "hard tack," and some bacon. We had tin cups, a little alcohol stove, — and a bottle of very old Jamaica — for the malaria.

We had two canoes of the "Shadow" model, Mr. Butler's, a Rushton, decked and hatched; mine without hatches, and built by Partelow, of Riverside, Mass., — both good boats of their kind, from good builders. But the "Shadow" is not a good kind of a canoe for river-work. Her keel is too long and too deep. This makes her heavy in turning sharp curves; and when she runs on a stone, even a round or flat one, the keel throws her on one side; and this is really a canoe's unpardonable sin. A canoe should have no keel. The "Shadow" model is really not a canoe at all, but simply a light boat.

The Indian round-bottomed birch-bark canoe is the best model for American rivers; and it is a pity that our builders do not keep it as their radical study. It should be modified and improved, of course: narrowed for double paddling, and shortened and lightened for portage; but its first principle, of a bottom that can run on or over a stone without capsizing, ought never to be forgotten. In my opinion, paper will win against lapstreak in the canoe of the future; all that is needed to insure this is a method of patching a wound on a paper bottom.

Never have I seen river-water so clear and wholesome as the Susquehanna. One of our daily pleasures was to dip our bright tin cups into the river, drink a mouthful, and pour the rest into our mouths without swallowing.

The sun flamed on the water every day of our trip; the records ashore made it the hottest fortnight of the year. So we lovingly hugged the banks when there was any shade; and unexpectedly this habit led us into the two greatest pleasures of our voyage.

The first occurred a few miles above the village of Appalaken. We left the main river to run to the left of an island, where the stream was only twenty feet wide. The island was perhaps three-quarters of a mile long, and the trees on both sides reached over, interlaced, and made the stream as dark as late evening. There was a turbulent little rapid at the entrance, as we swung in from the big river and the noonday blaze; and the water all down the narrow stream ran with incredible rapidity. When we felt ourselves carried along in this silent cool shadow, and looked up at the light sifting through the dense foliage, we both exclaimed, "This is too lovely to be repeated!" And the word was true. Such a superlative canoe-ride one could hardly ever expect to enjoy twice. We laid down our paddles, only fearing to come to the end of our marvellous green archway, with its dark gleaming floor; and when, at last, we did sweep out into the broad glare of the river, we sighed and looked back wistfully, as men will. Ten minutes later we were wading over a shallow place and hauling our canoes by the painter.

The other peak of our enjoyment was reached about four miles below the town of Athens. Ah me! how we did enjoy our evening in that little town! But let the tale bide a little. We had gone down a few miles below the bridge at Athens, where the river widened out and grew consumedly slow and commonplace. Four miles, perhaps, down, and we came to an island, a large one, with a narrow opening to the left and a rough little rapid at the

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entrance, — almost a repetition of the Appalaken archway. After that other experience we did not hesitate, but turned from the big sheet of water, and shot into the narrow turmoil, to the left of the island. Again we dashed into a splendid sweep, but about three times as wide as the Appalaken archway. The water was about four feet deep all the way down, and the bottom was of small pebbles, every one as clearly seen as if laid on a mirror. Once more our paddles were crossed before us, and we sat in profound enjoyment of water, wood, and sky, as we were swept along by the current. Half-way down — the passage is perhaps three miles long — we landed on the island, intending to float in the water and be carried down after the canoes, holding on by the rope.

And here we made a discovery that will redound to the fame of Athens, — a discovery which we present to that town in memory of the genial hospitality of one of its chief citizens, the Rev. Father Costello, who gave us an evening not to be forgotten. Here let me tell how, baked and burned and tired and hungry and thirsty, on the night preceding our discovery, we walked up to the house of the good priest at sunset, and were met at the open door with outstretched hands of welcome; and how, before a word was spoken, we were handed two great goblets filled with iced wine, — rich, fruity, American wine; and how we sat down to a dinner for epicures, even if it were Friday; and how we then were taken into the little moonlit garden, with good cigars, and other comforts, while our amiable and accomplished host charmed us with quaint fancy and strange learning, and played for us on the flute so softly that it could not be heard fifty feet away, but so exquisitely that we knew we were listening to the soul of a poet and a master; and how simply and tenderly he told us that he had discovered a similarity between his little Athens in the Pennsylvania hills and the immortal Athens of the Acropolis.

"Look around," cried Father Costello, pointing to the perfect circle of bold mountains, that were blue even in the moonlight; "those hills are a perfect coronet. This, too, is the City of the Violet Crown!"

Now for our discovery: we give it to Athens with only one condition, — that henceforth the citizen who shall call his town *Aythens* shall be disfranchised or excluded from good society, or both.

Half-way down between the island and the shore we plunged into the swift current, intending to float after the canoes, holding on by the painter, — a most enjoyable and interesting thing to do. When you lie at utter rest in the water and watch the shore go by it seems too delicious for waking life; but this is not the best. Let your whole body and head sink well under the surface, keeping your eyes open; the river becomes an aquarium, — you see the weeds, the stones, and the fishes as clearly almost as if they were in the air. This is because you have no motion except the motion of the water itself; your eyes are fixed in a crystalline medium, and nothing can express the sense of ease, of utter luxury, which the supporting fluid gives to every limb. You are lolling on or in an air-cushion without surface or friction. The mere swimmer can never feel this, nor even he who is *towed* after a boat, — though that is an ideal method of taking an invigorating bath. To see the river's inner life, and to enjoy this complete luxury of resting in the water, you must float in and with the stream, without effort or motion, supported by the painter of your boat.

But our discovery waits: half-way down this lovely and lonely island passage we plunged in, as I have many times said; and we had no sooner struck bottom than Mr. Butler uttered a strange shout and threw up his hands. I was startled till I looked at his face; and then I was puzzled beyond measure by his motions and expressions. With his hands above his head, he seemed to be dancing on the bottom of the river, and with every step he gave a shout of pleasure. While I looked at him, astonished, I began to feel the infection of his strange conduct. A thrill like soft music ran through me, and seemed to tingle in my ears and under my tongue; and every movement I made brought a repetition of the inexpressible sound, for a sound it was, that seemed to run all through me like a musical echo.

"What is it?" I cried at length. "This is wonderful!"

"It is a musical beach, — a singing beach!" answered Sigourney. "And I should say it was the finest in the world!" And then he said, for by strange chance he knew something about such a queer thing, "I believe there are only two or three 'singing beaches' known in the whole world; and this certainly must be the best."

You may be sure we lingered over that

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mellifluous swim. We pushed the boats ashore, and went in for the weird sweet music of the stream. It was enough to make one howl with sheer sensuous enjoyment. As we pushed or scraped the pebbly bottom with our feet we felt or heard, I hardly know which, a rich resonance passing through us, clear and sweet as the soft note of distant cow-bells. The slightest displacement of the gravel brought it up, as if it had just escaped from the earth.

When we had tried it a hundred and a thousand times, it occurred to us that neither could hear the note caused by the other, — we only heard the sound of our own feet. Again the tenacious memory of my friend found an explanation. He remembered that divers can only talk under water by placing their heads on the bottom.

Another discovery here: You can't get your head to the bottom of a four-foot stream, unless you catch hold of a stone on the bottom, and pull yourself down. You can dive, and get your hands or feet or knees down; but not your chin. We are both good swimmers, and we tried in vain. While under water, on the dive, or crawling along the bottom on hands and knees, the river was a drear and silent sluice. At last we got our chins on the bottom, each on a stone, and we heard it, — oh! we heard such melodious discord, such a mixture of near and remote echo-like sweetness as can only be imagined in dreams. The river became as full of music as it was of water, and the inexpressible fusion of notes played through our senses like intoxication. Sigourney was twenty or thirty feet from me, and in deeper water; but every sweep he gave the pebbles sounded to me like a thousand cow-bells melted into liquid harmony. Never, until we go to the same spot again, shall we hear such strange, suppressed, elfin music.

Now, Athens, — you'll never call it *Aythens* again, will you? — Go down and bathe at the place where we had this intoxicating bath; and believe that never was there siren or naiad in the rivers or springs of old Athens to ravish with sweeter melody than your own beautiful Susquehanna holds for you.

It would be better, perhaps, if I could follow the river features *seriatim*, as we saw them; but then there are so many miles of every river that are only one uninteresting feature. No one cares for the names of little unheard-of villages, themselves quite featureless. Some whole days we did nothing but run insignificant rapids, until at last we came to despise them, so that we sometimes ran our canoes at them without searching for an opening, and for our pains always narrowly escaped upsetting, and always, too, had to get out and wade. The rapids of the Susquehanna teach as much patience and wariness as the logs of the Connecticut. You can manage both, like little children, when you take the trouble of finding the right way; otherwise, they will crush your boat and you like the insensate brutes they are when opposed.

About ten miles above Towanda we entered on a memorable experience. The river was wide, more than half a mile; and we heard an unusually loud rapid about a quarter of a mile ahead. It was noon, and we landed on a pretty shaded bank on the right to eat our dinner. The day was hot, and the shade was luxurious. We gave plenty of time to cooking and eating and swimming and smoking, and, like Brer Rabbit, "enjoyin' the day that passes."

About two o'clock, a poor-looking fellow, in a poorer-looking old flat-bottomed boat, drifted past, going toward the rapid water. We asked him on which side the current ran.

"Don't know," he answered, sounding all his r's like a true native; "I was neverr hearr befoarr. I'm a strangerr!" And looking anxiously ahead he drifted toward the breakers. We were then dining, and we watched him for our own instruction as we ate. We saw the swift stream take him, changing his course a little, and carry him into the rapid. He went down a few boat's lengths and struck. He jumped out, and saved the scow, hauling her up on the right bank. For an hour or more he labored at the crossing, entering again and again, getting aground, and hauling his boat back. Why he did not try to drag her down, instead of coming back, was a mystery. At last we forgot him; and an hour later we got afloat. The first thing we saw was the old boat, empty and aground, at the side of the rapid. The man was nowhere to be seen. What had become of him? He could hardly have been drowned in three or four feet of water, however rapid. And yet he had said he was a stranger.

We paddled to the other side of the river and shot down a rare piece of swift water without difficulty. We were in a hurry, for the sky behind us was "black

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as thunder" with an enormous cloud; and already the air was filled with dead leaves from the mountain, carried out on the river by the first gusts. A few heavy drops of rain struck our faces and arms and made little towers on the river.

The river was running with extreme rapidity, and the increasing wind, right behind us, ruffled it into white-caps in a few minutes, and drove us ahead at an exciting pace. We hardly knew what to do, being ignorant of the manner of storms in those parts; but as the gale was in our favor we simply steered straight, and held on. The stream ran "palpably down hill," deep and swift. On our left was a grand mountain, almost precipitous, but wooded to the top, and black with the coming gloom. The river almost ran under its brow.

As we plunged ahead we heard the sound of rapid water above the roar of the gale; we had no time to search for an opening; but fortunately the water was deeper than usual. We kept to the left, as the river fell toward the mountain, and dashed for the rapid. Two fishermen in a boat were running before us, about a hundred yards ahead. Suddenly we saw them lurch forward, while the boat swung round and the water leaped into her. They had kept two yards too far to the left, but they had shown us the way. They were in the water up to their waists, holding their boat, as we shot past them without a word. They looked at us with grim faces, quite silent, as if dumfounded. We were fairly lifted over the stones of that rapid by the wind and waves; and a few minutes later we knew what reason we had to be thankful, when the whole fury of the storm burst on us.

We had learned that an unbroken stretch of river lay before us, clear to Towanda, six miles away. We could see the spire of a church against the lurid sky far down the valley. The sky ahead was fast filling with heaps of dark cloud, racing faster than I have ever seen clouds move. Behind, from horizon to zenith, the air was like a slate-colored cavern, with masses and feathery sheets of dark-brown vapor, tumbling and rushing low down, so low as to strike the mountain. There was no rain — nothing but wind, and it was right astern, and kept there by the towering mountain on our left. The waves combed out before us, higher than the boats. We could not have kept a quarter of a point off such a blast. We felt the gale on our backs like a physical pressure. It was a magnificent race. We had not even to steer. We sat still and were driven straight ahead, and, had there been a bend in the river, we should have had to run ashore. As quickly as the storm had risen it subsided or passed. Far sooner than I would dare to write, we saw the tall bridge at Towanda half a mile ahead of us. We had run down five or six miles of river in as quick time, I think, as canoes could safely travel.

Before we reached Towanda the storm had crossed the mountain and the sun was out. We kept to the left of the river, ran under the bridge, round an island, and then dashed through a splendid little rapid, right in front of the city, and ran across to a boat-house.

This reminds me of one of the greatest pleasures of canoeing on the Susquehanna — the courtesy and kindness one meets from every one, farmers, townsmen, rivermen, or railroaders. Only one class of men want to take advantage, — the expressmen. They are the same everywhere, — exorbitant, if not dishonest, in charge, and careless in work. It is not to the credit of the express system that a traveller must truly say so harsh a thing.

At Owego, or Ah-we-gah, as we found its old Indian name to be, we went to the hotel for dinner. We were roughly dressed, sunburnt, and hungry. The landlord, an old man with a singularly pleasant face, observed us as we ate. Then he went out, probably to see the canoes, which were down at the wharf before his house.

"Having a good time, are you?" he said, as he returned, laying his hand on Butler's shoulder.

"Yes," we told him; and we outlined our plan for him as we went on eating his excellent dinner.

"Forty years ago," said the old man, "I went down the Ohio river in a dug-out, just for fun, as you are doing. We had a splendid time; but we got strapped, — do you know what that is? We spent all our money, and for days and days we hadn't a cent. But every one was kind to us, and we never wanted for anything. We enjoyed it all; and I hope you'll do the same."

He shook hands with us warmly. When we went to pay our bill, the clerk said, "All paid for, gentlemen. Glad you came to see us. Pleasant trip down the river!"

The kind old landlord was "getting even" with the Ohioans who had treated him well forty years ago.

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Another pleasant memory from Owego: when we went down to the canoes we found that Mr. Butler's boat was leaking, probably strained on a stone. He went to bail her out with his tin-cup.

"You want a sponge," said a handsome, big fellow, in shirt-sleeves, standing in the little crowd on the wharf. We hardly answered, the need being obvious.

"You can't get a sponge between here and Harrisburg," he added.

"That is not very consoling."

"But I'm going to give you a big sponge," he continued. "Come with me and I'll fix you out."

One of us went with him; he was the chief livery-stable-keeper in Owego; his name was Dean. He gave us a tremendous sponge, which was of very great service.

"Good-by, Mr. Dean; good-by, all of you," we said, as we swung out.

A little dark-faced man had just come down the wharf. He was in a hurry.

"Oh, I say!" he shouted. "I bring you the compliments of the Owego *Rapid*. Wanted to interview you on the political situation!" And we heard Dean and the crowd laughing at the little man, who waved his note-book and pencil.

It was the first we had heard of "the political situation" since leaving Binghamton. I might have mentioned that when we launched our canoes near that city we were accompanied to the river bank by quite a number of well-wishers, and among them two gentlemen from the daily papers of Binghamton, who industriously wrote down our "views." As we paddled away from the wharf at Owego we congratulated ourselves that we had broken the last link, and henceforth could go along like sensible men with no "views" to air. But the "situation" had not done with us yet.

Of our nights on the banks of the river the details are too varied to be written. We enjoyed them intensely after the first three days, when the force of the sunburn had abated. The only drawback was caused by our own persistent mistake: we did not pitch our camp early enough, and the darkness closed on us before we were quite ready for rest. We were tempted each day to go on paddling till the sun had reached the tops of the mountains; and we had not realized how the mountains hurry on the sunset.

The story of one night will do for all. We pulled our canoes ashore under a wooded bank, twenty feet high, and pitched our camp in a lovely little meadow above. It was six o'clock when we left the boats. The river was exceedingly beautiful from our meadow, reminding me of the Connecticut in its superb reaches below Northampton. Across the river, against the distant hills, rose the spire of a church; but there was not a house in sight. The nearest village was Tioga Centre, five miles away. The current in the river was almost still; the water under our bank was about ten feet deep. Though we had much to do before we lost the sun, we could not help giving a few minutes to drink in the extreme beauty of the evening scene.

Firewood was not to be had for the picking up, as usual; but we found a dead tree, partly fallen, supported by its fellows fringing the river. We cut it down in quick time with our axe, chopped off some punky lengths of the trunk, tied one of our painters to the remainder, and "snaked" it out of the underbrush. The dry branches broke and burned like tinder, and the larger ones, with the trunk, made us a roaring fire till morning. That night for supper we broiled some bacon and boiled some tinned beef, putting in a lot of Liebig's extract. Then coffee, eked out with our precious but ill-fated butter, and marmalade.

Then — let us tell the truth, so that the price may be paid — we went to a stack of coarse hay in the meadow, and took two great armfuls, which we spread in our tent, and which was softer that night than down-of-eider. About the hour of this dark deed the full moon rose over the hills and sailed into a sky, black-blue, star-lit, and absolutely clear from mist or cloud. The only vapor to be seen was a slight smoke that clung in a thin, wavy line to the middle of the river. The only sound, except our own voices, was the screech of an owl on the hills and the leap of the bass in the water.

The night was breathless; but we raised the bottom of the tent, and made a pleasant draft. Before ten o'clock we were asleep. How long that sleep lasted I cannot tell — perhaps three hours; but it was ended in a most awful uproar. In my sleep I had heard for hours, so it seemed, the thunder of rapids and falls greater than Niagara, into which the canoe was slipping against all my power to steer or stop her. Nearer and nearer the horror came; there were people on the shore shouting, and one of them blew a whistle that would

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wake the dead, and I sprang up in the tent at the same moment that Sigourney jumped to his feet. Without moving farther we saw the cause of the disturbance. Within forty yards of us ran a railroad, along which was thundering one of those interminable coal-trains, that are longer, I am sure, than any other trains in the world. The noise had affected us both in almost the same way; and we were so completely awakened that to sleep again seemed out of the question.

So we piled up our firewood till the flames illuminated the sombre hills. Then we mixed with sugar and water a stiff dose of our remedy for the malaria; but before enjoying this the night was so warm and lightsome, and the river so tempting, I plunged into the deep water for a short swim. When I came in I heard, from the meadow above, Butler singing his favorite German song; and when I sat down by the fire, he sang on and on, and the screech-owl stopped to listen to Lady Dufferin's sweet "Bay of Dublin," and the moon almost winked when she heard, in that lonely field, Tom Moore's lines to herself; and the fire and the tobacco burned as if they enjoyed it; and it was well for the malaria that it did not come around that night.

Say what you will there is no other form of outing that makes possible, within sight of conventional life and labor, such days and nights of utter freedom, health, natural beauty, and manly enjoyment.

But the river proceeds — as the canoes could not — below Towanda. There were immense stretches where the river widened, and the depth nowhere exceeded three or four inches. There was little pleasure in wading and dragging our boats till the bottoms were worn out; so we carried them up to the railroad (which hugs the river all the way), and shot the iron rapids till we came to fair water again.

It was sometime in the forenoon when we ran into Wilkesbarre, passing through that lovely historic valley,

"On Susquehanna's tide, fair Wyoming."

Surely, in all the world, there is nothing to exceed the quiet, large beauty of this valley, that is enriched with so many forms of wealth; with the stamp of sublimity from the hand of God, with the deep coloring of pathetic and patriotic association, and with the priceless mineral treasures that lie deep in field and hill.

"This is the richest valley on the face of the planet," said a Wilkesbarre man to us; and he was only thinking of the coal-veins hidden in its bosom.

But let there be a few uncivilized ones, at least, who shall regard the shafts, and chimneys, and hideous coal-heaps as marks of desecration and disease. Wealth and civilization, you say; aye, wealth and civilization for the owners of the mines, for the lordly "coal-operators," whose summer palaces are set on the shoulders of the noble hills. But for the thousands of workers in the bowels of the earth; for those whose minds and souls, as well as bodies, are darkened with the coal-grim; for their wives and little children, existing that a race of subject-workers may be perpetuated, what portion of our wealth and civilization belongs to these? Does civilization necessarily mean the degradation and starvation intellectually and spiritually of ten, for the luxury and over-development of one?

Civilization impinges on humanity in Pennsylvania perhaps not more unfairly or cruelly than elsewhere; but the contrasts are shockingly apparent.

But we came to look at the hills and the river, not at the social relativities. And the hills are as sadly marked as the human moles who burrow into them. There is no desecration of a mountain so blighting as the sinking of a mine into its heart. The dark mouth of the shaft high up on the side of the hill is repulsive as a cancer to the eye searching for beauty. Storms might shatter the forests, or fire sweep them, and the grandeur of the hills would be untouched. But in the midst of billowed foliage, and within sound of the rills, the puff of a steam-engine beside a black hole in the mountain-side robs the scene of all loveliness, and hurries the observer out of sight of the civilizing profanation.

But where was I? At Wilkesbarre only! We put our boats up at a pretty boat-house above the bridge, and we thought we should stay an hour to see the city, and then proceed. It is very pleasant to recall the manner and face of the man who kept that boat-house, and who was, we learned later, no other than "Commodore Brobst, of the Wilkesbarre Navy," — a well-known and popular person. He was very kind indeed; but while he was showing us his handsome boats his little boy was scudding off to a newspaper office, and "The Commodore" seemed to enjoy himself hugely when, a few minutes later, a reporter stepped down to the float, and said: —

"Gentlemen, we have been expecting

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you. The editor of my paper is coming here presently to welcome you; and also a committee of reception, which was appointed three days ago."

Upon hearing this amazing announcement we sat down upon the float to gaze at the reporter. Within ten minutes his astounding words were made true.

"Gentlemen, you will speak here to-night in the court-house. You will have an immense audience!"

This was the first word that impressed itself on my mind. We could not laugh, and we could not boorishly get into our boats and paddle away; so we weakly listened to the voice of the seducers, who would draw us from our beautiful rapids and woods and hills into the narrowing wrangle of worldly ways. But the editor was such a clever and earnest fellow, and the chairman of the committee was so genial and hospitable, that, after hours of entertainment and enjoyment, we compromised: we promised to return two days later and make political speeches in Wilkesbarre! It was then noon of Monday; we would go on our way down the stream, and come back for Wednesday night.

From that moment we knew that a beauty had departed from the river. It seemed to sink and become commonplace. Some charm of fidelity or sympathy was broken. We were disloyal to the Susquehanna; we could not, as yesterday, look the beautiful river in the face.

But we went along, and, in keeping with our new prosaic feeling, we hooked on to a little steamer running down to Nanticoke, and escaped nine miles of paddling. At Nanticoke we could not cross the dam, — the first dam on the river from Binghamton, — so we went into the canal which begins there. Deeper and deeper we were sinking into the prosaic; and the sense of a departed sympathy made us silent and almost irritable. I heard Butler repeating to himself the sad lines of Wordsworth: —

"The moon doth with delight
Look round her when the heavens are bare;
Waters on a starry night
Are beautiful and fair;
The sunshine is a glorious birth;
But yet I know, where'er I go,
That there hath passed away a glory from the earth."

We regretted the promise that bound us to return, and necessitated at least *some* preparation. We resolved to telegraph back recalling it. But there was no telegraph-office for a long distance down the canal. The current was slow, but in our favor. We paddled steadily ahead, almost silent, till the sun bent down to the mountains, and the canal seemed to become a mere gloomy ditch. Then we began to think of camping and getting supper; but for miles no suitable place appeared. Just about sunset we overtook a canal-boat, and asked the man at the wheel where he was going to stop for the night.

"We don't stop; we go on all night," he said; "and, if you fellows want to come on board, you can lift your boats on deck, and you're very welcome."

We thanked him; read "yes" in each other's face, and in five minutes the canoes were aboard, and we were having a new and pleasant sensation.

The canal-boat is no greyhound: it moves solemnly and firmly at the rate of two miles an hour; but it pushes ahead day and night, and, like the tortoise of the fable, it might win a race against a heedless hare. The Susquehanna Canal Company's service employs about two thousand men and boys, and Heaven knows how many mules. And splendid mules they are, big as horses almost, and comely to the eye. They impressed Sigourney Butler so much that in his speech at Wilkesbarre, two days later, he made the audience gasp by opening with the emphatic assertion that the Democratic party was like a mule! "Because," said he, "it is patient, intelligent, good-humored, hard-working, and handsome!" The Jeffersonians breathed a sigh of relief, and then enjoyed the simile.

Tom Elder was the captain's name, and he had on board a man to cook and steer and clean, — a silent man, who answered questions, but never once looked at us; also a youth of nineteen, a carpenter from Tom's town down the river, who had run away from home, and was now returning through his townsman's kindness; and, lastly, a little tough red-headed fellow of fifteen, the mule-driver, — another Tom, — who had a phenomenal voice deep down in his chest, from roaring at the mules, and who swore more profoundly and unconsciously than any one I had known up to that time. In this respect, however, little Tom, we found, was distanced by competitors on the towpath.

Once on board no one spoke to us or noticed us. Their indifference was Indian-like. About an hour after boarding the boat Captain Tom came up from the cabin-kitchen-bedroom of the ship's company, and, without looking at us, said: —

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READING ROOM.

"If you fellows want some bean soup there's plenty of it down there, and you're very welcome."

"Much obliged, captain," said Sigourney; "and perhaps you wouldn't mind taking a little of this — for the malaria. And a cigar."

The captain came down without waiting to be shot.

We had plenty of provisions with us, and we made a memorable supper. The runaway carpenter "washed up" after us. Then we "made our beds" on the deck, between the canoes, drew our blankets over us, and looked up at the stars, which seemed, from the motion of the boat and our position, to be moving in a grand, slow procession. It was a beautiful night, and our enjoyment was great. The trees reached over the canal nearly all the way. On one side, below us some fifty yards, was the river, with a black mountain on the other side. Above us, about the same distance, was the railroad, cut out of the mountain foot; and sheer above that the "eternal hills," lifting to the stars.

There was no sound but the swish of the great boat and the distant quick hoofing of the mules. About midnight we heard a strange, hard roar, rising and falling in a certain cadence. It was only little Tom, who had just waked from his first nap on the mule's back, and was cheering them with a song. The children who drive the mules for this great corporation soon learn to sleep on the animals' backs.

In the morning, after breakfast, we saw a fair place for lowering our boats to the river; and we shook hands with Captain Tom Elder, and the serious cook, and the run-away carpenter, and little Calliope-Tom. We had, it appeared, won their hearts; and for one brief second I caught the retiring eye of the cook as we parted.

Returning to the river rejoiced us; it was like coming back to an old friend, — a renewal of fealty. And it was well for us that we had some compunction to work off, for a viler ten miles than that before us I have never seen, — not even excepting the upper end of the Charles river, the nature of which I leave to Fred Stimson to describe.

First of all, the water was like milk-and-water in color, and it was limy to the taste. There was a new sort of rock in the bottom, long ledges of slate that crossed the river like bars, upon every one of which we stuck. We never dreamt of dressing: jerseys and shoes were enough. We were wading half the time. At last we came to an island, and we parted company, Sigourney going to the right, and I to the left, close under the mountain. The river was more than half a mile wide; and the island turned out to be many miles long. It was a dismal experience, going alone, and each wondering how the other was getting on. For five miles I had not an unbroken run of fifty yards. The side of the hill had evidently fallen into the river, and crumbled into pieces from the size of a foot-ball to the size of a cab. The sluice-ways between some of these was fierce and swift, but irritatingly short.

When I was about half-way down I began to fear that Butler might be even worse off; so I hauled toward the island and went ashore. Nowhere could I see him, nor get an answer to a bush "coo-ee!" So I walked back to the end of the island, only to find that he had had open river all the way down, and must, therefore, be miles ahead. An hour later I found him at the end of the island, on a mossy bank, under tall beaches, — a little bit from fairy-land.

As we were about to get into our canoes, after several hours' rest here, we saw a strange sight. In the reflection under the boats great numbers of little fish had gathered, and ranged themselves in a line, evidently enjoying the only scrap of shadow on the wide river. As we ran down a grand reach of deep and swift water, below the village, we saw another strange thing, — a tremendous iron pipe crossing the river in a lonely place, like a huge serpent half-buried in the mud, under eight feet of clear water. It was probably the pipe of one of the great oil lines. Ten miles farther down we came to another village; and as we shot a little rapid in its front a man ran down to the river waving a letter. It was addressed to me, "On the Susquehanna River in a Canoe." It was from the political committee at Wilkesbarre, which we had almost forgotten, telling us that we should have "an immense audience next evening," and asking, "On what train may we expect you?"

About a score of little boys, the oldest not more than twelve, who had been swimming, gathered round as we read the letter, and sat in the water like fowl, eying us silently. When we started off they rose in a bevy, and plunged after us, swimming splendidly, one blue-eyed little fellow following my boat with extraordinary rapid-

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ity, using the English overhand stroke like an expert.

It was then four o'clock, and we were about twelve miles from Danville. We paddled along dejectedly, knowing that our trip had lost its charm by this political interruption. But it was too late to regret. We were delayed soon by shallows and insignificant rapids, and before we had gone four miles the sun had sunk beyond the hills.

To cheer us up we floated at last into deep water, and saw before us a scene of surpassing loveliness and repose. The narrow valley on the left was a marvellous picture of rural taste and comfort. A farm-house, smothered in soft foliage, with roses trained over the porch, and in the garden the largest and most beautiful weeping-willow either of us had ever seen. A mile farther down we passed a fisherman, and he told us there were two strong rapids, some miles below, which could not be safely run in the dark. So we carried our boats up to the towpath, intending to paddle into Danville that night on the canal.

But when we had eaten our supper we resolved to stay where we were. It was a lonely and a lovely place. A high wooden bridge on stone piers crossed the canal and railroad, and led up to a road that was cut into the steep hill-side.

We sat on the high bridge and enjoyed the moonrise over the gloomy hill; but, though we did our best to forget it, the coming speech-making disturbed us like the distant roar of rapid water that we knew had to be considered and crossed.

"I wish Tom Elder would come along," suggested Sigourney. "We could go into Danville on his canal-boat."

But Tom was miles astern; and we went and raided on a wood-pile near the bridge, though no house could be seen, and flung a dozen big sticks down to the towpath beside the boats. Just then we heard a buggy, or light wagon, passing on the road; and Sigourney ran up on the bridge and hailed it, meaning to ask some questions.

"Ho! I say! I say, sir!" he shouted, as he sprang out in the moonlight. The driver of the wagon started up his horse, evidently alarmed. We heard the swish! swish! of the whip, quicker and harder as Butler ran and shouted, and soon the frightened teamster was out of danger.

We learned next day that the place at which we stopped had been the scene of numerous robberies, and that people disliked it even in the daytime. It was well for us that that scared driver had no gun with him.

We lit our fire and made our beds beside it, just withdrawn from the towpath, and were soon sleeping soundly. Once, about midnight, we were awakened by a passing canal-boat; but we slept again, with a kindly "Good-night, fellows," from the sleepy child on the back of the hind mule.

The dawn was just creeping over the hill when another sound disturbed us, — a loud, hard, cadenced roar, which was familiar. It was little, red-headed Calliope-Tom, singing his matins to the mules. In ten minutes we had all our goods in the boats, and we started up the towpath to meet our friends. Little Calliope-Tom saw us afar off, and welcomed us with a long shout and a loud. Captain Tom Elder greeted us cordially; the serious cook and the runaway carpenter came up and gave a hand with our embarkation; and in a few minutes more we were sound asleep in our blankets on the friendly deck.

At Danville, in the morning, we went to the hotel, Captain Tom escorting us. We left our boats at the landing. After breakfast and a morning paper (the first for days) we resolved to go to Wilkesbarre at noon, and "think over our speeches" by the way.

No need to tell of our reception, our audience, our eloquence. We had a famous day, and a night to be remembered, at the hospitable house of a Pennsylvania gentleman of the old school, who gave us much that the palates of wandering men hankereth after.

But the next day dawned, and we were far from our canoes. We breakfasted with an effort at cheerfulness. When the boy brought to us at table the morning paper, with a report of our speeches, we brightened at once. But, lo! it was the Republican paper, the Democratic sheet having only an evening issue. And therein we read, with ghastly merriment, words of scorn for our eloquence and pity for our arguments.

"Wait till evening, till you see the *Leader!*" said a friendly caller. "I tell you, the *Leader* will do you justice!"

But no; we said "Good-by," and started for Danville. On our way we concluded to go no farther in the canoes, but to run on to Harrisburg, taking them up as we passed Danville. That was the end of our voyage on the river, though we followed it lovingly from the window of the train all the way to Harrisburg. We

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saw the marriage of the lovely Juniata with the Susquehanna, recalling the exquisite poem of my friend, John Brown : —

"Oh! never such a sight:
He sweeping round the valley's bend,
While she, on maiden tiptoe rising,
Feasts loving glances on the friend
She has so lonesome been abiding;
He, helpless, seeks the fatal shore,
Charm-blinded by her eyes, dark-flashing
Within the portals of the door
Through which her slender form is passing:
He opens wide his giant arms,
The young and lordly Susquehanna;
She nestles there her virgin charms,
The soft-voiced, lovely Juniata;
There in the bright sunlight!"

And so, good-by for another season to the sweet waters, the dancing boat, and the biceps-building paddle. There is no sport or exercise so complete as canoeing a river, for it embraces all sports, — the excitement of rapid water, the delicious plunge, the long swim down stream, the fishing and shooting, the free camping out at night, and the endless beauty of the panoramic scene. Canoe-clubs may meet and vote and compete and sail regatta-races on the lakes. But the true canoeist knows not sail nor prize, but searches with the paddle all the bends and rapids and shadowed reaches of our peerless American rivers.

John Boyle O'Reilly.

A MISDIRECTED LETTER.

[CONCLUSION.]

THE party that Dora had spoken of when she invited her friend to visit her was a fancy-dress ball, given at great expense and with great splendor. Lottine was so handsome, and so queenly in figure and bearing, that she carried off well even the hackneyed part of Mary of Scots. The assembly was one of the most brilliant of the season. In the midst of the gorgeous figures moved a little Quakeress. Her heavy drab-colored silk, with its skirt perfectly plain and its surplice waist, was relieved only by folds of delicate lace. Her hair would not be straight, though it was coiled with effort to be so, for nature had made it flow back in great waves, that here threw out the richness of its brown color, and there in its hollows caught dusky shadows. Tendrils of this same soft hair twisted themselves out of the shining ripples and shaded the forehead in a way that was only saved from being out of keeping with her character of Quakeress because it was so plainly a stubborn bent toward beauty that the hair had, and that no argument of the brush could conquer. Thus, being a whim of nature, it was not at variance with the simplicity of the costume. Yet it had a peculiar effect, for her dress seemed to say that she was demure and staid; but these stray locks rippled like laughter over that assumption, and made it appear like a disguise through which peeped out a face that those who noticed at all looked at more than once. There were many handsome women, and, as to brilliancy, there was none of that about the little Quakeress with her quiet movements and her old-fashioned speech. But there were two people who saw her that evening with eyes more open than ever to her possibilities, and these two found no face in the assembly more winsome, and no conversation more full of entertainment, than Lottie White's. One of these two people was Major Lockwood. As Eustace Holbrook looked at her he would have thought her choice the perfection of skill if he had not remembered a conversation in which he had taken part one evening when the four young people were discussing the characters they should assume. Dora had demurred greatly at the Quakeress. "Very well," Lottie had answered, "I'm sorry; but it's Hobson's choice with me. I have a dress that will suit that part, and I haven't anything else that will do to wear. I don't want to make you ashamed of me, and I'll stay upstairs if you like. But, really, it will not make any difference, everybody will look at you and Miss White, and I shall have a good time seeing all the beautiful people, and the dresses, and the flowers. I've not been used to it, you know, and it will be like Arabian Nights to me. When I go home it will seem to me like a dream, a bright dream that I have to thank you for." And she looked gratefully at Dora.

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"It's not best to have too much gratitude," sneered Lottine; "one may sometimes find it misplaced."

"Yes, yes, Lottie, the Quakeress will do admirably, and I'm sure you will look well," Dora hastened to say in her kindest manner.

"Then, I know the Friends' way of talking. My aunt married one of them, and joined the Society," returned the girl, speaking to Dora, but with her eyes still fixed with a puzzled expression upon the other, whose last words she was trying to make out. "What do you mean, Miss White," she said at last, "about gratitude being misplaced?"

"Oh, nothing at all but a wise saying," answered Lottine, who had had her warning in an energetic pressure of Dora's foot, and who also saw a frown upon Eustace's face. She liked him all the better for this delicacy that seemed to her quixotic; for if he were careful not to hurt the feelings of a stranger it would be all the better for herself if that thing happened that she had long thought might happen, and that now seemed to her nearer and more desirable than ever.

The questioner looked away with a thoughtful expression. She had caught the right end of the tangled skein of perplexities — for of late she had been perplexed. Would she unwind it?

The night of the party came. Eustace watched her that evening. She had not counted upon receiving either admiration or attention, so that no personal disappointment mingled with her keen enjoyment of a new scene. The attention that she did receive was set down to courtesy, and the admiration, not being widely extended, but of a kind not easily adapted to ballroom phrases, escaped her observation altogether. Eustace had scarcely time to speak to her; he was everywhere; and the major had not arrived at the point of making himself conspicuous. The pretty Quakeress was too much eclipsed by brilliant women to attract general notice. It was the other Lottie who was queen of the evening. Her namesake wondered how much Eustace enjoyed her triumph. It was just then that he came up and asked her how she was getting on.

"Thee sees my occupation," she answered, demurely. "I hope thee thinks it profitable!" Then her smile stole out, and the curling hair on her forehead seemed more caressing than ever.

"You'll get profit out of it if anybody can," he said; "but I doubt that."

"Don't you think it's wise to have now and then just a good time," she asked, "and not think at all of anything else?"

"I wish I could call this a genuinely good time!" he said, in a low tone, and looking at her almost wistfully.

"If you had been winter evenings where sometimes not even a sleigh-bell went by the window you would be ready to appreciate all this," she answered.

He made a slight grimace.

"If that's the candle, the play doesn't pay for it."

She looked at him with a peculiar shrewdness that he saw in her sometimes.

"Maybe not," she said. "But you have a way of being sure about things before you've quite looked them through."

Eustace winced. This was the trait that Dora had resented so, — this way of saying what she thought. On the whole, Lottine's brilliancy was much the best to get along with.

"That's what my professor told me one day in college," he answered, making no movement toward Lottine, who was talking to a knot of gentlemen, dispensing her smiles with admirable impartiality.

Lottie laughed softly. "I'm proud," she said. "It's not often that I stumble into the wisdom of a professor."

Eustace thought Lottine's laugh, which reached him a moment later, was not so musical. But he could not linger; his duties as host pressed upon him, and with a few more words he turned away. Lottie's face grew grave, and she fixed her eyes earnestly upon her namesake; then withdrew them abruptly, as if her intentness had made her lose the sense of time, and she feared lest she might have been standing there too long.

It was five days after the ball. The three young ladies were in the library after breakfast. Lottine was finishing a letter that she had asked Holbrook to mail for her. He was waiting for it with a patience which made it difficult to remember that a month before he had hurried his sister so pitilessly. While waiting he was entertaining Lottie, and, as it seemed to his listeners, himself quite as much. It had only been the day before that the beautiful Miss White had suddenly become convinced that to some strange beings there were other charms as effectual as beauty and wit. She had seen Eustace talking with Lottie, and there had been something in his tone and attitude that startled her. The girl's face had betrayed nothing; but Lottine

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knew that girls could not be depended on to show just what they felt; and then Lottie might have seen her coming, and Holbrook had not. Yet, as she glanced up hastily from her writing that morning, she was not certain that that would have made any difference. Eustace had the air of not troubling himself to wonder what people were thinking of him. Lottine sealed her letter, and addressed it ostentatiously. Then, holding it out with a smile to the young man, she said: —

"Thank you very much, Mr. Holbrook. You see I have not done as Dora did to me, — left it for you to address. You might make a mistake again, and send it to the wrong person, as you did before."

There was an embarrassment in both Eustace's face and Dora's that Lottie saw. A light of comprehension came into her own. She had wound the skein at last; she saw why Dora invited her. Lottine, having flashed one glance at her, was now, with a face of the most perfect unconsciousness, putting away her writing materials. Dora recovered herself first and opened her lips to speak, but before she could do it Lottie cried, —

"I see it all, — why there were two handwritings on my note; why I was invited here at all. It wasn't meant for me. Oh, why didn't you tell me? Kind, generous Dora, it would have been kinder, after all, to have told me." There was such distress in her look and tones that Dora went up to her and putting her arm about her, kissed her.

"It's true, Lottie," she said. "I didn't mean to ask you, but that was because I didn't know you. Now I do know you, and I ask you with all my heart to stay with us as long as you can. You've made your own welcome. Isn't it so, Eustace?"

A sharp sound interrupted them. It was only Lottine tearing up a sheet of paper that she had spoiled.

"Yes," answered Holbrook. He was pale.

"Thank you," said Lottie, faintly. Tears had come into her eyes at Dora's kindness. "I will stay until the next train."

"I've not deserved this of you."

"No, Dora, you have deserved only my gratitude, every one of you, for your forbearance; but I am too much ashamed of myself to face you all again. I don't see why I never thought of such a thing before. It's a comment on your kindness as well as on my stupidity."

In spite of a throb of compunction over the purpose that she had carried out only in the vaguest way Dora felt pleased that at least she had not grieved the girl. Now that Lottine had done the very thing which she herself had wanted to do Dora rejoiced that she had been unequal to the deed; it looked so unnecessary and so malicious. Unconsciously she had been discovering more of the inner nature of the friend she had so much admired; perhaps contrast had helped her, and this revelation carried her a long way toward just discrimination. Eustace had silently taken up the newspaper. After looking it over a few moments, he said: —

"Your morning train has gone. Do you propose to leave here at four o'clock this afternoon? In that case you would reach your home at midnight."

"An excellent time, surely, for a 'lone, lorn woman,'" commented Dora.

"If she takes that train I shall go with her," said Eustace.

Lottie looked up. Her face flushed, then grew very pale.

"No, you shall never do that; you have had trouble enough already paying courtesies to a guest whom your mistake invited. I will wait until to-morrow morning, since Dora is so kind."

Eustace's answer to her assertion could not now be given in words, and Lottie lost his glance, for she was not looking at him, but steadily out of the window.

"I really want you to stay, Lottie," began Dora; "this is a new invitation, and this time there is no mistake."

"I cannot," answered the girl, softly; "but I thank you, Dora."

There was a moment's silence. Then Eustace spoke.

"Miss White," he said, "you promised that before you went home you would go to the Art Gallery with me to see that painting of Corot's that we were speaking of. Will you go this morning?"

Lottine looked up suddenly, and her lips moved. Holbrook had been speaking to her, too, about the painting, although she could not recollect that he had said anything about her going to see it. No, it was well that she had not answered; it was the interloper that he was looking at, whose answer he was waiting for in evident anxiety. It was the interloper, as Lottine called her, who, after a pause, said coldly: —

"If you wish it, I will keep my word, of course."

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"Thank you," answered Eustace. And before he went away he arranged the hour at which he should return for her.

It was not until they had admired not only the painting they had come to see, but others also, that Eustace said abruptly: —

"I want you to help me, Miss White."

"How?" she asked.

"Will you do it?"

"Certainly I will, if I can."

Eustace glanced about him. They were nearly alone; no one could hear.

"I have promised my father," he began, "that I will marry Miss White if she will have me. Will you help me?"

"I!" cried Lottie, divided between amazement and indignation.

"Yes, you. It is only you who can do it."

Lottie leaned her hand heavily against the case of etchings that she was standing before. It was very hard to ask this of her. Yet why should she feel so? And especially ought she to remember that it did not seem so to him. Now that she saw her visit in its true light she perceived how much he had exerted himself to make it pleasant to her. She owed him something, and Lottie above all things liked to pay her debts.

"I don't see how I can possibly help you," she answered; "but, if I can, I will."

He looked at her keenly, with a good deal of anxiety in his face.

"I can't make her out," he said, "do you think she loves me?"

"How can I possibly tell that? You must ask her that."

"I am asking her now."

Lottie looked up at him, startled. His eyes left her in no doubt of his meaning. Color swept over the pale face, and the eyes grew radiant before they dropped shyly and appeared to be scanning the picture before her, of which she was seeing nothing.

"Does she love me?" persisted Eustace, drawing nearer to her. Lottie was motionless for a moment; then she looked up at him again. He did not like her expression; it was too resolute, and the resolution seemed of a kind that did not run along with her pleasure. "Will you try to love me, Lottie?" he repeated. "Will you take me, my darling?"

"This is not what your father meant," she said. "No, I will not do this. I will not come to your father's house uninvited, and take away his only son from the woman he wishes him to marry."

"I wouldn't marry that woman if there were not another in the world."

"You will think differently later."

"Do you really believe that?"

Lottie was silent. Eustace pleaded his cause with all his might. "You do love me a little," he said at last. "Why will you not say so? I will never marry any one else."

"Because here my feelings have nothing to do with it," she answered. "It is not a question of how I feel, but of what I ought to do."

"Ah! Then you do love me?"

Lottie glanced at him. "Yes," she said.

"And yet you will not marry me?"

"On one condition I will, but that is an impossibility. I will when your father asks me to. That is saying 'No' forever."

"H—m!" said Eustace. "You think so!" But in his heart he felt despondent. He knew that the utmost he had to expect from his father after long fighting was sullen acquiescence. As to his ever asking this girl to be his son's wife the thing was impossible. Eustace must try his logic on Lottie herself, — the logic of love, — he could not despair of that. Yet as he looked at her face, no less firm than tender, he felt that fate was hard upon him. He should need time to see what to do, for it was out of the question to think of sitting down calmly and bearing this state of things. In the moment he stood there silent after her answer all plans, even to vagaries, came to him as he struck out fiercely against the barriers.

He would not be balked; he would win; he would become one of the best business men in the city, would make himself absolutely necessary to his father, and then stay with him only on his own terms. But he said nothing of all this now; he did not realize at the moment that the little pale-faced girl standing before him had awakened dormant faculties which, whether he were compelled to use for her sake or not, had stirred their wings, had made him more eager and strong.

"You shall have your wish, Lottie," he said at last.

"*My* wish!" echoed the girl softly.

Eustace smiled at her. "Isn't it your wish?"

She looked at him a moment without answering, but he was satisfied.

Lottie was in an April mood during her packing. She refused the assistance of Dora, who was with her, and was glad to

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bend her face over her trunk to hide the tears that would sometimes come; to hide also the smiles and the quick color that she would have found it difficult to account for to her friend by anything in their quiet talk. She was very much distressed. She knew that Eustace meant to have his way, and she had all a girl's confidence in the determination of the man she loved. Still she was full of fears; it was very hard to be obliged to refuse Eustace, for, little as she had seen of Mr. Holbrook, she had her intuitions, and knew as well as his son did that he was a knotty subject. Once there came to her something that she was ashamed of, — an envy, not of Lottine, but of her position in regard to the family; of the satisfaction with which Mr. Holbrook would receive her if she were Eustace's choice. And the feeling that checked this was one that she had no cause to be proud of; it was exultation that in spite of it all it was she herself who had the best of it, who had Eustace. Thus, just as she was feeling that she had opened Pandora's box and was full of the malicious stings of troubles, out flew Hope, and the sweep of her wings took away the pain.

She came down to dinner in secret perturbation. Would Mr. Holbrook know how affairs had turned? She had scorned to ask Eustace to be silent even for that day: his own judgment and feeling ought to decide. And she thought that it would be almost worse to sit at the table in a false position than to be secretly, or even openly, hated as the one who had balked a favorite purpose. At all events she was resolute; so was Eustace. And there is nothing that conquers Fortune like resolution; an armed resistance woos her better than the softest pleadings. Neither of these young people imagined that anything would come to aid them but their own determination, or, rather, Eustace's determination, for Lottie's part was only that forbearance which, seemingly quiescence, often proves itself so active a force.

Eustace, returning to his father's place of business, informed him of the offer to Miss White and of the conditions of her acceptance. He replied to the old gentleman's assurance of his pleasure by remarking that his father had not mentioned which Miss White he meant.

"What! sir," returned Mr. Holbrook. "As if there could be any doubt!"

"I didn't think there was," said Eustace, "so I asked the dear little one."

"The what?" gasped the old gentleman.

"Oh, you're all right, of course," he went on, with an air of ease that sat badly with the questioning look in his eyes. "I never knew you to make a fool of yourself, Eustace."

"I hope I never have, and I assure you I haven't this time. Still, father, when you make that request to Miss White for me don't make it to the one you call the beauty. It's to the real beauty, the good, honest little girl, that I've proposed."

"Not to Dora's Lottine?"

"Not at all."

The rage of the elder man was unbounded. He called his son most uncomplimentary names, and even threatened to disinherit him.

"As you please," returned Eustace. "I can earn my own living, and you know it. I'd much rather you would do this than refuse to make Lottie that one request for me. She is pride itself, and she will never come into an unwilling family."

"Glad to hear it; she'll never come into mine, then. But not only have you grieved me, Eustace, but you have put me into the most awkward position imaginable. Miss Lottie's uncle, my Miss Lottie's, is a man with whom I should like to be allied; he is not only high in political and social life, but he is a man of great wealth and integrity. He is coming to dine with us to-day," pursued Mr. Holbrook. "I met him this morning and have met him a few times before. He leaves town in a day or two, and is very busy all the time he stays, so that I can't give him a reception, or a dinner; but he is coming informally. Quite by chance I found out the relationship. Then I told him of my hopes, and he seemed much pleased; said that some difference of opinion between Lottie's father, his brother-in-law, and himself had made a coolness between the families, and that he had not seen his niece since her childhood. He is delighted to have this opportunity of meeting her and of congratulating all round. Indeed, I suppose, that is why he is coming. And I tell you this, Eustace, when you ask me to make that request of yours to his niece I'll do it with pleasure; but the other one — never. It's very awkward, very," he reiterated. "I declare, I almost wish somebody would be taken ill at home, not seriously, but enough to get me out of this box by making some excuse not to take him there."

"It would have been a good plan," suggested Eustace, "not to have mentioned the subject any way until you knew what the young lady would say."

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"I knew that well enough," snarled his father.

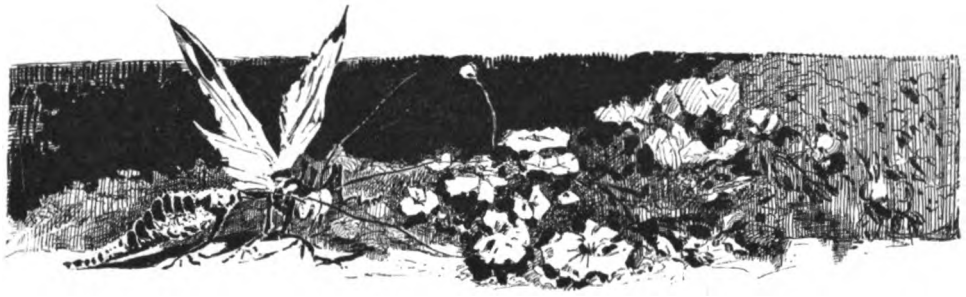
The stranger who was presented in Mr. Holbrook's drawing-room just before dinner greeted his niece with emotion in his tones.

"How much you are like your mother," he said. "I am coming to see her. I will run up with you when you go home."

But it was Lottie, not Lottine, whom he kissed and said this to; it was Lottie who caught a triumphant flash in Eustace's eyes, and who heard his father say to him in an undertone: —

"Clever fellow! Yes, I'll keep my word."

Frances C. Sparhawk.



A DREAM OF SUMMER.

Out through the summer's golden glow,
  Across the land, into the West,
I rode at sunset, sad and slow,
  Where the end of the rainbow sinks to rest,
Out toward the realms of the setting sun,
As the night came down and the day was done.

The insects hummed a lullaby,
  In cozy homes of folded leaves;
The birds had ceased to chirp, on high,
  Within their nests, beneath the eaves;
The nodding flowers, along the way,
Seemed bowing low, to slumber's sway.

Adown the path, where arching trees
  Clasped hands and kissed, with lips of leaves,
I drank the burden of the breeze,
  The scent of flowers and garnered sheaves,
And, over all, the lingering light
Of sunbeams and the stars of night.

Alas! these dreams of summers past
  Will drift into our drowsy hours;
Too sweet, too heavenly high to last,
  But laden with the breath of flowers:
Within, bright thoughts and memories sweet,
Without, the snow and blinding sleet.

James Clarence Harvey.

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ST. JOHN'S EVE.

"We have the receipt of fern-seed, — we walk invisible."

Upon St. John's eve they who wear
The seed of crafty fern,
Where'er they list abroad may fare,
And none shall them discern.

On yester-eve the charm I tried;
The magic seed I brought
From secret glen, though long defied,
By elf and pixy fought.

. . . . . .

None gave good-even as I passed,
None bent a look on me;
I sought the linden path and, last,
The broad, green trysting-tree.

My lady there I thought to meet,
And yet unseen remain,
To read her face in silence sweet,
And deeper heart-lore gain.

I nothing saw, — nor glimmering robe,
Nor white hand part the boughs;
The poiséd blowball's feathery globe
There was no wind to rouse;

Yet oft the grass was stirred, and oft
The flower on nodding stem,
As pressed by footstep light and soft,
Or brushed by floating hem.

"He will not come, — he loves not me,"
A voice sighed midst the dew;
Though I nor face nor form could see,
Full well the voice I knew.

"He will not come, — he loves me not,"
More near the murmur drew;
Aha! my lady has her plot,
She wears the fern-seed too!

"But I am here," I answer brought,
"That mayst thou know by this,"—
Her viewless hand by chance I caught,
And on it pressed a kiss.

"Trust not to charms, my wizard queen,
But heed a wizard's word:
We on St. John's eve walk unseen,
Not (saints forbid!) unheard!"

Edith M. Thomas.

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A MUNICIPAL REGATTA IN BOSTON HARBOR.



CENTURIES ago, in their swift-sailing dragons, the Northmen visited our shores. Tradition says that one now sleeps in his cairn upon Point Allerton. Perhaps he wakes at night to watch the far glimmering lights of Cape Ann, twenty miles away to the north-east, until the first flush of dawn bids Minot's gray cyclop droop his heavy lid. Valhalla's brightness may be denied his war-like spirit. Restless he dreams over the sea-fights a thousand years gone by, and in fancy again urges his war-ship's prow in fierce pursuit.

Bereft of its savagery the best of his vigorous spirit lives to-day in many a yachtsman, as, with no less determination, he strains mast and rope in friendly race to win the cup, the colors, or the gold. In this school of endurance and nautical lore is trained many a skilful seaman, many an experienced pilot, who could serve his country well, if she should need such aid. Almost as soon as the weather permits the handling of sheet and halyards without risk of frozen fingers, and until the autumn gales come charged with frost, these modern vikings guide their white-winged craft along the coast or seek shelter in its snug harbors. On the day appointed for a race their swift yachts are ranged side by side at the starting-line; impatiently the sails seem to flutter, until, with the smoke of the starting-gun, they fill and speed away.

No municipality in the Union spends so much money for the entertainment of the people on the Fourth of July as the city of Boston. Most interesting of the entertainments provided by the good city fathers are the rowing regattas on the Charles river and on Jamaica pond, and the sailing regatta in Boston harbor. The bicycle races and lacrosse matches on the Common, the hundred allurements of juggling and dancing, of music and play, balloon ascensions, military drill, polo, and gorgeous fireworks, win fewer spectators than the regattas. The city offers a bountiful lot of prizes, of value enough to satisfy the most avaricious competitors, while the sights are free to all, rich and poor, high and low, in the entire community.

A typical race was sailed last Independence day off City Point. The printed programme, furnished to all competing, announced four races. The first was for yachts thirty-eight feet or more upon the water-line, whose course was to be twenty miles. The second was for those twenty-six feet long and less than thirty-eight, over a course of fourteen miles. The third was for yachts from twenty to twenty-six feet, over an eight-mile course; and the fourth for all measuring less than twenty feet, to sail a course of five miles. Except in the first each class was divided into keels and centre-boards, the total amount of prizes being $615. The start was to be from anchorage, — each class coming into line between two flags bearing the number of that class. At the second signal all were to slip moorings, set the head-sails and fill away on their respective courses, — the first class to the east, the second to the south-east, the third to the south-west, and the fourth to the north, thus avoiding any chance of interference among the different sets.

For days the crews of the contesting yachts have been preparing for the struggle, improving the set of their sails, or buying new ones; running over the course for practice, and having a "brush" with any rival that might appear; re-stowing the ballast to alter the trim of the boat; applying a coat of black-lead to reduce the water's friction along her lines; and, as now the glorious Fourth comes out of noisy night amid the booming of cannon and impertinent snap of fire-crackers, they gather at the club-houses to dress for the occasion. Many see only the practical side of the question; they appear in thin, close-fitting suits of gray flannel; but those who love effects of color seek to combine the æsthetic with the useful. In a fleet of yachts where white is the prevailing color of sail and deck, these bits of bright red, blue, and yellow in jerseys, tights, or Tam-o'-Shanters are grateful to the eye, while they also serve to distinguish both the men and their boats. It would give added beauty and character to the yachts if some device in conspicuous color were placed near the main peak, imitating the brilliant coloring of Venetian sails, or tanned in dark reds and browns, as is done by the fishermen of the North Sea.

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BOUND HOME.

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Yachts from a distance arrive the night before, lest a calm in the early morning should prevent their reaching the scene in time. This time their good judgment is evident, for not a breath of air ruffles the glassy stillness of Dorchester bay, while steamers plough up and down the channel, the swift purring of their paddles borne with many a distant sound over the quiet water: later come the subdued undulations of their broadening wake, causing the yachts to nod sleepily at their moorings. Out among the fleet push the trim tenders loaded almost to the rail, and each crew goes on board its yacht. Covers and gaskets are cast aside, the after sails swing up to the accompaniment of clicking blocks and cheery jest. The sails have been carefully kept dry; the men sway with all their might upon the halyards, to strain them into place; but there is no wind. From other parts of the harbor come the yachts, towed by their crews, or by steam-tugs, toward City Point. Look! Just coming into sight, at the entrance of Broad sound, is the *Magic*, from Lynn, slowly fanned along by the first light breath of an east wind. Will it hold? Will it freshen? Or must this be a tedious, drifting race, with flickering airs and calms, in which a knowledge of the tideways shall decide the winner?



AN OLD SALT.

At the float-stage, spinning their yarns, are gathered the old salts and veteran skippers, their faces scarred by years of seafaring. As they talk a mirage forms beyond the outer light, with doubled and inverted sails. "That is a sure sign of an easterly," says a bronzed yachtsman who sits stripped to the waist, with either hand gauging its opposite biceps. Slowly the wind creeps in with freshening puffs. There comes the judges' boat, a steam-tug, bringing two more contestants to the Point. In a few minutes she will give the signal to form in line, followed in thirty minutes by the starting whistle. But no; after consultation the judges decide to postpone the start for half an hour, in hopes of a stronger breeze, and to give the tardy ones a chance to reach the line. How quickly the minutes fly, as head-stays are strained, back-stays set up, cables and moorings overhauled, or light sails carefully stowed ready for use at the right moment! Already some boats, feeling the light air, are forging ahead towards the line, so as to gain a favorable position. Still the *Magic* is fully three miles away. At last comes a startling whistle from the judges' boat; then out of the tangle, with vistas closing and opening through the fleet, the four groups are slowly formed. Each yacht finds its place, and anchors in line, while the little steam-launch busily rushes about driving back to the line any who may try to gain

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an unfair advantage. Only five minutes more. Here comes the *Magic*, just in time. Two seconds more! A flutter and commotion among those who have discovered some mistake, or look in vain for a missing tackle; shriller than before the whistle screams; up run the head-sails; moorings are cast off. Each class slips away from the line and opens out. The "flyers" come to the front; the "snails" drop behind.

What a fine start! More than eighty yachts lie over to the fresh east wind and move majestically away. The English cutter *Maggie* and the sloop *Nirvana* are the only competitors in the first class; slowly the cutter gathers head-way, "eating" to windward. The *Shadow* is leading the second class, but close on her heels come the *Hera*, *Lapwing*, *Nimbus*, and the rest, eager to reach and pass her.

"Who's that leading sloop in the third class, black-leaded to the rail, with new sails? How she walks away from the rest! Do you know her?"

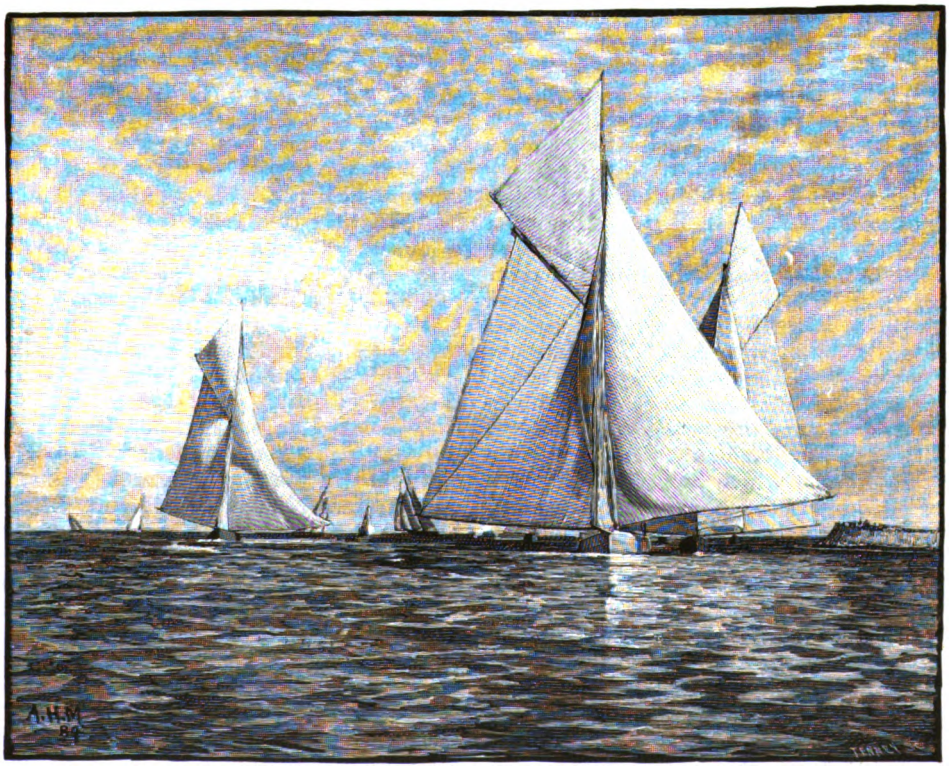
"No!"

"Strange! She must be a new boat,—a dark horse in the race."

The cat-boats are under way, some of them in a snarl, with the *Queen Mab* and *Joker* in the van, while all grow smaller in the distance, till we can no longer tell the leaders from the led.

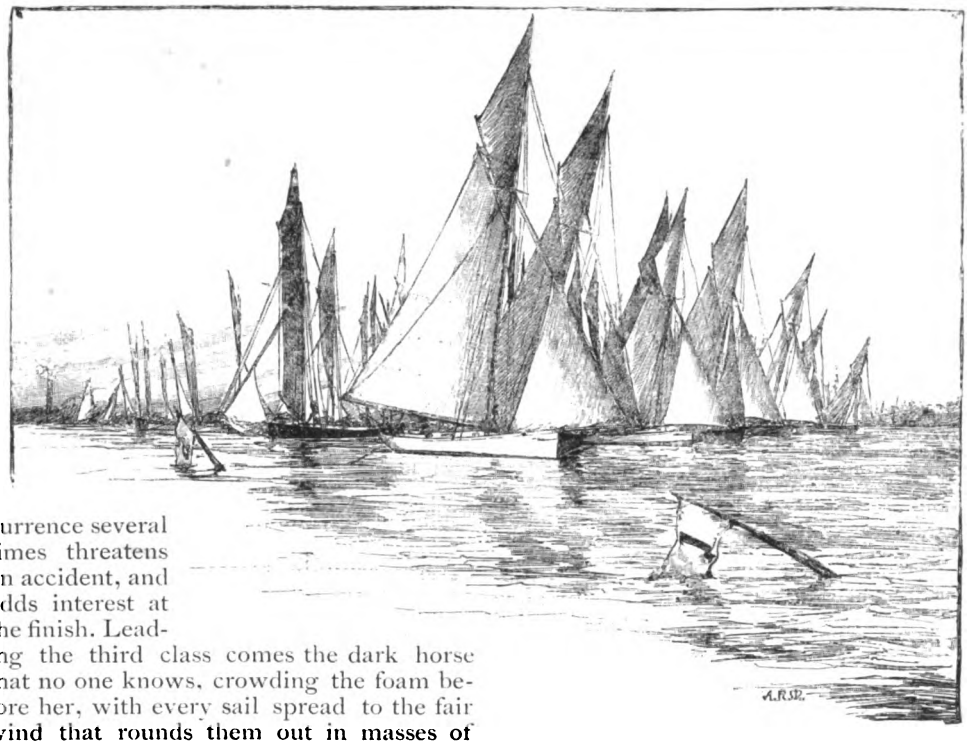
In an hour the smaller class will be back; so now for a discussion of the lunch. But the topic of the hour soon comes to the surface. Question and answer chase each other around and across the table. Fault or merit of many a boat is mentioned, and skippers are praised or disparaged; while the sly ones save their breath as they make wide-spread havoc among the tempting dishes, until some one, looking through the cabin window exclaims, "The little fellows have turned the Cow Pasture buoy!" So, with a farewell nibble or sip, the judges repair to the pilot-house to time the returning boats.

Ordinarily the classes come back in the order of the distance sailed; but to-day, owing to the direction and strength of the wind, the eight-mile course takes the same time as the five-mile one. This rare oc-



THE RETURN.—THE "SHADOW" LEADING.

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THE START. — SECOND CLASS IN FOREGROUND.

currence several times threatens an accident, and adds interest at the finish. Leading the third class comes the dark horse that no one knows, crowding the foam before her, with every sail spread to the fair wind that rounds them out in masses of sunlight and shadow; close upon her the *Queen Mab*, *Banneret*, and *Transit*, separated only by seconds; while from the opposite side comes the *Joker*, slanting low as she cuts and curls the water from her bows.

All returning yachts pass between the judges' steamer and a flag-boat moored fifty yards away, the fourth class coming from the south-west, others from the east. Thus, like woof and warp, they shoot through the narrow space, sometimes three abreast. Nothing but skilful handling and the coolest head can prevent a catastrophe. Within a few minutes some forty boats cross the line, making sharp work for the time-keeper and recorders. A fourth calls out the number which each yacht displays on a large card furnished for the occasion. One has jocosely tied his large yellow card upon the back of a man who sits on the weather rail, in apparent unconsciousness of all going on around him, calmly nursing a cigarette.

Then comes a lull; the boats already in, run to their moorings, while their crews stow the racing-sails. Some wait for the return of the larger boats. Others sail away, exchanging good-natured taunts or congratulations. Restlessly the racers slip about, as if ready for another trial; but, for this race, the prize is lost or won and so remains.

Up the main channel comes the second class in procession, — huge triangles of straining canvas, sweeping like great sea-birds past the smaller craft that steer down to meet and admire them. The *Shadow* leads, with her great spinnaker rounded out like a balloon, and an enormous top-sail set on poles that reach far above the top-mast head and out over the peak.

"Isn't she a beauty? Forty dollars for this day's work!"

She sweeps across the line with a deafening salute from the steamer's whistle, then, gathering in the snowy folds of her spinnaker, runs to her moorings, while a sight of tossing handkerchiefs and brilliant parasols on the club-house balcony heightens the color in the cheeks of her crew as they taste the mild intoxication of success. Closely follow the *Hera*, *Lapwing*, *Lillie*, *Magic*, *King Philip*, and others. Then comes another lull, to be broken by the return of the two first-class yachts, whose course has taken them out of sight in the throbbings of the outer sea, past the whistling buoy on the Graves, and around the swaying bell-boat off Harding's ledge.

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Again the interval is made sweet with refreshment in the cabin, until a small bit of white appears in the Narrows, miles away.

"Is it the *Maggie?* Is it the *Nirvana?* Who has the marine glass? Can you make her out?"

"Yes; it's the — *Maggie!*"

A silence. "Well, I'm sorry. Still it's what one might expect; just her kind of a day."

As she comes on no second sail shows in the track. "Where can the *Nirvana* be? What a lead! — at least two miles! Ah, there she is!"

The east wind is beginning to decline with the sun as, without change in their relative positions, they finish the race. The *Maggie* cuts along, clean, narrow, deep, her sails of faultless purity and set. That English crew need not be told how to sail their craft. Then, later, the beautiful *Nirvana*, stanch and roomy, runs over the line, and some one calls out to her helmsman: —

"Didn't you have wind enough?"

With a smile the answer comes back, "Yes, plenty of wind — *on board.*"

So the race is done. The sails that stirred joyously in the morning's breeze seem to feel the waning excitement as they flap listlessly; the waves fret in the ebbing current.

As we steam away the mathematical man of the board of judges figures up the allowance and corrected time, which will adjust the difference in length of the competing yachts. The sun sinks lurid in a bank of clouds over the Blue Hills. In a few hours darkness will tempt out the fireworks, unless nature should furnish some more brilliant of her own, and patter her applause in showers of rain.

Albert H. Munsell.



THROUGH ENGLAND WIDE.

On mountains high the shadows fly,
The bugle's note dies on the breeze,
The fleecy clouds in purple sky
Float lightly o'er the lofty trees;
In grasses thick the young birds hide,
The soaring lark salutes the morn,
As I through Merrie England wide
Swiftly upon my wheel am borne.

Past ruined wall and ivied tower,
Each decked with legend quaint and old.
The passing tale of idle hour,
Or deed in history's page enrolled,
Past hedges green, embroidered fair,
With blossoms pink and white of thorn.
I through the cool and perfumed air
Swiftly upon my wheel am borne.

Virna.

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JOHN BURROUGHS.



John Burroughs

THE earliest instincts of my boyhood were towards nature. I went to the woods, as an infant to its mother's breast, for that sustenance I could find nowhere else. Only there could my innate craving and longing be satisfied. I remember yet the happiness of one afternoon when my companion and I endeavored to lose ourselves in the woods, in order to experience the adventurous pleasure of finding our way back to civilization.

It was during this period, when my heart was ripe for it, that I chanced to come across an article written by John Burroughs. Every word sank into my soul like grains of wheat sown on fertile land. I felt that I had found a friend, an interpreter. Those feelings I had experienced were here expressed. Out of the fulness of my heart I wrote to him. Back came an answer, kind, genial, and telling me to continue my out-door life, for it would develop the iron in my blood. Every book, every stray article, that he had written was eagerly sought for and eagerly read. Nor has the sharp edge of my appetite been dulled by acquaintance. Not only can I appreciate everything new that bears his name, but his oldest and most familiar work has never lost its charm.

Mr. Burroughs was born in Roxbury, Delaware County, N.Y., on the third of April, 1837, and his early life was spent in the country. The earth was being born again when he entered the world, and the spring-time freshness of the period seems ever to have rested upon him. He tells us something of his early life. We know that he went walking on Sunday; that in his boyhood he delighted in the wild, cool air of a natural cave, formed by overhanging rocks cropping out from the precipitous side of a pine and oak clad hill, in his native town. He tells us that from childhood he was familiar with the homely facts of the barn, and of cattle and horses; the sugar-making in the maple woods in early spring; the work of the corn-field, hay-field, potato-field; the delicious fall months, with their pigeon and squirrel shootings; threshing of buckwheat, gathering of apples, and burning of fallows; in short, everything that smacked of and led to the open air and its exhilarations. He belonged, he says, to them; and his substance and taste, as they grew, assimilated them as truly as his body did its food. He loved a few books much; but he loved nature, in all those material examples and subtle expressions, with a love passing all the books of the world. The trout-streams lured and detained him on his way to and from school.

"We bathed in them during the long summer noons, and felt for the trout under their banks. A holiday was a holiday indeed that brought permission to go fishing over on Rose's Brook, or up Hard-scrabble, or in Meeker's Hollow; all-day trips, from morning until night, through meadows, and pastures, and beechen woods wherever the shy, limpid stream led."

When he was a lad, and went afield with

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his hoe or with the cows, during the strawberry season, he was sure to return at meal-time with a lining of berries in the top of his straw hat; and in another place he says: —

"I was a famous berry-picker when a boy. It was near enough to hunting and fishing to enlist me. Mother would always send me in preference to any of the rest of the boys. I got the biggest berries, and the most of them. There was something of the excitement of the chase in the occupation, and something of the charm and preciousness of game about the trophy. The pursuit had its surprises, its expectancies, its sudden disclosures, — in fact its uncertainties. I went forth adventurously. I could wander free as the wind. Then there were moments of inspiration, for it always seemed a felicitous stroke to light upon a particularly fine spot, as it does when one takes an old and wary trout. You discovered the game where it was hidden. Your genius prompted you. Another had passed that way and missed the prize. Indeed, the successful berry-picker, like Walton's angler, is born, not made. It is only another kind of angling. In the same field one boy gets big berries, and plenty of them; another wanders up and down, and finds only a few little ones. He cannot see them; he does not know how to divine them where they lurk under the leaves and vines."

Leaving home when about seventeen years of age he began school-teaching. I should have liked being one of his pupils, for I am certain that he taught them more than reading, writing, and arithmetic, especially if there was an occasional half-holiday spent in the woods. He remembers this as a pleasant time in his life, and it was with evident delight that he received a short time ago a letter from an old pupil, inquiring if the quondam school-teacher was the present author.

Before he attained his majority he married. In 1863 Mr. Burroughs came to Washington, having received an appointment in the Treasury department. He has a good deal to say in his books about Washington. He came "during the arcadian age at the capital, before the easy-going Southern ways had gone out and the prim new Northern ways had come in, and when the domestic animals were treated with distinguished consideration and given the freedom of the city." He leased "an old place with an acre of ground attached, almost within the shadow of the dome of the capitol," and behind a high but aged and decrepit board-fence indulged his rural and unclerical tastes. How he strived to throw off the incubus of office-work! One's heart throbs in sympathy for him when he says: —

"Ah, when that creaking and sagging back gate closed behind me in the evening, I was happy; and when it opened for my egress thence in the morning, I was not happy. Inside that gate was a miniature farm redolent of homely, primitive life, a tumble-down house and stables and implements of agriculture and horticulture, broods of chickens, and growing pumpkins, and a thousand antidotes to the weariness of an artificial life. Outside of it were the marble and iron palaces, the paved and blistering streets, and the high, vacant mahogany desk of a government clerk. In that ancient enclosure I took an earth-bath twice a day."

He complains that his petty in-door life fostered weeds and fungus and unwholesome growths in his moral and intellectual nature. It was as a part antidote for this that be obtained Chloe, the Devonshire cow, of which he has written so charmingly. He went down to the steamer himself to bring her home. "She seemed to relish so much the feeling of solid ground beneath her feet once more that she led me a lively step all the way home. She cut capers in front of the White House, and tried twice to wind me up in the rope as we passed the Treasury. She kicked up her heels on the broad avenue, and became very coltish as she came under the walls of the capitol. But that night the long vacant stall in the old stable was filled, and the next morning the coffee had experienced a change of heart." Imagine John Burroughs to-day driving a cow down the wide asphalted Pennsylvania avenue!

But his Washington life was not altogether without advantages. It was but a step from the city into the country. From his door he could see the great green arms of the trees beckon him and invite. He loved the soft, mellow atmosphere. The old Marlboro' road stirred his instincts to travel, and there was a pleasant warmth in the redness of the Tennallytown highway. On winter nights he followed the road leading north over Meridian Hill, his staff ringing on the hard frozen ground, the road a misty white belt gleaming and vanishing before him, the woods cavernous

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and still, the fields lying in a lunar trance and himself fairly mesmerized by the scene. He loved, too, Rock creek and Piney branch, and the placid Potomac, sweeping onward to the sea. Even the buzzards, sailing majestically overhead, were objects for his admiration.

In 1873 Mr. Burroughs left Washington to act as receiver of the Middletown National Bank, at Middletown, N.Y. This position he held for three years, and has since done some special bank examining work, although literary matters have occupied by far the greater part of his time. His home is near Esopus, Ulster County, N.Y. Of the building of his house he has written a prose poem. When he set out to look up a place in the country, he says, he was chiefly intent on finding a few acres of good fruit land near a large stone-heap. The latter he found first, and he hastened to conclude the bargain. He chose stone because it is more picturesque than wood, and because all things make friends with a stone-house — the mosses and lichens, and vines and birds. The house is part of himself. His hands helped to build it, and almost every piece of wood-work was cut from a tree that had its own history.

"From the hearth to the field is a great distance," says Thoreau; but here the hearth is the field. That panel is from a tree where a squirrel had its home; that wainscoting is a butternut transplanted from the summit of the mountain. A story of the woods is associated with everything. The house alone is so characteristic that it deserves to be fully described, but this one extract must content us: —

"It seems to me that I built into my house every one of those superb autumn days which I spent in the woods getting out stone. I did not quarry the limestone ledge into blocks, any more than I quarried the delicious weather into memories to adorn my walls. Every load that was sent home carried my heart and happiness with it. The jewels I had uncovered in the *débris*, or torn from the ledge in the morning, I saw in the jambs or mounted high on the corners at night. Every day was filled with great events. The woods held unknown treasures. Those elder giants, frost and rain, had wrought industriously; now we would unearth from the leaf mould an ugly customer, a stone with a ragged quartz face, or cavernous, and set with rock crystals like great teeth, or else suggesting a battered and worm-eaten skull of some old stone dog. These I needed a sprinkling of for their quaintness, and to make the wall a true compendium of the locality. Then we would unexpectedly strike upon several loads of beautiful blocks, all in a nest; or we would assault the ledge in a new place with wedge and bar, and rattle down beaders and stretchers that surpassed any before. I had to be constantly on the look-out for corner-stone, for mine is a house of seven corners, and on the strength and dignity of the corners the beauty of the wall largely depends. But when you bait your hook with your heart, the fish always bite. 'The boss is as good as six men in the woods, getting out stone,' flatteringly spoke up the master-mason. Certain it is that no such stone was found as when I headed the search. The men saw indifferently with their eyes; but I looked upon the ground with such desire that I saw what was beneath the moss and the leaves. With them, it was hard labor at so much *per diem;* with me, it was a passionate pursuit, — the enthusiasm of the chase venting itself with the bar and the hammer, and the day was too short for me to tire of the sport."

The little out-of-doors study in which Mr. Burroughs does his literary work is in itself an inspiration. It is sixteen feet square, situated on the summit of a gentle slope overlooking the Hudson, and is covered with chestnut bark. Many a time while he has been silently writing there have come quick, decided raps, causing him to start, look up, and say involuntarily, "Come in." But the busy woodpecker would neither heed the invitation nor be disturbed by the voice. Owls have their nests near by, rabbits live under the floor, and its eaves are the homes of birds.

Mr. Burroughs has occasionally visited Washington since he left in 1873. The last visit was during the spring of the past year, when he remained long enough to visit his old house on Capitol hill and his familiar haunts. We came suddenly one morning upon Rock creek, muddy from recent rains. "It has not washed its face this morning," was his characteristic remark. Another morning we roamed through the grounds of the Soldiers' Home. There was a burst of bird melody in the woods. Canada sparrows, fox sparrows, snow-birds, chickadees, song-sparrows, purple finches, and robins made the air musical. The latter were particularly plentiful, and

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strutted over the ground with a saucy air or flew away to the north with a happy squeal. As we sat on a rustic bridge a shower of seeds from a tulip-tree fell upon us. Looking up we saw a multitude of purple finches picking at the persistent seeds and scattering them to the ground. Years ago, when these grounds were owned by Mr. W. W. Corcoran, Mr. Burroughs sneaked under the fence where a little stream ran through. As he was strolling along the well-kept road, a carriage appeared. The liveried coachman descended from the box and told the walker that the grounds were private. "I am only listening to the birds," said Mr. Burroughs; but the man intimated so strongly that Mr. Corcoran did not like strangers, that the innocent intruder had no alternative but to leave. He recalled this incident as he looked again upon the very spot where he had made his entrance.

The literary work of Mr. Burroughs began in 1860, when one of his first essays was published in the *Atlantic*. It was on Expression, and, to use his own words, was double-distilled Emersonianism. Indeed, the editor fancied that he had been imposed upon, and searched through Emerson's published writings to find if the essay had been copied. At that time the magazine did not publish the names of its contributors, and by many of the newspapers the article was attributed to Emerson. This convinced the young author that his work must have more individuality if he would be successful. A series of articles for the New York *Leader* followed. He wrote on everything, — roads, stone-walls, chickens, — the main idea being to rid himself of the Emerson influence. His first book, "Wake-Robin," was published in 1871, and was written when he was a vault-keeper in the Treasury, "with nothing," as he said to me, "in front of me but an iron wall." Take my word for it that he never saw that wall; his mind was far away, travelling over hills and fields. Yet this first book bears the impress of an initial work. It is objective rather than reflective. It deals with things observed, with facts regarding the appearance and habits of birds, and contains the narratives of freshly experienced camping-out tours. It was at once welcomed, however, for the voice of the prophet was clear and distinct. The principle laid down by Lord Lytton, that a man's first book is apt to be his best, because it embodies the knowledge and reflection of his life, while the second only embraces the experience of a short period, seems especially untrue in the case of Mr. Burroughs. He is as exhaustless as the springs of his native hills. His next work, "Winter Sunshine," brought out in 1875, exhibited a noticeable improvement. The latter half of this book is devoted to his impressions of "Mellow England," which country he visited as a representative of the Treasury department, bearing bonds to a syndicate. Of these impressions it shall suffice to say that he saw things with eyes different from any one else. He analyzed the people with a keener touch, and found out their human side and every-day life with a wonderful insight. His recent magazine articles on English characteristics show how near to the heart of the people is his point of view.

He has published three other books: "Birds and Poets," in 1877; "Locusts and Wild Honey," in 1880, and "Pepacton," in 1881. In the first named he incorporated, after some deliberation, four purely literary essays: "Before Genius," "Before Beauty," "Emerson," and "The Flight of the Eagle." These alone would place Mr. Burroughs in high rank as a delightful essayist. His sentences are graceful, clear, and original. The final essay named is a tribute to Walt Whitman. Mr. Burroughs's admiration for Whitman has always been bold and out-spoken, and "the good, gray poet" was the subject of a vigorous *brochure* from his pen many years ago. He assures us that in this misjudged man is the strongest poetic pulse that has yet beat in America, or, perhaps, in modern times. This is strong language, and its acceptance is a matter of taste. I, for one, am not such an ardent lover of Whitman. In one or two cases Burroughs seems to have imbibed Whitman. Paragraph his apostrophe to the apple, and notice the resemblance in style: —

You are company, you red-cheeked spitz, or you salmon-fleshed greening!
I toy with you, press your face to mine, toss you in the air, roll you on the ground, see you shine out where you lie amid the moss and dry leaves and sticks.
You are so alive!
You glow like a ruddy flower.
You look so animated I almost expect you to move.
I postpone the eating of you, you are so beautiful.
How compact! How exquisitely tinted! Stained by the sun and varnished against the rains.

A charm born of love and enthusiasm invests everything of which Mr. Burroughs writes. What a grace he gives to the com-

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monest object! As some one has said, "His books do not so much spur you to read and write as make you observe for yourself and go tramping about with a pocketful of apples." How one would like to go angling with him, or bee-hunting, or birds-nesting, or experience with him the exhilarations of the road! What a companion he would be on a trouting excursion, or a week's camping-out! In wood-lore he has taken a bachelor's degree, but in the knowledge of birds he is a master. His ornithology is not of the books, but of nature. Unlike Thoreau he pleads guilty to having used a gun, but claims that it was a necessary evil. He interprets the birds, and says they all have a language, which is very expressive, and which is easily translatable into the human tongue. "O spheral, spheral! O holy, holy! O clear away, clear away! O clear up, clear up!" joyously sings the hermit-thrush. "Excellent, excellent," says the blue-bird, building its nest; while the bobolink, breaking out into a song that is precisely analogous to a burst of gay and self-satisfied laughter, says, "Ha, ha, ha! I must have my fun, Miss Silver Thimble, thimble, thimble, if I break every heart in the meadow. See, see, see!"

Let me be impartial as well as enthusiastic. Mr. Burroughs' style, entertaining though it is, lacks perfection. He is much given to repetition. He writes to-day without thought of what he wrote yesterday. "A Pastoral of the Bee" is in one book, and "An Idyl of the Honey-Bee" in another. Wordsworth's "Cuckoo" is also quoted in two books. The song of the hermit-thrush is heard over and over again. Audubon is criticised in "Wake-Robin" for saying that the hermit's song consists of a single plaintive note, and that the veery's resembles that of a wood-thrush.

Later on, in the same book, he says that he can recall but one observation of Audubon's (that the bobolink does not fly by night), the contrary of which is true. This is inconsistent, at least. Because a spring exhibited a perturbation, it is rather inelegantly said that every nymph in it "kicked up a commotion." Nor can I say that I admire, in his glimpses of Paris, the plain manner of reference to certain things which an ordinary sense of propriety would have left unmentioned. This may be a pardonable freedom of speech; but the continuity of the narrative would not suffer by their expurgation. They are as a blot upon a landscape that is otherwise most fair to look upon.

These defects in style, these repetitions, inconsistencies, and references to grosser things are, I grant you, in the main, unimportant. Yet an attentive reader of Burroughs' book will notice them, and they should therefore be referred to. I know that Mr. Burroughs endeavors to edit his matter carefully before it sees the light of a printed page. One essay, which is yet unpublished, he has rewritten six times, and is not yet satisfied with it. He cannot write to order; his work must be spontaneous. When about to sail, recently, to England, the editors of a well-known magazine said to him, "Good, — we know of many matters over there of which we would like you to write." His reply was truthful and epigrammatic: "If I write what you want, very soon you will not want what I write." This is characteristic; and the individuality which is born of spontaneity gives to his writings that taste which is their charm, even as a nut or wine has its own especial flavor.

In personal appearance he is a man of medium height, with a genuine poet's beard, — brown, thickly strewn with silver, — which he strokes while he talks. In his hair, too, there are white streaks which tell a tale of years, — a tale one is loath to believe when looking into his laughing eye and sun-browned face. He has a slow, quiet way of talking, and the words he utters are like the words he writes. You notice, in conversation with him, that his voice is melodious, soft, and persuasive, and that his manner is simple and charming. He has no "style," in the usual sense of the term; in other words, he does not belong to that class whom Thoreau described as polished shoe meeting polished shoe. But, notwithstanding this and his almost womanly gentleness and shyness, he is noticeably self-possessed in society. His walk is the moderate and leisurely movement of a man accustomed to watch intently all things about him. There is a difference, and he illustrates it, between walking with an end in view, and walking with a possible end at each footstep, for which one should watch.

John Burroughs is the prophet of a new dispensation, — a dispensation of love and humanity in nature. Both of these qualities were conspicuously absent in the stern and forbidding teachings of Thoreau. The latter, as wild and rugged as the Maine woods he loved so well, asked no mercy,

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spurned goodness, was glad, almost, to be without a friend. Burroughs' creed is pleasanter and softer, seeking company, warm and genial. Thoreau shunned humanity, held himself aloof from it, hurled at it all the invectives of which his mind was capable. There were no frank, ingenuous, healthy boys, or little laughing girls with "abbreviated skirts" in the world for him; only ancient Greeks, stern philosophers, stoic Indians, and discomfort-enduring early settlers. Burroughs' sentences are filled with imagination, poetry, and rhythm. Thoreau's are incisive and pungent. Yet it must be said that, though Thoreau cut a narrower swath than Burroughs, his wheat will grind into more flour at the mill.

Let me lie upon the ground, like Correggio's Magdalen, with one of John Burroughs's books in my hand; with the sunlight falling upon me from an azure sky; with the rich scent of the woods borne to me upon the winds; with the singing of birds and the drowsy hum of bees for music, and I am happy. He is my prophet, and I am an earnest, sincere, loving follower and disciple. He shall see for me until mine eyes are opened; he shall interpret for me until my ears are no longer deaf.

Henry Litchfield West.

A FUGUE AND A WHEEL.

Fūgue (fūg), *n.*, A musical composition in contrapuntal style, in which a subject is proposed by one part, and then responded to by the others, according to certain rules. —*Webster's Dictionary.*

In the charming State of Pennsylvania, not a hundred miles from its greatest city, there lies a little valley of such fertile and picturesque beauty that should the lover of nature in his peregrinations go in quest of it, and find it, he will be most apt to linger there until hunger, or some equally practical and relentless necessity, demands his attention elsewhere. Midway between the two chains of miniature mountains there rises from the valley's bed a solitary hill of unusual symmetry of conformation; with aged oaks and elms, and lesser growth, clustered in such perfect accord with artistic design that it is difficult to believe it all wholly the work of nature. A gray stone house, with slated roof and many gables, with the Old English brick chimneys of modern ornamental architecture, forms a worthy crest to this alluring spot. If in July one drives up the circuitous carriage-way to the summit he may alight under a covered archway, from which an ascent of some half-dozen steps conveys him to the open porch. It is here, through a framework of vine-covered columns, that the visitor enjoys an unintercepted view of the highly cultivated country surrounding him. The blue sky above, the luxury of green beneath, to the spectator, perched in effect as near the one as the other, it is indeed a pretty sight. Below it is hot and dusty, with scarcely sufficient movement in the air to stir the foliage, or to disperse the cloud, created by, and almost enveloping, the lumbering country wagon as it slowly toils along, with its weary horses and drowsy teamster. Above, an almost never-ceasing breeze sets every blade of grass and every bush in motion, creating a very pleasant rustling music for midsummer weather.

Truly it was a widely different scene that I looked upon one New Year's Eve as I stood on this self-same porch. It was about half-past eight o'clock, and the light of a full moon was heightened tenfold by a land covered with snow. Not a trace of summer's verdure could be discerned, notwithstanding the brilliancy with which every object was lighted up. Even the boughs and branches were hidden with a coat of white, for the storm had not long ceased, and now the air was still, in keeping with the perfect quiet of this winter night.

The interior of the dwelling, however, has a more direct bearing on this true tale; and, as it is cold weather for unsheltered inactivity, the reader is now indued with the mystic gift of invisibility, by which he is to follow me into the house, and to the end of the story. An intimate and privileged guest, I proceed unannounced towards the parlor, where are gathered my friends, who, for three years past, have also been rural neighbors, our respective houses being separated by about

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half a mile. Some one is playing upon the piano, and, as my approaching footsteps are unheard, I reach the threshold unobserved and stop there a moment to peer through the hangings at the tableau presented by the cosey apartment and its interesting occupants. The room is of moderate size; there is a large, open fireplace, over which is suspended, above the mantel, a water-color of three lazy dogs and a cat gazing sleepily into a similar fireplace; there are cabinets and bookcases, pictures and easy-chairs, and an atmosphere of what is expressively termed solid comfort pervading everything. Carl Hensel, the master of the establishment, is seated at the piano, still intent on the engraved notes and their melodious interpretation. Grouped upon the hearth-rug, and enveloped in the golden glow of the fire's rays, are two of the gentler sex and a young man of three-and-twenty. Of the two former one is Carl's wife, a lady of perhaps twenty-six years, with a kindly, intelligent face, brown eyes and hair, of graceful figure and action. The other is a light-haired little damsel, a plump and fair counterpart of the mother. Seated on the lady's lap the little one is holding grave discourse with her uncle, who is kneeling before the pair, and is to all appearance in act of worshipping the petite goddess in front of him. And, in truth, I believe in his heart that this tall individual, who is obliged to assume his present posture that his head may be brought to something like a common level with his niece's, not only adores her in sacred earnest, but were Jericho the only market for dolls and candy would consider a pilgrimage thither a duty of most uncompromising sort.

It would be stretching truth to call Saxon Clay a handsome man, notwithstanding a certain resemblance between the brother and sister in the same honest cast of countenance and expression. He wears full whiskers, parted in the middle, and a mustache, which give an impression of more advanced maturity than can be proved by his actual years. His head is surmounted by the stiffest and most unmanageable crop of hair that ever tormented the existence of a young man. Carl is of the opposite type, with light wavy hair and mustache, and of medium height and build, a perfect specimen of vigorous health, as any one may see by his strong white teeth, his ruddy complexion, and the tireless animation of the man; genial of disposition; a gentleman in every thought. An architect of ability, he was at this time becoming well known, and his professional services were not only sought by people of the higher grade of society, but were exceedingly well recompensed. Hence we find him surrounded by comforts and luxuries, and a family fit to rejoice the heart and make happy any reasonable man.

I enter the room to receive a sincere, undoubted welcome. The little one quickly slides down to the floor to be caught up and kissed; there is a warm grasp of the hand from each of my older friends, all for the moment talking at once to express their fear that I might not come, their certainty that I would come, and general gratification at my actual appearance; for I am here by appointment to sit out the old year with them. How vividly I recall that pleasant night, and imagine the cold without, the hospitable warmth within, the trio around the fire listening to the exquisite voice of my sweet hostess as she sings for us at the piano; the smoke of our cigars floating slowly towards the fireplace; the now sleepy little girl in a great stuffed arm-chair, — 'tis New Year's Eve, and she sits up to an unprecedentedly late hour, — the agreeable talk, and Carl's story!

It was some time after our small Jennie had been carried off to bed, sound asleep in her mother's arms, that he inquired of me, "Tom, did I ever tell you how I came to get married?"

"Well, no," I replied; "but I suppose it came about according to the old story, didn't it? You saw a very estimable lady, fell in love, and so forth."

"Yes, but have I never told you how I happened to meet the 'estimable lady'?"

"N-no, not that I recollect. But stop. Yes, I have heard something of a piece of music being associated in some remarkable manner with your courtship and subsequent connubial state of life, but in what peculiar way I do not believe ever was told me."

"Tell him all about it, Carl," chimed in Saxon; "you can't deny that you would like to, you know; so crack away at the beginning. I can stand it once more without danger of some fatal injury to the brain, and Tom would be delighted, of course."

It was, indeed, a familiar tale to "Old Sax," but so wrapped up was he in this young family that a feeling akin to proprietorship was lodged in his tender bosom, dating from the advent into the world of his little but all-potent niece. Therefore he was quite willing to hear again the

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story, and Carl readily consented to pass the intervening time between us and the rapidly approaching New Year in narrating it.

It chanced that, besides the piece of music, — a fugue, — a bicycle also played an important part in influencing events which tended toward his present felicitous state. I will merely preface his anecdote by presuming my reader to be full of knowledge pertaining to the kind of thing a bicycle is, and it is not essential that he should be so intimately acquainted with the good points of a fugue; but if he be wholly unmusical I beseech him to turn back and study Mr. Webster's exposition of the word's meaning, which he has probably already struggled with, when he will, of verity, be as wise as before. Should his untutored ears be favored with the performance of a genuine, strictly scientific and classical fugue, I fear that even this will not lead him out of his mental darkness on the subject, but will rather inspire a wish never to hear the like again, preferring a continuance of blissful ignorance to the endurance of — to him at least — agonizing and unintelligible sounds. If he knows that a fugue is a peculiar musical composition, having a theme, or subject, which is repeated over and over again, conformably with specified rules, he will possess as much information as is requisite for a correct understanding of Carl's story, which he told us in very nearly the following words, first indulging in several preparatory "ahems," settling himself in his chair, and during the narration making use of gestures and facial expression creditable to a Frenchman, instead of the descendant of phlegmatic German ancestors that Carl is. I shall never forget the relish with which he told it.

"One evening in the latter part of August," he began, "I, a lonely bachelor, without immediate family, and with but few relations, and they at a distance, entered my rooms in Philadelphia, tired, and damp with the drizzling rain, and, withal, dispirited, — a condition of feeling, my dear Tom, by no means rare with me at that time. An architect then, as now, turned thirty-three years of age, with a natural bent for my work, I had already planned many houses for other men to live in, and never before this evening had the fact been so forcibly felt that it was high time I was building a home for myself. In a pigeonhole of my desk lay rolled up the plans of a dwelling which I had resolved should one day direct the building of my own walls. This very house was erected from those designs; but on that night I saw little prospect of my present situation ever taking bodily form, for the simple reason that I did not require a whole house for myself. I was unmarried, had never even been in love, and never expected to be. So I lighted a pipe, sat me down in a comfortable arm-chair — the very one that Saxon now sits in — and was building my house in unstable tobacco-smoke, when there came a knock at the door, and at my summons, — Now look you, Sax," exclaimed Carl, interrupting himself, "don't sit there grinning like an idiot. This isn't an ordinary conversation, it's a story, and I propose telling it like a story, in my" —

"That is quite correct, old fellow," replied Saxon, with the smile still on his face, which Carl's evident gusto had occasioned; "you tell a story extremely well; we are taking it all in. Proceed now, and I guarantee to look as solemn as an owl."

"Mind you do. Let me see, where was I when that inconsiderate fellow interrupted me?" — A low whistle here from Saxon — "Oh, yes — knock at the door, and at my summons a messenger boy entered, bearing a note for me. Desiring the boy to wait for a moment, I opened the envelope, and discovered the contents to be from my old friend and school-mate, Frank Grimm."

Carl had left his seat, and from the drawer of a small escritoire drew forth the identical note, — a carefully preserved memento, — which he read to us, and which I take the liberty of placing before the reader: —

PHILADELPHIA, August 25, 18—.

DEAR CARL: — It is my serious intention to take bag, baggage, and bicycle, on the 9th inst., out to the Bellevue, and make that same hotel my head-quarters for a week, or, if I can arrange it, for ten days. You know it is within a short mile of the Lancaster Pike; good roads all around, fine air, stunning country. Up to the present time I am minus a companion. What do you say to joining me? As soon as this storm is over we shall have fine weather for a month — I dreamt of cabbage last night, it's an infallible sign! Do come, old boy. Send word per messenger, and we can particularize afterwards. If you are positive that you cannot go, I must hunt up somebody else instanter.

Yours,

F. G.

"It may be doubted," continued Carl, "whether Frank could have sent his note at a more opportune moment. I had been nervous and out of sorts of late, requiring a change of air and scene. It chanced that my business affairs might be arranged for

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a few days' absence, so, with but little reflection, in fact with a degree of precipitance uncommon with me in my ordinary mood, I took a card from my pocket and wrote upon it that I might be depended upon for the first four or five days at least of the trip, and that I would call upon my comrade on the morrow to definitely settle the details with him. My despondent humor began to leave me as I thought over the matter, and instead of resuming my former seat I passed the remainder of the evening at my piano. You know, Tom, how fond I have always been of that mental and spiritual recreation after a long day's work was finished. My father, and many generations of grandfathers and great-grandfathers, had been musicians before me, and my love of the good old German composers is but a natural inheritance. I sat down that night and played till an unusually late hour. The last piece was a fugue (by-the-way, Tom, I was playing it again when you came in this evening). Now, this particular fugue was an old friend of mine. I cannot recollect at what period of my existence I first heard it, and it had always been a source of curiosity as well as admiration. It was in manuscript, unsigned, and looked of considerable age. and many had been my endeavors to discover who it was who had composed this fine piece of music. Many are the collections that I have searched through, numerous have been the musical people, amateurs and professionals, whom I have interrogated, in hopes of gaining some information regarding it, but in vain. I never had met any one who had ever heard it before. So, when I at last arose from the piano, the usual soliloquy was uttered, half in admiration and half in curiosity, that I would give a fabulous amount of money to know who composed it. The next time that I heard this fugue the circumstances were most unexpected and ludicrous.

"In a few days Grimm and myself found ourselves quartered at the Bellevue, with our wheels. We arrived in the evening, and after dinner we strolled around the porches and found many familiar faces, and mutual acquaintances of both sexes. After a pleasant evening of the usual weighty character of conversation and mirthful chatter to be expected under like circumstances at a summer-resort hotel Frank and I bade our party good-night, and retired to the smoking-room, to tranquillize our intellects with a cigar before going to bed. There were only four other gentlemen in the apartment, who were engaged in a quiet game of euchre, and their position was about half-a-dozen yards from where we were sitting. A glance satisfied us that the gentlemen were not personally known to us, and, although I did not scrutinize them particularly, I could scarcely help noticing that the individual sitting with his back turned towards me had a shock head of brown hair, and was a very tall fellow. Frank and I sat peacefully smoking, and chatting over our new surroundings and the people we had met, in undertones, so as not to interfere with the game of the first-comers, when a quiet whistle from the owner of the shock head caused me to spring from my seat almost as if I had received a blow. The whistle — as I subsequently was informed — was an expression of triumph, given by the gentleman on account of a hard-earned victory which had that moment been accorded to him and his partner by a clever play on the part of the latter; and the cause of the remarkable effect upon me was this — the notes which he had whistled *were the precise notes that composed the first part of the theme of my mysterious fugue!* There could be no possibility of accident explaining it. The subject was so peculiar that the arrangement of the few notes he had given utterance to could not have been the result of anything other than familiarity with the fugue of which they formed a part. This was my instant conviction as I heard the notes. Now, my dear friend Tom, when you consider how many years this piece of music had been known to me, and to me alone, of all the musicians, music publishers, and people of any kind whatever, that I had ever met with; how, with long association, it had become a part of my very self, — you, I know, can understand the depth of my meaning here, although I doubt that you could comprehend it were you not a musician, — how I had studied its intricacies when but a mere child, and what a puzzle its very origin was to me, you will scarcely wonder when I tell you that the occasion was too much for my rather excitable temperament. Without waiting a second for reflection I sprang, or flew, or scrambled, to the side of the individual who had unwittingly caused the commotion, and cried: 'For Heaven's sake tell me who wrote that fugue!'"

I must interrupt the story to state that Carl's acting here was superb. He had left his seat in identically the same manner

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his description would demand; accosted Saxon, with excited gesture and voice, as he had done on the night of the actual occurrence, and, in short, almost convulsed us with the complete performance.

"Just imagine the absolute absurdity of the scene," continued Carl, "and do not marvel at the utter consternation which my act and speech produced on the faces of the company. Of course I immediately realized what I had done, and, as embarrassment on my part quickly followed, the party began slightly to recognize the situation of affairs, and to feel themselves free from the peril of mortal strife with a lunatic. At first there was a smile and a quizzical expression on each face, and then a spontaneous roar from the whole party, with the exception of myself. I stood awkwardly there, humiliated, but tenacious of purpose, too much astounded and vitally interested by what I had heard to join in the laughter. When, at length, it had subsided I apologized for the interruption I had caused in the game of euchre, and briefly explained the reason of my apparently irrational words and erratic action; which duty done, I addressed my tall friend, and, in rather quieter terms, again requested the composer's name, and any other information he could give me relating to the fugue. His evident desire was to be as obliging as possible, but he informed me that he himself was not a musician, and that he did not remember ever having noticed that the composition in question was a fugue; he had, however, a sister who was forever playing outrageous stuff on the piano which she called 'classical music,' — I use the villain's own words, Tom, — and he supposed that without his volition the notes of the fugue had lodged themselves in his brain, and that his whistling them to-night was done in total unconsciousness. With sincere regret he was, therefore, unable to satisfy my desire at once, but would, with great pleasure, procure all possible information from his sister, and forward it without delay to my address if I would favor him with it. Hereupon an exchange of addresses took place, and a general introduction. My new friend's name proved to be Saxon Clay, and, as I have already mentioned, he was of more than common height, and" —

"Now, see here, Carl!" exclaimed Saxon, "just for politeness' sake say as little of present company as possible, will you? And please do let up on my hair."

But Carl only deigned to notice his brother-in-law by an epigrammatic remark relative to the vulgarity of slang, a complacent smile, and a slight, although dignified, wave of the hand, proceeding with his narrative, his eyes fixed on Saxon, and his words pronounced with a teasing deliberateness for the moment very aggravating to our friend, who, however, refrained from further expostulation.

"As I remarked, my new acquaintance was tall, possessed a stiff, upright head of brown hair, wore parted whiskers and a mustache, had brown eyes, and rather large nose, slightly — let me see — yes, slightly hooked. On first view his expression was stern, — as it is now, — not to say fierce; but it required only a short intimacy to be convinced that Saxon Clay's face was one of the best faces you ever saw — God bless you, old boy! We found before separating that he was to become a professional man of some kind, but beyond that nothing in the interchange of the few remarks which followed offered further knowledge of him or his affairs. Grimm, who had kept his seat, though not his equanimity, during the fugue scene, now arose, and, after bidding our new-found friends good-night, we left them to finish out their euchre, and retired to our rooms for the night.

"After breakfast the next morning, — a bright and pleasant day, — Frank and I strolled out on to the porches, and after a revival of last night's pleasantries with some of the early risers whom we met, again visited our rooms, and attired ourselves for the main business of our trip, in knee-breeches and long stockings. Our good-natured and courteous landlord had provided stabling for the steely steeds in the billiard-hall, a separate structure, a hundred feet or so distant from the hotel building, and thither we proceeded. We at once set about the preliminary lubrication for our initial trip, and were in the midst of that oleaginous operation when a very lengthy shadow appeared on the floor, followed by a very lengthy man in knickerbockers, who proved to be no other than our friend Clay. We were mutually pleased at finding ourselves brothers of the "noble sport," and the mere acquaintance of the previous evening from this moment ripened into something more like friendship. It was our intention to ride into the —— valley that morning; but, not possessing very accurate knowledge of localities in the neighborhood, we asked

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direction and advice from Clay. It appeared that his father's family were living at their country-place, about four miles away, and that it would be convenient for him to accompany us during the morning, if we would first ride with him to his father's house, as he had a message to deliver there, when he would be at liberty. We accepted his offer most gladly, as his house was only a mile out of our direct course, and another pleasant companion is always desirable. His wheel, of prodigious diameter, was rolled out from a distant recess of the room, and an instant later we were pedalling off towards the famous Pike, on fine dirt roads, over bridges, across little streams, and through the woods of luxuriant Pennsylvania. A half hour brought us in front of Mr. Clay's place, a charming, old-fashioned stone house, almost hidden from view by trees as one passes along the road. On our way thither I had not failed to agitate the fugue question, and Clay willingly promised that his errand home should also include inquiry into that, to me, important matter. With the prospect of soon learning something relating to it, our speed had been kept up, by my leading, to a brisk pace.

"Preferring to remain out on the lawn, we did not accept Clay's proposal to enter the house, so he left us, saying that he would be absent but a few minutes. He did return directly. He could not, he said, recall the *tune* of the fugue, therefore was unable to ask his sister about it, and nothing would do but for us to come into the house, when I could manage the affair in person. We were accordingly ushered into a large room, where we met Mr. and Mrs. Clay and their only other child, Miss Clara. The polite formalities over, I went to the piano with Miss Clay, and Frank, who, being somewhat of a musical turn himself, had developed an interest in the matter. I played the commencement, the theme, of the fugue. I had scarcely pressed the keys, when I noticed a very perceptible excitedness in Miss Clay's manner.

"'Well!' she exclaimed, 'this is indeed the most singular coincidence I ever heard of.' Then, turning to Frank, she asked, 'Mr. Grimm, did I not understand you to address your friend as 'Carl'?'

"'Yes,' replied Frank, wondering what revelation was about to be made, 'that is undoubtedly his first name.'

"'And you are positive you do not know whose composition that fugue is?' she asked me.

"'On my honor, no, Miss Clay; you will assuredly drive me distracted if you do not explain yourself.' I answered.

"'You can form no idea whatever?' persisted she.

"'None, absolutely.' I answered, hardly able to control myself, all the interest of years connected with the thing seeming to concentrate itself into this moment. 'For mercy's sake, what is the name?'

"'The name,' she replied, 'is *Carl Hensel!*'

"With a merry laugh she left me sitting there in utter bewilderment. Going across the room to a cabinet, she took from an inner compartment a dozen yellow, ancient-looking leaves, and brought them to me. I opened the cover, and there was a counterpart of my own copy of the fugue, with the addition of the scrawling and elongated signature of my talented and much-esteemed grandfather and namesake. I possessed much of my long-deceased relative's engraved music, bearing the fac-simile of his autograph, but, as the unsigned fugue manuscript was the only manuscript of his that I had ever seen, it had consequently been impossible to trace its origin. It must be growing late, Tom, so I will conclude my narration as expeditiously as I can. The whole family now assembled around me at the piano, and from out the confusion of many questions and answers, I soon gathered that the older members of the Clay family and those of the Hensel family had been for untold years on very intimate terms with each other. My grandfather and the father of the present Mr. Clay had, from their school-days, been inseparable comrades. This is sufficient to explain the fact that the precious manuscript was in the cabinet of the elder Clay's descendant. When it was discovered that we represented families of whom each of us had heard so much in by-gone years, it proved a source of warm feeling between us, almost identical with that of suddenly discovered kinship. It was not difficult to foresee now that our morning's ride would not be extended to the valley. Stories and incidents of family import were recalled with animated zest, and with music and more reminiscences the hours rapidly passed by. When at length we did leave for a return to the hotel — Tom, I confess it boldly — I was as genuine a specimen of an individual in love at first sight as ever you read of.

"I was, on business accounts, obliged to shorten my trip, and return to Philadelphia much sooner than I had anticipated. The

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Clays, however, a fortnight later, moved into their city house, and I need not tell you that my visits there soon became frequent, and more frequent still, until every day — well, no matter, we were married eventually; but, Tom, do you not recognize this fact: if it had not been for my bicycle I never would have taken the trip, and if I never had taken the trip I never would have found out about the fugue, and my wife?"—

"Carl! Carl! Saxon!" cried the lady just mentioned, running along the hall and entering the room where Carl's interested hearers were sitting, "have you been talking all this time, and are you not aware that it is only three minutes to twelve o'clock, and you are not in the dining-room yet, and the wine is not even poured out! Oh dear, dear, we shall certainly be too late!"

Such a scampering never was seen. Saxon tripped over Carl, and I stumbled over them both, but we did reach the dining-room in time; the glasses were filled and lifted high in the air, fully a quarter of a minute before the great hall clock — set with careful accuracy for the occasion — bid at once its farewell and its welcome.

Edward B. Getzé.

A NIGHT RUN TO THE SHOALS.

"BOUND to the eastward?"

"Yes."

"For how long?"

"Two weeks."

"How many are going?"

"Four."

"Well, ye've a fine night to start; — hope ye'll have a good time."

These words caused a thrill of expectant pleasure to tingle in every nerve of a young man just released from the exacting duties and hours of business life for a two weeks' vacation. The speakers were standing, one Saturday afternoon in July, on the club-house float, looking at the shapely lines of a black, sloop-rigged, thirty-foot yacht that rose and fell on the undulating swells at her moorings, a hundred yards away. The interrogator, an old man whose rugged face bore witness to his exposure to the storms of fifty years at sea, took from his lips his T. D., that rivalled his hat in color, and, with a final, critical look, — "Ye've a good boat there, an' a safe one. A man that knows his business need never fear for himself in her. She's a weatherly bow, beam enough to carry sail well onto her, and give her a fair wind, and she'll show a good many of 'em her heels. What'll she draw?"

"Five feet."

"How much have ye on her keel?"

"Twenty-four hundred."

"Here comes the captain now," and a tall, wiry, full-bearded gentleman stepped upon the float with a cheery "Hello, Fred. Are the boys here?"

"No."

"They were to be here at two o'clock. Well, let's get this truck aboard; we must make the most of this wind. Has the ice come?"

"No."

"That's pleasant; one of us must go to the store and get it."

So over the hill went the young man, chafing at the delay. A hundred-pound cake was wheeled down, and with considerable trouble carried to the float and put aboard the tender, which had been used as a transport in his absence, and had loaded the yacht's standing-room full of provisions enough to last seemingly six months, — baskets of potatoes, wood and coal, bundles without number, beefsteak, matches, butter, old clothes, salt pork, flour, marline, meal, crackers, a new anchor road, canned goods in profusion, eggs (fortunately boiled hard), crockery, an eighty-five pound spare anchor, sugar, soap, a box of tools, and other necessary articles.

"Is the kerosene-can full?"

"Dry as a contribution-box."

It began to look as though Sunday morning would see the *Helena* at her moorings, and the would-be navigators still getting ready. Fortunately the grocer's boy was alongside, detained by the privilege of taking aboard a boat-load of provisions, and to his evident regret he was sent to fill the unsentimental but highly practical oil-can.

"We must fill the water-tank;" and through the rough sea that "a smoky sou'-wester" had raised went the tender from yacht to club-house with three disreputable-looking cans till the forty-gallon tank was

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filled. In the meantime the captain was stowing away the different articles in their proper places; the ice-box in the run was filled to its utmost capacity with good things, the lockers forward were stuffed with various packages, *similia cum similibus*, although the morning proved that half-a-dozen forks, a bag of sugar and another of salt were too congenial neighbors, in that they burst all conventional barriers, and mingled without reserve. The forks were the only things that did not suffer from the companionship.

The floor of the forecastle was taken up and the coal and wood snugly packed under it; clothes were stuffed into berths and transom-lockers, and the spare anchor unshackled and stowed in the run. Then the mainsail was hoisted, and a few moments later the other two members of the party came aboard bringing the oil-can. It was the work of a moment to cast off the moorings, set the jib, and with a stiff south-west wind and ebb-tide the handsome craft, with sheets started off, rushed through the water as though conscious of the delays, and anxious to make up time.

Down the "back channel," past Governor's and Long Islands, out through the Sound, leaving Boston light and the desolate Graves on the starboard, sped the *Helena* in a lumpy sea and a strong wind, then directly aft. The two latecomers, George and Ed, were below putting away their traps, taking off shore clothes and putting on others that were studies of the antique. This finished, the cruise had commenced under circumstances most favorable for enjoyment, — four congenial spirits running their own yacht and leaving the routine of life in office and store far behind.

"Well, boys, this wind acts as though we should run into Marblehead in good season to-night," said the captain, as the red light from Egg Rock shone out abeam.

As the evening shadows fell on the water the two lights on Baker's Island showed plainly, and there was every indication of eight o'clock seeing the *Helena* snug at anchor, three hours from her start. The wind, contrary to expectation, did not go down with the sun, and as Marblehead light opened up over the hillocks, the temptation to keep on, that all felt, was voiced by the captain, and with, "We'll run her into Gloucester if need be," the course was laid for Thacher's Island twin lights, that shone so brightly in the evening's gloom.

"Better light the side-lights and binnacle lamps, and then get something to eat," said the captain.

The excitement of the rapid and rough run had caused supper to be forgotten, although perhaps it was more than excitement with George and Ed; for before Eastern Point was reached they were to be seen stretched out on the transoms, sacrificing their dignity and dinners at the plebeian shrines of deck-buckets. To the captain and Fred, in the standing-room, munching sandwiches and hard bread, a most amusing picture was shown through the companion-way of two men writhing and groaning in the agonies of sea-sickness, oblivious to everything but their own wretchedness. Why it is that people ordinarily compassionate and sympathetic should find nothing but laughter and amusement in witnessing this distressing illness is one of the unaccountable traits in human nature. The wind came with solid, heavy pressure, and the rattle of the reef-points against the mainsail sounded as though striking a board. Though the night was dark and the sea running high, the favorable direction of the wind caused the captain to say, as she ranged by Eastern Point, "We'll put her through to the Shoals. 'Twill be too bad to lose this wind; we're making a great run." There was a grand fascination in the situation. The stanch little vessel ploughed her way through the black foaming waves as though endowed with instinct and consciousness of power. A few stars shone faintly from the overcast sky. Astern, twinkling far in the distance, were the coast light-houses, while ahead the two powerful lanterns on Thacher's Island threw their steady beams twenty miles over the dark sea. Inside the Londoner ran the *Helena* and was soon in the tumbling waters of Ipswich Bay.

"What is the course, Fred, for White Island?"

The chart and parallels were taken from their racks.

"North, half east."

"We're going to get well shaken up before we get across the bay; the wind doesn't lighten any, and it gets a long sweep here. Bring out that overcoat from my locker. In an hour we ought to see White Island light, aflashing red and white. This is pretty rough. I wish that tender had a longer line; it brings up hard, once in a while." It would rise on the crest of a huge wave, poise a second, then shoot down the black hill of water as

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though it would dash itself in pieces against the yacht. Coming up within two or three feet it would settle back and bring up with a snap on the painter that would wring the water from it by its tension. The two men below were struggling with varying fortunes to keep on their transoms, and the captain at the wheel watching the binnacle, and "meeting her" as she yawed in the sea-way and the boom rose high in air, slacking up on the sheets, or buried its end in the sea.

"The tender's gone!" shouted Fred, as he saw the line part under a sudden strain.

"Haul in the main-sheet, quick! In with her, lively! Ed or George, come on deck. Haul in that jib-sheet! Can you see the tender?"

"No."

Looking at the expanse of dark, heaving waves, the chance of getting a black boat seemed very small.

"Hard-a-lee!" and over the sails slatted. "I'll heave her to for a minute. Come out here, boys, the tender 's gone, and we want some help."

One disdained to answer, the other turned a yellow face to the companion-way and feebly said, "I don't care; let her go."

There she is — off to windward.

"Go about; steady; haul in that lee jib-sheet; get the boat-hook. I'll luff up to it."

The yacht rushed on toward the tender, and was brought up in the wind so as to shoot on to it; but when within ten feet the boat was lifted on the top of a sea, and lightly tossed as many yards away.

"Slack away the main-sheet, — there, — keep your eye on the tender." Easier said than done. "Haul in," and again the *Helena* was plunging to windward.

At last, after much effort, Fortune was gracious, the two boats came together in the trough of the sea. Fred reached out, caught the gunwale, and the boat was recovered. A new, long line, securely fastened, gave assurance of future safety.

"Can you see White Island light?"

"No, — yes, there it comes, the red flash, and there's the white one." "All right — I see it. I don't like the way this wind is working. It's coming out east, I think. We'd better put a reef in." The wind came, strong, puffy, and shifting, so as to tax the captain's skill to the utmost to prevent her jibing, and the boom was "racing" in a very uncomfortable way. "Overhaul that jib-sheet, and we'll put a reef in." Fred went forward, sat down at the house, and picked up the sheet. "Look out!" and, knowing instinctively what was the trouble, he threw himself down on the narrow deck, catching the mast-stay as he went, just as the heavy boom came over, almost touching his face. Snap! went the main-sheet, and a flood of water rushed over him. Raising his head he met the captain's anxious gaze, that changed to one of relief, seeing him safe. "Let go the halyards." The yacht had been brought round to throw the wind out of the mainsail, and the long boom was swinging helplessly, adding to the uncomfortable roll she was laboring under. A cold rain had set in, making sails and rigging hard to handle. Down came the peak, but the throat-halyards fouled aloft, and could not be started from deck either way. Grasping the topmast-rigging, Fred went up on the mast-hoops. As she rolled to starboard he could lie down on the mast and make rapid progress; — over to port, and clinging with hands and feet, he would swing away from the mast and hang, over the water till she righted up. Finally the sail was lowered, and then more hard work to get the boom inboard and furl it.

By some solid pulling this was accomplished, and the heavy spar guyed both sides. Jogging along under the jib seemed the height of comfort.

Light was breaking, and soon the Isles of Shoals were indistinctly outlined ahead. "That new anchor road in the coil must be broken out," said the captain, and Fred went into the forecastle. 'Twas a small, ill-ventilated place, and the boat's every motion was felt. Three minutes' work and he rushed for the deck, made his bow to Neptune, and the crew were unanimous, — they had all been sick.

At five o'clock the anchor was dropped in Gosport Harbor, twelve hours from the time of start from East Boston. Two hours' sleep, hot coffee and breakfast, made a wonderful difference in the feelings of the party, two of whom at least were tired.

William B. Livermore.

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IN EL DORADO.

"WHERE is the Scribbler?" asked one of her friends at the June party of the Art Guild.

"Gone, vanished from Chicago; fled away towards the setting-sun, — to the Golden Gate," answered Pinx.

"And is that what inspired your picture of 'California'?"

"Yes, the absence of her presence and the presence of her absence, so to speak." Pinx looked at the glorified, womanly presence on his canvas, then touched the lashes delicately. "This is another girl. The Scribbler said I never should know how to paint human eyes so long as I worshipped at her shrine. So I left off doing so. She and I are only 'friends,' now."

"And have you found out what she meant? Are the eyes of your 'California' here a new revelation?"

Pinx colored faintly and slowly. "Ask the Scribbler. There she comes."

"But we thought you were in the Sierras," they said, crowding about her.

"I was; but Chicago drew me back. Pinx is here."

"'Never the time and the place and the loved one all together,'" murmured Pinx.

The Scribbler shook her head. "He is a sort of mistletoe in art," she said. "At one time you would take him to be that melancholy excrescence of the decade that we used to call a fop; on another day I believe him capable of all heights and depths of emotion and expression. To-night he quotes Robert Browning in public. I shall not be surprised to hear him recite Swinburne, now."

"Ah, yes! Why not? — that splendid Swimming Hymn:—

"'The whole world's heart is uplifted and knows not wrong;
The whole world's life is a chant to the sea-tide's chorus;
Are we not as waves of the water, as notes of the song?

"'Like children unworn of the passions and toils that wore us,
We breast, for a season, the breadth of the seas that throng,
Rejoicing, as they, to be borne as of old they bore us
Across and along.'"

"There is no disguising the fact, I see. Pinx has been with us. There were seven of us in California for a month and a fortnight. He has been swimming in the Pacific sea, the sea of calms. That is part of the secret of the power of his 'California.' What a noble creature he has painted, rich, tropic, passionate, with the gold of the world in her bosom, and the ocean of peace at her feet!"

"It is a wonderful picture," they of the Art Guild said; "never before did a Western man paint such a face and thought."

"But you are not connoisseurs; none of us are in Chicago. We get our criticisms of art as we do of life, by standing on the Alleghanies and gazing down upon the Atlantic slope," said Pinx.

"Indeed, we are connoisseurs in Chicago, and amateurs," cried the Scribbler. "It is untrue that we make an Alleghany peak our Sinai. We fly over the Atlantic slope, — yes, the Atlantic itself, — and learn our technics in Paris and Munich and Rome; but we come back to our West to breathe and to paint."

"Especially to paint," said Pinx. "Pray go up on your Sinai again, and tell our friends what we saw in California."

"Pinx led me up into a high mountain, called Diabolo."

"Which, being interpreted, is Spanish for Mount of the Devil," said he, imperturbably.

"Will you let me talk psychically or not?" she asked.

"Not. Our entire party went up that Sinai. The Scribbler ascended on the back of a donkey." He carried her chair over to the crimson curtains of a window, then, leaning against an ebony *etagère* ended: "Figurative speech, like that of the Scribbler, is best with a framing of artistic color. Go on; speak! The Art Guild draws nigh to hear you. You have your audience."

"I'm not in monologue mood. You must help me."

"Doubtless."

"I shall not tell of Mount Diabolo at all. Anybody can climb any peak of that range at any time. Pinx never would have painted his 'California' if we had not found the very heart of the Sierras, — the spot where the gold was found, and the human who found it."

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"Cupid shot his arrow into the gold," interpolated Pinx.

"Folly! Perhaps not, though. At all events we found it, away up the heights, — a dainty village, nestling on the breast of a great, grim mountain."

"The Scribbler began a poem about it: —

"'Far up the fair Sierra heights, snow-crowned and pure forever,
Coloma lies 'mong flowers and vines, beside her crystal river.'

That is as far as she ever got, though. It was singular to see how her muse behaved all of the time we were in Coloma. Her face would light up suddenly and I'd catch my breath to hear a new couplet; then a shadow would fall into her eyes while she repeated those two lines helplessly. 'I thought I was going to get some more of it,' she would say, mournfully. It was chiefly in pity for her that I painted my 'California.' I thought that it would express Coloma for her."

"And it does. We walked to Coloma. We were staying at Placerville, the Hangtown of the old mining days. We had heard its terrible stories of those wild, lawless times; of bodies hanging from the trees; of the horrid strife over new gold-findings. Then Pinx said, 'This is El Dorado. The place of the gold-finding can't be far off, — the place where first they found it.' The others bade us go and find the place; they would go afterwards to see. So we started forth on foot one morning. It was a perfect day, and the fragrance of the mountain pines and of a thousand wild-flowers filled the soft air. We found an old stage-road, and walked on and on, mile after mile, without passing any human habitation, till at last"—

"Till at last the external man began to call loudly for sustenance," said Pinx. "It is a mistake to say the 'inner man.' My inner man was spiritually filled and joyful, but my mortal coil was famished. So we sat down on a fir-log and ate some granula. The Scribbler is a monomoniac on the subject of granula. She says that it feeds brain and body, soul and stomach, and all the rest of one's psychology and physiology. I like it with good cream, or even with milk and a little sugar. But the Scribbler gave it to me for repast that day with a pinch of salt and a gill of water from a mountain brook!"

"Oh, that brook!" she cried. "How it came down! It made me think of a very mountain-spirit, freed like a naiad from the soil of its earthly nature, and vital with life from the purest well-spring."

"She quoted all the poets to find a brook-poem to fit it, but gave up at last in despair."

"Of course! How, for example, could an English Tennyson make verses for such a Sierra stream? But the river of the vale of Coloma! — that is the one I cherish. Pinx took me across it on an ugly ferry, when we first came to the village, and he found out all sorts of wise data. It was named the 'South Fork of the American River.' Think of a torrent tumbling through veins of gold being called a 'fork'! I hurried away from the ferry. I would not listen to the ferry-man's talk. He talked too fast about my Coloma. I wished to find it out myself, to breathe the delicate aroma of discovery. So I walked straight up the mountain, path-ed with violets, and looked down upon the village, and the valley, and that pure, rushing river."

"The mountain was called Mount Murphy, for an old Irishman who had a hut up there, and died on the rock at the top, 'summat nigh on to the year forty-nine.'"

The Scribbler put her finger-tips to her ears. "He is quoting that dreadful ferry-man."

"I coaxed her to 'walk straight' down this 'mountain path-ed with violets.' You see it was eight miles back to Placerville, and I didn't wish to waste the whole day climbing about. We had come to find the place of the discovery of gold, and I like to do a thing that I once set out to accomplish."

"You have finished?" The Scribbler folded her fingers lightly in her lap again: "We came down the mountain, past old mines like worn-out hearts, and I turned up the stream bank. We came to a place that I knew we should find. I had seen it in vision all of my life. I must have visited it in that unguessed life before this existent. The river was pressed into a narrow channel, of a brook's width, and a log spanned its foaming depth. There we crossed. Then came the walk beside the river, with the wind-swept hills of pine and fern above us and the summer flowers at our feet."

"I had to head her off again," said Pinx. "I knew that in reason we should find no relics of Sutter's mill or the gold discovery in the rocky region to which we were penetrating. She was prevailed upon to turn down stream again."

"It was like and unlike a foreign moun-

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tain village. The frame houses were a little ruinous, but oh! those gloomy mines. Fancy a yawning, cavernous place at one's very door-step. How it showed the lust of gold which spares neither hearts nor hearthstones. The terraced hills were lovely with the vineyards up and down them, and that wonderful river" —

"'Between the banks that bear the vine,'" quoted Pinx.

"Yes. My good genii joined hands to lead me up the right hill, to the right vineyard. At the door of an odd, old little house sat an aged man, in the shade of an oleander tree. There were roses in his garden, and I begged for some moss-buds. 'I don't give away things,' he said. Pinx gave him some money, and asked if he sold much wine from his vineyard. 'A little, just a little; and it brings little gold, even when it has waited years in my cellar. At my age I ought to live in a house of gold, with everything I want around me. It is my right.'"

"The Scribbler took fright at him then. She thought the old fellow was mad. Her intuitions all failed her, and I was obliged to supply some of my own. 'You must be the man who first discovered gold in California!' I cried."

"Yes, Pinx said that. Wasn't it beautiful of him? And it really was the discoverer! This poor, lonely old man, living solitary on his terraced hill, depending on the Nevada market for the sale of his wines, unlocked the wealth of California. I felt like going down on my knees before him."

"Don't misunderstand her. She does not mean that she reverenced him for finding the gold, but for not being able to get any of it into his own permanent keeping. This will explain a characteristic of her nature. I often notice it in reference to myself."

"I shall 'reverence' you more," she retorted, "when some one shall have given you a bag full of ducats for your painting. But that poor old man! Can you imagine anything more pitiful? He found the gold. He enriched the world by countless millions; yet there he lived, alone, unloved, in poverty, within sight of the spot where he picked up that first prophetic nugget."

"He was very crabbed to me. He declared he 'would not go mooning down on the river sands' to show us the place where Captain Sutter had his historic saw-mill, and where he found that famous ore-filled bit of stone. But the Scribbler persuaded him to go. I don't know how she did it, for I am sure the old man did not understand a word of all her fine frenzy on the subject. But at last he rose and walked down his hill with us."

"He took us first into the very bowels of the earth, and offered us a sip from one of the rare casks in his cavern."

"She means that he asked us to sample the wine in his cellar under the hill. But the Scribbler is an abstainer, you know. And, after refreshing my lyric electricity with her granula and brook-water, I didn't like to hurt her feelings; so I refused his hospitality courteously for both of us."

"Then we walked along the river to the shining of the sand, and we came unto the portal of the promised golden land."

"Hold, fair improvisatrice! Shall I not write down that last sentence as a couplet for your poem of 'Coloma'?"

The shadow came into her eyes. She shook her head and fell silent. They waited in vain for her to continue.

"Ah!" said Pinx, "let her keep peace if she wishes. She has given you the picture of 'Coloma' and the lonely old gold-finder. He gave her a tiny pebble from the self-same spot where he first found gold. She has worn it in a locket ever since."

Then the Scribbler, with shining eyes: "He gave one to Pinx as well, and he has it set in a jewelled framing, and says he will keep it forever. It was the inspiration of his 'California.' If he had not got so near to the pitiful loneliness of that old man's heart, desolate like his life, in spite of the priceless wealth he had touched and missed, — if Pinx had not seen and felt that, how could he have put so high an expression of solitude into the eyes of his 'California'? Look at the canvas! Even this woman-face and figure, typing the richest and most fruitful life of earth, tells us by her sad eyes the sorrowful truth of life's solitude. Stay, is it a sorrowful truth? Every soul abides in solitude. But only thus can we learn the blessing of wide use, only thus can we hear the tides of the ocean of peace. Pinx found the heart of California. The old gold-finder was alone, in strangest solitude, and the whole world is rich in his gold."

There was a long quiet in the room. Then some one pushed away the crimson curtains, and they all looked out upon the fair bosom of Lake Michigan, shining in the moonlight.

After this silence Pinx finished: "We walked back to the Placerville by the light

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of the stars. Our friends had begun wondering if we were lost. The Scribbler was very tired, and bade us good-night at once. 'Was your outing successful?' 'Did you find any gold?' they called after her. She turned on the stair: 'It *was* an out-ing,' she answered, 'and we went so out, and up, that we reached the place where dross is dross, and no live spirit dares call it gold.' 'But did you find any gold?' they urged. 'Yes,' she replied, 'a terraced hill of gold; gold enough to buy me granula for a lifetime. And when I get thoroughly weary of you all I shall go to live beside it. I have found my ideal Bohemia.'"

Minna Caroline Smith.

ONLY A GIRL.

I HEAR a sharp ring on the frosty way,
And I catch the gleam of a cycle bright,
Just a glimpse of a form in Quaker gray,
And then, the dear boy! he is out of sight.
Ah, out and away, ere the sun is high,
While the early clouds are all rose and pearl,
And the air like a wine that is bright and dry;
And I'm — only a girl.

I think of the hollows where leaves lie dead;
Of the gaunt trees' shadows against the sky;
Of the cool, clear stretch of blue overhead,
And the low, lush meadows he rattles by.
I look on the road with its dusty track,
Where the wind-gusts meet to whistle and whirl;
And — yes! I may look for his coming back,
For I'm only a girl.
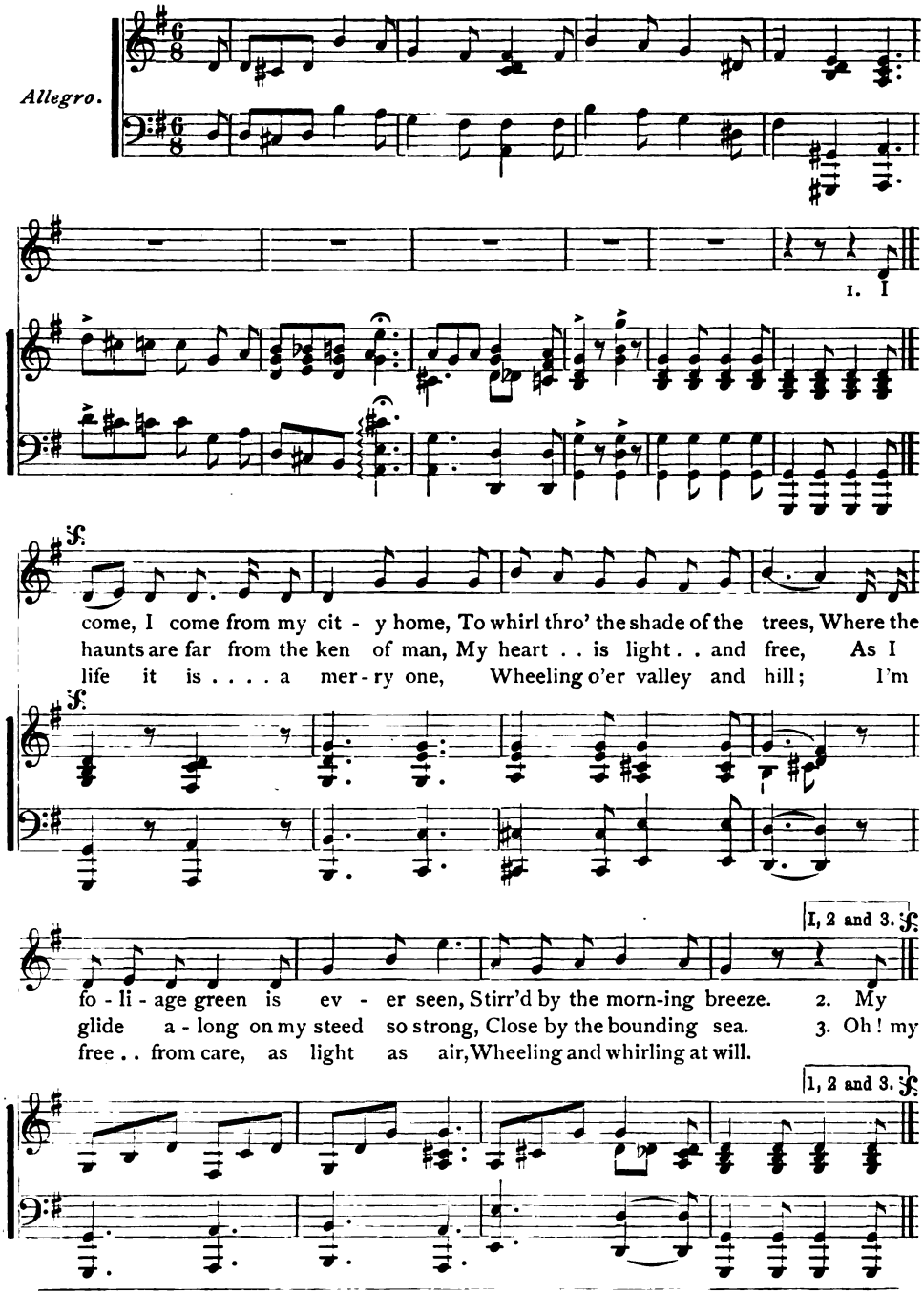
I may watch and wait all day for the ring
Of his pretty plaything's glistening steel;
And, dressed in my gayest, may sit and sing
Over my work till I hear the wheel.
Then I shall see the eyes o' my lad,
And he a cheek and a drooping curl;
And — well, yes — perhaps — I'm a little glad
That I'm only a girl.

Ruth Hall.

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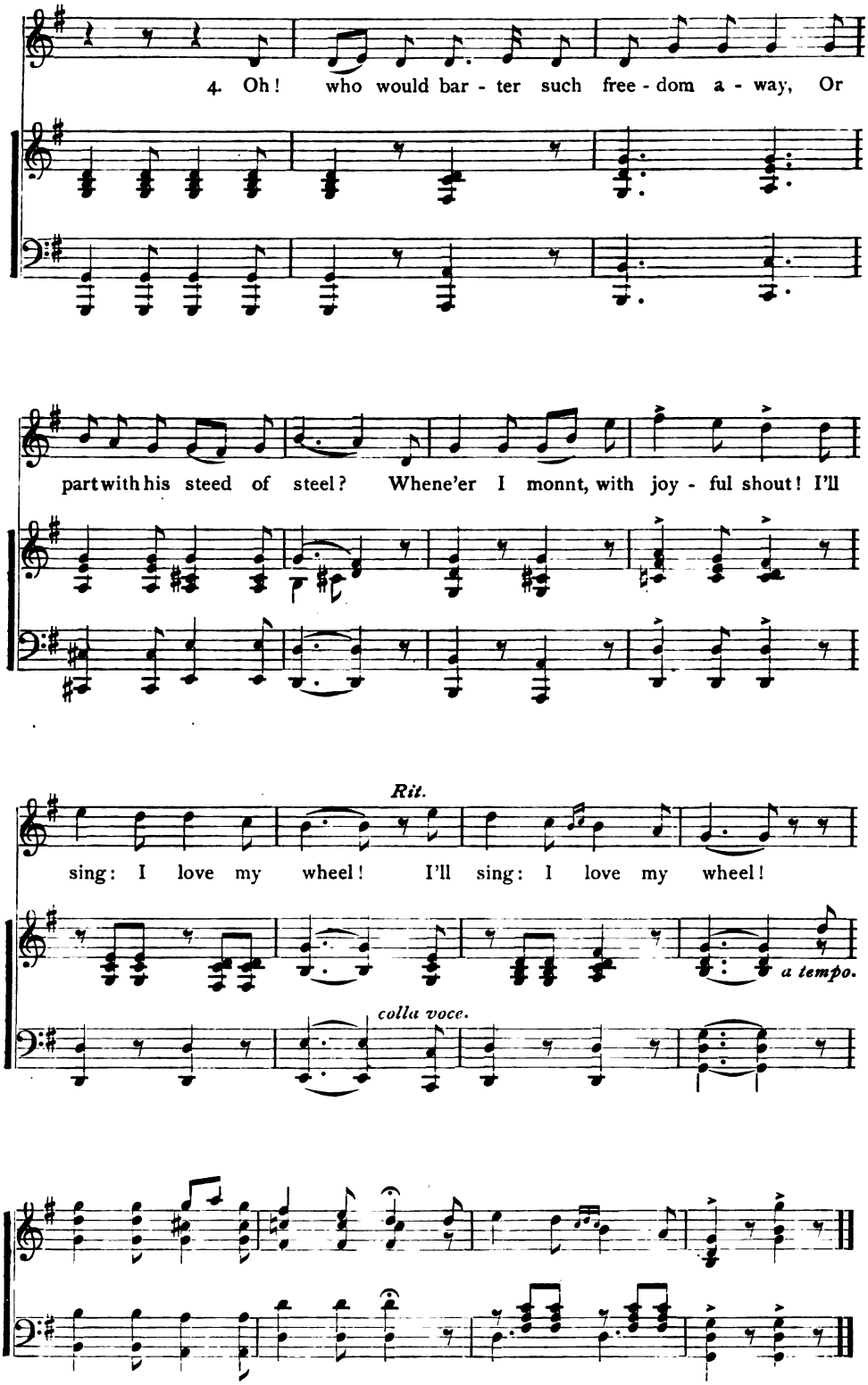
THE WHEELMAN'S SONG.

Words and Music by WILLIAM J. STABLER



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OUR window has been open less and less frequently in the past few weeks. We look across over the house-tops to bare and brown suburban hills. The last leaves have been blown from the trees on the Common. A faded green still lingers on the grass in spots here and there, as if it were loath to leave off the garb of verdure whose lush freshness, since spring first spread her carpet, has lasted through a droughtless season, — a rare summer, in which New England has rivalled her Old World mother in the fairness of her mantle. But now snows have come and gone, and come again, under the alternations of a fickle climate with which an unkind nature has provided us, not out of the resources of our own land and air, but from some cold-wave establishment out in Manitoba and Dakota, according to the knowledge we gain from our beneficent weather-bureau, which often spoils with its forecasts our keenest relish of a spell of good weather that we fondly hope is to last indefinitely. This is a time of disturbances in the manufacturing world; if there would only be a strike of the hands employed in that factory, causing a shut-down of the establishment, and a dearth in the supply of cold waves, what a rejoicing there would be!

* * *

WITH the advance of the season we look out less and less upon the world of pastime around us, and our glances become retrospective and prospective. What good times we have had the past year, and what good times we are going to have in the next, when the spring opens once more! Yachts and canoes have long been retired to winter-quarters; there are no more merry tennis parties on the lawns, and only now and then a venturesome cycler braves the keen winds on frozen roads. Winter sports have come in. There are snow-shoes, coasting, skating, sleighing, and ice-yachting. Skating has, indeed, become a perennial amusement since it has been placed on wheels. The racket of the rollers never ceases. At the sea-side in the summer, and at all country resorts, and in the city in the winter, — there are rinks everywhere. Roller-skating has evidently come to stay. As with bicycling, Europe set the fashion. It has been somewhat slow to domesticate itself here on this side of the Atlantic. Eight years ago roller-skating rinks had become institutions in European capitals.

* * *

WILL roller-skating supplant its parent sport? We trust not. But there is no question that runner-skating has been on the decline among us for some years. In Holland, Denmark, and Germany it is universal. There everybody skates, old and young, high and low, rich and poor. Probably its decline here arises from neglect of our ponds. There is skating until the first snow, and after that pains are taken in but few places to clear the ice. There are also no conveniences for putting on skates, taking care of garments, etc. It is both uncomfortable and dangerous to skate in overcoats and cloaks. In Germany and other European countries the public ponds are leased by the cities to parties who, charging small sums to skaters, keep the ice clear and in good condition, and also provide the other facilities mentioned. It would be a good idea to adopt the same course in our cities, while in country towns the organization of skating-clubs might effect the same ends.

* * *

THE holidays are at hand. Many a boy will find skates and sleds on and under his Christmas tree. But we wonder how many canoes, bicycles, and yachts will be included among the Christmas gifts. Comparatively few, we may take it for granted, since their possessors would have to look forward for several months before they could use them. Our friends of the southern hemisphere — out in Buenos Ayres, in Cape Town, and far-away Australia — are more fortunate in their Christmas. Also our countrymen

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in California and the sunny South. Whoever should be favored with the aforesaid gifts will probably wish to hie away to those more blessed climes to try them.

* * *

It now seems not unlikely that, in the near future, steam-yachting may equal, if not surpass, sail-yachting in popular favor. Even in a pursuit so leisurely as that of the yachtsman time has a measure of value, and in some aspects it may even be said to be money. Delightful as are the features of sail-yachting, the element of uncertainty which enters into it often becomes a serious drawback. Plans are upset by inability to get to certain places at certain times; and storms, calms, fogs, or adverse winds, may change the entire programme of a cruise. Then, too, a large proportion of our yachtsmen are business men, and as such cannot afford to run the risk of not getting back to their offices and counting-rooms at the time calculated upon. This cannot be done with a boat dependent upon winds and tides. Therefore, for this reason alone, steam is likely to take the place of sails. In Europe steam has to a great extent superseded sail in yachting. In the United States rapid progress is making in the same direction. It appears that in the past season at least fifty steam-yachts have been constructed here, and many others are now building. Experience shows that the first cost is certainly in favor of steam, while in the matter of running expense, repairs, etc., things seem to be about equal. Steam being, from a popular stand-point, a comparatively new feature in yachting, is characterized, as in the case of almost every new departure, by great and rapid advances in the way of improvements in propelling-power, lessening both the first cost and the running expense, securing greater compactness in the machinery, so that comparatively little room has to be sacrificed, and increasing the elements of convenience, comfort, and safety, both in model and motive power. It is in these latter considerations that steam have been particularly lacking in comparison with sailing yachts.

* * *

With the growth of steam-yachting, steam-yacht clubs and races will become comparatively as numerous and popular as those for sailing-craft. It has been suggested that the government will not permit steam-racing on account of the danger liable to come from the careless use of high-pressure steam. It may be answered, however, that the smaller craft are subject to the same laws as those governing ocean-steamers and river-boats; that they are as carefully inspected by government officers, and, if an accident should happen, would be required to pay the same fine and suffer the same penalties that are made and enforced for all vessels propelled by steam. The only disputed point of any account in steam-racing is the question as to what measurement the time-allowance shall be based upon. In our opinion the basis should be the water-line. The question of the size and power of engines bears to steam-yachts the same relation that sails do to other yachts. The matter of measurement for time-allowance has always been an open question in sailing-yachts, and steam-yacht owners will probably have to contend for the same points as their brothers of the sailing-craft. New York was the first American city to found a permanent yacht-club, and has now taken the position of pioneer in the steam-yacht movement by forming the American Steam-yacht Club, and sailing the first steam-yacht race.

* * *

The past season was notable for the introduction of steel in the building of steam-yachts and their boilers. Steel is lighter, stronger, and more ductile than iron. Steel boilers admit higher pressure and less danger. The building of vessels of this kind is yet in its infancy in this country; but, as Americans are quick to learn, we ought soon to be rivals of our English cousins.

* * *

Steam, perhaps, is destined to be but an incident in the movement for the substitution of artificial motive-power for the force of the wind. Experiments lately made in England indicate that perhaps electricity may become a substitute for steam. It has been proven practicable mechanically, and it remains to be seen whether it will stand the test of economy. Its introduction would abolish the dangers threatened from fire and explosions, and increase comfort by doing away with the annoyances of heat, smoke, and the smell of oil coming from the engines and boilers of small steam-yachts. These odors are apt so to pervade a vessel as to make a voyage by steam-yacht intolerable to many persons.

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The Touring Idea.

MR. EDITOR: — May I say a word in favor of the touring idea? I believe heartily in touring, not in record-making for the sake of it, but in extended runs for recreation for artistic or business purposes. I am sure that the day is coming when long-distance riders will make their influence felt in legislation on road-making. One way to help the coming of the good time is certainly by an increase of touring. I can't help feeling that Mr. Thomas Stevens's ride from San Francisco to Boston will prove of more value in the civilizing of the roads of our country than may now appear. I look forward with interest to reading the series of papers descriptive of his journey which you announce.

Tourist.

Ladies' Tricycling Costume.

MR. EDITOR: — Occasional paragraphs appearing in the bicycling journals relative to the proper costume for lady tricyclists irritate Mrs. B. She has several times threatened to write to OUTING. If she should do so the editor would undoubtedly learn something. To prevent such a catastrophe I have concluded to write about it myself. Besides she affectionately reminds me that if I have any influence I ought to stop such nonsense. In vain have I argued that if I had the power to stop nonsense, and should exert it, the newspaper and magazine business would be ruined — totally ruined.

That which irritates Mrs. B. in the paragraphs about tricycling costumes for ladies, is, that they always prescribe knickerbockers to be worn under the skirts; also, they always prescribe a costume made expressly for the tricycle, and fit for no other use. She objects: —

1. That knickerbockers are wholly unnecessary; that they are awkward and unfeminine; that they require a change of garment every time the tricycle is used; that they prevent the sale of tricycles by giving ladies the false impression that one who buys a tricycle must also purchase and wear peculiar garments, — what is worse, unfashionable garments; that many ladies who desire strongly to become tricyclists shrink with feminine aversion from the thought of appearing in knickerbockers; that the knickerbocker idea is English; and English feminine fashions are regarded by all really civilized nations as abominable.

2. That tricycle riders may and should wear fashionable dresses of very nearly the ordinary carriage or walking pattern; that tricycle riders should appear attractive; should carefully avoid everything *outré* as prejudicial to wheeling interests; and that no lady need be deterred from joining the ranks of tricyclists by the mistaken notion that the use of the wheel requires anything unusual or unfashionable in her attire, or any extra expense therefor.

3. That a proper tricycle costume is a great deal prettier than that described in the paragraphs to which she objects. She regards the following as proper rules to be observed: A lady tricyclist should wear under-garments next to her person of pure, soft wool, or of camel's hair, or of raw silk. This she should do on account of her health, whether she rides the tricycle or not. But this is not necessary, it is only advisable. She had better wear low, easy, but glove-fitting walking-shoes, not coming above the ankle, so as to allow the foot free play. But this is not necessary, it is only advisable; and ladies who prefer to walk in other styles of foot-wear can ride in anything which they find comfortable for walking. The dress should be of wool; this is necessary. In colors there is a wide range of stylish goods. Any shade of gray, blue, olive, lavender, or any of the quiet, neutral tints, or plain colors, may be chosen, to suit the complexion and taste of the wearer. In this respect there is almost as large a latitude as in walking or carriage costumes. But it is advisable that the lady should not forget that her costume is to appear in conjunction with the dark, neat gloss of her enamelled machine, or the silvery glitter of her nickel-plated one; and both these furnish a contrast for her own costume whose effect she should not ignore.

This contrast with the wheel lends a marked effect to colors and ornaments. Hence a small bit of bright and strong color in a bow, ribbon,

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belt (if one is worn), feather, or other adornment of the hat, or jewelry, or a flower worn on the breast, will show with vivid distinctness; and such contrasts should be sparingly used. When judiciously used they reward the wearer's taste with a peculiar charm. The entire costume had better be in one color, — dress, hat, and gloves to match. The dress should fit snugly to the waist, with sleeves as tight as the prevailing fashion permits. The skirt should be of the ordinary walking-dress length in front, six inches longer behind, as sitting on the saddle will gather up the back breadth so as to make it appear even all around. The front and back breadth should be plain; the side breadths box-plaited with two-inch plaits, gathered to fit at the top. These plaits must not be fastened at the bottom, but be left so that they will open there like the folds of a fan. The skirt should be as small and straight as the fashion permits, so as to spread as little as possible. About six inches above the bottom, on the inside, attach each plait to an elastic cord. This cord should be so tight that when the wearer is standing the bottom of the skirt will be held to the smallest circumference which good taste and the fashion in walking-dresses allow. This cord will permit the foot, in walking, or in driving the pedals of the tricycle, to expand, by opening the plaits, which its elasticity will at once close again. A jockey hat may be obtained, in straw of any desired color, and trimmed to suit the taste of the wearer. These hats are exceedingly pretty and becoming. If adorned with a feather, it may be of any pretty contrast in color, and its top should be left to float freely in the air created by the motion of the rider. Thus dressed, a lady appears as well for a promenade as for her tricycle, and does not look odd away from her machine. If her skirt is well fitted she may rest in perfect confidence that, under no circumstances, will any more of her feet be shown in riding than in walking, — at the most never higher than the ankle-joint.

As the object of a tricycle costume is to obtain free play for the limbs, which is equally desirable in walking, good sense will suggest the propriety of restricting underskirts to as few as possible; warmth and protection may be obtained by sufficient tight-fitting underwear next to the skin.

The tricycle may be safely ridden in any walking costume, no matter how long are the skirts, provided the manufacturers will properly arrange the guards for the use of ladies. The woven wire (or plate) shield which covers the chain should be carried down below the pedal-shaft, completely covering the lower chain gear-wheel, and then drawn to a point, bent at right-angles or in a curve, and the point brazed to the side frame. It should also be carried up closer to the upper shaft. Thus arranged it will be absolutely impossible for the drapery to be caught in the working parts of the machine. This, and doing away with the idea that a special costume is necessary for riding, will add greatly to the value of the machine, as it is a horse and carriage always ready for use for shopping, calling, or going on any errand, without the trouble of stopping to dress especially for the occasion. And many ladies who now hesitate to adopt it, because of a mistaken idea that they will have to appear odd in dress, or that it will entail special expense for costume, will no doubt join the wheeling fraternity as soon as these errors are dispelled.

President Bates.

Yachting in the Chesapeake.

MR. EDITOR: — My vacation plans were decided by an invitation from my friend, F. W. McAllister, to accompany and assist in sailing his sloop-yacht *Giroflé* over our lovely Chesapeake. It is a matter of surprise to me that this lovely sheet of water is not more thoroughly appreciated by our yachting brothers north of us. Broad, long, with ample room to afford very exciting sport in a race, with land-locked inlets, and harbors surrounded by wooded bluffs, it affords a most lovely spot to spend one's vacation, and rivals the beauties of our northern lake region.

We set sail Saturday, August 2; our craft was a light-draft English yawl-built sloop, 22 ft. long by 8 ft. beam. We found, on encountering a pretty stiff blow and chop sea, three miles off Pool's island, that we had about all we could do to work her to advantage; but having rather a heavy keel, she "rode the waves like a thing of life." Our prospective point was Havre de Grace, but finding the inlets with which our bay abounds so picturesque, all idea of hastening on our way vanished, and we gave ourselves up to the *dolce far niente* afforded by plenty of time on a comfortable yacht. The entire trip of a week was one of great enjoyment, putting me home in time to spend a week awheel.

Yachting here in Baltimore is enjoying, like bicycling, a decided boom. The Chesapeake "bug-eye" is growing fast in popular favor, being not only a fast boat, but remarkably seaworthy, weathering a blow which would swamp a larger boat of greater beam.

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I must give a parting word to my yachting brothers, recommending Chesapeake Bay as a fair field.

James S. Reese.

The Canoeist in Winter.

MR. EDITOR: —Short and shorter grow the days, till the hours "after business" which we give to the paddle are hours of darkness. The green banks of the river are green no longer, and the wind sighs and moans among the dry branches, wailing for the kiss of the fresh leaves that were bright and new when we launched our canoes in the spring. We defer, day after day, the final housing of boats, and, like Patti's farewells, "that last trip" is repeated till it becomes an old song to the ears of friends. We sail and paddle till fingers tingle and cheeks burn with the frost; till, perhaps, some morning, in a quiet bend of the river, the bow breaks, with a clear chink, the thin shell of ice that "Jack Frost" has left as his card. Happy they who can follow the summer, and in warmer waters and under kinder skies still ply their paddles, or set their sails to tropic breezes! Happy, too, the true canoeist who carries in his heart the summer sunshine, and all through the short, dark days lives over his past cruises, and feels the joys of anticipation as he thinks of the coming summer!

How shall we whose season of actual sport is closed still carry with us through the winter that keenness of memory and anticipation that is almost realization? How shall we who must dwell beneath these northern skies, still "canoe it" when streams are frozen and boats are snugly housed? By reminiscence, by works, by anticipation. As you sit over your desk in office or study, or ply pencil in studio, some chance sight or sound calls up a picture of the past, and out of the window flies your mind, and on distant waters you are living again the pure, careless life that one finds out in the society of the paddle. The pen lies idle in your fingers, and you drift again down some quiet stream, in the hazy light of an August evening, beneath the shadows of overhanging boughs, or grasp paddle firmly to enter a wild rush of white water from whose lower reaches comes a roar that sets your nerves tingling. Perhaps you are leaning well out to windward, while above you flash snowy sails, and before and behind other white wings fly along in friendly competition. Don't bring your mind back with too sudden a snap, old fellow. It will do you no harm to dream a bit of a freer, purer life. Pen or pencil will fly faster for the rest, and the moments are not wasted. Then, too, the fun of the winter campfire, with its infinite fund of reminiscence: — the songs that lift the roof so high that one can almost see the stars shining in the St. Lawrence sky; the bright fire on the hearth that roars and sings till its voice recalls the voice of a greater fire that roared and sung amid white tents on a summer evening; the merry fellows whose hearty voices mingled in a pandemonium of canoeing talk, from which comes, now and then, a phrase that sets us all back a twelvemonth. Do you remember that upset, old man? or do you recall that evening on the Susquehanna?

Still, we are not confined to reminiscence. The chief joy of a canoeist is in never having his boat finished, though it is always nearer that happy state than any other boat in the fleet. So repairs and improvements fill many winter hours, and a rope to splice or a sail to rig are no unpleasant task; and the sailor who has devised something really new is in a state of bliss for the whole winter. Have your craft at home, if you can; or, better still, if sheet and tiller attract you more than paddle and setting-pole, have her in some high loft where sails may be raised and spars fitted. All the work, while a pleasure in itself, stretches forward into the future, and brings the soft breezes and bright skies of summer almost within reach. Papers, telling us of the plans and doings of A and B; letters, with a hearty greeting and cordial invitation from X and Y; the story of the cruise and picture of a familiar scene, — all have their place in the canoeist's winter, and keep bright and warm in his heart the memory of days, the purest and happiest of his life, and stimulate him to keen anticipation of others as pure and happy. All this is of the sort of life that keeps men young; that makes hearts clean and blood pure; that stimulates the brain to keen perception and originality. Do not, then, make the mistake of shutting out from your winter your out-door life, — past, present, and future; keep it with you. Do not let the ice cover your rivers or the frost kill your foliage. Keep the water open, the sky bright, the leaves green, and so shall your days be longer, better, and happier.

Trant.

An Old Yachting Yarn.

MR. EDITOR: — On the 12th of August, 1853, I left Boston in a hired boat, called the *Olata*. Our crew, including three Boston pilots, three

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hands, a cook and steward, was made up of two Bacons, one Bush, one Booth, and last, not least, Thomas Parsons and myself. Having such extraordinary elements as three pilots on board, and two persons who deemed themselves expert navigators, we ought to have insured the *Olata*, as well as ourselves; but as none of us were born to be drowned, we left without any insurance. We found a thick fog in the bay, and when our time was about for Highland light we hauled up south by east. At daylight, the fog still thick, we made the black buoy off Chatham, and steered for Pollock Rip, rounded the light-ship and hauled up for the buoy on the Handkerchief. One of our party was stationed on the bowsprit end to look out for the buoy. We had nearly given up hope of seeing it, when he cried out, "Look out! we shall hit this stump!"

Pilot W. Fowler, who was in charge, luffed, and we passed near enough to the buoy to touch it with a boat-hook. We went on all right, feeling our way by the lead, by Cross Rip light-ship and other points, until heading toward Nobscoe, the fog still thick and the wind at south-west, the lookout cried out, "House ahead!" We put our helm down and came about between a ledge less than an eighth of a mile from Nobscoe and some outlying rocks, marks well known to me when fishing on the ledge for tautog. This tacking through that narrow passage was a nice operation, and, considering the number of expert pilots on deck all giving orders, it was little short of a miracle that we got through clear and arrived safe at Tarpaulin Cove at 3 P.M.

One of our party landed and made his way to the piazza of the Cove House, where he found a lot of skippers whose vessels were fog-bound in the cove, and when he told them that he had come round over the shoals in a thick fog in a craft drawing ten and a-half feet of water, they said it could not be. Soon after this I landed and vouched for the truth of the story. It was so thick that the vessels in the cove could not be seen. The next day we proceeded to Newport, meeting Edgar's *Cornelia* on the way. She had the advantage of us. The next day we altered our trim, and in a further trial we beat the *Cornelia*. In those days there was no light-ship on the Handkerchief, and on the Pollock Rip and Coop Rip light-ships, only a small bell to give warning in foggy weather.

I should mention that the *Olata* was an entirely new and untried craft. An attempt was made afterwards to have a sea trial with the *Cornelia*; but as the season was late and the *Olata* was in the market for sale, nothing was done. My friend, the Hon. Thomas Parsons, remarked in giving me some of the above facts, "If the *Olata* was alive and in good trim she would be a hard one to beat now."

R. B. Forbes.

Shifting Ballast.

MR. EDITOR: — I am a true yachtsman; fond of racing my boat, and desirous of seeing fair play in every race. All races here in New England are sailed under the rule that "there shall be no shifting ballast during the race." Now, I want to ask you, if the New England Yacht Racing Association is still in existence, and if so, whether they have had any occasion during the past season to enforce their rule and law governing this question? I understand that in one of the first races of the year a boat was protested for violating this rule.

Racer.

[The New England Yacht Racing Association is still in existence, but since their first meeting, when the rules and regulations were adopted, has had no meeting, there being no business to call them together. In regard to the protest spoken of, the judges of the race decided that there were not sufficient proofs to warrant the protest, and, as far as can be learned, did not deem it of sufficient importance to report the case to the Association. — EDITOR.]

Cricket in Chicago.

MR. EDITOR: — Since base-ball has fallen so completely into the hands of professionals, the time-honored English game of cricket bids fair to supersede it, for pleasure and exercise. There are already in Chicago five clubs, named respectively, "The Wanderers," "The Chicago," "The Rovers," "The St. George," and "The Albion." The last mentioned is made up exclusively of young Englishmen. Its officers are: president, Dr. J. S. Young; vice-president, T. W. Broadhurst; secretary, G. R. Young; treasurer, G. S. Thompson; captain, A. W. Cherrington. They wear a natty uniform of white, with a broad, blue belt. During the season they played for practice at Douglas park three evenings each week, and match games with other clubs Saturday afternoons.

W.

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The Life and Letters of Bayard Taylor.[1]

BAYARD TAYLOR was a man of sunshine. He drew his physical strength and inspiration from the sun, and acknowledged it as constantly and joyously as he recognized the spiritual source of power.

"I have a southern soul, it seems," he wrote once at Gibraltar, "for I feel strongest and happiest when I am where the sun can blaze upon me." That was written in his diary. Of the same day his printed record says: "I am a worshipper of the sun. I took off my hat to him as I stood there, in a wilderness of white, crimson, and purple flowers, and let him blaze away in my face for a quarter of an hour. And as I walked home with my back to him, I often turned my face from side to side that I might feel his touch on my cheek." He wrote from California to Mary Agnew (afterwards his bride of two short months), of sleeping under the open sky — "a luxury I never knew before, but shall ever remember with delight. It is so delicious to fall asleep with the stars above you, — to feel their rays, the last thing glimmering in your hazy consciousness, and then shining on, brighter and purer, in your dreams!"

His talisman, the charm of his power to work so prodigiously, was in his persistent recognition and training of his physical nature. All his life long he delighted in vigorous, manly forms of exercise, and he conscientiously endeavored to keep his body in good condition to do the work meant for him to do. He always felt a sense of humiliation when ill, and, like Bryant, found it a part of self-respect to do all in his power to gain and to keep physical strength, that he might better express the mental. In a letter to George H. Boker, in 1854, this paragraph appears: "I spend half an hour every day in the cold sea-water, and then have a man rub me with hair-gloves until the skin is worn nearly through. I have been practising this for two or three weeks, and am now in good condition to enter the ring. Look out for my fists, young man, and beware how you provoke my anger! Next summer I am going to enter a gymnasium, and get the use of a horse. I find now, more than ever, that my body never was meant for a sedentary life, and that, if I want to stay at home and achieve something, I must humor it in these ways." Vigorous expressions these, and worthy of a Greek poet, or, better yet, of this Christian poet, who recognized so heartily the privilege of making the body a fit temple for the indwelling spirit. He never could have borne his tremendous work on the New York *Tribune*, for which he wrote at intervals until within a year or two of his death, without having had a deal of conscience in taking care of himself.

No one who heard Bayard Taylor read his National Ode at Philadelphia, on the centennial Fourth of July, can forget how he held ten thousand people silent to listen to the splendid poem beginning,

"Sun of the stately Day."

His singular power of attraction for dumb animals as well as human beings appears more than once. Writing to his mother from Khartoum, when in Ethiopia, he says: "To one of the trees (in the garden of the Austrian consul) is chained a tame leopard, a particular pet of mine. To vary my amusement there are two hyenas, — who are a little wolfish and snap sometimes, — an immense adjutant crane, and a whole yard-full of gazelles, wild goats, antelopes, and ibexes. In the outer court is a full-grown lioness, also a great friend of mine. I sit on her back, and give her my hand to lick. She likes to take my leg in both paws, then open her jaws and close them very gently around it, but she is too well fed to bite. The pacha has a little lion which runs loose about the house, and gives him great amusement by frightening the slaves. When I add that I ride every day on a red stallion of the wild breed of Dar-Fur, you will certainly think I have grown barbaric in my tastes."

Bayard Taylor's wide travel, keen thought, and, above all, his poet's soul, made his religion

[1] Life and Letters of Bayard Taylor. Edited by Marie Hansen-Taylor and Horace E. Scudder. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin, & Co.

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deep and tender, and full of the grace of charity. He felt the upreaching in all worship, and was not afraid to stand by his faith in the brotherhood of humanity. "Besides, there is truth, however dim and eclipsed, behind all these outward symbols. Even the naked and savage Dinkas of Central Africa worship trees; and so do I. The Parsees worship the sun as the greatest visible manifestation of the Deity; and I assure you I have felt very much inclined to do the same when he and I were alone in the desert."

His heart was cosmopolitan no less than his mind. He absorbed the languages of every country in which he stayed, and he took the life of the people into his own, and became one of them. He knew that he could not have been so good a traveller without being first and most a poet. His faith in his best and dearest work was always with him from his humble early home to his last days, when Minister to Germany.

The second wife, who was the mother of his daughter, and his devoted companion for the last twenty years of his life, was the daughter of the German astronomer, Hansen. It was from the American legation at Berlin, as we all remember, that the news came of Bayard Taylor's death. He who had once written of the glorification of the physical took on the immortal, and the grief and affection of the two nations that he loved best follow him.

Illustrated Books.

THE illustrated books which appear this year are more tempting than ever. The beautiful garb in which many old favorites are dressed for the holiday trade are marvels of book-making. Then there are new volumes of most luring nature.

"THE ALGONQUIN LEGENDS"[1] of Mr. Leland open a mine of rich folk-lore to poets, historians, and lovers of the quaint and curious. The myths of the Micmac, the Passamaquoddy, and the Penobscot tribes are very ancient, and are rich with traditions that point to the affinity of these Indians with more northern peoples, American and European, and seem to indicate similarity between the religion of the Algonquins and that of the Norsemen, as set forth in the Eddas, the Sagas, and popular tales of Scandinavia.

MR. GEORGE W. CABLE has been called "the man who discovered New Orleans."[2] He has certainly brought the quaint and picturesque old French-American city into the mellow light of a most affectionate study and criticism. His book on the creoles is full of what writers call "material," and has its own delicious local color. It is not a novel, but a sort of discursive history, written with a most fascinating sympathy, of those people in Louisiana who "celebrate the Fourth of July; and ten days later, with far greater enthusiasm, they commemorate that great Fourteenth that saw the fall of the Bastile." The book is charmingly illustrated by Mr. Jo. Pennell.

"OUR GREAT BENEFACTORS"[1] is a well-edited book of biographies of men and women eminent in literature and art, in discovery and exploration, in philanthropy, philosophy, patriotism, science, and invention. The biographies are of people who have distinguished themselves in these various fields, chiefly in England and America, during the last five hundred years. This is an entertaining as well as a useful book, and is done in suitable form for a gift-book.

WORDSWORTH'S beautiful ode, "Intimations of Immortality,"[2] from recollections of early childhood," is illustrated in a new edition by D. Lothrop & Co. The charm of the poem is always new, and it will find welcome in this holiday form.

"HOW TO LEARN AND EARN"[3] is the name of a bright book of particular interest to boys and girls. It gives short accounts of life in more than a dozen famous schools of all sorts, from West Point to the Kindergarten. It is aptly and attractively illustrated.

"STUFF AND NONSENSE"[4] is an amusing Christmas nonsense book by A. B. Frost. It is full of roaring jollity and good cheer. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.

A COLLECTION of illustrated witticisms of the year, from that clever journal *Life*,[5] appears in book form, done up very prettily for a holiday gift.

FOUR of the pretty "Flower-songs Series,"[6] arranged and illustrated by Susie B. Skelding, have appeared. They are From Moor and Glen, Pansies and Orchids, Roses and Forget-me-

[1] The Algonquin Legends of New England. By Charles G. Leland. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin, & Co.

[2] The Creoles of Louisiana. By George W. Cable. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

[1] Our Great Benefactors. Edited by Samuel Adams Drake. Profusely illustrated. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

[2] Intimations of Immortality. By William Wordsworth. Illustrated. Boston: D. Lothrop & Co.

[3] How to Learn and Earn; or, Half Hours in Some Helpful Schools. By Mrs. Jessie Benton Fremont, Mrs. Ella Farman Pratt, Mrs. John Lillie, E. E. Brown, and others. Boston: D. Lothrop & Co.

[4] Stuff and Nonsense. By A. B. Frost. Illustrated by the author. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

[5] The Good Things of Life. New York: White, Stokes, & Allen.

[6] Flower-song Series. By Susie B. Skelding. New York: White, Stokes, & Allen.

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nots, and A Bunch of Roses. These are dainty holiday souvenirs, with pictures of favorite flowers, and poems about them by favorite authors.

New Novels.

"JOHN RANTOUL"[1] is a book in which the author insists upon the ennobling and beautifying power of a passion which the hero feels and expresses for the wife of another man. Loving married women seems to be a great fashion in Washington. But a true man knows that the fostering and the speaking of such a feeling rings false against truth. More, he could not win a hearing from a woman who had not blinded her most delicate instincts by letting herself look at the truths of love and life through the peculiar medium of certain social atmospheres.

"ALMOST A DUCHESS,"[2] the last published of the "No Name Series" of Roberts Brothers, is a touching story, based on the peculiar relations of French and English marriage laws. It is told in a simple, straightforward style, and will, doubtless, be guessed as coming from the pen of a half-dozen different authors. Whoever wrote it, it is a good story, with a chord in it that will enlarge in the hearts of its readers the rare grace of pitiful charity for wrong-doers.

THERE is the making of a very clever story-writer in L. Clarkson. Her book, "The Shadow of John Wallace,"[3] has something more in it than an ingenious plot insufficiently worked out in a crude literary style. There are glaring faults, and it is almost certain on the face of it that the story was written hastily. But, conventional and careless though it is, there are in places glimpses of true artistic feeling and bits of restful description.

"AN AMERICAN POLITICIAN"[4] is that "institution" of the decade, a novel with a purpose. Of course it takes no special literary rank, but it is bright and strong as a picture of life, and sound in its dealing with the passion of politics.

THE last issued of the "Stories by American Authors Series," published by the Scribners, contains tales by Octave Thanet, Edward Bellamy, Louise Stockton, Margaret Floyd, James T. McKay, and Virginia W. Johnson.

[1] John Rantoul. By Henry Loomis Nelson. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co.

[2] Almost a Duchess. The No Name Series. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

[3] The Shadow of John Wallace. By L. Clarkson. New York: White, Stokes, & Allen.

[4] An American Politician. By F. Marion Crawford. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin, & Co.

TWO volumes are added to the "Leisure Hour Series" of Henry Holt & Co., New York. These are, "My Friends and I," by Mr. Julian Sturgis, and "Dark Days," by Hugh Conway (F. J. Fargus).

Pamphlets on Wheeling.

A HALF-DOZEN little books on wheeling come across the water, nearly all of them from Iliffe & Son, the London publishers of OUTING.

"TRICYCLING FOR LADIES"[1] is a small volume of only fifty-four pages, but it contains a deal of information upon its subject. It is by a practical English lady-tricyclist. Much of it, however, is inapplicable to American women. Few rear-steerers are used in this country, and the directions about them are practically useless with us. The advice in regard to winter-riding is also unnecessary here, as "the rigors of a frozen clime" preclude the possibility of much tricycling during the winter months in a large part of our country. There are other points which must be capital for English women, but fail to meet the needs of our lady-riders. But it contains many serviceable hints upon dress, care of the machine, management of front-steerers, etc. It will be read with interest by the fast-increasing class of lady-riders.

"NAUTICUS IN SCOTLAND"[2] is an account of a tricycle tour of 2,462 miles through Scotland, along the west coast, and in the Isle of Skye. It is full of interesting incident and fresh with the breath of the Highlands. It is a capital guide-book for any one purposing a tour through the romantic regions it describes, for it contains the prose as well as the poetry of riding.

Advice to bicyclers is constantly in demand as their numbers increase, and the "Guide to Bicycling"[3] of Mr. Henry Sturmey ought to have good success; for it is concise and practical.

"WESTWARD HO!" is the history of a sociable run, now quite frequent in England.

"THE TOURIST'S GUIDE"[5] is for the use of English wheelmen, though many of its general paragraphs are equally applicable to American tourists.

"TRAINING FOR AMATEUR ATHLETES"[6] makes a specialty of the training of bicyclists, and appears to be an uncommonly sensible and useful hand-book on the subject.

"THE SELECTION OF A MACHINE"[7] is an

[1] Tricycling for Ladies, by F. J. Erskine; [2] Nauticus in Scotland; [3] The Complete Guide to Bicycling and Tricycling, by Henry Sturmey; [4] Westward Ho!; [5] The Tourist's Guide; [6] Training for Amateur Athletes. London: Iliffe & Son. [7] How to Select and Ride a Tricycle or Bicycle. By W. J. Spurrier. London: H. Etherington.

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important item, and Mr. Spurrier's pamphlet makes points upon special machines.

Miscellaneous.

MISS FAITHFULL'S "Three Visits to America"[1] is a genial book. She likes America, and she tries to be just and kind; but, after all, she can't help looking upon America and American customs as extraordinary. That is her pet word about us; but she really makes some very funny mistakes. She says that we call luggage "freight," and that people talk about "going into house-keeping." She gets the names of a good many prominent people into most singular forms of spelling, and calls Miss Willard the president of Evanston College. The former dean of the Woman's College of Northwestern University will laugh when she sees that. One thing which Miss Faithfull says about roads will strike home to every wheelman: "I use that word 'jolting' advisedly, for road-making is an undiscovered science in America. There are *ways* to a place, but no roads, in our English acceptance of the term. Even in some of the large cities in the East this is a noticeable feature."

THE "Countess of Albany,"[2] by "Vernon Lee," is added to the "Famous Women Series" of Roberts Brothers. "Vernon Lee" is Miss Violet Paget, who, though an Englishwoman, has lived much in Italy, and is thoroughly conversant with Italian thought and life, not only from her Florentine residence, but from her wide study of all Italian literature. She takes hold of her difficult subject with the zest of a scholar and the impartiality of a good-humored philosopher, but shows underneath these the thorough sympathy of a woman. She does not accuse or excuse the Countess of Albany; she only tells the story of the life of the wife of the second Pretender in a straightforward way, but makes one feel, in spite of her clear-cut historical sentences, that she reads between the lines of the life she writes of, and is rather sorry than otherwise for the woman who had no religion but her adoration for the poet Alfieri, — a religion which, of course, fell short of carrying either one happily through life.

[1] Three Visits to America. By Emily Faithfull. New York: Fowler & Wells Co.

[2] The Countess of Albany. By Vernon Lee. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

THAT delicious country book, "My Farm of Edgewood,"[1] by Ik Marvel, is out in a new edition from Scribner's. It is as fresh and charming as ever, for the farmer had the poet's love of the country.

MR. FREDERICK LOCKER is one of those verse-makers called poets in common parlance. About these, a critic, whom he quotes, says, in the London *Times*, "The way they play at bopeep with their feelings makes them a class by themselves." His "Poems"[2] will have a certain tenacity of life as *vers de société*, because they are such piquant, bopeep pictures of the social life and emotions of his London day. Very worthy of his hand, also, is the good collection of poems of this sort, edited by Mr. Locker, which comes from his New York publishers under the title "Lyra Elegantiarum."[3]

A COMPILATION of the best translations of Heine's poetry comes from New York.[4] Sir Theodore Martin, K.C.B., and Edgar A. Bowring, C.B., are the translators, from whose works are chosen these graceful English versions of the poet, who is almost as dear to English readers as to his own countrymen.

"CALLIRHOË" and "Fair Rosamund" are two dramas, by Michael Field, which have just come from the press of Henry Holt & Co., New York. The story at first is drawn from a classic source, and the scene is Grecian. The second is the story of the English King Henry and Fair Rosamund.

A GEORGE MACDONALD Calendar, with a portrait, comes with holiday cheer and the good man's portrait from White, Stokes, & Allen, of New York.

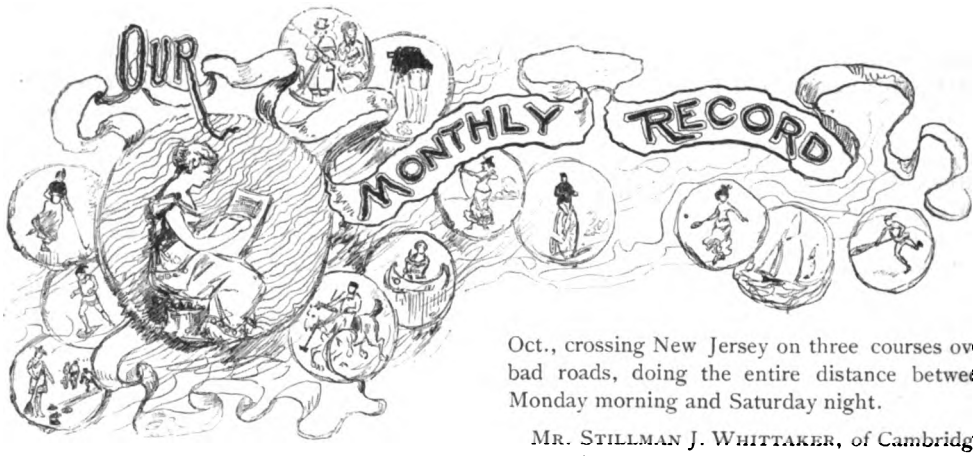
THE Emerson Calendar (Houghton, Mifflin, & Co.) has been newly arranged for 1885, and is beautifully decorated by Florence Tabor. It is most artistically gotten up and has a fine portrait of Mr. Emerson, to illustrate the wise sayings which are chosen from his works for every day of the year.

[1] My Farm of Edgewood. By the Author of "Reveries of a Bachelor." New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

[2] Poems. By Frederick Locker. [3] Lyra Elegantiarum. Edited by Frederick Locker. New York: White, Stokes, & Allen.

[4] Heine's Book of Songs. New York: White, Stokes, & Allen.

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FOR MONTH ENDING NOVEMBER 30.

Bicycling and Tricycling.

THE wheeling season is practically over. Christmas, in the Northern States at least, furnishes another sort of coasting than that which the wheelman knows. Northern riders who do not expect to go to Bermuda or New Orleans, or other warm climes, this winter, are turning their mental attention to the meets and tours of the future. There are now nearly 5,000 members of the L.A.W., and Buffalo is speaking up energetically for the next League meet. It is proposed that Chicago, Boston, New York, and Buffalo unite to make a grand tour of a fortnight in July, immediately following the meet. The route planned is through Canada to the Thousand Isles, through the Mohawk Valley returning, and down the Hudson river to New York. Mr. F. G. Bourne is named as commander.

THE October races of the Omaha Wheel Club were largely attended, and resulted as follows: Half-mile dash, F. M. Shaw, Glenwood, Iowa, 1.41; C. M. Woodman, second. One-mile race, first heat, W. Patterson, of Toronto, Can., 3.58; second heat, Runcie lost by a half-length to Patterson in 4 2⅕. Two-mile, open, Patterson won, over John Nicholson, of Minneapolis, in 6.54. Five-mile, open, John Nicholson, 17.5½.

THE report of the races of the Pine Tree Wheel Club at Bangor, Oct. 22, show the following winners: half-mile, 2 in 3, first and final heats, C. S. Maynard, in 1.52 and 1.47; three-minute half-mile race, C. H. Crosby, exact; one-mile handicap, F. L. Goodwin, 3.45; one hundred yards, slow, O. B. Humphrey. The beautiful new rooms of the club were opened in the evening with music, speeches, and dancing.

MR. R. D. MEAD, captain of the Essex Club, of Newark, N.J., made a tour of 345 miles in Oct., crossing New Jersey on three courses over bad roads, doing the entire distance between Monday morning and Saturday night.

MR. STILLMAN J. WHITTAKER, of Cambridge, made the best American road record for one hundred miles, Oct. 22, doing the distance in nine hours.

THE Ladies' Tricycling Club, of New York, numbers fifty members. Forty of these made a club run in October.

THE fall races of the Cleveland Bicycle Club in October resulted as follows: One-mile club championship, George Collister, 3.18¾; five-mile club championship, J. D. Pugh, jr., 18.29½; half-mile, 2 in 3, F. P. Root, first and final heat in 1.30¾ and 1.36¼; quarter-mile, 2 in 3, W. F. Knapp, first in final, in 44s., second in first in 43⅕; one-mile time, H. E. Rose, 3.59¼; one-mile, W. F. Knapp, 3.27½; two-mile record, George Collister, 6.54¼; one hundred yards run, F. W. Douglass, 11¾; one-mile tug-of-war, J. D. Pugh, jr., 3.14¾; one-mile consolation, M. M. Jones, 3.32¼.

AT the games of the McGill University (Montreal), Oct. 23, R. C. Holden won a one-mile bicycle race in 3.58½.

F. L. DEAN, of the Freshman class at Harvard College, won a two-mile bicycle race, Oct. 23, in 7.7½.

AT the Columbia College races (New York) Oct. 25, D. H. Renton won the two-mile bicycle handicap.

A HALF-MILE race at Cornell University (Ithaca, N.Y.) was won, Oct. 25 by Howard, of the class of '86.

L. H. JOHNSON and J. W. Smith, of the Wanderers' Club (Orange, Mass.), won a ten-mile handicap on a tandem tricycle, Oct. 25, making five miles in 19.33, and finishing the ten in 39.38¾.

THE race-meeting at Macon, Ga., Oct. 28, resulted as follows: five-miles, J. H. Polhill, 22m.; slow race, two hundred yards, Joseph Wilbourne, 5.40; one mile, J. H. Polhill, 4.11; two miles,

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J. H. Polhill, 7.20; two-mile time race, Charles Gunsey, 7.15.

C. J. YOUNG and R. A. Neilson raced at the Union grounds, Boston, Oct. 29, for $200 a side. The distance was one mile, in heats, best two in three. Neilson won, making the first heat in 3.39, and the final in 3.41. Young won the second heat in 3.40, and was close upon Neilson in the final.

NOVEMBER 1, the following members of the Chicago Bicyle Club met at their club-house in response to a call from their captain, W. G. E. Peirce, for a twenty-four hours' go-as-you-please run: N. H. Van Sicklen, J. K. Cady, A. Ruhling, H. B. Heywood, T. B. Meteyard, and H. Ruhling. The start was made at 8 P.M., by the boulevards to Jackson park and back to Dearborn avenue. The six riders finished at 11.30 P.M., having done 31 1/4 miles. Next morning at 5.45, Van Sicklen, H. and A. Ruhling continued. They rode to Lincoln park, thence to Douglas park, to Garfield park, then out on West Madison street to the Desplaines river, and back to the club-rooms by 10.4. Twenty-two minutes were taken for breakfast at Garfield park. H. Ruhling dropped out at the club-house with about 70 miles to his credit. A. Ruhling and Van Sicklen then rode to South Chicago, where they took fifty minutes for dinner, and returned to the club-house when Ruhling stopped with 101 1/4 miles to his credit. Van Sicklen, joined by some fresh riders, who aimed to set his pace, then went to Desplaines, Oak park, and Humboldt park, stopping fifteen minutes for lunch. The pace-makers then gave up their task, excepting Lloyd, who ran back to the club-house with Van Sicklen, reaching there at 5.45, when the champion had done 128 7/8 miles. After resting thirty-five minutes he continued, and finished at 8 P.M., having done 143 1/8 miles.

TWENTY-FIVE tricycles made a novel feature in a political procession in Boston, Monday evening, November 3.

ABOUT twenty-five members of the Brooklyn Bicycle Club enjoyed a club run in New Jersey, November 4, under the leadership of Captain Elliot. They were joined by Captain Cobb, of the Mercury Wheelmen, of Flushing, with six men; Captain Dunnell, of the Heights Wheelmen, with ten men, and Captain Wright, of the Bedford Wanderers, with five men, making nearly fifty in all.

THE wheelmen of Elizabeth, N.J., held a road race November 4. The weather was too bad and the roads too pasty for making any very good time. The club president, Hastings, acted as starter and timer. Messrs. Wetmore and Bonnett went ahead on a tandem tricycle, to time the racers at the turn, at Milburn tavern. A. S. Roorback, A. S. Brown, A. C. Ridley, G. Carleton Brown, L. B. Bonnett, and W. C. Fink started. There were four long hills to climb and coast. Roorback took the lead and kept it, making the turning-point, a little more than four miles, in 16.6, the others following in from one minute to four minutes. The run home was against a driving wind and rain-storm. There was some lively competition in spite of the rough weather, which seemed to put Roorback at his best. He reached the line first, making the distance of 8 miles, plus, in 40.16; L. Bonnett came in second, at 41.31; A. S. Brown and G. C. Brown finished, but Fink and Ridley did not. The club has gained in numbers from ten to forty-three members since last April.

THE third annual road race of the Ixion Bicycle Club, New York, took place November 4. The run was from Fifty-ninth street and the Western Boulevard to Yonkers, a distance of 15 miles. Those who contested were: P. M. Harris, E. I. Robinson, William De Camera, and B. G. Sanford. Fifteen members were out on their wheels to see the races. The winner was P. M. Harris, in 1h. 10m. 45s.; E. I. Robinson came in second. The gold badge, won last year by R. G. Rood, was given to Harris. It must be won three times by one man before it becomes his own. The Ixions, Will Pitman, captain, have formally opened their new club-room, at No. 2 East Sixtieth street.

H. SOUTHER won a two-mile race in 7.55 3/5 in the races of the Boston Institute of Technology, November 8.

THE tournament held at Kansas City, Nov. 8, 9, 10, and 14, was a great success. Fred Westbrook won the three-mile professional from Morgan and Eck in 10.30. The last day was field day. The races resulted in this manner: One-mile, C. B. Ellis, 3.44 3/4; five-mile, T. M. Hardwick, 17.48 1/2; one-mile State championship, C. E. Stone, 3.34; three-mile, J. T. Orr, 10.44; half-mile, tricycle, D. Henderson, 2.28; bicycle *vs.* runner, A. J. Tobin, on foot, half-mile; C. E. Stone, on bicycle, one-mile. L. Armaindo against time, made a half-mile, in two heats, in 1.51 and 1.45 3/4.

A NEW bicycle club has been formed in Huntingdon, Pa., with the following officers: presi-

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dent, Fred Snare; secretary and treasurer, D. S. Drake; captain, Herbert Miller; sub-captain, C. R. Gilman; bugler, Robert E. Brown.

THE number of wheelmen in Georgia and Alabama has doubled during the last year. Mr. R. H. Polk, of Montgomery, Ala., is a leader among them.

GEORGE M. HENDEE has made a quarter-mile in 38 1/5 s. He has also won the record for three-quarters of a mile in 1.59.

THE Rovers, of Delaware, Ohio, claim the State record for a twenty-four-hour club run. Their distance was 125 miles, but was not measured by cyclometers. The Cleveland Bicycle Club has the registered record of 112 5/8 miles within twenty-four hours.

A PARTY of wheelmen will leave New York, January 22, on the steamer *Orinoco*, for a tour on Bermuda. Mr. F. A. Elwell, of Portland, Me., invites correspondence from riders or others who wish to join the excursion.

MR. T. SEDGWICK STEELE has resigned the presidency of the Connecticut Club, at Hartford, Conn. During his efficient administration the club has grown from fifteen to forty members.

THE club records of the Plainfield (N.J.) Bicycle Club show the following winners: road-record for six months, D. M. Runyon, 3,008 miles; for twenty-four hours, A. L. C. Marsh, 150 miles.

N. H. VAN SICKLEN, of Chicago, who is famous throughout the North-west as a prize-winner, took his first medal, a gold one, in a bicycle race, at Pullman, Ill., May 30, 1883,—the third contest in which he ever participated. His next victories were on June 22 and July 4, at the same place. On the latter date he won the two-mile and five-mile handicaps. On September 1 he won a one-mile heat race at Grenier's garden, in 3.23 1/4 and 3.30, respectively. At Woodstock, Ill., September 4, he competed in three races, but his only prize was a second in the two-mile handicap. In the Exposition building, on December 15, he won the Chicago Bicycle Club 25-mile champion medal in 1h. 36m. 38s. On December 29 he rode in the Armory Bicycle Club races, winning a one-mile dash and a ten-mile race. On April 2, 1884, he took a second prize in a five-mile handicap, and on May 30, at Pullman, he was victor in one and three mile races. July 1 he gained the one-mile championship of the Chicago Bicycle Club, and won a three-mile race. At Rockford, Ill., on September 4, he won first prizes in one, three, and five mile races, and the next day, at Woodstock, was victorious in the quarter and one mile races, and the one and two mile handicaps. In all, Mr. Van Sicklen has competed in thirty-two races, and has won a very handsome proportion of them.

THE Washington Cycle Club has lately leased for a term of years a spacious building on Twelfth street, N.W., and has refitted and furnished it at great expense for the use of its members. The basement is for the storage of the machines, and there is an easy entrance by a folding-door on an alley within a few feet of Twelfth street. The club was established on March 13, 1883, with a baker's dozen of members, but now it numbers about forty-five members. The officers of the club are: Dr. E. T. Pettingill, president; H. H. Bliss, vice-president; Dr. W. T. Fizer, treasurer; J. H. Hawley, secretary; L. M. Kruger, captain; A. P. Crenshaw, lieutenant; and Lewis Flemer, second lieutenant.

FOREIGN.

M. ROUSSET, a well-known French wheelman, President of the Veloce Club, Bordelais, has made a distance of 211 miles in twenty-four hours on a tricycle. He was accompanied by Prince Solaykoff. The run was from Pau to Aire and return, and the twenty-four hours include necessary time for food and rest.

MR. F. S. BUCKINGHAM, of the Brixton Ramblers, made 262 miles in twenty-four hours on a fifty-inch wheel, Oct. 25.

A TWENTY-MILE inter-club race was held at Phœnix Park, Dublin, in October. It was won by the Dublin University team. The best time of any single man was made by E. S. McKay, of the Irish champion team, in 1h. 13m. 25s.

THE Cambridge University (Eng.) annual fifty-mile road race for the challenge cup took place Oct. 25. The contestants were: G. Gatehouse, of Christ's College; A. W. Rumney, C. W. Fagan, and G. N. Latham, of Trinity Hall; A. Barrett, of Christ's, and G. F. C. Searle. Rumney led for the first half-mile, then Gatehouse took the lead. At the end of the seventh mile Fagan and Rumney came up to him; and all kept together till the tenth mile, when Gatehouse led off again, and kept ahead till the end of the race, winning by 13m. in the good time of 3h. 18m.

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READING ROOM.

MR. W. G. H. ELLISON, English consul at Genoa, is an enthusiastic tourist, and has ridden over a large part of Northern Italy and Switzerland. In the latter country he found the roads good, and "the hills by no means so heavy and steep as is generally supposed." He has twice spent a month bicycling in Switzerland, and has crossed some of the highest passes. He suggests a union of the interests of the C.T.C. with the Alpine Club.

MR. F. TURREY, of the Sunderland Wanderers, recently rode 212 miles in 23½ h. with his bicycle geared up to sixty-one inches.

MESSRS. R. CRIPPS and H. F. Wilson have taken the English tandem record away from Messrs. J. S. Smith and W. Brown. This lowering was done Oct. 23. The record now stands: half mile, 1.26; three-quarters mile, 2.10; one mile, 2.54; two mile, 5.55.

M. PAUL MÉDINGER has taken the French championship away from M. de Civry.

THE English general post-office has adopted the tricycle for the parcels post. Two tricycles, each capable of carrying two hundred pounds, run between Waterloo and Croydon, and between London bridge and Woolwich; each distance is about twelve miles. The work was previously done by a cart and two horses.

Canoeing.

OCTOBER 18, the New York Club held a race with the following entries, finishing as named: *Guenn*, Whitlock; *Dot*, Vaux; *Surge*, Bailey; *Tramp*, Stevens; *Freak*, Schuyler. The course was three miles, and the wind strong enough to necessitate reefing. The *Dot* goes to Florida this winter to remain, and the *Pysche* makes her annual cruise to the same State.

THE Springfield Club has sent to its friends the club badge for 1885. The device is the club burgee on white satin suspended from a gold trident, and will doubtless appear at Grindstone on the dress of many a canoeist.

THE *Girofle* has gone to Boston, and the *Girofla* will soon leave for parts unknown. The appearance of their successors is watched for with interest by all who hope for flags next summer.

OCTOBER 12, the Mohican Club made the following amendment to its Constitution: Article VII., Membership. Sect. 3. The officers of the A.C.A. shall *ex officio* be members of the Mohican Canoe Club without payment of initiation fee and dues. The present Championship badge has been made a challenge badge for cruising rigs. Its place is taken by a gold badge presented by Capt. Gibson for boats of A and B classes without limit of time, ballast, or rig. The club is looking for a loft of sufficient height to admit of rigging sails, and, if found, the evolution of the perfect rig will undoubtedly receive a great impulse during the winter. — Poor "Sob," after successully encountering the Hartford cat, the New York firewood, and camp cookery in general, has at last succumbed to polishing paste, and adds his mite to the purity of the Hudson's waters.

THE formation of a club of single-handers will be welcomed by many who are at present barred out by A.C.A. rules, or who desire more roomy craft than those rules allow them to build.

WE desire to receive notice of the formation of new clubs during the winter, and, it is needless to add, want to hear of all that the older clubs are doing in the way of transfers, invention, and camp-fires.

UNTIL June 1, 1885, communications for Dr. Neide should be addressed: Dr. Chas. A. Neide, Secretary-Treasurer A.C.A., New Orleans, La.

CANOEING on the Pacific coast seems to be reviving, as attested by the work of the past season and the promise for the coming one. Oakland, Cal., now boasts a fleet of seven. It would be a great privilege for us of the East if some of those Western men could so arrange their business trips to this side of the continent that we might see them on the St. Lawrence next summer.

Pleasure Travel and Resorts.

HOTEL-KEEPERS in New Orleans say that they are not going to put on exorbitant prices during the exhibition, and the multitude of Southern-minded people breathe freely once more. There are several routes to be chosen by travellers going to New Orleans. One can go by Chicago and St. Louis, by Baltimore and Cincinnati, by Washington and Atlanta, by coast steamers, or from Rock Island or St. Louis down the Mississippi. Each way presents its own special attractions.

THERE is to be a good deal of social life at Newport this winter, for the winds there are not quite bleak enough to beat off everybody not obliged

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to stay in cold weather, as, for example, at "salt Nahant," whose Christmas population is less than one thousand shivering souls.

ON to Mexico! is a sort of rally-cry for a large class of winter tourists. The delightful descriptions of those who have been there are drawing many more across the prairies and mountains to the ancient city.

AN unusual number of Americans are wintering in Florence. It is always the most charming of cities, and the opening of the new International College for Women makes it doubly attractive to foreign-dwelling folk.

SAN ANTONIO is more favored in winter than the coast resorts of Texas. The climate is found to be particularly good for many, and is particularly even, a boon to those who do not enjoy the piquant variations of a northern winter.

"THE AZORES" has long been an expression that meant all sorts of balm and bliss to invalids. The fine clipper barque *Sarah*, now making the distance in comparatively short time, gives opportunity to travellers who dislike the jar and grind of a steamer's machinery, to make the voyage to the summer islands without that annoyance.

BAYARD TAYLOR went pleasure travelling in Norway in the coldest of weather, and says of himself that for a long time after his seasoning in a temperature of 34° below zero, he was proof against "taking cold." This is a consoling idea, or a stimulating idea, to those who find keen pleasure in skating and coasting in northern latitudes.

THE proprietor of the largest summer mountain resort in the world, the Hotel Kaaterskill, has made arrangements for the building of a cable railroad up the Catskill mountains from Palenville to his hotel.

A LARGE new house, called the "Hotel San Marco," has been opened at St. Augustine. This hotel, and the Magnolia on the St. John's river, will be managed by Mr. O. D. Seavey for Mr. Crufts.

Tennis.

THE out-door season is over, and lawn-tennis is now in full swing in-doors. To the truly faithful, whether out-doors or in is of little consequence, but most good players find two great drawbacks to winter play. One is the fact that a wooden floor forms but a poor substitute for either a grass or dirt court; and the other is the lack of proper light. In nearly all places the light comes from side windows, and is found to be anything but conducive to clear sight. Both these objections could be easily overcome in a building erected for the purpose, and such a building in Boston is within the possibilities of another season.

LATE English exchanges contain much interesting matter relating to the game. As is usual at the close of the season various suggestions have been made in regard to altering some of the rules, such as abolishing the "let" in serving, and the right of a player to lose a set purposely in a match, etc. There are, however, no indications of any important changes in the laws governing the game this year. A classification of the best English players has also been attempted, and the discussion of this subject has developed considerable differences of opinion, as might naturally be expected. The matter is of interest to us chiefly in affording us an opportunity of comparing our strength with theirs; and it would seem that there are not more than half a dozen men in England, besides the champion, who would be certain of winning against our champion or Dr. Dwight. This is certainly a very favorable showing, all things considered. Should Messrs. Dwight and Sears visit England again, next season, it would probably result in their mounting several steps on the ladder of fame, even though the top might not be reached, though even this we do not regard as impossible. In these speculations on the future, Mr. W. Renshaw's name must be left out, as his position is, for the present at least, an impregnable one.

THERE is not quite as much play at the Boston Tennis Court this winter as in former years. Whatever the cause, the fact is greatly to be regretted. If the true merits of this most fascinating of all games were more widely known, and better understood, it would never lack ardent supporters and players. In England and on the Continent it has, for many generations, been the acknowledged "King of Games." The objections to it most frequently heard are the difficulty of acquiring even a moderate degree of proficiency, and the expense. To the latter the reply is that it costs no more than many men spend in bicycling, lawn-tennis, or yachting; and, as a form of combined mental and physical training, its results are beyond comparison with any other recreation. To the former we reply that the value of most attainments is in direct proportion to the difficulty of mastering them. What is anything worth that any body can acquire

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without any trouble? The fact is, however, that the difficulties of the game are over-estimated. It is true that some patience and work are necessary at the beginning, and that but few have the capacity to become really fine players, but any man who is good at cricket, rackets, or the lawn game, can become a tennis-player, if he is willing to learn. No finer training exists for all the manly qualities. It has been said that no selfish, conceited, lazy, or irritable man can become a good cricketer; and the same is true of tennis. We are glad to learn that the long-talked of plan for erecting a court in New York is to be carried out at once. This will undoubtedly give a great impetus to the game, although it is already greatly in favor with New Yorkers, who have become familiar with it abroad, and at Newport. We hope to see the day when every large city has its court, and the noble game has become as fixed and permanent an institution in the New World as in the Old.

Yachting.

IN October last Captain Ira Smith, of New York, offered to match his well-known yacht *Susie S.* against any yacht of her class, in a series of three races, for a purse of $500 for each race. If not accepted this season it will stand open for next season.

IT is well known that vessels built of thin steel will rust through rapidly, if not kept constantly painted. This is found to be the case to a remarkable extent in such vessels when navigating the rivers draining the interior of the African continent, the waters of which possess the power of corroding and eating through steel plates very rapidly.

THE American Steam-Yacht Club, about the middle of October, leased the second floor of house No. 574 Fifth avenue, and has fitted it up very handsomely for club-rooms. The house is directly opposite the Windsor Hotel.

THE saddest and most thrilling accident of the past year in yachting circles was the wrecking of yacht *Mignonette*, 33 tons, recently purchased by Mr. Henry Want, Sydney, N.S.W. She left Southampton, England, May 7, for Sydney, N.S.W., in charge of Captain Thomas Dudley. July 5, while crossing the equator, encountering a gale, she was boarded by a terrific sea, which knocked her sides in, the crew barely escaping before she sank, and not having time to procure any provisions. The boat drifted twenty-four days, when Capt. Dudley and the mate were picked up by the ship *Montezuma*, and carried into Falmouth, where they were arrested and tried for murder for killing the boy who was one of the crew; their defence was that the murder was done for procuring food. A subscription was started to defray the expenses of the trial for them. The jury brought in a verdict covering the above facts, and referring to the Superior Court the question of law as to whether a murder had been committed.

AT the meeting of the Larchmont Yacht Club, held November 5, an amendment to the by-laws was passed whereby the date of the annual meeting was changed from the second Wednesday in March to the second Wednesday in February.

THE steam-yacht *Nereid*, Heneschoff owner, of the Boston Yacht Club, has had her cabin enlarged, and other improvements made.

THE steam-yacht *Stranger's* normal speed on the Hudson river the past season, under a pressure of 95 lbs., making 135 revolutions, was 22 miles, with the current, in 65m. 30s.

THE keel schooner-yacht *Enigma*, belonging to Vice-Commodore W. H. Crane, of the Hull Yacht Club, was sold, October 22, to Mr. Herman Krous, of Salem, Mass. The *Enigma* was built in 1870 by Geo. Lambey & Son, and is 32 feet 10 inches long, 27 feet 9 inches water-line, 10 feet 3 inches beam, and draws 5 feet.

THE Brooklyn Yacht Club has shown new life the past season, and the prospects are that it will soon be one of the liveliest organizations around New York, regaining its old position. Eighty new members, many of them yacht-owners, have joined its membership. The club was organized in 1857, and is the oldest yacht club in the United States, except the New York Club. It has not had a regatta since 1868, when Lester Wallack was its commodore. In 1879, owing to internal troubles, many of its members left and joined the Atlantic Yacht Club, which was formed by four members of this club in 1866.

THE American Steam-Yacht Club, of New York, received a letter from the *Warszawskie Towarzystwo Wioslarkie*, the leading steam-yacht club of Russia, of which the United States consul at Warsaw is president, saying that the club had sent one of its flags, and desired the American Club to send one in return.

A NEW keel schooner-yacht named *Carmelita* has been built for J.V. Coleman, of San Francisco, by J. J. Driscoll, at Greenpoint, L.I. Her dimen-

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sions are: 84 feet over all, 69 feet water-line, 16 feet 6 inches beam, 10 feet draft aft, and 6 feet forward; she has 11 tons lead on keel, and 22 tons (moulded) for inside ballast; she has flush-deck, with cockpit 7 feet 10 inches long; 4 staterooms, 8 feet by 5½ feet; the saloon is 16 feet long, and ladies' state-room 16 feet by 8 feet.

THE new schooner-yacht *Mohican*, owned by Mr. H. D. Burnham, of the Eastern Yacht Club, was fitted up in thorough order in September at McKay's yard, East Boston. Mr. Burnham will pass the winter months cruising up the Mediterranean. The *Mohican* was built and finished last spring by Robert Palmer, Noank, Conn. Her length is 115 feet over all, 105 feet water-line. She has 60 tons of lead inside ballast, and spreads 13,000 square feet of canvas in her working sails.

IT is almost certain that Mr. W. S. Alley, the owner of the well-known sloop *Schemer*, of New York, will bring her to Boston next season, and try his hand with some of the Boston boats. The *Schemer* is a centre-board cabin-sloop, 39 feet 1 inch over all, 36 feet 4 inches water-line, 14 feet 6 inches beam, 3 feet draft; was built in 1871 by J. P. Wilkins; she has two tons of ballast. A race with the fast sloop *Shadow* is contemplated, and, with the reputation that the *Schemer* has in New York, the match would be very close, and would awaken a great deal of interest.

MONDAY night, October 20, Hell Gate was illuminated for the first time by the new electric light. The light is the most powerful in the world; nine lamps of six thousand candle-power each, are placed on a light iron tower, two hundred and fifty feet high, and the light is said to be visible at a distance of ten miles. The cost was about $20,000.

OCTOBER 7, the New York Yacht Club held its first general meeting since the removal to its new quarters, 67 Madison avenue. A committee consisting of ex-Commodores J. D. Smith and W. H. Thomas, and Messrs. Elbridge T. Gerry, Fairman Rogers, and F. W. J. Hurst was appointed to take into consideration and adopt such measures, either by appeal to Congress or by such other measures as may be deemed advisable, as will tend to secure a modification or repeal of the existing obnoxious regulations of the United States marine laws, so far as they tend to the restriction, growth, or pleasure of steam-yachting.

After the meeting the members were invited to a collation by its commodore, James Gordon Bennett. It was served in the large model room, which was tastefully decorated. About two hundred members were present. Among the table decorations were the different challenge cups presented by him to the club at various times during the past fifteen years. Several of the gentlemen complimented him for his past and present services to the club, and wished him *bon voyage* on his European trip, for which he started the next day.

SHOWING the freaks that the wind plays with yachts in Minnesota, a correspondent of the *Forest and Stream* writes, that his "keel schooner, of 30 feet water-line, while lying at anchor, with sails snugly stowed, and only spars and rigging exposed, was picked up, stood on her rudder for an instant, then dropped, stern first, and, of course, went under and filled."

CONSIDERABLE interest has been awakened in New York yachting circles by the lawsuit of Mr. James M. Seymour, owner of the steam-yacht *Radha*, against its former owner, Mr. Pierre Lorillard, for $50,000 damages. The cause of the complaint was, that Mr. Seymour claims that when Mr. Lorillard sold him the yacht it was with the understanding that the yacht was in first-rate condition and seaworthy; and upon trial she was far from it, Mr. S. and family, with friends, barely escaping a watery grave. According to the examination of Commander Gorringe, and other experts and insurance agents, it was found she could not live thirty minutes in rough weather, leaking, as it is said, eighteen inches in two hours and twenty minutes in perfectly smooth water. The yacht is now in good condition; she has been repaired, and has had an entire new bottom.

THE South Boston Yacht Club has lost one of its most active members by the death of Fred Whitman, in October.

IN the yacht race, October 18, between the *Linda* and *Maggie May*, off Peter's Beach, Atlantic City, N.J., the main sheet of the *Linda* parted and swept the deck of the *Maggie May*, killing Mr. Harvey Carr and seriously injuring Mr. Wm. Pember and Mr. Elliott Repp.

FROM accounts from Portland, Me., October 16, we learn that the sloop-yacht *Boss, Jr.*, recently bought by Mr. Augustus Day, of Freeport, was found sunk in the bay. Mr. Day started in her for Portland, October 14, and is supposed to have been drowned at the time of the accident.

THE steam-yacht *Seminole* has been rebuilt by Messrs. Peepgrass & Pine, Greenpoint, L.I. She has had a handsome deck-house put on her.

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MESSRS. PEEPGRASS & PINE have laid the keel of a steel steam-yacht for a member of the Atlantic Club. She will be 145 feet long, 18 feet beam, and 11 feet deep; was designed by Mr. John Harvey, and is intended only for cruising.

PROFESSOR MCINTOSH in speaking, at the recent Edinburgh Forestry Exhibition, of marine borers, mentioned that the most destructive of these insects is the Scotch gribble. These creatures not only attack timber, but are fond of attacking the materials used for protecting the submarine cables. The gribble's power is, perhaps, exceeded by that of a small bivalve (xylophaga). Nothing has yet been found to protect wood from this latter; but, while it is destructive to man's works, it gives us its assistance in removing wrecks and driftwood from the tracks of our vessels.

THE English cutter *Daisy*, which was brought over from England on the decks of one of the Boston line of steamers, has been making a good record for herself. She was built in Southampton in 1882, is 32 feet over all, 25 feet water-line, 8 feet 10 inches beam, and draws 5 feet 9 inches, with a lead keel of 4 1/2 tons; mast, 23 1/2 feet; top-mast, 22 feet; bowsprit, outboard, 20 feet; boom, 26 feet; gaff, 20 3/4 feet; spinnaker-boom, 30 1/4 feet. Her record in England was a prize for every start: one first, three seconds, and one third prize; and in this country she has added two first prizes in two starts.

THE centre-board schooner-yacht *Resolute* was sold by Mr. D. Henry Smith to Mr. John A. Brooks, of New York, Nov. 8. She was built in 1871 by David Carll for Mr. R. S. Hatch, and was considered at that time the most costly yacht afloat. She is 114 feet over all, 105 feet water-line, 25 feet beam.

LATE advices from England are that Messrs. T. G. Fay & Co., Southampton, England, are now building a forty-ton cutter-yacht for Mr. Geo. H. Warren, of Boston, the owner of the English cutter *Maggie*. The yacht will be a racer, from designs by Richardson. It is said that Mr. Warren has his eyes on the America cup.

ONE of the conditions which is required of the contestant of the America cup is that the yacht must proceed under her own sail to the place where the contest takes place. This debars the conveyance of any yacht, in whole or sections, on any ocean steamer.

ON the afternoon of Nov. 5 the centre-board sloop-yacht *Lorelli*, of the New Haven Yacht Club, was totally destroyed by fire. She was owned by Mr. W. E. Manson, and was 29 feet over all. She took fire from an oil lamp which some workmen were using on board making repairs. She was uninsured.

THE French yacht fleet, according to the yacht list just published, has at Havre 38 yachts; Nantes, 62 yachts; Marseilles, 70 yachts; Bordeaux, 58 yachts; and Paris, 74 yachts. There are 73 steam-yachts capable of making a sea voyage.

AT the annual muster of the Harlem Yacht Club, held Nov. 1, the following officers were elected for the ensuing year: commodore, John W. Thorp; vice-commodore, J. C. Pauley; treasurer, H. M. Jones; recording secretary, Julius Arnold; corresponding secretary, W. J. Parker; measurer, J. F. Lalor; directors, A. J. Woodruff, R. F. Barter, T. W. Jackson, D. Conlon, and Edw. Fitzgerald. The club has over one hundred members, and a large surplus in the treasury.

THE yacht *Herald*, owned by W. B. Smith, of City Point, altered last summer from a cat-rig to sloop, will be this winter still further improved by being lengthened and made deeper; the object to be gained is a small cabin to afford shelter on short cruises.

THE cutter *Huron* is being lengthened eight feet amidships at Smith's yard, City Point.

THE steam-launch *Florence*, belonging to Mr. G. E. Whitney, was sold October 27 to Messrs. E. Atkins & Co., Boston. She is to be shipped by steamer to Cuba, to be used there as a convoy. She was built in 1883 by G. E. Whitney, is 27 feet over all, 5 1/2 feet beam, draws 2 1/4 feet, and can speed ten miles an hour.

DURING the race of the Sewanhaka Club, October 18, the sloop *Athlon* broke her centre-board. But for this accident her owners are confident that she would have won. She outsailed the *Bedouin* over one minute, and beat the *Oriva* over two minutes from Buoy 8 1/2 to lightship.

JOHN MUMM, Brooklyn, is overhauling the sloop *Ilderan*. She will be made one foot deeper, and will be retopped.

THE Rapid Transit Railroad, being built along the north shore of Long Island, has spoiled the beauty and convenience of the quarters of the Sewanhaka Club-house. By cutting off the beach and a large part of the basin it prevents the yachts being hauled up there, and the sparks and dirt from the railroad will greatly inconven-

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ience the yachtsmen. The scum on the water from the oil-factories has always annoyed the members, preventing any bathing, besides being ruinous to yachts, boots, and clothing.

IN October last the centre-board sloop *Ripple*, of New York, was bought by Mr. George C. Smith, of the Buffalo Yacht Club, and was taken through the canal to his home. She is 36 feet over all, 34 feet water-line, 14 feet beam.

THE schooner *Republic* will be lengthened out amidships this winter, in Mumm's yard, Bay Ridge. She was built in 1880 by J. E. Smith from designs of Mr. A. Perry Blinn. She is 96½ feet over all, 78½ feet water-line, and 23 feet beam.

THE lake steam-yacht *Lancet* has had extensive alterations made this fall at Mumm's.

THE *New York Herald*, in speaking of the results of yacht-racing, during the season, says: "The deep-draught keel yacht showed its superior weatherly qualities to the shoal centre-board craft when 'wind jamming' in rough water, and when 'sliding' home with a free wind, the lighter and shoaler yacht slipped ahead of its heavy displacement competitor. Unpleasant weather during the Atlantic Club's cruise prevented anything of note. The annual cruise of the Sewanhaka Club was abandoned, and the New York Club cruise brought together more sail and steam yachts than ever before, but bad weather interfered with many of the races. The New Jersey Club regatta, October 2, was a grand affair, and the Knickerbocker Club's regatta was in every way a success. The Sewanhaka Club regattas were the events of the season."

THE deep cat-rig built this season by Messrs. George Lawley & Son, City Point, for C. A. Welch, Jr., of the Boston Yacht Club, was launched early in November. She is named *Vacuna*. Mr. Welch will pass the winter in his new yacht in Florida waters. According to the Boston *Herald*, Mr. Welch is now the owner of five boats: the *Voyu*, cat-rigs *Vacuna* and *Vat*, the 26-foot cutter *Vale*, and a new cat not yet named. The first three are in Boston, and the others in Florida.

THE New Orleans *Times* is the authority for the following report of a remarkable incident. The three-masted schooner *Themis*, of Boston, commanded by Capt. N. E. Kendrick, when about five days from Mobile, Ala., in a trip to Tampico, was struck by a sword-fish with such force as to drive the sword, which broke off, into the copper sheathing, then through the outer timbers of hull 4 inches in thickness, next a vacant space of 9 inches, and lastly through the inner ceiling, 4½ inches; altogether nearly 9 inches of plank and copper with 11 inches space, including the 2 inches protruding.

THE latest fashion among English yachtsmen is to embroider the sails of their yachts after the style of the Egyptians one hundred years ago.

ON Monday, November 10, the Nonpareil Sharpie yacht *Tarpon* sailed from Roslyn, L.I., for Florida. Her owner, Mr. John Aspinwall, of New York, and friends intend to pass the winter in those waters. The yacht carries a small steam-yawl hung on davits.

MR. HUGH WILLOUGHBY, owner of deep-keel yacht *Windward*, will pass the winter in Florida, and takes with him a 17-foot Nonpareil Sharpie drawing only 4 inches of water.

THE steam-yacht *Viola*, owned by Mr. J. P. Kennedy, of New York, will have a new and larger compound engine and boiler for next season.

THE steam-yacht *Yosemite* has been chartered by Mr. Samuel Holmes for a party of Chicago yachtsmen, to make a five months' cruise to Gulf ports, West India, and Caribbean sea.

THE new centre-board schooner-yacht *Decoy*, Sharpie model, owned by Dr. C. N. Hoagland, of New York, was launched at Brown's yard, Newark, N. J., November 14. She was designed by Mr. Wm. Zeigler, and is 54 feet long, 14 feet beam, 4½ feet deep. She sailed November 16th for Indian river, Florida, when her owner will join her. The design and build of the yacht is somewhat peculiar, and is intended for sporting purposes in Southern waters.

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A Few Hints for Huntsmen.

WHEN setting out on a 'coon hunt provide yourselves with a dog, an axe, and a man to chop down trees. A gun is also sometimes useful, and may be taken along if perfectly convenient.

Although partridges drum, be careful not to take everything that drums for a partridge. This caution is especially necessary in times of political parades.

For a genuine American fox-hunt take a pack of untrained beagles, a pack of anglophobiacs, and a bag of aniseseed. To add a fox is considered bad form, as his cleverness is regarded a reflection upon the hunters.

In deer-stalking it is etiquette to wear evening dress.

Should a leopard invite the hunter to a game of poker, the latter may sit down with all confidence that the beast will not change his spots.

It is scarcely necessary to remark that the place to look for hairs is in the underbrush.

The sportsman who is looking for wild-fowl will do well to frequent professional base-ball grounds.

When hunting for ducks, if you get them, put on dry clothing at once and swallow a glass of something hot.

For shooting small game, beginners will find a Gatling gun, with charges of grape and canister, effective and convenient.

Elephant-hunting is a popular sport, but it is now regarded among those who have most frequently seen the beast as both expensive and immoral.

A carriage-wheel may be a colt's revolver, but it is of no use in shooting game.

The crow is a bird which has become extinct from the excessive demands of politicians.

He who spends too much time seeking the wolf in the forest, may, on his return home, find him at the door.

If a hunter discovers a black bare it is manifestly the part of charity to dress him as soon as possible.

In shooting loons be careful to discriminate between the wild and the tame variety, since the killing of the latter sort is manslaughter.

Reed-birds in northern localities are found only on toast. Before being placed there they are English sparrows.

It is not sportsman-like to attempt the capture of birds by putting salt on their tails; but the more salt is put on the tales of hunters the more credible they are.

A bird in the hand may be worth any number in the bush, but it is the privilege of a shot-gun to equalize these values.

Geese are not to be hunted, but avoided.

Tennis.

CLOSE by the little lake,
Where the tall maples make
Shade, and the ripples break
Over the pebbles,
Here is the tennis-court
Where in their eager sport
Mingle in gay report
Tenors and trebles.

Linger, and listen to
Her in the dainty shoe
Peeping beneath the blue
Neat-fitting bunting
Tennis-gown just above: —
Bunting reminds me of
"Bye, bye o' baby, love,
Pa's gone a-hunting!"

Pa's gone a-hunting down
Bankers' and Brokers' town:
He doesn't know my brown
Fingers are linking
Others, small, slender, white;
Possibly, too, it might
Be not exactly quite
Fair to his thinking.

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Love plays an active part
In this delightful art:
Tennis' sons have a heart
So sentimental, —
So versed in tender rhyme;
Such a propitious time
Leads them to do what I'm
Sure's accidental.

Screened by the snowy nets,
Vapory epithets
Prove how the game upsets
Serious topics:
Monosyllabic bliss!
"Darling," and such as this, —
Things I am sure would dis-
Solve in the Tropics!

Pleasant it were to live
If dear papa would give
Answer affirmative,
Also a house, and
Settle upon my wife, —
Since the wise custom's rife, —
During her wedded life,
500,000!

Frank Dempster Sherman.

A Photo-Gravure.

JONES was up in the most remote mountain country, with his camera, in July. Jones is very fond of his camera. It cannot be as truly said that his camera is fond of him, for it leads him into all sorts of plights. For example, it made him frighten a good old country woman into a chill in midsummer.

He had just been taking some beautiful bits, and was giving the mysterious after-touches to his work with the satisfaction of a connoisseur, when the good old country woman came down the road and fell into dialogue with Jones, as follows: —

G. O. C. W. — "What be you goin' ter shoot, mister?"

JONES. — "Nothing, madam. This is not a gun."

G. O. C. W. — "Sho! Yes 'tis."

JONES [seeing her picturesque availability, and turning suddenly to get an instantaneous impression]. — "Stand still! don't move!"

A moment later he glanced up to see what was the matter. His subject stood transfixed with horror, her face as white as a sheet.

JONES. — "Don't be alarmed, madam. It won't hurt you. Pray compose your features."

G. O. C. W. [trembling and stammering.] — "Oh, don't let yer cannon go off!"

JONES. — [reassuringly]. — "Pray look pleased; you will make such a hit!"

At this, terrified nature and the instinct of self-preservation helped the frightened woman to totter out of range of the deathly instrument. But, like a true female Yankee, she gasped: "What's yer name? Who be ye? What ye doin' with that ere blunderbuss?"

JONES. — [politely doffing his hat]. — "Madam, I am an amateur."

G. O. C. W. — "*A what?*"

JONES. — "An amateur, madam."

The look of startled terror on the face of the G. O. C. W. changed instantly. She cast one comprehensive look of withering contempt, holy horror, and righteous disgust upon him, gathered her petticoats about her, and ran like a yacht before a breeze, as fast as her legs would carry her down the road, across the brook, and out of sight. She never even deigned to look back.

And now Jones is wondering what upon earth she thinks that an amateur is.

Clair Voyant.

A Legend of the A.D.T.

"Go to! go to!" the manager cried
Unto the messengers all;
"I've ordered a hundred wheels for you, —
A hundred great and small!"

"Now speed ye, boys of the A.D.T.,
And hurry to mount and ride,
And carry your messages swift and sure
Through the city far and wide."

The boys they mounted, they rode right well,
And soon they learned to glide
With great velocity through the town,
And the manager laughed with pride.

"Aha! aha!" he cried aloud,
And rubbed his hands with glee;
"Now district-messengers must go fast,
And the credit is due to me!"

But their ruling passion soon cropped out,
Slow racing became the thing,
And each of the hundred practised hard
At a graceful slow-pace swing.

And now that manager's heart is sad,
For they've got the thing down fine,
And those messengers make two hundred yards
In just 11—9.

Cycline.

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MOUNT TACOMA.

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OUTING.

VOL. V. FEBRUARY, 1885. No. 5.

THE MONT BLANC OF OUR SWITZERLAND.

THAT mythical region known as "the Switzerland of America" has steadily flitted westward. In the earlier years of OUTING's readers it was fixed at the White Mountains, and Starr King was its prophet. But the claim, disputed successively by the Adirondacks, the Blue Ridge Mountains, and other sections of the Alleghanies, was at length maintained by Colorado. New Switzerlands entered the field as the Yosemite and the Yellowstone country came into notice, but the Switzerland of America still moved onward like an *ignis fatuus*, but always toward the West. It is not for me to pronounce the question finally settled while Alaska remains so little known. But it is not too much to say that the search for an American Switzerland has never more fully realized its ideal than at its eleventh hour, upon the extreme north-west of our Pacific coast. I need speak neither of the scenery of the Columbia river, nor of the main Cascade Range, while the snow mountains, Hood, the guardian genius of Portland, St. Helen's, Baker, and Adams lift their peaks above wooded foot-hills to challenge the claims of their lowly Eastern brethren. But were none of these in existence there would remain one mighty isolated giant, nearly equalling the famous Matterhorn in height, and, like it, wrapped in eternal snow and ice. Tacoma, "nourishing breast" as the Indians called it, or Rainier, from the French explorer, according to some maps, has remained known to the outer world only by descriptions written at arm's length. Something of the superstitious awe which held the Indian aloof from the volcanic snow mountain may have kept travellers from penetrating its well-nigh impassable fastnesses. Only three or four years ago the existence of four glaciers in Tacoma's flanks was first authoritatively announced. Not until the summer of 1883 were any steps taken to bring these glaciers within reach by cutting a trail through miles of forests. As one of the first from the outside world to make an intimate acquaintance with Tacoma's wilds, I claim a lover's if not a discoverer's privilege of enthusiasm. Granting that the Pacific north-west contains the American counterpart of Switzerland, Mt. Tacoma is certainly its Mont Blanc.

The visitor to Puget Sound, in passing through the boastful little village of Tacoma, inevitably gleans certain facts regarding the white peak glistening in mid-air away to the south-east. He is instructed that its distance is sixty miles, and that it lies twelve miles west of the main Cascade Range which bisects Washington Territory. Its height, 14,300 feet, the circumference at the base, 100 miles, and at a height of 7,000 feet, forty miles, are tempting sops for the tourist's hungry note-book, wherein he will also record that the ascent of Tacoma was first made by General Kautz in the fifties, and that of late years three members of the Northern Transcontinental Survey, now abandoned, and possibly two or three others, have also gained the summit. Something will also be said concerning Tacoma's glaciers, which the average tourist will secretly class with the ice-cave in Tuckerman's ravine upon Mt. Washington. Here his interest will flag, until stimulated by the passage of his steamer among the islands of the beautiful San Juan archipelago. But it was precisely here that my interest assumed an active form which resulted, after much preliminary arrangement, in the adventuring forth of a sympathetic band to the glaciers of Tacoma. The long, graceful canoes of the Indian hop-pickers, speeding by the wharves of the village, were bound up the Puyallup river, which deposits the débris from the glaciers a little above the town. Up this river also lay our course, — not in a canoe, tip-tilted at bow and stern, urged on

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by some son of the forest, splendid with stove-pipe hat and red blanket, but in a prosaic caboose; for the first twenty-five miles of our journey were by rail to Wilkeson. When the uneven rails and our patience came to an end together we were incontinently cast into outer darkness. The forest fires and lights of Indian encampments, which cheered our twilight progress through the valley, had faded far behind. The caboose, sole link binding us to the world of men, was backed off down the track. On one side of the track, uprights and crossbars, like the frame of a huge gallows, loomed black and ominous against the sky. On the other, the embankment pitched abruptly into a ditch of unknown depth. On one side the devil, on the other the deep sea. Then appeared our savior — Jones. The lantern light which heralded his coming showed a bridge of safety across the yawning ditch. The same rescuing bridge shrewdly adhered to conducted us within Mr. Jones's front door. With the lantern the versatile Jones was station agent; without it he was storekeeper; above the store he was landlord; behind it he was postmaster. When occasion demanded he donned imaginary ermine as justice of the peace, from which dignified elevation he unbent to act as express agent. In his various capacities he gathered our "traps," stayed us with bottled beer, comforted us with supper, provided such forgotten articles as are indispensable to camp life, and packed us away to sleep under the eaves above his store.

The morning light, which disclosed the four houses, forming the town of Wilkeson, and the grimy miners issuing from a coal-shaft hard by, transformed the gallows of the night into a coal-breaker, and gilded the serrated outlines of six ragged mules and bronchos which awaited the members of our party. Upon the pack-mule, with many a grunt and kick, were lashed tent, blankets, the inevitable frying-pan, coffee-pot and other frugal equipments of our *cuisine*. From beneath this moving mountain came the tinkle of a bell, as this much-burdened leader was led into the forest. Behind the bell there arose the sound of lamentations, as five sleepy riders, two of no mean corporosity, hoisted themselves into their saddles, to be unkindly buffeted by wet branches as they entered upon the trail. Each wore the sullen aspect characteristic of the right-minded man prematurely plucked from his bed at dawn. Essaying to break the doleful spell, our leader, with beard upon his shoulder, instructed us that we were climbing the ancient shores of the sea; that the valley, below its hundred feet of alluvial deposits, contained tide-mud and brackish water; and that the low-wooded terraces along which wound our path were rich in shells and pebbles worn by the action of the waves. Then his voice changed to a bitter outcry as his broncho reared and plunged on the verge of a sharp descent, while shrieks of "wasps" floated back from the two boys fleeing ahead with the pack-mule, whose bell rang out an agitated peal of terror. But the lecturer, sturdily holding fast to his broncho's mane, presently recovered himself, and we rode onward over the third forest terrace some 600 feet above the home of Jones, and 1,400 above the level of the sea. There was no more question of flagging interest. He who had travelled likened the stately beauty of these forest trees to the pillared aisles of a mighty cathedral. The disciple of Ruskin pointed to leafy Gothic arches a hundred feet above our heads. The geologist compared the luxuriance of the undergrowth to the exhaustless richness of the vegetation of the carboniferous age. And the rider of the mule "Blue Devil," peering into the wild disarray of bushes, vines, fallen trees, and mossy thickets, fell back upon the safe and time-honored metaphor of a "tropical jungle." There were endless avenues of stalwart fir-trees, their brown trunks twenty-five feet in circumference, their green crowns two hundred and fifty feet and more above our path, higher than Trinity steeple rises above Broadway. There were cedars fifty feet in girth, giant spruces and hemlocks of ambitious heights, but all easily overtopped by the monarch fir. I remember firs slender as a ship's mast, one hundred and fifty feet in height, and others, of larger girth, tapering gradually for one hundred and sixty feet without a single branch to break the outlines. All the air was filled with wood-growth, from the tallest firs down through the spruces and cedars, to the young trees just above the thickets of undergrowth, and, last, the beautiful parti-colored moss. There were long gray banners waving from the branches, as in the forests of Florida. There were trees gilded for fifty feet with moss of a rich yellow, and all the ground was carpeted with Oriental symphonies in yellow, brown, and green.

Eight miles out from Wilkeson the

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ATTACKED BY THE WASPS.

trail pitches down into a ravine and crosses a branch of the Puyallup — the Carbon river. Sixteen miles above the bridge this stream issues from a cave in a wall of ice which stretches for three hundred feet across the narrow gorge. At its foot this bedraggled glacier is no more beautiful than the trodden snow of city streets. But from Crescent Mountain, a foot hill rising over five thousand feet, the view includes not only Mt. Baker to the north, the Cascade Range on the east, the Sound and the white Olympic Mountains on the west, and the summit of Mt. Tacoma nine thousand feet overhead, but the snow-fields sweeping down the steep northern slope of Tacoma to the pyramids and fields of ice which form the head of the Carbon-river glacier. Let me advise no one to content himself with merely seeing the foot of the glacier, for the visit will surely prove disappointing without an ascent of Crescent Mountain, or a more difficult expedition to the glacier's upper slopes. Not so, however, with the two Puyallup glaciers, the chief object of our journey. Halting at Camp A, a log hut built by the Northern Transcontinental Survey, we were joined by an engineer attached to this Survey, who was henceforth to be to us guide, philosopher and friend. He promptly extricated the pack-mule, which unfortunate brute had rolled down a steep bank, and lay upon his back, wedged in between the trees, his hoofs beating a lusty tattoo upon empty air. For a night we were the victims of Camp A's blood-thirsty beasts of prey, the most formidable actually encountered in the forest. At sunrise David the cook, warbling gleefully meantime, concocted for breakfast the most audaciously unwholesome preparation of toasted cheese

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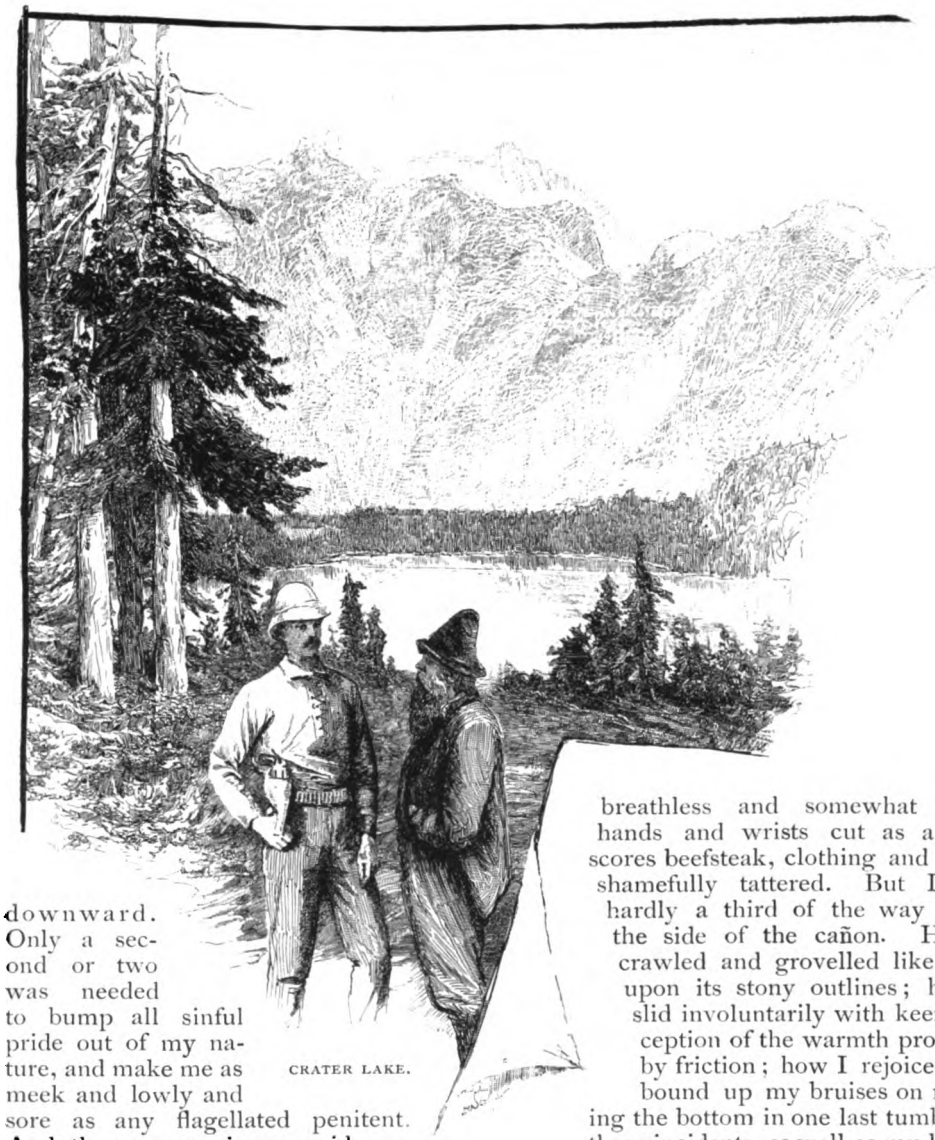
which ever speeded a parting guest. For fifteen miles our trail twisted along the lower ridges of the mountain, frequently crossing sparkling brooks, until we emerged from the pine trees into a little meadow where some men attached to the Survey had pitched their tents. This, at that time, was the end of the trail. Our belongings were transferred from the pack-mule to the backs of woodsmen; our bronchos were reluctantly left behind, and we picked our slow way on foot for two miles through the woods to Crater Lake. Ours was the first camp ever made upon its shores. The inlet of the lake dashes down a narrow gorge for hundreds of feet in successive cascades from snow-fields far above. Along the background of bare, frowning cliffs, which rise almost directly from the onyx-black waters of the lake, snow-banks linger throughout the summer, yet nestled beside them are starry, delicate flowers. It was a relief to find a little open ground beside this ancient crater, and to look across it at the rocky cliffs, for I think we were all tired of our two days' confinement to pent-in forest avenues. But it was annoying to find the smoke from forest fires below drifting up to our elevation of five thousand two hundred feet. Thirsting for a sight of the strange wilds which I had entered, the cup even then seemed withheld from my lips. But not for long. Toward sunset I climbed a wooded ridge near the lake, and when I leaned out between the trees the full majesty of Tacoma stood revealed before me. Opposite, far across the purple depths of the north cañon the dark firs along the great south-west spur of the mountain were etched upon the sky. Following its grand upward sweep, the solid phalanx of the forest threw out a skirmish-line of scattering trees, mere black dots against fields of perpetual snow. Higher and higher, interrupted by black lava-ledges, but still mounting, rose the snow-fields, until, after one impetuous, upward leap, the white surface rounded into the splendid marble dome of Tacoma. The rays of the setting sun touched the mountain in a good-night caress. A tinge of color flushed the summit; the great white dome sparkled as if set with diamonds, the light flashed the hues of the emerald and turquoise from glacial icebergs far beneath, and the whole mountain glowed with sudden life, like Pygmalion's statue at the kiss of love. Then the sunlight faded, snow and ice stood again cold and impassive; and, as I lingered, the veil of twilight began to fall before my gaze until I saw only a giant spectre rising out of the darkness of the cañons.

Next morning, after fighting our way for three miles among the trees and through the thickets of steep mountain ridges, we reached the brink of the north Puyallup cañon, and the entire length of the north glacier lay glittering before us. From snow-fields at an elevation of six thousand feet, the ice-river curves downward for two miles, ending in grimy slopes on one side, and on the other in pinnacles, parti-colored in the sunlight, which totter to a fall over an abrupt precipice. Imagine the rapids of a turbid river instantly changed to ice, with upleaping tongues, deep chasms, and irregular, terrace-like descents all fixed in place, and you have a likeness to the contour of the north Puyallup glacier. That the glacier is a model of purity cannot with truth be said. In fact its lower half bears nearly as much resemblance to hardened lava as to crystal ice. But the upper ice-fields and the bergs cast up by the movement of the glacier over cliffs were so characteristic in their picturesqueness as to inspire the most exhausted among us with enthusiasm. As for myself, let me record at once that I promptly fell upon evil days.

It was my theory that we were all to press on to the glacier. As I learned afterwards, to my discomfiture, this theory was held untenable by my companions, who, after their toilsome experience as path-finders, were quite content with this far-off view. Becoming separated from the others, and still ambitious of placing my hand upon whatever may correspond to a glacier's mane, I found a cleft in the cañon cliff, and resolved to essay a descent. There appeared to be no other way. Even were there no intervening precipices it would have required two days to make my way through the thick forests, and along the steep ridges around the head of the cañon. Full before me lay my goal, only a short distance away as it seemed, after I should reach the bottom of the cañon. And so, innocently unaware that the bottom was twelve hundred feet below me, I began carefully to let myself down wherever I discovered a bush to cling to, or a cranny for a foothold. How I congratulated myself, so long as dwarf trees and projecting rocks made my progress safe, if slow. How humbling it was to come out of the niche

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in the cañon wall upon a ledge sloping like the roof of a house. And how I sighed for an accident-insurance policy, when I found myself bowling down this ledge, while the tops of fir-trees, peering up through blue depths, suggested a speedy change from the slope to a vertical plunge downward. Only a second or two was needed to bump all sinful pride out of my nature, and make me as meek and lowly and sore as any flagellated penitent. And then my saving providence appeared in the guise of a stump. I have retained a warm affection for all stumps non-political in character. Catching at the surface of the ledge, which was very much like steering with the hands when coasting on the crust, I swerved myself enough to strike the lightly-held stump, and ungratefully sent it crashing over the brink before me. But the shock checked me for an instant, which I improved to seize a small tree, whose seed had been deposited by another special providence or some bird on the very edge of the precipice. Here I brought up breathless and somewhat gory, hands and wrists cut as a cook scores beefsteak, clothing and shoes shamefully tattered. But I was hardly a third of the way down the side of the cañon. How I crawled and grovelled like a fly upon its stony outlines; how I slid involuntarily with keen perception of the warmth produced by friction; how I rejoiced and bound up my bruises on reaching the bottom in one last tumble, — these incidents, as well as my laborious progress through the forests of the cañon, and up the steeply-plunging river to the glacier, could only be set forth in an unflattering series of instantaneous photographs.



CRATER LAKE.

When, after a last climb over loosely-piled moraines, I touched the north glacier

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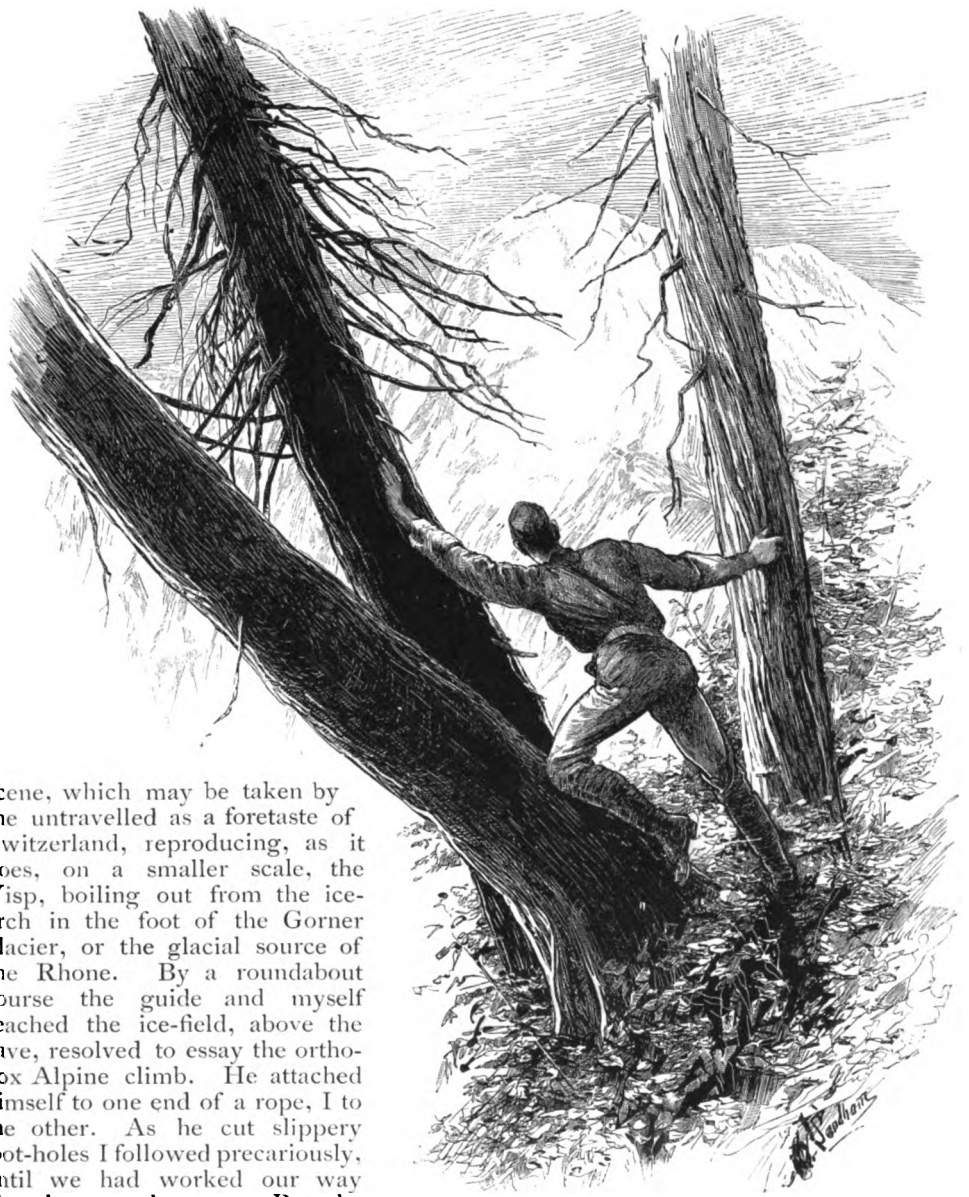
itself, I found it wet and dirty. Black fingers of ice grope in heaps of earth, with tiny rivulets laying bare their composition, like tears disclosing the skin of a begrimed countenance. Volleys of stones whizzing down, as the sun loosens their hold upon the ice, led me to suspect the glaciers of a personal animosity at my invasion. By cutting footholds in the ice, I advanced a short distance upon the lower slope, far enough to see the snow-fields upon the mountain-side rising above the terraces of ice; and then, stopped by a *crevasse*, I betook myself to the side of the glacier nearer the south-west mountain spur. For the glacier's foot is divided by a crag, beyond which the rapid, irregular descent has broken the ice-river into an eccentric confusion of iridescent icebergs, side by side with Gothic spires and strange, fairy-like towers of wondrous brilliancy. Suddenly one tall pinnacle tottered and fell with a resounding crash, indicating a precipice over which the glacier, upon that side, was doomed to fall in radiant fragments, sparkling like jewels in the sunlight. I turned from the glacier and looked into a mighty amphitheatre, at the head of the cañon, walled in by ridges nine thousand feet and more in height, with dwarf pines and junipers succeeding the forests of their lower slopes, these stunted trees giving way to heathery vegetation, and this to bare reddish earth and stones. Gray crags cut the sky here and there with battlements eleven thousand feet above the Sound. From these high, desolate ridges, tenanted only by mountain sheep, fluttered the lace-like streamers of a dozen waterfalls, as if waving from the sky itself. Opposite, was the cañon wall which I had descended. Far below, the purple shadows of the wooded cañon faded into a blur of smoke. And far above glacier and the sweeping semicircle of the cañon-head, rose the inviolate crystal dome of Tacoma. There is little use in marshalling adjectives as puny equivalents for the living majesty of that strange, wild scene. Within the hundred-mile circumference of Tacoma's base are locked panoramas of wooded cañons and desolate gorges, of silvery cascades and glittering ice-rivers, of frowning precipices, and beetling crags, of black mountain tarns and flashing forest brooks, some to be unrolled before hardy explorers, others hidden in fastnesses yet inaccessible.

For it is not easy to overrate the difficulties which he encounters who leaves the trail to make his own way among the cliffs, or through the jungle of the forests. This was precisely my case when the nonappearance of my companions at the north glacier warned me that I must either find my own path back to camp or pass the night in the ice. I descended the river from the glacier, hoping to find and follow up the outlet of Crater Lake, but the numerous little streams entering the river from the forest made the identification of one more than uncertain. I betook myself to the woods, decided to skirt around the cañon wall where it was broken by the Crater-Lake gorge. For five mortal hours I was an involuntary contestant in an aggravated "obstacle race." The healthful exercise of drawing myself up, hand over hand, by branches and roots, was varied by undignified descents into ravines, out of which I humbly crawled on hands and feet, to become entangled among boulders lurking in dense thickets, or to sink in the mud about unsuspected springs. Thanks to a tolerably developed bump of locality I reached the camp at twilight, to find the party thoughtfully firing revolvers for my benefit, while the guide was roaming the forests in a futile search. The poor fellow returned late at night, making his way by the aid of a compass and the elevations told by his aneroid barometer. *Crede experto*, let no one adventure himself on Tacoma off the beaten path. It was a sore and weary company that fell asleep that night on the pine-bough beds beside Crater Lake. And there were frequent complaints of stiff joints and bruised limbs when we broke camp in the morning. The woodsmen "packed" our outfit, still further reduced, and by afternoon we had forced our way through a wooded gorge, unknown even to the guide, down the North Fork of the Puyallup and up the South Fork, to a camping-ground where a "wickie-up," framed with poles and thatched with pine boughs, was constructed close beside the belt of sand and rocks due to the river at its flood. There we slept on beds of moss, waking to our regular *menu* of fried ham, canned tomatoes, boiled potatoes, and black, unsweetened tea.

The four miles of ascent up the river to the South Fork glacier are memorable for two things: a rarely beautiful view of the mountain, framed in by dark pine forests, and the curious cliffs composed of basaltic columns which appear at the upper and steeper part of the gorge. A little above are slopes of dirty ice upon the right, the first suggestion of the south glacier. Re-

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gard them not. For the river, followed up further, springs from a cavern in a precipice of ice, perhaps a hundred feet in height, blocking the head of the cañon. Stones hurtle downward from the ice-fields overhead. Layers of ice occasionally fall from the arched roof of the cave, and the turbid river roars from the white recesses of the glacier, leaping out angrily as if blown by the gusts of chilling air. Here is a thoroughly characteristic glacial scene, which may be taken by the untravelled as a foretaste of Switzerland, reproducing, as it does, on a smaller scale, the Visp, boiling out from the ice-arch in the foot of the Gorner glacier, or the glacial source of the Rhone. By a roundabout course the guide and myself reached the ice-field, above the cave, resolved to essay the orthodox Alpine climb. He attached himself to one end of a rope, I to the other. As he cut slippery foot-holes I followed precariously, until we had worked our way directly over the cave. But the incessant bombardment of stones had been omitted in my reading of Alpine glacier and mountain climbing. It was too wearing to ward off missiles with one hand and cling to the ice with the other, and when we had advanced far enough to render an ugly fall more than likely, we turned about quite contented. The guide braced himself while I descended to the end of the rope and then I flattened myself on my back and clutched crevices in the ice until he clambered down to me. More profitable was

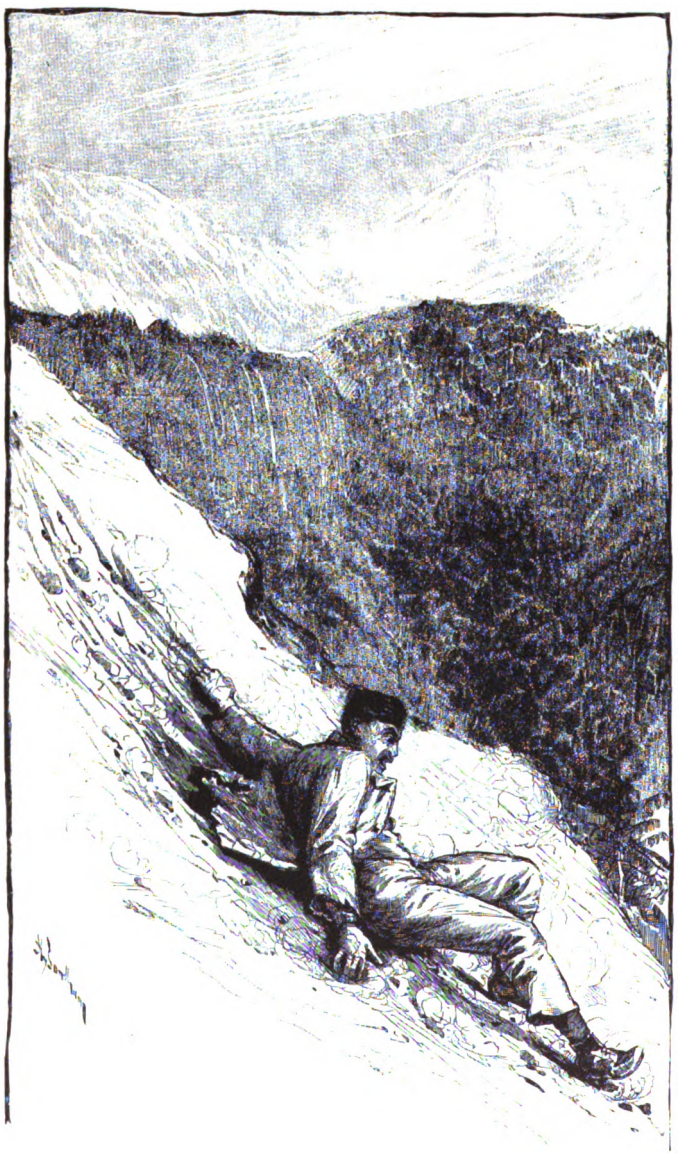


WATCHING THE SUNSET.

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an ascent of a cliff at one side of the gorge from which we looked across half a mile of irregular ridges, icebergs, and ice-fields seamed with *crevasses*. The entire glacier is nearly two miles in length, and at the ice-cave in the foot its thickness must be over a hundred feet.

One of us, I know, dreamed of the entire dissolution of this mass that night in the "wickie-up," and struggled against the glacial flood until awakened by the expostulations of a sorely-pummelled neighbor. A tramp of four miles down the river to a woodsman's lodge, "Palace Camp," where horses awaited us, a ride of eighteen miles along the trail through the wonderful Puget-Sound forests, and we were again at Wilkeson. We had traced Tacoma's glaciers to their source. The summit of the mountain is not the single peak which appears in distant views, but a union of three, forming the rim of an incomplete circle, an ancient crater half a mile across, with an opening toward the west. Of these three peaks the "Dome" is the highest, 14,300 feet above the sea, while the "Liberty Cap," a sharply defined pinnacle in the north-west angle of the summit, is 300 feet less in altitude. The "South Peak" the lowest, is on the south-west of the "Dome." It is from and between these peaks that the snows descend which feed the glaciers, following the course of the ancient lava-rivers, which poured down Tacoma's sides, hardening into broken terraces when the mountain was an active volcano. Thanks to the influence of the Japanese current, the winters in the lower country of western Washington and Oregon are seasons of rain instead of snow, but upon Tacoma the snow falls almost unceasingly from October until April. On ridges only 3,000 feet in height there are trees which have been cut off twenty feet above the ground by woodsmen standing upon the snow in winter, and it is easy to conceive of snow-banks hundreds of feet in depth in the higher regions of the mountain. While the snow remains light and dry, whirlwinds sometimes start from the foot of the mountain, carrying pillars of flying snow in a strange, fantastic dance. The wind blows snow-banners out to leeward from the summit, which are familiar to sail-



DOWN THE MOUNTAIN

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ors traversing the Sound. The billows of snow around the highest peaks become hardened by their own weight. The sun aids in forming an icy crust, upon which more snow falls until the bulk of these lofty snow-cliffs hurls them downward. Down the precipitous northern side of the "Liberty Cap," the snow-masses plunge six thousand feet upon the Carbon-river glacier. There is a sheer descent of a thousand feet for the avalanches which feed the glacier of the North Fork. They are rent by keen spurs of lava, and broken by the plunge from cliff to cliff until their confused masses are packed together at the beginnings of the glaciers. Between the "Liberty Cap" and the South Peak is a narrow gorge, down which pour all the snows of the "Dome," and its connecting spurs upon the Nisqually glacier. This is the largest of the four. It is three-and-a-half miles in length, beginning to form at an elevation of twelve thousand feet.

The heads of the Puyallup glaciers are about six thousand feet above the sea; their lowest slopes nearly four thousand five hundred feet; and their length is two miles each. In their turbulent course, from the time that the hardened snow-avalanches turn to ice, these ice-rivers are rent by crags and steep cliffs beneath, from which, as well as from the summit, they bear away rocks and débris. These are disclosed when the sun and the warmer breath of the cañons begin to send streams of water trickling down the slopes, until the onward course of the ice-river is checked, or, rather, changed, for, while the coarser débris is deposited in the moraines, the glacial rivers are loaded with sediment, to be traced down the branches of the Puyallup in its gray discoloration, until the lava-dust from the highest peak of Mount Tacoma may be laid to rest below the blue waters of Puget Sound. According to the coast-survey charts, soundings off the mouth of the Puyallup have changed from one hundred fathoms and "no bottom," in 1867, to eighty fathoms and "gray mud" in 1877. No doubt these glaciers, like those of the Alps, were once of far greater extent. Mr. Whymper tells us that the entire valley of Aosta, from Mont Blanc to the plain of Piedmont, was once occupied by a glacier over eighty miles in length, two thousand five hundred feet in thickness at the mouth of the valley, and five and a quarter miles wide. From the foot of the North Fork glacier a high wooded ridge extends down the cañon, which very probably is an ancient moraine. Beside it the heaps of earth and stone immediately below the ice at present are but insignificant pigmies.

Let us not claim too much for Tacoma. It is an isolated peak, surrounded by lonely forests. Mont Blanc is one of four hundred peaks rising above the snow-line, with the *Mer de Glace*, fifteen miles in length, heading its array of glaciers, and fair Alpine vales smiling below. Yet in one respect a comparison may be made. In the ten groups, into which the Alps are commonly divided, there are but three mountains of a greater altitude than Tacoma. These are the highest peaks of the Pennine Alps,—Mont Blanc, 15,732 feet; Monte Rosa, 15,150 feet; and Mount Cervin, more familiarly known as the "Matterhorn," 14,835 feet. The most elevated peaks of the Helvetian Alps, the Finsteraarhorn, 14,106 feet; the Furca, 14,037 feet; and the Jungfrau, 13,718 feet, all fall below the height of Tacoma. It is needless to say that Tacoma is not the highest peak in our country. But there is none other combining a situation in a region of so many and so diverse natural beauties, with such peculiar distinctions in the majestic scenery of glaciers, snow-fields, and wild cañons.

Clearly it is no longer necessary to go abroad in order to emulate our British cousins of the Alpine Club. The glaciers of Tacoma, to say nothing of the less accessible glaciers reported in northern Montana, afford ample chance for an exciting summer's outing. By making arrangements in advance, horses and guides can be secured at Wilkeson. Then it is a distance of twenty-four miles to the Carbon river glacier, and of twenty-five miles to Crater Lake. From the latter point a trail has been cut, I presume, to the wall of the north Puyallup cañon, and around its head, to the upper ice-fields of the glacier. "Palace Camp," eighteen miles from Wilkeson, is but eight from the South Fork glacier, and is probably the best point of departure for any one bold enough to attempt an ascent. Let me warn any readers of OUTING, who may be ambitious of pitting themselves against the snow mountains, that they should be provided with stout and warm clothing, spiked shoes, alpen-stocks, ropes, hatchets, brandy, and, most essential of all, a reliable guide. There is abundant compensation for less adventurous visitors. From Vista Peak, nine miles from "Palace Camp," there is a view not only

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of Tacoma, but of other snow mountains. St. Helen's, Adams, Hood, and Baker, with glimpses of the blue Cascade range, the Sound and the San Juan Archipelago, and the vast stretch of the Nisqually plains. I have alluded to the frequency of beautiful waterfalls in these wilds. Meadow Brook, the outlet of Tolmies Lake, which occupies a former crater, 6,300 feet above the sea, falls 500 feet in six cascades during the first half-mile. And were none of these things existent, I think any lover of out-door life would feel the charm of the great silent forests which hide Tacoma's secrets. The bear, the cougar and the deer, seeing and hearing with superhuman keenness, glide from the path of the traveller with no betraying sound. There is the silence of mystery and expectation in the air, a silence broken at last by the roar of the avalanche when the forest veil is lifted to admit the neophyte into close communion with Tacoma's jealously guarded glaciers.

J. R. W. Hitchcock.



A GLOW-WORM.

CLOSE by the margin tufts of grass
  Weighed down with dew and damp,
I found you as I chanced to pass,
  Your trimmed and shining lamp
Illumining with greenish light
The dusty road in dusky night:

A velvet ring set round with gems
  That softly shone below
The pale blue chicory's tall stems,
  As if the path to show
To some belated beetle who
Went stumbling homeward in the dew:

A phosphorescent beacon there, —
  A solitary guide
For insect ships that sail the air
  On breaths of fragrant tide;
Or were you from some realm on high —
A star dropped from the summer sky?

Frank Dempster Sherman.

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OUT-DOOR LIFE IN LOUISIANA.

NEW ORLEANS is a paradise for the sportsman. Its solitary situation is without parallel, except, perhaps, Valetta, perched amid the rocks of Malta, or Damascus, alone in the Syrian desert. You reach it, unless you come by river, through a dreary, dismal wilderness; open prairie and matted forest, wooded swamp and sea-marsh, sand-hill and shell-bank, bayou and lagoon, follow each other, inextricably tangled, and all alike desolate and uninhabited. For miles around New Orleans stretches this wilderness, ten, twenty, a hundred miles, back to Lakes Pontchartrain and Borgne, over to the shady Téche, down to the Gulf, — a region nearly double the size of Massachusetts, but with fewer inhabitants than an ordinary New England township; only a few fishermen, scattered here and there on "the highlands," which rise to the prodigious height of two feet above mean tide, mingled colonies these of Cajans, Creoles, Indians, Negroes, Malays, Chinese, and Sclaves.

The wilderness reaches to within sound of the city's busy roar. A hundred feet from one of the public buildings (the House of Refuge), and at what is the exact geographical centre of New Orleans, the view is so wild, sombre, and drear that a photograph of the swamp there, recently offered to a magazine publishing Louisiana scenes, was declined on account of the supernatural gloom. It was Dorésque enough, and superbly grand, the editor acknowledged, but no one would credit it, and it would be pronounced a forgery, — a view of something that never existed.

The visitor to New Orleans is sure to get a glimpse of this wild country. As his train flashes through monotonous miles of rosean cane, be will catch glances from the dull, melancholy eyes of the alligators basking in the sun along the roadside, and blinking placidly and lazily at him. A curve discloses a lake or lagoon, filled with sea-grasses, water-lilies of a dozen hues, and the true Egyptian lotus, — than whose snowy blossom never was there imagined truer ideal or simile for the soul, — filled, too, with water-turkeys, *poules d'eau*, and, perhaps, some bolder ducklings who eye you suspiciously and, frightened by the rattle of the train, scatter in every direction, the clumsy water-hens dashing in their fright against the car.

He who cannot get enjoyment in this natural park, this broad hunting-ground, has but little love for out-door life. The nature of the country defies the horse, laughs at the bicycle, and renders even pedestrianism uncomfortable; but a yacht or pirogue overcomes all these difficulties; and, once beyond the immediate swamps and bayous, there are miles of dry lands to tramp over.

There is no better ground for a yachting cruise than right here. Pontchartrain, — "the lake," as New Orleans endearingly styles it, — backs up to the city and gives an easy exit to the Gulf. Here, at the mouth of the new canal, stands one of the handsomest and most comfortable club-houses in the country, that of the Southern yacht club. An excursion hence, either in a yacht or, for those who do not own one, in a schooner or one of those queerly-rigged and very Oriental and piratical vessels called "luggers," which look as if they had been transported direct from the Tuscan sea, with their Sicilian sailors and their Neapolitan architecture, is charming indeed, something that will leave the flush of health and the pleasantest memories behind.

It is a trip essentially free from the annoyances and dangers of most yacht cruises. The weather is proverbially good save during the equinox. A fringe of pine islands wards off the Gulf storms. There are no reefs, no points of danger. Along Mississippi Sound shady villages of summer-houses and suburban villas blend into each other, whither you can run for provisions, companionship, or amusement, should your sea-life grow monotonous and tiresome.

Upon these placid waters you may sail up Lake Borgne, and, if you have the proper pilot, who can find his way through the network of bayous here, that seem some labyrinthine puzzle of nature, run into bayou St. Malo, to the strangest, craziest settlement in all America, a Malay Venice, the houses perched on streets above the water and reeds, and inhabited by a colony of Tamils, as free, and wild, and independent as in their native country,

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laughing at Louisiana laws, and submitting only to the decision of their venerable white-haired chief, whose power extends to matters of life and death; a colony where chairs, tables and beds are unknown; where there is not an implement of civilized life; where cooking is undreamt of, and the chief food raw fish. Or, you may run to the Chandeleurs, to pick up the beautiful shells that fringe their beach; to stick the wild boars that populate them; to catch ducks with nets, or to fish, — for the sea here is populous, and the Spanish mackerel jump tantalizingly near your boat, while enormous turtles float upon the quiet surface of the water or sun themselves upon the shore; or, you may drop into Mobile for a day, or ancient Pensacola, still redolent of Spanish rule; or, you may continue your voyage along the coast of Florida amid its thousands of islands, crowned with groves of cocoa-nut palms. All this without once going to sea, or running greater risk than sailing in New York bay. Such a trip, taking care to be in some safe harbor when the equinox comes, — for the Gulf tornado is a terror, — is healthful and invigorating and full of sport.

The cost is insignificant. You can always find, either in the New Basin or Canal Carondelet, a schooner, hirable for a month or two. Your crew — you need a captain and a sailor — are almost sure to be Italians, who will insist only on a plentiful supply of macaroni. You need a few groceries for yourself and party, — very little, as there is scarcely a spot you sail over where the tongs will not bring up an excellent quality of oysters, small and round, but firm and good the year through. Your sailors will engage to supply all the fish you need should you be too lazy for this "work;" and you can land on the islands for game or for milk and butter.

Your captain, or mate, ought to be cook, and will treat you to some of the delicacies of the Neapolitan and Creole *cuisines*. He will serve you an appetizing jambalaya of oysters, with rice and ham; or, an oyster batter with eggs that you will order in vain in any restaurant, even in New Orleans; he will prepare a *courtbouillon* or *bouillaboisse* such as rendered the gastronomic Sala half wild with joy; and he will give you every variety of *gombo*, from plain to *filé*, or macaroni, with fish, flesh, or fowl, — the pure Italian stuff, made from no American grain, but from the hard, flinty wheat that grows amid the rocks of Lucca. Indeed, if you will only see that the onions and garlic are thrown overboard before the voyage begins, you will fare better than at many an elegant sea-side hotel which holds out the temptation of fish dinners.

Between meals, your captain will, if you allow him, fill up the whole voyage with his stories and romances. Everything in nature has some fable attached to it. Every fish, every tree, has played some part in Christianity. He will narrate with the most fervent faith, how the crab returned the cross that St. Francis dropped overboard in the Indian Ocean; and how it marched up to him as he preached on the beach to thousands of idolators, bearing the crucifix aloft in its claws—a miracle that converted the entire audience instanter. He will assure you that the red-fish is the identical fish from whose mouth the Apostles obtained pieces of money, and he will point out the marks of St. Peter's fingers on its tail, when he picked it up and shook the money from it —a mark left there that the other denizens of the sea might reverence it; and many more of these Christian fairy tales.

At night you may sleep on deck in a hammock; for the breeze blowing from the south is dry and never too cool; or, if you will go to the expense of a tent, you can sleep ashore, on sandy soil, amid the sweet, refreshing odor of the pines. By day you may swim, sail, hunt, or fish, as you see fit. When you return from your trip, you will be burned as black as your Italian crew, and you will feel as if you had been sailing in the Tyrrhenean seas. You may miss the mountains, and fail to see the Bay of Naples; but the weather, the skies, the climate are Italian, and with the patter around you of Tuscan or Sicilian,— "that soft bastard Latin," the lugger-built vessels, the colored sails, the Neapolitan cooking, you need not shut your eyes to believe yourself five thousand miles away, making for Pozzuoli or Orbetello.

Schooners and yachts, however pleasant, are not the only means of reaching these fishing and hunting grounds. The railroads all land you in their very midst, or a pirogue, or skiff, will carry you through tortuous bayous, and shallow swamps, that a sailing-vessel would never venture into.

What would you hunt? Is it deer, or bear, or foxes? Would you pursue the alligator to his swampy home, or content yourself with a bag of canvas-backs, prai-

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rie chickens, or jack-snipe? All of these are close at hand.

Deer-hunting is on the wane in Louisiana. The buffalo-flies that the overflows breed are killing the deer off faster than the hunters. High water drives them from their canebrakes, but poor and scarcely fit to eat. To hunt the persecuted animals during this watery season is no sport, but actual cruelty. Instead of flying from man they come towards him, with mournful eyes, and shivering with pain, as if asking for sympathy and assistance; and they are often to be found on the outskirts of the towns, huddled together, seeking some relief from the pest of the swamps, the tiny gnat, whose persecuting, fatal sting, like Io's gadfly, drives them on and on to death. In North Louisiana there is yet some good deer-hunting, but the gnats throughout the alluvial region are rapidly destroying this game, and it will not be many years before the deer will be as extinct in the State as the buffalo, which, a century ago, was abundant, but is absolutely forgotten to-day; save in the Indian names of a few streams.

Out on the Chandeleurs, a spit of low sand-islands off the Louisiana coast, treeless and barren, and covered only by a growth of low, coarse shrubbery, one may enjoy pig-sticking, — something much esteemed by the English. There still survive on these islands a number of wild pigs — how their ancestors got there has never been determined — not quite as large as the favorite game of the middle ages, but still good enough sport, for the ugly brutes are armed with ferocious-looking tusks, their bodies covered with long, thick black bristles, giving them altogether a very fierce and formidable appearance.

There are two other species of game inviting the Louisiana sportsman, — little hunted anywhere else in the country, — the fox and the alligator. The Virginians are given to chasing the red fox, it is said, and in New York this, like other English pastimes, has been indulged in of late, but with their aniseed-bags they have made this noble sport simply ridiculous.

Up in the Florida parishes, just above New Orleans, more than anywhere else in this country, fox-hunting is still carried on after the English style. In old days a fox-hunt was a grand affair for all the country around. The planters were wealthy, living in baronial style, and possessing, some of them, ninety or more fox-hounds. Much of this ancient grandeur is departed, but they still hunt foxes there; and the chase is as good as ever, and the trails are as abundant.

The country is very much like England, particularly the fox-hunting portions. Over its surface broad waves of green hills roll far away to the horizon. In their valleys, over beds of white sand, clear streams wind their way to the Mississippi, while at their bases dark-green groves of magnolia lend their majestic grace to the loveliness of the landscape and serve to bring out the beauties of the hill scenery in stronger relief. An occasional sombre forest of oak and poplar forms a fitting background for the scene, which is much like Surrey, England, with the same grand, rolling sweep of country, the same majestic groves and winding streams.

All the customs of the English hunt are preserved here, except that ladies take little part in the ride across country and over fences and bayous, and the sport is consequently somewhat wilder and rougher than in the old land. The English horn sends its *tralala*, *piano*, *crescendo* and *diminuendo* far off amid the hills and distant woodlands, for the hunters to assemble. The stiffest fences, the broadest streams, must be taken flying, and the prize that rewards the first in at the death, the brush, is deemed one of the greatest of trophies to hang on the wall.

Alligator-hunting is the very reverse of this. You seek the swamps instead of the hills. There is a palpable diminution in the number of alligators residing in the suburbs of New Orleans since it was discovered some few years ago that the ugly saurian was a commercial commodity, yielding a very valuable skin for slippers and bags, an oil that the Creoles deem a prime preventive of rheumatism, and teeth that form a handsome ivory necklace, enabling Creole children to teeth without pain or difficulty, and serving as an amulet against disease. There is many a swamper in Louisiana who has slain from one thousand to five thousand alligators; but, despite this slaughter, there are enough left and to spare for those who find this kind of game attractive.

Hunt by night in a pirogue, paddled by a skilled "swamper" in the bayous that empty into Lake Onacha or Saloader, just opposite New Orleans. A torch throws a glare of light ahead and shows you the eyes of the alligator sparkling on the water. Fire straight at them, and if you are any marksman, the game is bagged. There

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will be a bellowing and a rolling, a tossing and churning of the water, but in a few minutes your victim will be found floating, belly upward. The scene will leave an impression on your mind not soon forgotten, for it is as funereal and dismal as can well be conceived. Imagine a small canoe, hollowed from a log, propelled by the paddle of a brawny African, gliding noiselessly over water dyed the deepest black, and covered with a repulsive green scum. The mournful, decaying cypresses, fit emblems of death, wash their long gray moss-beards in the water. Ahead gleam the eyes of the alligator; these, and these only, or, perhaps, the outlines of their ugly heads, are visible in the glare of the pine torches. Doré never drew, in his illustrations of the Inferno, anything quite so Stygian as this.

There is no game, however, more constant and attractive in Louisiana than the duck. The Gulf coast and the shores of Lake Pontchartrain are its natural winter home. Here everything is offered it, water, sea-weed, aquatic plants and insects, in such profusion that the greedy bird often falls a victim to its own gluttony. When, last winter, one of the lagoons, deemed by the hunters a favorite place for ducks, was found covered with the dead bodies of thousands of water-fowl, a cry of indignation went up against the professional hunters, who were accused of poisoning the ducks in order to spoil the sport of the amateurs, until it was discovered that the web-footed race had actually choked themselves to death with an excess of sea-weed.

Of the variety of ducks, — canvas-backs, mallards, harlequins, widgeons and others, — frequenting the shores of Louisiana, it is scarcely necessary to speak. There are fully as many ways of hunting them. Many sportsmen have hunting-lodges of swamp-grass and palmetto-leaves scattered along the favorite lagoons, and looking so much like the surrounding marsh that even the most suspicious and knowing of ducks would never detect them. To this cabin the hunter repairs over night, while the ducks are snoring away peacefully in the bulrushes, and here, reclining comfortably upon a bed of straw, he awaits the daylight that will offer him an excellent shot.

Decoys are generally used to attract the wary bird, and every good hunter has a bag of them. As soon as these wooden bipeds are sent swimming in the water a flock of their brethren of the air gather around them, gabbling and quacking. Then is your opportunity.

Fire-hunting is also successfully tried. A lighted torch attracts them as a candle does the moths, and they are so dazzled and bewitched that they allow the hunters to approach within close range of them.

Still another mode of catching the ducks, much used of old in the Chandeleurs, and still occasionally employed, is by means of nets, stretched at nightfall from bay to bay and point to point, directly in the course of the ducks' flight, and into which they plunge as they seek some favorite lagoon.

The snipe-grounds are much the same as those frequented by the ducks, but the best snipe are those killed at Barataria, — the old haunt of Lafitte, the pirate and patriot, — which are deemed as great a delicacy as Baltimore terrapin or canvas-back.

On the prairies west of New Orleans nearly all varieties of the grouse, generally called the creole quail, are to be found, — the heather-cock, very much like the Alpine *Auerhahn*, a fine table bird, the ruffed grouse, and the ordinary prairie chicken.

Fishing is equally varied in Louisiana: fresh, salt, or brackish water, the river, the gulf, or the lake. Of the river, however, nothing very favorable can be said. Its muddy water is full of fish, it is true, actually swarming with them; but few if any of its varieties are edible. Its cat-fish, often larger and heavier than a man, are so coarse that even the negroes hesitate to eat them. For the rest, there are gais, own cousins to the alligator, buffalo, *gaspergoos*, — an Indian word meaning "fish," and applied to anything fishy, from the delicate sheep's-head to the nasty mud-suckers of the Mississippi, — and *choupics*. Some of these are handsome, well colored, and gamy-looking; but you draw back in disgust when you have tasted a single mouthful, for you are eating a concentrated extract of Mississippi mud.

In the lakes and bayous, however, you fare better, and are offered a variety in the pompano, Spanish mackerel, sheep's-head, flounder, red-snapper, red-fish, croaker, *sackalait*, trout, and perch, — all good, gamy, and edible.

Along the Mobile railroad are a number of natural fish-ponds, at the Rigolets (straits) Chef Menteur (the lying chief), and English Lookout, — a reminiscence of 1815, for it was here the English "looked out" for Jackson, — each famous for some particular brand of fish. Stop over a day at any of these places, and hire

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a pirogue and negro guide and paddler, who will take you to some choice hole where you can get a nice string of fish. In the evening you can order a fish dinner, at some swamp restaurant, as good as you will find in the city; and, should it be a bad day for bites, it is easy to purchase, from some red-faced fisherman, a bunch of fresh-looking trout, perch, or croakers, that will deceive and please your friends at home.

Further on, beyond the Rigolets and the River of Pearls, there is a change to sea-fishing. At Bay St. Louis you will pick up plenty of croakers; at Pass Christian you will meet the Spanish mackerel; while at Biloxi you will catch that "woodcock of the seas," the pompano. Still further out, the red-fish and red-snapper can be brought up from the bottom, where they lie hidden.

The red-fish and green-trout are, perhaps, the two best representatives of their species, the fresh and salt water, the brook and sea fishes.

The red is of the species known as "the drum," so called because they make a singular noise like drumming immediately after capture or when pursued by larger fish. To them is due that mysterious aerial music, heard by Bienville off Pascagoula, and which frightened the Indians into the belief that the neighborhood was haunted by supernatural beings; undiscovered Ariels scared the Frenchmen themselves not a little, and puzzled scientists for a century, until the noise was discovered to be merely the singing of the red-fish, seeking refuge in the river from hordes of pursuing and frolicsome porpoises.

If the red-fish is a representative of the sea, the green-trout is the best specimen that the brooks and bayous afford. The name is a misnomer, the fish being no trout at all, but a pond bass, found throughout the South, but obtaining its greatest size and beauty in Louisiana, where it weighs from four to eight pounds.

You look for it in water slightly brackish, just such as is suited to the growth of swamp plants, like the lotus or grandevale, and where the duck-weed and lily are most luxuriant. The Cajan fisherman will gladly teach you his art of catching trout. Arm yourself with a long rod and a short line, baited with a little piece of red flannel and a bunch of mallard or teal feathers, tied to one or two small hooks. You sit in the bow of the pirogue. Another man in the stern slowly and noiselessly propels the craft with a paddle. Starting before sunrise you go down a favorite bayou partially covered with plats of duck-weed, occasionally bobbing your bait in the fresh places, among the water-grasses, while all along the bayou can be heard the snapping of trout, goggle-eye, and perch, as they capture their prey of minnows and dragon-flies. Before the pirogue returns numbers of snaps are made at your bob, which the fish apparently mistakes for some clumsy insect, and striking at it, is taken in. Several dozen magnificent green-trout can thus be caught in a single morning. The sport can be carried on all day if it is cloudy, but in bright, clear weather, it lasts only a few hours in the morning and about an hour in the evening, just before the fish retire to their slumbers.

In the intervening hours, however, you can fish from the bank, seated on some *chénière* in the shade of umbrageous oaks, between which long vistas extend, with here and there shady nooks needing only a ruined abbey to give the scene the majesty of antiquity. Sometimes you even see the abbey, or something very like it, in the high mounds of shells, which seem the ruins of some ancient edifice, and which the simple inhabitants of the country style "temples," believing them to be the remains of Indian buildings, instead of temples built by nature alone. The sport is fine, the catch is good, the scene suggestive of ease and quiet, if you can only get accustomed to the sand-flies, mosquitoes, gallinippers, *maringouins*, buffalo-gnats, and other innumerable troublesome products of the Louisiana swamps, and are careless about the copperheads, rattlesnakes, water moccasins, and congo eels, that play around you in the water or on the sward.

The tendency towards American sports has been very marked in Louisiana of later years. French is less spoken than in the days of old. French ideas are disappearing, and bicycles, base-ball and lawn-tennis, almost unknown a few years ago, are becoming popular.

The base-ball craze has been raging in New Orleans with unexampled fury. It has not yet reached the professional stage, but is on the road there. There are two leagues, several parks, and clubs — so many that it would be well-nigh impossible even to enumerate.

The old creole game of raquette, once played on every green in New Orleans, is going out before the invader. It is, to-day, more patronized by the negroes — what are called "creole negroes" whose

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mother-tongue is French — than by the whites, although several white clubs still cling to it in the old French quarter.

Raquette is not, as its name (raquette, a tennis-bat) would indicate, tennis, but rather lacrosse. Each player has two spoon-like sticks with which the ball is caught and tossed with an agility and force that send it well-nigh out of sight; and is finally driven against the post or flag of the enemy, this deciding the contest.

No game, not even foot-ball as played at Rugby, presents a livelier or more exciting scene than raquette when the contest grows warm, when the members of the rival clubs rush in for a wild struggle and scramble over the ball. Hard knocks and blows are given and received, as they fish for the ball with their bats, — it cannot be taken in the hand. One sees a mass of struggling humanity, a bunch of legs and arms intertwined. When, finally, some one secures the prize between his sticks and dashes towards the goal, amid the shouts of "Bayou" and "la Ville," — for it is generally the "city" club against the "bayou;" the old town against its creole suburbs, — anything is legitimate that will stop his progress, tripping, or whacking the flying enemy over the shins, or knocking his sticks from his hand. There is enough danger in the sport to make it exciting, for the runner must duck and dodge to avoid a blow; all this, amid an incessant jabbering and shouting in creole and gombo French: a curious contrast, in noise, color, and excitement, to the usually orderly game of base-ball.

Bicycling has not fared as well in New Orleans as it should have done. Bicycle-clubs and excursions, such as New England boasts of, are practically unknown here. A club has been twice organized, the first time with great *éclat*, a large membership and many promises. They were going to make a great display, after the style of one of the parades in Boston; but the membership soon dwindled and the idea disappeared. Another club has recently been organized, has purchased a number of bicycles, and hopes soon to make a good showing.

The bicyclists have hitherto encountered two serious difficulties: first, the opposition of horsemen, who insisted that their horses were frightened by the bicycles, and who, being in a majority, banished them from the roads for some time; and, secondly, the roads of New Orleans and vicinity, which are mainly execrable. With two rainy seasons every year, nearly as well defined as in the tropics, with a soil saturated all the time with water, soft, miry, and sticky, and with very little pavement anywhere, it can well be imagined how little chance there is for the bicylists, or, for that matter, for the horsemen either, to ride.

This is greatly to be regretted, as there are many admirable drives and rides in the vicinity of the city: that is, the drives are not admirable, but the scenery along them is picturesque and attractive. There is nothing prettier, for quiet picturesqueness, than the river road, either above or below New Orleans. It is like portions of rural England, with a tinge of the tropics,— a succession of villages; they call them "quarters," — and queer little African settlements of cabins, dilapidated, perhaps, but attractive, clad as they are with vines and flowers; creole colonies, a century and a half old, where the houses and people have not changed during all this period; sugar-houses, which, with their immense, tall *bagasse* chimneys, might well pass muster for feudal castles; palatial residences of the planters, who liked to mimic, in days of old, the ducal residences of England, surrounded by hot-houses and flower-gardens, most of them sadly in need of a gardener to-day, and circles of roses leading up to them; groves and meadows; broad, inviting fields of waving cane, or snowy with cotton, or green with tobacco, rice, or corn, stretching away to the horizon, where the dark oaks and funereal cypresses hold guard. All this country is densely settled, and, although inns and hotels are few, hospitable accommodation is always tendered you at some planter's house. But, alas! except during a dry spell, the roads are well-nigh impassable, wet and muddy; often actual ponds from the water that saps through the porous levees, or trickles through the holes of that arch-enemy of the Louisiana lowlands,— the small, but dangerous, crayfish.

Stretching back from the city, along bayou St. John, the New Canal, Orleans Canal, and Gentilly, and Metairie, are a number of "shell-road" drives,— a sort of macadam made from the small mussel-shells found in such immense heaps throughout the swamps of Louisiana, admirably adapted for an evening's excursion on a bicycle. Hard and firm, well shaded with oak and willow, between which is

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presented a fine swamp view for those who like it, they are well patronized, particularly as at their terminus are to be found some of the best hotels and restaurants in the city, perched on stilts over Lake Pontchartrain, and where you can enjoy the lake-breeze and get both city and seaside dainties.

There are other scenes and other attractions around New Orleans, less visited because more difficult to reach. The old battle-ground, where Jackson was victorious, the plain Chalmette, is within an hour's ride of the city's centre. It has not disappeared like Bunker Hill. There, to this day, are the redoubts and fortifications that Jackson threw up and held so well; the canal that Pakenham dug, — it bears his name even now, — but not one person in a thousand in New Orleans has ever taken the trouble to walk, ride, or bicycle there. A great many go to the National Cemetery, near by, on Memorial Day, but a walk over the battle-field is too much for them.

There are scenes weird yet attractive at the "oaks," where some of the best blood of Louisiana fell in the duello; and if you can get a guide who knows anything of the olden time, or indeed of recent history, he will pour out more stories of "the field of honor," — of horseback duels with sabres; of midnight fights with *colichemardes*, — than you can listen to in a week.

On bayou Tchoupitoulas, which courses through the suburbs of the city, emptying into Lake Pontchartrain, are to be found relics of the old Indian town Tchoutchouma, or "the city of the sun," which antedated by countless centuries "the Crescent city." Here are primeval shell-mounds and Indian burial-grounds, still well-stored with prehistoric bones, the remains, perhaps, of some feast of those Louisiana cannibals, the Attakapas (man-eaters), of whom the French settlers were so much in dread.

Amateur pedestrianism, however, to these points of interest has not yet become popular, and he who travels to see "sights" afoot would probably be classed as a tramp, and treated accordingly. It is noted as a sign of the times, and a promise of something better for the future, that several pedestrian parties have lately made trips through the city suburbs, and that tenting or camping-out has been tried this summer for the first time by several parties of ladies and gentlemen, and found pleasant and successful, invigorating and health-giving, despite the discouraging effect of a constant succession of rains.

Rowing or piroguing are more popular, because there is such a superabundance of streams around New Orleans. Rowing, however, may be said to have come in with the *Americains*. The first club was not organized until 1835. A dozen followed, but, in 1842, the river, in one of its turbulent moods, swept away all of the boat-houses, boats included. It was a complete annihilation of boating in New Orleans, so thorough and effective that nothing, not even an oar, was ever found of the wreck.

Some twelve years ago, a revival took place, and New Orleans boasts to-day eight rowing-clubs, all plentifully supplied with boats of the very latest and best build, and with club-houses as capacious, beautiful and luxurious as any in the country, some situated on the river front, some on bayou St. John, and others on the new canal, which has, of late years, become the rowing centre of New Orleans, as it is free from the heavy waves and violent current of the Mississippi, and free also from the sudden storms which sweep over Lake Pontchartrain.

In the matter of athletics New Orleans still patronizes masculine sports, rather than those in which women can join. Women are largely relegated to the nursery and kitchen. A lady riding is a curiosity; lawn-tennis is barely known; archery, as yet, undreamt of; but, on the other hand, there are two gymnastic clubs, two fencing clubs, — the old creole *maîtres d'armes* insist that fencing is of all exercises the best to strengthen every nerve and muscle of the body, and to brighten and quicken the mind; innumerable shooting-clubs, which, instead of practising with pigeons, use bats, that can be supplied by the tens of millions by any of the musty old public buildings here, and which are said to be better than the pigeons themselves; and, indeed, clubs and organizations of any kind, but all bound by the Salic law, and all refusing to admit women.

Norman Walker.

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THE LUCK OF CANADARAGO CAMP.

I.

" On thy fair bosom, silver lake,
Oh I could ever sweep the oar, —
When early birds at morning wake,
And evening tells us toil is o'er."

THE melancholy days had come to the valley of the Susquehanna. The high lights of nature emphasized every hill-top. The river grew blacker, reflecting so much color along its banks. The blue dome above was like a crystalline bell, tinkling with the music of the spheres. Every hedge, shrub, and tree burned with fire, and yet was not consumed. A bannered army was on its last retreat, with dignity and respect leaving the world. The poets seem to be saddened by the pageant of the year; but the Senior M.E., — Master of Equerry, — and Sir George V.P., — Venerable Parson, — were not affected to tears as they left the little hamlet of houses clustering in the valley, and began to climb the road to the north. They were just past a good dinner; it was a lovely day, and the Senior, his gray mustache, with its military cut, bristling with dignity, sits as straight as if he were not a grandfather years and years ago. Sir George was off for a holiday, and why should he be oppressed with a vanishing world? Sermons and theology were left in that little den, to the left, in "Bleakmere," and the Venerable Parson was out for a lark; he would be a boy again for the nonce.

What wretched roads New York has in its country places! Horses and vehicles suffer, and bicycles must be well made to stand the wear and tear of travel. Of course the parson must discourse a little on road-making as we go on, and intimate how much better they do these things in Boston and its suburbs. But we have left the village behind us, following the valley as it fringes the uplands, past the hop-fields on every side, until behind us the Crumhorn rises dark against the sky. Cooperstown is not far away, nestling by the lake; and here is the quiet street of Hartwick Seminary; great meadows stretch away to the river; the houses have a quiet, contented look; the seminary itself behind the trees. The residence of old Dr. Miller, where he lived and died, near at hand, gives the little street a quaint and scholastic look. Years ago money and land were left by Mr. Hartwick to found a Lutheran seminary, and many of the present generation in this valley were educated here. Strange tales are told by gray-headed men of what their fellow-students, in the days of auld lang syne, accomplished in the way of fun and frolic. It has a pleasant look now as we ride along; the lawn has not lost its greenness; the shadows fall upon the building, and the little church gleams white against the sky. The cemetery is right by the road-side, and we can almost hear the Susquehanna hurrying toward the sea. And now we are passing Cooperstown, a mile away, made historic by him who has woven the poetry and romance of Indian character into a "Leather Stocking" and a "Deer-Slayer." It lies among the hills at the foot of Otsego Lake, an interesting and lovely town; and, as we leave it behind, we pass through little villages, with the euphonious names of Dog Town and Pluck City. Off there, across the stream, is Fly Creek, where the first foundry of all this region was built. It was established by Englishmen, who long since have departed. Old stories and legends linger about this valley, concerning the time when there was a stage-line to Fort Plain, and the iron horse had not awakened the people from a Rip Van Winkle sleep. In and out through the hills the road finds its way; past solitary farm-houses, and four corners, where a nest of houses are neighborly, and seem to be telling each other a secret as we pass. The turkeys move away with dejected air as if they had grim forebodings of a thankful people, and the cows on the hill-side graze on, without lifting their heads.

Country roads away from the great highway of travel present many interesting features. There is a sleepy air to the landscape; the rush and roar of life seem left behind; people leisurely go about their work; they can wait for the weekly paper very well; the world will stand if telephone and telegraph are not to their hand; they are not eaten up with the awful ambitions of life.

Just back we passed a country lass, coming from the barn with her apron full of eggs. How rosy her cheeks are, and her plump figure needs no bodice to relieve its

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lines! Her yellow hair, flying in the wind, the old painters would have called blonde; her gray eyes, flashing through it, have a deal of fun concealed behind their long lashes.

The calf, tied to the stake in the pasture, seems to be taking his daily gymnastic exercise for our special entertainment. His bones must be india-rubber, or they would certainly crack with such lightning gyrations.

Eighteen miles across hill and through valley, the Senior and I ride, a changing panorama of sylvan scenes before our eyes, but the gleam of the lake shines through the darkness, the little cottage is at our feet. Orlando M. S., Master of the Skillet, is at the door, waving the frying-pan. A delightful fragrance reaches our noses, tingling with the chill air. The Venerable Parson is soon inside. How cheerful the little room looks, without a hint of lath or plaster, fishing-tackle in every corner, and the old stove glowing like a jolly demon! The potatoes have just been put into the frying-pan, and the fish, their white flesh appetizingly cracked open, are on the hearth. Shade of Isaac



CANADARAGO CAMP.

an autumn picture framed in gold. The sun cast longer shadows as we rode on; the air grew a little chill, and we began to long for "Canadarago Camp," and hoped the "luck" had been good to-day, and that the frying-pan would have its proper allowance. A little farther on, and we meet a number of the party returning home. They uncover two strings of dark beauties, lake pickerel, the spoils of the last few days. The Master of Equerry straightens up a little, as he urges on the horse, and the Venerable Parson whistles something that sounds very much like the doxology, save that the key is decidedly wrong, and he does not know one tune from another; Walton! — what an appetite we have! Senior has returned from the care of the horse, and we draw up to the board.

It is a board indeed, or rather two with no table-cloth; but we all have the sauce of hunger, and are soon full of our subject. The darkness outside approaches to the very windows, but about the stove, as the smoke rises from the after-dinner pipe, we gather to tell our stories, and relate the legends connected with the lake.

A famous prophet once dwelt upon a beautiful island in the midst of Lake Canadarago, to whom invalids from all the Iroquois came to leave their maladies. At midnight he would glide softly away

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A COUNTRY LASS.

in his canoe, penetrate the dark forest to the fountains, and then return to his patients with vessels full of the magic waters. From his great success he became proud and powerful; and at last he called himself the "twin brother of the Great Spirit." This blasphemy kindled the anger of the Almighty, and it consumed the boaster. One morning, when a bridal party went thither to receive the prophet's blessing, the island had disappeared. The Great Spirit, in his wrath, had thrust it, with the proud prophet, so deep into the earth that the waters of the lake where it stood are unfathomable by human measurement.

"The Sunken Isle! — Ah! 'twere well
If only legends wild could tell
The tale. On Life's broad sea
Such things as these there often be —
Bright spots that softly shine and gleam,
Fair as a sinless angel's dream;
And yet they sink, — and all but they
Go floating on right merrily."

There is a character, — "Old Blimpkins," who has haunted the lake for years. He gets his living by fishing alone in his boat; with a pole on each side for trolling; he will steal upon the fishermen, and then away again. It is said when the fish see him coming they give up and turn on their backs. He furnishes the unlucky ones with fish at a shilling a pound, and many a poor fisherman has kept up his reputation by the aid of "Old Blimpkins."

He is a thin-faced man, without beard, tall and lank, a face fixed in its expression of calm, intent waiting, an old felt hat, a coat, strapped about the waist, and long arms that propel the boat with silent swiftness. He is familiar with every nook and haunt of the fish. He knows all about the winds and weather; the color and condition of the water. So silently and ceaselessly he sails about, one would think he had lived there since the lake was born. The wind has been rising as we have heard of "Old Blimpkins," — a bad sign for the morrow; but we must turn in, and so we climb the stairs to four chambers above, and plenty of blankets, and soon the lights are out. But what sound breaks upon the ears? Is it music in the air or some Alpine horn? The Senior and Sir Boyce are giving us a serenade. The nose is not the most musical of organs, but they rise and swell and rise again, until the Venerable Parson puts in a rest with his elbow, and there is quiet for a time; but what vibrations wander about in the darkness, like spirits seeking for a body, wailing and growling by turns! And when the calm, dreamless sleep of the first hours of the day has come a voice comes up the stairway, and the Master of the Skillet cries, "Wake up, boys, and wash your faces!" and the dawn is creeping into the windows, and fragrant steam is rising from below.

It is not a difficult matter to make the toilet when the fire crackles below with such a boisterous welcome, and the lake out there is glistening like silver; the air is just brisk enough to keep one stirring. The breakfast is not a long matter: more fish, fried potatoes, coffee, plates turned over without washing, supplies placed in the cupboard, and we are off; the boats are

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got out, the tackle put in, the bait-pails, with their swimming tribe, and out into the lake we glide. The wind is rising; it will be a long day, with little hope of success; the lines are baited, attached to their corks and dropped; one man can manage four. In still-water fishing one must have a quick eye and patience, for the cork may bob again and again and you will not see it unless you attend strictly to business. Now your cork goes down; you jerk it a little, and he is hooked; you pull gently on the line, but he is bashful, and you let him rest. It takes five minutes to tire him out, and, as he rises to the surface, holding the line in your left hand, you grasp him with your right, just back of the head, and he is in the boat; a little twist of the backbone, a click, and the life is out of him. When you feel that peculiar pull on the line, with which every fisherman is familiar, — that electric signal, — how the nerves tingle and the heart beats faster! No wonder dear old Isaac Walton wrote so lovingly of fishing. One must be something of a philosopher; for fishing, like life, is good, bad and indifferent; you must take it as it comes, wait hour after hour for the big fish, and then be patient with him until you land him. We may see an epitome of life out here in the lake; many circumstances enter into the question of our luck. The wind is high and from the wrong quarter; it is quite cold; our hands get numb; it is just after a rain and the water is roily; the fish cannot see the bait as well, and then they are not biting to-day. They have their unaccountable whims. Sometimes they seem to be in an introverted meditation, evolving a fish philosophy, doubtless considering the doctrine of evolution and the proper department of the tadpole. They have a very supercilious air on these off days, and give the bait the cut direct. "Old Blimpkins" was about all day like a water-phantom; he seemed to be everywhere, — here a moment, and then in the cove, out on the bar, and far up to the head of the lake; but he always caught fish. He was in league with the denizens of the deep; while we waited for a rise he caught nine. And so the day wore away; we simply caught enough to supply the inner man, but if we carried any home "Old Blimpkins" must furnish them. The darkness gathers, and we turn across the lake toward the cottage. How welcome is that dinner! Delmonico could not have laid a more satisfying feast. Like the Dutchman, we did not have "bartitions in our pelly;" and so, if it did not come on in courses, our delicacy was not offended. A night of dreamless sleep followed, — so brief, it seemed but a half-hour when Orlando cried from below that we must tumble out.

II.

We had only had fisherman's luck so far, and Canadarago Lake had not risen in our esteem; but it is a lovely sheet of water, — Richfield Springs not far away from its head; its shores reaching away in fertile fields; the foliage in radiant pigment lining its banks. How the billows roll in under this strong wind! It was vigorous exercise rowing back, and it was



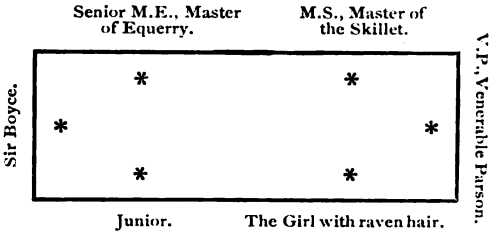
THE GIRL WITH RAVEN HAIR.

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only by following the shore that we accomplished it. The Venerable Parson remains at home, to-day, with the Master of Equerry, thinking perhaps he may find a romance in some corner of his brain as he sits by the cheerful fire; but he is hardly seated comfortably in his snug corner when he hears a hurrah outside, and the romance is at the door. Senior sees his grandson with flushed cheeks, his bicycle by his side, and with him a black-eyed maiden with her tricycle. They have ridden up in the early morning to find their luck at Canadarago Camp. How it makes the eyes of the Venerable Parson glisten as he sees their fresh youth! How bright the world looks to them this morning! The dew of youth, how precious it is — the chrism of young souls! Eighteen miles of love-making in the crisp morning air! Her Madonna face is touched by the shadow of eyes and hair dark as the raven's wing; her eyes, large and full, as the old painters put them into the faces of their saints. As they come up through the valley, fresh of heart, and eager for the dower of the future, the old story that had been trembling on the lips of the Senior's grandson was spoken. As the shadows of the wheels flashed and mingled together, Charlie had found his luck at Canadarago Camp. It was the autumn of the year, but it was spring-time with him. What cared he for fish, or fisherman's luck, when the world rang for him its wedding-bells? We forget that the foot-falls of Time have left their traces on our hair, and that our faces are lined with years. We remembered how Dante's love inspired his vision of paradise, and that Beatrice smiled upon him in his dreams. Abelard had his Heloise, and Petrarch his Laura; and another Beatrice, with her golden hair, we remembered had been our inspiration in the years now gone into silence. This young stripling in the dawn seems to take matters coolly. The lake out there is glittering like a mirror. The fishermen's boats are specks on the water; but these two souls are outward-bound on a wider sea, with no forebodings of the voyage.

The sun is soon at the zenith, and the fishermen come singing home. We must have a more elaborate spread in honor of our young friends. The Venerable Parson finds some newspapers for a table-cloth. The dishes are taken to the lake, and diligently washed. The Master of the Skillet, with a due sense of his importance, is the major-domo.

And this is the way we were seated: —



The fish and potatoes are done to a turn; the cold meat is delicately shaved; the coffee sends its aromatic flavor through the room, and all draw up to celebrate the luck of Canadarago Camp.

Did ever a jollier company sit down to a feast? For was not the Venerable Parson, happy in the joy of these young people, saying grace in his heart for the luck of Canadarago camp? The Senior seems to feel his dignity as grandfather of these young people. Sir Boyce, K.C.D., Keeper of the Commissary Department, inwardly congratulated himself that there was enough and to spare, and Orlando vibrated between the table and the stove, smacking his lips with gusto. It was a fine old tea-party, although a caterer might turn up his nose at the viands. We had indifferent luck as fishermen, but as lovers we were a success. The whole party, ancient as we were, glowed in the new love celebrated at this primitive board. We all were in love for the moment, and were quite as silly as the occasion demanded. But why not be young when the rush and roar of life are hushed for a day, and a vanished youth rings its bells across the years?

But all good things have an end, and we must pack up our traps and go down the valley. Everything is made secure; the horses are brought, the young people are long ago out of sight; the cottage is closed, and we are away. The hint of winter is in the air; the crows drop their sarcastic notes above us, and the far-off hills grow sharper in outline. The weird atmosphere of silence is only the harbinger of the fierce winds that shall scurry through this valley when the winter-king holds sway. We have had our romance and our holiday, and now we must buckle on the harness again.

A Country Parson.

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HIS MAJESTY'S ULTIMATUM.

I.

CONRAD WEBER stood on the beach of an island in the Pacific Ocean and looked across the lagoon and over the sea to another much smaller bit of land lying some miles away. Over his head a palm-tree was waving; the air was charming; the sky, the sea, delighted him, and he felt that he was in Paradise. When he looked from the clouds and the water to a valise at his side, and then to a group of natives busy in baling out a boat, he felt as if the wiser thing was to stay just where he was and not tempt fate in Mbau.

When he came to the Fijis he had resolved he would not go to Mbau, and had scouted at the idea of not being willing to miss seeing the king, Sanoa. To him, one Fijian chief was equal to another, and he had no curiosity to see one who was neither a Christian nor a cannibal.

Still, he did not seriously object to either Mbau or its ruler, but he did object to Hildegarde Allison. When, in San Francisco, he first thought of visiting some of the South Pacific islands, the Townsends said to him that he must go to the Fijis because Hildegarde was there; and the Elders said, of course he would go to the Fijis, — Hildegarde's letters from there pictured the scenery as so charming; and the Allens said he mustn't miss the Fijis because he must not miss Hildegarde; and when Bertha Pierce heard he was going she asked him to take Hildegarde some crewels she wanted matched. To all these good people Weber replied that he probably should go to the Society Islands, but if he did go to the Fijis he should likely enough not see Miss Allison. He didn't care about the missionaries; he wanted to see the natives.

"But," cried Bertha, "you mustn't go to any of the islands where there are no missionaries! Why, Mr. Weber, the people might actually eat you up!"

Weber laughed and shook his head. He had not come from Boston to be eaten by a Fijian, and he stood up in all the glory of his six feet, and shook his blonde head; and Bertha could not help fancying that a wretched heathen might admire him in an unpleasant sort of way. But she at once dismissed the thought because it was neither agreeable nor lady-like.

This little conversation, however, decided Weber, and the cannibals outweighed Hildegarde. It would be something to go back to Boston with stories different from the old ones of cañons, and buffaloes, of bear hunts, and mountain ascents. He could ignore Mbau, and yet see the man-eaters. When Bertha gave him the crewels, and a great square letter, he warned her that he probably would not deliver them in person; but she laughed, and said he'd see Hildegarde.

And now he actually was going to see her! The boat which the natives were baling was to take him over, and he was going of his own free will. He had found, after a week on the islands, that not to see Mbau, not to see Sanoa, was to miss what was in a way most characteristic, so with a sigh of submission he had packed the crewels in his bag, and had engaged a boat to take him over.

When he was fairly off, and had left the lagoon for the long, rolling waves of the ocean, he said again and again to himself that he was going to see Mbau because it was the principal town, and he was going to see Sanoa because he was a remarkable man; but in his soul he knew that the Townsends, the Elders, the Allens, and the Pierces, could they have seen him, would have cried in one voice, "Of course you wouldn't miss seeing Hildegarde!"

When he came near enough to the island to see it distinctly — for he was a little short-sighted, as most of his friends were — the whole place seemed in the liveliest commotion. Double canoes were drawn up near the shore; children were swimming and dashing around on surf-boards; women were calling; a group of men, crowned with flowers, stood talking with many gestures, and back of all the many highly-peaked houses shone in the sun; and over all waved the plume-like trees of the tropics.

The boat was run up on the beach, but in shallow water, and a tall, muscular native jumped out, and, stooping, offered his back to Weber. He had more than once gone ashore in this manner, and so, without question, sprang on the man's back.

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gathered up his feet, and they set off. They were almost across, when Weber saw, in a little group near where he should land, a rose-tinted umbrella; and, quick as thought, he leaped from the Fijian's back, and into the water, wading almost knee-deep. It was not wise. He realized that it was not, as he stood on the sand, and, stamping, gazed on his dripping clothes. It would have been perfectly proper and dignified to have come ashore in the usual manner. Ten chances to one she did it herself.

"Confound it all!" he said, and then he looked up and saw her.

There were two gentlemen with her. One was small and wore gold glasses, and the other was dark, slender, and young. And she? — Well, she was pretty, and she had a charming smile, and a frank, graceful manner, and she never looked at his feet; and perhaps it was as well — being so near Mbau — that he *had* seen Hildegarde Allison.

They knew at once who he was; the Elders and the Allens had both written to her, and Bertha had sent her word about the crewels. And this was the Rev. Mr. Allison, her uncle, and this her cousin Ralph.

The young man took Weber immediately to the mission-house, where he changed his wet clothes, and then Ralph told him that a fishing-party was just starting off, and invited him to go along. Weber hesitated a moment. It was turtle, Ralph added, and then he hesitated again. Of all things he would like to catch turtle. It was not a common experience among the Harvard graduates, but somehow he had a vision of a face that was shaded by a rose-tinted umbrella, and he said, perhaps he'd have another chance, and there were some matters he wanted to talk over with Ralph's father. The young man stared at him a moment. Weber did not look like a possible missionary, but no one could tell. When they went out on the beach again, a native, far taller than the Bostonian, muscular, and finely built, stood talking in excellent English to Hildegarde. His head was crowned with scarlet flowers, his neck was encircled by many rows of shells, and his voluminous, scarf-like dress was new and fine.

"Will you do what I told you?" he asked.

Hildegarde colored deeply; she shook her head and turned away.

"Your heart is hard," he exclaimed; "you do not care for the little *papalangi;* you care for nothing but to look pretty and walk easily. I do not like such religion."

"You shall not talk to me so, Sanoa," cried the girl. "I will go away at once, and I will never come back."

"You cannot go for two weeks," replied the king. "The steamer will not be back before then, and in that time I will have you do what I want."

And, having said this, with an air of much determination, he turned and shook hands with Weber, and bade him welcome in a most gracious manner. When Weber refused his invitation to go with the fishermen, he regarded him with attention, and then looked at Hildegarde.

"You will take care of him, then?" he said, pointing to the missionary. "He is not careful, and when I go away he gets sick, because there is no one to take care of him. Some day I shall come back, and they will tell me that he is dead, and I shall be very angry. He is a good man, and I do not want him to die. Do you like it here?"

Weber said he liked it very much, and the chief patted him on the shoulder.

"Very well," he said; "perhaps you will like it better." And then he strode down to the boats, and added his voice to the confusion and babel now at its height.

II.

In the week while the fishing-party were gone, Weber had many walks with Hildegarde. He sailed with her to other islands, where they spent long days in wandering. They rested under pandanus and palm trees; they ate bananas and oranges, they climbed rocks, and passed through valleys green and shaded. It was her first visit to the islands, and what Ralph had shown her, she delighted to show to Weber. She always took her sketch-book with her, and he criticised her from the stand-point of universal knowledge. He liked to see her sketch. Her hand was free and light, her sense of color good, and she never looked more piquant and charming. She sat in such good positions; and her little impatient cries of despair, the way she held her head as she put her book off at arm's length and looked at her pictures; her gravity, and her mirth, all delighted him; and if he, too, had had a sketch-book, how familiar would his studies have been to the

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Townsends, the Elders, the Allens, and the Pierces!

The missionary was content to see his guests so well entertained by each other, but he insisted that Hildegarde's little Fijian maid, Tangiliti, should always go with them as guide and interpreter, and so, relieved of all responsibility, he visited his schools, and looked after his native teachers.

Close to Mbau, separated only by a flat coral reef, over which the natives walked even in high tide, lay one of the largest islands of the group, green, picturesque and mountainous. Mbau was small and crowded with houses, but in Na Viti Levu were great comely tracts of green and shaded country. There were rocks covered with gigantic ferns, valleys where grew the pandanus and waved the palm. The flowers looked like birds at rest, and the birds seemed blossoms on the wing. Here Weber and Hildegarde went one day to see a lake which lay on the top of a mountain, in the crater of a dead volcano. The tide was low, and they crossed the reef with ease, then went up the island, passing a little village. The place was entirely deserted. Here they saw a net thrown aside, as if the maker had been suddenly called away, and here were baskets half made, and tools laid down.

"They have all gone away," said Tangiliti; "perhaps on the other side they are having a feast."

"Oh, you would like that," cried Hildegarde. "It is very curious. I went to one soon after I came here. You never saw such piles and piles of food. They had a wall of fish, and in the middle of it a pudding fifteen feet long."

"Fifteen feet!" repeated Weber; "why, my dear child, you have no idea of size. Five feet would be a monstrous size for a pudding."

"It was fifteen feet," reiterated Hildegarde; "Ralph told me so. Sometimes they are thirty feet long."

Weber smiled, but he did not like her constant reference to her cousin; it was tiresome.

"Let us go to the lake," he said, caring more to help Hildegarde over the rocks than to measure a pudding; "but, if Tangiliti wants to go, we can do without her."

"I don't want to go," said the girl, "and I could not go, because no word has been sent to us, and there will be no portion set aside for Mbau," and she began to jump from stone to stone, until she was some distance ahead, when suddenly she stopped and listened.

"I hear them," she called. "Come here quickly and you will see them."

The sound of voices grew nearer and nearer, and then from the arching avenues of a pandanus grove came a merry procession. In front was a group of women gayly dressed, and well tattooed, and then came as many men; and in the midst of it all, a woman, sad and bent, not with years, but with a hard and joyless life; yet among them no one seemed more fitfully merry; no one was more elaborately dressed. She pressed forward and then, walking slowly, seemed as if she would hold the whole procession back. As they passed the three who were standing by the hillside, the woman pressed her hands against her forehead and groaned, but, quickly recovering herself, began to dance, and to pull to a more rapid pace the young man who walked beside her.

Tangiliti stood as if petrified; then she looked at Hildegarde. "Let us go back to Mbau," she said. "This is an evil day here; let us go back!"

Hildegarde looked at her with happy eyes. "Oh, no," she answered; "this is like a picture! Could anything be more charming than all that color and movement as they file out from the dark shadows? Those light and floating draperies, the flowers, the shells, the shining, glistening figures, why, it is lovely! I must see more of it. I want to make a picture of it."

The anxious frown deepened on Tangiliti's face. "You must not!" she cried; "you *must* come back to Mbau. What *would* he say if he knew you were here?"

"If you mean my uncle," said Hildegarde, lightly, "I think he would not scold me."

"Will you let her go on?" cried the Fijian to Weber; "don't you know her uncle would not let her stay here?"

Then Weber looked at the girl, and saw both horror and fright in her face. He did not know what it meant; but he understood that Hildegarde should go, and he asked her if she would not.

"Of course I won't! Why should I?" And she laughed.

"It is not a feast," said Tangiliti, anxiously; "it is a funeral."

"A funeral!" repeated Hildegarde; "where is the dead person?"

"She is not dead yet." Tangiliti spoke

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slowly and with anxiety. "Oh, do come with us!"

Hildegarde looked after the dancing, mirthful crew. "Well, they are very happy about it;" and then, looking up at Weber with a smile, she suddenly understood that there was something frightful in this festivity, and she became very pale.

"You don't mean"— she cried, "you don't mean — oh, are they going to kill somebody?"

Tangiliti shook her head.

"Come away!" she repeated. "The grave is near," and she turned to Weber, "and at the last her courage may go away, and she may scream, and then *she*," glancing at Hildegarde, "will be frightened."

"I do not understand," said Hildegarde, "if no one is dead, no one to be killed" —

"Miss Allison," — Weber took her hand as if she had been a child, and feeling like a brute because he had to tell her, — "don't you know that they bury each other — before — they are dead?"

Hildegarde gave one look of horror; she snatched her hand from his, and with a piercing cry fled over the grass, and through the ferns, after the procession, and, dashing through the line, went straight as an arrow to the victim, whom she had divined, and, catching her by the arm, dragged her out from her companions.

In a moment all was confusion. The people closed around the girl; everywhere she looked there shone dark, fierce eyes, and the women's shrill cries filled the air. She was not frightened, but holding fast to the woman, who was grasping her arm, and sobbing and screaming, she kept her ground.

"She shall not be buried," she said, in a voice low and intense; "you are wicked, wicked people! Why do you do so? See how frightened she is! You poor soul, they shall not do it! Come, come away!"

The Fijians did not understand the girl, but her action was clear enough, and some of them, closing near, tried to pull the woman away, when Weber and Tangiliti broke into the midst of them. Weber took Hildegarde by the arm, and Tangiliti poured out in her native language a most vehement appeal. Around them stood dark, muscular men, and eager, screaming women, and every eye gleamed with hatred and quick anger. The victim, shrieking, flung her arms around Hildegarde, and Weber stood over both as if he would ward off a blow. They pushed Tangiliti from side to side, and she threatened and entreated, in Fijian and in English, — and to her heathen vocabulary she added a Christian imagination, — and then, while the confusion was at its height, Hildegarde grasped the woman's hands, tore them from her neck, held one firmly, and, breaking through, dashed off with her to the hill-side.

There was an instant rush after them, but there came a quick call, and the pursuers stopped, as a tall, yellow man spoke to them in loud and violent tones; and then, with a shout, the whole crew turned and fled back into the woods.

III.

When Mr. Allison heard of Hildegarde's adventure he was greatly perplexed and worried. He could not upbraid her, but he understood what trouble she had possibly brought upon the mission. He went at once to one of the native teachers and arranged with him to take Hildegarde and Weber to the island of Lokemba, where he hoped distance and the white residents might protect them until a steamer should stop and take them away.

When Hildegarde heard this plan she at once said she would not go unless her uncle went with them. He shook his head.

"I have faced many greater dangers," he replied. "It is my duty, but it is not yours. When Sanoa comes back there will be no more danger."

Hildegarde took his hand in hers. "If there is danger," she said, "I brought it on you, and I shall share it with you."

From this determination she was not to be moved, and of course, Weber had no thought of forsaking her; and, in fact, the two young people had no real dread of danger. Everything was quiet, and the schools went on, the sun shone, and, if Mr. Allison would not allow them to leave the island, they sat under the trees, and read, and talked; and Hildegarde watched the sea over which Sanoa was coming. Mr. Allison watched even more eagerly, and had sent messengers to meet and hurry the chief home.

In the meantime the rescued woman sat on a mat in the mission-house, and moaned and lamented. She was now disgusted with life; she had been going to her heaven with some degree of health and strength, and she would have been well and strong

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through all eternity. Now, she would be taken off by either old age or sickness, and the consequences would last forever. She was an outcast from her family; she could not return to her home. Disgraced and miserable, she grieved over the moment of weakness when she had yielded to the *papalangi* girl. When Tangiliti reasoned with her, the woman abused her; she would not speak to Mr. Allison or Weber, and when Hildegarde came into the room she lay down on the floor and covered her face.

Weber thought it would have been better to have let her go to the grave she so lamented; but he did not dare to say so. At night he and Mr. Allison sat up and watched; but everything was quiet, and when the morning came there had been no disturbance. So the next night they took turns, and again all was still; but in the morning, when Tangiliti awakened, the woman had gone, and no one ever knew how she had escaped, or what became of her. With her, however, went the great fear that had oppressed Mr. Allison, and, although he insisted that Hildegarde should stay on the island until Sanoa came back, he was no longer watchful and anxious.

But with Sanoa came a storm of indignation. The Mbau men had carried him news of the rescue, and he came back at once filled with anger. He cared nothing for the peril into which Hildegarde had put herself, but he was filled with wrath because his beloved missionary had been endangered. To have heard him roar out his anger, every vein in his forehead swollen, his eyes flashing, any one might have supposed him an ardent convert; but nothing was farther from the old heathen's mind. He was extravagantly fond of the missionary; and he had a conviction that as long as he was on the island good fortune would smile on Mbau; but he had too many privileges as a heathen to think of surrendering any of them. He scolded and threw everything into confusion: so that all the sweet peace seemed to have departed from the island. Hildegarde was absorbed in some corals Ralph had brought her; Weber, discontented, hovered around her, and in turn annoyed Ralph.

In the morning, however, Sanoa arose in high good humor. He had one of his finest double canoes cleaned out; his hair was dressed in the highest style of art, and looked as if it was a Roman helmet. He had a *masi* many yards long wound around him and trailing behind; he wore chains of shells, of teeth, and of flowers, and, so decorated, he came to the mission-house while the family was at breakfast. He would not eat, because his hands, he said, were tabooed from feeding himself, and none of his wives were present to perform the duty. He sat down opposite to Weber, and looked at him keenly. He asked him how he liked the islands, and if he would be willing to stay on them; and Weber, who was sitting by Hildegarde, and living in a rose-colored present, declared no place was so charming — no place so fitted for happiness. His transports surprised Ralph, although he still had some vague idea of the Bostonian's missionary tendencies, but they amused Mr. Allison.

After Sanoa, who seemed as generous as Weber was enthusiastic, had told them all he meant to do for the *papalangis*, he invited the three young people to go to Ono with him. He told the missionary that *he* was to stay where he was. He had given him into the charge of the old chief priest, who was to keep near him all day, and say charms for him, and, if any danger threatened, the *papalangi* was to wrap himself in one of Sanoa's *masi*, which would be given to him. Hildegarde wanted to stay with her uncle, but when she said so the king became so angry that she did not dare refuse to go with the party.

They had a charming voyage over the sea, which was as quiet and peaceful as a lagoon. The three young people sat together, and talked of England and of America. Ralph told stories of his life in Oxford, which Weber compared with his Harvard experiences. They sat opposite Hildegarde, and each was happy in the thought that she treated the other with indifference. When the boat lurched they all laughed, and they took great interest in Sanoa's active management of the great canoe. They were almost sorry when they reached Ono; but their reception was so lively that they were much diverted. The people on this island were all Christians, and so were delighted to see any of the missionary's family; and as for Sanoa, he was much too powerful not to be welcome wherever he chose to pay a friendly visit. The people flocked to the water-edge; they swam out; they shouted their welcome, and shrieked their delight. Sanoa took all of this outburst with great composure; but it delighted Weber.

"At heart they are a simple, guileless people," he said; "I am not sur-

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prised at the interest Mr. Allison takes in them."

Ralph smiled. "If there is a human being more crafty than a Fijian," he said, look out for him! These people are Christians, but give them the chance, and they would eat Sanoa before dark, and every island would send some one to the feast! They are bound to treat him well, because they are afraid of him; but they hate him."

But if they could not make a feast of Sanoa it was clear they meant to make one for him, and the party had scarcely landed before there was the greatest confusion getting ready. Fires were kindled, squealing pigs were chased and killed; women flocked with fish and yams, cocoa-nuts, bananas and taro, while the men — who are the born cooks everywhere — were busy preparing the food. Weber called Hildegarde to look at one of the ovens, which was simply a great hole dug in the earth. In this a strong fire was blazing around a heap of stones of many sizes and shapes. By the time this should burn out, Ralph explained, the stones would have become well heated, and then a pig would be stuffed with the smallest of them, and, wrapped in leaves, it would be laid on the others, and be covered, and banked up with earth, and so left to cook. When the steam cracked the cover, the pig would be done; and "if Charles Lamb could taste it," he continued, "he would say that for a Chinaman to burn a house to roast a pig was a wicked waste."

Then they watched some Tongans making taro-paste, while others wove baskets of green leaves in which to put it. And in the midst of it all Sanoa, with the native teacher who had charge of this mission, came to them and asked them to go to the church with him. This building, usually light and airy, was shut as close as it would have been had a hurricane been raging, and Ralph went at once to a window to open it.

"Stop one minute," said Sanoa, "I shut them up myself. I have something to say to you."

"It can be said just as well if we have more air," replied Ralph, throwing the sash up. Outside of it were two of the boatmen, but of this Ralph took no special notice.

"Now I want to tell you," said Sanoa, "the *papalangi* teacher's wife is dead. He buried her near his church, and for a long time he looks sad and goes heavily. He is never well. He has no one to take care of him but a stupid girl from Leonka. There are other teachers, but none of them live at Mbau. I cannot always stay with him, and when I come back he is sick. Some day he will be dead. This time I come, and what do I find? That the girl who makes him smile and look happy has been mad. What foolishness" — he cried, looking at Hildegarde as if a still pent-up passion had to spend itself, — "what foolishness took you to Na Viti Levu to meddle with a woman prepared for the grave? What was her life?" and he contemptuously snapped his fingers. "It is *his* life you should think about. I paid eight women as a peace-offering for her; but *he* never knew it! I tell you to be careful, and you do this! I would send you away, but he has been happy since you came. When his son comes he gets better every day, and so he is young again. I say to you both, Stay with him; but you both say, 'No.' I do not call that religion! And why should you go away? I will make Ralph rich, and she need not go to get a husband, because he," nodding to Ralph, "can marry her. I say it to her, and she shakes her head. Very well! Then she shall marry *him!*" and then he nodded to Weber, and looked as if it all was settled.

At first the young men smiled, but Hildegarde colored with anger and confusion.

"Let us go away," she said to Ralph; "we can leave him here, and go back to Mbau. Some of these people will take us."

Sanoa shook his head. "I brought you here to marry him," he said.

"But I will not," cried the girl, "and I will go home."

Again he slowly shook his head. "Oh, see here, Sanoa," said Ralph, "this is nonsense! You cannot make an American girl marry in this fashion. Come, Hildegarde," and he went to the door, but it was secured on the outside.

"It is of no use," said Sanoa, calmly. "I brought her to get married. I brought him," motioning to the native preacher, "to marry her. She will not go out of here until she is married."

The three looked at each other. It was not wise to anger the chief, because they were completely in his power; and Ralph knew, if the others did not, that he had come to be the greatest chief in the Fijis, because he had no scruples, and had a strong and steady will. So they tried to reason with him, and he listened, but only shook his head.

Then Ralph threw all fear to the winds,

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and he threatened and stormed, and vowed they would go away; and still Sanoa only shook his head, and the native preacher sat on a bench, and read the Gospel of St. Luke, as he awaited his orders.

Hildegarde cried with anger, and Weber tried to quiet her; and this he could do with good will, because in his secret soul he could but feel that he was in clover. To marry Hildegarde! He would rather not have had the ceremony take place in just this manner and place, and yet — to marry her!

Perhaps she did not understand him, but Ralph certainly did, and his anger grew more intense, and he would not speak a civil word to either of them. He scowled at his cousin as she sat weeping on the pulpit steps, and he could have killed Weber, who knelt by her, trying to comfort her. Comfort her! Ralph knew he was begging her to accept the inevitable, and consent!

He was, however, wrong, for this Weber did not at this moment dare to do. He said everything else; but he was too much afraid of a repulse that would separate them to speak his heart just yet.

The afternoon wore on; it grew dark. Some fruit appeared in the room; but still the chief sat on his mat, and seemed indifferent to all that surrounded him. Ralph paced the floor, and tried the doors and windows a hundred times, but each was fastened, and he could hear the movement of the numerous guard outside. Afar off was the sound of feasting, but after a time that died away, and all was still, and the moon came up, and shone into the one open window, on the preacher who slept, and on Hildegarde and Weber, who sat on the pulpit steps, and in low tones talked about Tennyson.

Ralph sat in a corner and looked at them. Perhaps he had better go and counsel them to yield. No doubt they would be glad to do so. And so he jumped up as if he had been shot, and going to them said that Sanoa was perfectly in earnest, and perhaps it would be best to have the whole thing over soon. It would have to be done some time. They could not persuade or frighten Sanoa.

"It will never be done," cried Hildegarde. "Never! And don't you suppose uncle will be frightened and come over? I shall wait until he comes! You are cruel, Ralph;" and she turned her back on him.

"When your uncle comes," said Sanoa, who heard everything, "I will not let him land. He shall be taken back to Mbau."

Then Hildegarde began to cry again, very passionately, and she moaned because she was alone and had no friends, and she thought of all who knew her at home, and felt that any one of them would help her; and then she thought of Bertha Pierce and what she would say; and this made her laugh, and the result was a fit of hysterical crying and laughing that frightened the young men. Ralph pushed Weber aside, and seized her hands, and told her to have patience and all would be well; and Weber, who could not deny him his cousinly rights as a protector and comforter, took his turn in pacing up and down the room, and scowling.

Once during the night Sanoa said, "It would have been better to have said 'Yes' when I asked you to marry Ralph, and then he would have promised to stay here. The other one says he will stay; so now it is best to marry him."

"But I shall not stay," said Weber. "I shall go in the next steamer. Nothing would persuade me to stay." And he looked over toward the cousins, but it was dark, and she took no notice of him. He need not, however, have envied Ralph, for that young man was sitting near Hildegarde, feeling as if he were pushed away. When Sanoa began to speak he had her hand in his, but she had drawn it away, and leaned against the step, as far from him as possible. She got up presently, and went off by herself to a corner, and sat in an arm-chair, and when Ralph went over to her, toward morning, she was asleep.

It was not much after dawn when their breakfast came, and they were all too young and too hungry not to eat it; and the fruit and fresh bread and tea gave them courage, and after it was eaten they laughed at their position, and laughed at Sanoa. He got up and walked about, and then, in some sudden and mysterious way, gave a signal; the door opened and he went out. Ralph sprang after him; but he was too late. The door was shut and fastened, and the guard still surrounded the house.

All day they stayed there. Sanoa came back and told them that he had sent a man over to Mbau to say they would not be back for five days.

"And before that is over," he said, with a scowl at Hildegarde, "you will be glad to marry some one."

In fact she was almost ready then. The

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sun was high, and shone down on the house; and, although their tyrant had another window opened, so as to make a draft, the room was close and hot. Weber sat by her and fanned her. Ralph walked up and down the room, ready to choke the old heathen, who sat on his mat, listening to a long tale from his barber, whom he had brought in. The preacher had been sent out to await further orders, and, except for the Fijian's voice, and the ring of Ralph's steps, all was quiet.

And so the long, dreary day passed on. There was plenty of food handed in, but by night no one wanted to eat. Nothing in the situation now seemed comical. but, rage as they would, it was of no use. Nothing disturbed Sanoa's equanimity, and his only reply was: —

"Let her marry the stranger, and we will go away at once."

That night Weber begged her to consent. He told her how he loved her; he promised to take her away. It was, he said, the most unfortunate, the most disgraceful position in which a man ever wooed the woman he loved, because the release of all of them depended on her consent. "But I love you so well," he said, "that you will feel that I will repay you for all this suffering, and we can be married again. This ceremony would be but a farce."

But Hildegarde sadly shook her head. They could not stay there forever, she said, and she could not, oh, she would not, consent! Then he asked her if she loved any one else; and she cried a little, and said she wanted to go home to San Francisco. The two were sitting in their usual station, the pulpit, as they talked, and, as Hildegarde spoke, she laid her head on the cushion; but she angrily pushed the Bible away, because it was printed in Fijian.

Ralph was sitting on one of the benches. He could not help hearing some of the conversation, and to him, as to Weber, came the dread that Hildegarde perhaps loved some one in her native land. Presently the moon came up, and shone into the room, and crept along until it fell on Ralph; and his cousin, looking up, saw him bathed in its brilliant, soft light. He had his elbow on the back of the seat, and his head rested on his hand. Sometimes he slightly stirred, so she knew he was not asleep. He looked dejected and unhappy, and, pushing Weber gently aside, she got up and went to him. As she sat down by him he looked at her without moving.

"This is a very mortifying position," he said.

She put her teeth together.

"It is outrageous, Ralph. I feel as if I could smother him," and she turned her head and looked at Sanoa, who was gently sleeping on his mat with a log of wood under his neck for a pillow, while his barber fanned him.

"I would," replied Ralph, "I would do it in a minute if we could get off before it was known. I have the greatest mind in the world to wake him up and let him feel what a good beating is like."

"You'd better not," said Weber from the pulpit. "He wouldn't make fight back. He wouldn't know how. The end might be that we should coldly furnish forth some one else's marriage feast."

"Ralph," said Hildegarde in his ear, "I have something to tell you. Listen! — Ralph, don't you know that Tangiliti will come! My uncle will send her. He will think I need her. He will send me some clothes."

He shook his head.

"I don't believe Sanoa would let her come in. He certainly would not let her go back and carry news to your father." Then he laughed. "I'll tell you what he would do! He would order me to marry her."

At this Hildegarde drew back and said not a word.

"Hildegarde," he said, after a long pause. "Would it not be better to consent and so pacify the wretch? We *must* get away from here?"

"If you think best," she answered, and then she stood up. "Shall I awaken him, and have him call that Christian tool in?"

"I do not mean for you to marry Weber," he said hurriedly and in a whisper, "but consent, consent! Perhaps that will content Sanoa. The end will justify the means."

She looked at him with scorn, and turned away. He caught her hand.

"It is only for your sake," he said, "don't you know, my love, if by my death I could transport you into a safe and civilized land, I would die this moment, and die with delight!"

"I believe you," she said; "you are by nature kind and chivalrous."

He looked up at her with reproach. "I do not deserve that of you," he answered.

She was standing in the moonlight, but she drew back and sat down in the

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shadow, her hands in her lap. After a while she spoke.

"How much you must love her," she said.

When he heard this he started.

"I do," he replied.

Then they were silent, and Sanoa still slept, and Weber leaned his head where Hildegarde's had been.

"You will never know," Ralph said, moving out of the moonlight into the shadow, and sitting close to her. "But you won't care."

"I do care," she repeated, and her voice trembled; "of course I care, but — O Ralph! I feel so dreadfully. I must get away!" And she wept again.

He did not attempt to console her; her sobs died away, and she sat looking weak and hopeless.

"You shall get away," he said, at last. "I will take you from here if it costs my life."

"They are so treacherous, Ralph. We will wait until morning, then I know help will come!"

He looked at her long and earnestly. "Hildegarde," he said, "why *do* you dislike me so?"

"I do not dislike you."

"But you do! You do not know how I have watched you. When Sanoa speaks to you of marrying that Boston fellow you are sometimes confused, sometimes you laugh, and sometimes you are angry. When he speaks of me you are always angry!"

She said not a word.

"And so I know you hate me."

She laughed nervously. "Why shouldn't I be angry? You don't want to marry me."

"Hildegarde!"

"But you don't!"

"Try me," he said.

Then she was again silent.

"Would you?" he asked. She did not speak.

"Would you?" he repeated.

"You have never asked me," she said.

"But how many times have I heard you refuse?"

She looked up at him. Then she turned her eyes away.

"Do you think," she said, "that I could, that I would, have told Sanoa that I have said 'Yes' to him?"

"But if *I!*" he cried, "oh, if *I — I* O Hildegarde! is it possible, — would you really? Was it because — would you?"

Again she turned her head away, but he — he jumped up and gave Sanoa a shake that made his majesty leap to his feet.

"It is all right — it is all right!" the young man cried; "we will go back at once. She is going to marry me! It is all right!"

And then he ran back to Hildegarde, and neither of them noticed Weber, who had jumped up, and now stood in the pulpit, looking as if he were about dismissing the meeting with a benediction; but never did a man feel less like it.

Louise Stockton.

MATIN.

BLITHELY I ride on my good three-wheel,
And I sing as I gayly go,
When the moon burns dim in the western sky,
And the east is all aglow.

Turn fleet, my wheel, turn fleet and true,
And bear me bravely on
Through woodland roads, dew-kissed by night,
To greet the early dawn.

Ah! fair is the earth at the break of day,
And swift I speed along,
While my wheel keeps time to the happy rhyme
Of my joyous matin song.

Minna Caroline Smith.

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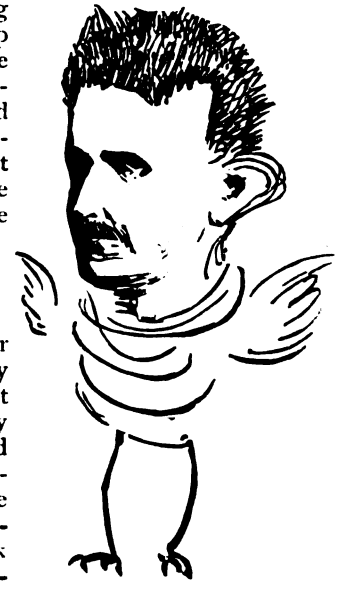
DOWN THE MERRIMAC.



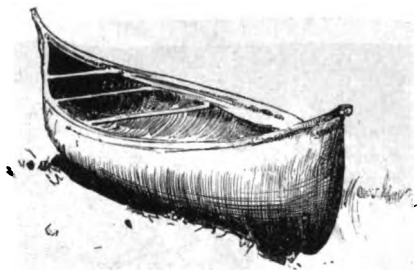
T midnight on June 16, the "Pelicans," birds of well-known strong aquatic tastes, were in their first camp on the shores of Lake Winnipiseogee, near the mouth of the river of that name. The advance-guard had gone on with the canoes earlier in the day, while the majority of the club had left Boston in the evening and reached camp after a mile-tramp from Weirs. A small shanty, formerly used as an ice-house, put a roof over the heads of ten homeless "Pelicans," the rest adjourning to a tent pitched close by. The former, after a good deal of wrangling, succeeded in dividing the floor-space to suit themselves, and settled down to sleep, though the lonesome cry of a whip-poor-will perched on a gable of the "Queen Anne" annoyed two or three nervous brethren.

The damp, cool morning gave no hint of the warm day that we were to have, and, as the rising sun dispelled the mists, it revealed the fair wooded shores of the lake, a prospect of irresistible attraction to us who had been stewing in the city. Breakfast was soon despatched, and, striking tents, our six canoes were soon afloat, with fifteen "Pelicans" for a three days' cruise. Turning to the left, we entered the Winnipiseogee river, and after paddling a couple of miles reached a large bay at the foot of which we could see Lake Village. Crossing the bay we had a fine view of Belknap mountain on the left. Arriving at Lake Village at nine, a carry of a quarter of a mile was made an easy matter by the assistance of a number of curious but obliging villagers. They had a frantic desire to lift a canoe, and, as the carry was a long one, they were all gratified. Leaving the village we crossed another bay and entered the river again, passing under a bridge covered with people going to church, who gazed at us curiously, but did not allow themselves to forget the day. The steep green banks of the narrow river were crowded with small white houses that gave a charming effect as they were reflected in the water below. A slight current gave us some assistance, and we reached Laconia about half-past ten, to find the bells ringing and people flocking to church, as we filed through the main street of the town with our canoes, and put them in the water near the bridge. This carry was quite long and consumed some time; but at length we were afloat once more, and waving our paddles to the mob, slipped away down-stream amid charming scenes that we could not stop to enjoy. At twelve we came out in a large bay, and, paddling about three miles, stopped for dinner at a bridge near Belmont. Passing this after a short *siesta* we found ourselves in the last of the chain of lakes, to the delight of every one. The wind has been dead against us and with no current to aid, the paddling has been straight and hard. In the river again, we forge ahead rapidly and arrive at East Tilton, about three, making a short carry around the ruins of an old "excelsior" mill. Here occurs the only accident of the cruise, — two "Pelicans" upsetting in a bad piece of quick water and being for a few min-





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utes in real danger. They are, however, rescued by comrades in a scow, and spend the next hour in wringing out their clothes. A little after four we again paddle slowly down-stream between two banks wooded to the water's edge, that confine our view to the narrow, crooked river.

The stream is quite shallow here, and our blades dig into the sand at every stroke. Turning a sharp bend, our little fleet passes under a rustic bridge on which stand a number of country lads and lassies, who gaze with quite as much astonishment as did the natives at Laconia. Asking the distance to Tilton, we learn that it is one and a half miles, and that just before reaching the town the river contains bad rapids. While these questions were put and answered, we drifted rapidly, and soon found ourselves in quick water. Great boulders, unpleasant things to run a birch on, lay in the river, some hardly reaching the surface, others showing their dark, slimy faces just above it. The river grew narrow and swift, and we seemed fairly to fly along, dodging the great rocks and once striking and coming within a hair's breadth of an upset. Every few hundred yards a sudden depression in the river's bed would cause a slight fall of a few feet full of rocks and white water. These places looked more dangerous than they really were; still they were exciting, and it required some skill and nerve to keep one's seat when the canoe was coming down-stream like a race-horse, plunging through and catching the current, seeming eager for another leap. It seemed hardly five minutes after leaving the bridge when a roar ahead warned us that we were approaching the rapids. A moment later we turned a bend and they came in full view, and we paddled ashore to deliberate and survey. For a quarter of a mile the river was churned a foaming white by the rocks in its bed and along the bank. The current ran with such rapidity that, reeling from one boulder to another, it formed great whirlpools. Above all was a tremendous roar. It did not seem possible for a canoe to live in such a savage rush of waters, and as the acquaintance of some of us with birches was extremely limited, we did not feel wildly enthusiastic as we gazed at the rapids and considered our chances of drowning. Eighteen miles of paddling and three bad carries had made us desperate, and it is doubtful if the certainty of a capsize would have deterred us from trying. Paddling quickly into the middle of the stream, we followed the black water



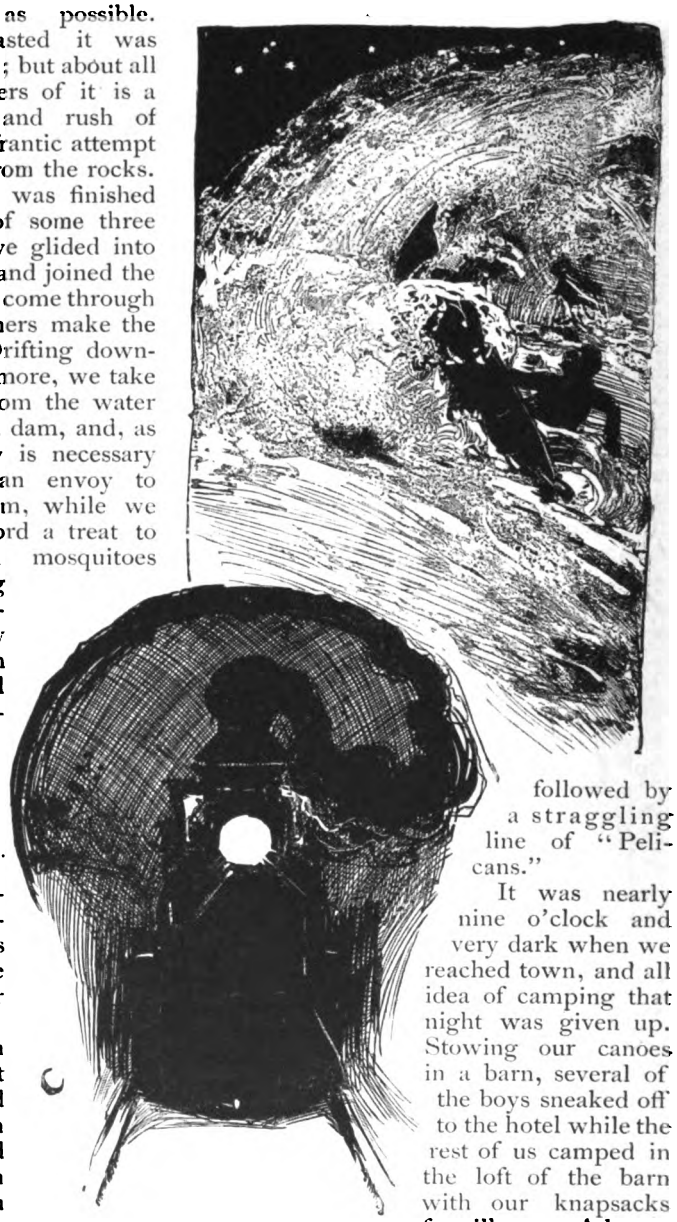
UNDER THE TREES.



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as closely as possible. While it lasted it was very exciting; but about all one remembers of it is a wild whirl and rush of water and a frantic attempt to keep off from the rocks. The passage was finished by a jump of some three feet, when we glided into quiet water, and joined the boats that had come through to see the others make the attempt. Drifting downstream once more, we take our boats from the water at the Tilton dam, and, as a long carry is necessary here, send an envoy to secure a team, while we rest and afford a treat to the Tilton mosquitoes (fighting weight estimated at sixty pounds). In half an hour we hear the shrill voice of the envoy afar off explaining in his blandest tones to some one what an easy matter it is to drive through an almost impassable mass of logs, bushes, and swamp-grass. The problem of loading six canoes and a miscellaneous assortment of baggage on a single wagon is finally solved, and we take up our line of march for Franklin.



THE DREAM.

Twilight had stolen upon us before we shook the dust of Tilton from our feet, and the three miles seemed much nearer five as, tired and sleepy, we plunged ahead in the dusty road. Perhaps you have never walked after dark on a country road that has just been repaired. Try it if you never have, and are desirous of experiencing a fit of sea-sickness. At last the lights of Franklin appeared in the distance, and, reaching the village ahead of the rest, your scribe lay down in the road, with his back against a fence, and slept the sleep of the just. His nap was sweet but short, for he was awakened by a kick on the tenderest part of his shins, and opened his eyes to see the chariot roll slowly by, followed by a straggling line of "Pelicans."

It was nearly nine o'clock and very dark when we reached town, and all idea of camping that night was given up. Stowing our canoes in a barn, several of the boys sneaked off to the hotel while the rest of us camped in the loft of the barn with our knapsacks for pillows. A knapsack filled with canned goods makes a pillow that is not exactly downy. Turning out at half-past four we adjourned to the hotel, and, after a good breakfast, embarked at half-past six o'clock.

The water is still fast, and we sweep along at a ten-mile rate. At eight we meet the waters of the Pemigewasset, the two streams here forming the Merrimac. The sky is lowering and the air close; the river hurries us along, and for miles the country

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UNDER THE BRIDGE.

is very wild and not a house is seen. Passing the birthplace of Daniel Webster, we reach Boscawen, where we group about a pier of the picturesque old bridge while our photographer levels his camera. The water is not so fast, though a powerful current greatly aids us. Every few moments a smart spatter of rain relieves the intense heat that is here reflected from high sandy banks. The boats are strung out in a line, and, with the red pennant of the "Pelicans" at bow and stern, make a pretty picture. Turning a sharp bend in the river, and going through a narrow passage to the left of an island, we come out just in time to see the first couple plunge over Sewell's Falls. There is no time to hold back, and we shoot ahead and trust to luck. The drop is about four feet, and, as we go down, the stern paddler gets a good view of the top of his companion's head below him. It is an exciting moment as we come to the plunge, but, digging hard with the paddles, we come through with nothing worse than a wetting. It takes hard work to get to the shore out of the quick-water that seems reluctant to lose its grip, but at last a landing is made, and, as we wait for the two boats that have carried around, the inevitable photographer takes the falls. After a short rest we embark, and, passing a bridge, come in sight of some rapids that are worse than anything we have struck as yet. They are nearly a mile in length, and in places the spray is thrown high in air and the water is formed into great whirlpools, which would undoubtedly prove fatal to a canoe. The attempt is finally made by some of the boats, and, though all get through in safety, the canoes are half filled and clothing is thoroughly drenched. One thoughtful pair make the run clad, the one in a felt hat, the other in a gauze undervest, carefully putting their clothing on top of the luggage where it will keep dry.

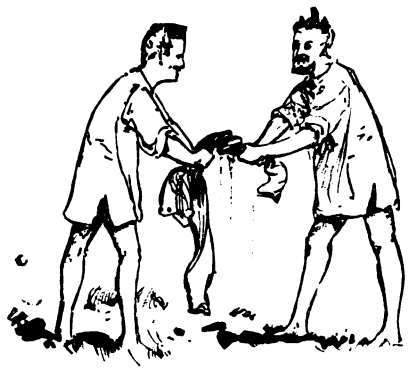
It is impossible to put on wet clothing, so spreading it out to dry on top of our commissary department, we possess our souls in patience. One more canoe came through the rapids, and we were joined by those who carried around. The heat was great, and the sun made its appearance every now and then, and our clothing rapidly dried. Rounding a point we came upon

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the Commodore and partner, in swimming off a sandy beach. Stopping here, we donned some necessary clothing, and then continued down the river about half a mile, stopping under the railroad bridge at East Concord for dinner. We got up the best meal here of the entire trip; and, after paying our respects to it, lay down under the trees and took a nap. Some of our number went in bathing, but the majority were pleased to get a chance to rest. Here the only break in our ranks occurred; one of the Pelicans, over-



come with the heat, was driven to the railroad station by a friendly farmer and took the train for home. It was four o'clock when the Pelicans were again afloat, and as it was evident that we could not possibly reach



Manchester, we took it easy and paddled leisurely along. The current was not strong enough to aid us much, and we did not reach Concord until shortly before sunset. The trees on the banks were casting long shadows across the river as we slipped under the railroad bridge and stopped a few minutes for rest on the sandy shore of the western bank. As twilight came on, the river was very fine. The water was calm and placid; not a ripple ruffled its surface. The woods rose in dark masses on either bank, and in the distance blended with the water and were lost to the eye in one mass. A ruddy light, tinging the western horizon, was reflected weakly in the water. Occasionally the scream of a nighthawk broke the stillness. The silence was impressive, nothing disturbing it save the dip of the paddles. These are precious moments. Nature seems to be disrobing for the night; we almost hear her footfalls; we nearly catch the rustle of her garments; we wait expectant, and hear nothing. Our revery



is broken by a shout; and, looking around we discover that we are alone. The other canoes are drawn up on the bank at our right, and we paddled over to learn that we have arrived at Garvin's Falls.

The Falls cannot be seen from the river in the dusk, and are deceiving and dangerous. We carry our canoes around the gates of a sluice-way, and, putting them in the sluice, drop down to the mill, a distance of a quarter of a mile, where we take out once more. It is decided to pass the night here, as we have had a hard day's work, and everybody is tired and hungry. It is estimated that we have paddled forty-two miles since eight o'clock in the morning. Preparations are made for supper, which is soon despatched. Then a tent is pitched in a piece of woods near the mill. Some of the boys prefer to sleep in their hammocks, slung up under the trees. But the



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A PADDLE IN THE TWILIGHT.

Duke discovers the grand prize in a freight-car on a side-track, waiting to be loaded with paper from the mill. In this car we obtain permission to sleep, and four of us soon have our hammocks slung up, and are ready to turn in. A dull roar is heard, and a sharp whistle warns us of a coming train. We rush to the door, and see the head-light of the engine shine full on the switch connecting our siding with the main line. A moment's suspense, and the express thunders by at a terrific speed. We are soon in our hammocks, and go to sleep almost instantly. I commence to dream. The Duke and I are again in the Rapids; now we are enjoying our dinner, and again we are drifting quietly with the stream. Suddenly there is a shrill whistle, and I rush to the door of the car and see the head-light of the approaching train. It reaches the switch. Great Cæsar! They are on our track; in an instant there is a frightful crash, and I awake in a cold sweat, and nearly fall out of my swinging bed. I lie wondering what the motive was for my hideous nightmare, when there is a clash on top of our car, and presently a huge log is thrown inside on to the floor, making noise enough to satisfy even the fiend who has prepared this entertainment for us. Presently a jocose Pelican peers in, and with a cheerful smile inquires if there is anybody awake. This is too much, and a storm of maledictions is hurled at the head of the practical joker. He retreats jubilant. A few faint streaks of light tinge the eastern sky, and the early morning is raw and damp. I climb back into my hammock and try to woo the drowsy god once more; but the charm is broken. With daylight the mosquitoes flock in, and are rampant. We make desperate efforts to keep them off, but, after nearly smothering under our blankets, we come to the conclusion that discretion is the better part of valor, and roll out of our snug quarters.

The great problem now is breakfast; this is settled by the Duke's starting off and returning in half an hour with a large pail of milk and a dozen of eggs. The eggs are poached over the Judge's alcohol stove; and with soused mackerel, canned tongue, raspberry jam, and home-made bread, make a breakfast fit for the gods. We linger long over our sumptuous repast, but the rest of the Pelicans having disposed of their meal, we are forced to quit. All of the canoes have suffered more or less from rapid travelling and rough usage, and the Commodore is busy doing the repairing. This is soon accomplished, and we carry our canoes around the mill, and put them in the water, and at half-past seven bid adieu to Garvin's Falls. The last two days have told on all hands, and we do not exert ourselves, but keep well together and paddle steadily. The current is not strong, the river being too wide to give the water much force. The morning is pleasant and the landscape is charming. The long covered wooden bridge and the elm trees are old friends that we first met at Boscawen. The banks are low, with an occasional huge sand-mound to break

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the monotony. About ten o'clock we arrive at Hookset, pass under a very picturesque old bridge, and land at the left on a sandy shore. There is a carry of half a mile around some large mills. N and the Judge, the Duke and I, have our canoes carried around on a team, for the first and last time. The rest of the boys are used up by the carry. We paddle slowly, and enjoy the scenery; the inevitable bridge, which has repeated itself so often, is passed again, and we hug the left shore closely to keep out of the sun. This is the warmest day we have had; the heat is intense. We presently stop, and enjoy a good swim. After resting an hour we proceed on our way. We reach Manchester at one o'clock, and find the mercury at 98° in the shade. It is thought best to stop here, so the canoes are stored in the house of the Star Boat Club, who are gratefully remembered for their kindness. We all enjoy an excellent dinner, and then take the train for Boston. Arrived in town, the Pelicans dig their knapsacks and blankets out of a pile of luggage, and, after a hand-shake all round, drift quickly away, to meet at some future time, and talk over the pleasures and discomforts of our trip.

K. C. Atwood.



TANGLE-LEAF PAPERS. III.

How would "Tricycles and Triolets" do for an alliterative heading to a light chapter on out-door poetry? Ever since I began to taste Virgil in my school-days I have had a special liking for verse smacking of the woods and fields, the birds, the sunshine, and the brooks. A certain passage in the Æneid comes into my mind now, a strong sketch of a grove of trees, with the light playing through the swaying foliage with that strangely brilliant effect so often observed on bright days in spring and summer: —

— "Tum silvis scena coruscis
Desuper, horrentique atrum nemus imminet umbrâ."

I do not think that William Morris has quite done justice to this beautiful Virgilian bit of landscape in his rhymed translation. Here is his rendering: —

— "Lo! the flickering wood above
And wavering shadow cast adown by darksome hanging grove."

"Flickering wood" is not of subtle significance enough to suggest what is somehow conveyed by the original phrase. I have seen the sunlight and a breeze playing at once through the bright-green top of a tall tree when the sudden thrills, so to speak, of golden fire, leaping among the swaying foliage, were like flashes of rare thought shot swiftly through the brain of some grand genius.

Although I have hinted at the triolet, I shall not speak of that, or indeed of any other purely conventional form of verse, saving the mere observation that nothing of the kind, from the sonnet to the rondel, is suited to the freshness and freedom of out-door life. The over-racy honey of the bumble-bee, little suited as it is to the table of the epicure, has such flavor as ought to mark the songs of the sylvan poet. I am in hopes that in our country a school of young singers will soon appear, widely different from that now forming in England,

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and also unlike the *jeune école* of France. Why should we as a people foster, or even countenance, forms of poetical affectation worn out and flung aside by the Old World some hundreds of years ago?

Our venerable Walt Whitman may have pushed at times too far in the other direction, but he has caught the spirit of freedom and has dashed his unkempt songs with a dew as American as that of Helicon was Greek. It is a broad, out-door sense in which one enjoys some of his breezy verses: —

"I think I have blown with you, O winds;
O waters, I have fingered every shore with you."

It is indeed a pleasing thing to idly blow with the wind, or to blow with the wind for a purpose; and what is more recreating than to finger sweet shores with the water? A canoe, if but a pirogue, and a shore to finger, if only the bank of a rivulet, can give delight of no uncertain sort to a healthy soul.

A Western poet, Ben Parker, has embodied in a simple stanza a good idea of that freshness which lingers in the memory after one has been driven by the pressure of worldly cares out of the redolent ways of nature: —

"O morning when the days are long,
And youth and innocence are wed,
And every grove is full of song,
And every pathway void of dread;
Who rightly sings its rightful praise
Or rightly dreams it o'er again,
When cold and narrow are the days,
And shrunken all the hopes of men, —
He shall re-waken with his song
The morning when the days were long."

The old English poet, Sir Richard Fanshawe, took a gloomier view: —

"Let us use it while we may
Snatch those joys that haste away!
Earth her winter coat may cast,
And renew her beauty past:
But, our winter come in vain
We solicit spring again;
And when our furrows snow shall cover
Love may return, but never lover."

There was a philosopher for you; but here comes one of our young American poets with a fancy that finds pretty and apt comparisons wherever it skips. Sings Edgar Fawcett: —

"If trees are Nature's thoughts or dreams,
And witness how her great heart yearns,
Then she has only shown, it seems,
Her lightest fantasies in ferns."

It is quite surprising, when one comes to look, how chary our later poets are of using the dew for dampening their materials; they seem to prefer lamp-oil. It may be, after all, that lamp-oil is the better medium, but just now I am writing from the saddle of a tricycle with the spell of all out-doors upon me.

How precious is the pleasure now-a-days of coming upon a really good stanza of verse, one that breaks open, so to speak, like a fragrant bud, and distils into one's mind the quintessence of genuine originality! I do not speak of such originality as Poe's or Baudelaire's or Rossetti's, but such as Swinburne has shown in a choice few of his simpler lyrics, where he has forgotten himself, — for Swinburne is a master when French and Greek influences do not master him. His music is haunting, and there are, scattered through his poems, pictures sketched from nature with a hand as free and firm as Shakespeare's: —

"Where tides of grass break into foam of flowers,
Or where the wind's feet shine along the sea."

It is not hard to find good out-door poetry if we go back to the beginning of English verse. Chaucer, with the language fresh in his hands, so to speak, coined his phrases with a pen dipped in dew. See how he begins his prologue: —

"When that Aprille with his schowres swoote
The drought of Marche hath perced to the roote,
And bathud every veyne in swich licour,
Of which vertue engendred is the flour."

From Chaucer's day down to this no poet, save Chaucer himself, has written four lines so full of the subtle flavor of Spring as these. I must add another stanza: —

"And the river that I sat upon,
It made such a noise as it ron,
Accordant with the birdes armony,
Methought it was the best melody
That might ben yheard of any mon."

Indeed, Chaucer is one of the few poets who are good companions in the open air. It is like a luncheon of fruit and nuts and choice old wine, — reading the "Canterbury Tales" under a plane-tree by the brook-side.

"And he himself as swete as is the roote
Of lokorys, or eny cetewale."

— "Sweete as bragat is or meth,
Or hoord of apples layd in hay or heth."

"The hoote somer had maad his hew al brown,
And certainly he was a good felawe."

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Chaucer saw nature with frank, wide-open eyes, albeit he never forgot to be a scholar, as the times went.

"And in a launde, upon a hill of floures,
Was set this noble goddesse Nature,
Of branches were her halles and her boures,
Ywrought, after her craft and her mesure."

"To do Nature honour and plesaunce" was so good, in the eyes of the old poet, that he did not nicely weigh the manner of the doing, viewed from the stand-point of our latter-day versifiers, but he let in the crispness of morning and the pungency of spring buds in lieu of these refinements of versification, now so highly prized. His knightly spirit and his courtly instincts could not repress his abounding love for the singing-birds, the breezy fields, and the wayside brooks. He was artist enough to know the value of words and the suggestive force of the more elusive elements of nature: —

"Verse, a breeze 'mid blossoms straying,"

as Coleridge expresses it, was Chaucer's verse in a large degree. His was a *paradis parfumé*, of a kind quite different from the hot-house paradise of our modern poetry, whose odors are of *l'huile de coco, du musc et du goudron* so liked by Baudelaire and his admirers.

Emerson's poems are good to have in one's tricycle-pouch. I wish I could say as much for those of Matthew Arnold. Nothing can be finer than the tonic raw sweetness of some of Emerson's verses when read in the solitude of the woods; and no doubt this unstrained American honey is too rich (as is the pulp of our papaws) for the over-delicate English palate. I am afraid that Mr. Arnold would find fault even with the flavor of sassafras tea or rhubarb pies! It is one of Emerson's qualities, sharply observable, that, whatever may be his technical shortcoming, his thoughts are so phrased in his poems as to give them a smack of the clean, the home-brewed, the genuine. A cup of sweet-apple cider, with its honest bouquet and non-intoxicating effect, is not a whit more grateful than some of his wood-notes. He had the nerve to preserve the aroma of a thought, even at the expense of a false rhyme or a halting verse. He left some seeds and floating bits of apple-rind in his cider. As we slowly imbibe his precious meanings we are ready to quote him: —

"I, drinking this,
Shall hear far Chaos talk with me;"

and we fall into a state of mind that melts

"Solid nature to a dream."

Let some flying tourist stop for a moment on a breezy hill-top, as I did lately, and read this: —

"I hung my verses in the wind;
Time and tide their faults may find:
All were winnowed through and through;
Five lines lasted sound and true.

Or this: —

— "The bell of beetle and of bee
Knell their melodious memory;"

and he will feel a new consciousness of how Nature

"Rounds with rhyme her every rune."

Scattered all through Emerson's poems are thoughts that cut into Nature and tap her sweetest and most hidden veins.

It is remarkable that no Southern poet has arisen to give us the wood-notes of the land of the magnolia and the orange. Some of Sydney Lanier's verses, it is true, are dashed with the fervid colors of the semi-tropic, but he did not live to do his best, and his ill-health no doubt interfered with his out-door studies. His "Marsh Hymns" are lofty, fragmentary nature-songs, and I have no doubt that when his poems appear in book-form, as they soon will, it will be seen that his death was a sad thing for those who like genuine poetry. Still the fact remains that we have no poet who gives us the warm, odorous, fruitful South in rhythm and rhyme slumbrous as her sunshine and electrifying as her breezes. Indeed, no poet, of whatever country, has ever found the way to an expression of tropical out-door life. Of course I do not speak of mere descriptive verse, which is the lowest order of poetry. A Southern Emerson would not be content with mere adjectives of color and form; he would go about like a bumble-bee, extracting from nature such sweets as might be found racy of the soil. He would be a mole among the juicy roots of plants, a butterfly among the flowers. He would cut into the sap-veins of the trees; he would peel the fragrant barks. His poems would not be composed of these things, nor principally of them, but their flavor would come out of them, and out of the sunshine and the lazy summer winds.

Who knows but that the invention of the wheel, this charming instrument of self-propulsion, is to work a new element

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into our literature — not merely the wheel element, but the provincial element, — an element which seems to have almost disappeared from the poetry and fiction made in the great literary centres of New York, London and Paris. I have felt, while enjoying short leisurely tours on the tricycle, that all the bright young cyclists of our country are certainly in the best way of gathering that knowledge which fully complements the lore of the books. Surely it is given to him who knows Nature and loves her, to speak:

> "As if by secret sight he knew
> Where, in far fields, the orchis grew."

Maurice Thompson.

HOW TO CONSTRUCT A MODEL YACHT.

To construct a model, or toy, yacht, get out a block of clear white pine, about twenty-five inches long and nine inches wide, three inches deep at the forward end and four at the after end. Bore a rudder-hole three-eighths of an inch and about three and one-half inches from the after end; let it be at right angles to the base-line or keel. Run a saw through the stern towards the rudder-hole, taking out a piece about half the depth at the rudder-hole.

From a sheet of heavy paper cut out the shape of the deck; let it taper off to about half the extreme beam at the after end; grub out the sheer about one and one-fourth inch; draw a centre line on the upper side of the block, as well as one for the centre of the keel. Double the paper and apply it to the deck centre line and mark the shape of the deck on the block. Dig out about two-thirds of the wood, leaving some wood round the rudder-hole, so that when the time comes for fastening the deck, some putty being applied around the hole, no water can get in; this is essential. Leave at least a half-inch of wood at the bottom, and be sure not to take out too much. To do this requires experience, a couple of sharp gouges and a mallet, with plenty of strength.

With a very sharp hatchet cut off the bulk of the spare wood on the outside of the block. Having thus roughed out the model, which can be more easily done by an experienced hand than described, with a sharp drawing-knife, a spokeshave, and a sharp broad chisel, finish up the desired shape, taking care to leave at least half an inch of wood.

Now for the proof of the correctness of the model. To do this mark off on the keel or base-line and on the gunwale sections about three inches apart. The midship section should be about half-way from the bow to the after end, and here the body should be the fullest section of all. Take a piece of card-board and cut out to suit your fancy the shape of the midship section. It should have about an inch of "dead rise" at half breadth, called "half-floor," and should be rounded up to the gunwale. Apply this to the midship mark, and shave off the wood until the card-board fits nicely; now reverse the card-board, and apply it to the other side, and shave down until it fits. Go on applying the card-board to all the marks, shaping each section to suit the eye, and conforming to the starting-point or midship section. It will be readily seen that if this be well done the two sides will be alike. Procure a deck-piece of white-wood one-fourth inch thick; lay it on the gunwales and clamp it down. I do this by taking a piece of strong wood, an inch or two longer than the extreme beam; tie to one end a strong line and pass it across the deck, force it down by repeated turns of the line and a good deal of muscle until it almost comes down to its place; then insert a wedge under the stick and wedge up until the deck fits close to the gunwales. Chisel off most of the spare wood. Insert screws, say six on each side, to hold the deck in place; remove the clamp; shave off with the spokeshave all extra wood until you have a complete fit. With a bit somewhat smaller than the rudder-hole, bore through the deck. Suppose that we are constructing a sloop, — draw a deck-line from the centre of the rudder-hole to the centre of the bow; measure off say one-third of the whole length of this line from the bow, and call it the place for the mast; bore the mast-hole with a five-eighth bit.

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Take a stick and put a screw into the butt end; cut off the head and give it a sharp point; insert it into the mast-hole and regulate the rake, etc., by the eye; it should stand plumb with the water-line; force the stick down so as to make a distinct mark. Apply the clamp and remove the screw. The deck being off, bore a hole about half an inch deep for the step of the mast. Now replace the deck, taking care to first fit to it a pair of bitts and some leaders, or "loggerheads," with holes through them for the halyards, and place some putty around the rudder hole. Add sufficient screws and brads to fasten the deck securely, and do not forget to put four screws around the rudder-hole, to prevent the water entering. Get out a stem-piece by cutting out the desired shape from card-board, and apply this to a piece of hackmatack, or other tough wood, until it fits the bow. If you have a turning-lathe and small bits, bore the holes for fastening the stem, or "cut-water," and leave it until the leaden keel is fastened on; this part of the construction is very important. A sloop of twenty-five inches will require about five pounds of best soft lead.

I generally make a mould of some wood like cherry or black walnut as near the shape of the keel wanted as possible, say twenty-two inches long by three-eighths thick at one edge, and one-fourth at the other; the after end should be one and one-half inch deep, and the forward end about five-eighths inch; melt some best soft lead and fill the mould. When cool, plane it down smooth. I should have added that there have been three or four holes bored through the centre line into the hold, leaving from one-half to three-fourths of an inch of wood. Apply the keel and mark on it the exact place of the centre screw-hole. Bore a hole in the keel with the lathe to suit such screws as have been chosen to fasten it on, place the keel and insert the screw; mark on the keel where the other screws are to go; remove the keel and bore the holes. Before fastening on the keel, saw out of the ends a piece, leaving projections about one inch and a half in length; bore holes through these projections, and countersink the lead so that the heads of the screws shall be flush. Being now ready to fasten on the keel, apply the screws from the inside, excepting one at each end for the projections, which must be put on from the outside. The keel being firmly attached, the next step is to try the trim by putting the boat into the bath-tub, if she sit right, all's well; if not, add pieces of lead inside until the trim is right, the boat drawing about three inches aft and one and one-half forward. Fasten on the cut-water, and finish off the forward end of the keel "ship-shape and Bristol fashion." Now get out the rudder of hard wood; put on a piece of hard wood to the extreme end of the model for a rudder-post. If we fit the rudder to the pine it does not make a good finish, and when the boat is put afloat, the pine swells and the rudder works hard or completely chokes, hence the necessity for the hard-wood stern or rudder-post, which must be hollo wed out to fit the rounded front of the rudder. Having fitted the rudder, leaving about three-quarters of an inch above deck, make the tiller of hard wood and fit it to the rudder-head by a copper band, through which and the rudder-head a small hole must be bored to keep the tiller firm ly in place. The rudder and tiller being done, a piece of hard wood must be got out to fill the gap, sawed out of the keel, and it must have a projection beyond the rudder-post into which the rudder is to be stepped by means of a pintle inserted in the heel of the rudder. The heel-piece being ready, as well as the rudder and the tiller, put them aside until we lay a covering board. This is done by cutting out the shape of the forward end, say half the length of the gunwale, in card-board, and from white-wood saw out the same. The forward end should be one-half an inch, and the after end one-fourth inch thick. Before fastening on the two forward pieces of "covering board or planksheer," mark where the fastenings of the deck come, so as not to have the fastenings interfere with each other. Before fastening down, the hawse-hole must be cut, as it is difficult to bore them after the planksheer is fastened. The after-piece should terminate a little abaft the rudder-hole; from there aft a rounded piece must be fitted, leaving a space of about an inch abaft it; this gives an opportunity for a light stern. The finish of the stern is a matter of taste; the simplest is a round or elliptic stern.

The planksheer being done, we may ship the rudder, the tiller, and the heel-piece which supports the rudder. By the help of much elbow-grease and sand-paper, and fine rasps, we smooth all off, nicely, and turn our attention to the masting and rigging. All spars should be made of a yellow-wood recently discovered by

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me. It is a sort of bastard boxwood, very free from knots and shakes, and does not change color as cherrywood does. The mast should be eleven-sixteenths of an inch at the deck and three-eighths at the upper end; let it be long enough to answer for a top-mast, which is much stronger than to have top-mast, cap, etc. Let the mast be thirty-two inches, and fit to it a brass cross-tree about eight inches from the end. The boom should be about twenty-four inches long and half inch in diameter in the place where the main sheet-block comes, say two inches from the stern or taffrail. It should be got out square, taper off to about five-sixteenths inch at the inner end, and to three-eighths at the outer end. Take off three of the corners and round off well, leaving the other to be bored through to bend the foot of the main-sail; this is simpler than a batten or a rod. The gaff should be about half the length of the boom, and made like it, for bending the head of the sail; before shipping the mast and boom, we must put on about twelve nice brass rings for hoops, and attach the blocks for the peak and throat halyards; also, a main-sheet block to the boom and a horse-iron and travelling block to the deck.

The bowsprit should be about eighteen inches long, four of which inside and screwed down firmly. Before putting it in place, bore holes for the forestay and top-mast stay, the first about two inches from the end, the other near the end; put a pin through just inside each hole so that the wire stays shall not cut into the wood; also put pins through just forward of the last, leaving them projecting about one-sixteenth of an inch; these are for a place of support for the "bobstays" and guys. Having everything ready to place the rigging, get some malleable brass or copper wire, and, by bending the ends and twisting eyes in the same, they will be ready to set up to staples driven into the plankshare; before receiving the stays we must make a lot of "hanks" or rings for bending the jib and the jib top-sail. To do this take some small wire, cut it in lengths of one inch, bend these over some round tool and with the hand-nippers twist the ends together and cut off the surplus.

If you want something better and choose to pay for it, buy rings of three-sixteenth diameter of the fishing tackle dealers. Set up the rigging with strong waxed silk thread, put near the bar two catheads, set up the bowsprit shrouds to these, and the bobstays to holes through the stem-piece. There should be one top-mast shroud coming down through the end of the cross-tree and one backstay setting up abaft it. The main-boom is fastened to the mast by an eye-bolt formed of a large pin which passes through the eye in the end of the boom, and this forms a good substitute for the usual "gooseneck." To fix the eye in the end of the boom, we first put on a "woolding" of fine wire to keep the boom from being split; get out a brass eye-bolt, bore a hole in the end of the boom and drive the bolt firmly in. Now we are supposed to be ready to cut out the sails. Get some strong paper, and after putting the boom in place cut out the main-sail to fit the place; do the same with the jib, jib top-sail and gaff top-sail. Take some of the finest unbleached cotton cloth, cut out the sails by the paper patterns. Having tried them on to see that they fit approximately, mark off the cloths to represent the seams in the sails; these should be double pencil lines for guides to the stitcher. When stitched, try on the sails again, and see that they fit accurately: return them to the stitcher to be hemmed, inserting in the leech of the main-sail a small string for the purpose of taking up any extra slack. The sails being done the "bending" of them may be left to the imagination of the nautical student, as also the various cleets and cavils for belaying the ropes. If the boat is to have a "cockpit" the saw-mill must be resorted to to get it out from a piece of close-grained wood, like beech or hickory. The jib should be arranged to work on a rod or "traveller," so that in tacking the jib takes care of itself. For the sake of simplicity I have given up fitting reefs to my sails. My anchors and cables and my compasses are imported from London, and my flags are the work of kind ladies. All else, including the troublesome blocks, is the work of my hands, except the painting.

Boats for the yachts are made of the yellow-wood called bastard-box. Get out a block six or eight inches long by one and one-half inch wide and three-fourths of an inch to one inch deep. Mark a centre line on it and cut out the general shape, just as in the case of the yacht's deck; dig out and shape pretty much as in the yacht. Prepare a thin slab and fit it to the inside, say one-fourth of an inch below the gunwale. Mark on it in pencil the position of the thwarts and "stern-sheets;" with a sharp gouge and knife cut out the wood between the thwarts and in the stern-sheets; cut notches along the upper edge.

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say five or six on each side; apply the wood to the boat and peg it in by boring holes where the notches come and insert hard-wood pegs. This, like many of the details, can be better done by an expert than described by me. The naval constructor should have two gouges, two chisels, two screw-drivers, one sharp hatchet, one handsaw, one joiner's saw, one drawing-knife, one spokeshave, several gimlets, centre-bit stock and tools, one plane, two hammers, one hand-wrench, one nipper, for cutting wire; an assortment of wire, sand-paper, and drills for the lathe. Thus equipped, the only thing wanting will be knowledge to make the most of the tools and save cutting the fingers; and this can only be arrived at by actual experience. I have been working on boats for many years and yet learn something every day.

Up to this time I can count up one hundred and ten yachts made for good boys. I am making one now for the grandson of a cousin for whom I made a yacht fifty years ago.

R. B. Forbes.

BY WHEEL TO THE HUB.

I.

HAD you happened on the eight o'clock train for New Haven one Wednesday evening last June, and taken a friendly cigar to pacify your mind, you would have discovered in the front part of the car three young men, each in a comfortable though somewhat ungraceful attitude, dressed in Norfolk jackets and knickerbockers; and had you listened to their conversation you would have found the key-note to be "bicycle trip." The chord was in a major key, judging from their countenances, but every now and then one of the party would peer out of the window, against whose pane the storm beat a nervous tattoo, and immediately you heard a diminished seventh, and by degrees a modulation culminating in a minor andante movement.

The mystery of all this is not particularly occult. These three individuals were bicyclers; they had left New York for New Haven, where they intended to spend the night, and on the next morning to set out for a tour which should have for its termination the Hub of this terrestrial ball.

When this trip was first put into the pot of possibility there were seven persons poking the sanguinary fire, about which they were grouped, day after day, in one of the lecture-rooms of Columbia College. Two had no machines; three could not ride, — these included the wheelless; of the remaining four, one had three machines, thus completing an outfit.

At first it was proposed to ride from New York to Boston; but when the time came this scheme was found to include only three of the party, one having preceded them to New Haven, another called to Hartford on business, the remaining two having withdrawn for various reasons. It was eleven o'clock when the trio reached New Haven, — eleven o'clock, and still the stars were hiding behind the gray curtains of the sky. The situation presented a depressing aspect. The most comforting words concerning the probabilities were comfortless and unfriendly, for to all our questions — sent out like the dove from the ark in search of an olive branch of hope — there came only one reply, to the effect that there was every prospect of a long, settled rain.

If you are anxious to experience a genuine disappointment I will prescribe one for you: Set your heart, when the weather is heavenly, on a bicycle tour; spend three hours in chasing a wheel around a room where the thermometer registers 80°; take four days of rough country road-riding as a matter of training; then, just when you have learned to hold your steed, and have expended sundry dollars for a wheel and the appurtenances thereto, start on the pictured picnic in a driving, disagreeable drizzle.

Emotions on such occasions are not necessarily noble and grand. One is chiefly affected by the depressing consciousness that somehow he has been made a fool of.

It was No. 4 who met us at the depot, armed with an umbrella.

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"Delightful weather for wheeling, this!" he exclaimed, sententiously.

"Bad weather for New Haven, though," replied the Inebriate.

"That's witty, no doubt, but not very wise," remarked the Abbreviated.

"Weatherwise, but not otherwise," gasped the Inebriate.

Hereupon the procession moved with funereal stateliness to the hotel, — Veracity first on wheel, followed by Sprite, the Inebriate, and No. 4 on foot.

These respectable people had attained their titles only by dint of personal peculiarities. For instance, the Inebriate — an entirely honorable person, having neither an unsteady hand nor a beacon-like nose — was a gentleman whose charm of character was surpassed only by an unquenchable thirst, which he averred had been handed down from generation to generation. It was evident that he was the one of all this family whose parching lips were to be kept moist. He drank always, and always the same thing — straight — water.

Dear Sprite! I must speak of him with respectful deference — he's a married man — was not so very short, but the others were taller. Providence having seen fit to make him just so tall, gave him a generous crop of hair of the Skeneateles tint to make up for the glory lost in stature. If you don't grasp this new color at once, it may be elucidated by the remark that Skeneateles is next to Auburn.

Veracity was the loquacious gentleman, whose remarks kept one continually reminded that his name was a misnomer. It was upon his remark, that "it will rain at least ten days," that the party agreed to start the next morning, taking it to prophesy "fair weather."

No. 4 sought shelter elsewhere than the hotel. He represented the independent party. Of him we shall speak when the wheel has once begun rolling along.

II.

"For the weather, it is clearing . . . .
Then is the time for disappearing,
Take a header, and down you go!"
—*Bocaccio.*

THURSDAY morning showed a most melancholy face, and ours were but reflections.

One or two friendly fellow-wheelmen had found us out, and strayed in to soothe our anxious hearts with the information that "the road from here to Meriden is pretty bad"; but they were exceedingly civil, and promised us escorts if we would but wait over another day. We learned, after a little, that "pretty," when qualifying "bad," signified the word which the Pinaforic-captain would not use.

The Sprite spent the morning in shopping and vanquishing Veracity on the billiard-cloth. His appearance under the burden of many parcels provoked his crestfallen victim to indulge his satirical propensity in the remark that he made a "first-class peddler;" whereupon he replied, with great seriousness, that he was already aware of the fact, and only languished to prove it in the saddle. It has been deemed wise to make a record of this magnificent specimen of verbal brilliancy, that less intelligent wheelmen may commit it to memory, and keep it against a rainy day to make their chilled hearts warm with merriment.

Noon was clearer, and one o'clock found us on the wheel. So did a good-natured bicycling physician. He rode with us about five miles out, and gave us ample instruction concerning roads. Us — three. No. 4 could not be prevailed upon to start in a mist; so he was missed.

Readers acquainted with good literature will at once know the distance from New Haven to Meriden when we tell them that it is the same as that from Tweedle-dee to Tweedle-dum. However, it is our opinion that the roads are much poorer. We are, perhaps, the most rapid riders of the bicycle in this country, and it took us from two until seven o'clock to do eighteen miles. Imagine the roads! Where there was no mud, there was sand; and where there was no sand there were stones of dimensions gigantic. It was mostly sand, of a depth varying from two to four inches. Now, the only thing which can be said for sand is that it is friendly, and always meets you half way. Bicyclers, however, object to being met by the elements, even when friendly, when they have another destination in view.

The ever-active Sprite seemed to revel in the sand. This may be accounted for by his sandy complexion; what falls he got were over the wheel, and generally about fifteen feet in advance of it; but he never received a scratch. He was, indeed, a first-class peddler.

When we write this first day's record as eighteen miles in five hours, we wish it distinctly borne in mind that thirty minutes of this time was "lost on account of the Inebriate's thirst," and ninety minutes more were spent in devotion to the festive

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pipe and Havana. It was to Veracity that this delay was due, for, although it argues ill for the others' strength of character, it was always at his suggestion that a dismount was made and the pipes resurrected from the "*multum in parvos.*"

A few miles beyond Chester, whose chief glory is a military school, one of these dismounts was made. The wheels were stacked, and we sat perched upon a fence, under a friendly old hemlock, blowing clouds of blue smoke into the fresh air. Behind us, some little distance, stood a comfortable-looking farm-house, on whose piazza were languishing two individuals, feminine and frivolous. The Inebriate is very coy, and on this occasion actually had the audacity to take out his handkerchief and make himself comfortable by drying his damp forehead. It was a white one, too; but the dear little unsophisticated souls mistook the operation as a preparation for siege, and hastened in-doors to summon "Jawn." In the meantime Veracity was urging the Inebriate to apologize. "Jawn" appeared at once, the image of wrath, and a specimen of mankind of the malarial type, with a face so long withheld from the barber as to resemble a printer's pi of punctuations. The Sprite remarked that he looked as if he had been blown out of a wheat-field. "Jawn" advanced to the steps of the piazza, and raising his voice unto heaven cried out, with vengeance and irony:—

"Hi, thar, now; now hi! You fellers better git alawng outer that, er I'll put some buckshot inter yer!"

A general inquiry among us then ensued as to whether we had not better *waive* the "bloody shirt." It was decided unanimously in the affirmative; so we bowed politely to this wild ass of the desert, and remounted our steeds. The rest of the journey to Meriden, barring the condition of the roads, was delightful. Now, a quiet spin in single file along a side-path, sheltered from the sun by thick foliage, with every once in a while an opening through which we caught glimpses of hills and valleys which distance painted a soft blue; and now, a coast down a tortuous hill, at whose base there were three inches of sand, for a half mile or so. As the sun dropped down behind the western horizon, the odors of the foliage and flowers seemed to grow more pungent, and the colors in nature more subdued and deeper; the babble of the brooks was more musical, as if by listening to the birds all day they had learned new tunes and cadences. And just as we reached the city the stars were beginning to blossom in the sky, whose deep blue was in strong contrast with its countenance the previous night. A good bath, a good supper, and a good night, and the first day's journey was over.

III.

"Nature loves the number five." — *Emerson.*

No. 4 beamed upon us early the next morning, anxious to make the start, and full of glee that he should have escaped the previous day's journey. The general condition of the roads had improved by the morning sun; and at ten o'clock, when we slipped noiselessly out of the busy little manufacturing city, we found that by resting every five or six miles for an hour or so, we could make the succeeding five or six in about the same time. This statement is paradoxical, but true.

A guide to amateur wheelmen is not what we are aiming at in this article; otherwise we should embellish our remarks by numerous little maps; and having read other people's diaries, as well as our own, we have decided not to chronicle each particular episode. We might, for example, indulge in something like this:—

10.30 A.M. Left Meriden. Hot. Gone five miles. Stop for drink. Smoking. No. 4 succumbs to a pipe. The Inebriate shows an aversion for sitting down promiscuously. Veracity bets two to one with Sprite that the next five miles will be made in twenty minutes, etc., etc.

11.30. Started again. Saw a cow.

We hesitate to continue this for many reasons, the principal one being that we desire to be remembered pleasantly by the well-treated reader.

Suffice to say, Hartford was taken on the afternoon of June 13, 1884. To accomplish this the Inebriate had stowed away twenty-nine glasses of water and six of milk; the Sprite had stopped seven times and eaten food; No. 4 had used bad language once; and Veracity had not uttered the truth at all.

Goggles — he's No. 5 — was seen from afar, looming up like a twin lighthouse. His smile was expansive. We approved of smiles; we approved of Goggles. He was the great originator of this trip, and should have been mentioned before, had he not comported himself as has been told; we accounted for this freak by

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the fact that he was of a marriageable age. We were sure of our conjectures when we found him near a "sweet face at the window," who kept taking hold of his name by the handle. His name had several. "Q. X. V. Goggles." She called him "Qurious!"

Goggles suggested the advisability of making a very early start; he italicized the adverb by a ghostly, gutteral piece of stage whisper he picked up somewhere. No. 4, without consulting anybody, said that it was unanimously agreed upon. The information, when received by the Inebriate, was so startling that he slept in his clothes, that he might be ready in the morning. Veracity and the Sprite awoke at seven, and administered brandy to the Inebriate, who was suffering with weakness from loss of sleep. No. 4 growled over the audacity shown in waking him at eight; and finally, Goggles, who had decreed the sunrise start, showed up at precisely a quarter past ten. He had a portfolio and knapsack, and travelling-bag hung on his back; an overcoat and pair of shoes tied on his handle-bars, and a patent rubber-cloth tent folded neatly, and fastened to the backbone of his wheel. We did not chide him for tardiness. We understood why.

Getting off at half-past ten, we found roads which were actually good; so good that the Sprite thought we were very likely going in the wrong direction. But no; we were at last to be indulged a little. The wheels ran smoothly, and so did the perspiration. The last two miles was a lightning coast. Veracity first, followed by Goggles and the Inebriate; the others were somewhere behind, and managed to reach the hotel a few minutes later.

Sunday dawned. The Sprite and No. 4 persisted in going to Worcester by rail that night. So off they went; and this is the last we saw of them until we reached Boston; however we did hear of them.

Nine o'clock, Monday morning, we were in the saddle and on the go, — up State street, past the Arsenal, and so on out on the turnpike. We had agreed that Massachusetts roads were going to be good; we had been told so by everybody from that Commonwealth. Shade of Ananias! The road just outside the city limits would have discouraged a camel, to say nothing of a horse; so sandy as to be practically impassable. The sun poured down upon us until we felt as if we were lying under a furnace. It was discouraging. Goggles and Goggles's baggage moved on like a "slave scourged to his dungeon." The Inebriate drank at every brook, spring, farm-house, puddle, and pharmacy, — water, milk, and Vichy; and Veracity kept up a continual prayer for the caravan to pause and indulge in a pipe.

About ten miles out of Springfield the road began to get a very little better. A good wagon rut would hold out for a half mile, or, perhaps, what was still more acceptable, there would be a good stretch of cow-path in close proximity to a barbarous barbed wire-fence. Goggles courted the bewitching barb with a forced affection. His extensive baggage would be fatal to anything like out-and-out love-making; and he was still more gingerly in his manner, because, like each of us, he knew that one pair of trousers makes a meagre armor with which to go forth in battle against the shining mail of a barbed wire-fence.

The roads were picking up. The Inebriate and Veracity jilted the barb and joined Goggles. Everything was booming, Veracity ahead, when, lo! a whoop! — and there they lay, a picture of misery and dirt, tangled up in a mass of wheels and baggage.

"I told you so!" sympathized Veracity, in gleeful gratitude that his own bones were still whole. The remark was received with very little applause by the unfortunates, who were just on their feet and in the act of contemplating their steeds. Not to be sat upon so completely, Veracity again ventured to make comment, and added: —

"That's what comes of this riding two feet apart like a girl and lovesick noodle."

The sluggish blood once more moved now, and they yelled with scorn, "Oh, shut up!"

What was the matter? Nothing! Goggles had tried to secure a portion of his suspender which had broken its leathern fetters, when, all of a sudden, — it must have been sand, he said, — he laid down, and the Inebriate, having his eyes fixed intently on a distant well, came whizzing along and rode over his entire establishment, thereby buckling the tire of Goggles's baggage-laden wheel, and unbuckling six inches of his own fair shin.

This was the first mishap which befell us; so we set to work to repair damages with a light heart. It took just two hours

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to straighten out the buckled wheel, and the Inebriate's shin was done up in a healing bandage by a motherly farmer's wife, to whom he went to ask for a piece of linen.

"How far be you goin' on them machines?" she inquired, as the needle went out and in the cloth.

"Clear to Boston," chirped Veracity.

"You don't tell me!" she gasped; "and on them same machines?"

"Um-hum!" breathed Goggles.

"Up threu Woos-ter, I suppose?" she suggested through half her mouth, the other half being used as a supply closet for the bandage cloths.

"Yes, ma'am!" politely responded the Inebriate, who never forgot his etiquette, whatever happened to discomfort or annoy him.

The fact that we were going through Worcester set loose the streams of personal history and anecdotes of youth, to which we listened for the half-hour while she performed her surgical operations.

Palmer was sighted at five o'clock. Here we found a young journalist who rode the wheel with masterly skill, who piloted us for five miles, until, as he promised, the roads began to be better. This was at West Brimfield. Here he turned around, and, bidding him farewell, we pushed on to Warren, reaching it at dusk, — tired, hungry, dusty, lame, and hot. It had been a hard pull; the worst day since we started. Only one compensation was left us: we had set out to do the whole trip on wheel, and thus far had done so. To-morrow we should reach Worcester, and learn of two unfaithful ones.

Tuesday morning dawned clear, and about ten degrees hotter than its predecessor. We were off at nine. Roads kept steadily improving, and we made Spencer by noon, with not a dry garment about us.

Goggles looked as though he had been playing fireman on an ocean steamer. His face was all angles, and from all the verticles the water was trickling persistently.

"No use," he gasped; "you fellows go on, and I'll catch you before night." His glasses kept slipping off his nose as he spoke. He was, indeed, a sad spectacle.

We had taken possession of a soda fountain in one of the drug-stores, where a loquacious old fellow dropped in. He was good-natured and curious. He was like Lydia Blood, — he "wanted to know."

"You fellows look a little petered," he said, with the air of one who has made a discovery.

"Petered and salt-petered," echoed the Inebriate.

"Whar ye from?" asked the stranger.

"New York," loyally responded Goggles.

"Whar ye goin'?"

"Boston, if our trousers hold out," replied the Inebriate, thinking to put a clincher on the conversation.

But no; the old fellow was too conscious of his wit. So he gave us a prolonged survey, and then remarked, sententiously:

"Three fools!"

We were too much played out to refute this statement. We didn't want to anyway. It was said in just such a way to evade the rules of etiquette. He did it — as we are told in the "Princess"— "most politely, most politely."

Leaving Goggles behind, the Inebriate and Veracity rolled out of Spencer side by side. Things went smoothly until about four miles from Worcester, when just before a long coast, the Inebriate, trying to pass between a load of hay and a telegraph pole, met with an accident that cost a deal of trouble and five precious hours; indeed, barring this, we should have reached Boston at evening.

There was a sharp snap, like the report of a pistol. Veracity looked around, dismounted, and called out,

"What's the matter, now?"

"I'm done for, old man," quoth the imbiber of all juices. "My handle-bar is broken off right up to the head. I shall have to walk the rest of the way to Worcester."

After some discussion it was agreed that Veracity should go ahead as far as the first blacksmith-shop, and there await his unfortunate companion. At the end of the coast such a place was found, and, taking this opportunity for "cleaning up," Veracity improved the shining hour as well as the shining wheel. When the Inebriate arrived, there was a long consultation with Vulcan. He thought he could get the screw out of the head. He tried. First, with a screw-driver, Veracity and the Inebriate holding the machine; next, with a screw-driver, the machine in the vise; and lastly, with the screw-driver, having heated the head in the forge, and then fixing it in the vice. No go, — no come; and we had spent two hours. Meanwhile Goggles had passed us, bound for Worcester, smiling and triumphant.

The only thing left to do was to fasten a wheel-spoke across the head, and, using it

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as a temporary handle, get to Worcester as soon as possible. This was done, and the journey was made without further mishap. While we feasted, the machine was repaired; but ere we sallied forth on the highway, — the Inebriate being a fastidious youth, — it was deemed proper to be shaven and shorn. And there, in that little hive of gossip and lather, we heard the story of Sprite and No. 4. We should like to tell this in good barber style; but, space getting limited, we can only insert No. 4's account of the episode, which, though less highly colored than his rival's, is told with a stricter adherence to the truth.

It runs as follows: —

"At Springfield we found the baggage-office closed; so we could get no checks for our bicycles; but we managed to put them on the train, and reached Worcester without difficulty. Here our trouble began. We refused to pay the charge of fifty cents on each wheel, and agreed to leave the machines there until the following morning. The baggage-master, a well-meaning old chap, was a little irritated, and called upon the depot police to collect the money. The policeman affected a great air of authority, and would not allow us to leave, so desirous was he to show the bystanders his power, and to vent his rage on the Sprite and myself, who had been getting the better of him in arguing on our right to leave without the wheels. Seeing that nothing was to be gained by talking to this stubborn tyrant, I seated myself at some distance on a window-shelf, in order to avoid further discussion, having had some previous experience as to the results of such discussions with men whose irrational actions are sanctioned by the badge they wear. The Sprite, however, would not give it up; so, desiring to persuade him to stop, I jumped down to address the officer. My movement was misinterpreted by an assistant as an assault, and I was rudely laid hold on. I naturally freed myself, and was demanding the cause of such treatment, when three policemen made towards me, throttled me, and treated me as if I were the worst of convicts, handcuffed me, and marched me off to jail, where I was searched.

"I was refused a hearing, and thrust into a vile dungeon, alive with vermin, and hideous with the disgusting noises of prisoners. My knapsack and even my handkerchief were refused me; and when I complained of being cold, I was told that I was no better than the other prisoners. After twelve hours of sleeplessness I was taken into court, and, notwithstanding the false swearing of the policemen, who said I struck them, was found 'Not Guilty,' was discharged, and apologized to by the judge for the rude treatment I had received."

Poor No. 4! Poor Sprite! Incarcerated in the tombs. Ha! ha! Noble barber! I will be twice shaven; likewise a hair-cut, and a double shampoo, that I may hear thy tale once more.

Who said the "policeman's lot is not a happy one?"

v.

Six P.M. Goggles, the Inebriate, and Veracity bade Worcester farewell, and we pushed along as far as Westboro'.

Wednesday the thermometer had gone up beyond reach. We were in the saddle at nine. Goggles held out for two hours and then succumbed to the heat. We left him stretched on the greensward, with his nose aspiring heavenward. The Inebriate and Veracity slipped along gayly and swiftly. The roads were magnificent; and either because we had grown stronger on the pedal, or because the distant smoke of Boston cheered and inspired us, we were bound to lunch at Parker's by noon.

12.39. The Inebriate ordered three bottles of Vichy, Veracity smoked a genuine tobacco cigar, and both ate a hearty dinner.

Now that it is all over, each one looking back agrees that it was a merry lark; and Veracity congratulates himself on the possession of an extra one-and-one-half-inch around the chest, the same around the hips, and an inch around the biceps. If any one is looking about for a pleasant and profitable way of spending a summer or autumn week, let him make one of a party of wheelmen who are to ride some distance across the country. There is nothing more enjoyable and exhilarating than the freedom one feels while travelling through the fields. The sky seems bluer, the leaves greener; the odors of the verdure is more pungent and pure.

The whole trip is invigorating, and conducive to better appetite, rest, and health, — when done. Try it.

Veracity.

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A SONG OF THE BREEZE.

Oh, I'm a wild rover from over the sea!
Laughing at danger, — 'tis nothing to me.

The white pluméd gull I chase in his flight
  Away from his sea-girt home;
Back to the depths sinks the dolphin in fright, —
I lash the blue waters that sparkle in light,
  And the bright waves leap into foam.

The white-wingéd yachts I speed over the sea
  With swagger and bluster and blow;
The sails are all set, the blocks are all free,
But I mock the sailor-boy singing in glee
  His merry "Yough ho, yough hai, yo!"

And now a gay cavalier, saucy and bold,
Telling such love-tales as never were told:

I kiss the lips of beauty fair;
  I look into her eyes of blue;
I nestle in her sunny hair,
She hath a lover now, — take care, —
  Yet care not I, — I love her too.

I bring her perfumes rich and fine
  From flowers of rarest hue;
I fan her cheeks at day's decline, —
They glow like brightest ruby wine, —
  That she loves me I know, — I do!

And now I am only a soft summer breeze,
That murmurs and whispers, and sighs in the trees:

And I sing through the meadows at break of day,
  Brushing the dew from the grass;
The rose-petals fall, and the lily-cups sway,
While the golden-eyed daisy-heads nod, in their way,
  A welcome of joy as I pass.

I skim the fair uplands; bright billows of gold
  Sweep over a sea of ripe grain.
The sickles are sharp, and the moon has grown old;
The harvest has come, — soon the tale will be told,
  And I shall be over the main.

Oh, I'm a wild rover! and speed where I will,
  I sing my yough ho, yough hoi, yo!
Good-by, — there's a wheelman a-climbing yon hill;
He is near to the top, but he sighs for the thrill
  Of my kiss on his brow. I must go!

Charles Richards Dodge.

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SNOW-SHOEING IN CANADA.

THE fondness of Canadian youth, of both sexes, for out-of-door sports endows them with great vigor and vivacity. The snows and storms of Canada are not dreaded by the robust dwellers in the Dominion. The descendants of the volatile Gauls join with their Saxon compatriots in a fondness for active sports. Canadians express their hardy spirit in the amusements of the winter carnival. The earliest snows are hailed with delight as harbingers of invigorating pleasures to come, and with the first heavy snow-fall the snow-shoe clubs are afield.

The snow-shoer, in the early days, when the first frosts descend and weave a delicate white tracery over the blackened vegetation, is at work training, and otherwise preparing for his customary rounds of pleasure. The clubs, while deprived of the use of their woven foot-gear, are, to all intents, so many training-clubs, after which several have patterned on the American side. Equipped with stout double-soled walking-shoes, knickerbockers, and warm, close-fitting sack-coats, they are ready for the road, and, every night of the week one or more clubs perform prodigies of pedestrian exercise, — frequently covering their fifteen or eighteen miles in an evening. As the country is traversed the march is enlivened with choruses and refrains that fill with vitality the most listless spirits. The primary objects of these clubs are, of course, recreation and mutual enjoyment, but the methods pursued are calculated to improve the physique and elevate the moral tone of the members by building up constitutions of iron.

At Montreal there are ten clubs which have a joint interest in a common rendezvous over Mount Royal, in the hostelry of Host Lumpkins, a genial, broad-minded Englishman, who knows right well how to treat his guests and cater to their simple requirements. "The Snow-shoer's Retreat" is a low, two-story, expanded hotel, which straggles over a wide area, furnishing a plenty of floor-space and, in its exterior lines, affording relief to the eye by its broken outline of Gothic crests and spires. The house nestles in the very bosom of the mountain which rises in a precipitous acclivity from the rear. Dining-rooms and committee-rooms occupy the nooks and corners, and the entire second floor is thrown into a grand hall, where the clubs assemble. A piano on a raised platform is perched in an angle of the room, and comfortable seats are placed around the walls. The floor is clean, and the polished surface irresistibly suggests dancing.

Having looked in at the retreat we will return and accompany a club on one of its regular weekly tramps. We drive up in a luxuriously appointed sleigh, buried in soft robes, and to the music of jingling bells are deposited at the honored gates of old McGill College. Our Jehu, who is dubbed "a carter" by some inscrutable application of the English language to his calling, informs us that we have reached our destination, and that a compensation in the shape of *une piastre* would be acceptable. He hesitates in the demand, and we know that he is laboring under the sense of showing great effrontery in extorting more than *un écu*, or half a dollar, for the three-mile ride. We leave him to the unmerciful berating of his own conscience, and we take observations.

The club-members have begun to arrive, and a score of blanketed forms are capering up and down the smoothly-beaten street. Some are seen stooping under the rays of a gas-lamp, tying on their shoes, or stretching the elastic buckskin thongs that attach the raquet to the foot. Animal spirits abound, and shivering, squeamish souls, contracted and warped by the keen air, cannot be discovered in the composition of the different groups. Caloric is superabundant, and the air resounds with shrill and hoarse exclamations, as the boys romp with kittenish glee, as if rejoicing in the release from overheated rooms. Having already passed the neophyte stage, we are taken in hand. A pair of shoes are procured. With experienced fingers we don them and are allowed to join the ranks. This courtesy, by the way, is rarely extended, as a rigid observance of rules demands the absolute exclusion of outsiders. Presently the air parts with the rattling call, — an Iroquois warwhoop, which can only be expressed in type o–o–o–o–o, modulated from a high key to a profound bass, a resonant, protracted and penetrating summons that is far-reaching is this dry atmosphere.

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The president has arrived. The call is answered and repeated from all sides. The brethren centre around their chief, and a few words serve to tell the nature of the trip. The clubs vie with each other in making the mountain passage in short time, and, this evening, it happens that the wearers of the *tuque Verte* were to lower the record, if possible. A whipper-in is appointed.

"All ready!" exclaims the president.

Cheery responses follow, and a dash is made. The president, who is elected by virtue of his performance as a runner, and his knowledge of the environment, strikes off in the lead. He goes at a swinging pace, with elbows close to his sides and arms well up. The street and branching roads are abandoned, the fields are entered, and the snowy crystals fly in a shower. In Indian file the members fall in, and soon a tortuous string stretches across the undulating hills. The leader may have covered a mile or more before the whipper-in takes his place. His duty is to remain in the rear and render assistance to the weak, weary, or disabled trampers. Like the leader, he is a veteran, and the polished framework of his shoes tells the story of long and arduous cross-country tramps. Drop him from the sky anywhere within a radius of fifty miles from home, and he will, after taking his bearings, unhesitatingly strike out in an air-line for the nearest road-house. He knows the country thoroughly, and was selected on that account. It must not be supposed that he relishes the office, and when appointed to act as whipper-in his soul is possessed with acerbity, and he grows jealous of the fleet-footed leaders. His commands are issued in incisive tones, and woe betide the youngster whose innocence or ignorance is prolific of delay. An amateur tumbles in a drift, breaks a shoe, loses his wind on the steep grades, or hangs behind from sheer stubbornness. Then the tact of the whipper-in is called into play, as his only pride is in bringing the club all in together at the finish.

Repairs may be made, and when the march is resumed, the column is lost to sight. A hot pace is struck, and the last man is reached.

The line is pushed up closer, and order and regularity are restored. The office of whipper-in is a responsible and onerous one. To wander from the line, or to be abandoned on the mountain on a cold night, would mean death to a tyro not conversant with the topographical features that would guide him to a hospitable shelter.

The captain's call passes down the line, and as the summit is reached the inquiry "All up?" is again handed down. "All up?" is repeated by the whipper-in, and like a *feu-de-joie*, a rattle of musketry, running the length of a column, the warning is affirmed. A momentary halt, under the low-hanging pines, with the whistling winds soughing mournfully overhead, and making an insidious search through the warmest clothing. Panting after the hard climb, and stiffened somewhat by tiresome scaling, which causes the perspiration to flow freely, it is dangerous to linger long in such an exposed locality when the thermometer probably registers 30° below the disappearing point. The group dissolves again, and the figures stream out into the night. A plunge headlong into Cimmerian darkness, down the hill they go, with head thrown back, shoulders firm, and eyes alert for obstacles in the shape of uneven surfaces and branches. Not the least, in the many causes for apprehension, is the man in front who may stumble and take a header in the soft snow from which extrication is a tedious task. Faster and faster, as the impetus of the decline is felt, the shoes rattle with incredible quickness, and the line becomes a tangle of flying feet shackled together like a centipede of strange growth. A fence, and with a warning exclamation, the leader leaps the half-buried obstruction and continues on his way. He seems never to weary or to care for his trained retinue, for he never glances back, but the musical patter behind him tells the whole story. A slow-up, for the laggards.

The line is re-formed, and now for the home-stretch. A wild burst of speed; every man straining himself to the utmost; each muscle distended, and, with nerves rigidly set, they tear down a narrow lane, winding through the serpentine drifts and avoiding the low, canopied bushes. As the cheerful lights of the club-house loom up, an aboriginal whoop is echoed over the hills, and, with a final dash, the door is reached and a haven of rest entered.

Shoes are kicked loose, outer garments discarded, sashes cast aside, and cool, refreshing drinks absorbed.

Look at them! Zero is discounted. These travellers are hot and thirsty, perspiration rolls down their glittering faces and saturates even the gloves that cover the hands of the more effeminate members. Health and firmness of flesh and muscle are shown

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in each ruddy countenance. With a bound they take the stairs leading to the assembly-room, three at a time, where fifteen minutes are quietly spent in club-chat before a comfortable warmth supersedes the torrid temperature of the body. A pianist is inducted, and, as he considers himself a victim, he refuses point blank to manipulate the ivories. Resistance is worse than useless. Remonstrance being of no avail, corrective measures are adopted.

This mutinous spirit must be subdued; insubordination must be quelled. The unwilling musician is seized by his companions and, despite his good-natured struggles, he is incontinently "bounced." The punishment is effective. He is no longer aggrieved. With an air of feigned resignation he seats himself, and presently waltz-music is energetically pounded forth and the amateur athletes are again seen in graceful form, with flying feet, keeping time to the measures of the music.

A word for "bouncing." It is the most delectable of all the snow-shoers' delights, and it is the baptism of the novice, — the only penalty of initiation. Six stalwart fellows seize the victim and with a peculiar movement he is thrown into a horizontal position and, despite earnest struggles, is tossed to the ceiling. As he descends he is caught in outstretched arms and the operation thrice repeated, and at the conclusion the unfortunate selection is landed upright on the floor, inclined to feel more happy than reproachful.

In the dance the "lady" is distinguished by a handkerchief tied around his arm. This distinction is rendered very necessary in the cotillon, as the fair sex is sternly excluded on these occasions. The programme of music, etc., is conferred on a very masculine audience, which is not always chary of adverse and humorous criticism. When a man is nominated to sing, recite, or play, there can be no refusal. He simply must, and any churl who objects to the informality is quickly placed in Coventry. The exclusiveness of these entertainments serves to stimulate the curiosity of lady friends and, and when the annual receptions to the favored public are given the attendance is invariably large.

At eleven o'clock the order to return is given, and, with their raquets strung over their shoulders, the members step out in a body, ten deep, for the march home on the smooth road which obviates the use of artificial supports. *En route*, voices are raised in song, and the residents of the hill-sides are made familiar with the grand chorus: —

> "Tramp, tramp, on snow-shoes tramping,
> All the day we marching go;
> Till at night, by fires encamping,
> We find couches on the snow."

They reach home shortly after midnight, and a sound, refreshing sleep repays them for their journey of twelve miles.

An official census gives an enrolment of fifteen hundred active snow-shoers in the senior and junior organizations. These are divided into twelve clubs, whose membership ranges from thirty in the semi-private clubs to over three hundred in the leading associations, which have annual races, open to all. The competition is principally for distances of one hundred and two hundred yards, quarter, half, one-mile, and two-mile flat-races, interspersed with hurdle and handicap contests. The amateur rules govern all contests, and the high character of the contestants is ascribed principally to this fact. The premiums are generally gold medals or valuable trophies that, not unfrequently, cost from $100 to $500, — incentives to call forth the best men from each club. Some of the clubs have attained their majority, — the Montreal Club reckoning back thirty years, and its nearest rival, the Emerald, priding itself on having entered its teens.

The prescribed costume is made of white blankets, with fancy-colored borders, and consists of knee-breeches and coat, girdled with a silk sash of some pronounced color. A *tuque*, similar to an old-fashioned night-cap, but topped with a long knitted cord and tassel; stockings of the same color, and soft moose moccasins completed the outfit. The undress uniform, worn in-doors, is a navy-blue Jersey, with the club monogram embroidered on the breast, and was adopted to secure a uniform appearance after the outer coat had been cast off. Each club has a distinctive color, for sash, stockings, and *tuque*, and an old-timer can always call a man's club as soon as he glances at the shade of the knitted goods.

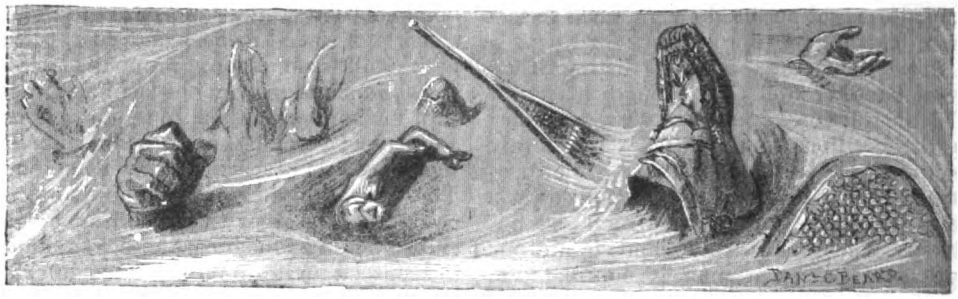
To an American the uniforms are picturesque; and objects of universal admiration among the ladies, who can always appreciate the harmonious intermingling of color, and are charmed with such a departure from conventional clothes. The colors of some of the clubs may be given as follows: Montreal, blue and red; Emerald, green and white; St. George, purple and white; Le Canadien, red, white and blue,

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Argyle, blue, and the Molly Bawn's, black and white. The last-named organization, although having less members than the other clubs, is an object of most profound interest, as the requirements of the constitution call for an equal number of ladies and gentlemen. The ladies look piquant — they are all pretty — in their blanket skirts, white moccasins, trimmed with colored porcupine-quills, blanket sacques and the regular sash and tuque. The members are brothers and sisters, and, when they take the road, the ladies are exchanged and the brothers assist some other fellow's sister. This disposition makes life more agreeable. They march in pairs, each gentleman supporting a lady, and no single member of either sex is tolerated. The rule is inflexible. This club had one steeple-chase across six miles of rough country, but, after the first experience, the experiment was abandoned. The prize-winners, it seemed, were in danger of losing, as they were second, with the first couple leading them some distance.

The lady was petite, and her cavalier tall and strong. A suggestion, a hurried consultation, and the next minute the gentleman was seen scudding through the darkness with his partner in his arms. He took a circuitous route to avoid detection in passing the leaders, and, when within one hundred yards of the goal, he deposited his partner on the ground and linking arms the two ran in together, winning the prize. The story leaked out through a confidence reposed by the lady in a friend of gentle nature. It was too good to keep, so the truth leaked out and the award was reconsidered. If their American cousins were one-half as fond of out-door pursuits less would be heard of debility, weakness and nervous prostration. Lewiston, Maine, has the honor of establishing the first snow-shoe club in the United States. It appears that several residents of that city attended the '83 winter carnival in Montreal, and after returning home endeavors were made to form a club, but action was deferred until last season, when an organization of fifty members was perfected, with Dr. Martel, of Lewiston, as president. The members are all naturalized Canadians, with a sprinkling of native Yankee blood; and the prospects of the infantile institution are fair for a hale old age. The climate and conditions of the country are analogous to Montreal surroundings, and at no distant day we may hear of international competition for suitable prizes.

John C. Martin.



THE FIRST FROSTE.

Ye Earth hath in a night
Put on her dress of white,
And her shie face acrost
Hath drawn ye littel Frost.

So hath my sweetest Maide
Herself in Pride array'd,
And for Reserve I misse
To take ye once-dared kisse.

Paul Pastnor.

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THE world does move, when a high-conservative journal like the *St. James' Gazette*, of London, can acknowledge that, after all, the present is better than the past, by printing a poem like the "Ballade of Contentment," which appeared in a recent number. Here is the first stanza: —

"When I start away on a holiday run,
And the couplings creak and the carriage sways,
Ere the tiresome journey has well begun,
I long to be back in the good old days;
But I dwell too much on the pleasanter phase,
And, whenever I think of a coach in a slough,
Or a pair of scoundrels robbing a chaise,
I'm quite content to be living now."

"The good old times" have been looked back to with longing and regret by probably every generation since the world began. This is a feature of the human mind seemingly as inherent as any other trait common to mankind. But why should it be, when its basis is manifestly untrue? It is probably due to the fact that youth is, indeed, happier than age. Persons look back to the days of their youth as their happiest days, and therefrom comes the habit of regarding bygone times in general as better than the present. But the youth of to-day has better opportunities than the youth of yesterday, and old people now are happier and more comfortable than old people of the past century. The case of old age is well stated by Mr. F. Sheldon, in one of the most delightful of essays, "De Senectute." He shows us that the condition of the ordinary veteran has been improving since tradition begins, until, when comes the turn of the nineteenth-century old man, "modern science and modern pursuits make him almost as good as new, or, at least, keep him middle-aged." As to recreation, what opportunities were there ever in comparison to those of the present? There was probably no pleasure in the past equal to that which we derive from our attempts to reproduce features of old-time life. Think of what pleasure travel has become as a factor in the life of the world to-day, and then fancy how many people there were who thought of travelling for pleasure a hundred, or even fifty years ago! Picture stage-coaching on the abominable roads of the last century, the "coach in a slough," and then a coaching party of last summer, bowling merrily over the smooth country roads, through the long vacation days! Think of how dirty and uncomfortable the old-time country taverns really must have been, and then of the cozy inns in emulation of the picturesque hostelries of old-fashioned days, which have sprung up along the rural highways throughout England under the encouragement of cycling, pedestrianism, horseback-riding, and coaching tours. It is the picturesqueness of the past which allures us. Will the prosaic future look back longingly upon the "good old times" which we are enjoying now and sigh for the picturesqueness of the nineteenth century? It is true that the life of to-day gains much from the grace and picturesqueness which its out-door recreations have brought into it. There is, for instance, in the way of costume, nothing so well calculated to set off the shapeliness of form and the beauty of movement as the costumes belonging to cycling, boating, yachting, ball-playing, and the sports of wood and field. The prevalence of these has accustomed the general public to the sight of appropriate costumes which, a few years ago, would have encountered unbearable ridicule. Their common acceptance as a matter of course will, perhaps, pave the way for the substitution of something more becoming and comfortable than the average nineteenth-century attire. The ideal of dress will be reached when each occupation or diversion has the costume best suited to its conditions. We have seen how much better off we are than the past, and, although the future will have the better of us, we are, with our poet, "quite content to be living now."

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Many of us, however, in our Northern winters, are not quite content for the time being with where we are living. But an advantage of "living now" is the ease with which increasing hundreds are, year by year, with comfort and comparatively light expense, enabled to transfer their abiding places to more genial climes. Evert Winthrop, the leading male character in Miss Constance Fenimore Woolson's new novel, "East Angels," voices this sentiment when he says: "I confess to a liking for a serenity in my weather, for an existence which is not, for six months in the year, a combat. I am mortally tired of our long Northern winters, with their processions of snow, ice, and thaw, — thaw, ice, and snow. I am tired of our tardy springs, — hypocritical sunshine pierced through and through by east winds; and I have at last, I think, succeeded in emancipating myself from the belief that there is something virtuous and heroic in encountering these things, — encountering them, I mean, merely from habit, and when not called to it by any necessity. But this emancipation has taken time; it is directly at variance with all the principles of the country and creed in which I was brought up." But there is a longing for contrast to what we are accustomed to, and Miss Garda Thorne, who has never been away from her native Southern soil, says: "I should welcome snow; that is what I most wish to see, — a whole country covered with it, lying white and still. I want to walk on a frozen lake, and know that it is ice — real ice — under my feet. I want to breathe cold air, and feel its chill. I want to see trees without any leaves on them, and sleet driving across empty fields, and a snowstorm where the flakes are very large and soft, like feathers. I want to take icicles in my hand, and break them with a snap; and I want to hear the wind whistling around the corners of the house at night, and be glad to close the curtains and draw round a great big fire. Think of that, — to be *glad* to draw round a fire."

Miss Woolson, the perfect art of whose quiet tale, "For the Major," has given her place in the very foremost rank of American novelists, has a striking power for rendering local out-door color and atmosphere. We feel this in the first story of hers we read, "The Great South Devil," a Florida sketch. Thousands were delighted with her descriptions of life on the bleak, far Northern islands of Lake Superior, in "Anne," and "For the Major" was serene with the mild, calm air of the South Carolina hills. In "East Angels" we are taken back to Florida again. Miss Woolson, in her natural scenes, is superior even to William Black, the landscape novelist *par excellence*. Black's charming landscapes are frameworks and settings to his scenes, or his figures are but incidental — *staffage* merely — to his landscapes. With Miss Woolson, landscape and atmosphere are inseparably of the fabric of the story, permeating and suffusing it as blood pervades the body.

The dislike of winter, alluded to, appears to be characteristic of most poetic and intellectually sensitive persons. Hawthorne, for instance, lays nearly all the gloomy scenes in his novels in the winter-time. There is a natural longing for the South and for summer among most Northern peoples, as if our true home were there. It has been pointed out that the idea is erroneous that a struggle with the frost and cold is essential to the development of a hardy and powerful race. The greatest nations of antiquity had their homes in mild and sunny climates. The conditions of life in our Northern winters are largely artificial. There is a growing tendency of modern civilization toward the tropical and truly temperate regions. Science will ultimately overcome the conditions which make so much tropical country almost uninhabitable, and we may expect to see great nations grow up in the warm and sunny zones. As Evert Winthrop remarked, there is no virtue in merely encountering the rigors of winter, and those who can escape them are not to be blamed for taking advantage of their good fortune.

* * *

THE question of athletics has been exceptionally prominent of late. The college football contests have been increasing in roughness to so great an extent as to call forth pretty general denunciations of the sport for its "brutality," and there have been some loud calls for its suppression by college authorities. The matter has, of course, been made a butt for the humor of the day. Since the frequency of "slugging" contests, or thinly disguised prize-fights under the name of boxing matches, has also become a matter of general complaint, causing repressive measures to be taken, it has been suggested that noted pugilists organize football teams, whereby they might continue their bruising combats with impunity. To our mind no good could be accomplished through the interference of college authorities with the freedom of the students in the matter. College students are young men, not school-boys, and the more they are left to their own responsibility in all matters, both of study and recreation, the better for their moral

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and mental welfare. Self-respect is a powerful incentive to appeal to. Let certain actions receive the seal of general public condemnation; let roughness in sport be regarded as ungentlemanly, and the disreputable features will soon be dropped. The evils of hazing at Harvard were quickly suppressed by appealing to the honor of the students, while repressive measures could probably never have effected the same result. It would be a pity for the manly and vigorous game of football to fall into disrepute. The adoption of certain rules for the prevention of unduly rough and brutal features would probably effect the desired reform.

* * *

DR. DUDLEY A. SARGENT, the director of the Hemenway gymnasium at Harvard University, recently gave a timely lecture on "The Evils of the Professional Tendency of Modern Athletics." This he considered the evil of evils. "The gentleman," he said, "who formerly took an active part is now only an abetter and supporter." Dishonest practices have become common, gain is the principal object of participators and supporters, betting has a demoralizing effect upon all concerned, and the excitement attending pugilistic contests places them above all other athletic exercises in popular estimation. The course of the press in supporting disreputable features of athletics by giving them undue prominence was also condemned. The state of athletics in the different colleges was criticised as holding so much prominence that young men too often lost sight of the higher aims of life. For instance, a score of college men were now earning their livelihood at base-ball. Dr. Sargent appears to have suggested no remedy for this state of things, but he asked for general coöperation in bringing about the great reform necessary.

Some of these evils have always existed in attendance upon athletic sports, so far as the records of history show, and they will probably only die away with the gradual improvement of public sentiment, which has reformed, simply through its disapproval, so many other abuses. It is well that athletic exercises are prominent in our colleges, for a healthy mind goes with a healthy body. Experience shows that many of the brightest and ablest men were distinguished, during their college days, for their eminence in this or that branch of athletics. The professional tendency should be discouraged. Professional associations should be frowned upon. Inter-collegiate contests are desirable to keep up a due interest in athletics, but they should not appear to be the chief end and aim of college life. Students should be careful about making travelling shows of themselves, and should curb any little desire for notoriety which might be obtained through publicity. Professionals have their place in the economy of athletics. Their skill sets a standard which otherwise might not be attained by amateurs. But the associations and manners of professionals should be carefully avoided.

* * *

IT is time that the lovers of canoeing in the vicinity of Boston should begin to realize that they have, within easy reach, one of the finest cruising grounds in the country for small craft. Those who have visited the most prominent and active clubs in the country, and seen the difficulties that they encounter, can only be surprised that so little has been done where Boston harbor offers such great advantages. The Hudson, with its flawy winds, has not prevented the existence and good work of the Mohican Club. At Springfield, one of the meanest seas to be found, caused by current and adverse wind, has developed a peculiar type of canoe to meet the exigency. Even with the rough waters of New York harbor the metropolis has two clubs aggregating over one hundred members. There is no good reason why Boston should not have a large, or, at least, active and enthusiastic, cruising-club. To secure this a permanent footing and success in its sport, there must be some arrangement by which members can meet and keep their boats in some place central to the different parts of the city and suburbs, and on the shores of the harbor, or separated from it by no bridges. This by no means demands an extensive or elaborate house, but simply some place that the canoeists may regard as a rallying-point for those who have common interests, and the home to which they will return after a day's or week's cruise. It would be worth while for the yacht-clubs to encourage this "infant class" of "Corinthians" by following the example of the Seawanhaka Club, and offering small prizes at their regattas for a special class of canoes.

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Model Yachting.

WE have had several replies to the question of "Model Yacht Owner," in our December issue. Two model yacht clubs are in active life in New York, the New York and the Manhattan; the latter organization have had as many as fifteen races the past season over courses two and three miles in length. There is an active club in Savannah, Ga., and a club was formed in Hull, Mass., last summer, which bids fair to be a great success.

Regatta Committees.

MR. EDITOR: — Having been recently a member of a club regatta committee, I should like to call the attention of my brother yacht-racers to the thankless work done by this much-abused club committee. One should never find fault with their work. Rest assured they always do everything to their best ability and judgment, and the interest of the club and yachtsmen always have their fixed attention. If their work does not receive your approval, keep quiet; don't make trouble by talking; your remedy is at the next election.

Ex-Regatta Committeeman.

Pathology of Recreative Sports.

MR. EDITOR: — The following is from an editorial in a recent issue of the N. Y. *Tribune*: —

Lawn-tennis has its pathological aspects. In England, where the game has become the most popular of out-door pastimes for both sexes, a new class of diseases has appeared. There is "the lawn-tennisarm," caused by a rupture of the muscle known as the *pronator radii teres;* and in aggravated cases, where players have been too persistent in making back-handed strokes, the musculo-spiral nerve passing around the elbow is strained and impaired. Some physicians, who delight in technicalities, separate this second class of injuries from the first, and give it the specia name of "lawn-tennis elbow." When the fine points of serving are too zealously regarded, the player incurs the risk of having "lawn-tennis wrist," which being interpreted in the language of the wise implies a straining or undue extension of the annular ligament accompanied by inflammation of the grooves of the flexor tendons. Then there is "lawn-tennis leg," whenever the plantaris longus, or some other muscle of the calf, is ruptured by violent field practice or rapid serving. All these diseases, it seems, have appeared in England not only as sporadic cases, but have become so common as to admit of classification and scientific recognition.

Isn't this drawing it rather fine? But why stop at lawn-tennis when there is such a rare field for new diseases in other of the newer recreative sports. Why not give us a few bicycle complaints; or give to the existing ones names and a classification. For example, "bicycle knee-joint"— or "buckled knees," for short — wouldn't be altogether commonplace for those much marred joints from an undue tendency to "header,"— and "fly wrists" might be an anomalous form of the malady. "Cycle calf" and "crank ankle" would apply to those weaknesses growing out of an insane idea held by some riders that a "54" man can ride a "58" machine gracefully if he only thinks it is the correct size. "Handle-bar elbow" would describe the dude-like position of the arms often seen in another set of graceless riders, and this affection would naturally be accompanied by "elliptic backbone." "Loose head" would be a common ailment, chiefly affecting a class of riders who, careless of the rights of others, think that

"All the world's a"— race track,

and so on to the end of the category. Canoeing, archery, yachting, base-ball, etc., would all contribute their quota; and football would furnish materials for a whole volume of medical society "proceedings."

But after all there is a sober view to be taken of the situation. If certain muscles, and nerves, and ligaments in the human machine are strained and weakened in the pursuit of recreative sport, as these medical gentlemen aver, does it not imply, simply, that the limit of "recreation" has been too frequently passed, and that instead of exercise there has been overwork? Even beginners with the bicycle often time do themselves no good by endeavoring to make thirty miles when fifteen is their safe limit of endurance. And no doubt many a manly boy, in his ambition to "make a record," or become a racing man, has brought on serious heart affection from which there can be no release. That we should all use more moderation in taking physical exercise nobody will deny, and that there *can* be too much of a good thing, in this particular, is an actuality

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whether anybody admits it or not. As with hobbies of all kinds, so with out-door sports, so long as the hobby is ridden by the man it is a pleasing and healthful diversion, but when the hobby does the riding, the man is placed in a pitiable plight indeed.

Speaking for wheelmen, I wish there were more love of nature in our sport, and less love of mere road-riding; more objective and less subjective cycling; a larger use of the wheel in the attainment of an end, rather than as the end itself; in short, mental as well as muscular wheeling. Then there would be less tendency to over-exercise and injury, and recreation would yield the very essence of healthful enjoyment.

Charles Richards Dodge.

Skate Sailing.

MR. EDITOR: — To the yachtsman the genuine pleasure comes when he feels his craft dashing through the surge in the face of a wind, which, if permitted for a moment to hurl its terrific strength against her slight and bouyant hulk, would crush her to atoms as easily as it whiffs off the crests of the lifting waves. With the skating sail the pleasure is very much the same, and when once familiar with its management, it will be agreed that nothing can equal the fascinating sensation of the motion, unless it be the coasting on a bicycle or tricycle down a long, steep hill.

With the wind a-beam, you rest your weight back on the wind-supported sail, holding the knees stiff, and the feet parallel and firm as your muscles will maintain them. Then, courage! for you are propelled through the keen air like a rocket; the shrill of the steel runners is one continuous sound; near objects appear but unsubstantial specks as you rush by. You swoop with the speed of a bullet up to the top of some obstruction and strike the ice three feet upon the other side, undisturbed by your aerial flight. A slight change in the position of the feet suffices to alter in a twinkling, the direction of your course, and you shoot to left or right, even to within five points of the wind.

"But," I hear some one exclaim, "that means beating to windward, and laying as close as a yacht at that." "I am glad to see that you understand it," I reply. It means just that, and there is its main superiority, making it practical, although the wind blow from whatsoever quarter it will. After once observing the yachtlike movements of a skate sailor, equipped after the Danish pattern, you will be more ready to pardon our good-natured laugh at the craft which can only go before the wind. It would do no good for me to warn the readers of OUTING, who court the excitement, though hazardous, which comes from swift motion, of a few risks attending the use of the skating-sail. It would not frighten true lovers of sport in the least. But, perchance, there are some who will read these lines that do not ride the bicycle, and consequently are not inured to the various artistic feats of tumbling, so ornamental to the profession — to such, a word of warning is due. I must concede that although skate-sailing will be found an excellent cure for headache, low spirits, and dull appetite, it has not the slightest remedial influence upon rheumatism and other kindred afflictions. Indeed, in such cases it would be a matter either of kill or cure with the chances much in favor of the former. One must feel command of every muscle before strapping the sail to the shoulders, especially if the wind be brisk and the ice full of cracks and obstructions. Moreover, my uninitiated reader, there will probably come a time now and then when you will find it necessary — even though under full headway — to sit down suddenly. In such an emergency, unless your garments are of extraordinary tough texture, be careful to select a place where the ice is smooth. I assure you that it will be best entirely to avoid hubbly ice.

A. E. Hammer.

Up the Kennebec on Wheels.

MR. EDITOR: — The first tour taken by any large number of wheelmen through the Kennebec country was full of pleasure to the "Kennebec Tourists," as we delight to call ourselves. It was a sort of triumphal tour of the Pine-tree State, and we created a sensation second only to a circus. We numbered twenty-six, but we made noise enough for forty. Nine States were represented, from Maine to Colorado, the single delegate from the Centennial State rejoicing in the pet name of "Leadville." Among our various machines was the first tandem tricycle that ever made a trip in Maine.

Our starting day was decidedly rainy, and it was a moist and solemn-looking party that gathered at the station at nine o'clock on the morning of July 29, 1884. The Eastern and Maine Central railroads had given us special passenger and baggage cars. On reaching our hotel at Augusta we found a hop on the tapis for the evening. So, though the muddy roads denied us the exhibition of bicycular beauty, we made ourselves pretty and enjoyed the evening very much. The next morning gave us a better outlook for riding, and most of us started for Togus to visit

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the Soldiers' Home, a national institution, where over twelve hundred disabled soldiers are well cared for. We were guided by a local wheelman, and manfully attacked the hills. The road was fair, but very hilly. The last part before reaching the Home is under government supervision and is hard and smooth as a floor. The appointments of the Home are perfect in their way; the theatre is one of the prettiest and most complete of buildings, and would be a credit to any city. Our trick-rider gave an exhibition that was well cheered. We rode back to Augusta, and after dinner we grouped for a photograph to please an artist who had come from Portland to take us. Four members of our party, who came by steamer, arrived just in time to get into the picture.

Our first run was to Waterville that same afternoon. After the forenoon's ride and a hearty dinner, that half day's work in the heat was a hard one, though there were various diversions. One of the party who appeared in a black racing-suit won the soubriquet of the "Black Crook." The raspberries along the steep hills grew thick and luscious. We had intended to proceed with clock-work regularity, but our line dragged itself out to such a length that our manager finally decided that if we could start out together and enter a town in some sort of shape, he would do away with the system of signals which was to keep us methodical. It was this original and elastic order which was rigidly obeyed during the remainder of the trip. There was a dance at the hotel in Waterville that night. We went into the ball-room, as at Augusta, but there was a singular unanimity of desire to sit and see other people do the dancing, and most of us went home early.

The next morning was hot, but fair. Some of the "Scorchers" went on ahead to avoid our slow pace, and gently to break our coming to Skowhegan. The roads were indifferent, good or sandy. Milk and raspberries were plentiful along the way.

We reached Skowhegan between one and two o'clock, and were loudly cheered on our entry. This busy place evidently had determined not to be out-done by any other in hospitality, and so we found a magnificent dinner, served in a prettily decorated dining-room. After dinner the citizens came around with easy carriages and took us out driving! After that and during supper the Cornet Band serenaded us. As it grew dark we were formed in solid phalanx, and marched to the public square, where fire-works were let off by the score. Modesty compels me to explain here that the fire-works part of the entertainment was something left over from a rainy Fourth of July. Rain beginning to fall, the return to the hotel was made with more speed than dignity. But more was to come. A pleasant little *musicale* had been arranged at the Colburn House, given by talent from Brooklyn and Jersey City — boarders at the house — under the direction of Mr. Edward Fuller, a violinist of no mean ability. This was highly enjoyed by all but our racing-man, who, overcome by emotion or fatigue, slept sweetly through the whole performance, much to the amusement of the rest. Next came a regular banquet graced by the presence of ladies, and followed by speeches. Then there was some more dancing, and we retired, wondering if, treated thus, we were mortal wheelmen, or celestial beings unawares. Our next morning's roads were muddy, but as we went on up the river the scenery grew more beautiful, and we caught sight of Mount Bigelow in the distance. One little coast must not be forgotten. Our funny man rode an old machine which had three distinct gaits of its own. We called it Old Reliable. It had no brake, and how he ever rode it over one hundred and fifty miles of Maine roads is still a puzzle to us all. Three or four of us were together and started down a long fair-looking hill. We soon struck a deep bed of sand. I put on brakes, but hearing a wild howl behind me, turned and saw the Old Reliable bearing down upon me. I rushed for the side of the road and threw myself off, while by a tremendous effort the funny man turned his machine into a sand-bank high above, stuck both feet solidly into it, and calmly sat there, a fit subject for an artist! It was the best example of a *footer* that I ever saw or heard of. We walked on down that hill, but it is on record that there were five headers among those who came after. We dined at Solon that day and the school children serenaded us.

On our way out of Solon we made a visit to Cawatunk Falls, which are well worth seeing. There are many curious round holes worn in the rock by action of the water, varying in size from a small pail to a gigantic boiler-like funnel. We stayed at Bingham that night and made away with a mere bagatelle of fifty-three pounds of brook-trout for breakfast and supper. Good, hard roads came now, with the Kennebec on one hand, the forest on the other, and another trout-dinner at the famous "Carney's." Our St. Louis boys, two of the famous three that coasted Mt. Washington, left us at Bingham. There were attractions waiting near that ball-room of

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Skowhegan. On to "Forks" the riding was easy and pleasant. There is fine hunting-ground here. An eight hundred-pound bear had lately been killed. Moose and caribou cross the river in sight of the village.

Again a fine day as we went up the Canada road to within twelve miles of Moosehead river. As one of our party was a clergyman we had our Sunday service in a school-house; and never, I am sure, was so large a proportion of a congregation dressed in bicycle gear. We took a guide and visited the beautiful Moxie Falls, a sheer plunge of ninety-five feet of bright water between two high cliffs. There are two deep pools below the falls; into the lower one we went, and our guide said the Parson was the wildest one of the plunging muscular bathers. That glorious, rollicking bath was, so to speak, our turning-point, for from here we started down the river again.

At Bingham, returning, there was another dance. We were getting to count on these dances, and footed it right merrily in a genuine country-dance. Starting in a mist next morning we ferried to the North Anson road. A nameless rider attempted to wheel from the landing to that ferry-boat. His bicycle went on the boat and he into the Kennebec. The roads soon improved, and we polished off and dined well at North Anson. Some weak souls, despite the downward trend, took train for Skowhegan. We came on a-wheel, and found our St. Louis friends had gone to Portland. On reaching that city we disbanded with sorrowful good-bys at the ending of our trip.

The Kennebec tour was a great success. Everything went smoothly, our hotels were good, our food excellent; all were in constant good-humor and nobody "kicked"— except at the pedals. We had few accidents or breakages. A baggage-wagon followed us with valises, coats, and other *impedimenta*, but never a wheelman rode therein. Only four of the party dropped out. One of these was called away by business, another had tried to ride too heavy a wheel, and those two St. Louis boys yearned to see their parents, they said. Our longest distance for one day was thirty-five miles, done on a misty day. No one but those who have planned such a trip know the amount of correspondence, studying of maps, and mental worry, required to get an excursion so that it will run itself, so to speak, and the labors of our genial manager and treasurer are thoroughly appreciated by us all. Thanks are also due to the editor of the *Somerset Reporter*, and other public-spirited citizens of Skowhegan for their labors in entertaining us. The State of Maine seems to open an interesting field for bicycle touring, as the roads are as good as any country roads, hills no more unsafe, and the scenery delightful. This is a short summary of the distances ridden, as measured by several cyclometers. July 30th, 27 miles; 31st, 18 miles; Aug. 1st, 23 miles; 2d, 24 miles; 4th, 24 miles; 5th, 35 miles — making a total of 151 miles, an average of 25 miles per day, in round numbers. Any one wishing to cover more ground could easily do so, but we were riding for pleasure, for recreation, and not for record-making.

L. B. Graves.

A Canoe-Club Dinner.

Mr. Editor: — The fourteenth annual dinner of the New York Canoe Club was given on Saturday evening, December 13th, at Miss Parloa's Cooking School, No. 222 East Seventeenth street; and, despite the not very re-assuring fact that it was cooked by the club members, was enjoyed more than any of its thirteen predecessors.

Many of the club's members are artists, and literary or professional men, to whom that relaxation is the most agreeable which is furthest removed from the conventional modes of amusement. Each year a happy thought suggests something new in the way of dinners. On this occasion business and hilarity were combined; for the appetite for canned-beef and scrambled eggs was beginning to pall, and an anchor was cast to windward with a view to extending the holiday *menu* at the club-house.

Could one, accustomed to frequent the retired residences which surround Stuyvesant square, and hem in all that remains of Knickerbocker solemnity, have gained admittance, he might have supposed that Mr. Sullivan was here working up a new comic opera, in which the peers of "Princess Ida" were outdone.

Ascending to the familiar parlors, lo! Harlequin has preceded him. There, with cast-iron self-complacency, sits a monstrous cooking-stove where the "Worcester grand" used to be; a smaller one is in the place of the back-parlor lounge; while a complicated gas-range occupies that of the etagère. The ancient book-shelves are bright with china; refrigerators displace tables, and tables once laden with bric-à-brac are covered with all sorts of kitchen tools and instruments of torture.

As for the chorus of this original burlesque, it is hideously out of tune. Each is doing his little

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part independently of everybody else. The "make-up" is equally incongruous. Many seem to wear some detached garment of dark-green flannel. This indicates a similarity of species, but from no single individual could one discover what the connected uniform might be. The well-favored and athletic evidently prefer knickerbockers and pumps, while the gaunt and attenuated wear the less conspicuous regulation trowsers. In head-dresses, bald heads are prominent, and frequently gold-rimmed spectacles shine above the huge white bow-knots which hold the strings of feminine apron around a masculine neck.

The amusement for a time seemed to be centred around a guest from a neighboring club, who had not received the notice to appear in "camp costume." This dignified and amiable ex-president of a well known art-club came dressed in claw-hammer and fine linen. Although he was occupied through most of the evening in extracting onion skins from the depths of the forbidden coat-tail pockets, the shadow of resentment never once darkened the golden-bowed spectacles, nor the amiable lights beneath.

The dinner hour came, bringing other invited guests, but red-handed anarchy was rampant in the kitchen. Calm and commanding as Napoleon at Marengo, the amiable hostess and *chef de cuisine* passed through the noisy company, seasoning the soup, salting the fish, giving a word of direction here, of clever reproach there, and keeping all in good-natured abeyance.

Here the editor of an illustrated monthly was struggling with the obstinate skin of a striped bass; there the publisher of an art weekly was in difficulty with the "works" of a skinned grouse.

At the end of a table, surrounded by the committee on salads, who were beating eggs against time, stood another dignified gentleman, with bald head and eye-glasses. His high-buttoned Norfolk jacket and straight collar gave him a particularly clerical appearance. Had you not known him you might have thought him the club chaplain. He read from an open book in sepulchral tones: "Yolks of six eggs; two tablespoonfuls of mustard," etc. "You don't beat fast enough," said the professor to a youth (an artist on the *Century's* staff) who was drearily grinding the crank of an egg-beater over a huge bowl of Maionnaise dressing.

"They generally accuse me of taking *my own aise*," was the humble reply.

The dinner was to be served at 7.30. Nine o'clock came, but nothing from the kitchen. The guests reefed and double-reefed their belts, to allay the pangs of hunger. Stories were played out; pipes no longer satisfied; mutiny broke out, and the starved visitors raided the empty dining-room, which was resplendent with club trophies and prize pennants. Biscuits and pickles were vigorously consumed, and a truce was patched up. At ten o'clock, the Commodore ordered all hands to the dining-room. Covers had been laid for sixty. Large mounds of moss, covered with flowers and sprinkled with violets, stood in the centre of each table. Rows of little card-board A tents, ranged behind the covers, suggested the island camp on the St. Lawrence. These were the *menus*, which had been designed by Mr. W. A. Rogers, a member of the club, and an artist well known in connection with OUTING, and other magazines.

One side bore the announcement of the dinner, the huge tin clock which decorated the club's camp last summer, and a Cupid canoeist, with sheath-knife and paddle, frying his eggs by a smoking camp-fire. The reverse gave the *menu* in grotesque letters illustrated by a dozen artistic vignettes. The largest of these displayed a sad-eyed canoeist, who was seated on a log, waiting for a haunch of venison which hung from the bough of a tree to be roasted over the sickly flame from a *flamme forcée* burning beneath. As the dinner, in accordance with Miss Parloa's principles, was strictly temperance, four bottles or jugs, labelled respectively: "Adam's Ale," "Lake George, 1880," "Eel Bay," and "Kill von Kull," recalled other scenes. A canoe, jammed between the rocks in a rapid, with the skipper plunging headlong over the bow, illustrated "currant jam"; while a portrait of the champion sailor, Vana, bringing in the "Duff," set off pudding, etc., etc.

The coolness of morning was drawing on as the canoeists withdrew from the cloud of smoke and summer reminiscences which had settled round them; they returned to their homes, convinced that the canoeist has pleasures besides plunging through rapids, and coursing, under white wings, over the waters of the open bay.

Buck.

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Nathaniel Hawthorne and His Wife.[1]

In giving us this record of two beautiful lives Mr. Julian Hawthorne has done a fitting filial task. There is much to be commended in his work. He shows in his first pages that he grasps the very soul and secret of the potency of his father's writing. He puts before us the man who worked at the mystery of evil with an unrelenting mind and pen, and made human charity deeper in the hearts of those who read him rightly. He felt and showed that "in reality, the beauty, the pathos, and the power of the spectacle of humanity lies in the fact that it is a spectacle of a mortal struggle between two eternal forces." The influence of Nathaniel Hawthorne's books is not always salutary. There are certain moods and conditions of the human spirit that make it impossible to see any light upon the dark pages that he wrote. There is not much sunshine in his work, and the dim daylight that he had is unwholesome for weak souls. But it was daylight so far as it went. There is nothing artificial about Hawthorne, and above all nothing morbid. It is not at all the right word to use about him. A quotation from a letter written by Hawthorne's warm friend, Mr. Henry Bright, to the editor of these volumes, will help much to correct an erroneous idea in regard to what has often been called the morbidness of Hawthorne's character: —

"I need hardly say with what a feeling of affection I always regarded your father. He was almost the *best* man I ever knew, — and quite the most interesting. Nothing annoys me more than the word 'morbid' as applied to him. He was the *least* morbid of men, with a singularly sweet temper and a very far-reaching charity; he was reserved and (in a sense) a *proud* man, who did not care to be worried or bored by people he was not fond of. But he was, I am sure, a singularly happy man, — happy in all his domestic relations, happy in his own wonderfu imaginative faculty, and in the fame which he had achieved."

Again: "Justice has never yet been done to your mother. Of course, she was overshadowed by him, — but she was a singularly accomplished woman, with a great gift of expression, and a most sympathetic nature; she was, too, an artist of no mean quality. Her 'Notes in England and Italy' contain much that is valuable, and much that is beautifully written."

A singular and tender interest attaches to the few letters the son has given of those written by Nathaniel Hawthorne to Sophia Peabody during their courtship. He was thirty-eight and she thirty-two when they were married, and their biographer says: "No cloud or change ever passed over their affection, even for a moment; but every succeeding year found their union more exquisitely complete." The story of their love and marriage is very beautiful, and it was to their mutual devotion that Hawthorne always attributed the awakening of the power to conceive and write the volumes which followed. The history of Hawthorne's dismissal from his service in the custom-house at Salem, and of the consequent writing of the "Scarlet Letter" is familiar. The "Blithedale Romance" followed soon after, and later, near the close of his long foreign residence, the "Marble Faun." During his six years' consulate at Liverpool he wrote nothing except his inimitable "Note-Book." His muse was true to her servant, and gave him inspiration only when he looked faithfully to have it.

To his mother's life, her devotion to his sisters and himself, to her symmetrical womanly character and the beauty of her maternity, the son has made a beautiful tribute in these companion volumes. Their title shows that he, knowing and loving the author of "The Scarlet Letter" better than any other man possibly can, felt also the full measure of what Nathaniel Hawthorne owed to his wife.

[1] Nathaniel Hawthorne and His Wife. A Biography by Julian Hawthorne. In two volumes. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co.

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Illustrated Books.

THE illustrative art throws new light over old text, and the man who read "Marmion" [1] with enthusiastic delight in his youth will feel something of the same charm and fascination in turning over the pages of Osgood's new illustrated edition of Scott's poem. The illustrations were drawn and engraved under the supervision of A. V. S. Anthony. The drawings are by G. Perkins, F. B. Schell, E. H. Garrett, A. Fredericks, J. J. Harley, A. B. Shute, H. Fenn, A. R. Waud, and F. T. Merrill. A series of ornamental borders and designs, by L. S. Ipsen, make the pages doubly attractive. The frontispiece illustrates the lines, —

> "Along the bridge Lord Marmion rode,
> Proudly his red-roan charger trode,"

and, capitally well done, is a good index to the art-work of the book. The youth of this age are getting a double education by means of the beautiful work which so well interprets and supplements the favorites of earlier generations.

THE name of the Chevalier Bayard always carries with it an inspiration to purity and high endeavor. In a condensed translation of the old memoirs of the knight's secretary, Mr. E. C. Kindersley has set forth in English "The Very Joyous, Pleasant, and Refreshing History of the Feats, Exploits, Triumphs, and Achievements of The Good Knight Without Fear and Without Reproach, the Gentle Lord de Bayard." The book is amply and cleverly illustrated, and makes a valuable addition to literature for the young, who will read it with no less interest than their elders. The publishers are Dodd, Mead, & Co., New York.

"THE MERCHANT VESSEL," that absorbing tale of sea-life by Mr. Charles Nordhoff, has been republished with numerous illustrations, for the holiday trade, by Dodd, Mead, & Co., New York. It is one of the best gift-books of the year for lads who love books of adventures.

Fiction.

MRS. HELEN HUNT JACKSON has thoroughly studied and profoundly sympathizes with the wrongs which have been inflicted on the American Indian. In the novel "Ramona" [2] she has given to the public a part of the fruits of this study and sympathy. The decaying grandeur of the old Mexican families of California, and the gradual wresting of the lands from their aboriginal possessors, that marked the early days of the settlement of that State from the East, are used as a background for the story of a beautiful maiden, half Mexican, half Indian, who loved and wedded the handsome and educated son of an Indian chief, and shared with uncomplaining patience the evil fate which drove him relentlessly to insanity and death. Mrs. Jackson has used her fresh material with skill, and the result is a novel that cannot fail to serve a higher purpose than mere entertainment.

MR. W. H. BISHOP is one of the best of our short story writers, and "Choy Susan" [1] is decidedly a hit. This hybrid name was that of a Mongolian woman who saved the young daughter of a Mormon elder from being married perforce to another Mormon elder. "No good for woman mally man with plentee otha wife," said Choy Susan, when she set her face against the ways of her countrymen, and of the Mormons, and helped the young lovers to a happy bridal. The other stories of the book are good, and there are six of them.

THE last volume of the *Leisure Hour Series* is "Bound Together," [2] by "Hugh Conway." From "The Secret of the Stradivarius" to "A Speculative Spirit," every one of these dozen short stories is entertaining and cleverly written.

"AT ANY COST" [3] is the story of a youth who went to London to seek his fortune, and made fortune-seeking the chief aim and purpose of his life. The story is vitally Christian in tone without being at all of the "goody" sort, and would make a suitable gift-book for boy or girl.

"PERIL" [4] is the name of No. 161 of the voluminous *Leisure Hour Series*. It is an entertaining story for English young people, whose love was put to trial and came out happily triumphant all around.

CHILDREN and young people who have learned to be fond of Elsie Dinsmore, in Miss Finley's books, will welcome her appearance in "Mildred at Home." [5]

[1] Marmion. By Sir Walter Scott. Illustrated. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co.

[2] Ramona. A novel. By Helen Hunt Jackson. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

[1] Choy Susan and Other Stories. By William Henry Bishop. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin, & Co.

[2] Bound Together. By Hugh Conway. Leisure Hour Series. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

[3] At Any Cost. By Edward Garrett. New York: Dodd, Mead, & Co.

[4] Peril. By Jessie Fothergill. Leisure Hour Series. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

[5] Mildred at Home. By Martha Finley, author of the Elsie Books. New York: Dodd, Mead, & Co.

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"A MATTER OF TASTE" is a new novel by George H. Picard; published by White, Stokes, & Allen, New York.

Miscellaneous.

MR. CLINTON SCOLLARD, whose light verse has appeared from time to time in OUTING and other periodicals, has made the venture of a book in dainty form, called "Pictures in Song."[1] This is not at all a bad collective name for the madrigals, ballades, rondeaus, and sonnets of the volume. Mr. Scollard has done fairly well in this field of light verse-making, limited as it is by the barriers of its prescribed forms. At least a half-dozen times in the collection one comes upon a genuine glow of inspiration lighting up the lines. A sonnet is one of the most dangerous and difficult of experiments for any poet; but Mr. Scollard has made one at least which has the spirit and movement of true poetry along its lines. This is the sonnet on the lute-player:—

> "Who standing by an open casement long,
> Poured forth rapt strains of such melodious song
> That all the flowers with passion seemed to stir."

THE lectures on Emerson,[2] which were given before the Concord School of Philosophy last summer appear in book form. This makes a most desirable volume, for each view of the great poet-philosopher is from the stand-point of a thinker. But there is no personal attempt in this book. The simplicity of the character they eulogize gave to each author who contributes a key-note of naturalness and earnestness which is very charming. The book is dedicated to Mr. Alcott, and its authors are: Mrs. Ednah D. Cheney, F. B. Sanborn, Julian Hawthorne, M. René De Poyen Belleisle, Rev. C. A. Bartol, D.D., Miss E. P. Peabody, Miss Emma Lazarus, Mrs. E. C. Kinney, Edwin D. Mead, Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, George Willis Cook, William T. Harris, P. T. Mozoomar, and A. B. Alcott.

THE Rev. Mr. Church, professor of Latin at University College, London, has made an excellent book on Cicero.[3] It gives one what may be called in some sort a contemporary idea of the Roman, of his personality as a man as well as of his historical career. There are also brief narrations of the lives of Cæsar, Pompey, Cato, and Antony. The picture of the life of a Roman boy is extremely entertaining. The stress that was put upon physical education developed the muscular powers in a natural, healthful way with the mental. Swimming, riding, and rowing were as much a part of the education of one of the Romans who ruled the world as were their book tasks. The volume is very well illustrated with "veritable likenesses of some of the chief actors in the scenes described."

THE data of social science gain a valuable addition in each volume of essays from Mr. Hamerton. They are studies of people as mental rather than as spiritual beings. Especially is this true of this last collection, "Human Intercourse."[1] It is certainly most rational to look at the external relations of life through Mr. Hamerton's eyes. The vast rubbish of etiquette-books goes down before the strength and sincerity of sentences like those one finds in this book. One sighs for a time when all the world shall follow all these hints upon social intercourse. The book is dedicated gracefully to the memory of Emerson.

BOOKS of letters are in some sort a furore of the decade. "Mary Wollstonecraft,"[2] the last published of the "Famous Women Series," is unique in correspondence. It is the defence of a woman who defied social laws, by a woman who believes that the honesty of her thought should have its weight in influencing the criticism of her life. The exposition of her literary work is impartial and good, and the volume ranks fairly in the series.

THE volume of essays by Kate Gannett Wells[3] is one of the best of Osgood's late books. Several of these papers have already appeared in the magazines, but they are of the sort that bear reading and re-reading. There are eight of them, beginning with "Average People" and ending with "Caste in American Society." One of the cleverest essays is "The Transitional Woman," and the wittiest bit to be found in all of these simple, sincere, and serious pages is the advice: "Never think you know a woman until you serve on a committee with her."

A HISTORY of American coinage and money issues, the management of national monetary affairs, and the different legal tender acts that have been discussed or passed by Congress, are thoroughly

[1] Pictures in Song. By Clinton Scollard. New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

[2] The Genius and Character of Emerson. Lectures at the Concord School of Philosophy. Edited by F. B. Sanborn. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co.

[3] Roman Life in the Days of Cicero. By the Rev. Alfred J. Church, M.A. New York: Dodd, Mead, & Co.

[1] Human Intercourse. By Philip Gilbert Hamerton, Boston: Boberts Brothers.

[2] Life of Mary Wollstonecraft. By Elizabeth Robins Pennell. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

[3] About People. By Kate Gannett Wells. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co.

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set forth in "Money in Politics,"[1] by a former assistant Secretary of the Treasury. There is an introduction by Mr. Edward Atkinson which will appeal, as well as the body of the book, to thoughtful consideration.

SIDNEY LANIER[2] was a most sensitively conscientious artist in his work. He is said to have possessed the artistic and the poetic temperament in extreme conjunction. Certainly his artist's nature worked hand in hand with the force of his inspiration. His endowment of music made him doubly critical of his own form, even in the moment of expression. He was considered by many a most perfect flute-player; and he regarded the harmonies of words much as those of music. But his poems have a vitality beyond all external of forms. Theirs is the strength of conscious genius, the music of a soul keenly and gladly responsive to the highest harmonies. His poem, "To Bayard Taylor," (published in *Scribners' Magazine*, March, 1879) may be quoted of him, now that he, too, has power

"To range, deep-wrapt, along a heavenly height."

Bayard Taylor was one of his earliest literary friends, one who encouraged him in the first days of his poetical striving.

The memorial of Lanier's life, by William Hayes Ward, is sad reading in spite of the firm faith and courage and will that upheld him through a short life filled with adversity and illness. In 1879, a little more than two years before his death, he received an appointment as lecturer at the Johns Hopkins University, and this gave him a new hold on life, in the encouragement which comes from a regular income. But the disease which he fought for fifteen years conquered his will at last. He died in the mountains of North Carolina, Sept. 7, 1881.

[1] Money in Politics. By J. K. Upton. Boston: D. Lothrop & Co.

[2] Poems of Sidney Lanier. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

Mrs. Lanier, to whom some of the most fervent and beautiful of the poems were written, edits this volume, and very gracefully credits each poem, in the index of the collection, to the periodical in which it first appeared.

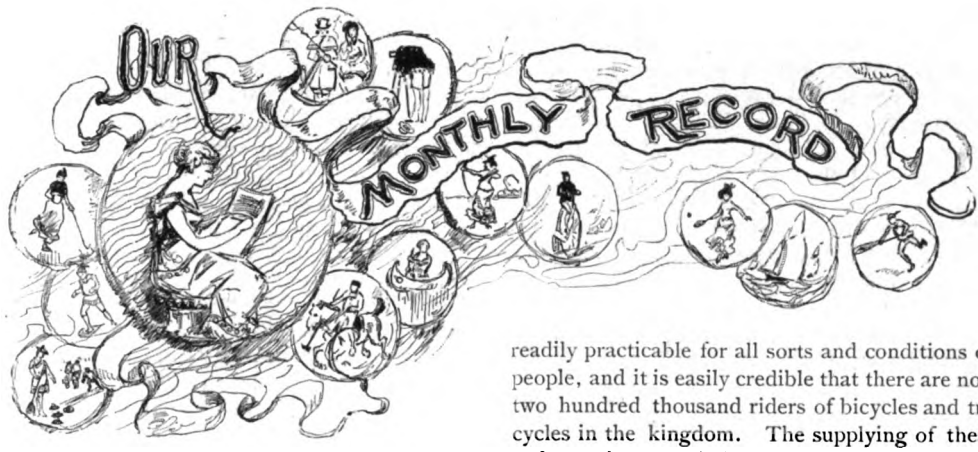
CHIEF Engineer Melville wishes to reach the North Pole in the hope, he says, that his success "may prevent other fools from going there." It might be a settling once for all of certain scientific and geographical questions. His journal and notes, written (the latter part at sea) in early months of 1884, gives the history of the exploits of Chief Melville, "In the Lena Delta,"[1] and in the expedition of relief for Lieutenant Greely.

THE names of the artists who have contributed to the Prang holiday series this year show, better than any words added to the national singing of their praises, the artistic beauty and value of these tokens of Christmas and New Year remembrance. Such artists as Dora Wheeler, Miss F. Bridges, Miss L. B. Humphrey, H. Giacomelli, W. Hamilton Gibson, J. W. Champney, and Walter Satterlee, may be counted on for worthily symbolizing the joyous associations of the holiday season.

THE Mexican travels and writings of Mr. Frederick A. Ober are earning for him a goodly amount of deserved notice and commendation. His pamphlet on Mexican resources, which may be called an appendix to his valuable book, "Travels in Mexico," is issued by his Boston publishers. This supplemental volume is not only statistical, but is a most entertaining guide-book for the traveller in Mexico, with convenient maps and indexed routes, and descriptive and historical paragraphs. It is sold at fifty cents in paper covers. Boston: Estes & Lauriat.

[1] In the Lena Delta. A narrative of the search for Lieutenant-Commander De Long; an account of the Greely Relief Expedition, and a proposed method of reaching the North Pole. By George W. Melville, Chief Engineer U.S.N. Edited by Melville Phillips. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

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FOR MONTH ENDING DECEMBER 20.

Bicycling and Tricycling.

THE social season is upon the wheeling world. Entertainments within doors, or Southern tours, occupy the attention of the cyclist. A number of wheelmen start January 22 for a journey to the island of Bermuda, which has some of the best roads to be found in the world. The coral formation gives them hardness and smoothness enough to tempt these tourists to three days on the Eastern Atlantic in mid-winter. The tropical climate will doubtless give them blue skies and balmy breezes, and it is probable that some of the party will remain a fortnight, although those who wish to do so may return by the same steamer in four days. The excursion is under the management of Mr. F. A. Elwell, of Portland, whose visit to Bermuda last March incited him to arrange the present excursion.

THE model club-house of the Massachusetts Club is on its way to completion. It will be, when done, the largest and best appointed building owned by any cycling club in the world It is on the Back Bay lands of Boston, fronting on Newbury street, and next to the Boston Art Club building. It has a frontage of twenty-four feet, with three stories and basement, and a bay window in the second story. At the top of the building is the inscription, "Massachusetts Bicycle Club, 1884."

MR. HARRY D. COREY, of Boston, who has been in Europe in the interests of cycling since October, makes some interesting comparisons between England and America. He is quite certain that if the best American men had regular training, on as good tracks as those of England, they would compete with more frequent success with their brethren of Britain. The uniformly good roads in England make wheeling more readily practicable for all sorts and conditions of people, and it is easily credible that there are now two hundred thousand riders of bicycles and tricycles in the kingdom. The supplying of these makes an immense industry. The club-houses in America are very much better than across the water, a hired room with a few chairs and tables usually serving for the needs of a trans-Atlantic society. Mr. Corey found tricycle-riding very much on the increase. Middle-aged and elderly gentlemen prefer them to the bicycle, and, since the tricycle has been indorsed by the ladies of the royal family, it has steadily grown in favor with Englishwomen. Among the tracks, Mr. Corey prefers the Crystal Palace track, although the fastest time has been made at Leicester. He decided from his own experience that it is not so fast as the tracks at Hartford or Springfield. Racers in England start themselves from a block, and are not pushed as in this country. Their mile is therefore two or three seconds slower than when made in the American way. A favorite ride with Mr. Corey was the Ripley road out of London, — ten miles to the Anchor Inn. Here he had the pleasure of beating Cooper and Webb on the tandem with which they make their records.

DR. J. H. COOLEY delivered an address on cycling and health at the recent annual meeting of the Plainfield (N.J.) Bicycle Club. He deprecated the increase of race-meetings, and said that he believed long-distance racing certain to be injurious. As a form of exercise he considers cycling superior to others in bringing into action all the muscles of the body. Swimming and climbing rank well with it, but only a robust swimmer can remain long in the water, and climbing is monotonous. The vibratory motion of the machine causes relaxation of the whole body, which, though generally overlooked, is not one of the least of the benefits derived from wheeling. It is often thought that a hard muscle is indicative of strength, but this is a mistaken idea, for its strength is in the elasticity of its fibers, and to possess this it must be well developed and flexible, not hard. Certain excessive

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kinds of exercise have a tendency to produce excessive growth and hardening of the muscles. This condition, known medically as hypertrophy of muscle, is a bad sign, denoting an unequal development of the body, leading to loss of the balance of power between the external or muscular and internal or vital force. Cycling, on the other hand, does not produce this effect, unless in severe training and long racing. A man in ill-health who takes up wheeling as a means of regaining strength, should ride judiciously, taking great care not to overtax the force he gains. A practised rider will not feel jolting, as he rides with his body relaxed. If, however, he has a feeling of exhaustion at the stomach it tells him more plainly than words can that the nervous tone is becoming exhausted, and rest must be had. The beginner in cycling must bear in mind that heavy clothing will prove a hindrance to his progress.

MR. T. C. ORMISTON, of the C.T.C., applied to the Commissioners of Central Park, New York, for permission for himself and wife to enjoy the wheeling privilege of the Park and the Riverside drive, in conformity with park regulations. These permit any member of a regularly organized and uniformed club, wearing the requisite badge, to use the west drive at certain specified hours, and the Riverside drive at all hours, subject to certain rules. Mr. Ormiston's request, after some delay, was referred to the Committee on Park Privileges, and he at length received a reply from their secretary conveying their decision that the C.T.C. is a foreign club, and not represented in this country, and, consequently, Mr. Ormiston's application must be reluctantly refused. Mr. Ormiston contends that, as the C.T.C. is an international club, its members are responsible in New York, especially as councillors are elected in the United States. He has called the attention of the New York State and city consuls to the existing state of things, and purposes to push the matter until a member of the C.T.C. may enjoy the park privileges, which the commissioners certainly did not intend to limit to local clubs.

THE Citizens' Club, of New York, gave a housewarming at its new club-house, on West 58th st., Dec. 3d. The Ixion, the New York, and minor local clubs were present, and a pleasant programme, including readings by R. J. Burdette, was carried out. Several prominent cyclists, from a distance, were present.

THE Maryland Club, of Baltimore, has begun the erection of what it hopes will be the finest club-house in the country. The corner-stone was laid on Thanksgiving day, with appropriate ceremonies, preceded by a grand parade, in which the Maryland Club was attended by the Druids, the Monumental, the Junior, the Lafayette, and the Whirling Wheelmen, — all in uniform. The president of the Marylands is Mr. S. T. Clark.

A COMMITTEE was appointed by the Springfield (Mass.) Bicycle Club, Nov. 20th, to secure plans for a new club-house, and to negotiate for a lot for building purposes. None but active members are now permitted in the club.

A NEW club was organized in Salem, Oregon, Nov. 27th, and named the Chemeketa Bicycle Club. The following officers were elected: president, W. W. Martin; secretary and treasurer, George Herren; captain, H. L. Hatch; lieutenant, Chas. M. Cox. The Chemeketa begins its career with ten charter members, and is the second club organized in Oregon.

A WHEEL club was organized in Waterbury (Conn.), Dec. 4th, with ten members. The following officers were elected: president, F. P. Upson; secretary and treasurer, N. C. Ovaitt; captain, J. H. Hurlburt; lieutenant, C. E. Turner.

THE King's County wheelmen, of Brooklyn, N.Y., a flourishing club, propose building a two-story brick club-house.

LEE RICHARDSON, of Chicago, aged seven years, rides a 28-inch wheel, and is considered a prodigy of fancy riding.

KANSAS CITY wheelmen are planning a fine club-house, a ten-lap track, and all the other appointments necessary to club men.

MR. JOHN NICHOLSON, a former Irish champion, now of Minnesota, has made an excellent State record during the past season.

THE nineteen members of the Indianapolis Bicycle Club have joined the L.A.W.

ELIOT NORTON and Frank L. Dean will race for Harvard at the intercollegiate games in the spring.

Mr. H. B. RICE has been elected president of the Cheyenne Bicycle Club (Wyoming). Mr. F. H. Clark, secretary of the club, writes that the mountain-riding has been very good during the autumn.

A BICYCLE club has been organized in Topeka, Kansas, with Mr. Charles Frampton as captain.

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SOUTHERN wheelmen are planning a spring tournament, at Memphis, Tenn. Riders from a distance will be invited. The secretary of the Memphis Bicycle Club, W. L. Surprise, invites correspondence on the subject.

THE times of W. M. Woodside, who lowered all the American records from 11 miles to 50 miles in Chicago, December, are as follows: —

Miles.	Time.	Miles.	Time.
1	0.03.06 3/4	26	1.26.38
2	0.06.15 1/2	27	1.30.14 1/4
3	0.09.28 1/2	28	1.33.48 1/4
4	0.12.40 1/2	29	1.37.27 1/4
5	0.15.53	30	1.41.08 3/4
6	0.19.07	31	1.44.52 1/4
7	0.32.22 1/2	32	1.48.26 3/4
8	0.25.40	33	1.52.11 3/4
9	0.28.55	34	1.55.53 3/4
10	0.32.08 3/4	35	1.59.40 3/4
11	0.35.26 3/4	36	2.03.05
12	0.38.40 1/2	37	2.06.33 1/4
13	0.41.51	38	2.10.06 1/2
14	0.45.18	39	2.13.42
15	0.48.41	40	2.17.18 1/4
16	0.51.59 1/2	41	2.20.54 1/4
17	0.55.21 1/2	42	2.24.34
18	0.58.48	43	2.28.12 1/2
19	1.02.09	44	2.31.51 1/2
20	1.05.38 1/4	45	2.35.33 1/2
21	1.09.11 1/2	46	2.39.21
22	1.12.36 1/4	47	2.43.08
23	1.16.14	48	2.46.55 1/4
24	1.19.36 1/2	49	2.50.43 1/2
25	1.23.05 3/4	50	2.54.01 1/2

This is 5m. 13 1/2s. better than any former fifty-mile record.

MISS FLORENCE FULLER, of the Dearborn Cycling Club, Chicago, has made 1,000 miles on her tricycle.

J. S. PRINCE is to receive a handsome gold medal as a memento of his 2.39 at Springfield, Mass.

A GRAND exhibition of skill by the bicycle clubs of Chicago was arranged for Nov. 25, by Chief Consul J. O. Blake. Except the accidents to two contestants it was a pleasant and successful affair.

THE Ramblers Bicycle Club, of St. Louis, now installed in its fine new club-house, intends furnishing the lower floor of the building as a gymnasium for the winter training of the members, who have already gained a good reputation for road-riding.

FOREIGN.

MR. JO. PENNELL, writing from Rome, November 13, says that the road from Florence to Rome, between three hundred and four hundred miles by way of Siena, Monte Oliveto, Perugia, Assisi, and Terni, is probably one of the finest in the world. He was accompanied on a tandem tricycle by his wife, and their journey was delightful. Not more than four miles was too bad for riding, and in the three weeks spent *en route*, but one day was cloudy.

MR. JAMES COPLAND has made a famous run in Australia, from Sydney to Melbourne, five hundred and eighty-three miles, on a tricycle, in twelve days, nine hours. The shortest distance made on any day was twenty-five miles, and the best time was put in on the last day of the run — sixty-two miles. Mr. Copland gained a pound and a half on the trip, and reached Melbourne feeling well and strong. Of the distance traversed, one hundred miles were over good roads; for four hundred miles there was fair riding, and about eighty miles were quite unridable.

THE mayor of Coventry, England, unveiled the memorial to James Starley, the inventor of the improved bicycle, in the presence of eight thousand people, in November. From the improvements made by Mr. Starley have been evolved others which have made the cycle industry so immense. The memorial is described as a beautiful work of art, standing twenty feet in height. It is a figure of Fame in marble. On the front of the pedestal is a medallion portrait of Mr. Starley, and on the sides are illustrations of the inventions which he introduced.

THE Duke of Grafton is the president of the Grafton Bicycle Club.

MR. LACY HILLIER raced, November 30, with Mr. F. P. Edwardson, of Clapham Park, and with 3m. 5s. start finished second to Edwardson. The English papers explain that the race was finished in the dark, and so account for the champion's being beaten.

A WHEELING club has been started in Utrecht, Holland, under the leadership of Mr. C. H. Bingham.

THE tricycle bath-chair is adopted by some English invalids. It is said to carry the invalid and the propelling attendant along at a comfortable speed of nine miles an hour.

THE King of Italy is said to be a great admirer of bicycling, and honored the races at Turin with his presence.

THE accounts of Italian races are a little amusing, for wheeling advances painfully there, and the Tuscan champion rides a forty-three-inch wheel with wooden pedals.

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M. P. LEGENDRE and Mr. E. Smith, of the *Vèloce-Club-Bordelais*, have lately finished an extensive tricycle excursion in the French province of Dordogue.

THE use of the wheel in military life is receiving serious attention from the Austrian Minister of War. During the last season, by his order, the students of the military school at Wiener-Neustadt took a wheel excursion of five days, under the command of Captain Schadek. Each of the young men carried his baggage and some equipments. The roads were often bad, but the excursion is pronounced by the *Vedette* a complete success.

Canoeing.

THE annual meeting of the New York Club was held December 4, and the following officers were reëlected: William Whitlock, commodore; C. K. Munroe, vice-commodore; J. F. Newman, secretary and treasurer. These, *ex-officio*, with H. G. Bailey and C. J. Stevens, compose the executive committee. The club finances are in good condition, and a new and larger club-house is under consideration as soon as the Rapid Transit Railroad shall have been completed, and its exact encroachments on the shore defined.

THE Oshkosh Club has elected the following officers: commodore, A. M. V. Kaas; vice-commodore, R. P. Finney; secretary-treasurer, F. H. Gary; executive committee, L. F. Gates, W. Radford, and W. A. Sessions. A large club-house is to be erected this winter.

DECEMBER 9, the Rochester Club elected the following officers: captain, J. Matt. Angle; mate, H. M. Stewart; purser, George H. Harris; executive committee, F. N. Rew, Samuel C. Eaton, C. H. Moody.

Fishing.

A FISHERMAN caught twenty-five trout, weighing from three-quarters to one and a half pounds, in Cupsuctuc lake, September 17.

SALMON have been more plenty in Maine the past season than ever before. Crooked river has been full of salmon this fall.

CONSUL LAMBERT, of San Blas, has written a letter explaining how the natives of Jalisco, Mexico, catch fish by poisoning, — throwing a liquid on the water. There being a law against this kind of fishing, the natives stab each fish to give them the appearance of being speared.

THE London Zoölogical Garden has recently received an electric eel (*gymnotus electricus*) six feet in length.

INFORMATION ABOUT FLORIDA. — The journey from Savannah to Jacksonville has been lessened six hours by the fast train. A line of steamers will run on the inside route between Savannah and Fernandina; a night train will run from Jacksonville to Cedar Keys; and a new steamer will run from Cedar Keys to Tarpum Springs. Three rods are necessary for outfit, — heavy sea bass-rod, light bass-rod, and fly-rod. Hooks: for sheep's-head, three sizes, 2.0–1–2. For bait-fishing: Sprout hooks, 6.0, 5.0, and 4.0; bass, O'Shaughnessy hooks, 10.0 and 9.0; blue-fish, needle-eyed O.S. hooks with piano wire snoods; bream, Chestertown hook, 11 and 12; small salt-water fish, Sprout or O'Shaughnessy hooks, 1 and 2; sharks, three sizes hooks; tarpum, stout brass wire-snood, with four to six 3.0 cod hooks; spoons, large bass No. 3, double; black bass, No. 2 fly; sea-trout, No. 1 fly. For trolling Spanish mackerel and ivory squid about size of forefinger; blue-fish, old round bone-squid. Lines: heavy fishing 18-thread cutty-hunk; light fishing, 9-thread cutty-hunk; tarpum, 72-thread laid cotton line, 600 feet; for trolling for channel bass, hard-braided cotton, or linen line, 2.0 and 3.0; fly-fishing, use your own judgment. Nets, one crab-net and a cast-net, 6 feet long. One strong gaff-hook, fish-spear, and a revolver.

PROFESSOR D. S. JORDAN, of Indian University, has procured and sent to the Smithsonian Institute thirty-five species of fish in this country which are entirely new to science.

A NEW use for codfish has been found. Their skin, when properly tanned, makes a light gray and very tough leather.

MR. F. H. BIGNELL, of Quebec, reports that there is a vast inland sea, nearly as large as Lake Superior, in the far-off Rupert's Island, where fish abound.

A NEW fish has appeared in the Housatonic river. The head much resembles that of the prickle-back, but the body is longer and not as broad, similar to the black bass, — good swimmers, gamy on the line, and flesh solid and sweet.

A NOVEL method of ground-baiting for roach has been tried and found successful. Two slices of stale bread, with a stone between them, was sunk by a string. On taking it up it showed that

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the fish took it, but not so indiscriminately as is often the case with other bait. Another, with bones, — not too clean, — proved successful with perch.

THE experiment of State Fish Commissioner S. G. Worth, made last spring at Raleigh, N.C., of propagating fish in ponds, has proved entirely successful. He placed a quantity of white shad's eggs in various ponds, and on November 24th one of the ponds was drained off, and thirty-three shad, from eight to ten inches, were found.

A SPECKLED mountain trout was caught in Eagle river, Col., this fall, which weighed twenty-six pounds and a half, and measured forty inches. It was sent to the Smithsonian Institute at Washington.

SEVEN thousand flounders were transferred, this summer, from tide-waters to different places, between Tedington and Hampton Court, on the river Thames.

THE death of Mr. J. F. Demoville, of the Brookvale Angling Club, of Nashville, Tenn., was a sad blow to the interests of the anglers in the United States. No man ever took more interest in the sport, and it was by his assistance and experience that many of our leading clubs owe their standing to-day.

Shooting.

THE annual team match of Companies D and I, of the Eighth Regiment, Massachusetts Volunteer Militia, was held at Saugus, Mass., November 27. Co. D 78, and Co. I 53.

THE championship of Connecticut for clay-pigeon-shooting was decided at Hartford, Conn., November 12. Nine teams of four men, twenty-five pigeons for each man, eighteen yards rise. Parker Gun team of Meriden won, score 67. Spencer and New Haven clubs were represented. The individual championship prize, fifty pigeons, eighteen yards rise, was won by E. A. Folsom, of Windsor, who scored 40.

THE Boston Press Rifle Association held its annual meeting November 21st, when the following officers were elected: president, Col. C. H. Taylor; vice-president, C. B. Danforth; treasurer, J. R. Mann; secretary, W. H. Hathaway.

THE California Rifle Association held its annual fall prize-meeting at Shell Mound Park, near San Francisco, November 16 and 23. The weather was fine, there was a large attendance, and the association, for the first time, had receipts above expenditures. The result was as follows: Diamond team match, open to teams of six men each, Springfield rifle, 200 and 500 yards, seven rounds; prize to become property of team winning it three times: Police team, 181 and 184, total 365; Co. C, First Infantry, 182 and 180, total 362; Presidio R.C., 168 and 182, total 350; Co. C, Second Artillery, 173 and 175, total 348; Officers Second Artillery, 168 and 151, total 323. Lieutenant Klein, Officer Geary, and Private Kuhls, won individual prizes. Siebe team match, open to teams of six, from companies of National Guard never having made over 70 per cent., seven rounds, Springfield rifle, 200 yards: Co. C, Third Infantry, 165; Co. E, First Infantry, 157; Co. C, First Infantry, 152; Co. A, Second Artillery, 149; Co. G, First Infantry, 147; individual prizes, G. S. Simpson, J. W. Dolan, and Lieutenant Brown. Centennial match, open to teams of ten from the military representing a regiment or battalion, 200 and 500 yards, seven rounds each, Springfield rifles, — prize to become the property of team winning it three out of five times: First Infantry, 291 and and 306, total 597; Second Artillery, 290 and 582, total 592; Third Infantry, 260 and 177, total 437. C.R.A. 600-yard match, open to teams of five, any military rifle, seven rounds: First Police, 147; Second Police, 136; Presidio, 131; Second Artillery, 128; individual prizes, Officer N. T. Fields, Lieutenant Sims, and Officer M'Carthy. Dunphy match, open to teams of six, 200 and 500 yards, seven rounds each, prize to be won three times: Police, 370; Interstate R.C., 350; individual prizes, Officers A. T. Fields, J. P. M'Carthy, and Sergeant Nash. Townsend consolation match, open to those who never won a prize, 200 yards, five rounds, with any military rifle. Directors' match, gold medal, 200 yards, seven rounds. Governor's medal match, open to members of Association and the military and navy, 200 yards, seven rounds, any military rifle, prize to be won three times. Lieutenant Kuhnle, 50; having won it three times took the medal. Short range match, open to all comers, 200 yards, seven rounds, with military rifle, ring target: Lieutenant Kuhnle, 68; L. Barnere, 64; P. D. Linville, 64; Howard Carr, 62; J. E. Klein, 62; Chas. Carr, 62. California Powder Works medal, open to members of association and military and navy, 200 and 500 yards, seven shots at each, any military rifle; to be won three times: Sergeant Chas. Nash, 34 and 32, total 68; E. Pierce, 33 and 34, total 67; Howard Carr, 31 and 34, total 65; A. Johnson, 31 and 34, total 65. Officer A. T. Fields made, in three matches, 92 per cent.

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of points. Lieutenant Kuhnle made 91½ per cent.

AT the match of North Side Gun Club, Woodside, Long Island, for club medal, Mr. Barlow, at 27 yards, and others at 25 yards, resulted in a full-score tie, between Mr. Barlow and Mr. Kroger, and was shot off with three birds; Mr. Barlow, 29 yards, and Mr. Kroger, 27 yards; Mr. Barlow winning.

A MATCH was held at Bridgeport, Dec. 3, between teams of five each of the Bridgeport and New York Rifle Clubs. The conditions were 15 shots each, 200 yards off hand, Massachusetts target, possible 180. The match was won by Bridgeport with score 710 to 675; best scores were made by Messrs, Hubbard, Beardsley, and Marsh, 153, 153, and 148. After this match was had a team match, 10 shots, 200 yards. Mr. Hubbard made the somewhat remarkable score of 111.

THE New England Trap Shooters' Association, held a match at Walnut Hill, December 3. The badge was won by Mr. H. W. Eager, of the Worcester Association. Beside the challenge match, a team match, and ten other matches, single and pair, were shot. In the team match there were represented the Massachusetts, two teams; Worcester, two teams; Brockton, Exeter, Malden, Narragansett Independent, Lowell, two teams, and Middlesex.

THE New York *Clipper* reports that the assessed valuation of guns, pistols, dirks, etc., in Alabama, is $410,000, while farming implements are only put down as $75,000.

LIEUT. FRED KUHNLE, the Pacific coast rifleman, made a score of 468, November 16, in a match, at Petaluma, Cal., with Mr. Houx, of Co.C, Fifth Battalion.

FRED ERB, the noted shot, at Kansas City, Nov. 20, would undoubtedly have broken the record of Capt. J. Bogardus, 1,000 balls in 25 minutes, if one of the traps had not broken. Up to that time he had broken 56 out of 65 balls, equal to 14 a minute.

SIR HENRY HALFORD, the famous captain of the British teams in the international matches, at practice, has made, with a Metford rifle, at 1,000 yards, a score of 223 out of a possible 225.

MISS LILIAN F. SMITH, of Merced, Cal., only ten years old, is a remarkable shot, having broken 495 and 323 out of 500 balls, without a miss.

AT the gallery of Mr. Conlin, New York, some fine shooting with a rifle has been made the past winter, the leading scores (possible 70) are: R. V. R. Schuyler, full score and 66 at word: same for J. B. Blydenburgh.

THE Prince of Wales recently killed seven stags out of nine at Glenderry.

MR. W. B. HUNTER, of New York, reports that during one day's shooting at Long Point preserve, Canada, he killed two hundred and forty-three ducks, mostly red-heads and canvas-backs.

JOHN OTTO shot a fine buck, November 24, near the village of Sayville, L.I. It weighs a hundred and eighty-two pounds, and was four years old.

E. A. FOLSOM, of the Spencer Gun Club, won the individual State badge for clay-pigeon-shooting, at Winsor, Conn., November 27, this being the seventh time he has won.

THE rifle-shooting at Walnut Hill, Mass., November 15, was as follows: Creedmore practice match, C. E. Berry, 47; A. E. Barnes, 46. Creedmore prize match, W. Charles, 47; A. C. Adams, 46. Decimal match, W. Charles, 87; A. C. Adams, 81; C. H. Gregory, 80. Victory match, C. E. Berry, 83; H. Cushing, 79.

AT Walnut Hill, November 22, the following scores were made: Creedmore practice match, C. E. Berry, 47; A. Miller, 46; B. E. Clements, 45. Creedmore prize match, W. Charles, 48. Decimal match, W. Charles, 86; C. Adams, 84; T. Henry, 70. Rest match, S. Wilder, 97; J. Francis, 96; T. Jacques, 94; W. King, 94; C. P. Chapman, 90.

Tennis.

IN-DOOR play continues in active progress in New York, Philadelphia and Boston, and also in many of the smaller cities and towns. Many players can find no satisfaction in playing on a wooden floor, and it is a fact that the game becomes much altered thereby. The rebound of the ball from the wood is much quicker than from turf, and consequently the opportunities for a deliberate stroke are much reduced; hence the rallies become short and uninteresting. At the Institute building in Boston, in December last, Messrs. Dwight and Sears, giving 15, were defeated by Gillett and F. Mansfield of the L. C. C., for four sets, and Mansfield also won a set from Sears single-handed, at evens. On the turf the champions could have given their oppo-

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nents fifteen and beaten them with ease, and Dr. Dwight defeated Mansfield at Longwood, in October, at half thirty.

IN the early days of the game the Myopia Club of Boston laid down a plank court on their grounds at Winchester, but it was never popular among the players. What is needed is for some inventive genius to devise some floor-covering that shall resemble turf in its surface and elasticity. Various suggestions have been made, but as yet nothing practical has been brought forward. We should like to see the experiment made of covering the floor with linoleum, with a layer of excelsior or cotton batting between the two.

IT is understood that not only Dwight and Sears, but two or three others among our leading players, will cross the water and strive for English laurels — or cups — during the coming season.

IT will be remembered that during Thomas Pettitt's visit to England, last year, he challenged George Lambert to play for the tennis championship of the world, and that Lambert refused to accept on the plea of ill-health. On Pettitt's return to this country he issued a card claiming the title. He has now received a formal challenge from Lambert to play a match "in any neutral court in England" for the championship and a money stake of a thousand dollars. In all probability the challenge will be accepted, and the event will be one which it would be well worthy a journey across the "great pond" to witness. Pettitt would probably be the favorite, though many Englishmen would undoubtedly put their trust in the hitherto unconquered champion. Pettitt has certainly improved during the past year, and the difference in years is in his favor. His many friends on both sides of the water will be glad to see him win the coveted position, which, it would seem, must be his before long.

A MOST interesting and remarkable match took place at the Boston Tennis Court, December 21, between Mr. Fiske Warren of Boston, and Thomas Pettitt, the well-known professional. Mr. Warren conceded the odds of a bisque, and Pettitt played with his favorite "stick" — which is simply a piece of hard wood, eighteen inches long, two and a half inches wide, and three-quarters of an inch thick, having one end hollowed out for a handle. It was known that Pettitt's "stick" had wonderful powers, he having demonstrated the fact many times, but it was thought that he would find it a difficult task to vanquish Warren, who is now the leading amateur in this country. The few gentlemen present anticipated a remarkable exhibition, and they were not disappointed. Pettitt took the first set six to one, though his opponent brought several games to deuce. In the second set he fairly paralyzed his antagonist by the accuracy and brilliancy of his returns. On the service side his returns from the back-hand corner were simply wonderful, as were also his half-volleys; and on the hazard side he found the corner of the dedans time after time from all parts of the court; and his placing of Mr. Warren's strong underhand service would have been worthy of remark even with a racket. One stroke made from the hazard side called forth the instant applause of the spectators. Warren finding "Tommy" under the winning gallery, drove hard for the grille. The ball struck the end wall just outside the opening, and the boy running quickly across the court over-ran it, so that it came off the end wall behind him. Without stopping he threw his hand behind him, like a flash, and as the ball left the floor tossed it over the net behind his back, and though he brought up hard against the main wall, he recovered in an instant, and finally won the rally. All present agreed that nothing equal to Pettitt's playing was to be seen anywhere in the world at the present day. The tales of the almost incredible exploits of some of the old markers seem entirely probable after seeing Pettitt's exposition of what can be done in a tennis-court with a stick. We venture the opinion that Pettitt can defeat any French amateur with his piece of wood, on even terms; and, if he visits Paris next season, we hope he will place his stick in his trunk before leaving. The novelty of the match would undoubtedly draw a large crowd to the old Tuileries Court. In London such a game would, probably, not be encouraged, as "it is not tennis."

AN effort is being made to hold a lawn-tennis tournament at New Orleans in February or March. Messrs. Dwight and Sears are expected to participate, as are also some of the leading English players, including the Renshaws.

Yachting.

THE steam-yacht *Radha*, J. L. Seymour, sailed November 10, from Philadelphia on her Southern trip; she arrived at Fortress Monroe, November 15; Norfolk, November 19; Baltimore, Md., 20th, and left December 3, by the inland route, for Florida.

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THE sloop *Gaviota*, G. M. Edwards, is on a winter's cruise in Southern waters. She visits Bermuda, Windward Islands, West India Islands, and Gulf ports.

THE steam-yacht *Nourmahal*, Mr. William Astor, is on a cruise to the West Indies.

THE steam-yacht *Yosemite*, with Mr. H. M. Singer and a party of Chicago gentlemen, sailed from New York, November 24, on a cruise South for five months.

THE keel of a steel steam-yacht was laid at Piepgras & Pine's yard at Greenpoint, L. I., in November; she is owned by Mr. Woodward, of Stillman & Woodward, of New York. Her length is 143 feet over all; 127 feet water-line; beam, 18 feet; draught, 10 feet 2 inches. Her model is from plans of Mr. John Harvey. It is a question to be decided in the future as to her speed, but the beauty of her design cannot be denied.

COMMODORE HENRY S. HOVEY, of the Eastern Yacht Club, has presented the club with a very handsome model of his yacht *Fortuna*, lately finished by Gustave Grahn, the well-known model-builder of New York.

A NEW organization, to be called the Single-handed Cruising Club, will be formed next season in Barnegat and Little Egg Harbor bays, New Jersey. No racing will be done under the flag of the club. Dangerous models will be debarred. Inexperienced sailors will not be admitted, and the spirit to be fostered will be safety, comfort, and speed.

IMPROVEMENTS are being made on the following well-known yachts on the lakes. The *Gracie* has 4 feet added to her bows; the *Iolanthe* will have her stern lengthened and higher quarters. The cutter *Victoria* of Kingston, Ont., has had her stern lengthened 4 feet.

THE Light-house Board has had constructed for the lakes, and placed in position, three iron lighthouses; one on the pier at the entrance of Detroit River, one at Sand Beach, and one for the pier outside Cheyboygan.

THE reorganized Buffalo Yacht Club, at a meeting held November 17, elected the following officers: president, J. H. Free; vice-president, B. B. Clark; secretary, Henry Thornton; treasurer, George C. Smith; measurer, D. D. Barker. The club starts off with a capital of $50,000, and is to be called the Buffalo City Yacht Club.

SAN FRANCISCO yachtsmen prefer heavy centre-boards to wooden ones.

IN the letter of Mr. William B. Forwood to the London *Field*, giving the impressions of an English yachtsman of American yachting and seamanship, he says: "Americans love yachting, and they have magnificent yachting waters, but yacht-sailing as a science, as Englishmen understand it and practise it, is but little understood. Americans are quick to pick up and turn to good account any ideas, and if some rich yachtsman would ship an English racing crew for a season, he would confer a great benefit upon his brother yachtsmen. American Corinthian yachtsmen are badly supported by the professional crews, who are a poor lot, taking but little interest and with very little idea of sail-drill. As things stand to-day, America's cup can be won by any first-class English 80-ton cutter which cares to cross the Atlantic for it; but I think that she would not hold it three years; it would give such an impetus to yacht-building that the Americans would be bound to win it back again; for they would spare neither trouble nor money in the effort. While the English excel the Americans in yacht-sailing and yacht-designing, the former have much to learn from the latter, and a series of international contests for the much-prized America's cup, could not fail to be of great advantage to the sport in both countries."

THE Newark Yacht Club now occupy the house of the Essex Boat Club at East Newark for winter quarters.

A CORRESPONDENT of the London *Field* puts it in a nutshell when he says: "Something must be done, and that soon, to stop the most manly sport of racing degenerating into mere pot-hunting in machines."

AT a meeting of the Sewanhaka Yacht Club, held November 24, a proposition to amend the sailing rule, "that in all races, yachts should be steered by a member of the club," was laid over to next meeting. A vote of thanks was tendered to ex-Commander Lee, for the noble spirit shown by him in launching his yacht *Oriva*, after being put out of commission, thereby saving the credit of the club in the last fall's races.

REAR-COMMANDER SAMUEL R. PLATT, of the New York Yacht Club, died December 2, aged 56 years. Mr. Platt was the owner of the schooner *Montauk*, was an enthusiastic yachtsman, one of the shining lights of the club, and a most genial

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companion. His loss will be mourned by the whole yachting fraternity. At his funeral were represented a great many of the yacht clubs of the country. A few days before his death he gave orders to one of the prominent designers to make plans for a large schooner-yacht that would eclipse both in size or ability any that are now afloat.

A PROMINENT yachtsman has made an offer of a tract of land in the harbor of Greenport, L. I., with an additional offer of $1,000, for a house and pier to be erected, to be used as a rendezvous and coal-station for yachts. It is thought by some yachtsmen that a station like this would meet a long-felt want for cruising yachts.

IN the death of the Marquis of Londonderry yachting loses a fast friend. In 1844 he owned the cutter *Mystery*. In 1852 he owned the schooner *Lotus*, 188 tons. In 1868 he built the steam-yacht *Cornelia*, (now *Juno*), and in 1880 he built the *Cornelia*, still larger. He was an admirer of racing, going to all the regattas, but seldom taking part himself. In 1876 he was vice-commodore of the Royal Yacht Squadron. At the time of his death he was commodore of the Solent Yacht Club, vice-commodore of the Royal St. George Yacht Club, and vice-commodore of the Royal Cinque-Ports Yacht Club.

THE Clapham Model Yacht Club, of England, sailed a match November 8, which, for excitement, must have been unprecedented. The wind was such as to make it doubly so. Five yachts competed, sailing in two and a half hours twenty-two heats.

THE Goelet Cup, won by the schooner *Grayling*, of the New York Yacht Club, August 8th, against thirteen crack yachts, over the Block Island course, has been on exhibition. It is valued at $1,000. The size is 24 × 12 × 7. It is after the style of Cleopatra's barge. It has a base of solid silver, on which are marine nondescripts, part mermaid and part fish. The stern terminates or blends into a demi-figure, in solid silver, of old Neptune, who is striking his trident, down into the deep below him, and to which his extended left hand points. On the stern, burnished spaces have been left, upon which suitable inscriptions will be engraved.

THE sloop-yacht *Jessie* is having a new keel, with iron shoe, weighing a ton and a-half, and a new cabin, standing-room, bowsprit, topmast, wheel, and rudder, and sails and rigging throughout.

COMMODORE JACOB PFAFF, of the Boston Yacht Club, has had the iron keel of his schooner *Adrienne* taken off and replaced by one of lead, weighing 20 tons.

CAPT. H. F. WHITTIER has had a new house, and an iron keel, weighing 5 tons, placed on the schooner *Tempest*.

MR. JOHN A. BROOKS, of New York, who recently purchased the schooner *Resolute*, has had her re-topped, making her a flush-deck yacht.

THE schooner-yacht *Republic*, Mr. Wright Duryea, has been very much improved by her recent alterations. She has been altered from a centre-board to a keel. Her stern-post was carried abaft her old one, thereby shortening her long counter. Her length is increased fifteen feet, foremast set back five feet, and mainmast set forward. There is no doubt she will be much faster than ever she has been before. Her length now is 111 feet over all, and 100 feet water line. She will go to the West Indies about March.

GEO. LAWLEY & SON, at City Point, Boston, are building a keel cabin sloop for Clarence W. Jones, of the Boston Yacht Club. She will be flush-deck, 43 feet over all, 35 feet water-line, 12 feet beam, 7 feet 6 inches draught, with an iron keel of thirteen tons. She will be ready by May 1.

MESSRS. BURGESS BROS., of Boston, have contracted with Messrs. G. Lawley & Son, City Point, for a cutter for Mr. Horace Binney, of Providence, R.I. She will be 44 feet over all, 36 feet water-line, 10 feet beam, and will draw 7 feet water, with 9½ tons lead on keel. She will be launched about June 1st, and will be enrolled in the Narragansett Club.

ROBERT W. BIBBER, of City Point, is building a cabin cat-rig for Mr. W. P. Taylor. She will be 23 feet over all, and 8 feet beam.

MR. GEORGE A. BECK sold the steam-yacht *Nereid*, December 1st, to Mr. F. L. Osgood, of Norwich, Conn. She was built at Bristol, R.I., in 1882; is 76 feet over all, 72 feet water-line, 12½ feet beam, and draws 4½ feet; has compound inverted engines, cylinders 8 and 14 inches, with 14-inch stroke.

THE steam-yacht *Naja* was sold December 2, by Mr. W. H. Caswell of New York, to Mr. R. H. White of Boston. She was built by G. T. Polk, of Poughkeepsie, N.Y., in 1881; is 96 feet over all, 79 feet water-line, 13⅓ feet beam, and draws 5 feet, has compound inverted engines,

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cylinders 9 and 18 inch, with 9-inch stroke. She sailed from New York, December 3.

POILLON BROTHERS, of Brooklyn, N.Y., are building a light-draught wooden steam-yacht for Mr. John A. Morris, of New York, from designs of Phillip Ellsworth. It is intended for use in Southern waters. Length over all, 137½ feet; water-line, 122 feet; beam, 23 feet; draught, 7 feet. Being of light draught, her design is very different from the usual steam-yacht; is very sharp forward, and midship section similar to yacht *Grayling*. Her appearance will be somewhat like the torpedo-boats built at Bristol, R.I. She will have two masts and flush deck, and will carry sixty tons of coal. The cost will be $60,000, and she will fly the flag of the Southern Yacht Club.

THE keel-schooner *Lorelei* was sold in November by Mr. Clarence W. Jones to Mr. G. H. Williams, of Boston. She was built by G. Lawley & Son, at City Point, Boston, in 1879; is 36½ feet over all, 30½ feet water-line, 13 feet beam, and draws 6 feet water. She will be enrolled in the Eastern Yacht Squadron.

MESSRS. BURGESS BROS. sold in November the following yachts: The centre-board schooner *Meta*, sold by Mr. Franklin Dexter to Mr. Amory A. Lawrence, of the Eastern Yacht Club, was built in 1872 by P. M'Giehan, at Pamrapo, N.J. She was first rigged as a sloop; is 75¾ feet over all, 62¼ feet water-line, 19½ feet beam, and draws 5½ feet. The keel-sloop *Cycla*, built in 1871 at South Boston, was sold by Mr. Thomas Aspinwall to Mr. William H. Martin. She is 26 feet over all, 24 feet water-line, 10½ feet beam, and draws 3 feet. The cat-rig *Messenger* was sold to Mr. Tucker Daland.

THE British steam-yacht *Amy* was purchased on November 20, by Mr. E. D. Morgan, of New York, and will join the New York Club Squadron. She is an iron screw-propelling yacht; was built at Glasgow, in 1880, from designs of St. Clare Byrne of the British Lloyds; is 187 feet 5 inches in length, 27⅓ feet beam, and draws 14½ feet; schooner-rig, three masts. She was put in thorough order by Mr. Foy, of Southampton, and started on a cruise, November 22, up the Mediterranean.

THE centre-board schooner *Leatha* was sold in November by Mr. Edgar Harding, of Boston, to Mr. W. H. Martin, of Portland, Me. She was built in 1874 by J. T. Marsh of Patuxent, Md.; rebuilt in 1882, by J. Brown, Salem, Mass.; is 63 feet over all, 58 feet water-line, 19 feet beam, 8 feet draught. She was owned in 1882 by J. W. Chandler, and in 1883 by Chas. T. Parker, afterwards by F. B. McQuesten.

MR. W. H. MARTIN has sold the keel-schooner *Nellie G.* to Mr. Edgar Harding. She was built in 1879 by Johnson & Fisher, at Clinton. She is 46 feet over all, 42 feet water-line, 14 feet beam, and draws 6 feet. She was owned in 1883 by W. S. Chamberlin, now commodore of the Great Head Yacht Club. She took the champion cup for 1884 of the Portland Yacht Club.

THE American Steam Yacht Club took formal possession of their new club-rooms, 574 Fifth avenue, New York, November 22, and celebrated the occasion with a regular house-warming.

THE much talked of challenge for the America's Cup by some English yacht is still unsettled. No challenge has yet been sent.

THE name of the 17-foot Nonpareil sharpie, made by Thomas Clapham, of Roslyn, for Mr. Hugh Willoughby, is *Pelican*.

THE steam-yacht *Seminole*, Mr. Robert J. Coleman, of New York, lately rebuilt, sailed the middle of December for the St. John's river, where she will remain for the winter.

THE centre-board schooner *Romance* was sold about December 1st to Mr. Billings, of Magnolia, Mass.

THE centre-board schooner, *Brenda*, J. W. Abbot, was sold December 11th to the U.S. Government, to be used in the coast-survey service at New London.

THE schooner *Mohican*, H. D. Burnham, and *Gitana*, W. F. Weld, sailed December 27th for a winter's cruise to Bermuda and other West India islands.

THE steam launches built by Herreshoff have been finished and delivered to their owners, Jay Gould and Wm. F. Weld, of Boston. The latter will carry his on the davits of the schooner *Gitana*.

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Love One.

A TENNIS TALE.

THE cool breeze fanned us as we went
Together, she and I;
I thought it kissed no fairer girl
Beneath that summer sky.

Across the level tennis court
The low, slant sun-rays streamed;
All nature in a fair accord
With man and tennis seemed.

We took our places on the court;
I gave the score "Love all,"
And sent with scientific cut
A very puzzling ball.

A shadow came across her face,
As, when the game was done,
She took her place to serve to me,
And softly cried, "Love one."

"'Tis ever thus in life," she said,
"The prize by might is won;
And man forever calls 'Love all,'
While woman pleads 'Love one.'"

We played until the evening sun
Was sinking to his rest,
Till ruddy glow of sunset light
Illumed the distant west.

And then beside the tennis-net,
When all the play was done,
I told her in my heart of hearts
That I could love but one.

She looked up in the moonlight
With dewy, sparkling eyes,
"If I am all that you will love,
To you belongs the prize."

The moon smiled kindly on the scene,
And, though I won the set,
'Twas hard to tell who won, who lost,
Beside the tennis-net.

Edwin A. Start.

The Mermaiden Marina.

MARINA was a sea-king's daughter, and so of the treasures from all the wrecks the mermen gave her the first choice; and on one memorable time the article she selected was, of all things under the sun and under the sea, a bicycle. She thought it was some sort of a spinning-wheel, and although the mermen were confident there was a mistake somewhere, none of them knew what the machine really was, and if they had known nobody would have ventured to dispute the conclusion of the princess. She liked it because it was so bright and shining, and just at this time she was making great show of being industrious, because the prince who was wooing her had expressed great respect for industry.

Marina had the bicycle carried to her own particular corner of the coral cave, and when she had let down the sea-weed *portière*, she set herself to try and use it. Hitherto she had done no spinning but that of gossipy tales, but none the less was she confident of being able to succeed without any difficulty.

She turned the bicycle wrong side up, and set herself seriously to work. Her dainty little wits were wool-gathering so much of the time that she had plenty of material to spin, but she only succeeded in getting the two wheels tangled up, and in losing the end of her thread and her temper together. She was so angry that she would have stamped and kicked her heels had she had any heels to stamp and kick with; but as she had not, she wisely concluded that she must have been in error in regard to the use of this mysterious article. She therefore set it right side up and tried to play a tune on it by turning one of the treadles like a crank, but she only jammed her fingers and became more angry than ever. Then she endeavored to wear it, but found no possible way in which she could utilize it for personal adornment. She knew without tasting that it was not good to eat, so she tied it all over with bright-colored streamers of moss, hung it up on the wall, and set off to see an old witch, who, professing to know everything, must needs know what this strange and shining machine was for.

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The mermaid found the witch very much out of sorts, but although she was crosser than a Boston east wind, she dared not disobey the king's daughter, and, grumbling like the jumping toothache, she accompanied the princess home. And the moment she saw the bicycle she knew what it was.

"It is a monster," she said, "that those strange mad creatures that live on dry land worship. They feed it on human legs, and it goes spinning about like an insane octopus with a felon at the end of every feeler."

"Goodness!" exclaimed Marina. "Whatever shall I do with it? Would you kindly take it as a Christmas present?"

"Thank you very kindly," answered the witch, "but I could not think of robbing you."

"Anyway, it will starve here," observed the princess, thoughtfully, "and that's some comfort. The sea has plenty of arms, but it hasn't a leg to stand on, so there's nothing for the monster to eat."

Just at this moment her brother came flapping gracefully into her bower. He was a travelled merman, and had been to the leading university under the waves, where athletics in all branches were taught quite as successfully as at Harvard or Yale. As mermen are, by a fortunate provision of nature, cut off from playing foot-ball, he had graduated unmutilated, but he knew a great deal.

"Hallo!" he said, as he gracefully flopped up to Marina. "Where did you get your bicycle?"

For the course at the submarine university was more comprehensive than the curriculum at Harvard, and embraced a knowledge of sports both terrestrial and aquatic. The witch saw that the Prince knew more than she did, so, grumbling about the arctic currents and her rheumatism, she took herself off, while Marina and her brother consulted together upon the possibility of riding this strange machine upon which men rode so merrily.

"If there were a hole through the saddle," Marina observed thoughtfully, "I could put my tail down through it, and—"

"Nonsense!" interrupted her brother, "you'd be in the way of the wheel. Besides, how would you turn it?"

"Oh, some way," she retorted, with truly feminine lucidity. "Anyhow, I'm going to ride it; I'll have a couple of dolphins work the treadles."

"Well," the Prince said, "you know mother will consider it all out of order for you to go without a chaperone, and I call it downright scaly for you not to give the thing to me. I could make a very good turning-lathe out of it, and then I could turn out all those members of the Parliament that voted against increasing my allowance."

But Marina was not to be moved from her determination of riding that bicycle, and although her brother represented to her that even so contemptible a class of beings as female mortals would not be guilty of such a thing, she tucked her pretty little person into the saddle, tied herself in by a wisp of sea-weed, and with two plump dolphins puffing at the treadles, away she went with her sea-green hair streaming behind her.

But alas for the jolly and wilful young Princess, the evil-minded old witch saw her as she went riding gaily by, and with a muttered spell she affixed the dolphins and Marina, all three, to the fatal bicycle.

"Pouf," she cried; "and away you go!"

And away they did go, never to stop, for the dolphins were charmed by the witch at the start, and the Princess was so charming that they couldn't for the life of them get unbewitched, and so they kept the treadles in motion until there wasn't any Princess, any bicycle, any dolphins, or any moral.

Captain Cuttle.

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OUTING.

VOL. V. MARCH, 1885. No. 6.



"THINK of our Northern hills and woods to-day — the snow softly falling in still air, kissing the dark pines and clinging to the drooping branches in a loving load; the brown stems of the dry grass, thrust up through the feathery white mantle, sparsely showing along the pathway's edge. Absolute silence in the woods; the footsteps of the scurrying hares muffled, and their dotted tracks blotted out in a few minutes. What elemental comfort in such a day! Does it not fill you with longing?"

"No, it does not!" was the frank response; "for I think of the other side of the picture. Fancy the city streets to-day! Our friends wading ankle-deep in slush; crowded horse-cars toiling tediously through the general sloppiness; people loaded down with thick clothing; an alternative of either wet, cold feet, or tiresome overshoes; hermetically sealed windows keeping in the foul air, which poisons the lungs, and is parched by uncontrollable steam radiators; leaden skies, with bleak winds howling around the corners; blizzards and thaws in trying alternation; and everybody longing with growing impatience for spring's mild breath to release them from the thrall of the 'invigorating air of winter.' No; I am content to be here."

This conversation was carried on between two of the occupants of a sail-boat that was rising and falling slightly on the gentle swell that set in from the Gulf of California off the entrance to Guaymas harbor. It was mid-December, and late afternoon. The mellow sunlight, the gracious air, and the light breeze which wafted the boat slowly harborward, made the day a perfect one. In the bottom of the boat lay two monster fish which had set their catchers wild with excitement, and the hands of the lucky fishers were bruised and torn as they pulled their prizes in. One was a rock-cod, and the other, which looked like a bass, was called a *tortuava*, — a fish that makes a summer resort of the Colorado river, while the coast-waters of Mexico are its winter home.

The boat lay close under the high rock walls of Capo de Haro, and northward and eastward there stretched away, rising directly from the water's edge, a fantastically rugged mountain range — the sky-line notched and broken with needle-like peaks and sheer precipices of hundreds of feet.

"There is the place where the devil danced (*donde bailó el diablo*), as the people around here call it," said the Judge, pointing to a strangely polished surface of the rock facing us, inclined at an angle of about sixty degrees on the gulfward side of the cape. The Judge was a Mexican gentleman who, by reason of his American

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BIG LEMONS.

paternity and his education in the Eastern States of our country, spoke faultless English, and was doing the honors of Guaymas harbor to his American friends.

"I should think that if His Satanic Majesty danced on that spot he must have done it on the seat of his pantaloons!" was the comment of one of the latter.

When the party had sailed out in the morning there was visible on the westward horizon a bit of the coast of Lower California, lying low and faintly blue, for it was ninety miles across the gulf to Mulejé, the nearest point. But now the blue spots had vanished in the afternoon light. Mexican fishing-boats and little coasting schooners were sailing harborwards, their sails ruddy in the low, warm sunshine. Some of these craft were quaint in rig and model, and looked as if they might have their ancestral prototypes in the Mediterranean. But the most of them had a jaunty trimness and a sharp, clear model that betokened a Yankee influence, although they were of Mexican build. In the stern of one of these boats we saw the body of a large stag, and the Judge said it had been killed among the hills close by us, which were full of deer. There certainly ought to be pleasant excitement in a deer-hunt among the wild valleys and cañons at this season. But I fancy there is not much of it done in the summer, for clambering over the sharp rocks when the mercury is somewhere up above the one-hundred-and-twenties, and every chink and crevice is liable to harbor rattlesnakes, tarantulas, and other ungentle creatures not pleasant to encounter. But now there was nothing to mar the paradise which this land becomes in the winter.

The steep slopes of the shores, where there is any soil, are covered with brown grass, which affords good nutriment for browsing animals. After the rainy season in the summer the grass becomes a lovely green for a few weeks.

Here and there, between the cliffs, were short strips of silvery gleaming beach, inviting a shore-bath in the delicious water. Along the beaches and on the rock at every projecting point stood great flocks of solemn-looking pelicans. Their solemnity had something unspeakably ludicrous about it, like that of many persons who are sober to no evident purpose. They sat bolt upright, apparently on their tails, and looked as if they were holding a political gathering, or engaged in devotional exercises. One half expected to see some pelican parson or stump-speaker haranguing the multitude. Flocks of other pelicans were on the water, looking very awkward and hunched-up, and the baggy fish-scoop attachment to their lower bills seemed like an abnormal double chin. They rose from the water with clumsy kicks and flopping splashes. The sea was also swarming with ducks and other sea-fowl. In the faces of the cliff were deep caves, although they looked like nothing but great shadows on the rocks until closely approached. When we took a row-boat to explore them we found a crystal-like pavement of pellucid water, with every pebble, shell, and bit of sea-growth on the bottom sharply distinct. As we glided in, and the place echoed to the plash of our oars, there was an uneasy stir of bats in the vaulted roof.

Up on the mountain-sides there were scant growths of mesquite, giving here and there a suggestion of thin green tone to the landscape, like that which comes over our

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brown Northern woods in the early spring. But the most prominent growth was that of the cactus, called the *pitahaya*, which grew up tall and thick, several branches joined together where they sprang from the ground. It was very abundant, and on the seaward slopes it stood in close ranks, making an effect much like that of the bold, spruce-covered shores of the Maine coast.

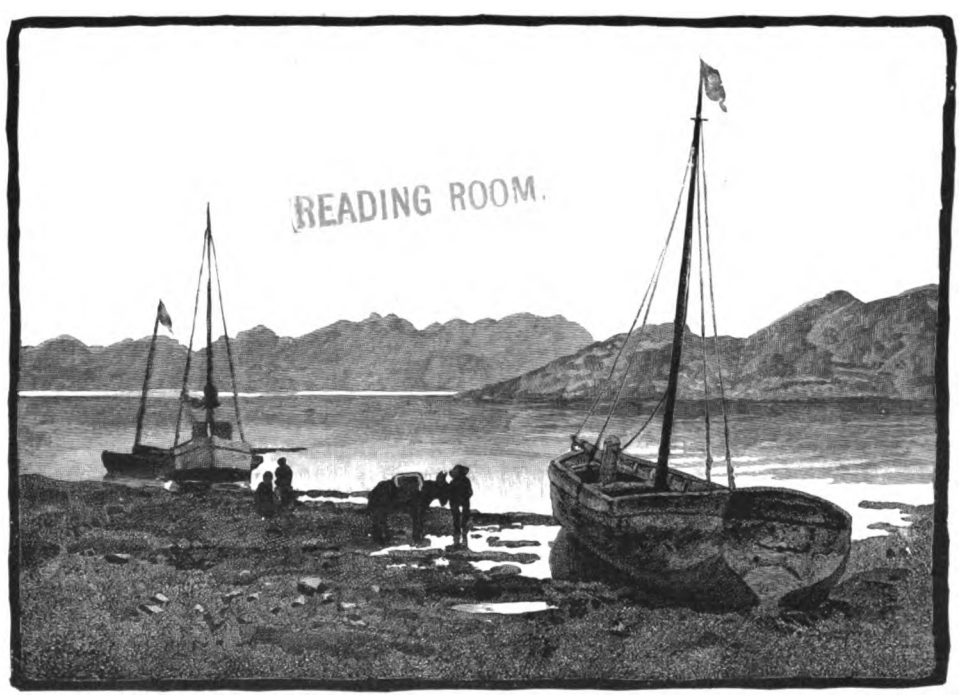
"The pitahaya," said the Judge, "bears a large yellow flower in May, and each plant then looks like a cluster of tall green candles aflame. The fruit ripens in June and July, before the first rains, and is delicious. It has a red pulp, full of seeds, and a very nice marmalade is made of it. The short, thick, egg-shaped cactus you see growing here and there on the slopes is the *visnaga*. Its fleshy substance is very nice when cut up and preserved in syrup, and it is considered to have healthful medicinal qualities. The fruit of the pitahaya has also a medicinal effect, acting most beneficially on the kidneys. Another variety of indigenous cactus has a beautiful and fragrant flower. It is called *La Reina de Noche*, The Queen of Night, for it flowers at night and resembles the night-blooming cereus."

We were sorry to miss enjoying all these nice fruits and flowers, but, unfortunately, Guaymas, when they are in season, is no longer a paradise, but an inferno.

The sun had set when we passed by the striking profile of El Naragon (the Great Nose). In the twilight air the roughness of contour was softened and subdued, and I preferred to think of the noble figure as a sphynx crouching at the harbor entrance, guarding the secrets of Sonora history; the mysteries of her ancient native races and the romance of her three Spanish centuries. Though fault might be found with the features of El Naragon on the point of symmetry, they are of the Titanic scale that transcends rules of formal beauty. There is a stern, imperial majesty about the countenance, and the resemblance to a sphynx is heightened by the fact of there being two hues of rock, which give the appearance of a hood over the head.

There is yet no light-house at the entrance of Guaymas harbor; but the railway company is bound by its concession to build one. The channel, however, is clear and simple, and we easily found our way past the high, mountain-like islands into the beautiful landlocked harbor, where the lights of the town twinkled a friendly guidance to the quay.

Guaymas has now about 7,000 inhabi-


READING ROOM.

A GUAYMAS DUGOUT.

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tants, but, as mistress of the finest harbor on the Pacific Coast, between the Golden Gate and Acapulco, it expects to become a second San Francisco. It is not an ancient place, being less than half-a-century old. As its expected future greatness will be the result of American railway enterprise, it is notable that the city was founded by an American, Mr. John A. Robinson, who, as a hale octogenarian, now lives in San Francisco, where he is universally known and respected as Don Juan Robinson.

I had come to Guaymas over the Sonora railway — the first of the newly projected Mexican lines to be finished from end to end, and the first connecting a Mexican seaport with the railway systems of the United States. The Sonora Railway was built by Boston capitalists, — the same who built the Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fé, the California Southern, and the Mexican Central Railways. All of these corporations are managed in sympathy, and form what may be called one great railway system. The Sonora Railway was projected mainly with the idea of establishing a great port at Guaymas, with coastwise and trans-Pacific lines of steamships, the great deep-water harbor affording the best of commercial facilities. When nearly completed the Sonora Railway was purchased by the Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fé Railroad Company, in connection with which it affords the shortest trans-continental railroad line, and the nearest route to Australia and New Zealand, over one thousand miles shorter than by San Francisco.

The trip over a newly completed railroad line in a foreign land, where railroads were still a novelty, was naturally an interesting one. Unfortunately, however, the first part of the journey, owing to connecting trains, was made in the night, and over the most picturesque section of the line. The train left Benson in Arizona, a station on the Southern Pacific Railway, near Tombstone, just before dark, and the distance of something like eighty miles to the Mexican boundary at Nogales occupied about four hours and a half. There appeared nothing distinctive to mark one's entry into a foreign land. Peering out into the night, dark mountain-forms were seen against the starlight, closely shutting in the narrow valley. The railroad was skirted by a village of tents, evidently principally "saloons," and they were aglow with the lights inside. Their occupants, mostly frontier adventurers, had gathered in anticipation of the foundation of a "city," but the basis for their hopes appeared to be slight.

Waking in the early dawn I could see in the dim, gray light a procession of low trees flitting past the car-windows, and it seemed as if we were passing through a land of continuous orchards. When it grew lighter these trees proved to be mesquite, a growth which covers nearly all the plains in Sonora. The orchard-like appearance was not diminished by daylight. The trees had the height and general appearance of apple-trees, and stood about the same distance apart, the intervening ground covered with dried, brown grass, on which cattle were now and then seen feeding.

The night before was frosty, and almost as winterish as it ever gets to be in southern Arizona. But now we were in a summer land; the trees were covered with a light green foliage, and here and there they were in bloom. Cactus was very frequent, especially the *Pitahaya*, here seen for the first time. This species appeared to have a great affection for the mesquite, often growing up close to the trunk, thrusting its long green arms up through the branches, and not infrequently above the crown of the tree.

The country was level where the railroad ran; but in the distance, on either side, were mountains, now nearer, now farther, but never meeting. The lane-like valleys between these meridional mountain-chains, which seem to be a characteristic feature of nearly all northern Mexico, offer the best opportunities for cheap and easy railway construction; equal, in fact, to the most level of prairies for the purpose.

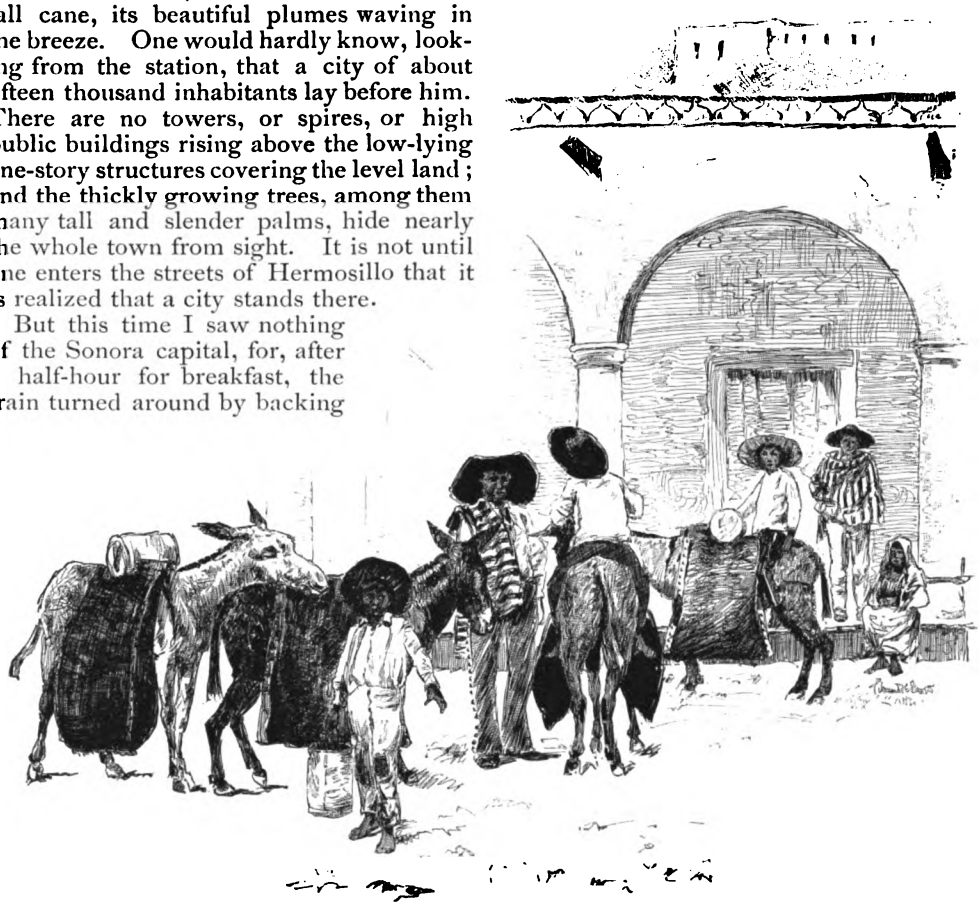
Alighting at one of the stations I saw a sight that was foreign enough. The tender of the locomotive was piled high with wood, and upon this were seated something like a dozen statuesque figures — men with bronze-hued faces, and draped in white. They were Yaqui Indians, who had loaded the locomotive with wood and were now going on to their work down the line. They were wrapped in white cotton zarapes, or, otherwise, cotton sheets. The morning air was cold, and it seemed as if the warmth afforded by a garment so thin could be but little more than imaginary. Their only other attire consisted of a cotton shirt and wide, loose trousers of the same material.

As the train approached Hermosillo, the capital of Sonora, there was a glimpse of glossy-green orange-trees, studded with

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golden fruit and bordering level, cultivated fields, — the first we saw in Sonora. Hermosillo is connected with the main line of the railroad by a branch of two miles. A broad *acequia*, or irrigating canal, runs beside the track, lined with thickets of tall cane, its beautiful plumes waving in the breeze. One would hardly know, looking from the station, that a city of about fifteen thousand inhabitants lay before him. There are no towers, or spires, or high public buildings rising above the low-lying one-story structures covering the level land; and the thickly growing trees, among them many tall and slender palms, hide nearly the whole town from sight. It is not until one enters the streets of Hermosillo that it is realized that a city stands there.

But this time I saw nothing of the Sonora capital, for, after a half-hour for breakfast, the train turned around by backing over a "Y," and sped away for Guaymas. The Sonora river was crossed just beyond the junction, — a clear stream flowing over a wide, gravelly bed, and now in its low stages. Like many other streams of this region which leap from their mountain cradles lusty with strength, it never reaches the sea, but is absorbed by the thirsty sands and by the demands of irrigation many miles from the coast. In Sonora, in the dry season, not a stream enters the Gulf of California, at least above ground, between the Colorado and the Yaqui rivers, the mouth of the latter being just below Guaymas.



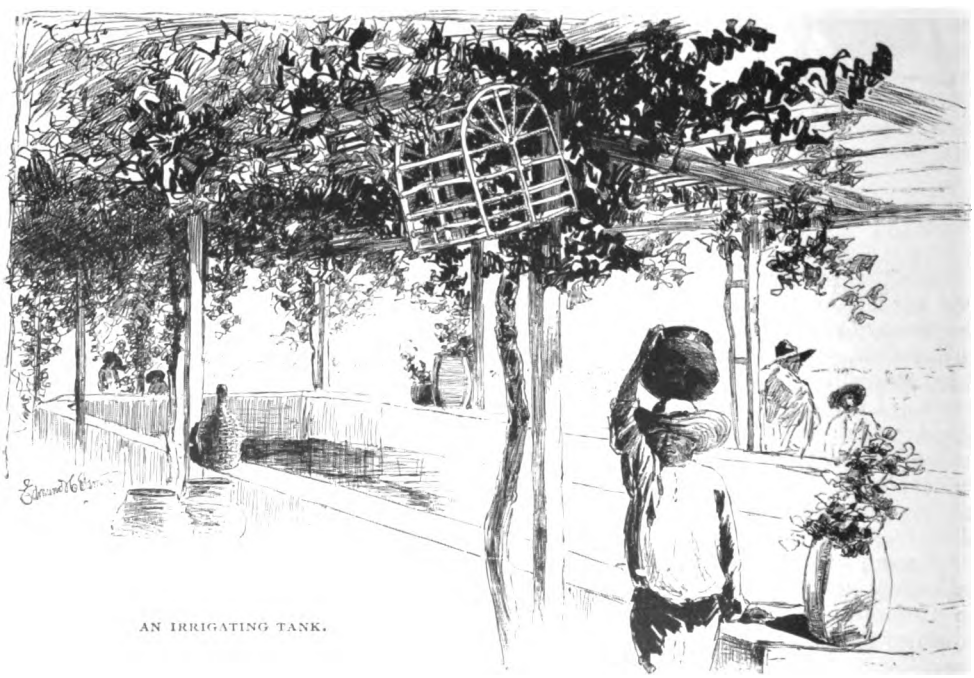
WATER-CARRIERS IN GUAYMAS.

Beyond the river the railroad enters immediately upon the mesquite plains again, and does not leave them until reaching the coast. The mountains still border the railroad-track on each side. The course of the railway is almost due north and south. There is one straight stretch of twenty-eight miles. Towards noon it grows exceedingly warm, the nearer hills on the left open out, and in the distance there shows a range of sharp blue peaks, soft-hued in the air whose delicate haze seems to tell of the neighborhood of the ocean. Soon there comes a smell which the air behind us has not borne to our nostrils for three thousand miles or more, — the grateful salt scent of the sea, — and just then a curve of the track brings the dark-blue briny water in sight: a long, shallow arm reaching up into the land. We enter upon a long bridge which crosses it, over a mile in length; the sea dances

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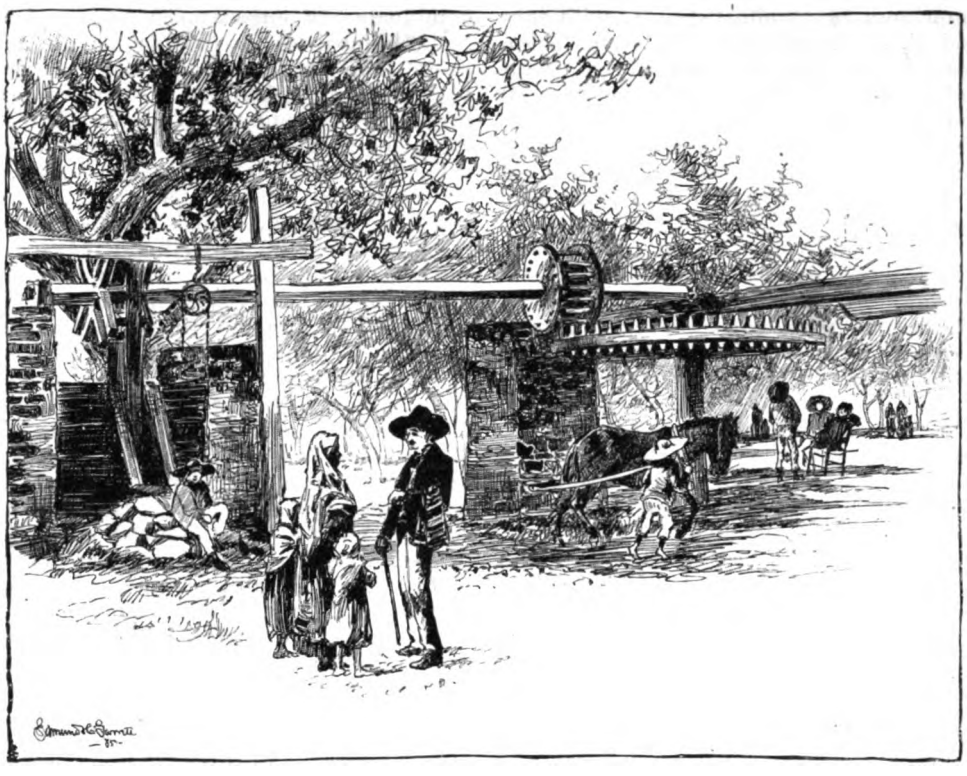
gayly in the sunshine close by, the tide is rushing out under the bridge; bold, high islands stud the sparkling expanse; ahead, at the end of the bridge, there are mountainous shores, and rugged promontories jutting out into the water. On the thither side the railway-track winds in and out among the rocks in serpentine contortions, then hugs the shore, and in a few minutes we are at Guaymas. The city is introduced by a group of wooden buildings, — railway structures of various kinds and a number of camp-like shanties, some of which bearing the familiar legend "saloon," tell of resident American patrons. These buildings, with their aspect of temporary expediency and climatic discomfort, contrast unpleasantly with the substantial character of those in the town beyond.

Guaymas spreads along beside its noble harbor, crowded so closely on the narrow strip of land between the steep mountains on one side and the water on the other that there is talk of providing for its future growth by following the example of Boston and filling in the flats along the water-front. The harbor, with its branches running far up between mountain capes; the majestic mountain forms, and the delightful winter climate, are the three great elements of beauty and attractiveness possessed by the place; otherwise, it is arid and bare in the extreme. Perhaps it is just as well that the town stretches along in low, flat-roofed uniformity, without any building rising prominently above its fellows to challenge comparison between the sublime, natural towers around and the puny efforts of man. Even the one church of the place — a half-finished, unecclesiastical-looking structure of brick — has only a squat, wart-like dome to distinguish it from afar. Guaymas is built of brick and *adobe*, the bricks being very large and thin, something like the Roman brick in shape. They are very soft, and although there is no frost to affect them, there is something in the weather which causes them to crumble away almost like so much *adobe*. The city has no wells, and, as yet, no water-works, with the exception of the pipes of the railway company, from which the houses of its officers, besides its shops and tanks, are supplied. The water-carriers are a curious local spectacle. The public wells are at the upper end of the town, and nude Yaqui Indians may be seen there all the day pulling up the water in buckets, standing on a staging beneath which donkeys are coming and going with enormous sacks of raw hide, riveted and water-tight, hanging down almost to the ground on either side. When the donkeys arrive, the bags are



AN IRRIGATING TANK.

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LA NORIA AT BACOCHIBAMPO.

flabby and light. The naked Yaqui above pours down the water in a glistening stream, and the skins swell up until they hang heavy and distended, like a full paunch. The donkeys then depart down the street into the town on a slow, deliberate walk, the large water-bags swinging slowly as they go. Scantily clad boys, happy-looking and brown as berries, sit astride the hind-quarters and kick their bare heels incessantly against the donkeys' flanks. There is a bullock's horn in the bottom of each bag, and when the horn is pushed up it lets the water out into a bucket, also of raw hide. Water is sold for one *real* (twelve and a half cents) a bag, or by the bucketful for a cent or so. Altogether these water-carriers are about as Oriental in aspect as anything on this continent, and the lover of the picturesque might regret the establishment of the water-works which, with many other new things, are to be introduced under the awakening of the land by the railway.

Oysters are scattered everywhere along the water-front, and they cling to the stones in the shallow water by the thousand. They are small, but excellent in flavor, and whoever takes a couple of crackers and a lime or two to the shore with him has the material for an excellent free lunch. Various small craft lie alongshore, — fishing-boats and small trading-schooners. A newly-arrived visitor from one of the prairie States, who was looking about at the novel sights, was so profoundly impressed by the nature of the prevailing building materials of the town that, halting in front of a quaint-looking craft lying on the strand, he asked, "Is that boat made of brick or *adobe?*" The boat was of a uniform mud-color, and showed not a trace of seams or planking in her sides, which, having never been painted, and being coated with the mud of the shore, looked not a bit like wood, and almost justified the ridiculous question. The boat was, in fact, a huge dugout, made from one enormous log of San Blas cedar, and was about thirty feet long.

The soil of Guaymas is so sterile that there is little vegetation to be seen in the city. The plaza is ornamented with some young oleander trees, which bloom beautifully through the winter. Through open doorways are caught glimpses of an

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abundance of climbing plants, with now and then orange-trees and date palms standing in shady courts, the tops of the palms waving above the house-tops At the upper end of the town, on high ground, there is a place with a considerable garden of orange-trees and cocoa-nut palms, the latter the only trees of the kind found so far north on the Mexican coast. A companion, when I visited the place, was inclined to doubt their genuineness. "They can't be real ones," said he, "for all the pictures of cocoa-nut-trees I have seen in the school-books showed a lot of monkeys climbing around; and here there is not a solitary monkey to be seen. These trees are frauds, for they ought to bear monkeys, as well as cocoa-nuts." There are plenty of monkeys farther down the coast, but the winter nights are too cool for them so far north as Sonora.

One lovely January day I set out with the Judge to visit the estate of his brother, a place called the Rancho Laurita, at San José de Guaymas. The nine miles thither were over a road at times very rough and stony, and in part as hard and smooth as a park-way. Some of the green shrubs covering the valley-floor were in flower, bearing pretty little yellow blossoms and trumpet-flowers of a brilliant scarlet. Narrow valleys opened out to the westward between the mountains, the dark, sparkling blue Gulf closing in the vista. Lower down in the valley there was an island-like mass of dark-green trees, with palms clustering around, indicating the neighborhood of water. There was something of an estate here, with an orange-orchard and a vegetable garden. Here was also the pumping-engine of the railway company's pipe-line running three miles into town. The man in charge said that when he went into the well to repair the pump, one day, some huge snakes coiled themselves around his legs in the dark, and he thought he would not be likely to go down again without looking to see what was there. The place was called Bacochibampo, an Indian word meaning "Lake of the sleeping water," or still-water, from *ba*, water; *cochi*, sleep; *bampo*, lake. Bampo is a common termination for names of localities in all this part of Mexico. There were charming vistas into the orchard here, and the tawny ground beneath the orange-trees was carpeted with bands of golden sunshine and russet shadow. There was an irrigating well, very quaint in form and color — a combination of huge wooden cogs turned by a blinded mule walking round and round as in a tread-mill. A large wooden shaft was supported on stout pillars of brick, covered with plaster which had fallen away in places, giving rich tones of stained reds and whites. There was an endless leather belt with large buckets of raw-hide attached, lifting up a considerable stream out of the well and pouring it into a great tank of masonry in intermittent musical splashes. The clear water rushed out of the tank in quick gurgles, and was distributed all over the garden by channels with bottoms and sides of tile, thus husbanding the precious water to the last pint. The dark, damp red of the tile showed surfaces of mossy green. Over the well there spread a great *guamuchile* tree, whose wide-spreading branches were covered with a dense foliage of small, dark-green leaves. The *guamuchile* is one of the most beautiful features of Sonora vegetation. Its fruit is a seed embedded in a cottony substance, with a rose-leaf flavor, enclosed in pods like beans.

Irrigation is largely carried on in Sonora by pumping from wells, and the tanks from which the water is distributed form charming characteristics of the agricultural scenery. They are of substantial masonry, and vary in form from circular and oval to rectangular. They are generally made of brick covered with a kind of cement, made as hard and as smooth as polished marble, by laboriously rubbing each coating, as it is applied, with a flat stone held in the hand. The limpid water, the fine masonry, and the surrounding garden foliage, generally found in combination, make enchanting features. These irrigation tanks also afford most luxurious baths.

One is the more impressed by the substantial manner of construction prevailing everywhere in Mexico, on coming through the newly settled regions of the West, where everything is of rough wood hastily thrown together; temporary, flimsy, and ugly in the extreme, while here things are built to endure. An American would construct all these irrigating appliances of wood, with hideous tanks, flumes, etc., making a considerable saving in first cost, but needing a constant outlay for renewal. In Mexico, however, solid masonry is the rule in everything possible. The irrigating canals are often carried across valleys on handsome aqueducts of stone or brick. Everything thus has a fitting place in the

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landscape as an agreeable feature thereof, instead of vexing the eye with its crudeness. This predominance of masonry over wood in all kinds of construction, though a heritage from Spain, is probably as largely due to the scarcity of wood, that can be easily worked, as to the climatic demands for durable construction.

At San José de Guaymas there is apparently an inexhaustible stream of pure, soft-water, flowing down the valley underground, and very near the surface. But in the rainy season a resistless torrent tears down from the mountains, and has recently utterly ruined a handsome estate.

We first stopped at the beautiful place of an Italian, who came penniless from his native land, and now has a beautiful ranche, affording a fine income from the cultivation of fruit and vegetables. Here lovely roses were in bloom, together with a delicate variety of lilac, and many other exquisite garden flowers. The great hedges of the prickly pear (*nopal manso*) were striking features. It is cultivated for its fruit, and rises in great discs set upon each other edgewise.

All the places hereabouts are irrigated from wells, and from two of the neighboring estates tall smoke-stacks and white puffs of vapor told that steam had put its hands to the pumps. At La Laurita we found the most extensive attempt at irrigation by steam-pumping that has been tried anywhere. The gentleman who owns the place is a trained mining-engineer by profession, and he has applied his scientific knowledge as successfully to extracting riches from the surface of the earth as from its depths. The land under irrigation, about seventy-five acres, had been cleared up from the chaparral waste of the valley within three years, and now stretched away as level as a floor, a finished expanse of high cultivation, rich with growing crops. The principal product was alfalfa, or Chilian clover, which here grows the year round, is cut ten times a year, and sold in Guaymas at thirty-eight dollars a ton. There were also vines, orange-trees, and other fruits; sugar-cane and market vegetables, all flourishing finely. The water, pumped up by a centrifugal pump, worked by a steam-engine, at a cost of about eight dollars a day, ran into and out of a large tank at the rate of a thousand gallons a minute, and flowed over the ground in a large stream, clear, soft, and of a genial warmth. This stream was conducted from the tank underground for a short distance, and where it welled to the surface again a bath-house had been built over it, affording a delightful bath at all seasons. The tank was built just in front of a large square space enclosed by the



AN ORANGE ORCHARD, HERMOSILLO.

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three sides of the roomy mansion. This space, paved with large red tile and roofed over, formed a beautiful great room that was half hall and half veranda. On the open side it was shaded by large grape-vines, which formed an arbor over the tank, and it seemed incredible that they were only two-and-one-half years old.

It was a picture of contentment and plenty, looking out from this open hall over the prosperous, mountain-bordered landscape, stretching evenly away to the distant blue sea. The pumping-engine, throbbing and puffing close at hand, unceasingly through the day, accompanied by the murmur of plashing water, was beating the tact of the century into whose quickening life all Mexico at last is awakening.

The dinner to which we sat down in this pleasant household, at a long table surrounded by a large family and as many guests, was an excellent example of the national cuisine. First there was vermicelli soup; then a palatable kind of a stew called *puchera*, heaped on a large platter, and composed of meat, maize, beans, carrots, gourds, and a variety of other vegetables; nice Mexican white bread, Graham bread, and wheat tortillas; roast beef, new potatoes, sliced tomatoes; corn tortillas dressed with *chile;* a large roast Bramah fowl that looked like a turkey; tomato sauce mixed with *chile;* sweet potatoes, carrots, green peas, stewed beans flavored with onions; and, for dessert, quince marmalade, bitter oranges preserved in *panoche*, or brown sugar, and native cheese. For drinking there was a prime claret, and, at the end of the meal, black coffee was served, and at the same time a soup-plate was filled with *mescal* poured over sliced limes and lumps of sugar. This was set on fire and burnt until all the alcohol was consumed; then the liquor was poured into little cordial-glasses and taken with the coffee, forming a delicious finish to the meal. Nearly all the edibles on the table were products of the place.

Hermosillo, being but about five hours from Guaymas by rail, was a pleasant and easy place to visit, and I made the trip several times. After penetrating the *adobe* outskirts, which are about all one can see of the place from the railway station, it is seen to be a considerable city. The many business houses and shops give the place an air of importance, and it is the centre of the mining-interests of a large and important section.

Hermosillo is worthy of its name, the meaning of which is "a beautiful place." The vegetation is luxuriant, and more than semi-tropical in character. Date-palms are grouped on every hand, showing decoratively above low roofs, and standing here and there in cultivated fields, their straight and slender columns, plumage-crowned, shooting up to a great height. The principal street, a broad thoroughfare, has been recently lined with rows of orange-trees, and when they are well-grown the effect must be enchanting. Even now they make a beautiful appearance. The fruit, being of the bitter variety, stands untouched upon the trees, a perennial adornment, the old oranges staying on the branches until the new ones ripen. The main plaza is ornamented in the same way. There are orange-orchards on every hand, and the demand for the fruit in the United States, now that the railway has given facilities for export, is causing great numbers of new trees to be set out. The Sonora orange is fine in flavor, much superior to that of California, and it is a delight to visit an orchard in the winter forenoon, strolling through the alleys of glossy, dark leafage, through which the sunlight filters and coins itself into little golden discs strewn over the brown pathway. You pluck here and there one of the most tempting globes of ruddy gold from its arborescent constellation, and, before you are aware of it, you have refreshed yourself with a good half-dozen. One's first visit into an orange-orchard seems like an entrance into fairy-land, and the glorious sight is one that never palls with custom. Mine was made with some ladies from the North, and their delight did not surpass that expressed by the hospitable owner of the place, who sent us away with our carriage loaded with oranges and other fruits, saying that his guests' demonstrations of pleasure were like his when he first visited an apple-orchard in California, and, with his children, enjoyed the pleasure of pulling the strange Northern fruit from the boughs. So keen was his delight that he felt that he could not revive its memory too often by showing strangers from the sister republic an attention like that which had been paid him there.

There are many other citrous fruits in Sonora besides oranges. Little limes grow very abundantly; there are enormous *taranjas*, or citrons, whose thick rind preserved makes the citron of commerce; the *lima dulce*, or sweet lemon, grows in some

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of the gardens in what seems useless quantities, considering its thorough insipidness, although its skin has a most exquisite fragrance. At one place my host presented me with a dozen lemons in parting. He came from the garden with a servant, and both were laden like the scriptural spies returning from Palestine with their famous grapes. The lemons were larger than cocoa-nuts, and I measured one which was seventeen inches in circumference. These lemons are so large that one has a suspicion that they are worthless except as curiosities. On trial, however, they proved to be excellent. The pulp was coarse, but very juicy, and had a nice flavor, being hardly so sour as the ordinary lemon.

The drive out to the ruined chapel of San Antonio, on the western edge of the city, is short and very pleasant. The way is through a narrow lane, shaded by large trees. On one side of the road an *acequia* courses along like a brook, here and there dammed into sprightly little cascades by basins of masonry, with locks to turn the water into branch *acequias* that spread it over the land. In one place the stream crosses the road and is carried on a little brick-arched bridge over another *acequia* running on a lower level, making a charming wayside bit as it disappears in a mass of embowering shrubery and tall canebrake.

The road approaches the chapel in a broad curve. *La Capilla de San Antonio* makes a strikingly beautiful, though not very ancient ruin, for it dates back only to the first part of this century, and its condition is not the result of destruction, but of incompletion, on account of the death of the founder, — a lady who made a vow to erect a chapel in honor of Saint Anthony, in case her prayer that her marriage be blessed by a child was granted. The chapel was never finished. It stands with wonderfully thick walls, spanned by great skeleton arches of brick, which were to have supported an arched roof of the same material, a few courses of which had been laid when the work stopped, showing how solid and enduring the structure would have been if completed. One arch was cracked and threatening to fall, and the vaulted dome was incomplete at the top, like half an egg-shell broken off at one end. The front door entered directly into a little chapel with a gaudy altar, occupying the space underneath what would naturally be the organ-loft. A Mass is held here only once a year; but on every Tuesday afternoon there is a pilgrimage of young girls hither to pray for good husbands. It is said that young men, with an eye to a chance for a good selection, have a habit of lounging around the neighborhood at the same time, this causing many a prayer to be speedily granted. Madame Calderon de la Barca, in her delightful book on "Life in Mexico," tells of a similar pilgrimage-shrine near Vera Cruz, where the young women throw stones at the saint, "their good luck depending on their success in hitting the image, which is consequently in a lapidated, not to say dilapidated, condition."

Around the chapel is a garden-patch, with vegetables and orange-trees, and a house is built against one side of the ruin, — the abode of the family owning the place. The good señora, who showed us the way to the top of the chapel-walls up a dark and narrow staircase, took pains to explain to "the worshipful señores, the Americans," that she and her family, though owners of the chapel, were not Roman Catholics, but Protestants. They had lived in California for a long time and had there become converted to the "true faith." For ten years now they had been members of the Methodist Church. They permitted the maintenance of the little chapel out of regard for public sentiment; but some day they intended to roof the ruin in, and make a fine dwelling-house of it.

There was a wide and lovely view from the walls. The broad, level plain of the Sonora river valley reached away to the westward, irrigated for an average distance of two miles from the stream, whose waters were drawn from its great sandy bed to create a broader river of fertility spreading over the land. It was Christmas day, and so fair a prospect had never before greeted our Northern eyes at Yuletide. The young green of the wheat fields, brilliant in the soft afternoon sunshine, was checkered with the darker hue of the perennially lush alfalfa. All this verdure, figured over with tufted palms, was like a strip of rich carpet rolled out over the brown country floor for the passage of Plenty's dainty feet over this sunny Southern land. This picture was set in a rim of peaked mountains, rising from the plain near and far, and the course of the river could be traced as it caromed from mountain to mountain in its course, at each turn growing feebler and feebler, until it falls an easy victim to the thirsty earth, which drinks the last drop from its diminished veins.

Sylvester Baxter.

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THE EVOLUTION OF CANOEING.

If the doctrine of Darwin may be applied to water-craft, the primitive "dug-out" was the origin and the source of all inspiration in ship-building. And yet more primeval still — if the term admits of a comparative — was the log itself, to ride which must have been even more risky than the performance which Josh Billings describes as the most risky of all: "to straddle the back of a sixty-day note." It was a stroke of genius on the part of some ancient mariner to discover that he could excavate the log and put himself in the place of the surplus wood. Once relieved from the danger of rolling over with the log, his next discovery was that his craft would move faster if both ends were sharpened. Then the question of comparative speed brought up the problems of free-board, and sheer, and keel, until, through various stages of experimenting, and after hundreds of years, that marvel of naval architecture, the ocean-steamer, is evolved. At every stage the same adaptation to special ends is shown. The development has proceeded from one craft to another because new wants and new conditions have demanded new capabilities, until at last every want and every condition appear to have been met, and the development appears to be arrested for the present.

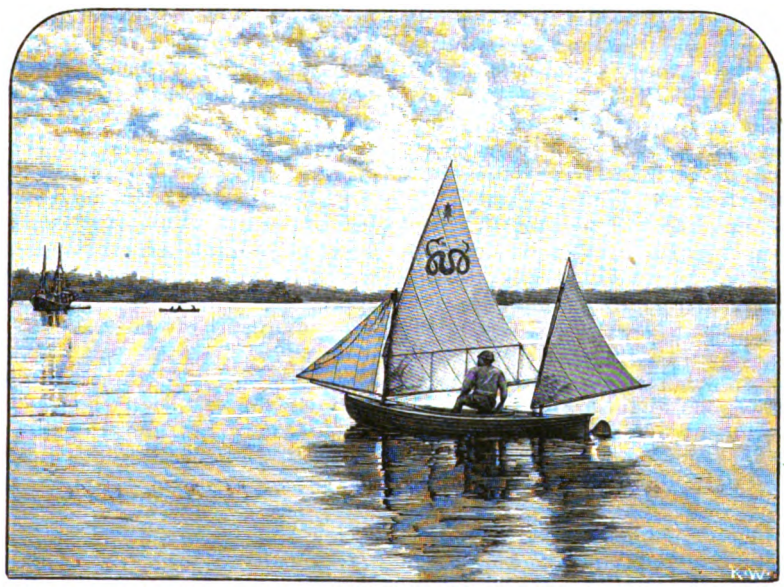
If our parallel holds good — that the steamer has descended from the log, after the manner of man's alleged descent from the Ascidian — then we must also admit that in the case of water-craft as well there may be divergences or abnormal developments which betray the fact that they are offshoots, although they may have a generic, or even a specific, resemblance. What is known as the *ornithorhynchus* is one of these erring brethren among the mammals; and some, not all, forms of the "canoe" of to-day might well be classed with the lost and wandering sisters of the floating craft. To ensure beyond peradventure the survival of the fittest, and to commend the good in canoeing, shall be our present task.

Amateur canoeing is rapidly changing from a science to an art. Indeed, there are already professors of the art. Ever since the formation of the Royal Canoe Club, in 1866 — right upon the heels of Macgregor's exploits with the Rob Roy — the tendency has been away from the simplicity of knee-posture and single-bladed paddle, and toward the more comfortable accessories of seats, cushions, and back-boards, sails and centre-boards. The movement of canoeing — like that of all the forces in nature — has been along the lines of the least resistance. It was easy to convince the amateur paddler that his knees were reserved for his devotions, and not for bracing himself against the well so that he might counteract and overcome the motion imparted to his craft by the larger waves. Once up from the floor — the centre of gravity being also raised — a seat with a back became necessary as a reminder of the comfortable arm-chair which had been left in the parlor at home. Then it was not difficult to go a step beyond and persuade the paddler that it was all very well to keep dipping his blade in the water; but, in order to get along in the world, it was necessary to stop paddling once in a while, and use the sail. From the sail it was a natural and very requisite thing to adopt the deck and centre-board; for the most troublesome enemy of either the paddler or the sailor is the wind that blows off the beam. Having thus begun to make the Indian canoe retain no semblance, even in outward form, of its original shape, the other luxuries of air-tight compartments, cushions, rubber bags, life-preservers, camp stoves, and provision canisters were speedily forthcoming, until now, at this stage of the development, the native savage might often be pardoned for smiling at the effeminacy of the white man.

There is much to be said in favor of the primitive, canoe, — not the dug-out, but its more airy successor, the birch-bark. Very few can exceed it in lightness. The frame is of white cedar. The sheathing is of the bark of the white birch (*Betula papyracea*), which can be used for all kinds of camping utensils, furnishes a ready fire, and is always at hand for the purposes of repairing. Spruce roots, well boiled, serve for tying and sewing. The cross-bars are of hard wood. Could the construction of any craft be more simple, or the description more brief? It is the ideal — as well as the necessary adjunct — of all aboriginal transportation. The navigator in all modern canoes

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faces in the direction of his movement, and he is ready at all times to avoid danger or to take advantage of either wind or water. The tiresome pull with oars he has neither to provide for nor to guard against. Long portages are made with ease, and surging rapids are run with safety. In a word, the primitive canoe still holds its own, for river cruising, in spite of most of the so-called improvements of later years. The true paddler, no matter how much he may be allured by visions of ease with sails and centre-boards, must agree with an ardent lover of the pleasure, who has said: "In the present rapid growth of canoeing it is hoped that the paddle will be the legitimate means of propulsion, and not the sail. If men want to sail let them get keel-boats and open water. The canoe was meant for lesser surfaces."



THE "SNAKE."

But there is a more practical side to the question, as it is discussed by the successor of the Indian upon American soil. The white man has not the time — nor is there the necessity in his case — to paddle up the stream. The same wise arrangement which has located large rivers near large towns has also laid out the courses of those rivers close to the track of some friendly railroad, which takes the canoeist up to the head waters, whence he can paddle or float downward. Once at the mouth of the river he must cross bays or arms of the sea or lake; and his open canoe must be decked over to keep him dry. It was this simple process, and the success of the experiment twenty years ago, which entitled Macgregor to become the acknowledged pioneer in the history of canoeing, and made the *Rob Roy* famous from the North Sea to the rivers of Damascus. The adventures of the plucky Scotchman gave a great impetus to canoeing in the sea-girt isle, which was soon felt on this side of the ocean. The New York Canoe Club was formed about twelve years ago, and since that time clubs have sprung up in all the chief cities, from Boston to San Francisco. These various clubs formed a central organization, under the name of the American Canoe Association, at Lake George, in 1880. Thirty canoes were brought to this first meet. At the second meet, in the same place, in 1881, forty canoes appeared; and at the third meet there were one hundred and thirty. In 1883 the meet was at Stony Lake, in Canada, and nearly two hundred canoes were on hand. The meet for 1884 was at the Thousand Islands, where over two hundred canoeists put in an appearance. At least three-quarters of the canoes were of the open Canadian models, — a fact which was accounted for by the location of the meet. A great progress in everything relating to canoeing was evident since the meet of 1883.

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A most interesting feature of this remarkable demand for canoes has been the revolution in building materials. The birch bark was at once discarded; but, in its place, the "smooth skin" was adopted by some. Between the inner and outer skins, — each one-eighth inch in thickness, and running, with broken joints, across diagonally, or fore and aft, — a cover of muslin was laid in paint; but, sooner or later, the water penetrated to the muslin, and the process of decay was rapid, it being impossible thereafter to avoid leakage. These skins were of white cedar, which weighs only twenty-one pounds to the cubic foot; while birch weighs forty-six pounds, and the harder woods, from that figure up to seventy-five pounds. The experiment with white cedar having proved a success, so far as the lightness and freedom from splitting were concerned, the rib-and-batten plan was tried, with better success. In this, the planks of cedar were of uniform thickness throughout. They were cut as nearly as possible in their correct shape, care being taken that the joints should be as perfect as possible. Inside of the boat a batten was then run over each seam, and nailed to the plank on either edge. Ribs were so notched that they would go over the battens. In this way it was discovered that red elm was the best wood for ribs, although oak was occasionally used. Hickory was soon found to be too perishable a wood to be considered. Thus, by degrees, it became settled that oak took the lead over all the other woods for the keel; white pine for the centre-board, trunk, and the floor-boards and bulkheads; hackmatack (tamarack) for the knees, and for the stem and stern-posts; white pine for the planking, if white cedar could not be found; spruce, pine, or cedar for the carlings; black walnut, spruce, or pine for the gunwales; black walnut or oak for the combings; mahogany, or Spanish cedar, for the rudder, deck, and hatches; and white pine or spruce for the spars and paddles.

In this way, by a selection of the fittest, that canoe was, ere long, found to be the best which was built of a dozen kinds of wood; those of paper, tin, or galvanized iron having been found unequal to the work that was put upon them. It also appeared, early in the controversy, that the clinker-built (or lap-streak) canoes, with streaks sawed, instead of twisted to place, offered the greatest amount of strength with the least amount of weight. It was also settled that air-tight compartments, formed by bulkheads or sealed canisters of copper or tin, were necessary for the safety of the canoe and its cargo.

There is, however, a much more striking manner of tracing the evolution of canoeing from the first attempts, of ten or fifteen years ago, down to the latest efforts in this line, and that is by the aid of diagrams which will show the mid-ship section, the sheer section, and the deck plan of a dozen of the representative canoes. The mid-ship section is taken, of course, at the point of the greatest beam, which is usually — or should be — forward of the centre, so as to avoid crankiness. The sheer-section is cut vertically through the stem and the stern, and lengthwise through the keel. The deck plan shows the canoe as it appears to the owner, when he steps aboard for a cruise.

In attempting to name and to classify what may be called representative canoes, we are at once met with the question, whether this one or that one is intended for rivers, for general cruising, or for the more ruffled surface of lakes, bays, and large inlets of the sea. This triple-headed division must be prominent all through our inquiry, and it is made necessary by the fact that the canoes which are best fitted for rivers are comparatively useless on lakes, and *vice versa*. This fact will be demonstrated at length, below. It is mentioned here, because almost all of the river and lake canoes may also be classed as general cruisers. The table of classes is as follows: —

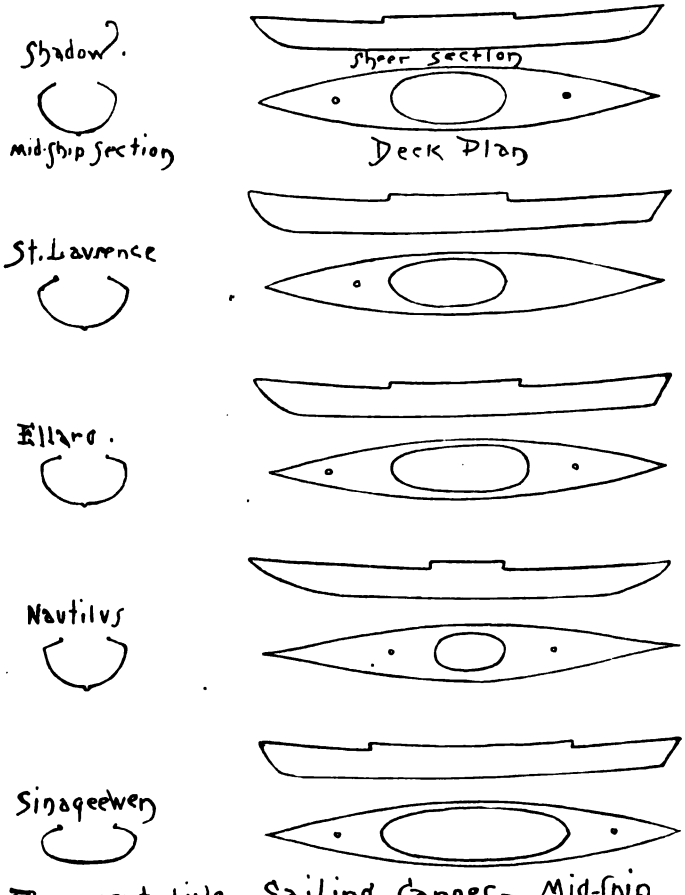
Rivers.	General Cruising.	Lakes.
Herald,		
Peterboro,		
Rob Roy,	*Rob Roy*,	
Traveling,	*Traveling*,	
Juniper,	*Juniper*,	
Stella Maris,	*Stella Maris*,	
Grayling,	*Grayling*,	
Diamond.	*Diamond*,	
	Shadow,	*Shadow*.
	St. Lawrence,	*St. Lawrence*.
	Ellard,	*Ellard*,
	Nautilus.	*Nautilus*,
		Princess,
		Sinageewen.

The *Herald* is classed as fit only for rivers because it has no keel, no rudder, and no deck of any consequence. The sheer section and the sheer plan repeat, with great exactness, the lines of the birch-bark canoe. The mistake of putting sails upon

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such a craft is apparent. But the broad floor insures that lightness of draught which is required for river-cruising and its frequent portages. The absence of a keel is an advantage to any canoe in descending rivers; for if a swift current causes the canoe to strike an obstruction sideways, the presence of a keel will often cause an overturn.

owner, after the experience of one season, confessed that a length of thirteen feet and a breadth of twenty-six inches would be more satisfactory to him; and we must believe him, because he distributed tracts to the natives in all parts of Europe. In a general article, written after a trial of several summers, Mr. Macgregor states that the length may vary from twelve to



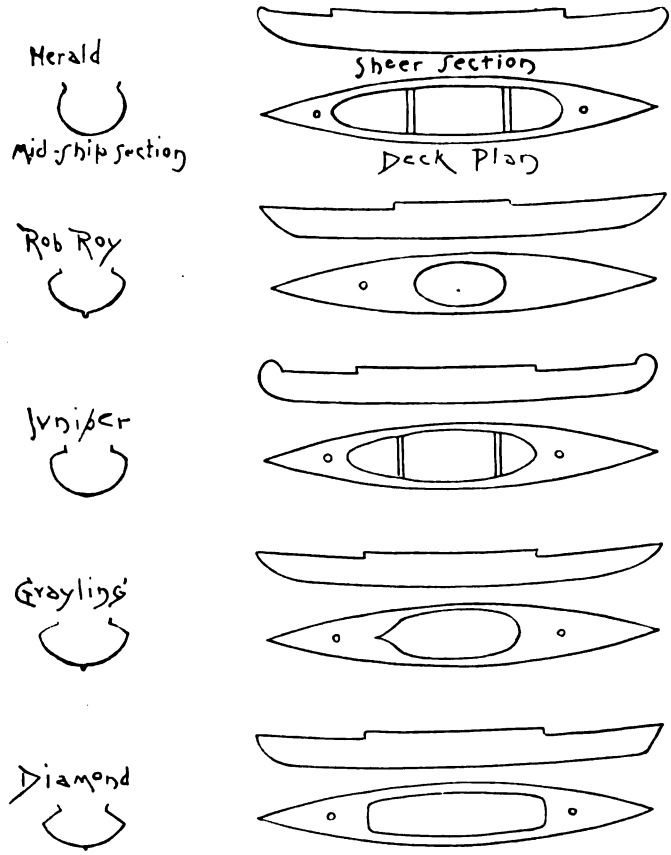
Representative Sailing Canoes - Mid-ship Sections, Sheer Sections & deck plans.

The *Rob Roy* has a keel of an inch or so, which is to its disadvantage in shooting rapids. But in the use of the single-bladed paddle the keel helps to keep the canoe straight to its course without such a decisive twist in the hand of the paddler. The original *Rob Roy* of Macgregor was fifteen feet long, twenty-eight inches beam, and nine inches deep at the cockpit, which was located amidships, and was fifty-four inches long and twenty inches wide. The fifteen feet; that the beam may range from twenty-six to thirty inches; and the depth from ten to sixteen inches. The American *Rob Roy* has usually had a length of fourteen feet; a beam of twenty-six inches; and a depth of eight and a half inches. The length, in all of these cases, is, of course, from the point of the stem to the point of the stern; although the proposition to measure at the water-line has been seriously put forth. The weight of an

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average-sized *Rob Roy* ought not to be over sixty-five pounds, as a weight much in excess of that makes the canoe more troublesome at portages. As a paddling canoe the *Rob Roy* served well enough in the sphere of a pioneer. A seven-foot double-bladed paddle — the blades being six inches broad — was an effective propelling instrument. The single mast, rigged with a lug and sprit, was as much as the egg-shaped bottom could carry, for the *Rob Roy* was a poor sea-boat by the side of the later forms of canoes. The India-rubber apron might keep the captain dry, but there was no need of having his apron and his deck constantly wet.

The American devotees of canoeing were the first to discover that a modified *Rob Roy*, with considerably more sheer, a trifle more bearing, together with an increased depth, would be a more sea-worthy boat. With these changes it was at first known as the *Rob Roy* of American waters, but the name was afterwards changed to the *American Traveling* canoe. The length of the *Traveling* is 14 feet, the beam 26 inches, and the sheer from three to five inches. The English canoeists in the mean time had developed the *Nautilus*, of which further mention will be made presently.



Representative paddling canoes — Mid-ship sections Sheer sections & deck plans.

Before we leave the craft which are canoes, strictly speaking, we must present the *Juniper*, which is noteworthy for retaining the shape of the birch-bark, while the material and the manner of construction are totally different. The material is white cedar, matched and driven together crosswise of the keel, which is generally a mere strip of

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brass hooping, — although some are built with a keel of an inch and a half. The bearings are full and broad, and the extreme lightness of the boat makes it exceedingly desirable for rivers and for light cruising. The deck is high and shapely, and the cockpit is of generous proportions. A tandem *Juniper* is fifteen feet six inches long, and twenty-nine inches in the beam. The depth is ten inches, and the sheer is nine inches. The cockpit is about nine feet in length, reliance being placed upon canvas hatches or aprons to keep the sailors and the cargo dry. The latter is stowed amidships, between the two voyagers. A single mast carries all the sail that the oval bottom will resist without a centre-board; and the construction of the boat is such that any addition would cause extra timbers, thereby increasing the weight. As a paddler the *Juniper* is a success, when a head wind does not strike the bow. As a sailer the *Juniper*, in the absence of a centre-board, must drift at the mercy of the wind.

The *Stella Maris* and the *Grayling* are the same, except that the beam of the former is twenty-six inches, and of the latter twenty-seven inches. The length of both is fourteen feet. The sheer is six inches at the bow, and five inches at the stern; and the broad bearings make the canoe a good sailer, whether it is known by the one name or the other. The addition of a centre-board, of the folding variety, is necessary to supplement the shallow keel; but even with this there is sometimes trouble in beating to windward, when the prow is cut away too far at the point where it strikes the water-line. The curved stern-post offers additional difficulties in the way of steering, which are hardly compensated by building out the lower rudder-eye with a metallic triangle. These two styles of canoes are almost perfect as they are; but, for sailing, another streak should be added, which would increase the depth from two to three inches. With these changes, and with a straight stern-post, either the *Stella Maris* or the *Grayling* would be hard to beat for general cruising. The *Ellard* model meets some of these requirements, as will be noted presently.

Now, to build up the *Stella Maris*, the *Grayling* or any other variety of canoe, means not only an increased depth, but an increased beam also. The larger the beam the longer — and, therefore, the more wasteful of muscle — must be the paddle. To combine the advantage of a broad beam and a short paddle, the *Shadow* canoe was devised. Since that is an eminently sea-worthy craft, a description of it must be deferred for the present. The peculiar feature of the *Diamond* is the abrupt tumbling inward of the planking after the dead-rise is well up above the water-line. This "tumble-home" (which is much greater than in the *Shadow*) gives a narrower beam at the well, or cockpit, and allows the use of an eight-foot paddle, where a nine-foot paddle would be required if the dead-rise were carried up to the level of the deck. The fore-body of the *Diamond* presents straight water-lines; but in the after-body the lines are too angular to make a good finish near the stern. The *Diamond* is, therefore, an easy paddler; and it is a fairly safe canoe, although the beam has been narrowed down to suit the use of the paddle. The tandem *Diamond* is sixteen feet long, and it has a beam of thirty-six inches. The cockpit is ten feet long, and reliance is placed on rubber aprons. With a centre-board this tandem will carry nearly ninety feet of sail, thus making it worthy to be classed among the canoes which may be adapted for cruising upon lakes; but to insure the dryness of the crew and cargo the sheer must be increased from three to four inches.

We have now made the round of the representative canoes which are fit for paddling; the doors must be closed, so that an account of stock may be taken. We have not attempted to enumerate all of the varieties; for that would be tedious. Only those, therefore, which have offered some new idea or some new departure in canoeing have been mentioned. According to the constitution of the American Canoe Association, "A canoe, in order to be placed on the association list, and to be entered for races, must be a boat sharp at both ends, and not more than thirty-six inches wide on deck. She may be propelled by sails or paddle, or both; but she must be capable of being efficiently propelled by a double-bladed paddle." Judged by this standard the seven canoes which have been described comprise all the new features that are worth noting. Other innovations and so-called "improvements" have been made one season only to be thrown away the next. Even the subject of paddles has

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been agitated, back and forth, between the single-blade and the double-blade, until the latest verdict is in favor of the latter. The length of paddles has been discussed, in view of the fact that the long or short arms of the paddler, and the broad or narrow beam of his canoe must settle that question, regardless of theories. As to the standard form of the canoe, — chiefly for paddling, — that must always be a difficult matter to decide, where the tastes and experiences of canoeists are so varied. There is a general agreement, however, that the length of the paddling canoe should be from thirteen to fourteen feet, and the beam not to exceed twenty-seven inches. There should be no keel, but a broad keelson not less than four inches wide. From this the planking should be well rounded up, so that the draught may be as light as possible. The rocker should be very slight, otherwise an inch or two is added to the draught. Three or four inches are ample for the free-board, and the sheer should never be more than two or three inches at the bow, and an inch or two at the stern. A craft of this sort, it need hardly be observed, cannot be modelled after the early forms of English, American, or Canadian canoes. The evolution of canoeing has given us the *Stella Maris* and the *Diamond* as the latest and best models for paddling; and it is largely a matter of taste as to which shall be chosen.

Six of the eight river canoes we have classified as fit not only for rivers, but also for general cruising. That is to say, they will behave well if the expanse of water is not too large. When rough water comes the *Herald* and the *Juniper* miss the flat bottom and the keel, however slight it may be, the loss of which is not compensated by their increased sheer. The *Travelling*, the *Rob Roy*, the *Stella Maris*, the *Grayling* and the *Diamond*, — all of them feel the need of more sheer and free-board, which of course means a proportionate increase of beam, although most of them have the broad keelson. We must, therefore, look to another class of general cruisers to find our best models for canoes which will sail over the bays and inlets with safety, and at the same time will ride out a heavy sea. Among this class the *Shadow* was a pioneer, and still remains one of the leading types of sailing canoes. The length is fourteen feet and the beam at the broadest part is about thirty inches. The free-board is apparently narrowed, because, not far above the water-line the planking commences to "tumble home." This is a distinctive feature of the *Shadow*, and it has been exaggerated in the *Diamond*. The advocates of such a departure from the lines of the ancient canoe feel justified in claiming that the new model gives a flat floor and a broad beam for sailing, and a narrow beam for paddling. The house is divided on the question of whether or not the canoe is more stiff. The sheer is made as large as is necessary, save in the very heaviest seas, and the paddler is therefore saved the "waste of tissue" in exerting himself against a head wind. The straight stern-post of the *Shadow* must also command a verdict in its favor.

The controversy about the "tumble-home" of the *Shadow*, led to the building of the *St. Lawrence*, which is almost precisely like the *Shadow*, save that the dead-rise of the planking continues to the gunwale, making a beam of thirty-one inches instead of twenty-eight, as in the *Shadow*. This, of course, is largely a matter of taste; but, if the canoeist expects to paddle, the original *Shadow* must be the choice of the two. The tandem *St. Lawrence* and the tandem *Shadow* are made, with the length increased to sixteen feet, for the use of two persons.

Mention has already been made of the *Grayling*, or the *Stella Maris*, enlarged by an extra plank, thus adding three inches to the free-board and two inches to the beam. The length is made fourteen feet and six inches, instead of fourteen feet. With these changes the *Snake*, of the new model known as the *Ellard*, became the champion sailer of the meet of 1883; and further experiments and trials of this model are anxiously awaited by the fraternity of canoeists. The curved stern-post, however, is doomed if the cruiser expects to use a rudder to any advantage. An improved variety of the *Ellard*, the *Mohican*, shows a straight stern-post. There is blood on the moon while the battle between the *Shadows* and the *Ellards* is impending.

By its priority of development the *Nautilus* should have been mentioned long ago, as it was devised by an Englishman, Mr. Baden Powell, soon after the *Rob Roy* had turned the heads of all the amateur navigators. We have preferred not to speak of the *Nautilus* until now because it is eminently a sailing canoe. It has the same general dimensions with the other canoes, — length, fourteen feet; beam, twenty-eight inches, — but its most dis-

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tinctive feature is a sheer so excessive as to make most canoeists condemn it, — the stem-post and the length of the stern-post being twenty-three and nineteen inches respectively. These points are copied from the *kayak* of the Greenlander, which can live in any sea. An 18-foot *Nautilus*, it will be recalled, crossed the Atlantic; but any one who will step inside the Old South Church museum, in Boston, will see that the *Nautilus*, in that shape, cannot be called a canoe. Even when it is cut down to the proportions of a fourteen-foot boat, the high bows of the *Nautilus* take so much wind that the paddle can be used to no advantage. A modified form has therefore arisen, which is known as the *Nautilus No. 2*, wherein the exaggerated features of the original *Nautilus* have been pruned down to the requirements of stiller water and the paddle. The dimensions of this junior edition, aside from the length and beam, are, sheer forward, nine inches; sheer aft, four inches; depth amidships, ten inches.

Of the thirteen representative canoes included in the tabulated statement above it will be seen that ten are classed as general cruisers. This means that by the addition of a centre-board (folding or otherwise) they may adapt themselves to the new conditions that follow the use of sails. The centre-board is impracticable in the *Rob Roy*, the *Traveling*, the *Stella Maris*, and the *Juniper*. In the *Grayling*, and the *Diamond*, the lack of free-board and sheer makes the operation of sailing, with a centre-board, rather too moist to be pleasant. It is only when we reach the *Shadow*, the *St. Lawrence*, the *Ellard*, and the *Nautilus*, that we find boats that are really sea-worthy, and in which the centre-board is so useful as to make it worth while to be retained through all the portages, rapids, and shoals of the rivers. The four canoes last named are good sailers in almost any weather upon the surface of any lake; and by lake we mean something larger than Cayuga, or Seneca, or George. But in making them sea-worthy the tendency has been to make them too heavy and too deeply keeled for shallow mountain streams. Is there a compromise craft, one which will behave equally well on the placid river and on the ruffled lake? If there is it should be named. By whatever name it may be known it is safe to say that it cannot vary much from this description: length, not to exceed fifteen feet; beam, twenty-eight to thirty inches; sheer, five inches at the bow and three inches at the stern; keelson, from three to eight inches; as wide a free-board as can be given with a depth of eleven inches amidships; no hatches, but a generous cockpit from which the water is kept by rubber aprons; a full model insuring a light draught and plenty of room for storage; and a folding centre-board of the lightest weight, — brass is the best for either salt or fresh water. The way is open for the inventor who shall combine all these desirable points in a single canoe which will do the double duty of cruising on rivers, and on inlets, and small lakes.

For the larger lakes there are two other types of canoes which may be propelled by the double-bladed paddle, although not so "efficiently" as those which have been already described. Both of them, in fact, are decidedly of the sailing order, and they are not intended for use on rivers, save when the portages occur at rare intervals. It will readily be inferred that they are heavier than the average canoe that is intended for river-cruising. The first is known as the *Princess*, a product of Cincinnati. It was designed by ex-Commodore Longworth. The length is fourteen feet, and the beam, which is forward of the centre, is thirty-one inches. A larger size is fifteen feet long and thirty-six and a quarter inches beam. The model is very full, and the keelson is broad. Of course a centre-board is also required. The record of the *Princess* under sail is a good one, and it may be that this is the long-awaited canoe for sailing purposes only.

The second of the two lake-boats — and the last one upon our list — is the *Sinageewen*. Like the *Princess* it is possible to paddle it fairly well; but a pair of very light oars, with removable outriggers, is more satisfactory, the paddle being reserved for short stretches of smooth water, and the oars serving to raise "a white-ash breeze." The *Sinageewen* is an enlarged duck-boat from the Detroit river. In its smaller form it is better than the sneak-box, because it is sharp at the stern, and can be paddled either way. In its larger form it is lighter than the sneak-box; it will stand as much banging by land, and it is more sea-worthy. The *Sinageewen*, single, is only twelve feet long; but the beam is from thirty to thirty-four inches. The keelson, instead of being only seven or eight inches broad, is twenty-four inches broad, and it runs each way toward the stem and the stern on the arc of a circle whose radius

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is about fifteen feet. The larger-sized *Sinageewen* — for two or even three persons — is sixteen feet long, with a beam of thirty-six to forty inches at the load-line. The keelson is twenty-eight inches broad, and the radius of its arcs is about twenty-three feet. The keelson, therefore, forms a broad floor which makes this style of canoe less liable than any other to capsize. A keel of two inches is run along the bottom of the keelson, and this is supplemented by a centre-board consisting of brass or iron leaves, which fold up inside of a box standing not more than four or five inches above the inside floor. From the outer edge of the keelson the planking has a dead rise at an angle of one hundred and forty degrees, the planking itself being formed of two streaks of bass-wood, which are rabbeted and fastened with copper tacks; the outer surface is, therefore, a smooth-skin, and so is the inner, except where the elm or cedar knees are placed to secure stiffness. The free-board is six inches, even with a heavy load; and to this must be added nine inches of deck amidships, before the oval cockpit is reached. Reliance for dryness is had upon rubber blankets and aprons. As no great dependence is placed upon the paddle the sheer is well developed, being about seven inches at the bow and five inches at the stern. This increased sheer leaves a generous space at either end for the storage of tents and camp utensils; while the sails, spars, oars, and paddles are readily kept under the deck at the sides of the cockpit. The stem and stern are equally straight, and they are at the same angle — one hundred and twenty degrees — with the keel. The fact that the bow presents this angle to the water, instead of an angle of from one hundred and forty to one hundred and sixty degrees, as is the case with many other canoes, insures the success of the *Sinageewen* as a sailer, care being taken to have the main-mast well forward. In fact, the *Sinageewen* will out-point almost any one of all the other canoes when it comes to a trial of tacking. The safety of this style of canoe, together with the comparatively small cost of building it, gives promise that for sailing and camping purposes chiefly it may be, in some modified form, perhaps, one of the standard models. The only practicable sail for such a large craft is the "leg of mutton."

Now, of all of the later canoes that we have named, the *Sinageewen* ought not to be called a canoe. It is the *ornithorhynchus*. It would not be received into the canoe family by its founder, the American Indian. What did the red-man ever have to do with sails and centre-board? and what a departure to put them in his original craft! To adapt the model of the craft to oars, centre-board, and sails is to make the shape no longer that of a canoe. Our story, therefore, has been not so much that of the evolution of the canoe as it has been the history of "canoeing it," or the various attempts to "do" the canoe. Our argument, if we have any, must divide itself into two forks at this point. On one we shall stick the proposition that for river cruising the nearer the canoeist follows the style and weight of the birch-bark, the more satisfactory will be his trip. Sails, centre-boards, and masts he should leave at home. On the other fork we insist upon placing the statement that, for sailing purposes, an entirely different canoe should be built, the chief requirements of which may readily be gathered from what has been said already. There are not many canoeists who like river-paddling and lake-sailing equally well. Let the canoeist choose "under which king, Bezouian?" His own preferences should guide him as to which kind of boat he must have; but whichever it is let him procure the best. If he is not able to choose, and if his time is ample and his pocket-book plethoric, let him have one canoe solely for the paddle and another solely for the sail.

There is one mistake which is often made by the amateur canoeist, and it is sometimes made by boat-builders who ought to know better; and that is to expect the same model to behave as well under sail as under paddle. To dream of such a thing is to lose sight of all the scientific principles upon which a boat is constructed. You might as well insist upon a railroad train keeping the track when the speed is increased without the outer rail of the curve having been raised, as to think that the primordial canoe can go faster than a certain pace without being swamped. If any one has doubts about this let him "take a line" from a tug-boat or from a passing tow, and he will discover that even a sailing canoe will not always carry itself right side up under the increased speed. The lines of a sailing canoe, constructed on scientific principles, differ as widely from those of a paddling canoe on the one hand, as they do from those of a steam-yacht on the other. And it is this question which will trouble the

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builder in the future more than questions of weight and draught.

We might continue our inquiry so as to dwell upon the relative merits of "folding" and of "oscillating" centre-boards. We might also trace the development of the sails of canoes from the originals of the *Rob Roy* down through the "Ross latteen" to the "batten lug,' and the "Mohican sail." To dwell upon them would be inconsistent with our doctrine — formulated above — that the sailing canoe is outside the family of canoes. We might also give our "opinion" as to camping and fishing outfits, and *munitions de bouche* in general; but every canoeist at every "camp-fire" during the winter would think his own experience was better. That is the logical sequence of allowing him to think that his own canoe is the best. To thrust our opinions on this topic upon the innocent and unsuspecting fraternity might act as a firebrand. We withdraw the firebrand before it is offered, and are content to have already advanced enough opinions to draw the fire of some of the brethren who claim to "know better."

Whatever may be the future of canoeing, — whether or no it can be confined within its legitimate sphere, — the amateur must ever remember his obligations to those fearless men who have evolved the pleasure and placed it at the head of amusements which combine out-of-door life with a healthy muscular development. Macgregor must always stand as the pioneer. But among the names which Americans more especially will delight to honor are those of Guernsey, Alden, Norton, Neide, Bishop, Nickerson, Oliver, Monroe, Wilkin, Gibson, Vaux, Fernow, Sears, Rand, Stevens, Whitlock, Rogers, Wulsin, Barney, Hubbard, and the brothers Wackerhagen.

Frederic G. Mather.

THE TRICYCLE FOR AMERICAN WOMEN.

HEALTH is in fashion. Girls no longer pride themselves upon painfully pinched feet, spider-like waists, and a breakfast appetite which can compass nothing more than a sip of coffee and a crumb of toast.

Women who have been taught by suffering their need of strong bodies are turning with keen interest to the cultivation of physical endurance. Even delicate women are learning that it is quite possible to disinherit an hereditary ill. A wise systematic bodily training, inspired by a firm belief in the power of mind over matter, can conquer weakness and make it strength.

The healthiest women, and therefore the happiest ones, are those who are most in the open air. But exercise, as every one knows, must be taken judiciously, and must have some other motive than itself in order to accomplish its end.

Time was that the typical American woman was faded and old before she reached middle-life. But the girl of the decade is maturing her charms into the womanly graces of health and common sense. Kensington work does not take up all the time of young women of leisure, and feminine novel-readers require more healthful pabulum than of yore. Sensible men encourage their wives and daughters in all forms of strengthening exercise. Sensible youths choose the society of the maiden who is equal to a reasonable amount of exertion in out-of-door pleasures, and the girl whose strength is small misses many invitations by sea and shore. There is no doubt that woman's right to a healthy body is on the way to full recognition.

Every form of exercise or recreation that takes girls and women out of doors is a direct power in making the health and happiness of the world. The growing use of the tricycle is a very good thing, and its agreeable features need only to be known to be keenly enjoyed. The first prejudice against it has faded so fast that it no longer exists, except in certain mental corners. The tricycle offers to women the charm of country runs, the attraction of novelty, and the blessing of added strength.

But tricycling is not only for the pleasure-seeker or the health-wooer. It is a practical mode of locomotion. The time is not far off when a large number of those whom Miss Phelps calls "the blessed busy women who support themselves," will adopt the tricycle for daily service. It is coming more and more into favor. It has already won its place in the parks and suburbs of our large cities, and every lady

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who has persevered till she has gained strength and confidence for its extended use is enthusiastic in its praise. The tricycle has come to stay. I do not doubt that within ten years there will be thousands of women riding in the United States where there are now scores. The fact that every city, town, and village has its quota of women doctors will do much to bring the machine into very general use. They know what their sex needs. They know that invalid women need chiefly an object in life beyond the petty thought of self, and the absurd fostering of their real and imaginary ills. Life becomes beautiful to the spiritual vision as fast as physical conditions grow harmonious, and this harmony is promoted by external pleasures that react upon body and mind to tone and vivify both.

Conceding, therefore, that the pleasure of tricycle-riding is a healthful one, let us look at the matter of its use practically. The first thing to be considered in the mind of every woman is the fact that "people will look." Yes, they will, but I have yet to find that they look with any other feeling than admiration and envy — admiration of the fleet three-wheel, and envy of its fortunate rider. I have letters from a great many lady riders, and all unite in saying that the "looking" of the uninitiated has not proved the dreadful bugbear that it seemed before it was encountered. And, certainly, the saddle of the tricycle is no more conspicuous a place than the box-seat of a drag, which is the social ambition of so many ladies. Nor is one more noticeable when wheeling through country roads, attended or alone, than when on horseback. In city parks a lady can now always find other tricyclists, and plans of runs together can easily be arranged among friends. Indeed, it is easier for the timid to ride when others join to share that dreaded gaze of non-riders, and clubs of ladies are to be heartily recommended. For where two, or three, or a dozen ride, the grace of popularity is thrown over the exercise, and proves anew the truth of that strong young adage which has so quickly gained a stable place in the language, "Nothing succeeds like success."

Having determined to ride, the first thing a woman will naturally consider is, what must be worn. In taking up the matter of the proper dress for the tricycle I run up against a large subject. Since the time of the earliest feminine annals down to the latest fashion-book, gowns have been things of importance to the wearers thereof. Doubtless the most comfortable dress for riding would be an adaptation of what is known as the mountain-suit. When a woman or girl dons this garb in the Alps or the Sierras she is at once pronounced picturesque and sensible. But civilization in its present state demands a superfluity of petticoats, or at least a semblance of such.

Every woman who rides determines for herself, in a short time, that she has hit upon the true and only suitable garb. The ideal costume combines comfort, and that subtler and more important element of becoming grace. The dress should be one in which a lady may appear, when off the machine, without exciting comment upon the oddity of her appearance. For the future of the tricycle is not incompatible with the thought of a calling-list or a shopping-bag, and a lady wishes first and always to look like a lady. But simplicity goes hand in hand with gentle breeding or refined tastes, and common-sense calls constantly for its reign. A correspondent writes me that she finds the best dress for her use is a sort of princesse robe or ulster about the length of an ordinary walking-dress, made to button from throat to hem. It is quite snug-fitting, and with no extra fulness in the skirt to get in the way of the machine. This seems to me a most sensible and healthful style of garment, and one which I can recommend with good conscience, for it does away with all fripperies, unless one cares for a little plaiting around the hem, and it prophesies a new era of naturalness in feminine dressing. No style of dress since Athenian days has been more natural, simple, and artistic than the form called the princesse. It dispenses with multiplied bands around the waist, and if the under-clothing is arranged in like manner, it gives the freest scope for the play and development of the vital muscles. A lady-rider will do well to put away the corset altogether. There are well-fitting waists which answer the purpose infinitely better, and dispense with the unhealthful pair of steels.

No white or light-colored garments should be worn beneath the dress. Dark merino stockings, the color of the suit, are preferable, and if wide knickerbockers are substituted for skirts, a great advantage will be found in freedom and grace of movement. The present style makes a cap of the gown material quite the thing,

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and dark strong gloves, preferably of dog-skin or chamois, should be worn. Gloves are an expensive item, unless one gets the best and strongest. But a good pair of dog-skin gauntlets or mosquetaires will outlast a deal of strain and friction. It often happens that a novice finds herself taking hold of the wheels instinctively to help a little at some sharp incline, and if carelessness ever causes a sudden scramble, it is good to have gloves that can quit handle or brake hastily without too much wear. Of course a thinner glove is sometimes necessary in summer. Jersey and silk gloves have a tendency to rub a tender hand, and a lady whose hands perspire readily will perhaps be best suited with a lisle glove, cheaply replaced when worn, and of some dark color to harmonize with her dress. For morning or late afternoon, even in summer, the dog-skin gloves will not often be found uncomfortable. They may be purchased with strengthening pieces between the thumb and finger, or these may be put in by deft fingers in a little time, with the help of some bits of chamois-skin. It is a good plan to perforate the palm of the glove, if it is found too warm. It is advisable to wear flannel next to the skin for at least three-fourths of the year in this climate, and this practice does away with an inconvenient number of garments, especially if, as recommended, one wears the union under-garment. For a long run, change of clothing can very easily be taken in the carrying bag or basket of the machine. It is scarcely necessary to add that a display of jewelry or ribbon-ends is quite out of taste for the tricycle rider. It is better to wear a low shoe, a Newport or something of that style, when riding; but this is not quite indispensable. A lady who wishes to try wheeling should not feel that an expensive special outfit is necessary, and that one cannot mount, even for experiment, without having spent time, money, and anxiety in getting up a costume. But as she rides, each will determine by her own likings and needs what is best for herself in the matter of dress. And if, for example, one prefers a Jersey, another a Newmarket, and the third the ordinary bodice, it will not materially affect the advantages to be gained.

The rider is often asked if it is not hard to propel the tricycle. I did not find it so, and in one of my early rides I had the possibility of its easy learning demonstrated very practically. I called at the house of a friend who has two daughters, strong, active girls, aged sixteen and twelve years. The elder tried the machine for a short distance and pronounced herself much pleased with it. Then the younger one begged to be allowed to mount. Her mother cautioned her to be wise in her riding, adding that the little maiden pulled the strongest oar of any girl on the lake which was one boundary of their lawn. To our surprise, she ran lightly off for a mile and returned with no fatigue, no accidents, a charming color and an immense enthusiasm over her first trial of the tricycle.

"But does it never tire you?" I have been asked. Oh, yes, indeed — at first. For a person not endowed with the elastic vigor of my little friend it takes several attempts to ride even a short distance with no lameness or fatigue.

But if one is very careful at first not to ride to the point of weariness and exhaustion comparatively little resolution is needed to persevere, until, as in horseback-riding, the exertion gives exhilaration instead of fatigue. And, fond as one may be of saddle and bridle, she must own the advantages of the tricycle. The best of horses will sometimes frighten or grow stubborn; and, when one compares the awkward, unsafe, and unhealthful position which the side-saddle enforces with the upright naturalness of standing on the pedals of a tricycle, the advantage of the latter is patent. When seated rightly, well forward on the saddle, the knees will be perfectly straight, and the action in pedalling be as free and natural as in walking. The toes should rest on the front bar of the pedals, and the ball of the foot act as the leverage of propulsion. The vertical position is far easier, and if, in riding, the saddle should slip down to make the bending of the knee possible, it should be promptly raised by means of the wrench always to be found in the tool-bag which is fastened to the tricycle. Every lady-rider should get thoroughly familiar with the contents of that tool-bag, and learn to manage her steed herself in case of any slight irregularity in its action.

One soon comes to have something the same attachment for a tricycle that a favorite horse inspires, and to care for its well-being in much the same way. And though its only food is oil, that should be of the very best, and should be supplied at regular intervals and in suitable quantities. Oil either of the two large wheels at the small hole in the case encircling the axle between the sides of the frame of the machine and

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the inner flange of the wheel. Oil in the four small holes punched in the main shaft connecting the wheels and the central case, by removing the small screw in the middle surface. The crank-shaft should be oiled under the steel spring at each end of the shaft, and the pedals between the cone at each end and the face of the pedal, allowing the oil to run down between the face and the cone. The front wheel is oiled under the steel spring on its hub, and its head by unscrewing the cap on its top and dropping oil into the cap. In a machine with ball-bearings these should be oiled, except the main shaft and the front wheel, at least once a month. The small wheel will demand attention once a week, and the main shaft not more than once or twice during the wheeling season. A piece of chamois-skin is indispensable, and I find that a brush makes a very fine curry-comb for the rubber tires, before the polishing application of the chamois begins on the spokes, handles, and so on. The handles should be almost at the full arm's length, when adjusted for riding. The nearer this rule is obeyed the more power will be gained, especially for going up-hill; but if the handles are placed so that stooping is necessary, the additional power gained is not compensated by the ugly appearance and the swing which is given to the shoulders.

It may be all very well for racing bicyclists to turn themselves into V's and W's of exertion on the track, but it is an ungainly way of adding force, and one that ladies scarcely need be cautioned against. It is true that a few women, both in this country and in England, have ridden "against time." This is only deplorable, but of course there are misuses of all forms of pleasure and exercise. And the ladies with whom wheeling is gaining a real hold are those who care more for the possession of strength than for its display; more for the breadth and beauty of physical culture, and for the common-sense of tricycling, than for any sort of record-making.

Minna Caroline Smith.

SWORD-FISHING OFF MARTHA'S VINEYARD.

MARTHA'S VINEYARD, the large island off the coast of Massachusetts, has lately been invested with a melancholy interest by the wreck of the steamship *City of Columbus* on "Devil's Bridge." My associations with the picturesque island are of a more agreeable character, for it was from its shores that I embarked on my first venture after sword-fish. I was then staying at the little town of Edgartown, at the other extreme of the island from Gay Head, whose warning light proved no safeguard for the ill-fated steamer. My attention had often been attracted to the odd-looking fish with bony projections, or swords, extending from their pointed heads as they lay in heaps on the gray old wharf at the close of a summer's day. Having read exciting narratives of the encounters of these fish with the whale, and of the terrible execution done by their sharp and piercing swords, I was eager to witness the sport of catching them.

As sword-fishing was then a profitable branch of business in Edgartown, which sent large numbers of these finny monsters to the New Bedford, Boston, and New York markets, there was no difficulty in gratifying my wish. All I had to do was to strike a bargain with one of the skippers of the boats that cruised on the sword-fish grounds. It so happened that the man whom I engaged passage with was a veteran in the sport, who, from his long and successful experience, had been called "Sword-fish Dan." He was a weather-beaten old salt, who had seen a good deal of life on the ocean, and, like most Nantucket and Vineyard men, had spent many of his best years on a whale-ship. He was of a middle-height, with a well-knit frame, keen gray eyes, brown hair, that seemed to have faded rather than to have been blanched by time, and a shaggy beard which almost concealed his firm mouth. He looked over fifty, but he was really just on the sunny side of the half century.

When I asked this stalwart mariner whether there was any chance of my catching a sword-fish, he laughed and said, "There's more chance of a fish catching you." Though I knew that these fish were not taken on the hook, I thought that with a little instruction I might be able to har-

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poon one, but the skipper's answer dashed my hopes and made me feel the disadvantage of being a "land-lubber."

As I went on board the sword-fish-boat at about 7 o'clock on a clear August morning there was a good deal of stir on the old wharf where a dozen or more of these craft were fastened. The fishermen were tramping about in their heavy boots, getting their traps ready and talking about the chances of the weather and the prospects for a "haul." It did not take them long to put things to rights on the boats, which were cast off one after another, and rowed out into the harbor. With a favoring breeze the brown sails soon filled, and the craft winged their way over the waters like a flock of ducks.

The sword-fish-boats are built sharp at both ends, like whale-boats, though they lack the lightness and grace of these clipper-like craft. The *Gipsy*, the one in which I sailed, was about twenty-five feet long by six wide. It seemed rather more trim than its companions, and I soon found that Sword-fish Dan took great pride in the appearance of his boat, the paint being kept scrupulously clean and the wood-work of the snug little cabin nicely oiled. The old fellow had a carved figure-head of a gipsy, which he had picked up in some foreign port; and it was this which had suggested the name of his boat, though it was too large to be used on her.

The *Gipsy* was schooner-rigged, but had no bowsprit, its place being occupied by a narrow platform several feet in length, on the outer end of which was an upright iron rod with a wooden cross-piece. This was the support for the harpooner while getting ready to strike the sword-fish.

"How do you know where to find the fish?" I inquired of the skipper, who was saying that they were "scooting out."

"We look for 'em among the mackerel," he answered; "and they've been going off shore lately."

An hour had now passed and the freshening breeze was taking us along gloriously. Edgartown seemed fading away in the distance, and the sword-fish boats were drawing nearer together. One of the three fishermen who formed the crew of the *Gipsy* soon mounted a ladder which was fastened to the foremast, and gazed steadily over the waste of waters. He was on the lookout for the back-fin of the sword-fish, which is the only part of him to be seen above water at a distance.

"There's too many of them white-caps ahead," he shouted, and I could see by the foaming crests of the distant waves that the rough sea was likely to interfere with our sport. Before long, however, the wind moderated, much to my satisfaction, not only on account of the fishing, but because I had begun to feel sea-sick. Still no sword-fish had made their appearance, though some of the other boats had struck them farther out. By direction of the look-out man, our skipper changed his bearings, and soon the orders came to wear away to the southward.

"He's seen one at last," said Sword-fish Dan to me, and looking up I saw the man on the perch intently watching some object amid the waves, and the movements of his hand now guided the steersman. Though I strained my eyes to discover the fish, it was impossible for me to distinguish it among the restless waters. The harpooner had now placed himself on the end of the platform ready for action. I saw his glance quickly shift from time to time as the boat dashed along. I began to realize that a trained eye was necessary to follow the swift, darting movements of the game, and that I should need much practice to track the sword-fish, to say nothing of capturing him.

"Now you can see 'swordy'," said the skipper to me as I leaned forward over the bulwark. Sure enough, there was the great creature, his back, fin and tail being clearly visible, while the sharp black line in front, which stood out against the foamy water, was evidently his sword. The boat had run him down from behind, and as she turned quickly to the helm to enable the harpooner to take good aim at the shoulder, the sword-fish dashed forward as if seeking to escape, but in vain. He was transfixed by the merciless dart of the harpooner. This was barbed so as to take firm hold of the flesh, and was fastened by a line to a pole which was withdrawn when the fish was struck.

The monster plunged and splashed about furiously as soon as he felt the deadly dart, and if the boat had been near enough he would probably have run his sword into it, and perhaps sunk the unsuspecting *Gipsy* with all on board. But Sword-fish Dan had been beforehand with "swordy" as he liked to call the fish. The moment the creature was struck, the boat pushed on ahead of him, and a keg, to which one end of the harpooner's line was attached, was thrown overboard, in order that the sword-fish might wear himself out in his

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frantic efforts to escape. I had read of sword-fish running their weapon through a ship's planking, but I never expected to be so near to one of these formidable creatures.

"Did you ever know of a sword-fish injuring a vessel?" I asked Sword-fish Dan as soon as we had got clear of our prize.

"Yes," said the old whaler; "I remember being down in the Indian Ocean on the bark *Melinda Jane*, from Nantucket, and some of the sailors worried "swordy" for sport, and that made him turn ag'in' the bark. We never knowed what damage he could do till we sprung aleak, and when we landed our cargo the critter's sword was found run way through the *Melinda Jane's* side. He had broken it off there."

Leaving the sword-fish to plunge about the keg, we went in quest of more game, and before long another prize was secured. The third attempt was a failure; the fish, which was of unusual size, dashing forward with such fury, when struck, as to snap the line.

"I've left lots of irons in whales," said Sword-fish Dan, "but this is the first time I ever lost one in 'swordy.'"

It seemed to me a worse fate for the poor fish to escape with a harpoon in his flesh than to be killed outright, but the skipper said the wound would soon heal and the creature be as comfortable as ever. This was consoling to my feelings, and our luck was so good for the next three or four hours as to put the fishermen in excellent humor. Six fish were taken in all. They measured from eight to twelve feet in length, and weighed from two hundred and fifty to six hundred pounds. It was quite a job to pull in the fish at the different kegs or "floats," but all but one were dead when we got alongside, and he was quickly despatched with a lance. I secured three of the swords as trophies of the expedition, in which I had played the part of a contented looker-on.

Alexander Young.

THE WINGED BUILDERS.

AWAKE, awake! O builders beautiful!
O buoyant sailors of the upper sea!
Arouse the norland woods when spring makes null
The cruel frost, and brooks run wild with glee.
Now is the time your airy palaces,
Your fairy walls to rear, with no rude din
Of axe or hammer, or harsh sounds within;
Rather to silver-warbled harmonies
Risen anon, as Orphic legends show
Of that fair city, ages long ago.

Lo! ere the word, the songful company,
The little people of the air, arouse
Each other; and their dainty mansionry
Begin amid the tender budding boughs:
Sequestered habitations tapestried
Softer than downy couch of Orient kings.
Where generations of a thousand springs
Have wrought before them, still they will abide;
Where man abideth will their dwelling make,
And all the world is gladder for their sake.

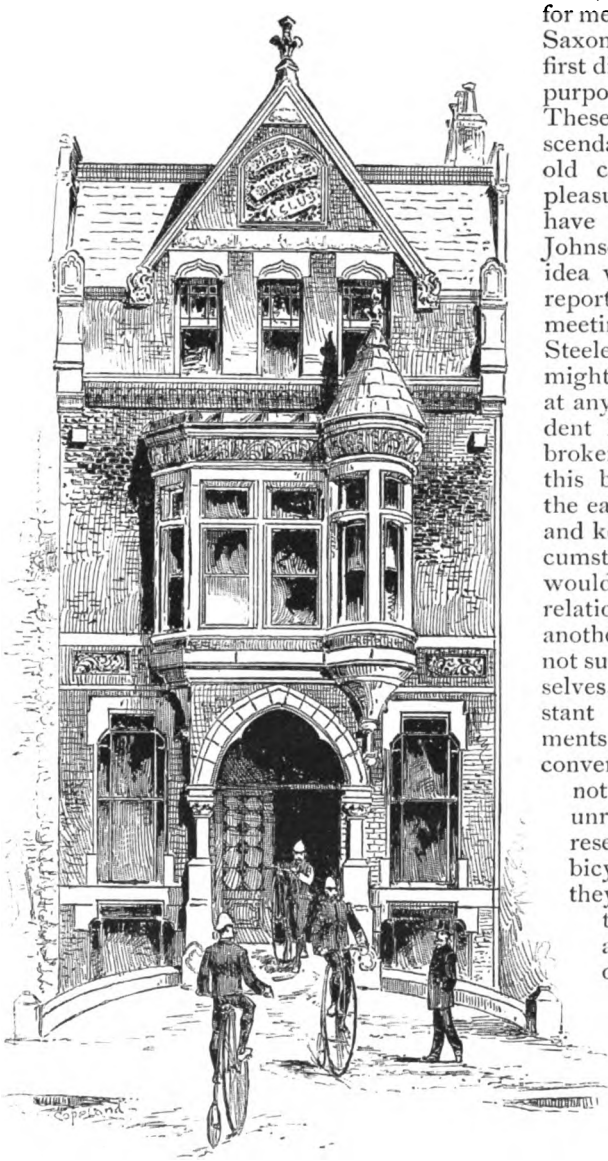
Emily S. Oakey.

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THE NEW HOUSE OF THE MASSACHUSETTS BICYCLE CLUB.

ILLUSTRATED BY MEMBERS OF THE CLUB.

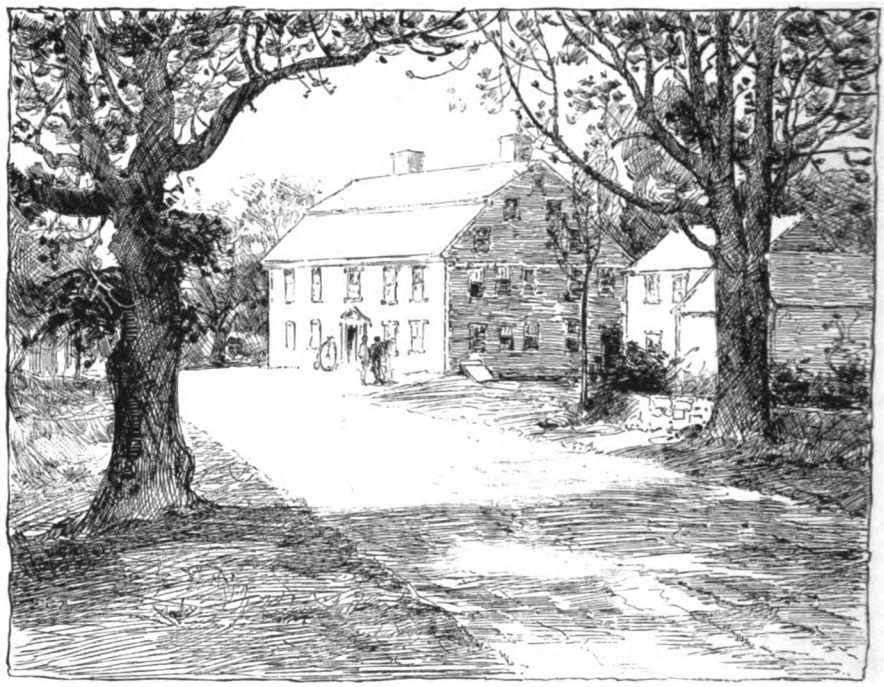
HEBRAIC philosophy asserts that two unities combined accomplish ten times as much as one of them acting alone. Here is the germ of the modern club idea. Organization and concentration is power; isolation is weakness. It is not surprising that an idea so early discovered should have been taken advantage of, and that in ancient Italy and elsewhere traces of club organizations should be found which existed, not for political objects only, but for mere social amusement. The Anglo-Saxon races would never have been the first discoverers of the club idea for the purpose mentioned in the last phrase. These are they (and we are their descendants), who, in the language of the old chronicler, Froissart, took their pleasures sadly. But, fortunately, we have other blood in our veins. Dr. Johnson gave the truly modern club idea when he defined it, as Boswell reports "an assembly of good fellows meeting under certain conditions." Steele proposes a club which a man might join without opposition who had at any time broken a rib. The president himself must at some time have broken his neck, "for the more maims this brotherhood shall have met with the easier will their conversation flow and keep up; besides, the different circumstances of their falls and fractures would help prolong and diversify their relations. But there should also be another club, of such men who have not succeeded so well in maiming themselves, but are, however, in the constant pursuit of these accomplishments." This is a slant at the common conversation of fox-hunters. Steele did not have bicycles in mind! The unregenerate might think so; we resent the calumniation. Let all bicyclers take warning, and see that they do not create an impression that the chief amusement of the average wheelman is the number of falls he can narrate.



THE CLUB HOUSE, NEWBURY STREET.
(Drawn by Charles Copeland.)

There is something in bicycling or tricycling exceedingly promotive of good-fellowship. All those varied relationships of life which tend to gravity (no pun is intended), worry, care, and so forth, are left behind, and men are boys again. When riding purely

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THE WAYSIDE INN, SUDBURY.
(Drawn by Frank G. Parker.)

for recreation, and a release from business and professional anxieties, in no way is its purpose so well subserved as in club fellowships, where there is an harmonious fusion of different elements. This sooner or later becomes the case in every organization where the true club idea asserts itself, and nothing offensive, morally or socially, to the true gentleman comes to the front. It might seem invidious to show how it has been Bicycle Club to embody these principles in that organization, and to indicate the the labor of the leaders of the Massachusetts extent of the success which has attended this effort; but, in connection with the new house, it is not alien to s peak of the unanimity and enthusiasm with which the work of rearing this commodious structure has been taken in hand by the club. The number of those who have had no share in this work is so inconsiderable that the writer, perhaps, should hardly mention it. It is doubtful, taking into account the size of the club, whether this could be paralleled.

Bicycle clubs exist not alone in England and America, but throughout the continent of Europe, from Spain to Russia, and in India, New Zealand, Australia, and elsewhere. For the wheel (by which word I include all pedo-motive vehicles) so impresses any who will simply interrogate experience, that it easily wins its way around the world, being heartily welcomed, not merely as an exhilarating method of exercise, but also as a convenient means of locomotion.

Though the bicycle is so universal, bicycle club-houses are not. And the building of these is confined to the United States, where the best development of the bicycle-club idea is seen. We use no qualifying word in saying this, being confident of its substantial correctness. There are bicycle club-houses in the United States built for that purpose by the clubs that occupy them. But the Massachusetts Bicycle Club-house stands alone, not merely in the finish of the exterior and the pleasing combination of beauty and use within, but also in another particular. The only other club-house now in the United States worthy to be compared with it rests upon land held by lease; but the tenure by which the land of this club-house is held is exclusive right, vested in a corporation in which the club has a controlling interest.

The subject of building a club-house was first agitated during the winter of 1883-4. To many it looked like a heavy undertaking. At the regular monthly meeting, Feb. 5, 1884, the first steps were taken. At that meeting it was "*Voted*, that a com-

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mittee of eight be appointed, of which the president of the club shall be chairman, whose duty it shall be to inquire into the subject of new quarters for the club, and report on the same." This committee consisted of the president of the club, Henry W. Williams, Esq.; Colonel A. A. Pope, A. D. Claflin, G. E. Chandler, A. S. Parsons, Colonel George Pope, Professor F. W. Freeborn, and E. O. Winsor. In the conception of, and the responsibility for the carrying out of, the plans which mature into finished results, it will be generally found that one man has been at the bottom of things in the starting, and at the back in pushing the project into successful completion; and in the present case there is no exception to the rule. This beautiful structure, dedicated to the whirling wheel, owes its existence to the agency of one man, Colonel Albert A. Pope. At the regular monthly meeting of the club, held on the fourth of the March following, the committee recommended "that the Massachusetts Bicycle Club take steps to form a corporation for the purpose of purchasing land and building a club-house." This was unanimously adopted. The preliminaries toward this recommendation were entered upon the same evening.

The days following that meeting will

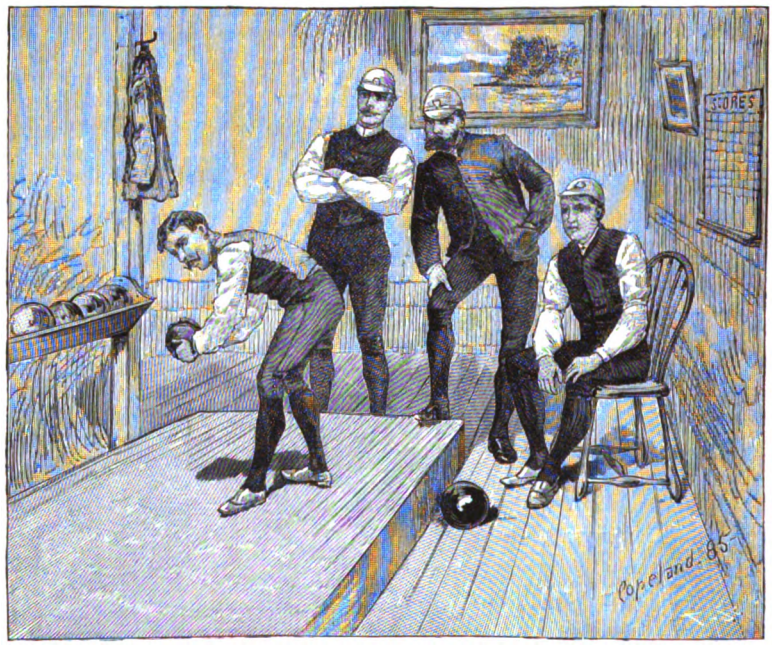


FIREPLACE IN THE PARLOR.
(Drawn by Henry Sandham.)

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not soon be forgotten by any connected with the club. They were days of ceaseless activity for club interest. It was well that it was not the regular riding season. The large road records, for which this club is famous, would have been seriously interfered with. In looking over a file of club calls, etc., in the possession of the writer, he finds that the day following the adjournment of the last-mentioned meeting the president issued, on behalf of the committee, an address to the members. To show the spirit which animated the club, let us quote from it the assurance of success with which it closes: "Have no fears as to the result. Success is just before us. It is already assured. With your help we will make it certain and be housed, as we should be, long before the leaves fall." Few of us knew that the study of inventions, and the intricate details of the patent business were so conducive to eloquence. But we concluded that the bicycle did it. The last prediction, however, was not realized. The building was reared before autumn, but was not ready for occupancy. It was necessary that the membership be largely increased, and that in the club itself the larger part of the stock should be held, so as to put the control of the property where it naturally belonged.

The land on which the new club-house stands is on Newbury street in the familiar "Back-Bay" section of Boston, where have been reared some of the finest residences and churches, and where has been laid out (all on "made" land) the best streets in "the Wheelman's Paradise." It is in a section of the city where land is sure to rise in price with the lapse of years, and the club esteems itself fortunate in obtaining a location so excellent and convenient. Wheelmen coming to Boston on their own conveyances generally ride into the city from the south or west, and the new club-house is so situated that the way is over good riding even to the door.



THE BOWLING ALLEY.
(Drawn by Charles Copeland.)

The exterior of the building is pleasing. The architect is Mr. George F. Meacham, of Boston. The style is Gothic. In the centre of the façade is a large bay-window projecting from the second floor; on the south of which is an oriel window supported by a stone base, and surmounted by a finial. Two gargoyles, side by side, in their stony calmness give no suggestion of the athletic exertions that will be put forth in the room to the outer wall of which they are attached. A little above these, on a terra-cotta panel, are the words, "Massachusetts Bicycle Club." Rising from the roof, and exactly in the centre, is another

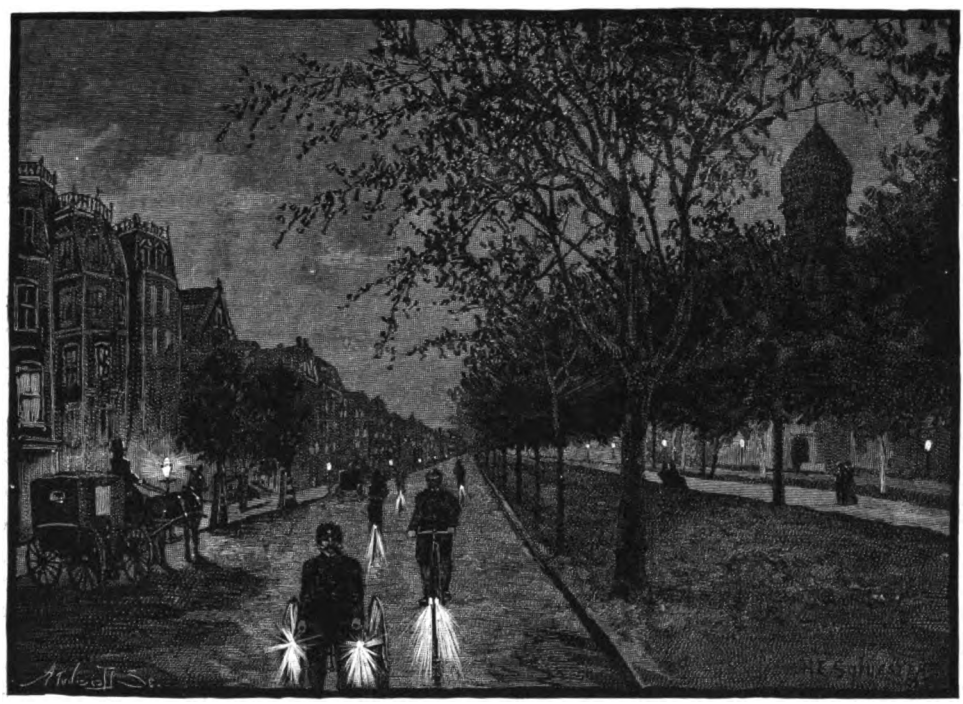
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finial which gives the appearance of symmetry and relieves the eye amid the diversity of details.

On entering, one finds, what he would naturally expect, that he is in the wheel-room. This runs back ninety feet, being the whole length of the building. Its sides are sheathed in ash five feet high. The only break in the room is a staircase which rises from the centre of the floor, which is the situation of each staircase. The stairway is lighted by a skylight. Behind the staircase of the wheel-room is a large iron sink, built somewhat low, provided with hot and cold water, and the floor, for a sufficient space adjoining it, is gradually depressed to a centre, where is placed an iron strainer and waste, connected with a pipe below the floor to carry off water. This arrangement is for washing wheels, and is a bicycle prophylactic which every wheelman will appreciate.

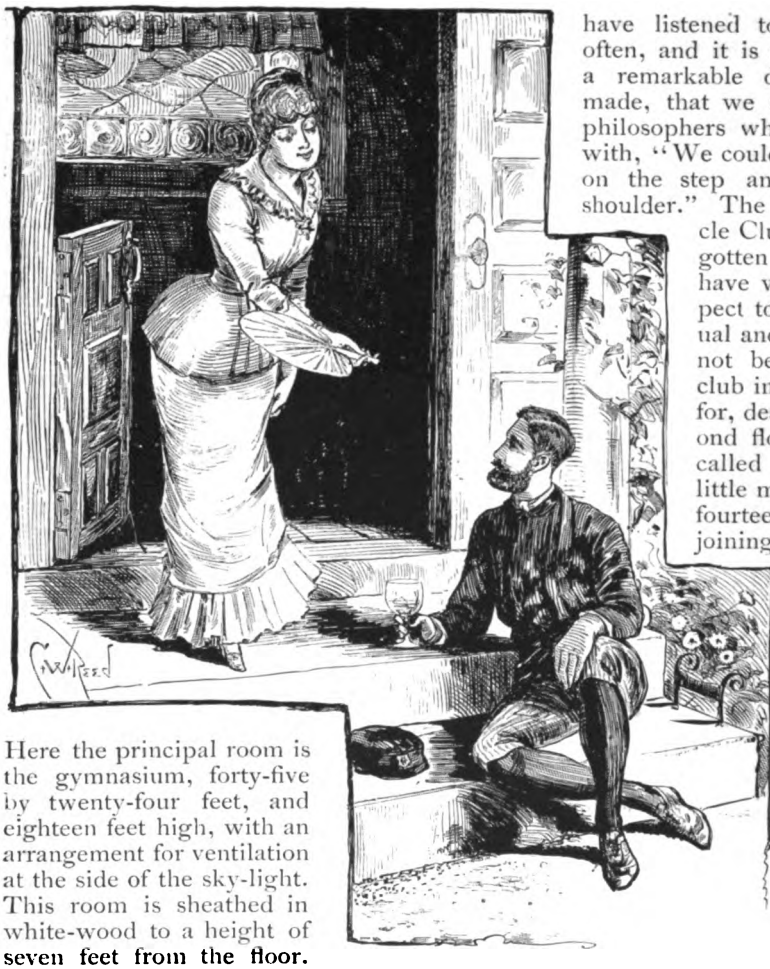
Ascending, we reach the second floor and find ourselves in the locker-room. The lockers (seventy-two on each side) are so arranged as to make alcoves which are curtained off, forming dressing-rooms for those using the lockers. Sliding-doors connect the locker-room with the club parlor, which is thirty by twenty-four feet. It is tempting now to stop long here (it always will be). Whatever can contribute to comfort and refinement will be found in this room. Here is a fireplace made of pressed brick, with terra-cotta tiles, and altogether eleven feet long, with spacious room for the yule log. Different colored bricks make a decorative hearth. When the fierce north winds are sweeping through the streets of the Back Bay, piling up the snow in fantastic shapes, then will gather around this cheerful place members of the club, who will tell of astonishing rides in the sweltering dog-days; and how everything and everybody — but the narrator — "got left." Or, sinking down into one of those comfortable, stuffed, cherry chairs, covered with maroon leather, will grow retrospective, and, watching the flashing sparks, will recall that night returning from the run to Newton over Commonwealth avenue when — but it is the club's house we are to write of, and not the club's experiences. On the walls of the parlor will hang some results of the skill and cultivated tastes of members' wives and lady friends.

But it is time to go to the third floor.



A NIGHT RUN ON COMMONWEALTH AVENUE.
(Drawn by H. E. Sylvester.)

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A CALL BY THE WAY.
(Drawn by Charles W. Reed.)

Here the principal room is the gymnasium, forty-five by twenty-four feet, and eighteen feet high, with an arrangement for ventilation at the side of the sky-light. This room is sheathed in white-wood to a height of seven feet from the floor. Here the club meetings will be held. On this floor is the janitor's sleeping-room. Here also is the main bath-room, with shower-bath, douche, and hose with sprinkler; in short, any dusty member of the club need only reduce himself to an Edenic condition, turn on everything there is to be turned, and with streams from above and below, and firing all round him, return to civilization in a state satisfactory to himself and all concerned. There is also a bath-room on the second floor near the locker-room. In fact, arrangements of this kind are necessarily ample on every floor.

We have not yet noticed the basement. While passing thither mention should be made of another room on the second floor. The uninitiated charge the bicycle with fostering selfishness. It has an exclusive look. How often the writer is met with, "Ah, but you cannot take your wife on it!" Now we never said we could. We have listened to that statement so often, and it is always offered as if a remarkable discovery had been made, that we simply puzzle these philosophers when we reply at all with, "We could if she would stand on the step and hold on to our shoulder." The Massachusetts Bicycle Club men have not forgotten that many of them have wives, and more expect to have, and this actual and prospective fact has not been ignored by the club in its new club-house. for, descending to the second floor we find a room called the ladies'-room, a little more than sixteen by fourteen feet, with an adjoining room in which is a mirror, set-basin, etc. This is planned for the wives and lady friends of the members when the club gives a reception or sociable. Whether the ladies who use this room shall belong to the attached or "unattached," it will always give members of the club much pleasure to meet them. When the ladies'-room is not in use by its designated occupants, it will be available as a writing room.

Before reaching the basement the visitor will have noticed, especially if it be evening, the chandeliers. The principal ones are appropriate for a bicycle club-house, for they are of a special wheel design.

Descending to the basement floor we find it not gloomy and damp, but light and dry, nine feet and six inches high, with extremely large windows, not quite six feet below the street level in front, and very much less below the level of the rear street. The principal feature of this part is a bowling-alley, where flexors and extensors will gather power for many a hill-climbing contest. Here also is a pressed-brick fireplace, resembling the one in the parlor, but not so large. Here is a sideboard from which coffee will be dispensed, and lovers

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READING ROOM.

of that fragrant beverage can prepare themselves for facing the chill of autumn and winter, or, in summer, partake of cooling drinks to neutralize the calorific rays. Alcoholic drinks will find no place here or anywhere else in the club-house. The club has never been ashamed of its stand on what is technically termed temperance. It has been termed in derision "The Milk Club," because of its favorite summer drink when on a run. Its road records justify its choice. On this floor, also, in an apartment walled in by itself, is a lusty Chilson furnace, with its many radiating pipes extending throughout the building.

We have not said all that could be said about this, the only bicycle club-house in New England built expressly for that purpose, and the best for that purpose in the world. One thing, however, remains to be said. In this utilitarian age it may be asked, why rear such a structure? What practical use will it be? Why not have something cheaper? etc., etc. It is a consolation that these same questions are asked of every institution that exists among men, which departs from mere money-making. It would be a sufficient justification on the score of utility to say that a large number of the members live in towns around Boston and do business in the city. They prefer riding into Boston on their bicycles instead of on the cars, from eight to nine months of the year. To have a place to put their wheel and change their clothes is almost to them a necessity.

But waiving all this, we meet these questions in another way: The rear end of the new club-house faces the "New Old South" church, — a splendid architectural pile, consecrated to the highest interests which concern immortals. The new club-house abuts on the substantial yet exceedingly tasteful structure built by the Boston Art Club, which gives itself to fostering talent, genius, and taste, by its oft-recurring exhibitions. Not far away are the Museum of Fine Arts, the Boston Natural History Museum, and the Institute of Technology. It is not inappropriate that while there are buildings in this most beautiful section of "the Modern Athens" consecrated to art, to science, to religion, there should also be a structure, first-class in all respects, without and within, consecrated, not, indeed, to art, to science, or even to religion, as such; nor, indeed, only promotive of the social amenities, but also to pure blood and firm muscle; in short, to health, without which men are illy-prepared to take part in any of life's manifold activities.

S. H. Day.



(Drawn by L. S. Ipsen.)

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LIGHT-DRAUGHT YACHTS.

An almost universal prejudice exists against light-draught yachts as safe sea-going craft. It is the intention of the writer to prove, theoretically, as he has already done in practice, that there is absolutely no foundation for this general hostility to moderate displacement, as a principle, while there is, on the contrary, every reason why the yacht of the future should draw as little water as is consistent with safety, sea-worthiness, and speed.

Why do our wealthy yacting men dismantle their vessels and put them out of commission at the first hint of autumn's chill? Simply because their excessive draught of water precludes their entering almost every port along our Southern coast, and forbids their owners making use of the vast cruising, fishing, and shooting facilities afforded by the sounds and bayous stretching in an almost unbroken line from Delaware to Texas. To state his case plainly, so that there may be no mistaking his position, the writer will at once say that what he means by a light-draught yacht is a sailing-vessel designed and equipped for pleasure-cruising, and drawing, say, twenty-four to thirty inches of water on a length of hull of sixty to seventy feet, or with about this proportion of draught to any given length. "But," exclaim the deep-keel gentlemen, "such a nondescript cannot by any possibility be sea-worthy, weatherly, or safe." If these gentlemen are asked why this is their opinion, they will probably reply: "Because such things have never been accomplished." In thus replying, however, they will not be producing an argument, but will simply be making a statement unsupported by fact; for it may be said with perfect truth that five yachts, of about sixty feet in length, and none of them drawing more than twenty-nine inches of water, have in the past four years sailed in safety, and speedily, from New York to Florida in the months of November and December.

There is no reason why a light-draught vessel may not be sea-worthy. All our most favorably known sea-going steamships draw but little water, in proportion to their length; and in practice it is found that what can be successfully done in naval performance on a large scale can also be accomplished on a small one. It may be said that sailing-yachts of light draught have usually proved poor sea-boats. This is quite true, not, however, because the *principle* is at fault, but that the problem has been neither scientifically studied nor intelligently solved. The rock upon which many of our yacht-designers split is excessive breadth of beam. A very wide, shallow boat cannot be comfortable or safe in a heavy sea; but give her a narrow beam, not exceeding one-fourth her length, and nothing is easier (when one knows how) than to produce a yacht that shall face the roughest sea and outlive the dangerous and greatly overrated cutter. But what is there to prevent a narrow, and at the same time shoal craft, from capsizing under the force of the first fresh breeze? Nothing; *if* she be not properly shaped, with a suitable weight of ballast stowed in the right place, and if she has not the correct form of sails, with well-proportioned spars. In the first place let us consider the shape and dimensions of her hull, — and it may here be stated that having, within five years, built, rigged, and sailed some forty or fifty light-draught yachts, the writer feels tolerably confident that he knows what he is talking about.

If we require a sea-going craft capable of accommodating a party of eight or ten, including crew, in comfort, she should be sixty feet in length by fourteen feet wide on deck, with a depth of hull of five and a half feet. Her bottom must be flat amidships, and have a width at the latter point of nine and one half feet. From midship section to bow her bottom gradually changes in shape, until, near the bow, it assumes the form of a very sharp entrance, somewhat similar to that of the well-known whale-boat. Her run aft and her stern are more difficult to describe satisfactorily; but these parts of her bottom also change from a dead-flat until they show a section like an obtuse-angled Roman letter V. It will be seen that there is only one point at which our yacht's bottom is absolutely flat, and that her sides have each a flare of two and a quarter feet. This flare of the sides is a matter of the utmost importance to a light-draught, high-sided boat, as it causes her stability to increase as she heels over under pressure of the wind, and results in her being actually stiffer when lying

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nearly on her beam-ends than even when in an upright position; although it can be truly said that such a yacht possesses also greater *initial* stability than is possible in any other form.

A yacht of the dimensions named will draw twenty inches water when she is launched, and twenty-six inches after her ballast is stowed and everything in cruising trim. Her centre-board should be eighteen feet in length by six feet depth. Such a yacht *cannot be capsized*, provided she is designed, rigged, and ballasted in conformity with carefully tested rules. She ranks with the steadiest and safest of sea-boats, because, on account of her sharp form and easy water-lines, combined with her great buoyancy, she not only meets and divides the on-coming wave without shock, but she at the same time gently rises over the obstruction in such easy fashion that, even when beating to windward in a heavy sea, it is rarely the case that any water wets her deck.

She also requires a smaller area of sail than any other type of yacht. This renders her one of the handiest of boats. In fact, she is so easily managed that, if her length does not exceed sixty-five feet, two men can get her under way, and cruise anywhere in her without the slightest trouble. Add to all the above enumerated good points her quality of *unsinkability*, under any circumstances, when in cruising trim, with the fact that her form and method of construction render her an exceedingly strong craft, which can be run ashore, or beached even in quite a rough sea, without injury, and surely we must look far to find anything more suitable for common-sense yachting.

As to the sail-carrying capacity and safety of the light-draught type of yacht above partly described, it is further necessary to say that the writer has cruised in one of them, forty feet in length, way outside of Block Island and Martha's Vineyard, in all kinds of weather, without having ever been able to discover that his yacht possessed such a thing as a "vanishing point of stability." He has allowed her to be knocked down on her beam-ends, until both centre-board and rudder were entirely clear of the water, yet she righted at once on easing the jib-sheet, without having shipped one drop inside of cockpit or hull. With everything of the best, such a yacht costs one half the price of a cutter of equal length.

Thomas Clapham.

A WHEELMAN'S PICTURE-GALLERY.

No gallery hung with paintings rare,
And graced by sculptured marble fair,

May be his lot; yet the wheelman's heart
Has treasures richer than wealth of art.

Ten thousand pictures of earth and sky
Are his to hold while the years go by;

No light can fade them, no eye make dim;
Bright memories ever shall dwell with him.

When the world is wrapped in winter's snow
And the ice-hung branches, bending low,

Rock in the strength of the north wind's blast,
He dreams of the summer days gone past.

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One picture is his of hill and stream,
Weird and bright in the moon's pale beam;

Another is gay with autumn's blaze,
With trees of scarlet, and purple haze.

Resting on mountains and far-off dales,
Through the golden air the thistle sails;

The asters bend as his wheel flies by
And maple-leaves on his pathway lie.

Once more he beholds a valley fair,
And feels the touch of its perfumed air;

He knows each path in this cool retreat,
Its fern-decked dells, and its fountains sweet.

Or, again he sees the mirror lake,
Where the pure-voiced echoes oft awake

At notes from the wheelman's bugle clear,
And carry the music far and near.

Now, memory paints a rocky shore
Where the foaming breakers ceaseless roar;

In a sunny cove the bright sands lie
And white gulls over the waters fly;

A wonderful veil far out at sea
Has hidden the ships in mystery;

The distant waters, like opals rare,
Are changing shades in the noonday glare.

But the fairest picture of them all
Is a face that hangs in memory's hall.

And this secret dear the lover knows:
That when smiling spring shall melt the snows

His wheel must speed without resting-place
Till search is done, and he finds the face.

Greylock.

Google

ON TWO WHEELS TO LORETTE.

It is possible to go to Lorette by train; it is also possible to go in the jog-trot respectability of a cab; but the most delightful possibility in the way of getting there is to go in a *calèche*. Delightful, that is, if there is enough of the exuberance of youth in one's composition to make the somewhat uncertain movement of that vehicle rather enjoyable than otherwise. But if you are afflicted with any muscular malady, my tourist; if you have ever before been led to suspect the existence of the necessary joints in your anatomy; if you are even unhappily predisposed toward solidity and security, beware of that mode of transit.

If you look in your guide-book you will doubtless find the exact number of miles that lie between Quebec and La Jeune Lorette. You will also find whether the traveller thither turns his face north-east or north-west in his happy journey. I do not know, and I have lost my guide-book. I have a vague recollection, however, that the distance therein laid down is nine miles. Nine miles perhaps, if one were sleepy and comfortable, at least twenty to the tourist from a flat, far country, who rides in a *calèche*.

The Minstrel sustains the fraternal relation toward the writer. He doesn't belong to a troupe, but he has a sneaking regard for an *encore* in amateur musical performances. Hence the appellation. Jack goes with us to point out the "objects of interest." Jack is our cousin.

At half-past one our conveyance, with its slender French driver, is at the gate. At a quarter to two we start, the intervening fifteen minutes being occupied with getting into it; a process that looks easier than it is to the majority of people, — the class afflicted with petticoats. Once in a *calèche*, every lady has confessed herself a stranger and a tourist, for Quebec feminity disdains transport by any such ignoble means. The maid or matron who has at command neither a private carriage, a market-cart, nor the wherewithal to make her journeys in a cab, threads the highways and byways of Quebec on foot.

With a spring and a jolt we are off. The Minstrel and I behind, Jack sharing the driver's seat, but facing us. Straight out the Grand Allée, over the very perfection of a smooth roadway, our sturdy Canadian pony travels along at a gait we would not alter. Now we have passed the last stone house rejoicing in a Mansard roof; we are in the country, Jack says. It does not look like the country to Western eyes, educated to expect comfortable two-story brick farm-houses with big barns behind them, trim lawns before, and glowing fields of grain stretching away on either side. This is one long tawdry village on both sides of the way, each absurd little frame-house looking as if it might have tumbled by accident into its equally absurd little market-garden, with an acre or two behind it, a shed on one side, and a horse, dog, pig, and black-eyed baby roaming in pleasant fraternity all over the premises. These homes of the *habitants* might all have been constructed upon one pattern, — two-thirds steep roof, a wooden balcony in the last stage of dilapidation, a couple of tiny windows, and a door, the whole house reminding one forcibly of the Noah's Ark of one's infancy, — but they certainly display originality in the matter of color. Not a house is painted exclusively in one tint. Inartistic indeed is that residence which appears decorated only in the three primaries. One palatial piece of architecture had its walls painted in lilac and brown, a bright red roof, and window-shutters of a most startling yellow. Built, as our houses are, in straight and solemn rows, these little edifices would be simply insupportable, but here they seem to assimilate with nature's mood, and borrow an individuality from their indescribably picturesque surroundings. On we go! Jack is of a commercial turn of mind, and points out a cheese factory. The Minstrel lends his faculties to the discussion of cheese factories and other kinds. We bounce past a fragmentary barn that makes a claim to actual dignity in the very patent assumption that nothing could possibly find shelter in it. A small French dog comes yapping out at us to disprove the assertion, but disappears down the road in a voluble dust-whirl in response to the driver's whip.

Here is an ancient dame harnessing up an equally ancient gray mare, in contemplation of a business outing. In her market-cart lie three very skinny fowls, of what denomination we cannot ascertain.

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She talks endearingly to the faithful animal as she fumbles with the harness. At least we think she does, and bend a sympathetic ear in the direction of the soft French accents. What did she say? "Co-bossey! Co-Co-Co-bossey!" Upon my word!

Great bare rocks look out of the pasture land in some places, thinly covered in patches with brown and yellow lichens. Most of the fences are built of big, flat stones, gathered in clearing the fields. All along the road-side is gay with blue chiccory, field-daisies, and lovely plumy golden-rod. Delicate creepers and wild-flowers of exquisite faint colors drape the gray rocks that show their rugged faces every now and then; and bushes with dark, glossy leaves, cling to their slight holding with a tenacity born of many a storm-wrestle.

The journey is full of surprises. We look over a ragged precipice down upon the sleepy brown road winding along its foot; presently it rises behind us, the quick downhill run being made without the slightest excitement on the part of either horse or driver.

Here is a baker's cart, two-wheeled, of course, and open at the back. We catch an appetizing glimpse and whiff of his brown loaves, as we jolt past him. Another odd equipage precedes us, — a small, low cart, containing a boy, a milk-can, and a full-grown Frenchman, all pulled sturdily along by a big black dog.

Now we are in the village. The houses are somewhat thicker. There are a few more shops. A cottage with an extra window bears the modest sign, "Champlain Hotel;" and the old women are decidedly more numerous. With what charm or potion, I wonder, are these yellow old dames acquainted, that their steps are as nimble, and their thin figures as trig as ours at twenty-five? Here at a blue and brown house, where the priest has just alighted, are five of them, all volubly engaged in brushing the dust off his reverence's garments. They are all dressed in black, with the inevitable tippet, all white-capped, all leathery of countenance. I cannot tell them apart.

We have stopped at the end of the main street. There is a sound of many waters, and we precipitate ourselves into the arms of the *calèche*-man, in our wild desire to get the first glimpse of the fall. Just at the brink of a wild ravine stands a dark frame paper-mill. Through the cedar-tops we catch a bit of sunlight foam, and would make in that direction, but Jack is wiser than we, and takes the lead down the steep path, leading to the bottom of the gorge. Scrambling from stone to stone, over gnarled roots, holding desperately on by tangled branches, down we go after him. Glints of sunlight lie across it here and there, but our way lies chiefly through the lovely purple shadow of the tamaracks. A solid wall of rock rises steeply up on one side, marvellous in coloring, tapestried with graceful creepers, exquisite tiny clusters of fern, and mosses of every conceivable green and gray and brown. We hear the water tumbling madly along to the left of us; now we see it. Over a mass of gradually inclined rock the sunlit cascade rushes, broken in a hundred places by dark jagged points and boulders, churned by its own force into a torrent of purest foam, with here and there a swiftly darting flash of crystalline green, or a glimpse of the black, resistless current underneath. Then, as the gorge narrows, the whole volume of the stream tears along a channel one might almost leap, with a dark impetuosity that takes a heavy stone along like a chip — along and away until it loses itself among the pines and boulders farther on.

We stand and gaze. Jack gives the Minstrel some information about the paper-mill. I am impertinent enough to attempt a sketch. To the amateur nothing is impossible.

A young lady and gentleman with a guide come crashing into our quietude. Her sentiments are as pronounced as her costume. She thinks the falls are "elegant," and there is just as much ardor in her artistic American eyes as if she had used a better adjective. Her escort is smoking, and surveys the scene with the air of a critic. Americans are nothing if not critical in Canada. But this one was very good-natured to the fall.

It is five o'clock, not by mere surmise, alas! but by official proclamation from Jack's waistcoat-pocket, which admits of no questioning. Ruefully I survey my ambitious daub, close my paint-box, and prepare to ascend. Up the narrow, crooked path, with its exquisite bordering, we toil again to find our *calèche*-man sitting, reins in hand, anxiously expectant. He takes us home by another road, — a lovely road that shows us snatches of white water, of still pools, of a gray old chateau standing still in the shadows. The sudden swerve of the *calèche* as the pony takes a sharp turn causes our slim young Jehu to lose his

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serenity and his equilibrium. He would be thrown into the middle of the road but for the tenacity of his hands upon the reins and his feet upon the dash-board. I suppose it is a dash-board. As it is, he clings with all his might, the pony never relaxing his home-going speed, until I grasp his coat-tails in alarm, and drag him ignominiously back to his seat. He does not thank me. His English appears to be limited, but the back of his neck wears a hue more eloquent than words all the way home.

All along, the great crimson dahlias nod over the white fences; the grandmothers gossip at the gates, the pretty French children gather great bunches of golden-rod for drying., Here is a field of tobacco, another of so-called coffee, which the thrifty *habitant* grinds and mixes with the esteemed grocery article. Garlic, that redolent vegetable, that causes every street in Lower town to smell to heaven, grows everywhere. Tall elms throw graceful shadows across the road, and the blue-bloused farmers in their yellow fields make a picture for Millet. Now we must look everywhere at once, or lose some part of the wonderful landscape. Away behind us the purple Laurentians, and a grand slope of forest and field, all in the most exquisite evening light and shade. Before us a view seventy-five miles in extent, bounded by the mountains across the St. Lawrence. The soft, rich green of the meadows, the bold outlines of the pines, the quiet tone of the ever-present rocks, the yellow patches of ripened grain, the St. Charles winding its silver length along through it all, make a picture, under the tender blue of an evening sky, that one does not easily forget.

And now we rattle over the bridge and into the narrow street of St. Roch's. The French folk stare at us, — strangers to them are ever strange, — and we return the attention with lively interest. A little steep climbing, and we are once more pacing along the Grande Allée, having added to the treasure-trove of Memory the glories of Jeune Lorette.

Sara Duncan.

TANGLE-LEAF PAPERS. — IV.

HERE are my notes of a short tricycle run made on the second of May, 1884. The trip was far more pleasing to me, no doubt, than I can make it appear to others, but the notes may serve to show how much can be seen, heard, and felt in a little while under the ordinary circumstances of a run; or rather what a mass of observations one can record by the industrious use of one's eyes, ears, and note-book, and pencil, even when nothing really unusual occurs.

I set out quite early in the morning over a good road. A slight rain had fallen the day before, and there were a few puddles here and there, but no real mud. The spring had been a little slow coming, though the wheat-fields were waving ankle high with a rich sward, and the woods were washed over with the tender green of tassels and leaves. A bracing freshness pervaded the air, which was from the south, — a mere breath with a hint of summer warmth in it. No sooner had I cleared the town and got rid of the half-dozen ragged urchins that ran howling after me, as if I might have been mistaken for the advance agent of a circus, than I put on a spurt of power, bowling along in a level lane, with a hedge of *bois d'arc* on one hand and a high board fence on the other. A man walking in the middle of the road ahead of me evidently did not hear me coming, for when I whisked past him he shied like a young colt and glared at me as if he meant to attack me, but I left him so suddenly that I could not analyze his expression further. Somehow this little incident called up De Quincey's "Vision of Sudden Death," — a story which has always seemed to me a most perfect piece of art-work. If you have not read it, I advise you to take it with you on your first outing. It will fill an hour of rest with an enjoyment wholly new. You will understand how it was recalled by the trifling incident above recorded.

My way lay due east for nearly a mile, with the meadow-larks whistling in the fields on my right, and the woodpeckers chattering on the fence-posts to the left. The woodpeckers (those fellows half white and half black and hooded in scarlet) had just arrived from the South, and appeared everjoyed with their surroundings. They

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looked very clean in their shining jet coats and snow under-garments. A toll-gate stood at the end of the lane. I whirled noiselessly through it before the woman who kept it could decide whether my vehicle was down on her list, and ran over a little hill just as the sun cleared the tree-tops in the east. A small boy was riding a big-wheeled plough, to which three fine sleek horses were working abreast. The musty odor of the fresh-turned soil was very pleasant. Blue-birds were dropping into the new furrow behind the plough to get the larvæ of various insects exposed there. Two sparrow-hawks were wheeling in small circles, some fifty feet high, watching for field-mice, or possibly intent on taking one of the blue-birds unaware. There was a worm-fence on one side of the road and the corners were literally carpeted with wild blue-violets. What a pity it is that these beautiful flowers have no perfume! The lack seems to take a great deal from their value when one discovers it. It is almost like finding that a very musical song has no meaning in its sonorous phrases. I now had some stiff work going up a hill on a curve, and then came a smooth bit of coasting, followed by a short stretch through level heavy sand; then across a brook on an iron bridge and into a grove of buckeye trees heavy with young leaves and clustered blooms, about which the wild bees were booming merrily enough. Here I stopped, and, sitting in the saddle, sketched in the rough outlines of a boy who was trying to snare sucker-fish, in a clear eddy of the brook, with a looped wire. The first Baltimore oriole of the season was singing overhead in its peculiar, monotonous way. This bird's song always seems spiral to me, as if it had got a twist in coming forth. On the anchor-posts of an old water-gate, I saw some of the finest lichens I have ever met with; great round rosettes, puffed and ruffled, showing many delicate shades of sap-green, celadon, and gray. Not far from here I found a hill too steep for comfortable riding, and after pushing my machine up it, I was glad to see before me a long stretch of level road through beautiful farms. An apple orchard, too closely set, was beginning to bloom, and a long row of cherry-trees was white as a windrow of snow. What is more expressive of comfortable, worthy wealth and liberal security from the failures of life than a broad, well-kept Western farm? Here were fields of wheat, so wide that they looked almost like prairies, side by side with meadow-lands on which the clover and timothy were thick and green over hundreds of acres; and then the rich black plough-land, too, where soon the corn-planting would begin. Orchards, garden-plats, grazing lands, cattle, swine, sheep, and horses, broad-winged barns, windmills for pumping water, and a spacious residence embowered in maple trees; surely it is well to be an Indiana farmer.

I bowled along at a good rate with my head high, taking in deep draughts of the wholesome air; a long row of beehives in a garden, with the busy workers stirring on their little porches, sweetened the scene with a thought of big white honey-combs and snowy muffins. A fair, yellow-haired child was standing on a stile as I ran past the house, and she looked at me with great surprised blue eyes, holding meantime her little sun-bonnet in her hands. A big brown dog left her side and ran barking after me in a good-natured way for some distance, then turned and leisurely trotted back. A little farther on I stopped to watch a pair of cat-birds in a bit of hedge. They seemed to be looking for a good place in which to build their nest, for the female had a slender wisp of dry grass in her mouth. Up and down and in and out they went, all the time uttering their peculiar mewing cry. Finally the male mounted to the highest branch of the hedge and poured forth a sweet, trickling medley, not unlike the night-song of the Southern mocking-bird, though of far slenderer volume and inferior *timbre*. Why is it that the country folk have a contempt for the cat-bird? I have found this beautiful little songster under a ban from Michigan to Florida, with no one to say a good word for it, and yet, the mocking-bird and brown thrush excepted, it has no rival in America as a singer.

Driving on again my road soon began to descend, growing steeper and steeper, until at length I put my feet on the rest, and, with hand on the brake, coasted at dizzying speed round a long curve down into a dense wood of maple, walnut, and plane trees that bordered a little river. At the foot of the hill I met a man driving a team of six horses hitched to a wagon whereon was a saw-log sixteen feet long and nearly four feet in diameter. The log was tulip, usually called poplar in the West, the *Liriodendron tulipifera* of the botanists, and appeared not to have a blemish of any sort in it. What a grand tree

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it must have been when standing, and for how many Junes it had bloomed in the woods, its huge flowers flaming among its rich green leaves!

For some distance my road now skirted the foot of a bluff along the bank of the river. At one point I stopped for a while to watch a fisherman casting for bass. He was in a little skiff near the middle of the river and was casting down stream with a minnow for bait. He appeared to understand his business, but I got tired and drove on before he caught anything; still I carried away with me a pleasing impression, — in my memory a picture of the silver current breaking around the skiff and the tall graceful angler patiently plying his rod and reel. What fascinating uncertainty there is in angling! What a big fish one is always just on the point of catching! As I write I have in my ears the murmur of every brook from Canada to the chestnut-covered hills of North Georgia.

Turning aside from the main road I pushed my tricycle up a steep, stony hill and, mounting, soon found myself following the meanderings of a narrow cart-way, overshadowed by wide-branching beech trees just beginning to show their leaves. A half-mile of slow riding brought me to a thicket of wild plum bushes loaded with their fragrant white blooms, amongst which bees and other insects were glancing and humming, and a number of small yellow-green fly-catchers were actively engaged in a restless pursuit of their proper food. I gathered a big bunch of these odorous plum-sprays and bound it fast to the handle of my brake lever so that I could have with me in my further journeying the fruity breath of the wild orchard. Running down a long rut-furrowed slope, and then over a damp flat in a cool, shady hollow, I came to a nasty little stream sweeping through a narrow bog. Here I called a halt for consultation. That mud looked deep and treacherous. I saw where a wagon had been pried out of it with fence rails. There was nothing to do but get across, however, so I fell to work, carrying pieces of logs, rails, fallen boughs, &c., until I had made a quite respectable corduroy bridge, over which I pushed my machine with perfect safety; then I had to lift it over a large log that had fallen across the road. In fact I did not mount again for a quarter of a mile, at the end of which I found myself at the source of the road, where it appeared that I was caught fast between a huge old red barn and a weather-beaten but comfortable looking farm-house. A brawny, grizzled man with a hammer and monkey-wrench was tinkering with a disabled plough. I approached him cap in hand and mopping the perspiration from my face. He immediately showed a deep but quasi-contemptuous interest in the mechanism of the tricycle. I plied him with questions as to his crop-prospects, and was soon on easy terms with him. I got a drink out of a sweet old gourd at his well, and obtained permission to ride across his wide pasture land to a road a half-mile distant. I mounted in his barn-yard, and, while he held open a big gate for me, dashed out at my best speed into the level grass-field, where the dandelions shone like stars. A herd of steers, as I approached them, eyed me wildly for a while, then ran away at a thundering pace, with their tails whirling and their heads high in air. I had to push across thirty acres of fresh ploughed land (a very uninteresting and tiresome operation) before I reached the road. Now came a long spin over a surface just damp enough to be elastic, and although the road-bed had been gravelled it was quite free from ugly stones. The air had freshened and was blowing in sweet gusts from the south.

The sunshine was growing in power; one could almost hear the buds exploding. A clover-field beside the road was a lovely sight, though not yet in bloom. Its dark-green tufts looked as if they had gushed out of the earth in a moment of ecstatic impulse. Indeed, some occult force made itself manifest in every bud and blade, and stalk and leaflet, from which one could not fail to catch a fine mental tonic. I passed a level reach of maple wood in which grew scattered patches of mandrake that looked like the grass-green tents of liliputian armies. In places the ground was rosy-white with the blooms of the claytonia, or yellow with the stars of the adder-tongue. What sweet and sure alchemic recipes Mother Earth gives us, if we could but read them! How unfailing are her schemes for the perpetuation of life, freshness, strength, beauty? These flowers are but the bubbles thrown up from her inexhaustible veins of vital force. Is not this woodsy fragrance which loads the air of spring mere surplus steam from Nature's alembics? and in breathing it do we not take into our blood a trace of her elixir? One's imagination renews itself by absorbing and assimilating the precious exhalations from the countless valves of woods

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and fields. How evenly and perfectly our book-lore blends and shades into what we gather from nature!

> "Spirit of lake, and sea, and river —
> Bear only perfumes and the scent
> Of healthy herbs to just men's fields."

All herbs and plants are healthy and wholesome, too, in their way. I saw a flicker eat the berries of the dreadful night-shade, — not on this tour, for the plant comes later, — and I have known a quail to swallow the seeds of the Jamestown weed with no bad result. But to my tri-cycling.

I soon came to where a broad road, leading homeward, crossed mine at nearly right-angles, and I set my face towards town with a three-mile run before me, over a fine rolling way between incomparably fertile farms. A fox-squirrel ran ahead of me on a fence until I came so near him that he sailed off into a field of wheat, and went bounding through the waving green blades to a lone walnut tree, up which he darted and disappeared in a hole.

The spires of our little city came in sight, gleaming above the maple trees that border the streets. I bumped across the railway track, whirled over a long hill, and descended into the suburbs with my blood tingling, and my memory full of fresh sights and sounds. At nine o'clock sharp I was at my desk.

Maurice Thompson.

TWO DAYS' CANOEING IN THE DROWNED LANDS.

We were planning a canoe cruise down the Delaware from Deposit to Belvidere, and in looking over the map for some water-way back to the Hudson, made choice of the Wallkill river, which, rising in northern New Jersey, flows north-easterly and empties into the Hudson at Rondout. Our investigations led us to believe that, with fairly high water, the canoes could be launched at Hamburgh, New Jersey, a small town near the head-waters of the Wallkill, easily reached from Belvidere by the Lehigh & Hudson River Railroad.

Further researches on old county maps developed the fact that the course of the river for fifty or sixty miles was through a comparatively unexplored tract called "the Drowned Lands," and that these lands had been recently drained by changing the course of the stream and lowering the water by means of a long cut, or canal, at the lowest or northern point. This promised adventure somewhat out of the beaten track, and we decided to try the Wallkill at all hazards, as an interesting finale to our Delaware cruise.

A bright June morning found five of us, brown and somewhat ragged from a ten days' paddle on the Delaware, dozing in the smoking-car of the Lehigh & Hudson River Railroad, bound to Hamburgh from Belvidere. Our canoes were travelling with us, carefully packed in a special freight-car — a great boon, as all cruisers well know, and for which we were duly grateful to the kind and obliging agent at Belvidere. F——, the literary "feiler" and our senior, his gray Knickerbockers considerably the worse for wear, was peacefully snoring under his almost brimless apology for a hat. O——, "the well-preserved man of fifty," was intently poring over his maps and notes, and wondering whether the Wallkill had any actual existence at Hamburgh or not. G——, an energetic Englishman, was crumpled up in a heap; his legs higher than his head, deep in the land of dreams, and oblivious of the world in general. P——, the portly young giant, and C——, the smallest in stature, but by no means in spirit and pluck, were snatching cat-naps between drowsy discussions on the relative merits of their canoes.

The train stopped. "Hamburgh!" shouted the brakeman, and we hurried out on to the platform of the station in a somewhat bewildered condition, for no Hamburgh and no Wallkill was visible. The freight-car was switched off and the train went rumbling out of sight around a curve before we realized our situation. Far off, hidden in the trees, could be seen a roof or two. Could that be Hamburgh? Below, in the bed of the valley, was a small brook. Surely that was not the Wallkill? No one was in sight to answer questions, and there was nothing to be done but look for both town

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and river. Scrambling down the steep embankment of the railroad we found a road leading apparently to Hamburgh. A walk of about a mile brought us to a small village which proved to be what we sought, and with sinking hearts we followed the road which led to the stream. It was the Wallkill, sure enough; and, although nothing but a brook, it was possibly navigable for our little craft. Our spirits, which had been at zero, rose rapidly, and we hastily retraced our steps to the village in search of teams to bring over the canoes to the stream. Close by was the station of the New York, Susquehanna & Western Railroad, which was the point to which we should have gone by taking a branch some miles above, at a place called Franklin.

Here we should have had our canoes within a few rods of the river — instead of a mile or two away on a high bluff. The word *mad* does not express the condition of the party; for, after various inquiries at station and town, teams apparently were not to be had, and switching our car on to the lower road was out of the question. Rage was succeeded by despair, for the day was going fast, and our time was limited. Then appeared unto us one Jake, a native, in cowhides and broad-brimmed straw hat. Jake "calculated" that his boss, who kept the Wallkill House, could get us a light spring-wagon and a "hoss," possibly two. The boss was looked up, and proved a trump. He found two carts, taking charge of one himself and giving Jake the other. Slowly and anxiously one canoe after another was hauled from the car and deposited in the meadow by the water's edge. The whole afternoon was consumed by the portage. Jake, in his enthusiasm and anxiety to put matters through, succeeded in putting a hole clean through the bottom of the *Marion*, O——'s boat. There was no further mishap, and O—— philosophically plugged up the break, with the happy consciousness that all would be tight by morning.

Meanwhile the day was almost gone, and, as the drizzling rain had begun to fall, we went up to the tavern at the urgent solicitation of our kind Boniface, and made havoc with the supper he placed before us, to the evident disapprobation of the maiden with cork-screw ringlets who waited upon the table.

After various inquiries, we came to the conclusion that for at least three days in the Drowned Lands there would be little opportunity of getting provisions. Very little seemed to be known about the river, and, in order to insure ourselves against possible starvation, we ransacked the stores of the village in search of supplies. In addition, every man, to the astonishment of the natives, bought a rake-handle to serve as a set-pole for pushing the canoes, as it was evident from the size of the stream that paddling would be out of the question for the first few miles at least. By bedtime it was pouring. We were a strange looking crowd; caricatures of the "Ancient Watch," in our long rubber coats, with lanterns and poles in our hands, as we wended our way down the high-road to our canoe-beds in the meadow. Our friend, the publican, evidently thought us a little touched in the upper story, in preferring a bed in the field and rain to a dry room and "shake-down" in his abode. "*Experientia docet*," and we knew we had chosen the best berth. Each canoe was equipped with a comfortable little tent, swung between the masts, and buttoned down to the sides of the cockpit, very much like the top of a carryall. In addition, we had for beds thick hair-cushions, spread along the bottom of the boat, on which our blankets were placed, so that we passed a very comfortable and dry night.

We slept like tops, and awoke to find the morning almost clear, and pleasantly cool. After an early breakfast at the hotel we packed up our canoes, and by seven o'clock had launched them one after another in the narrow, brawling stream, which was not wide enough for paddling, and had sometimes less than six inches of water over the little rifts and shallows. For the first few miles the brook twisted in and out, through broad meadows; and as we were in single file we rarely caught sight of each other, the banks on either side being higher than our heads. Every few moments the leading canoe would be brought to a halt by some shallow rift, or other obstruction. Sometimes it was tangled bushes; sometimes a fallen log; and, worse than all, occasionally a barbed wire fence across the stream. While the crew was struggling to get by, all the others would come rushing down upon him, and faithfully follow his example by getting aground, or becoming entangled as he had been. Then we would all be obliged to get out of our boats, and wade and tug to get started again. This work, however, usually fell to the leader, and the

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consequence was that at every stoppage each man showed a wonderful modesty in pushing himself to the front.

For over an hour our course was through the meadows of a broad and fertile valley. Herds of cattle were feeding under the great trees that dotted the fields in groups; and the sun, which now shone out brilliantly, intensified the vivid green of the young grain in contrast with the masses of flowers here and there, and the sparkling waters of the little brook. Gradually the banks became more thickly wooded; groves of maples, elms, and willows, alternating with broad stretches of pasture; the boughs of the trees at times overhanging the water so closely as almost to sweep us out of our boats. In the midst of one of these small groves we were all brought to a stand-still by a natural dam of logs, held firmly in place by a tree which had fallen across the stream. The water had backed up into a pool, so deep that wading was out of the question, the banks on either side were several feet high, and the dam seemed impassable. How were we to get through? was the question.

Finally, after considerable discussion, several climbed up on the great trunk, which formed the main part of the barrier, and tried, by cutting off and pushing away obstructing branches, to make a space large enough for the passage of one boat. It was ticklish business, and we barely escaped several duckings, as the log was narrow, slippery, and very precarious footing. For nearly an hour we chopped and worked away like beavers, with an occasional rest for tobacco and discussion; those sitting in their canoes being especially generous in their offers of advice while they lolled back at their ease, watching the others wield the axe and get thoroughly warmed up in their efforts. After much chaffing, chopping, and poling, we managed to get through, and went on our way rejoicing. But our joy was to be short-lived, for in less than a half hour we were brought to a stand-still again by another log-jam, apparently much worse than the first. We gathered together and discussed the situation. "*Spiritus frumenti*" and pipes were unanimously prescribed before attacking the obstacle, and O—— went ashore to photograph the situation. We were in no hurry, and spent some time under the shade of a group of noble elms, whose branches hung far over the water. Meanwhile two had partaken of the prescription, when G——, in passing the bottle, on his paddle-blade, to his neighbor, lost it overboard by an inadvertent knock. Despair and wrath were depicted on the expectant countenances of the next patients, and, after many forcible remarks, it was unanimously voted that G—— must go in after the flask. The water was nearly up to his waist, but he jumped overboard, and by dint of feeling and kicking with his bare toes, succeeded in rescuing the valuable medicine from the bottom of the brook. When once it reached the surface we took good care to put the contents of the bottle where they could not be lost again. We then attacked the dam with fresh energy; in a short time we forced a passage through, and were speeding on our way to the Drowned Lands.

Soon the marsh began, and the banks of the river, low and muddy, were overgrown with thickets of willows and bushes. Often we had to lie down in the bottom of the boats and pull ourselves along by catching hold of the overhanging limbs. In the midst of the muddiest and "swampiest" of this tract, our way was blocked for at least fifty feet by two great groups of willows, growing almost in the midst of the stream. Getting through by water seemed out of the question, and a council of war was held as to the best way of passing this new and unforeseen obstruction. Finally a "carry by mud" was decided upon. The canoes were hauled up into the soft ooze, and we jumped ashore, sinking above our ankles in the slime. It was a dirty piece of business, and the heat in the thicket was intense. After various experiments, we finally harnessed ourselves, four men to a boat, with the bow and stern painters, and slid them over the mud for some one hundred feet or more at a run. Almost before we realized it the "carry" was made, the mud washed off our legs, and we were once more paddling ahead on our course.

We were now well into the Drowned Lands. The river was wider, deeper, and more sluggish. The shores of dried mud, covered with a luxuriant growth of swamp plants, stretched out into dreary, prairie-like expanses on either side. Herds of cattle roamed about over them, and the stream twisted hither and thither like an immense snake. By noon we found ourselves in the midst of a virgin forest of gigantic trees, principally maple and oak; the total absence of undergrowth giving the shores the appearance of a well-pre-

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served forest park. From the marks on the trees it was evident that all this tract had been submerged for many years, and the lowering of the water, by means of the cut spoken of, had confined the river in its narrow, canal-like bed, leaving a rich soil for the luxuriant growth of water-plants and swamp-grasses which carpeted the earth beneath the trees. In this forest we found a beautiful spot, evidently only an island at high water. Boulders of granite, piled one on top of the other, covered with a luxuriant growth of moss, and shaded by gigantic trees whose branches stretched far out over the stream, made a cool and inviting spot to the hot and tired canoeists. It was undoubtedly the place for dinner and a nap; so we hauled up our boats and scrambled ashore.

The scenery was extremely beautiful, — the narrow river winding in and out in long quiet reaches beneath the great trees, reflecting in its mirror-like surface every light and shadow. Swamp plants, with gigantic leaves sweeping the water, grew in profusion on either shore; and far away in the deep shadows of the forest could be heard the occasional tinkle of the bell on the neck of some stray leader of the herd.

We threw ourselves down on the bank perfectly and utterly contented. But not for long. Clouds of mosquitoes surrounded us, and began a vigorous attack, and in addition the inner man clamored for food. We hurriedly kindled small fires, intent on twofold work, — cooking dinner and smoking out the winged pests. Each man was equipped with a cooking kit, more or less elaborate, according to the fancy of the owner, and a supply of provisions; thereby making each independent of the other. Two weeks' experience had made very fair cooks of all the party, and soon chops, eggs, flapjacks, etc., were sizzling away in various frying-pans. An exclamation from F—— caused us to gather around him and his paper canoe. On turning her over he found to his consternation a large snag sticking in the bottom. It had pierced her shell completely and broken off, wedging itself so tightly that but little water had found its way into the boat. It required a violent wrench to remove it. Matters looked rather grave, for there was a hole as large as a silver dollar. We all proffered the usual amount of advice, with the usual result. However, there was nothing to do but wait until the necessary patching could be done. F—— produced some stiff paper and a bottle of shellac, and set to work to repair damages, while the rest of us went back to our dinner. We managed to while away several hours in eating, smoking, and dozing, — although the latter was a signal failure, the mosquitoes being so savage as to compel several of the party to "take the veil," wrapping their heads in pieces of netting, which they wore for the rest of the day.

By three o'clock, F——'s boat was patched up, after a fashion, and we took to the water again. Our course during the whole afternoon was through a forest, the stillness of which was almost unbroken, save by the occasional call of some swamp-bird. The current of the river was very sluggish, and we paddled along at a rather slow rate. Occasionally the way would be stopped by dead trees which had fallen into the stream; but, with one exception, these obstacles were easily surmounted. In the very heart of a dense grove we came upon a dam of logs and branches, held in place by an immense pine. A careful survey of the obstruction made it evident that it would be almost impossible to cut a way through; and a carry was out of the question, as the banks were high and the forest undergrowth was very dense on either side. It so happened that the trunk of the tree was about two feet above the water. Several, therefore, landed, and, sitting astride of the log, managed to lift the canoes over, one after the other; though this was only accomplished with much work, and considerable risk of a ducking, for the river was very deep and the footing decidedly unstable. Fully an hour was consumed in accomplishing this carry, and we were pretty well tired out by the time we were started again.

As it grew late we began to look about for some place to camp for the night; but the shores seemed utterly impracticable, and we paddled along hour after hour, seeking some dry, high bank, in vain.

Emerging from the heavy forest belt which lined the river, a little before sundown, we came upon a spot which seemed suitable for our purposes. It turned out a lucky choice; there was every evidence of the place having been an old camp, possibly one made by herders, as great droves of cattle were feeding on the prairies, which stretched far off into the distance on either side of the small grove which covered the spot. Whoever had used it had been kind enough to leave a large supply of

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good firewood, carefully cut and split, piled away, evidently, for future use. We, deeming that we had the first right, appropriated it, and soon were warming ourselves by the blazing fire. The rain and mist began to gather, and the atmosphere became cool and raw. Hastily erecting O——'s pyramid tent before the fire, we drew up our canoes in line, putting up the little tents as quickly as possible to protect our property from the storm. A simple supper was soon prepared and hastily eaten, and we gathered in the big tent and crowded close together, trying to avoid the cold and bitter wind which began to blow. The usual prescription was circulated, and the usual camp-fire talk was attempted. But the day had been a long and hard one; soon each dropped off, one after another, and sought his comfortable, dry, canoe-bed, quickly falling asleep to the sound of the drip, drip, of the rain overhead, with the comfortable consciousness of being out of its reach.

If there was one thing for which G—— had an antipathy, it was a cow; but cows somehow or other seemed to have a great liking for him, and it so happened that one visited him very early the next morning, poking her nose into his tent, and waking him with her heavy breathing and snorting close to his ear. He started up with a shout, scaring the beast almost out of her wits and stampeding the entire herd, which stood by watching. The shaking of the earth, and the dull thunder of the hoofs, awoke the entire party, and heads were cautiously poked out of tents in every direction, to see whether it was a veritable earthquake, or the result of a bad dream. When the real cause was ascertained, the remarks made about G—— and his cow were by no means complimentary, as, somehow or other, the tempers of canoeists at early morn are just about as "cranky" as those of less favored fellow-beings. Sleep was out of the question after all the row, except for G—— himself, who, after calmly listening to the various remarks, quietly turned over in his canoe and took another snooze, leaving the rest of us to get up in the cold and drizzle and prepare our morsel of food for breakfast. But this was too much for our good nature, and we routed him out of his warm nest; completely happy when he stood shivering in his light under-clothing.

The morning was gray and cold; the scene wild and cheerless in the extreme. Close by the black and sluggish stream the canoes were grouped under a few old trees with gnarled and crooked trunks. To the right, beyond the grove, the monotonous expanse of prairie stretched far away to a dim line of low gray hills partially shrouded in clouds of mist. To the left, across the river, was an impenetrable forest, dark and forbidding, with a dense undergrowth of swamp-plants and tangled bushes. The silence was almost oppressive. We were threatened with the "blues," and hastened to pack up and get away from our dismal surroundings. Hour after hour we paddled quietly on, sometimes through the deepest recesses of the dark jungle, and then again twisting in and out between high mud-banks, with occasional glimpses of long stretches of waving prairie grasses. In the depths of the woods the silence was only broken by the dip-dip of our paddles. Often we would stop and look about us in sheer wonder at the great size of the trees, and their perfection of form and outline. Snags were plentiful, but not serious obstructions, as a rule. In one broad, marsh-like expanse a great tree lay prone across the stream; the top branches in a thicket of reeds.

The way seemed effectually blocked once more, but a careful examination revealed a place in mid-stream where it seemed possible to squeeze the canoes under the main trunk. G—— went first, scraping quantities of rotten bark into his canoe. O—— came next, and not finding it easy to lie flat, attempted to vault over the trunk as his canoe slipped underneath, and was nearly ducked in the operation. The others passed safely, except F——, who was caught "*in medias res*," like a cat in a bag, on account of the high bow and stern of his canoe. His unfeeling companions seemed to enjoy heartily his frantic efforts to extricate himself, which naturally had an irritable effect upon his temper when he finally emerged from under the tree.

The drizzle had ceased, and the day was cool and unpleasant. As we paddled along we met occasionally a solitary fisherman seated in the extreme end of his dugout, and who, to our inquiries as to the distance to the Cut, would give any answer that seemed to suit his mood. Sometimes it was ten miles, sometimes thirty, and again, one more facetious than his fellows, answered: "It's about fifteen mile, but you'll think it fifty afore you git thar." *And we did.* Such twisting and turning we had never experienced before, and by noon,

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when we stopped for dinner, we were not over five miles in a direct line from camp, though we had undoubtedly paddled fifteen or twenty. We were glad to haul up under the shadows of some small trees on the edge of the prairie, and take dinner and a nap. The grass was strewn with quantities of dried reeds left by the freshet, and these made admirable fuel. In the distance we noticed several herders burning off the dead grass and rubbish; but as they were far to leeward we did not pay them much attention. We had settled ourselves for a quiet after-dinner snooze when we were suddenly aroused and driven to our boats by a miniature prairie fire. The wind had changed, and the fire, kindled by the herders, was rolling towards us with uncomfortable rapidity. Kits, bundles, frying-pans, and traps generally were caught up in a moment and hurried pell-mell into the canoes, in company with the demoralized crews. We took to our heels just in time, for we had no sooner pushed off than the smoke and flames covered the spot where we had been dozing.

As we paddled along, the character of the country began to change rapidly, and hills and rocks told us that we were fast leaving the great marsh behind. A sharp turn in the stream just above Hampton bridge brought us unnexpectedly into a somewhat formidable rapid, shallow and full of rocks. We shot through like arrows, with only an occasional bump, delighted with the change from the monotonous, placid river of the last day. We were treated to a succession of these little rapids, until the Cut was reached. It stretched before us in a straight line for at least a mile, with high gravel banks on either side, and having the general appearance of an old submerged railroad bed. It was a very monotonous paddle, with nothing in sight but the strip of sky overhead. The water was very shallow, and it required constant care to avoid grounding on the innumerable sand-bars. As the lower end was approached, the shores rose abruptly in rocky cliffs, and great boulders half-filled the stream; a distant, well-known roar telling us of a coming rapid. We turned a sharp angle, and in a moment were in fast water, sheeted with foam, and running like a mill-race. The stream divided, a branch making a sharp curve to the left around an island, and apparently running over a dam, with a drop of several feet into the pool below. O—— was ahead, and well into the shallow, rocky rapid of the main stream before he noticed the branch with apparently deeper water. It was too late to turn back, although the passage, choked with boulders, seemed well-nigh impossible. So he pushed ahead, trusting to skill and luck, mainly the latter.

The boat rushed on amid the foaming waters, striking now and then a hidden rock, and twisting in and out among the boulders. Suddenly she was brought to a stand-still, poised on a sunken ledge over the very edge of the final fall. A shove or two, and over she went with a splash; no damage done except a few honorable scars. The crew landed on a sand-bar in the midst of the quiet pool, and sat down composedly to enjoy a pipe and the sight of the others *en voyage*, for both branches of the stream were in full sight.

C——, coming next, took the left branch and came with a rush in safety, to his great astonishment, over a big fall of nearly four feet. There were less rocks and more water by this route than in the main stream; but the drop was an ugly one with a great boulder at the foot in the very middle of the current. Had he struck it there would have inevitably been a bad "smash-up." Breathless and triumphant he joined O—— to watch the fun.

On came P—— down the main branch, when "bang," he struck, and the canoe broached to. F—— came rushing too close behind, in a moment the two boats were in a heap on the rocks, and the crews in the water abusing each other like pirates. The water between the rocks was deep and swift. F——, after frantic efforts, succeeded in getting his canoe off, and, as she rushed away from him, merely missed her in jumping aboard, landing straddle across the stern, back of the cockpit. In a few seconds he was high and dry again. Finally he and F—— gave up the attempt, being obliged to haul back upstream along shore and come around by the left branch. A hasty survey of the drop on that side was not encouraging; so with G—— they lowered the boats over and joined the others on the sand-bar as quickly as possible. We all gathered together there and indulged in a somewhat heated discussion; but peace was soon restored by means of pipe and some "medicine," and we pushed on.

Our last serious rapid for that day was passed, and the river, smooth as a mirror, stretched away in the distance. The dark, wood-crowned hills were reflected in lovely contrast with the brilliant sunset coloring

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of the sky. We paddled on and on through a most beautiful pastoral country far into the quiet evening; but no sign of our destination — the town of Phillipsburgh — appeared. Just about dark, when we were almost exhausted and ready to stop anywhere, the welcome roar of a dam was heard, and in a few moments we ran the canoes ashore above the race of the Phillipsburgh mill, making a bee-line for the hotel in search of something to satisfy our ravenous appetites.

Robert Shaw Oliver.

BALLADE OF THE MERRY MEN OF ROBIN HOOD.

With bended bow and noble hound,
  Not now, as in the vanished days,
Men fare afield, nor hark the sound
  Of hunting horns down leafy ways;
  New pleasures have their meed of praise,
A thousand tongues account them good, —
  But, ah! they loved the shaft that slays,
Those merry men of Robin Hood.

What joy was theirs! — at will to bound
  Untrammelled, like the stag that strays,
O'er miles and miles of mossy ground,
  Nor feel the fiery sun ablaze,
  But fanned by Zephyrus, who plays
Amid the green leaves of the wood,
  Dream care-free through the flowery Mays,
Those merry men of Robin Hood.

When wintry heavens darkly frowned
  They still were happy as the fays;
Though blatant Boreas howled around,
  O'er wine they sang their gleeful lays.
  They bravely fought in rude affrays,
And stanchly every foe withstood.
  But 'gainst the poor no hand did raise,
Those merry men of Robin Hood.

Envoy.

Prince, in our time we may not gaze
  On strength like theirs, — ah! that we could! —
They sleep where shrilly flute the jays,
  Those merry men of Robin Hood.

Clinton Scollard.

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A PAIR OF OARS.

"Look o' there, Elviry! There's that feller that we see goin' skootin' by on a bisickle comin' along back, a-draggin' the machine and lookin' kind of stove-up, with his arm in a sling. Well, that's jest what I should have expected, for it aint accordin' to nater or grace for a man to go neither horseback, nor afoot, nor yet in a kerridge. The Old Herry's in them bisickles, and I should know it by the perfane thoughts they put into my head, if I didn't no other way. When I see that feller careerin' down Sugar Hill, I couldn't think of nothin' but

'On the wings of mighty winds
Comes flyin' all abroad.'

To get it out of my head I couldn't till I'd said the Ten Commandments backards five times. Must have been the Old Herry's doin's to set me to pervertin' Scripter like that. Lawful sakes! the bisickle man's a-comin' here! Go and see what he wants, quick, Elviry!"

Elviry, a long, lank damsel, her face buried in the depths of a capacious sun-bonnet, dismounted awkwardly from the wood-pile, where she had been meditatively chewing her sun-bonnet strings, with a peaceful twilight consciousness that the cows were driven home, and the "chores" done for the night.

The "bisickle man," known to this world as Mr. Lloyd Osborne, a lawyer, without briefs enough to interfere with the pursuit of various manly sports, and a modest success as a society man, leaned his steed and his evidently somewhat disabled frame against the fence, while his face wore an expression of annoyance and perplexity.

"Can I get a boy here to row me down to Falmouth?" he asked, as Elviry, looking askance at him and his bicycle, drew nigh.

Elviry only giggled as her response. Whether the inquiry struck her as being funny, or whether the sun-bonnet string, which was still in her mouth, impeded further utterance, it was difficult to say.

"Lawful sakes! our Elviry is better'n a boy any day," exclaimed her mother, from the porch. "She'll row you down to Falmouth so quick you'll think you've always been there. But that merchine of yours can't go in the boat."

"I had thought of asking you to see that it was put upon the stage which will pass here to-morrow morning," said the young man.

"I'm free to confess that I don't want to meddle nor make with it!" said Mrs. Plummer. "But there's Jonas comin' acrost the parster; he's got dretful good courage, Jonas has; mebbe he'll do it for you."

"I tried to find a team to convey myself and the bicycle to Falmouth, but there seemed to be no such thing in the town," said Osborne, in an aggrieved tone.

"'Taint to be expected in hayin' time. Blue Bend haint got city luxuries. But we've got a meet'n-house and a stated supply, and a school-house, and a doctor, and I tell 'em if poor, undeservin' mortals can't be satisfied where there's accommodations for being born, and edicated, and merried, and buried, where can they be? Folks here is generally satisfied to go hossback or afoot; there haint never been none of them things here, — the Old Herry's wire hosses *I* call 'em."

Osborne wandered away from Mrs. Plummer's garrulity to meet Jonas, the man of courage, who was drawing near. Jonas manifestd no terror of the wire horse, and a bargain was readily effected with him to put it upon the Falmouth stage.

But why did Elviry tarry? She had hurried away immediately upon her mother's announcement of her qualifications for rowing a passenger to Falmouth, and she had not returned. Osborne was growing impatient. Surely Elviry could not be affected by toilet considerations.

"Mebbe you might as well be gettin' along towards the slip," remarked Mrs. Plummer, indicating the direction he was to take by a backward jerk of her head. "I expect Elviry's there a'ready. She's terrible spry, Elviry is."

As he took his way through the orchard to the river, Osborne could still hear Mrs. Plummer's plaintive, high-keyed voice: —

"Mebbe I be dispicious, Jonas, but it doos seem like the lartter days when folks goes skootin' round on a thing that haint no call even to stand up. Ridin' on a broomstick, as they say witches used to, don't appear to me to be a mite more unnateral and unscriptooral."

A little row-boat was moored to the slip,

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but no Elviry was to be seen. It was growing late; the sun had long ago splintered itself into innumerable shafts of flame on the sharp peak of Dumpling Mountain, just across the river, and the last red shaft was now dying into ashen gray. A faint mist, which might become a thick fog, was overspreading the river. It was a good four miles, by water, to Falmouth; he could take an oar going down, thought Osborne, — his right arm only was disabled, — but how was the girl to get back? What savages these people were to let a young girl undertake such a thing with an utter stranger like him! Perhaps they or she had thought better of it. He had just determined to renew his search for a boy, who seemed as scarce as teams at Blue Bend, and was renewing his mental malediction upon the stone in a steep hill which had brought him to grief, when, with scarcely a stirring of the grass, Elviry stood beside him, still in her dark calico dress, and her face almost obscured from view by the capacious sun-bonnet. What had the girl been doing? thought Osborne, impatiently.

"I'm monster sorry that I kept you waitin' so long," she said. "It's a pretty good piece to Falmouth; but I can row like sixty when I set out, you'd better b'lieve!"

Her voice struck Osborne as a surprise; it was low and well modulated; its assaults upon the king's English seemed incongruous. But he observed this only vaguely and absently, being disturbed in mind, and the pain in his sprained wrist growing sharper with every moment.

"I don't know how you are going to get back," he said, dubiously.

"Same way I'm a-goin'," said Elviry, jumping into the boat, and motioning him to a seat in the stern, with an air of command.

"But it will be dark, and it is a long ways for you to row," he said.

"Lawful sakes! don't you expect we have no moonshine up here? And if we didn't, you couldn't lose me on the Pamunky, no more'n you could a toad in his own puddle! And if it is a good ways, I aint a little pindlin' cretur, like a city girl, nohow."

Elviry was evidently a stranger to fear. And, as it was clear that she was mistress of the situation, Osborne resigned himself to it with a sigh of relief.

"I wish you would let me take one oar," he said, hesitatingly, for Elviry inspired him with a diffidence, which he explained to himself by the fact that she was a specimen of humanity so new to his experience that he didn't in the least "know how to take her."

"Mebbe I will let you when we get down along a piece. Can you row real good?" — condescendingly.

Her rowing showed muscle and practice, but was somewhat feminine and jerky withal.

He had been the stroke-oar of a famous University crew, whose racing triumphs had been in everybody's mouth. But Blue Bend was far, very far, from the madding crowd. Elviry's ears were all unversed by echoes of its strife. She might be just a trifle pert; but Osborne said to himself that her simplicity was charming.

And she was not so awkward and ungainly as he had thought her at first; indeed, he was rapidly coming to the conclusion that her dress was mainly responsible for that effect. How would Diana have looked in an ill-fitting calico dress of hideous color, and a huge sun-bonnet to match? That sun-bonnet was tantalizing, for what with its shadows, and the deepening twilight, it was impossible to discover how Elviry really looked. The hands that held the oars were agreeable to look upon, — not especially small, but shapely, and much whiter than one would have supposed. How did she keep them so white? Perhaps she was lazy, and made her mother do all the work, he thought, — his reflections upon her being an odd mixture of the prosaic and the sentimental. Perhaps, after all, it was the semi-darkness that made them look white, and lent a loveliness beyond Nature's dower to the face in the depths of the calico sun-bonnet; it seemed to have a rosy bloom, a winning smile, a pair of soft, dark eyes.

"Twilight and sun-bonnet shadows may be great blessings," he mused. "Sunlight might show me a common face with hard angles and a vacant look. But, then, may be not; Nature has queer freaks, sometimes. Her voice is delightful, and there's a great deal in a voice. I wonder what her life is like; whether it is worth calling life at all?"

"You must be very lonesome at Blue Bend, sometimes, aren't you?" he said.

"Well, I don't know as I be. I guess I haint what you'd call one of the lonesome kind. I've got the river, you know, and it's just as pretty as paint sunset and moonlight, and them times in pertickerler. And the birds and squirrels and them

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things is just like own folks to me. But sometimes I do feel as if I'd kind of like to see what is goin' on amongst folks." A deep sigh followed these words. "But there's a sight goin' on here in the winter," she added, more brightly. "There's the minister's donation party, and singin'-school, and most always a protracted meet'n, and coastin' and skatin' on the river. I just wish't you'd come up here in the winter!"

Here was a rare creature — a woman who was an unsophisticated child of nature, thought Osborne. He had been trifled with by a vain and frivolous society girl, and at twenty-eight had abjured his faith in womankind. He was sternly purposed to turn his back upon their wiles, never to marry — unless — would it be possible to educate, to civilize, a wild, sweet creature like this without destroying her truth and bloom?

The experiment might be worth trying. He had money enough for any such project that he might choose to undertake; it might give him an interest that his life lacked now.

But, pshaw! what a nonsensical notion! was his after-thought. She was better off as she was, and he was, at least, secure from trouble. He had better guard his heart, that tender organ which had been abused by the vain and frivolous society girl, from the wily and perfidious sex. Who knew what guile might be developed in this apparently ingenuous child of nature by contact with the world?

The moon came up and poised herself on a ridge of one of the hills. The light mist vanished as if by magic. The river's ripples were changed to burnished silver; its wooded banks arose bathed in a golden atmosphere like an enchanted land. Pamunky was transformed.

And so was Elviry.

The moonbeams sought out her face even in the recesses of the sun-bonnet, as if to show him that its loveliness was no delusion. How pure, delicate, high-bred it looked! What a graceful poise of the head she had! Where had been his eyes when he thought her awkward? He suddenly remembered that she had been rowing a long time.

"I shall insist upon taking an oar, now; you must be tired," he said. He felt as if he had been a brute to allow her to row so long.

"I aint a mite tuckered out." (That horrible dialect jarred upon him more and more; angelic accents seemed so much more likely to fall from her lips.) "But you can row if you're so sot on it. Haint your arm a-hurtin' you now? Lawful sakes, how could I 'a' forgot! mother give me some arnicky lotion to put on it. It's real good and soothin'; takes the pain out quicker'n scat."

She drew in her oars, and took from her pocket a bottle and some cloth bandages.

"Now, you jest hold here!" she said. And while Osborne slipped back the sling, which he had improvised from two handkerchiefs, she deftly bound up the wounded wrist in a bandage wet with the "soothin'" lotion.

She couldn't have been more matter-of-fact and business-like if he had been the wooden mandarin of a tea-shop sign, Osborne thought, feeling somewhat aggrieved; but catching a glimpse of her face he discovered that she was blushing vividly. What a strange mixture she was! And what a decidedly interesting mixture!

"It was real selfish in me not to think of it," she said, as she resumed her seat. "I hope your wrist aint been a-painin' you much."

"It has been painful; but I have scarcely thought of it," responded Osborne.

She lifted her eyes with a swift surprised glance; then dropped them immediately.

"She has heard soft speeches before now," thought Osborne. "She may have — she probably has — a rustic admirer, some clodhopper!" And he felt a vague and unreasoning anger against the clodhopper.

He had taken an oar and was sitting beside her. She was plying her oar silently, with drooping head. Of what was she thinking? If it were not for that hideous, engulfing sun-bonnet he might guess by her looks.

"Hear them frogs! If there is a p'isen mean sound it's frogs a-croaking."

Could sentiment thrive on such discourse as this? The accents were mellifluous, the face might be lovely, but Osborne felt suddenly moved to both mirth and anger at his folly. A tongue could not lightly be cured of such barbarous iniquities as these.

Elviry must be left to blush unseen, and waste her sweetness on the desert air of Blue Bend.

They rowed on in silence, their oars keeping time; on in the silver track that the moon made for them. Warm, sweet

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scents floated out from the woods like airs of Paradise. Too soon the roofs of Falmouth came in sight, the four ugly square hotels upon the shore all alight, and sounds of music coming from them.

"I'd jest like to go inside o' one of them!" said Elviry. "I peaked into the winder once, and my! warn't it splendid? I wonder how folks feels that lives that way? Electy Ham, she waits on the table to one of them hotels, and she said she'd try to get me a place; but I guess she's forgot it; she's got too stuck up to think of me."

"Don't do it for the world! Don't try to get a place!" said Osborne, earnestly. "It isn't fit for you!"

She looked at him in surprise.

"Electy, she's got all slicked up, so'st you wouldn't know her; she's got a blue silk dress," she said.

"But don't you do it; promise me that you won't, child."

"I don't expect I shall ever get a chance. But I would wait on you real good, if you was there."

What, oh, what after all was grammar? This ingenuous flattery, uttered in dulcet tones, with dark, tender eyes wistfully seeking his, was enough to touch any man's heart. The scheme which he had condemned as foolish and impracticable outside of a novel, rose again to Osborne's mind.

But, meanwhile, they were approaching the Falmouth pier, and he was in a most uncomfortably perplexed state of mind.

"I dislike very much to have you go back, all that long distance, alone," he said, taking out his watch, and realizing, with surprise, the lateness of the hour.

"Oh, you needn't be a mite worried about me! I'm used to skurryin' round, nights, and there aint nothin' but loons round the Pamunky, this time o' night, and their hollerin' don't hurt nothin'."

This was not Osborne's only difficulty. He must pay her, and he felt as much objection to offering her money as if she were a duchess. It was unaccountable; it was ridiculous; the moon's rays must have affected his brain.

He resolutely thrust his hand into his pocket, and drew out a bank note, which he tried to slip into her hand. She drew back flushing deeply.

"I don't want no pay. I guess I'd do as much as that for anybody!" she said, as she hastily pushed her boat off.

He watched her in silent perplexity.

A few rods away she stopped.

"If ever you *should* come to Blue Bend ag'in," she said, softly.

"I shall be sure to come," he said.

Was coquetry innate in the whole sex; or was this simplicity, — tender, touching simplicity? Of course, it was the latter. The false, treacherous, *fashionable*, of her sex had taught him suspicion that cruelly wronged her. He stood long on the pier, watching the lonely little boat, pushing fearlessly on in the silence of the night. It was a jarring change to go into the garish light and bustle of the hotel, and listen to the tiresome inquiries and idle chatter of his friends.

Meanwhile, on the lonely Pamunky a gleeful sound mingled at intervals with the splashing of the oars and the doleful cries of the loons — a ripple of low, gentle laughter.

The bicycle arrived safely the next morning Osborne half unconsciously wished that it had not. He felt an objection to going back to Blue Bend without an excuse for doing so, and he knew that he should go. It would have been convenient if the stage-driver had been as "dispicious" concerning "the Old Herry's wire hosses" as Elviry's mother. Elviry's mother! that was a shocking thought. Elviry could be civilized; there was nothing but her uncouth language that needed to be amended in Elviry, but it would be difficult to extend that grace to the whole family! The relatives of one's future bride could not be educated *en masse*. Jonas, Elviry's father, was not impossible; he was a silent man; but the idea of Mrs. Plummer as a mother-in-law was enough to appall the stoutest heart.

Perhaps, after all, he had better wait a while before he went to Blue Bend. This impression might be as fleeting as it had been sudden. He would not have believed that the society girl had left his heart in so susceptible a condition.

There were society girls at Falmouth, in swarms. The hotels overflowed with them; they arrived by boat-loads every day. The few young men seemed appalled by the numbers, and withdrew themselves into groups to consider the grave social problem of what was to become of them all. A few very young ones found the over-supply of feminine society delightful, and revelled in their own social importance. Osborne was decidedly bored. He had been beguiled to Falmouth by friends who praised, in glowing terms, the roads,

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the sailing and fishing, and the delightfully unconventional social atmosphere. The roads might be good, but his bicycle had been sent to town for repairs, and it would be long before he was, himself, sufficiently in repair to use one; sailing a boat with a sprained wrist was impracticable, and being sailed he found tame. As for the atmosphere, he grumbled that it was unconventional, because the people were third-rate, and knew nothing about the conventionalities of civilized society. And those hordes of girls, with their inanities and affectations; their strained, vigilant, unfaltering efforts to attract; what a contrast they were to Elviry, with her downright simplicity, her guileless independence! Certainly there was nothing at Falmouth to help a man in his efforts to keep away from Blue Bend.

"But *the* Endicott is coming, you know," Ned Beauchamp had said, listening to Osborne's comments upon Falmouth society, as the two lay stretched at ease upon the shore. Ned was a young college student, addicted to slang, devoted to pretty girls and aquatic sports, and finding Falmouth a Paradise.

"Actress? Singer? Dancer?" said Osborne, interrogatively.

"Ye gods! Fancy if Papa Endicott could hear that! Old family ramrod of a mother! Famous belle she is, Miss Katharine; where have you been that you never heard of her? Awful slaughterer; never misses her man. Broken hearts in her wake wherever she goes! And she *is* a beauty, by Jove! Looks as fresh as a rose, although she's been out three or four seasons. A fellow can't see her get up at any rate, and that's a comfort. It's a wonder she isn't married; but they say she's too great a flirt to think of 'narrowing down to one.' Queer for her to be coming to a tame, little third-rate place like this; but it seems she's sacrificing herself to an aunt, a frumpy old party with nerves and that kind of thing. I wonder whom she will make victims of here? All of us, I suppose. They say that when she's on the war-path, it doesn't matter to her what kind of scalps she takes."

"What an interesting young person she must be! I quite pine to meet her," said Osborne, with savage scorn.

"Well, I'll tell you what, a fellow has got to look out," said the young student, with plaintive seriousness. "There's something irresistible about those girls, and, before a fellow knows it, he's hard hit."

"A fellow must be a fool to be hard hit by a combination of vanity and impudence, without heart or conscience," said Osborne, and got up and strode away, while the young student gazed after him, wondering lazily what made him so odd and "cranky."

That night, on the hotel piazza, Osborne met a young man whose acquaintance he had made abroad several years before, Mr. Jack Endicott; and, before he quite realized what was happening, he was being presented to Mr. Jack Endicott's sister, making his best salaam before a tall, slender figure, dressed in a simple, unadorned gown of some soft, clinging, white stuff, and with smooth bands of dark hair, which formed a striking contrast to the frizzes and bangs which ornamented the heads of all the other young ladies. Not a beauty, only a fairly pretty girl, although she had a rose-in-the-snow complexion, and a pair of very soft, dark eyes. Osborne, having seen most of the famous beauties of Europe, was not so easily dazzled as Ned Beauchamp, or so he said to himself. Still, she was an agreeable contrast to the other young ladies, and, as he was in no danger from her fascinations, why should he not amuse himself in her society? It would have been difficult, indeed, to avoid doing so, since his old intimacy with Jack Endicott had naturally revived, and Jack was a devoted brother.

And she *was* dazzlingly beautiful; he had come to that conclusion the first time he saw her at a hop, "in her war-paint," as Ned Beauchamp said.

One day he awoke with a start to the consciousness that Blue Bend was not the greatest danger that threatened him; that, indeed, it was wisdom's part to go there, and carry into effect the arrangement which he had first proposed to himself.

A man could scarcely keep the feminine element out of his life, he said; the best thing he could do was to guard himself securely against women who had been perverted by society.

The image of Elviry arose before him, glorified by the moonlight and the sweet solitude of the Pamunky. It was strange that he should have let so long a time go by without seeing her! He had sent her, the day after their moonlight row, a little ornament, — a silver pin in the shape of a pair of crossed oars, — a quaint and pretty thing, which he had bought in Switzerland for the society girl whom he had found false on his return. By a curious chance it had been left in his trunk, and he

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sent it to Elviry as a peculiarly appropriate souvenir of their trip.

He went up to Blue Bend on horseback that afternoon, excusing himself from a pleasure trip which had been planned by Miss Endicott and her brother.

He was now in bicycle trim, but he felt that he should be less likely to effect an entrance into Mrs. Plummer's good graces on a "wire hoss."

He found Mrs. Plummer alone, Elviry having gone "a-huckleberryin'," and he immediately plunged into the subject of his intentions concerning Elviry. He wished to educate her, and, after that was accomplished, if it should prove a satisfactory arrangement to all concerned he wished to marry her.

"You're pootty tol'able well off, I expect?" said Mrs. Plummer, interrogatively, without the faintest appearance of surprise.

Osborne explained his financial condition and prospects.

"Well, now, 'twould be a good match for Elviry, and no mistake; but I don't know what you mean about edicatin' her. She's got beautiful learnin', Elviry has; she got one of the prizes at the spellin'-school last winter. You wouldn't learn her to ride on one of them merchines, would you? I've heard there is one that women-folks rides on. I wouldn't be willin' for that, and neither would Jonas, high-sperited and courageous as he is. Well," continued Mrs. Plummer, being reassured on this point, "you're real smart appearin', and if it wa'n't that Elviry's been keepin' company with 'Liph'let Ham goin' on two years, now, mebbe she'd have you. 'Liph'let's a stiddy, likely feller, with a good farm, and he's courted her right up to the handle. Mebbe you're acquainted with his sister, Electy, that tends table to one of them taverns down to Falmouth. She'd make you a good, smart wife now! she aint Elviry, if I do say it, but she's a real likely girl — There's Elviry comin' acrost the parster, now; you might ask her, if you're a mind to" —

Osborne hurried out, with a half smothered groan. He was not altogether certain whether he groaned because Elviry was engaged to 'Liph'let Ham or for fear that she wasn't!

Only the pasture bars were between them and her sun-bonnet — the same sun-bonnet against which he had uttered maledictions for hiding so much loveliness — was hanging upon her neck. He saw a broad, coarse face, tallowy in hue, a thick, flat nose, light, lack-lustre eyes, with red rims around them; coarse locks, in color like the face. Amazement paralyzed the ordinary words of greeting on his lips.

"You've got a real, live, kickin' hoss, this time, aint you?" said Elviry, with a giggle. "Ma she thinks the other one up and kicked you without no legs cause 'twas bewitched. But ma is awful dispicious. There aint no witches."

To this proposition Osborne would have yielded an unqualified assent a few minutes before. Now, if there were no witches with whom had he rowed down the Pamunky on that moonlight night? What a contrast between this voice, with its nasal twang, and those dulcet tones. A low, sweet voice *was* "an excellent thing in woman." Miss Endicott had a low, sweet voice! Osborne heaved a sigh as he thought of it. If this girl were Elviry then the Lorelei must haunt the Pamunky. Pshaw! Moonlight and his absurd susceptibility must have wrought the magic; but Heaven be praised for 'Liph'let Ham!

"Your mother tells me you think of being married," he said.

Elviry blushed and giggled.

"'Liph'let Ham and me does calkilate to set up house-keepin'," she said.

"You must allow me to send you a wedding present," said Osborne, heartily.

Elviry's eyes opened wide with surprise, but she giggled again delightedly.

Osborne took himself away in a dazed condition, mounted his horse, and rode back to Falmouth.

On the way he called himself several times a "susceptible jackass," and this seemed to afford some relief to his feelings.

He gave himself up, unrestrainedly, to the pleasure of Miss Kate Endicott's society. After the dangers he had passed, this seemed but a trifling peril! She was lovely; she possessed a magnetism which cast a spell over everybody; this it was which had caused superficial observers to call her a coquette! Osborne assured himself that he had come to this conclusion by calm and unprejudiced observation. He was in love with her, he acknowledged to himself, and he was upon the point of declaring himself, when something happened which caused a revulsion in his feelings. It was a note which the stage-driver brought him from Blue Bend, enclosing the little silver pin with its crossed oars. This was the note: —

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I thought mebbe I'd better send this back to you. But please don't never give it to any other girl unless you're going to marry her, and have forgot the girl you rowed down the Pamunky with.

ELVIRY.

This sounded like the real Elviry, like the girl, the myth — the Lorelei with whom he had rowed down the Pamunky! There was a mystery about it which it seemed impossible to fathom.

Miss Endicott found him distrait that evening. They were rowing in the harbor alone together, in the freedom from conventionality which Osborne was beginning to find charming.

"You never seem to care to row on the river," remarked Miss Endicott, suddenly.

"I — I thought you preferred the harbor. And, to tell the truth, I have an association with the river which is a little unpleasant. But I will take you there if you like."

"Not now; to-morrow night — if the association isn't too unpleasant," she said.

He went in search of her as soon as the moon rose the next evening; but she was not to be found. He went down to the pier at last, thinking she might possibly be waiting for him there.

A tall, slender figure, in a dark calico dress and sun-bonnet, was standing in his boat.

"You jest let me do the rowin' now. I can row like sixty, you'd better b'lieve!" said a soft voice.

Osborne sprang into the boat. The sun-bonnet fell back, and disclosed Kate Endicott's face, flushed, and inclined to tearfulness.

"*It was you?*" he gasped.

"Do you think it was a dreadful — a vulgar joke?" she said. "It was so dull boarding at the Plummers, and Aunt Constance would stay because of the quiet. I saw you from the window and I recognized you because Jack has a photograph of you always hanging in his room, and I coaxed Elviry to let me take her clothes and her place."

"I might have known — I think I almost did know!" said Osborne, still in a dazed condition.

"Then why did you go to Blue Bend to see Elviry?" asked Miss Kate, demurely.

He deliberately took the silver pin from his pocket. She blushed vividly.

"I bought it of Elviry, but I thought I had better return it to you," she said.

"You will take it back? Nobody else can make me forget the girl with whom I rowed down the Pamunky!"

There could have been no refusal in her eyes, for he pinned her sun-bonnet strings together with the silver oars.

"But you have said you would never marry a society girl," she said, sometime afterwards.

"I am going to marry the witch of the Pamunky!" said he.

Mrs. Plummer said she "wouldn't 'a thought that highfalutin' city girl would'a' took up with Elviry's leavin's!"

Sophic Swett.



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SAVE Niagara! The appeal is directed primarily to the people of the foremost State of the American Union as represented by their Legislature, which, at its present session, is to take action that will probably decide the fate of the great cataract. Although the State of New York has the responsibility, it will be acting not only in behalf of its own five millions of people. Its duty takes a wider range; it knows no State nor national nor continental bounds. All the world is interested in the preservation of this, the grandest manifestation of steadfast elemental power which nature has given to man. If it be fortunate to be entrusted with a great responsibility, then fortunate is the State of New York at this moment, and fortunate, indeed, will it be if the decision be rightly made.

The two great branches of the English-speaking people — the British and the Americans — share in the control of Niagara; the Canadian province of Ontario and the American State of New York are simply their trustees. The Canadian side of the river is free from objectionable features, and, there being a strip half a mile wide set apart along the shore as a military reservation, there is no danger of their intrusion from that quarter. But on the American side an unfortunate condition of things has existed for years, growing steadily worse, until the name of Niagara has lost much of its sublime association, and has become a byword and reproach, calling up visions of tawdry shows, extortionate hackmen and tradespeople, hideous factories, and the dishevelled outskirts of an ugly village. Niagara has degenerated from one of nature's grandest shrines into a spot known only to be shunned.

The Niagara Falls Association was founded in 1883 for the purpose of reforming this evil, and restoring the surroundings of the cataract, so far as possible, to their original natural state. The honor of first officially calling attention to the need of the reform belongs to Governor Robinson, in a message to the New York Legislature, January 9, 1879. In accordance therewith the State survey was directed to examine into the matter. The investigation was conducted by Mr. James T. Gardiner, director of the survey, and associated with him was Mr. Frederick Law Olmsted, the eminent landscape architect. In 1880 a report to the Legislature was submitted, stating the great and increasing extent of the injury to the scenery, which would in time utterly lose its value if the process were not arrested, and calling attention to the fact that there was no American soil from which the falls could be contemplated "except at the pleasure of a private owner, and under such conditions as he may choose to impose; none upon which the most outrageous caprices of taste may not be indulged, or the most offensive interpolations forced upon the landscape." It was recommended that the State should purchase so much land as should be regarded as absolutely necessary for the preservation of the essential scenery of Niagara, to be held in trust for the people forever; that no landscape gardening or ornamentation should be indulged in, but that, at a minimum of expense, natural conditions be restored and maintained. Bills were introduced in successive Legislatures without result until 1883, when, public sentiment being well aroused by the organization of the Niagara Falls Association, a bill was passed appointing five commissioners of the State Reservation at Niagara to select and locate the lands necessary to accomplish the desired result, reporting to the Legislature all their proceedings, and the amounts awarded in payment for the lands. It was provided that in case the Legislature failed to make an appropriation to pay the owners of the land thus selected within two years, all the proceedings should be null and void. It may here be remarked that OUTING contributed materially towards bringing about this action, by obtaining and printing the opinions of many eminent persons throughout the country. Governor Cleve-

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land, who was heartily in favor of the movement, nominated an able commission, which decided upon substantially the plan of the State survey, locating the reservation by the selection of about one hundred and eighteen acres, embracing Goat Island and the smaller adjacent islands, Prospect Park from the brink of the cataract to the new suspension bridge, and also a strip from Prospect Park to Port Day, bordering the river and containing the various unsightly buildings which now so mar and deface the natural scenery. The total of awards is $1,433,429.50, which is generally regarded as wholly equitable, although claims to nearly four times that sum were made by several large property holders. It lies with the present Legislature to make the appropriation. It must be done by April 30, 1885. The sum needed is small in comparison with the benefits to be obtained. The greatest and wealthiest of American States can well afford the expenditure. The sentiment of the people has been shown to be overwhelmingly in favor of the measure, and the Legislature will, if it acts affirmatively, carry out the popular will. The matter was momentarily lost sight of in the excitement of the recent national election, and, probably in the haste incidental to his assumption of his new office, Lieutenant-Governor Hill, the present Executive of New York State, omitted to incorporate the recommendation for the appropriation into his message. But the measure is before the Legislature, and it seems hardly likely that it will be permitted to fail. The voice of the public should be made so imperative as to prevent all danger of the degeneration of Niagara into a monster mill-dam.

* * *

SHALL the cup won by the schooner *America* in 1851, at Cowes, Isle of Wight, and competed for in New York waters in 1870, 1871, and 1881, by the foreign yachts *Cambria*, *Livonia*, *Countess of Dufferin* and *Atalanta*, and defended by the *Magic*, *Madeline*, and *Mischief*, be now taken from us? The nautical publications and the daily papers teem with the opinions of our prominent builders, designers, and navigators. America does not now possess a boat worthy of the undertaking! A new one must be built. What a sad state American yachting is in! The spirit of the New World is one of progress in all branches of industry and invention, but in yachting it has been sleeping the sleep of Rip Van Winkle. The feat of the schooner *America*, going abroad unheralded, representing a new and American type, awoke the English from the conceit that their style was perfection. They began to search for improved models and rigs.

To-day finds America with no great advancement. The little cutter *Madge*, beating some of our crack yachts aroused a few navigators from their lethargic state, while others explained that her triumph was due to the elements of wind and water. Now, when there comes news of a challenge from the *Genesta*, the success of the *Madge* dawns as a success of rig and build. The old spirit of energy and conception that built the *America* is aroused with renewed vigor. The English rig is generally conceded to be superior to ours, while the design is open yet to discussion: deep keel and small beam, or light draught and large beam? It seems that the prevailing opinion is that the future American yacht will be a happy medium between the two types. What yacht of our present fleet could be the defender of the cup? Only two are worthy; but their size would prevent success. Whether it shall be one of these, or a new yacht to be built, is the question.

The New York Yacht Club has built a fortress of conditions around the cup, particularly favorable to its retention, requiring the contestant to be of plucky and persevering spirit. The club reserves the right to name the defending yacht only on the day of the race; stipulates that the race must be sailed within six months of the receipt of the challenge, and that challenging yachts must sail to the port of the contest. In all events the race will be conducted with fairness, and the results, whoever wins, will be beneficial to the yachting element.

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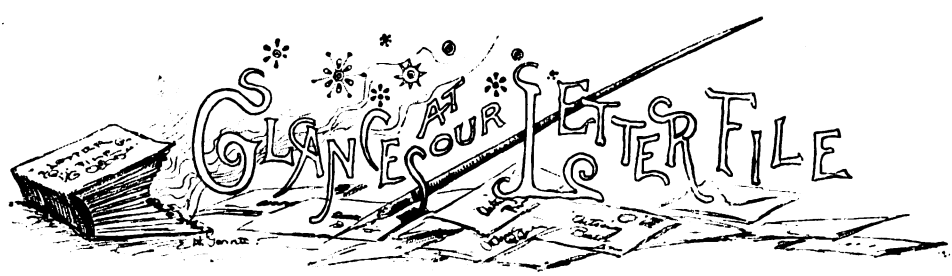
THE tricycle is a device eminently acceptable to the artist and the amateur photographer. With it one can ride far away from railway lines and all ordinary routes of travel. Even a short run into the country gives many a glimpse of lovely bits of scenery, dew-washed, free from dust and smoke, and undesecrated by that vandal, the road-side advertiser. One can then work or dream undisturbed by visions of vanishing trains and missed connections. It is an agreeable mode of wheeling nature into panoramic view, of catching chance scenes and crystallizing them into permanent joy, which becomes a sort of sentimental charm, a counterfeit presentment of that which delighted the trained eye of the artist. Bacon says, "When a traveller returneth home let him not leave the countries where he hath travelled altogether behind him." In what better way can one bring the "countries" home than by sketches, or photographs?

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It is always delightful to have mementos of a pleasantly spent hour; and when such reminders are reproductions of a sunny hillside or woodland caught in one of nature's happiest moods, how vividly the scene and circumstances are brought to the memory! Folding easels can be procured at any depot for such supplies. These, when folded, are about three inches square and twenty-four inches long. A box of colors, brushes, and all appurtenances, that altogether will not weigh more than ten or twelve pounds, — all of these can be easily carried on a tricycle, and the outfit of a photographer can be taken along with equal facility.

* * *

THE question of some more extended field for the activity and usefulness of the American Canoe Association has for some time occupied the attention of its members, and various propositions have been advanced looking to this end. At the October meeting of the Executive Committee it was proposed to publish, in condensed form, logs of all cruises that have been made in American waters, so far as accessible, with the idea of furnishing a sort of guide-book for members of the Association. The idea is a good one, and to insure its success needs only the co-operation of all cruisers. It will probably be carried out at no distant day. Another suggestion has recently reached us from several different quarters, which seems so good that we feel like recommending it to the consideration of all A.C.A. men. It is, that an organization be made somewhat after the manner of that of the L.A.W., by means of which any one cruising on a strange water may know just where to find all canoeists who dwell near, or are acquainted with, the stream. A system of "consuls," or, as they might perhaps better be called, "pilots," would make this an easy matter; and we believe that the trifling duties that the position would involve would be gladly accepted, for the sake of the pleasant associations and reunions that would follow. The plan would go far to make a new bond between A.C.A. members who now, while taking an active interest in the Association as the authority on canoeing matters, still have little opportunity to reap its more substantial advantages in the way of meets, races, etc. It is just this thing that the Association needs to make it a tangible, practical thing to outside canoeists, and to secure to its ranks all good brethren of the paddle who, at present, are content to remain unattached. We hope to receive expressions of opinion on this matter from all who take an interest in it, on one side or the other, and, if it shall meet with general approval, shall be glad to give it all the encouragement in our power.



The Tavern Talkers.

A CORRESPONDENT at Philadelphia writes: —

"The Tavern Talkers" is a veritable cycling-social-literary society of this city, meeting at different old inns and hotels. We are limited to nine members; meet fortnightly, with only one visitor present; each member taking his turn in naming who said visitor shall be. Our composition, so far as our avocations in life are concerned, is broad, — the press, the law, science, art, mercantile pursuits, mechanical pursuits, and a man of leisure, too, being represented in our little circle; so you see we are a unique coterie. Your servant is the most sedate of the crowd, the rest being gunners, yachtsmen, fishermen, etc., as well as cyclers."

The Knickerbocker Yacht Club.

MR. EDITOR: — Here is a short account of a visit to the Knickerbocker Yacht Club house at Port Morris, New York City. Knowing the "Knicks" to be an enthusiastic lot of yachtsmen I felt sure I would find some one at the club-house; so I started for there Sunday morning, December 14. A pleasant walk was enjoyed from Harlem bridge along the southern boule-

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yard, through the Morris lane, with its sandy roadway, that runs past the old Morris mansion, across the moor, where I began to sniff the salt air, and soon found myself at the "Knicks," house. It is a commodious two-story building, with overhanging, slanting roof, and wide balcony extending all around, so that on the hottest summer day one can always find a comfortable seat in the shade. About fifty feet in front a line of large stones prevents the water from encroaching too much on the club's domains. An immense flag-pole stands in the yard, from which was flying a large flag bearing the name "KNICKERBOCKER," while from the small staff on the house floated the club signal. To the left is a long line of bathing-houses; on the right a raised walk extends to the shore, where it is joined by a gangway built on piles, at the end of which is the "float," which rises and falls with the tide, and from which the boats start and land. Off to one side are the carriage-shed and kitchen. The point of land on which the building is situated is at the junction of the little Kills and Long Island Sound, and is one of the most favorable places along its shores for a yachting rendezvous. The whole grounds are enclosed by a high fence, and present a very fine appearance, whether viewed from land or water. I soon made the acquaintance of Mr. Alfred Varian, the ex-secretary, who has been connected with the club since its organization. He related many pleasant yachting reminiscences, and from him I learned that the club was organized June 28, 1874, having then about fifteen members and three yachts. From that time it has increased in strength until, at the present time, the membership is about two hundred, with a fleet of eighty-five yachts, divided as follows: one steamer, one catamaran, two schooners, twenty-five cabin sloops, twenty-one open sloops and thirty-five cat-boats. The initiation fee is ten dollars; annual dues, twelve dollars. The club opens the season regularly with a regatta on Decoration day (May 30). The fall regatta takes place in September, and pennant races during the months of June, July, August, and September. On June 30 last the club gave a very successful "Ladies' Day Regatta," in which each yacht was "manned" and "wo-manned" by an equal number of ladies and gentlemen, which rule was strictly enforced. About twenty-five members were found scattered about the club grounds, inspecting the yachts hauled out, and discussing their merits. The house is kept open throughout the year, and it is a rare thing to visit it at any time without meeting some member.

The "Bermuda Case" and the Custom-House.

MR. EDITOR: — The story of my last year's wheeling experiences on "the Coral Reefs of Bermuda," as presented in the January issue of the *Springfield Wheelmen's Gazette*, makes no mention of the "subsequent proceedings," which rendered the excursion of historic importance. When I reproduce the story as a chapter of "Ten Thousand Miles on a Bicycle," [1] however, I shall incorporate with it a statement of my experiences in "getting through the custom-house;" and, as this supplementary narrative has already been prepared, I gladly avail myself of your suggestion about giving the readers of OUTING a chance at it, in advance of its publication in the book.

Let it be known, then, that I did not enclose my bicycle in a crate for the homeward voyage, but merely bandaged its fork and backbone with cloth before lowering it into the hold; and so it was easily put in order for riding, when hauled on deck again, as the *Orinoco* steamed up the harbor of New York, in the forenoon of Sunday, March 16. In the innocence of my heart I supposed that, "the bicycle being entitled to free entry because of American manufacture," I should be allowed to mount it at the dock and ride right up home to Washington square. But the "deputy surveyor" — as the lordly creature was called who happened to be in command of this particular gang of custom-house mercenaries — asserted his authority to the contrary; and, though knowing perfectly well that the machine *was* American, and that I had embarked with it from the same dock only ten days before, he ordered it to be "sent to the Public Stores for appraisement." The same order was issued concerning the crated machine of my companion, accompanied by the assurance that, as this was of English make, a duty of thirty-five per cent. would certainly be levied upon it, in spite of that duty having once been regularly paid when the bicycle was first imported into America. We sought out the Public Stores, next morning, and thought ourselves singularly fortunate in meeting there with an affable official gentleman, who sympathized with our troubles, because his own son had been touring by wheel in Europe, and who endorsed our "papers," with the request that the "deputy appraiser," to whose official keeping the bicycles had been consigned, would "make the appraisal informal," and so let us take them away without additional bother. When we finally

[1] Ten Thousand Miles on a Bicycle (12mo, 400 pages, price, $1.50), a book of American roads, to be published next month, by Karl Kron, at the University Building, Washington square, N.Y.

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reached the presence of that functionary, however, after various delays for the winding of red tape at the desks of several of his underlings, he gruffly said that he should exercise no discretion in the matter, but should formally enter both machines for the custom-house, and that the one of English make would have to pay duty. The reason why he, like the "deputy surveyor" on the dock, refused to pass my own bicycle, which he knew was "entitled to free entry," was presumably his desire to force me to employ a "custom-house broker" to attend to the intricate and exasperating formalities exacted by custom-house regulations, even in a case of "free entry." The usually accepted theory of the matter is, that these private brokers pay to the government officers a certain percentage of the fees derived from each traveller whom the officers deliver into their hands; and that, unless he directly bribes the latter to take a lenient view of the law, they will use the authority which a harsh interpretation of it gives them to revenge themselves by "sending his case through the custom-house." If the traveller wishes to leave the city on the day of landing, such act of the officer on the dock simply forces the employment of a broker, because "the papers in the case" cannot reach the custom-house for one or two days afterwards.

Having wasted a good share of one forenoon in following my "papers" through the hands of a half-dozen official persons, in as many different rooms of the Public Stores, only to gain from the last one the surly assurance that (instead of atoning to the best of his ability for the inconvenience so wantonly inflicted upon me by the unjust decision of the officer upon the dock) "he would send me through the custom-house, anyhow." I decided to "go through" in person, instead of allowing myself to be fleeced by a broker. It would have been more logical, of course, to have paid in money the penalty which the United States government thus permitted its representatives to inflict upon me for the high crime and misdemeanor of taking my wheel to Bermuda for a ten days' outing; but I preferred to pay the penalty with my body, rather than allow the "deputy surveyor" and the "deputy appraiser" to gain their expected "divvy" of the brokerage which they designed to extort from me. On Thursday, therefore, I spent two solid hours inside the custom-house, engaged in unwinding the red tape with which the process of "free entry" had completely covered my bicycle. This implied no less than a dozen distinct operations, before seven different officers, occupying four separate apartments, on different floors of the building, and the payment of sixty-four cents to the United States of America for the enforced use of its Public Stores. An order on the keeper of the same was finally given to me, and this, when I presented it there, went through the hands of two more official people before the last of them trundled my "No. 234" out into the free light of day, and accorded me full authority to ride off with it.

The assistance of no less than twenty representatives of the National Circumlocution Office had thus been needed to purge my beloved bicycle of the taint attaching to it in consequence of ten days' absence from the jurisdiction of the United States government, and thus to confer upon that bicycle the inestimable blessing of a "free entry." Had the entry been subject to duty the process would have been no longer or more complicated; and I have taken pains thus to exhibit in detail the atrocities of the regulations then existing, in order that wheelmen may approximately realize how great a boon was conferred upon every traveller, native or foreign, who enters a United States port with his wheel, as an ultimate result of my visit to Bermuda. The companion who persuaded me into this visit early abandoned the idea of it, and only resumed his original intention, at the last minute, on learning that I was to "go anyhow." Knowing that his machine had paid duty on its original importation from England he "kicked" against the idea of submitting to a second tax of the sort when we returned from our brief visit to the little English province, lying there in the ocean, only seven hundred miles from New York. The custom-house people assured us that all previous "kickers" against this absurdly unjust ruling of the Treasury Department had finally swallowed their rage and paid the double-duty; and that so many precedents had now grown up about the rule as to make any attempt on our part to persuade the Secretary of the Treasury to overturn it utterly foolish and hopeless. "Carriages are not personal nor household effects, and can only be admitted to free entry when used by an immigrant in the act of immigration:"[1] such was the rule which the customs men proudly pointed to as giving an irrevocable negative to all our hopes of justice, — the decision of Secretary Sherman (June 28, 1887, on the appeal of A. D. Chandler, of Boston, against paying, on an imported bicycle, the forty-five per cent. duty exacted against "machinery") having settled the fact that, for customs purposes, the bicycle must be classified

[1] Digest of decision of Treasury Department, 1872 to 1882, sections 2901, 2028, page 48. Opinion of Attorney-General, dated June 20, 1876.

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as a "carriage." My companion, nevertheless, put in his appeal to the authorities at Washington; and with a celerity which was really wonderful, in view of the usual slowness of official routine, secured their decision, of April 9, that "bicycles, accompanying a passenger, may be regarded as personal effects, not merchandise, within the language of the full list, and therefore exempt from duty." Thus not only was a remedy given for the intolerable injustice specially complained of by my companion (of taxing a returning American a second time on a wheel which had previously paid its proper duty), but the whole antiquated scheme of restrictions, which were practically prohibitory to international touring on the wheel, was done away with. Any traveller can now bring his bicycle freely into the United States, without regard to the fact of its American or foreign origin, and without the expensive delays inseparable from entry at the custom-house, even when the entry is "free." The officer at the dock may require the passenger to declare that his bicycle has been "in actual use," and that he does not import it with the intention of immediately selling it; but they no longer have the power to prevent his mounting the machine at the dock and riding away to his proper business. Bribes and brokerage are no longer necessary.

Yet, except for my determination to include a chapter of Bermuda experiences in "Ten Thousand Miles on a Bicycle," this triumph of justice and civilization might have been postponed for several years longer; and I should therefore think the chapter incomplete if it did not contain a full account of this triumph, and did not urge every American wheelman who reads it to cherish a grateful recollection of the honest judge, so recently dead, who brought this triumph about. The late Secretary of the Treasury, Charles J. Folger, may well be remembered by others on account of the squareness of his character as manifested in decisions of greater popular importance; but I want wheelmen specially to remember him for that same quality as manifested in his righteous decision of "the Bermuda bicycle case." I want them to remember him as a man whose strong sense of justice gave him the vision to see through all the sophistries of "precedent" and get a firm grip on the ultimate truth (incomprehensible though it be to the underlings of the custom-house) that, "in this democratic government of ours, nothing is ever really settled which is not settled *right*." The names of Benjamin Harris Brewster, Attorney-General; of Charles R. Skinner, congressman from New York, and of T. B. Reed, congressman from Maine, also deserve all the honor which this chapter of mine can insure to them in the hearts of cyclers for their effective services in getting an old wrong righted. I do not like the political party which these gentlemen belong to; but I am glad to bear testimony to their manliness in recognizing the truth that the removal of injustice from any class of citizens (no matter how few, or young, or humble, or uninfluential, they are presumed to be) ought never to be considered too trivial or undignified an act for even the highest officer of the government to take interest in. So, I say again, "let lasting honor be attached to the names of the four men who so promptly brought about the great reform; who persuaded the United States to cease playing the part of a cut-throat and bully towards those of her citizens who might return from wheeling tours in foreign lands; who deprived the 'deputy surveyor' and the 'deputy appraiser' of all further power to badger and torment me like a criminal, in case it is ever again my happy lot to sail into port, after another visit to 'the blessed isles of Bermuda.'"

Karl Kron.

Dots on Canoeing.

MR. EDITOR: — Allow me to submit a few dots on canoeing, "more honored in the breach than in the observance": —

1. All canoes being alike, of course if you master the management of one you can readily handle any other. Likewise, sailing being sailing the world over, if you can command a ship or schooner, or sail a sloop, you can sail a canoe as well.

2. Sailing needs no especial practice. If you once master the principles it is a waste of time to keep at it all the while to prepare for a race or cruise. Sailing has this advantage over paddling, in which practice or training is necessary.

3. Ballast is rather useless, after all; but, if you do use it, leave it around anywhere in the canoe, so you can get at it easily. It doesn't much matter if it does happen to slip down to leeward when the canoe heels; you can easily counterbalance it by leaning over to windward.

4. During the season don't bother about overhauling the gear, especially the running rigging, for having got it once right, in the spring, it is sure always to stay so.

5. Air-tight compartments are useless and unnecessary. They are bulky and heavy, taking up valuable stowing-room. They are never useful unless an upset occurs; and no well-regu-

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lated canoeist ever upsets. So don't have them.

6. Be sure to put plenty of cleats around on deck and coaming, so one is always handy to belay a line. Never mind fastening a line twice to the same cleat. The canoe is so small you can easily see all the lines, and put your hand on the right one at the right time. To be sure these cleats will at times tear clothing and bark knuckles; but such trifling things must be borne with patience.

7. Have a centre-board. Place it in canoe, when built, most anywhere out of the way when sitting in the well. You can easily get the sails to balance; besides, it don't very much matter whether they do or not. Keep the board up always when running free, even in a heavy sea, — you will thus go faster. When coming on the wind, after running free, trim sails, etc., and don't bother to think of dropping the board; you will be sure to remember it before very long on the new course.

8. In coming about, jam the tiller hard down, and do it very quickly; the gear being strong will of course stand the strain; and then the canoe comes around so much quicker when the rudder is at right-angles to the keel.

8. Have a very large dandy, to give a good weather helm.

10. When the breeze increases during a race be the last one to shorten sail; you will thereby sail faster than the rest, and then when you do have to reef you know it can be done very quickly, and the reefing-gear is sure to work perfectly. In a race don't bother about keeping the course, but watch the other canoes, and do as they do: you will thus know what is going on all the time.

11. When turning a buoy give it a wide berth, so there will be no chance of fouling it, say about thirty or forty yards. When on the wind, in a squall or puff, don't let up on the sheet, nor is it well to luff; the canoe is sure to go down to her bearings and stay there till the wind lets up.

12. Always use a seven-foot paddle, because you have been taught by the fathers that it is the best. They can't possibly be wrong; though they did use only twenty-six inches beam, and your canoe be thirty-one, the one rule holds.

13. Jibe whenever you can; it is very easy; the sail comes round all by itself. When jibing it is a good plan to be thinking of almost anything else than the event in hand.

14. Never bother to fasten the hatches down over any loose parts of the canoe. In the very rare event of an upset some one is sure to pick up anything floating off; and then, too, there is so much less to think of in righting again.

15. Have plenty of length of line in the haliards and sheets, so pieces can be cut from them at any time when you need them. Long lines rarely get tangled.

16. Never fasten the dandy-sheet. No case has ever occurred when it got away and drifted aft from the stern-post block. If it should happen you can easily reach back with the paddle and get it again.

17. In paddling always leave the dandy-mast up. If it happens to be in the way when running under a pier you will be sure to be notified of the fact before you get through.

18. Wear heavy shoes to protect the feet; an overcoat, too, is a good thing to keep handy.

19. In running rapids don't bother to inspect them first. The chief charm about rapid running is to have it all a constant surprise. So don't spoil that pleasure.

20. When the season is over, and the canoe housed for the winter, don't bother to clean up or repair, or dry the sails. There will be plenty of time during the winter for all such work. Never insure a canoe against fire; it being so near the water always, if a fire should start in one it could easily be put out.

There may be some other points worth forgetting, but I do not happen to recall them at this moment.

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Pleasure-Voyages on the Atlantic.

THE yacht *Sunbeam* is a most hospitable craft. Thousands have shared in the pleasure of her cruises over the globe, as described by the talented wife of her owner and commander. Lady Brassey's latest book[1] is a better work than her famous account of her voyage around the world. That was a journal written solely for the edification of friends at home, and its publication was an after-thought. In the present work the diary form is preserved; but the writer's intention to publish is evident in its more careful attention to style. There are still, however, some evidences of haste in preparation; mostly repetitions of facts, showing neglect of revision. The voyage of the *Sunbeam* here described was made in the autumn of 1883 to Madeira, Trinidad, La Guayra (the port for Caracas), Jamaica, the Bahamas, the Bermudas, and the Azores. Many were the novel and beautiful scenes encountered. On landing at Madeira, the visitors were dragged up from the beach on a queer vehicle, a sort of sled drawn by bullocks. There was not a wheeled carriage on the island, everything being on runners, — a strange feature, certainly, for a snowless region. One variety of sledge was the *carro*, with a body made of basket-work. Seated in this, and skilfully guided by one or two men, one glided down the steep paved hill into Funchal in a very short time. It is recommended that such a trip be made in the dark for the first time; "for," says the author, "the sensation of rushing through the balmy evening air, apparently down a steep place into the sea, is to me enchanting; though people afflicted with 'nerves' might not altogether appreciate the enchantment. You cannot see whither you are going, and it seems to be a vast abyss of obscurity into which you are plunging. Sometimes the road so completely overhangs the town of Funchal that it quite disappears from view, and you only see beneath you the bay, with the twinkling lights of the ships at anchor." A pleasant means of transportation in vogue was a hammock, swung on a pole, carried by several men, the passenger easily reclining therein. A peculiarity of Madeira is that while it rains nearly all the time on the north side of the island, owing to the prevailing wind causing a condensation of the moisture on the high mountains, very little rain falls on the south side, which is supplied with water brought from the other side by canals carried in tunnels piercing the central range. Lady Brassey walked through one of these tunnels from the rainless side. The contrast was great: "From the barren moor we had emerged into a sort of semi-tropical Killarney, rain and all, with abrupt precipices and tree-clothed crags on all sides, and ferns and mosses everywhere." Lady Brassey is a careful observer, and takes pains to inform herself with some degree of thoroughness and accuracy about the places she visits. Therefore her work is something more than a mere record of the curious and striking things which she encounters. Her knowledge of botany, which appears to be considerable, serves her in good stead among the tropical vegetation. Her accounts of tropical fruits are often tempting. At Trinidad, she tells us something not generally known about the cacao fruit, which yields us our chocolate: "When cut open, the interior of the pod is found to be filled with small, black seeds, from fifty to one hundred in number, imbedded in what looks like custard, which, when quite fresh, tastes like the most delicious lemon ice-cream, with a delicate *soupçon* of Vanilla chocolate. I know of nothing more agreeable in the way of refreshment than to have two or three large cacao pods set before you in some cool, shady spot, where the cream-like contents can be quietly discussed and enjoyed." It seemed a pity that this delicious substance should be completely wasted, and the author suggested that some means be devised for utilizing it.

Lady Brassey's descriptive talent is felicitous, and is in itself enough to give her good rank as an author. Of all the places she visited on this cruise she found that the Bahama Islands, with their lovely coral reefs, interested her most, not-

[1] In the Trades, the Tropics, and the Roaring Forties. By Lady Brassey. With 292 illustrations. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 1885.

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withstanding the fact that all her early longings had been to see many of the places previously visited, while of the Bahamas she had heard comparatively nothing. Almost everywhere she went she found that the *Sunbeam* had made them friends in advance; even the family of the keeper of a lone light-house on the Bahamas was overjoyed to know that the handsome, large yacht in the offing was the famous craft of which they had read in a book, and the keeper's children greeted the Brassey children like friends whom they had long known. One cannot read this volume without a feeling of admiration for the brave, plucky lady, ready to face almost any hardship and fatigue; insisting on going to every accessible place where anything was to be seen, although she was often quite ill and worn out. She makes no boast of her daring, but tells of what she has done simply, and as a matter-of-course. For instance, of a horseback trip in Jamaica, she writes: "We pursued our way along almost the narrowest path it has ever been my fate to ride over. . . . There was scarcely space even for a pedestrian, and the gentlemen did not always succeed in keeping their footing; while how the horses managed to avoid a fall I do not know, though I suppose that they are accustomed to such work, for they were obliged to put down all their four feet in a line, one after another, on a path about six inches wide. Of course there were occasional stumbles, but with no serious result. It might well have made any one nervous; but I reflected that probably many people had performed the journey safely before us, and that we might hope to do the same; and, accordingly, I gave myself up to the enjoyment of the landscape, and of the sight of the garden-flowers (as we should regard them in England) growing wild at our feet."

MRS. JULIA C. R. DORR gives a charming account of a visit to Bermuda.[1] Her little book has the gentle, inconsequent style of the idle, leisurely life on the far-away islands not long ago familiar to us only as the source of excellent new potatoes, mild onions, and other early vegetables, but now as a winter resort for many who flee from our harsh northern climate. Mrs. Dorr's experiences were idyllic. She was impressed by the universality of courtesy among the people, and by the absence of poverty. "The first thing, perhaps, that strikes the visitor, after the beauty of the water and the perfection of the flowers, is the appearance of ease and well-to-do comfort that pervades the islands. There is no rubbish, no dirt, no dust, no mud. Instead of the tumble-down shanties that deform and defile the rest of the world, here the humblest citizen not only dreams of marble halls, but actually dwells in them, — or seems to." The author was struck by the good condition of the colored people, and the cordial equality between the two races. Everybody was lazy in Bermuda, speaking from a New England point of view, but it was a very charming laziness.

MR. BENJAMIN'S account of his cruise[1] takes us into high latitudes, where fogs and sternly frowning shores contrast with the sunshine, palmy islands, and coral reefs described by Mrs. Brassey and Mrs. Dorr. It is an admirably written work, and tells us many new things about picturesque shores little frequented by tourists, although thousands of our fishermen sail thither yearly for their fares. These coasts and islands are populated by hardy races, showing a striking complexity of nationalities. Hardly anywhere else in the western world would a cruise of the same length show such an ethnic variety. French, English, Gaelic, and Indian have preserved their language and individual characteristics, so that a European tour would hardly present more contrasting types. For instance, at St. Pierre, where France was left by England her only foothold in North America, — possibly to keep her tantalizingly in view of her lost empire's portal, — it was like a bustling seaport of Normandy or Brittany. Says Mr. Benjamin, "There was a zest, a piquancy, to every scene and object about us, which gave the place a human interest which I have rarely enjoyed to such a degree on this side of the Atlantic. The natural vivacity of the French seems to have lost nothing by being transplanted to these bleak isles." The account of this remarkable little colony is one of the best things in the book; but there are scores of other places described well worth visiting and depicting. Mr. Benjamin is a thorough sailor, and keeps his literary sea-legs well, so to speak.

IN "Boys Coastwise,"[2] Mr. William H. Rideing tells a story for boys in a hearty, manly way that commends it also to men and women. The experiences of two bright lads along the Atlantic coast, within easy distance of New York, afford the thread of narrative on which is strung a large number of useful and entertaining facts

[1] Bermuda, an Idyl of the Summer Islands. By Julia C. R. Dorr. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1884.

[1] The Cruise of the "Alice May" in the Gulf of St. Lawrence and adjacent waters. With numerous illustrations. Reprinted from the *Century Magazine*. By S. G. W. Benjamin. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1885.

[2] Boys Coastwise. By William H. Rideing. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

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concerning pilot-boat service, life-saving stations, ship-news reporting, the coast wreckers, light-houses, and many other topics of equal importance. There are novelty and excitement in many of the adventures; the boys bear a creditable part, and win the respect and confidence of those among whom they are thrown. The readers of OUTING have already enjoyed a portion of the early chapters of this volume, in the vivid narrative entitled "The Cruise of the Petrel," and will testify to its entertaining quality. The book is one which all boys who come within its reach are sure to read, and it cannot fail to do them good. There are many illustrations, most of which are excellent.

Two Poets.

ONE of our newest poets must be welcomed to a high place. Miss Edith M. Thomas's poems, collected for the first time,[1] will increase the favor which her contributions to leading periodicals have given her within a very few years. In Miss Thomas, whose home is in Ohio, we have another instance of the fine flavor of the virgin soil which the West is giving to American literature. There is a bloom upon her verse, — a delicate, yet racy bouquet, and a healthful vigor, which we fancy has an analogy in our native grape. And yet there is nothing of the rank, unpruned growth which one might expect to encounter under these conditions. On the contrary, one is impressed by the thorough mastery and self-control of the artist. Miss Thomas has "the grand style." The verse has a plastic quality; it is imbued with a calm serenity, which makes it an admirable medium for the expression of classic thoughts. Nature and the classics are the poets' masters. She observes nature accurately and with intimate sympathy, and nature has taught her many lovely thoughts. The balance is so well sustained, and the *ensemble* so admirable, that one is not at once struck by the excellence of any special feature; for instance, the admirable diction, so mobile and expressive. The phrasing is beautiful. Honey she calls "the coinéd wealth of flowers." And she tells us: —

> "Great nature holds no fellowship with grief.
> Think not the wind is sighing through the sheaf
> For sorrow that the summer's race is run;
> Think not the falling rain and shrouded sun,
> Or the white scourge of frost laid on the ground,
> Are tokens that her pleasures are discrowned
> From their brave empires in the earth and sky."

Nature also teaches her noble lessons, as in these lines: —

> "Now, could the tender plant, this moment freed,
> Think on the narrow chamber of the seed,
> Where it was lodged, its joy were great indeed!
>
> "Life hath put death away, but straight forgets
> Her triumph; thee, O human heart, God lets
> In midst of joy recall thy grateful debts."

Miss Thomas's classicism is not of the imitative fashion that recalls Dresden china and Watteau; nor does she attempt to do things over again that can never be done as well as they first were. She goes directly to the antique for inspiration, and her verse brings up the noble grace of grandly modelled sculpture.

ANOTHER poet, of quite a different quality, but equally a true poet, has also sheaved her verses in a volume.[1] The verse of Mary Barker Dodge is marked by a fertile fancy; is exuberant, graceful, and full of warm color. It often teems with vivacity and sprightliness, and is pliant and tender as well. The imagery is admirably conceived and carried out. Here are the first and last passages from a poem called "The Difference": —

> "Spring is fitful, coy, you say,
> Even in your Southern bound;
> Like a wilful, laughing maiden
> With superfluous life o'erladen,
> Kissing one with smiles to-day —
> Later, sweet hope to confound,
> Breathing a defiant scoff,
> Moved to brush the kisses off!
> . . . . . .
> But old winter's very self,
> Backed by many a blatant elf,
> Holds with loosening hand the scepter
> Of *our* darling! To detect her
> In her scarcely budded setting,
> One a devotee must be,
> And must listen patiently
> To the lesson she is getting
> At dear mother nature's knee."

The set of sonnets on the months, called a string of beads, is full of lovely thoughts. For instance, February, "of all the months most bare," is thus addressed concerning St. Valentine's: —

> "One day, at least, thy cold gray arms embrace,
> That serves to set a dimple in thy face,
> And by its fairness make the rest more fair."

Miscellaneous.

THE growing intimacy with Spanish-American countries and the opening of railway communication between the United States and Mexico have made the Spanish language the most important of foreign tongues to the people

[1] A New Year's Masque, and Other Poems. By Edith M. Thomas. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin, & Co. 1855.

[1] The Gray Mask, and Other Poems. By Mary Barker Dodge. Boston: D. Lothrop & Co. 1885.

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of the United States. The need of practical lingual guides for the rapidly increasing travelling classes of business men and tourists has been felt. Most of these have been made with reference to the requirements of English travellers in Spain, and have been inadequate to the wants of American travellers in Spanish America, where there is a considerable variation in objects and expressions. This demand has now been met by an admirable "A. B. C. Spanish Phrase-Book," [1] compiled by Mr. Frederick R. Guernsey, a prominent Boston journalist, who has made a specialty of Spanish-American studies, with the assistance of Prof. Juan F. Machado. The work is prefaced with an excellent and concise treatise on pronunciation, clearly explaining the differences between the sound of certain consonants in Castilian and American Spanish. This, we believe, has never been done before. A most practical feature of the book is its alphabetical plan. The phrases are arranged alphabetically, according to their leading words, and these key-words are printed in heavy type, so that the eye catches them readily on running down the page. For instance, if a traveller wishes to find out anything about hotels, he looks among the *H*'s and encounters various phrases with *hotel* as the chief word. "Can you direct me to a good *hotel?*" he asks; and he finds in Spanish the corresponding "Puede vd. dirigirme á un buen hotel?" The ordinary traveller will find in this book nearly everything about which he will need information for his personal convenience in Spanish-American countries.

THE latest addition to the literature of canoeing, "Canoe-Building for Amateurs," [2] from the pen of Mr. Stephens of the *Forest and Stream*, is quite unique, and none the less valuable on that account. The scope of the work is considerably more than its title seems on first thought to indicate. Beginning with the principles of designing and modelling, the author passes on to consider practical methods of building, and is by no means content to leave his work with the simple hull. The most valuable parts of the work to the general average of canoeing readers are those chapters in which fittings are treated of, including wells, hatches, rigging, etc. Within certain limits the whole subject of "the canoe" is treated with a considerable degree of thoroughness, and it is in this limitation alone that we find anything to censure. The typical canoe described, and evidently most prominent in the writer's mind, is that best suited for the waters to which he is most accustomed. The result is that the conspicuous canoe all through the book is the rough-water, heavy-ballast sailing-boat, which is precisely the craft that, except for specific purposes, the general sentiment of canoeists has been opposed to. It is true that this limitation is not strict; but at the same time the owner of the light sailing and paddling canoe is somehow conscious that the book does not appeal very strongly to his interest. The book is, however, very readable, and affords a considerable fund of information to the old canoeist as well as to the novice. It is the only thorough publication of the kind, and may well form one of the canoeist's library of technical literature.

To present the St. Augustine of to-day, "tinged and illumined by the light of its past," is the avowed purpose of the author of "Old St. Augustine," [1] who has gathered the history and romance of three centuries into the compass of a hundred and fifty pages. The bloody massacre of Huguenot refugees, which marked the advent of Menendez upon the soil of Florida, and the birth of St. Augustine, in 1565, is vividly described. The coming of the English sea-kings, the missionary operations of the Franciscans, the romantic story of the Minorcans, the bloody Seminole war, the placid movement of the later years, are clearly and briefly presented. The St. Augustine of to-day is a winter-resort, popular by reason of its quaint architecture and its delightful climate. The protest of Mr. Reynolds against the short-sighted vandalism which has levelled so many of the moss-grown landmarks of the city will find echo in the heart of every tourist, and in time be recognized by the residents of St. Augustine as in harmony with their own material interests.

"THE WANE OF AN IDEAL" [2] is a translation from the Italian, by Clara Bell, of a clever novel by La Marchesa Colombi. It presents a series of graphic pictures of village life among the Pennine Alps, and a less agreeable view of the hero in the character of a successful but wicked lawyer in Milan. The humble devotion of the servant La Matta to her master is the best drawn and most pathetic feature of the volume.

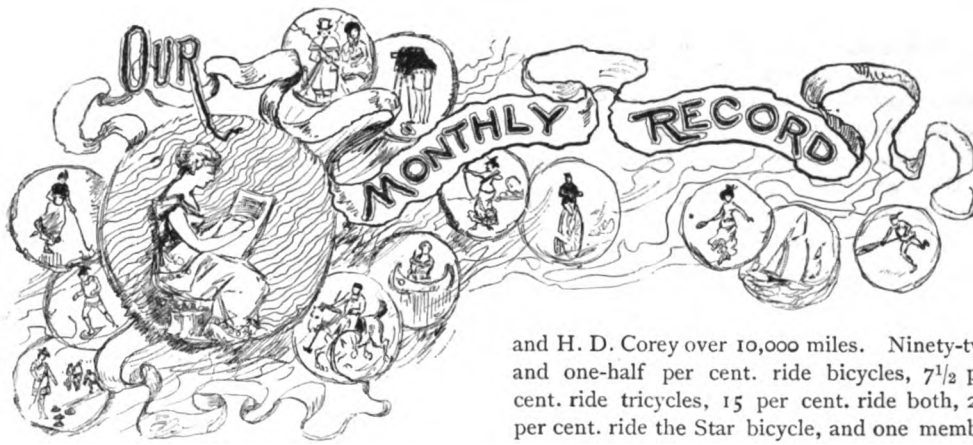
[1] A. B. C. Spanish Phrase-Book. Compiled by Frederick R. Guernsey, with the assistance of Prof. Juan F. Machado. Boston: E. P. Call.

[2] Canoe and Boat Building for amateurs, by W. P. Stephens. New York: Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

[1] Old St. Augustine: A Story of Three Centuries. By Charles B. Reynolds. Illustrated. St. Augustine, Florida: E. H. Reynolds.

[2] The Wane of an Ideal. By La Marchesa Colombi. Translated from the Italian by Clara Bell. New York: William S. Gottsberger.

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FOR MONTH ENDING JANUARY 20.

Bicycling and Tricycling.

The Massachusetts Bicycle Club enjoyed its annual dinner at Young's Hotel, Boston, on the evening of January 20. It was exclusively a club affair, and no invited guests were present. President Henry W. Williams, in his review of the club year, presented the following facts: The average age is exactly thirty years. There are over one hundred and seventy members; but by the time the club is installed in the new home, on Newbury street, the number will be over two hundred. Thirty-seven and a half per cent. of the members are married, while 62½ per cent. are single. Last year the number of single and married men was almost even. The average size of bicycle ridden is fifty-two inches. The favorite machines, in the order of preference, are the Expert Columbia, Rudge, British Challenge, and Royal Mail. The favorite tricycles are the Columbia and the Rudge. Two or three years ago members preferred nickeled machines; now the enameled is the favorite, and there are but six whose choice is the nickel. The riding record for 1884 is 104,451 miles,—the best ever made by this club, and far better than any ever made in the country. This is an average of 590 miles for every member. The number of miles covered in the previous season was 62,600, and the average for the three preceding seasons was 65,000 miles. The three best records were made by Rev. S. H. Day, of South Abington, Henry W. Williams, and E. P. J. Morton. Twenty-three members have ridden over 1,000 miles. In no other club has an effort been made to collect the individual road-riding records since the commencement of the cyclists' riding experience. Henry W. Williams leads with 13,366 miles; W. V. Gilman has covered 12,000 miles, and H. D. Corey over 10,000 miles. Ninety-two and one-half per cent. ride bicycles, 7½ per cent. ride tricycles, 15 per cent. ride both, 2½ per cent. ride the Star bicycle, and one member rides a quadricycle. The president, in closing, referred to the new club-house in glowing terms as being without doubt the finest in the world.

THE members of the Baltimore Cycle Club, formerly Lafayette Wheelmen, gave an entertainment to their friends on Christmas day, at their club-house, 648 Druid Hill avenue, and the large number of visitors kept the members busy with hospitable attentions from two o'clock in the afternoon until nearly midnight. Between four and five hundred friends of the club, or its members, called at the house during the day. The Reception Committee, consisting of Messrs. A. E. Mealy, chairman; W. S. Bayley, H. D. Bayley, C. C. Isaacs, Jr., H. P. Kries, J. F. Baetjer, H. Darby, A. M. Snyder, W. Sprigg, W. S. Kahler, for a day or two before Christmas, were occupied in decorating the rooms with evergreen, which was very tastefully done. Among the decorations was a bicycle design in evergreen, with spokes, saddle, and handle-bars. In the basement a table was spread, and all kinds of Christmas cheer were dispensed there to the guests. About six o'clock a ceremony of great interest to the club took place. This was the presentation of the annual gold medal to the member who has ridden the greatest number of miles since May the first. The medal—a very handsome one of solid gold—bore on the reverse side an engraved bicycle, and on the obverse the following inscription: "Awarded to A. M. Snyder, by the Baltimore Cycle Club of Baltimore, Md., for long-distance club record. Season 1884; distance, 2,013 miles." Mr. W. S. Bayley, the president, made a presentation speech, and Mr. Snyder responded. The club, although the youngest of the kind in the city, is in a very prosperous condition, and has the finest completed club-house in the State. During the coming winter the members contemplate getting up a bicycle exhibition at one of

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the skating-rinks, to be participated in by some of the principal wheelmen of the country. The present officers of the club are: Messrs. W. S. Bayley, president; R. M. Lockwood, secretary; W. B. Brown, treasurer; J. F. Baetjer, captain; A. M. Snyder, lieutenant; A. W. Mentzel, bugler; W. Sprigg, color-bearer. The name of the club was changed two or three weeks ago, to avoid the confusion arising from the fact that other clubs, in various parts of the country, have adopted the name of Lafayette.

THE Cayuga Bicycle Club, of Weedsport, N.Y., has been disbanded, and the Weedsport Bicycle Club organized in its place.

COLA E. STONE, of St. Louis, who was unwillingly led into a contest with a professional, has been reinstated as an amateur by the Racing Board of the L.A.W.

MR. GEORGE E. HUTCHINSON recently gave an exhibition of fancy riding at the Institute building, in Boston, which included some interesting points. He balanced with one foot on the pedal and the other on the handle-bar; mounted and rode backwards; and in unicycle riding made an upside-down mount, placing the handle-bars on the floor while he mounted the pedals, balancing by the wheel, pulling up the bar with a string, and, seizing it, rode off on one wheel.

THE Genesee Bicycle Club held its semi-annual election on January 6. The following is the new board: president, Robert Thomson; secretary, A. B. Rapalje; treasurer, Fred. E. Cowan; captain, Henry M. Stillwell; lieutenant, L. C. Piper; 1st guide, James M. Harper; 2d guide, A. H. Mixer; bugler, T. B. Mooney; executive committee, M. F. Shafer, Jas. H. Bird, and Henry Geotzman. This meeting was the first one in the new quarters, corner South St. Paul and Court streets. The club has purchased a billiard table, and intends to furnish the new rooms in fine shape. The membership is forty-eight.

THE Chicago Bicycle Club, on Tuesday evening, January 13, elected the following officers for the year: president, T. S. Miller (reëlected); vice-president, J. P. Maynard; secretary and treasurer, S. H. Vowell (reëlected); captain, W. G. E. Peirce (reëlected); quartermaster, A. G. Bennett. The applications for membership of seven applicants were accepted. Van Sicklen was awarded the medal for having ridden the most miles in 1884, namely, 5,078½ miles.

THE Memphis Cycle Club gave a *matinée* in the Exposition building, on Saturday, January 10. Over a thousand children were present, and were made wild with delight. In the evening a great audience witnessed some fine racing.

MR. CASEY, the manager of the Long Branch Messenger Company, reports the use of bicycles in his service last summer a perfect success. Less messengers were needed, and yet quicker service was given by their use. Last year he had eight bicycles in commission, and is to double that number in the spring. The company intends to start other messenger companies along the Jersey coast with their boys mounted on bicycles.

THE following is a report of the Hermes Bicycle Club races, Chicago, December 25, 1884:—

One-mile Dash. — N. H. Van Sicklen, Chicago, 1st, 3.16⅘; J. Rodgers, St. Louis, 2d, 3.19⅖; L. Gorden, St. Louis, 3d; Percy Stone, St. Louis, 4th.

In this race Geo. Webber, of Smithville, N.J., also started, but instead of stopping, on account of the cold (as most papers have reported), he received a bad fall, caused by the tire of his machine coming out.

Two-mile Handicap. — Howard Page, Chicago, 1st (20 sec.), 7.31; F. B. Bradley, Chicago, 2d (15 sec.); W. G. E. Pierce, Chicago, 3d (scratch).

Half-mile Dash. — Percy Stone, St. Louis, 1.44⅘; J. Rodgers, St. Louis, second.

These were the only starters in this race.

Five-mile Dash. — Of the several entries only Geo. Webber, of Smithfield, N.J., and N. H. Van Sicklen, Chicago, started. It was a close race from start to finish, both being willing to have the other one set the pace. Webber led for about 2½ miles, when he slowed up to let Van Sicklen pass him, and was not able to pass him again. Van Sicklen, 1st, 18.00⅘; Webber, 2d, by a few feet.

Fifteen-mile Professional. — Prince, 1st, 53.09½; Woodside, 2d, 53.10.

Three-mile Handicap. — W. G. E. Pierce, Chicago, 1st (25 sec.) 11.41½; Howard Page, Chicago, 2d (55 sec.) 11.42½; Percy Stone, St. Louis, 3d (scratch), did not finish.

After the races the Chicago Bicycle Club entertained the visitors at the Leland House, and escorted them to the train. The track on which the races were run is 7 laps and 65 feet to the mile, 17½ feet wide, with half-circle ends, — the best track ever seen in Chicago.

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APROPOS of Karl Kron's story in this months OUTING, of how he "Conquered the Custom-House," and compelled the United States Government to classify an incoming traveller's bicycle among his "personal effects entitled to free entry," we are glad to acknowledge the arrival of a 16-page pamphlet containing the same writer's full report on "The Coral Reefs of Bermuda." This is a specimen chapter of "Ten Thousand Miles on a Bicycle," from the same electrotype plates which are to be used in the manufacture of the book; and 1,000 copies have been printed for gratuitous distribution in the canvass for subscriptions.

THE Hudson (N.Y.) Bicycle Club, on Saturday, Jan. 10, elected the following officers for the year: president, H. J. Barnigis, Jr.; vice-president, R. W. Evans; secretary and treasurer, C. A. Van Deusen, Jr.; captain, H. R. Bryan; lieutenant, C. H. Evans, Jr.; standard-bearer, F. S. Stott; bugler, C. A. Van Deusen, Jr.

THE Capital Bicycle Club, of Washington, held its semi-annual election on Dec. 13, with the following result: president, J. W. Wagner; vice-president, Dr. H. M. Schooley; treasurer, J. E. Leaming; recording secretary, Dr. T. H. Berryhill; corresponding secretary, John M. Killits; captain, D. W. Gill; sub-captain, E. B. Olds; junior sub-captain, C. A. Burnett.

THE Fort Schuyler wheelmen, of Utica, N.Y. held a reception at their head-quarters on New Year's eve. The company numbered about sixty persons, including the twenty-four members. The wheelmen cooked the supper themselves. It included roast pig, roast turkey, and many other substantials and delicacies. After supper there were toasts and a general New Year's rejoicing. The officers of the club are: president, Edward M. Glenn; vice-president, Hugh White; secretary, George Bidwell; treasurer, W. T. Damon; captain, Chas. H. Metz.

FOREIGN.

THE clubs of Italy have organized a Wheeling Union. A track is to be constructed at Turin, and it will be opened this season with a grand celebration, under royal patronage.

COL. W. R. NEWTON, a well-known American biologist, was killed while riding a tricycle in London. He was run down by a hansom cab in Aldergate street. He had recently arrived from America to give a course of lectures.

Fishing.

MR. HARRY PRITCHARD, of New York, in the *Forest and Stream* of December 25, states that long casting brings better results than either delicacy or accuracy. If this is doubted, he asks the doubters to fish with him for fun or anything else.

THE T. D. Rees Fishing Club, of Pittsburg, Pa., has changed its name to the E. Cowan Sporting Club.

THE Fish and Game Protection Club of the Province of Quebec held its annual meeting at Montreal, December 20, and elected the following officers: president, R. H. Rintoul; vice-president, G. H. Matthews; secretary, J. Nelson, Jr.; treasurer, T. Hiam.

THE Restigouche Salmon Club has taken a lease for three years of twenty-two miles of the upper Restigouche, Canada; also, one year's lease of Patapedia branch. The officers-elect were: president, Chester A. Arthur; vice-president, A. L. Mason; secretary and treasurer, Oliver K. King.

THE *Canadian Sportsman* reports the following performances in angling in America: Salmon-casting — 124 ft., R. C. Leonard, double-handed, 18-ft. rod, weighing 2 lb. 12 oz., N.Y. city, October 17, 1883. Fly-casting, — 91 ft., H. Pritchard, 10-ft. rod, 8 1/4 oz., N.Y. city, October 21, 1882; 85 ft., H. W. Hawes, single-handed, 10 ft. 3 in. rod, 4 7/8 oz., N.Y. City, October 16, 1883.

THE *Field* mentions a remarkable catch of salmon on the Tweed, November 1. Two anglers at Sprouston (using one rod) took seventeen fish; weighing 29 lbs., 27 lbs., 25 lbs., 24 lbs., two of 22 lbs., three of 20 lbs., two of 18 lbs. and 17 lbs., 16 lbs., 15 lbs.

A RECIPE for artificial sea-water for aquaria: To 50 litres (about 13 1/4 gallons) of hard well-water, take 1,325 grams (46 1/2 oz.) of common salt, 100 grams (about 3 1/2 oz.) of sulphate of magnesium, 150 grams (about 5 1/4 oz.) of chlorate of magnesium (chlormagnesium), and 60 grams (about 2 oz.) of sulphate of potassium. Each of these chemicals is dissolved in water by itself, then all poured together, and allowed to stand quietly for several hours, so that little stones and other impurities may settle to the bottom. All particles of dirt floating on the surface should be carefully removed by dipping. The mixture is then poured into another vessel, and diluted with fresh water until the hydrometer indicates the proper degree of saltness. The

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quantities given above will produce about 50 litres (about 13¼ gallons) of sea-water. One should be careful not to put animals in such freshly manufactured sea-water, as this would, almost beyond a doubt, kill them. It is well known that sea-water is 0.027 gram heavier than fresh water; its weight is 1.027. Everything lacking in this weight must be carefully added from time to time, by pouring in fresh water, as the water evaporates, while the salts do not. The solid ingredients of sea-water constitute about 3½ per cent. of its weight, or one-half ounce to a pound of water. A hydrometer is indispensable for ascertaining the degree of saltness. Newly manufactured water should be placed in the open air, in a cool place, and allowed to stand for some time. It is beneficial to add live salt-water algæ, because they impregnate the water with oxygen. Among sea-plants particularly suited are the green ulvie and the confervæ. Like wine, salt water improves with age, as special apparatus continually supply it with oxygen by night, and keep it agitated. As soon as the water begins to get turbid it should be filtered, and during an abnormal state of weather it should be cooled.

THE new fishing-laws of Vermont prohibit the capture of black bass, pike, wall-eyed pike, shad, or pond pickerel, between the 1st of February and the 15th of June, under the penalty of a heavy fine. Possession is equivalent to capture. Seine-fishing is allowed in October and November, and all pound-net, trap-net, gill-net, set-net, or any other device, for entrapping or ensnaring, is expressly prohibited in Lake Champlain or its tributaries. The selectmen of each town are to appoint fish-wardens, with the power to make arrests for violation of the laws, and have authority to call upon persons to assist him; any person refusing is liable to penalties. The wardens have a right to open or seize any parcel at any place except a person's dwelling-house. One-half of fines to be paid to informer, and balance to the government.

THE report of the Maine Fish Commissioners states that the scarcity of salmon in the Kennebec river was caused by building of the dam at Augusta, and from the ignorance of the people as to the habits of the fish. Salmon bred in the river are the only ones that will return to their spawning-beds; instead of finding others they keep trying to surmount the obstacles until they are exterminated. No new fish will ever visit the waters, and the only remedy is to restock the stream by planting eggs. On the Dennysville river the wanton use of nets is fast diminishing the supply. This stream is not within the jurisdiction of the commissioners. The St. Croix river, although one side is under the control of the commissioners, by action of Dominion officers is suffering under the same difficulty as the Dennysville river. Saco river it is desired to be well stocked with eggs. In the Androscoggin river the commissioners encounter much difficulty from the numerous manufacturing establishments. The Penobscot river is the only one now left on the Atlantic coast where there is any quantity, and that is barely sufficient for the government supply at Orland. About trout the commissioners say: "No fishing should be allowed at any time on the outlet of Rangeley Lake, from the dam on the outlet to a line running directly across the stream at its point of junction with the Kennebago stream. These two streams should be held sacred nurseries of that splendid breed of monster brook-trout to which the world has yet shown no equal."

THE steamship *Furnessia*, January 1, brought 100,000 eggs of the far-famed Loch Leven trout.

General Athletics.

ON Jan. 21 Dr. Dudley A. Sargent, the superintendent of the Hemenway gymnasium, at Harvard, lectured in Union Hall, Boston, on "The Physical Effects of various Popular Exercises, including Military Drill for the Young, Practically Considered." "I am continually asked," said Dr. Sargent, "'What is the best exercise for boys or for girls?' or, 'What is the best popular exercise?' Nearly every one has a popular exercise, but no single exercise developing every muscle of the body," he went on to say. The first exercise acquired, that of walking, was first spoken of. Arduous as it was to acquire, when once acquired it became one of the simplest of exercises. The muscles employed in walking were then pointed out by the lecturer. He had traced a number of cases of heart-disease in boys who took long walks with their parents. This was caused by the boys being obliged to run to keep up with the older walker. Running as an exercise was next taken up. Strong, rapid runners always had large development on the thigh muscles. This exercise should be taken with great care by men thirty years of age or so. It was better to take a quick, short run than an extended one. Swimming brought more muscles into action than any other exercise. There was resistance everywhere. It was a great pity that Boston was not provided with large swimming-

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baths. Swimming was a great preventive of lung troubles, and too much stress could not be laid upon its value as an exercise. The next important of general exercises was that of rowing. The abdominal muscles assisted in drawing the body forward in rowing, but the thigh muscles also contributed to this action. The lecturer then picked out several errors practised by oarsmen in regard to the economic employment of muscular force. The disadvantages of rowing with a straight back were emphasized. The theory that rowing did nothing for the chest was slightly in error. As a usual thing the expansive extent of the respiratory organs was fully as large as with most athletes. Skating, as practised in the roller skating-rinks, was an admirable exercise for giving poise and grace. The lecturer gave warning against overdoing it, however. The invention of the bicycle was a boon to the American people. Its special beauties were the opportunities which it gave to change of air and scene. It was more of an exercise for the legs than walking. There were tendencies in bicycle-riders, such as bending over, which were dangerous. But this was not necessary. It was one of the best exercises for developing the extensor muscles of the thigh. It gave strength to the knee-joint also. The reason why the bicycle made some young men round-shouldered was because the handle-bars were too near, or the rider was too much inclined to speeding. The tricycle was better for older men. Foot-ball, he was free to confess, had no peer as a general developer, and for that reason he was sorry that it had been allowed to degenerate into a brutal contest. It could be played in a gentlemanly way, he thought, and still do great good. Wonderful development arose from the practice of the game. Sparring was a particularly good exercise for the respiratory organs, eye, and muscles of the body. It was something every American should know. It was something honorable for two men to stand up and spar in a fair manner. The exercise had a tendency to stir up sluggish systems, and kept a person's mind in equal play with the muscles. Sparring could be made brutal; and he was sorry to say that was the tendency of all antagonistic sports. When sparring-clubs met to witness glove contests then degeneracy began. Wrestling, as an exercise for the muscles of the back, chest, and waist, was admirable. It was always attended with danger. Archery had a good deal to commend its practice, especially for young girls. The exercise naturally made a person straight in figure. The almost invariable straightness of Indians was caused by the use of the bow. Military drill, as an exercise, was a misnomer. There was no freedom of movement, and all military movements were cramped. High shoulders, projecting hips, etc., marked the victim of military dress. In France and Germany exercises are in vogue to correct the bad effects of the drill. Marching, as a part of the drill, was excellent, however. Other forms of gymnastic exercise, such as Indian clubs, pulley-weights, etc., were spoken of, and their good and bad points as exercises pointed out.

THE Crescent Athletic Club, of New York, held its fourth annual match dinner on New Year's eve.

THE annual gymnastic exhibition of the United States Naval Academy was held in the gymnasium at Annapolis, on January 3.

THE Harvard faculty has voted, 25 to 4, to forbid the students taking part in intercollegiate foot-ball matches.

THE seventh annual meeting of the Longwood Cricket Club was held at Young's Hotel, January 29. The club is in good financial condition; and, as the membership increases every year, its future prospects are bright indeed.

Natural History.

IN the preliminary report of the committee on bird immigration, by C. Hart Merriam, in the *Auk* for January, it is stated that from seven light-houses on the northern coast of Cuba confirmatory evidence of the fact has been received that in autumn an immense bird-wave reaches the Cuban shores from Florida, — a movement which renders insignificant the immigration from Florida westward along the Gulf shore. This was first pointed out by Prof. Baird nearly twenty years ago.

MR. WILLIAM BREWSTER, of Cambridge, says that two forms of the eider-duck are found on the New England coast in winter: Dresser's eider (*Somateria dresseri*), which is the commoner, and the *Somateria mollisima* proper.

THE paper on botany in Essex county, read by Mr. John Robinson before the Essex Institute at Topsfield, Mass., June 18, 1884, the fiftieth anniversary of the formation of the Essex County Natural History Society, has been issued as a pamphlet; also Mr. Robinson's Report of the Committee on Forest Trees to the Essex Agricultural Society.

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Shooting.

THE Golden Gate Gun Club of San Francisco, organized July 17, 1884, elected the following officers Dec. 9: president, Edgar L. Forster; vice-president, Henry Mangles; secretary, Edwin L. Forster; treasurer, Rudolph Schleuter; sergeant-at-arms, John Foley. The secretary's address is 629 Shotwell street, San Francisco.

THE Woodland Gun Club, of Worcester, December 14, elected the following officers: president, George McAleer; vice-president, J. B. Garland; secretary and treasurer, A. S. Newcomb.

THE Settler Rifle Club elected officers for 1885: president, Daniel Patterson; vice-president, J. H. Brown; secretary, N. D. Ward; treasurer, C. G. Zettler; shooting-master, B. Zettler; executive committee, M. Dorrel, D. Miller, and G. Zimmerman.

THE Independent New York Schuetzen have chartered the steamship *Suevia* for a trip to Germany. They will leave New York on the first week of June, and on the 4th of July will give a grand tournament at Bingen. Each member has the option of returning home at any time during a year. The committee in charge are Capt. Diehl, H. H. Hoenack, Louis Berndt, Wm. V. Weber, and Herman Weber.

THE deciding match (each side having won twice) between the Breckenridge Military Team and the Routt Rifles, was held December 14, at Denver, Col., resulting in the defeat of the Routt Rifles.

THE gold medal of the Knoxville Gun Club was won December 12, by J. W. Slocum, with a score of 11.

IN the second contest for the silver tankard of the Melrose Gun Club, Mr. Fielding scored 219 out of a possible 220; Mr. Shaw 217, and Mr. Marshall 216.

THE Orange Game Protective Association, of New Jersey, has elected the following officers: president, Thomas A. Springs; vice-president, Wm. Clark; secretary, James W. Hodgkinson; treasurer, Wm. Schleuer.

THE State Championship gold medal of Oregon was won by Mr. George S. Bonar at the South Portland Range, December 14, the score at 200 yards being 200 points, while E. T. Stuart, made 199, and W. J. Riley 197.

THE annual meeting of the Cumberland Gun Club, of Chicago, was held December 15, when the following officers were elected: president, Wilfred N. Low; vice-president, W. W. McFarland; secretary, W. L. Shephard; treasurer, John Heiland; directors, H. D. Loveday, Walter Mattocks, and J. M. Hutchinson.

THE Kirtland Shooting Club, of Cleveland, Ohio, officers for 1885 are: president, M. R. Daykin: vice-president, A. J. Rogers; treasurer, C. A. Willard; recording secretary, Fred Lehr; financial secretary, G. I. Randerson; captain, W. H. Polhamus.

ON December 31 a rifle-match was shot between the Springfield and Cincinnati Clubs for the championship of Ohio, and was won by the Cincinnati Club with a score of 1,445, to 1,420 for the Springfield. The result makes it a tie.

THE Guelph Gun Club, of Guelph, Ontario, elected officers, Dec. 20, as follows: president, Judge Chadwick; vice-president, ex-Mayor Sheeman; secretary and treasurer, John Turnbull.

THE medal of the Gun Club of Chicago was shot for December 31, resulting in a tie for the year between Percy F. Stone and W. C. Hough. By mutual agreement the medal was given back to the club.

THE North End Gun Club, of Philadelphia, has elected the following officers: president, W. B. Tyler; secretary, A. L. Lamb; treasurer, George Denny; field captain, Dr. W. H. Fox.

THE St. Paul (Minn.) Gun Club, at a meeting January 2, elected: president, Dr. Louis Lyons; secretary, Thomas Breen.

THE Legowsky Clay Pigeon Company will not organize any further international clay-pigeon tournaments, but will cheerfully aid any one.

THE Massachusetts trap-shooters had a tournament at Walnut Hill, December 31. The Massachusetts Rifle Association team won the champion badge, making the best average of three winning scores. The individual badge was won by Mr. Dickey. The second medal was won by Mr. Black.

THE team and individual badges of the New England Trap Association, held by the Worcester Club, was shot for January 2, at the Coal Mine Brook Range, Worcester. The contestants for individual badge were Dickey, Eager, Perry, Stark, Tidsbury, and Kirkwood, and it was won by Mr. Dickey with the score 44. The team badge was won by the Worcester team, making a score of 74 against Massachusetts Rifle Association, 69. In the individual match there was a

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possible 50, and in the team match a possible 20; balls thrown on 18 yards rise.

THE Jersey City Heights Gun Club has elected officers for 1885, as follows: president, C. H. Yerrington; vice-president, W. D. Reynolds; secretary and treasurer, Al. Heritage; executive committee, J. J. Mahar, F. D. Prouse, and Geo. B. Easton.

THE New Haven Gun Club held its annual shoot December 25. In the team match, N. D. Folsom's team won by a score of 225, against C. B. Bristol's team, 223. Dr. Carver was present and shot with each team. In the individual match Wm. Hanson won first prize. Second prize not awarded, as three were tied; H. A. Sanford, third prize; R. B. Penn, fourth prize; C. E. Longden, fifth prize. In the sweepstakes, 7 pigeons, R. Meacham, 6; C. E. Langdon, 5; C. W. Foster, 4; Wm. Hanson, 3; 10 pigeons, Wm. Hanson, 10; Dr. Carver and E. A. Folsom, 9, and C. Adams, 8.

AT the Central Gun Club of Troy, N.Y., shoot, December 25, the gold medal was won by Samuel Coggins with a score of 112 glass balls out of 120.

STATISTICS. — Rifle shooting: 50 out of possible 50, 200 yards, off-hand, 10 rounds, J. S. Summer, Boston, January 24, 1880; 75 out of possible 75, 1,000 yards, W. H. Jackson, Boston, August, 1879; 800 and 900 yards, same number of points have been made; 96 out of possible 105, 200, 500, 600 yards, 7 shots at each, J. H. Brow, Creedmoor, L.I., September 25, 1883; 100 out of possible 100, 200 yards, off-hand, W. M. Farrow, Boston, October 15, 1882; 145 out of possible 150, 1000 yards, 30 shots, W. M. Farrow, Creedmoor, L.I., September 17, 1880; 214 out of possible 225, 15 shots each, Wm. Gerrish, Boston, September 15, 1880; W. C. Gregory, Boston, August 24, 1881; C. M. Bell, Chicago, October 1, 1881; 968 out of possible 1080, 800, 900, 1000 yards, American team, six men, 15 shots each range, Dolly Mount, Ireland, June, 1875. Trigger: 243 ducks in eight hours by W. B. Hunter, of New York, at Long Point, Ont., October, 1884; 100 single birds (tame doves) killed in succession in two hours by A. H. Bogardus, Chicago, July 21, 1869; 300 glass balls broken in succession, Bogardus, Lincoln, Ill., July 4, 1877; 500 glass balls out of 514, two Bogardus traps, 12 feet apart, 14 yards rise, in 24 min. 2 sec., by J. C. Haskett, Lynn, Mass., May 30, 1881; 100 clay pigeons out of possible 100, W. F. Carver, Des Moines, Iowa.

THE annual meeting of the Massachusetts Fish and Game Protective Association was held in Boston, January 14. The constitution was so changed as to allow the executive committee to appoint a prosecuting officer. The following officers of the association were elected: president, E. A. Samuels; vice-presidents, Hon. Thomas Talbot, Hon. Daniel Needham, Walter M. Brackett, Charles W. Stevens, Horace T. Rockwell, John T. Stetson, H. H. Kimball; treasurer, Frederick R. Shattuck; secretary, Henry J. Thayer, librarian, John Fottler, Jr.; and an executive committee of twelve members. Chester A. Arthur was elected an honorary member.

AT New Haven, Conn., January 17, Dr. Carver finished his great feat of hitting 60,000 balls, or pieces of coal, in six days. He began January 12, at midnight, and finished 9.48 P.M., with more than the required number. The following is the complete score: —

	No. Shots.	Hits.	Misses.
Monday	13,018	11,089	1,928
Tuesday	11,106	10,249	859
Wednesday	10,500	9,823	677
Thursday	10,500	9,956	544
Friday	10,500	10,013	487
Saturday	9,256	8,886	370
Total	64,881	60,016	4,865

Tennis.

THE plan for holding a lawn-tennis tournament at New Orleans has been abandoned.

THE match at tennis between Thomas Pettitt and George Lambert will probably take place at the court in Manchester, England, in May or June.

IT is gratifying to note the increasing interest in lawn tennis, as evidenced by the fact that arrangements are being perfected for providing fifty or sixty courts at Harvard University. Some of them are to be made of clay, and as a good clay court is now the great desideratum, we shall watch the experiment with interest. It seems probable that the court of the future will be laid down with some kind of clay. There is nothing better than turf when properly laid and cared for, but it is too costly in both respects for general use, and is especially troublesome to keep in condition under hard wear. The increased facilities at Harvard form an example which will be soon followed by other colleges, and the results will, before long, be apparent. Our colleges and schools will be the nurseries of the game in the future.

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Yachting.

THE admirable Boston correspondent of the *Minneapolis Tribune*, Mr. F. R. Guernsey of the *Boston Herald*, has the following to say about the great yachting rendezvous of Massachusetts Bay, quaint old Marblehead: —

The old Marblehead spirit flamed up again the other day, when the towns-people, in meeting assembled, got to talking over the proposed secession of the "Neck" cottagers who want to make a new town for themselves. What! divide old Marblehead? "Never!" said the indignant citizens, and one old fellow advised that Marblehead "raise a regiment, march on Boston, and disperse and annihilate the legislature in case it dared, yes, even dared, to consider so infamous a project!" There is no telling what old Marblehead might do, if the plea of the "dude settlement" on the Neck for a town of its own is heeded. Marblehead raised an entire regiment for the revolutionary army, and they were regular fighters all through that conflict. It was the strong arms of Marbleheaders who poled and rowed George Washington across the ice-gorged Delaware. Heroic old town of noble memories, no wonder it resents being torn apart to suit the fancy of a lot of summer idlers! Have you ever been to Marblehead? If you haven't you have missed some novel sensations — for example, that of finding yourself in somebody's backyard when you thought you were still in the street. That is a queer way the streets have of terminating in old Marblehead. The great town-hall looks as if it had been thrust out into the middle of the street like some poor old body sent adrift in the world. The town was settled by emigrants from the islands in the English channel, and the older people, especially those living in that part of the town known as Barnegat, still use the Marblehead dialect employed by Whittier in "Floyd Ireson's Ride." No Marbleheader will speak of feeling shivery — he will rather say, "I feel crimmy." A "corn barn" he calls a "carn born." The towns-people are intensely proud of old Marblehead, and that is why their dander is so thoroughly up, now that the dudes want to divide the ancient burg.

THOMAS CLAPHAM, of Roslyn, N.Y., reports under January 7 the following yachts being built in his yard: One nonpareil schooner-rigged sharpie, for a New York gentleman, 60 feet over all, 52 feet water-line, 13½ feet beam, depth, 5½ feet; cabin, 24 feet in length, with 6 feet head room. She will have a 2-feet keel, with 4 tons of lead run into it, and a centre-board. She will be completed May 10. One nonpareil sharpie, Roslyn rig, for a member of the Atlantic Yacht Club, 43 feet over all, 39 feet water-line, 10 feet beam, depth, 4½ feet; has centre-board and will draw 3 feet. She will be finished by the middle of March. Two racing cat-boats, each 20½ feet over all, 9½ feet beam, 1½ feet draught, to be finished in the strongest and best manner, with cockpits and deck-fittings of mahogany. One belongs to a gentleman in Minneapolis and the other to the owner of the 60-feet sharpie.

J. E. SMITH, at Nyack on the Hudson, began, in the early part of January, a flush-deck keel schooner, for Mr. John J. Phelps, of New York. Her length over all is 112 feet, water-line, 192 feet; beam, 25 feet; draught, 11 feet. The yacht is to be used for cruising, and her owner expects to sail around the world.

JOSEPH GOLDING, of New York, is owner of the open sloop-yacht built by John Fox, on East river, in December.

MR. JOHN T. GALLUP received, December 16, from F. C. Beebe, of Greenport, his new steam-launch. She is 45 feet over all; 11¼ feet beam.

MR. L. TAYLOR DICKSON has received from the builders, at Philadelphia, his new centre-board sloop, *Atala*. She is 43 feet over all, 36 feet water-line, 13⅔ feet beam, 23 inches draught, — very light draught for a twenty-ton yacht. She will be enrolled in the New York Yacht Club.

WALLIN & GORMAN, of Bay Ridge, began in January a centre-board sloop-yacht for Mr. Frank E. Towle, of the Larchmont Club. Her dimensions are: 40 feet in length, 14 feet beam, 4 feet draught, 6 feet 1 inch head-room in the cabin. They also had in hand at the same time a centre-board sloop, for a New York gentleman, 25 feet long, 8 feet beam, 30 inches draught; and a racing cat-rig for an Eastern gentleman, 20 feet in length. The same firm finished in January, a centre-board cabin sloop, for a member of the Larchmont Club. She is 36 feet in length, 13 feet beam, and will draw 44 inches.

E. A. WILLIS, of Port Washington, finished in January an open sloop, for W. Irving Van Wart, of the Larchmont Club. She is 30⅔ feet in length and 12½ feet beam. It is stated that the builder designed her to beat the famous *Susie S.*

AT Ford River, Mich., Mr. L. W. Warner has built, for his own use, a cruising cutter, 30 feet over all, 26 feet water line, 8½ feet beam, and 4⅔ feet draught. The sheets and halliards all lead aft for single-handed work.

THOMAS FEARON, at Yonkers, built this past winter, three catamarans, one 32 feet long, for Henry A. Dingee, of Long Island; one for a gentleman of the New Jersey Yacht Club, and another for a New York yachtsman.

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LYMAN BROS., of Cleveland, have built this season a deep centre-board sloop, 42 feet over all, 34 1/3 feet water-line, 12 feet beam, 4 1/2 feet draught; she has 6 feet head-room in cabin, and will carry 3 tons on keel and 4 tons inside. A smaller boat has also been built, 30 feet over all, 25 feet water-line, 7 feet beam, 4 feet draught, and flush deck. The *Lulu* has been altered and will have a double-headed rig.

THE sloop *H. W. Beecher* has been sold by J. S. McDuff to J. S. Warren, Yonkers, N.Y.

THE cutter *Kelpie* is now owned by A. W. Sewell, of Yonkers, N.Y.

THE steam-yacht *Venture* was sold, December 16, to Mr. C. W. Chapin. She was built in 1883, by Samuel Pine, of Greenpoint, for Jacob Lorillard, and is 70 feet over all, 12 1/2 feet beam, and 3 1/2 feet draught; has a single engine, 10 × 10, and upright tubular boiler, 4 × 7 feet. The *Venture* sailed from New York, December 17, for Indian River, Fla.

THOS. CLAPHAM, of Roslyn, N. Y., sold his sharpie-yacht *Qui Vive* in the early part of December, to a New York gentleman. She is 40 feet over all, 36 feet water-line, 10 feet beam, and 2 feet draught.

MR. IRVING VAN WART has sold the open sloop *Cheemaun*.

THE sloop *Vivid*, formerly the *Curlew*, has been sold to W. W. Russell, of the New York Yacht Club. 62 1/2 feet over all, 53 1/4 feet water-line, 17 2/3 feet beam, 4 1/2 feet draught.

CORRECTION. — The schooner *Resolute*, mentioned in our January issue, was sold by A. S. Hatch, of the firm of Fisk & Hatch, not D. Henry Smith. Mr. Smith only chartered her last summer. Mr. John E. Brooks, not John A., was the purchaser.

COMMODORE BABCOCK has had his sloop *Phantom* rebuilt by D. Corning, at Yonkers.

THE schooner *Wanderer*, G. W. Weld, Newport, R.I., has been thoroughly overhauled at New Bedford, preparatory for Mr. Weld's cruise to the West Indies this month.

THE Hudson River Yacht Club, at its meeting, December 23, elected the following officers for the next year: commodore, Joseph Stilger; vice-commodore, John E. Drew; secretary, Edward R. Wilson; treasurer, Richard V. Freeman; measurer, Conrad Roth; steward, John T. Hufnagle. The Club begins the season with seventy-five members.

THE new Florida Yacht Club was organized in New York, January 1, and elected the following officers: commodore, Thomas M. Carnegie; vice-commodore, Chester W. Chapin; secretary and treasurer, Samuel A. Swann; measurer, Walton Ferguson; executive and regatta committees, commodore and vice-commodore, *ex officiis*, Washington E. Connor, William Bliss and Walter L. Peck.

THE annual meeting of the Eclipse Yacht Club was held January 5, and the following officers were elected: commodore, Peter Krumeich; vice-commodore, Joseph Strobell; rear-commodore, Edward Hammer; secretary, James M'Clymont; assistant secretary, W. H. Houghton; regatta committee, E. A. Dunham, Isaac Loeb, L. McCormick, William Ward and F. M. Houghton; treasurer, Thomas Calvert; measurer, John Calvert; steward, H. Smith; sergeant-at-arms, Thomas M'Manus.

THE annual meeting of the Knickerbocker Yacht Club was held January 6. The club has now one hundred and seventy active and five honorary members, and a fleet of eighty-seven yachts. Two large centre-board sloops have been added, the *Defiance*, 34 1/2 feet length, 11 feet beam, owned by E. Franklin, Brooklyn; and the *Aria*, 32 feet in length, 10 1/2 feet beam, owned by Wm. Quinn, New York. The officers for 1885 are: commodore, George R. Hobby; vice-commodore, W. T. Onderdonk; secretary, W. R. Morse; treasurer, C. W. Lamb; measurer, E. P. Mowton; fleet surgeon, Dr. E. Ringer; steward, J. C. Mahr, Jr.; directors, C. K. Rosenquest, J. A. Heraty, E. Eberspacher, William Quinn, and G. T. Charlton.

THE Yonkers Yacht Club, at their annual meeting, January 8, elected the following officers: commodore, Alanson J. Prime; vice-commodore, James Martin; fleet captain, John Dickson; secretary, Gabriel Reeves; treasurer, John Nesbitt; measurer, J. H. Clapp; trustee, A. W. Serrel; steward, Wm. H. Veitch.

THE East River Yacht Club, on January 13, elected its officers as follows: commodore, James Schusselli; vice-commodore, Henry G. Peabody; secretary, Harvey T. Lewis; treasurer, Edward Grissim; measurer, J. J. Driscoll; sergeant-at-arms, Oscar Joeback; regatta committee, Hamilton Campbell, George Dreyer and F. W. Rave; trustees, H. Campbell, W. Briggs, M. J. Charde, J. F. Sullivan, and John Whittaker.

THE Lynn Yacht Club held its annual meeting January 6, and elected its officers for 1885:

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commodore, E. C. Neal; vice-commodore, E. C. Taylor; fleet-captain, F. S. Newhall; secretary, W. B. Newhall; treasurer, J. W. Atwell; measurer, C. B. Taylor; trustees, J. W. Haines, F. W. Martin, and J. F. Lee; regatta committee, W. B. Newhall, W. M. Rand, W. Hawkes, C. H. Lockhart, and H. P. Armstead. The club has a membership of one hundred and ten, with thirty-seven yachts in the fleet.

THE annual meeting of the Hull Yacht Club was held January 10. The report of the secretary showed a membership of four hundred and fifty-four. Eighty-one members were elected during the year, and the present fleet has one hundred and seventy-eight yachts. The following officers were elected: commodore, Charles V. Whitten; vice-commodore, George S. Forbush; rear-commodore, George R. Howe; secretary, Peleg Aborn; assistant secretary, Frank C. Brewer, treasurer, Charles C. Hutchinson; measurer, W. H. Litchfield; executive committee the commodores, secretary, and treasurer, *ex officiis*, Charles F. Harrington, Charles A. Perkins, J. Lowell Carter, E. Lombard, Jr.; regatta committee, L. M. Clark, Walter Starbuck, J. A. Osgood, Frank C. Brewer, W. H. Litchfield, E. H. Tarbell, and Otis A. Ruggles.

THE Sewanhaka Yacht Club elected its officers January 12: commodore, Archibald Rogers; vice-commodore, W. A. W. Stewart; rear-commodore, A. Bryan Alley; secretary, Leon F. D'Oremieux; treasurer, William B. Simonds; measurer, John Hyslop; fleet surgeon, Dr. John M. Woodbury; chaplain, Rev. George R. Vandewater; sailing committee, Louis P. Bayard, Francis O. de Luze, S. Nelson White, Robert Senter, and J. William Beckman; trustee, J. Frederic Tams.

AT the annual meeting of the Brooklyn Yacht Club, January 14, the old spirit seemed to be revived, and a prosperous future is looked forward to. The following officers were chosen: commodore, Franklin Beames; vice-commodore, Peter Tripkin; rear commodore, George W. West; fleet-captain, Dr. Gilfillen; measurer, John M. Sawyer; secretary, E. T. Moorehouse; president, Samuel Whittlesey; trustees, T. C Bracklin and Samuel McElroy.

AT a meeting of the trustees of the American (Steam) Yacht Club, held December 16, a committee was appointed — Gen. Collis is chairman — to examine any improvements, either in model or machinery; if approved by them the club intends to aid the inventors in bringing it before the world. This committee comprises seven experts. Capt. Lundborg of the Swedish navy was invited to give the members instruction in navigation and marine engineering.

THE English yacht *Genesta*, Sir Richard Sutton, from which there has been received a challenge for the America's cup, was built in 1883, from designs of I. Beaver Webb; is of steel, planked with wood, 90 feet over all, 85 feet 7 inches water-line, 15 feet beam, and 13½ feet depth. Sir Sutton will not only represent the Royal Yacht Squadron, but is a member of eight other English clubs.

THE introduction of the new model ice-yacht has given ice-yachting an impetus, and the difficulty heretofore arising from the cat-rig and the sloop-rig is overcome. The new invention is the "lateen" sail, gotten up by Mr. Charles Gallup. The following description is given by the *New York Herald:* "The sail is suspended between two masts placed wide apart on the runner-plank, and joined together at the top, taking the place of the shrouds. A fore-stay runs to the bowsprit from the mast-head, and two back-stays secured to the keelson serve to keep the mast upright. A boom extends the whole length of the foot of the sail, and a jack-yard runs from the peak to meet it, where they are joined together by a toggle-joint. The boom swings on a swivel over the runner-plank, and when the jack-yard is set up the sail is as flat as a board. The runner is formed of two thin planks, making a truss, but leaving a few feet at each end free to spring, thus securing great strength with lightness. The new ice-yacht does away with the keelson, thereby saving a weight of nearly three hundred pounds. This is considered a great gain; for, in ice-yachting, the lighter the yacht the faster she can move. The boom is fastened to the box of the helmsman, and it is made to take the place of the keelson. The rudder is placed as usual, and the runner-plank and boom are held together by a king-bolt, and are kept in position by side-guys. The main-sheet connects with an arm on the cross-piece which shifts the runner-plank on an angle with the boom each time a tack is made."

IN England there is proposed a Mutual Yacht Insurance Association. Messrs. Ogilvie & Co. publish a list, covering the period from January 1 to November 19, 1884, showing 95 yachts as being more or less damaged, and saying that there were probably some minor casualities not reported.

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Canoeing.

PROGRAMME OF THE A.C.A. REGATTA, 1885.

IN submitting the following draft programme, the result of careful deliberation, the Regatta Committee makes the following introductory remarks: —

First. — This draft is not yet to be taken as final in all details.

Second. — The principal changes from former programmes are the introduction of a new set of paddling races, in "cruising trim" (viz., loaded), to give a paddling canoe a better chance on the record as compared with a sailing canoe. If this were not done the former would be eligible for only one race as compared with three for the latter. The new races will also give decked canoes an opportunity to compare with the lighter open ones, the weights being equalized. The upset race is put on the record as being a test for a valuable qualification for an "all round" canoe; and thus every classified canoe has the same greatest possible record, and a paddling canoe which does not sail has the same possible record as a sailing canoe which does not paddle, viz.: thirty points as first in three races, while the all-round canoe has a possible record of seventy points as first in seven races, and a mean, of course, of thirty-five, which is a little above the highest of either of the special types.

Third. — The increase in length of programme is more apparent than real. Every event is separately numbered, and much confusion thereby dispelled. If this be done on the 1884 programme there will be found nineteen events, and the 1883 (Stony Lake) programme, so counted, has twenty-seven events, so that for 1885, with twenty-one events, is not at all immoderate. The possibility of delay on account of weather is recognized in the appointment of Monday as the first day, and provision is made for postponement of the second day without confusion of the programme; but of course we may have to fall back upon the bulletin board if last year's calms are repeated. The order in which the races are called has been carefully studied to give paddlers time to rest and sailors time to rig. A short swim has been introduced in the hurry-scurry race (not to be on record). This will save the canoes the rough usage in launching, and will give additional interest to the race. Fouls should not be claimed in the race unless wilfully caused to influence the result.

This draft has been submitted to Commodore R. S. Oliver, and meets with his ready approval.

The Regatta Committee trusts that this result of their labors will be received by the A.C.A. as an earnest effort to meet the views of the greatest number with a conservative regard for the already established rules and customs.

ROBERT W. GIBSON,
R. J. WILKIN,
J. S. WELLER,
Regatta Com. A.C.A., 1884–5.

DRAFT OF PROGRAMME, SUBJECT TO REVISION.

First day, Monday, August 3.

9.30 A.M. No. 1. Paddling Class III., 1 mile.

9.45 A.M. No. 2. Paddling Class II., 1 mile.

10.30 A.M. No. 3. Novice sailing, any classified canoe, no limits trim or rig, 1½ miles.

11.30 A.M. No. 4. Paddling Class IV., 1 mile.

11.45 A.M. No. 5. Paddling Class I., 1 mile.

1.50 P.M. No. 6. Sailing Class B, no limits (trim or rig), 3 miles.

2.00 P.M. No. 7. Sailing Class A, no limits (trim or rig), 3 miles.

3.00 P.M No. 8. Combined paddling and sailing, on sailing course, 3 miles.

4.00 P.M. No. 9. Tandem Paddling Classes III. and IV., decked, 1 mile. Decked canoes for this race must be decked on one-half their length at least.

4.15 P.M. No. 10. Tandem Paddling Classes III. and IV. open, and for canoes with short decked ends, 1 mile.

4.30 P.M. No. 11. Upset, any cruising canoe, 200 feet. No special appliances to be allowed unless usually carried in cruising.

Second Day.

9.30 A.M. No. 12. Paddling Class IV., cruising trim, canoe and load without crew to weigh 200 pounds or more, 1 mile.

9.45 A.M. No. 13. Paddling Class I., cruising trim, canoe and load to weigh 80 pounds or more, 1 mile.

10.30 A.M. No. 14. Sailing Class B, no ballast, 3 miles.

10.40 A.M. No. 15. Sailing Class A, no ballast, 3 miles.

11.40 A.M. No. 16. Paddling Class II, cruising trim, canoe and load to weigh 120 pounds, 1 mile.

2.00 P.M. No. 17. Sailing Class B, cruising rig, sail limited to 75 feet, any ballast, 3 miles.

2.10 P.M. No. 18. Sailing Class A, cruising rig, sail limited to 50 feet, any ballast, 3 miles.

3.00 P.M. No. 19. Paddling Class III., cruising trim, canoe and load to weigh 160 pounds or more, 1 mile.

3.15 P.M. No. 20. Sailing, unclassified canoes, any ballast, 3 miles.

4.15 P.M. No. 21. Hurry-scurry, with swim, 100 yards' run, canoes moored 50 feet from shore, 200 yards paddle.

4.30 P.M. Gymnastics.

The record with five prizes will be based upon all races in this programme except events Nos. 3, 9, 10, 20, 21, 22; that is, upon 9 paddling, 6 sailing, and 1 combined, every classified canoe being eligible alike for three paddling, 3 sailing, and 1 combined. Any canoe finishing very late must report to judges if they are engaged upon another event, and the competitor wants to insure being recorded.

First and second prizes in all events (except gymnastics) see Rule V. The committee recommend as desirable subjects for special prizes under Rule V. long-distance races, both in sailing and paddling; sailing races for open canoes, and paddling races for decked canoes, and portage or obstruction races to encourage portability.

Punctuality will be insisted on. No race will wait for any member.

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Here's a Measure.

HERE'S a measure
Full of pleasure, —
Pleasure such as cyclers feel,
As gyrating,
Radiating,
Onward rolls the whirling wheel.

Where the highway
Meets the by-way;
Where the wayside grass is green;
Where through branches
Darts and dances
Sunshine on the sylvan scene;

Where the brawling
Waters falling,
Laugh along their rocky ways;
Where the river
Willows quiver
In the summer's fervent gaze;

Sparkling fountains,
Dreamy mountains
On the far horizon's rim,
Where, upstarting,
Outward darting
We behold them as we skim.

Now the westing
Sun's attesting
Daylight speeds in swift retreat;
Now above us
Stars that love us;
(Distance flying 'neath our feet).

Onward dashing; —
Moonbeams flashing
On our polished spokes so bright.
Songs a-singing,
Bells a-ringing, —
Chiming on the air of night.

Wing'd elation!
Exaltation!
Try it! Put it to the test!
So the muses
To refuse is
Worthy naught but stern behest.

'Tis of pleasance,
Rich quintessence, —
Cream of sport and wine of joy;
Life's full sweetness,
Rare completeness
That may neither fail nor cloy.

Hope inspiring,
Fancy firing,
What of dolor can we know?
Cares which bind us
Fall behind us;
Ah! we leave them as we go.

N. A. Lindsey.



CRICKET ON THE HEARTH.

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ANNEX
FORRESTAL

READING ROOM





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